

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"HE'S THEIR SISTER II"



PART TWO OF TWO

SOMETIMES TWINS CAN BE VERY DIFFERENT...

AND SOMETIMES THEY JUST FOLLOW

DIFFERENT INTERESTS!

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Volume 95

He's Their Sister

Part 2

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2 - TV FICTION CLASSICS

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“He’s Their Sister”

Part 2

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characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the
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QUOTE BOARD

"In three words I can sum up everything that will happen if
you get caught crossdressing: life goes on."

Apologies to R. FROST

HE'S THEIR SISTER

Part 2

By ALICE TRAIL

Since becoming Amy's sister, Chris had visited the salon for weekly for facials and feminine hairstyles and monthly for waxing. He had worn makeup, lipstick, and nail polish there before, but this was his first time in a *skirt*! He was less embarrassed each time as he stripped to his panties and less uncomfortable when his legs, chest, and brows were waxed. Was his mind accepting his feminine beauty rituals? Was he really meant to be a girl like Amy said?

"Dark coral lipstick and nail polish would be perfect with his fiery red hair," Rita advised. "For jewelry, he could wear a gold necklace, heavy pendant earrings and a matching wrist bangle. With his sporty dress, that should give him the perfect *look* for a golf event."

"I have the perfect accessories," Amy smiled as a shudder of ecstasy shook her body with intense pleasure.

'How could this be?' Chris wondered as he looked down at his sexy nylon clad legs exposed by his short pleated tartan skirt. Feeling a stirring in his panties, he wondered, 'Am I turned on by these clothes or because I look so much like a hot chick?' After fastening the clasp of his necklace, he was distressed by the way the pendant hung low on his chest and drew attention to his artificial cleavage. He tried different ways to hold his body to lessen the effect but all failed.

When Amy entered his room wearing black bikini panties, dark thigh high nylons, and black pumps with four inch stiletto heels, he snapped to attention because, to his astonishment, she was completely *topless*! As he stared in open mouth awe at her naked breasts, she bubbled, "Good news! Chad and Daddy won the golf tournament. Chad was

the hero. He birdied the last hole and beat Ron two up. That puts us at the champion's table. Isn't that *thrilling*?"

"How could Chad beat Ron?" Chris gasped, unable to tear his eyes away from Amy's perfectly shaped breasts. "I never beat him, and I'm a much better golfer than Chad."

"You could never beat Ron because you were meant to be a girl," Amy smiled in an effort to infuse doubt about his masculinity into his confused mind. "Chad always knew you were a girl at heart, so he let you dominate him to keep from humiliating you. When will you realize that he is all boy and will always be superior at physical and athletic pursuits?"

Unable to tear his eyes from Amy's perfectly shaped breasts, Chris opened his mouth to speak but was unable to utter a word.

Seeing the cause of his quandary, Amy scolded teasingly, "Chill, *Chrissie*! It isn't that you have never seen my breasts! You touch them when we try on bras, and you see them when I pull my half slip over them in my lounging ensemble. We're *sisters*, so let's be happy for the men of the family."

Chris *was* happy for his father and brother...sort of, but he felt he should have been competing alongside his father like he did for the past five years. In confusion and with mixed emotions, he sighed, "Yes, I suppose we should."

Savoring this unexpected triumph over her feminine brother, Amy declared, "Their victory proves that Daddy had the wrong partner in all those other tournaments and that I chose the right twin to be my sister. Look in the mirror and tell me if you see anyone who should be playing in a Father - Son golf tournament."

In the mirror, Chris saw his short skirt with its tiny pleats dancing merrily about his recently waxed nylon clad thighs. His tight satin top proudly displayed his *breasts*. Perfectly applied makeup, blush, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, coral lipstick and nail polish matched his auburn tresses with their fiery highlights. Everything combined to give him a lovely teen feminine appearance.

When he didn't answer, she said, "Neither do I, so let's finish getting ready. Daddy and Chad will expect us to look our best to celebrate their victory. Apply a generous coat of gloss to give your lips an attractive shine and go a bit heavy with the perfume."

Amy slid on a low cut tight fitting blouse that displayed her magnificent breasts and a short pleated skirt. She didn't wear a bra, and her blouse didn't support her breasts. As a result, they moved about freely with her every motion.

"What about your bra?" Chris asked.

"I'm going braless tonight," she grinned. "I want to attract attention away from you, and if these bouncing beauties don't do the trick, nothing will."

"Thanks," he sighed. "You look great, and I'm sure all eyes will be on you tonight. I'm still scared to death to be wearing this dress to the club where everyone who knows me will be looking at the champion's table."

Perfecting Chris' dress, hair, makeup, shoes, jewelry served more than one purpose for Amy. Every frill she added to enhance his femininity made her more and more horny! Unable to delay her gratification until after the awards ceremony, she excused herself saying, "Put the finishing touches on your look and relax for an hour before we leave. I'll do the same. In her room, Amy shook from her most powerful and exciting orgasm ever!

The ride to the club did nothing to calm Chris' nerves. Trying to ease his anxiety, Amy said, "You've worn dresses in public before, so don't freak on me."

"Don't freak?" he exploded. "Everybody will see me in this dress, and I'll be the laughing stock of the club like I am at school!"

"Don't worry your pretty head so much," she advised. "Most of the members and all of the contestants will be hammered. Behave as I taught you and everything will be

okay." In her wildest dreams, she never imagined that she could take him so far in a feminine role so quickly. Her initial goal of humiliating him in dresses around the house had sure gone beyond that!

She kept going over how he should comport himself, but that didn't soothe his frayed nerves. As they walked across the parking lot, he was aware of his short skirt swirling about his nylon clad thighs and the rhythmic clicking of his heels on the pavement. That only served to add to his trauma.

Chad was lurking in the parking lot sneaking a few beers, when he saw his *sisters* approaching. Following Amy's lead, Chris smiled brightly, rushed over and gave him a congratulatory kiss on the cheek. He blushed when he saw the telltale print his lipstick left behind.

"You should have seen us!" Chad raved as he escorted Amy and *Chrissie* into the banquet hall, one on each arm. As they walked, he gave a stroke by stroke recap of how he and their father won the tournament and how he beat Ron.

"You'll hear about this match over and over until you get sick of hearing it, and the story will get better with each telling," Amy whispered to Chris. "Boys and men get so excited about their games. Oh, there's Daddy!"

Chris was the first to run to his father, Amy's hand at his back pushing him forward. He kissed, hugged, and congratulated his *Daddy*, leaving a lipstick stain on him too. After Amy followed, Paul held them at arm length, and said, "I'm the luckiest man in the world. My son and I just won the club championship and I have the loveliest daughters here."

After Chad led Amy and Chris away, Ron's father, observed, "Your youngest daughter is Chris. He and Ron have always been best friends. Why is he wearing a dress?"

"It's a long story best told over a stiff drink, a *double*!" Paul sighed. "Act as if I have two daughters and don't cause a scene. I'll fill you in later."



"I can't go to the Golf Tournament Award Ceremony at the club in this sporty dress. All the members know I'm a boy!" Chris blushed fire engine red. "Don't be such a prude," Amy smiled. "What else would my pretty sister wear?"

"Ron said Chris has been acting strangely. He quit the baseball team and started wearing lipstick, perfume, and nail polish to school. Chad took his place as your partner, and now Chris shows up here in a *dress*!"

"I said I'd tell you when this shindig is over," Paul snapped in an irritated voice. "Now, I need a stiff drink!"

Ron grabbed Chris by the arm, dragged him to a remote patio and demanded, "What the hell is wrong with you? I heard you wore a dress to the mall, but I didn't believe it until *now*! Look, we're best friends, so talk to me!" When Chris was slow to answer, Ron urged, "Tell me, friend to friend, I can take the truth."

Chris tried to explain, "Amy has weird ideas about me being her sister. I have to wear dresses at home and now she's making me wear them in public."

"You're bigger and stronger than her! How can she make you wear dresses?"

"Daddy and Chad back her up. She says I was meant to be a girl. If I don't wear dresses and pretend to be her sister, she gets them to spank...uh...punish me something awful."

"Chad spansks you?" Ron asked in disbelief. "You've always dominated him."

"I can't beat him anymore. It's like wearing dresses has made me weak and soft like the clothes I have to wear. I don't know why, but Chad has become stronger and is now a better athlete. I never beat you at golf, but he did on the first try. Please don't hate me. You wouldn't believe how embarrassed I am to be here in this dress!"

"I don't hate you. Hell, you're too pretty to hate. You look better than most of the girls at school and your legs are sexier. I don't understand how you can look so hot in a dress. If I didn't know better...I'd..."

Word spread quickly that Chris was wearing a dress at the ceremony and that no one was to act like anything was out of the ordinary. Everyone he met complimented him on

how pretty he was; leading him to think his feminine disguise went over without a hitch.

The next day, Sunday, Chris had his weekly weigh in while wearing his lounging ensemble. He was happy that he had lost eighteen pounds, leaving only two more to lose to meet Amy's goal for him.

"When you lose the other two pounds, you can relax your diet and go on a maintenance program," Amy said. "You can't go back to your old eating habits, but you can eat a bit more. Won't that be great?" Chris nodded in eager anticipation of more food.

For the last week of school, Amy insisted that Chris wear a girl's blouse to class. When he protested, she said, "Maybe you should wear low rider jeans that reveal the waistband of your panties when you make a wrong move. I could have Chad give you a sound spanking on your panties for not being sweet and cooperative. Then you could wear your blouse to school with red puffy eyes and streaked makeup from crying."

The next day, Chris wore a silky, loose fitting, yellow polyester blouse with lace at the bodice and sleeves, and crop top that bared his navel. As punishment for his mini rebellion, he wore his white strap sandals with open toes that bared his polished toenails.

Chris hoped his harassment would diminish over time, but word of him wearing dresses spread like wildfire. His feminine blouse and shoes did nothing to dispel those rumors, and his life became more miserable than ever. After complaining to Amy, he wore a bra containing his Budding Beauties under his blouse the next two days, adding significantly to his trauma.

Chris was very distraught when he returned home from school Wednesday. He was shaking from anger as he added a half slip, skirt, and shoes to his school clothes and refreshed his makeup. "I'm not wearing a bra under my blouse tomorrow!" he lashed out at Amy. "Being a sister has to stop!"

From reading the UCI website, Amy knew there would be rebellions and times when Chris would try to assert his will, so she wasn't surprised by his outburst. Taking a soft stance like they recommended, she put her arm around him and said in a kind voice, "I know the kids are giving you a hard time, but you promised to be my sister. Can't you tough it out for two more days?"

"I can't wear these clothes and be your sister another day," he said in a much softer voice. "I can't take the ridicule, the harassment, or being called a queer sissy faggot any longer! You don't know what it's like."

"But, you *promised!*" she declared. "We even kissed on it. I think an appropriate punishment would be for you to wear a skirt tomorrow and a dress on Friday." No amount of pleading would change her mind, so Chris wore a straight mid-thigh length navy skirt and a light blue sleeveless blouse that showed his padded bra through the arm holes from time to time. His life went from bad to worse the instant he stepped on campus.

Rumblings from the staff wanted to stop what they called *distracting antics* that started when Chris first wore makeup to school. Mr. Arthur, the principal, shrugged it off as a way for the boy to gain attention. The rumblings; however, became a deafening roar when showed up in his skirt.

At a staff meeting, Mr. Arthur announced, "I agree that a boy wearing a skirt to school is distracting and disrupting to order and discipline. However; class work has been completed for this school year, and tomorrow we adjourn for the summer. Let's ride this fad out for now, and I'll confer with the school board and legal staff during summer vacation. I assure you that there will be a firm policy on this issue for the fall term. Meanwhile, caution your students to treat *Chrissie* like any other *person* wearing a dress or skirt."

Chris hoped he would be sent home to change clothes, but Mr. Arthur's edict relegated him to spend the day at school in his skirt amid a whirlwind of harassment. Girls were interested in his bra size. Boys tried to lift his skirt to cop a

feel and get a glimpse of his panties. When he arrived home, he was a bundle of nerves. He changed into his lounging ensemble and lay dejectedly on his bed.

Seeing his mood, Amy decided to push the envelope a step farther. Entering his room, she said, "Chrissie, tomorrow, you'll wear the red dress, bra, panties, slip, nylons, and heels you wore the night you saw Chad's crew cut for the first time. Remember, you got so excited that you spilled dinner and Daddy spanked you."

Chris couldn't forget the pain, humiliation, and shame, but most of all he couldn't forget the sting of *defeat*! After that spanking, he was forced to accept a position as sister and lost his favorite son status. Searching for an excuse to avoid having to wear the dress to school, he gasped, "That dress is too stylish for school."

Amy was pleased that he came up with a feminine excuse to get out of wearing the dress instead of some lame, *'I'm a boy'* pretext. Even so, she wasn't about to let him out of wearing the dress. "Normally it would be too dressy, but tomorrow is the last day of school and I want my sister to be really pretty. While you are relaxing, remove the polish from your fingers and toes and apply three coats of bright red. You can coordinate your lipstick in the morning."

Doubt crept into Chris' mind as he looked at his feminine image in the mirror while removing his nail polish. "Two months ago, I never thought of dressing as a girl, but look at me now! I have a girl's hairstyle. I wear silky nylon panties every day. I know more about makeup and its application than any boy should, and more than most girls. I wore a bra and skirt today and I have to wear a red dress, nylons, and heels tomorrow! Could I be a sissy like everybody thinks?"

'He's confused,' Amy thought as she saw his expression. 'He's beginning to wonder if he should have been a girl. His skin is getting softer and his chest is swelling slightly, so his *vitamins* have kicked in.'

"Is wearing dresses making me weak?" he asked. "Chad never beat me at arm wrestling or golf before."

Amy asked, "Did your dresses make him a better golfer? You could never beat Ron, but Chad beat him the first time out. I saw that you should be my sister in dresses, skirts, and silky panties. Chad saw it too and hid his athletic ability to make you feel like the boy he knew you could never be. Since you now wear dresses, he's free to become his true self."

'She has a point,' he mused, 'My wearing dresses couldn't make Chad able to beat me at arm wrestling and Ron at golf.' He moaned, "I don't like having to wear dresses, makeup and perfume, and I hate it when the guys call me a sissy."

"They've never seen a boy who should be a girl, and they don't know how to handle it. The heckling will let up once they get used to seeing you in pretty dresses. Stop stalling and get ready for your big day in that stylish dress. I want you to practice walking in your heels with a book on your head for at least an hour to help you walk correctly at school."

Chris was trapped. He had to do as Amy said because his father would make him dress however she wanted. He didn't want the kids at school to see him in his stylish blue dress, but having no choice concerning his ensemble, he knew to brace for a traumatic day.

Both boys and girls dressed down on the last day of school, but Chris was decked out to the hilt in his stylish dress! To his surprise, most of the students were so in awe of his feminine appearance that hardly anyone teased him. Wolf whistles and catcalls replaced insults. He was unsure how to react or respond.

Unbeknownst to Chris, and to his great distress and humiliation if he had known, Amy was spreading her own version of why Chris was dressing as a girl. While he was telling everybody that she forced him to dress a girl, backed up by his father and brother, she told everyone that she was the supportive sister helping her brother come to terms with being transgendered.

"Who can believe a frail girl like me could make a manly boy wear anything girlish?" she asked while quivering with an intense sexual thrill. "Chris always wanted to be a girl, but was ashamed to tell anyone. I agreed to take the heat until he became comfortable with his new identity, so please don't let him know I let his secret out. He would be totally humiliated."

Of course, Amy's friends believed every word and quickly passed her story onto the other students. By the end of the last day of school, almost everyone believed Chris was wearing a dress because of his own desires.

Ron didn't believe the story and wanted to verify it with his friend. Another disbeliever was Terry Carter, a brash classmate who insisted that his sister could never make him wear a dress. Chris was happy when Ron threatened Terry if he didn't leave him alone.

When Chris thanked him, Ron said, "Let me know if that asshole bothers you again. I ran the little prick off because you have sexier legs than any girl in school."

"My legs look nice because I'm wearing nylons and heels," Chris blushed. "Amy made me dress up like this for the last day of school."

"I don't know why you want to wear dresses, lipstick, nylons, and heels, but you sure know how to move in that sexy dress," Ron said. "I'm your best friend and I had no idea you would make such a hot chick."

"I don't *want* to wear dresses!" Chris insisted. "I have to wear these clothes because Amy wants me to be her sister in dresses and skirts. Daddy and Chad back her up. Have you ever known me to *want* to wear dresses?"

"No, but you've been acting weird lately," Ron sighed. "You've worn lipstick, nail polish, and perfume to school for the last couple of months, and now *dresses*! You shaved your legs and got *both* of your ears pierced. You walk better than most girls in high heels with your ass swaying like a hot babe on the make, and you sit with your knees together so no one can look up your skirt. Hell, it's like you've been *practicing*!"

Chris didn't want his friend to know the extent of his feminine training or practice, but he admitted while adjusting his skirt as low as possible on his smooth nylon clad thighs. "I have been sort practicing because Amy makes me wear dresses and skirts all time at home. I guess I got used to wearing them."

"I don't understand how Amy, a girl, can force you to wear dresses."

"Daddy backs her up. If he isn't around, Chad makes me do as she says."

"How could Chad make you wear dresses? You're stronger than him and a better fighter. I've seen you make him cry dozens of times."

"I'm not stronger than him anymore. I don't know how, but he got stronger when I started wearing dresses. He beat me arm wrestling without half trying, and then, he turned me across his knee, flipped up my skirt and...and..."

"He spanked you?"

"Okay, maybe he did!" Chris declared. "He became a better golfer than you."

"Why are you speaking in that lilting girlish voice?" Ron asked. "You sound just like a girl."

"Amy requires that I speak with a feminine voice and use a special gargle to keep my voice a couple of octaves higher than normal."

"Amy isn't around, so use your normal voice."

"This is my normal voice now," Chris stated. "I haven't been able to find my boy voice in ages. Also, she is adamant that I use feminine phrases and hand gestures whenever I talk." All the time Chris was speaking, he used his hands to make his point.

"Ride home with me? I got a new Mustang for my senior year of high school that's coming up. Well, it's new to me."

"I have to ask Amy," Chris admitted with a blush while removing the compact from his purse and dusting his face with a round brush. After repairing his eyeliner and mascara, he refreshed his lipstick and pressed his lips together.

"You do that like a girl," Ron observed.

"Amy made me practice until I can apply my makeup without mistakes," Chris blushed.

"Why are you doing it *now*?"

"I have to look my *feminine best* when Amy sees me or she'll find ways to embarrass me. Everybody at school has seen me wearing makeup every day for the past two months." Turning his back to Ron, he asked, "Is anything showing?"

"That lacy slip thing is showing in that slit at the back of your skirt," Ron advised. "I still say you have the sexiest legs in school."

"My slip is supposed to show in the walking slit," Chris sighed while trying to ignore Ron's compliment about his legs. Still, he was pleased with the compliment as he said, "I had to adjust the length three times until just the right amount of lace showed to suit Amy. She wants everyone to know that I'm wearing a slip under my dress. I'll let you know if I can ride with you."

'I can't believe it!' Ron thought as he watched Chris walk away with his hips swaying seductively and his heels clicking on the tiles. Two months ago, he would have told her to go to hell if she said he couldn't bum a ride, but that was before he started wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl.'

Amy was with her friends when Chris approached and said, "Ron wants to give me a ride home in his new Mustang after school. Is it alright?"

Looking him over, she twirled her finger in the air. "Give us a look." Assuming his most feminine pose with his hand on his hip and a bright smile on his bright red lips, he turned as if modeling his stylish dress. Pleased with his performance, she said, "You can ride with your boyfriend if you promise to

comport yourself as a lady at all times. Make sure he opens the door for you when you enter and exit the car, and properly manage your skirt so those killer legs don't get him so excited that he runs off the road."

Chris didn't like her referring to Ron as his boyfriend even if he appeared to be a girl given the way he was dressed. "I'll be careful," he smiled, happy to spend time with Ron even if he was wearing a dress.

Eagerly anticipating his ride home, Chris felt almost natural in his dress, makeup, and heels as he waited for Ron at the curb. He felt a strange tingle in his panties when he spotted his friend in a shiny red Mustang only a couple of years old. He jumped with glee and felt a surge in his panties while Ron pulled over. 'Why did I do that?' he wondered as he stood by the car in an effort to *comport himself as a lady*.

Seeing what was happening, Ron disgustedly killed the engine, got out, walked around the car, opened the passenger door, and asked, "What's wrong, *Miss Prima Donna*? Can't you open a door?"

"Please, Ron, Amy will punish me something awful if she or her spies see me open that door. Please hold it for me like you would for a girl on a hot date." To Chris' credit, he entered the car without exposing any unnecessary nylon clad thigh and not a hint of lace from beneath his skirt.

"Damn!" Ron swore as he banged his hands on the steering wheel when he got back in the driver's seat. "The things I do to look at a set of killer legs!"

"I'm sorry," Chris apologized as he realized his skirt had ridden well above mid-thigh. He tugged it as low as possible, but Ron wasn't disappointed with the view. He hoped that when Chris exited the car he would expose more nylon clad thigh and lace from under his short skirt.

The ride home was pleasant as the two friends caught up on events, although most of the conversation centered on

events in Chris' life. To an outside observer, they looked like any guy and his girl out on a drive.

Ron did get his extra glimpse as he opened the passenger side door to allow Chris to exit. Since Ron had been nice to give him a ride and had commented favorably about his frills, Chris made sure his skirt hiked up to reveal an inch or so of slip lace and a flash of the dark tops of his nylon stockings.

"Would you like a snack?" Chris asked as Ron escorted him to his house.

"Yeah," Ron replied. "I'm famished!"

Minutes later, Chris returned with a sandwich piled high with ham, Swiss cheese, onions, lettuce. On the side was a heap of chips, a glass of ice, and a soft drink.

"Aren't you eating anything?" Ron asked.

"I'm not really hungry," Chris lied knowing he had a weigh-in in a day and a half. Wanting desperately to meet his twenty pound goal and end his starvation diet, he wasn't about to eat more than necessary. "I'll change while you eat," he smiled. "The weather is too hot for my slip and nylons, and my feet are killing me from walking in these heels all day."

"This sandwich is great!" Ron replied after a bite. "The lettuce, tomato, onions, and that brown mustard really set it off. Anyway, I don't blame you for wanting to get out of that dress and stuff."

Chris hurriedly stripped to his bra and panties, pulled a matching baby blue half slip up over his *breasts* and tossed his bra, slip and nylons into his lingerie basket to be hand washed later. Sitting at his vanity, he creamed the feminine makeup from his face.

Shuffling through his closet with a vengeance that would make Amy proud, he wondered, 'What should I wear with Ron here?' He was so accustomed to wearing dresses and skirts at home that he didn't think of changing into jeans and a tee shirt and chose a straight denim miniskirt while thinking, 'Ron likes my legs'. To look neat, yet casual, he chose a white

cotton blouse. Catching a glimpse of his blue bra through his thin sleeveless cotton blouse, he changed into a white bra.

After fastening the back clasp of his skirt, he was pleased that a small strip of his midriff remained visible. Opting for a bare minimum of makeup, he applied light foundation, eyeliner, a blink of mascara, barely visible eyeliner, and the coral lipstick he wore to school that matched his nails. He added a dab of perfume in the strategic places, slipped on white sneakers, and hurried to rejoin Ron.

"Wow!" Ron exclaimed when he saw his friend looking so feminine and sexy. "That quick change only took forty five minutes, but it was damn sure worth the wait!" Twirling his finger, he added, "Let's have a look."

Having modeled his girlish ensembles for Amy many times, he knew how to perform this task like a sexy fashion model. Smiling, he placed a hand on his hip to strike an attractive feminine pose and turned slowly to give his friend a good *look* while wondering, 'Why did I spend so much time making myself look good as a girl for Ron, and why am I so excited to be modeling my cute outfit for him?'

"You lied to me," Ron chuckled. "Even without nylons and high heels, your legs are prettier than any girl in school. You are beautiful and sexy all over, *Chrissie*. Amy is right. You were meant to be a girl."

"Thank you," Chris blushed, pleased with the compliment. Being ignorant of the powerful estrogen compounds and testosterone blockers that were changing his body and his sexual outlook, he wondered why he was so turned on by Ron.

Before Chris could explore these new feelings, Chad burst into the house, looked at Ron and said, "I saw your car and figured you were here with Chrissie. I stopped by to get my clubs. Phil and Joey want to challenge us to a match. Let's take them on!"

"Sure!" Ron smiled, "My clubs and stuff are in my car!"

To Chris' dismay, his brother and Ron left him standing in his skirt, blouse, makeup, and feminine hairstyle with, "See you later, Chrissie! Wish us luck!"

"I never thought Chris could look so hot as a girl," Ron said on the way to the club. "I never saw him in a skirt before yesterday, so I didn't know he had such killer legs."

"You saw him wearing makeup, but you didn't know he liked to wear dresses too," Chad twisted the truth according to Amy's orders. "He prefers to be called Chrissie, and he wears dresses all the time at home."

"Chris...uh...*Chrissie* says he hates to wear dresses and that he only wears them because Amy makes him. He also claims and you and your dad back her up with brute force."

"That's the cover story Amy taught him, so he could save face," Chad lied using Amy's twisted version of his brother's feminization. "I can't believe he fooled you all these years about wanting to be a girl. Since we were five or six, he's liked to dress up in Amy's old clothes and pretend to be our sister. Look at it this way, if he hates wearing dresses, why didn't he change into jeans when you brought him home? No one was there to force him to wear that sexy miniskirt!"

"Damn, I never thought of that!"

"I always knew he was a sissy, so to make him feel normal, I pretended he was a better athlete and could beat me up. He's always worn panties unless he had to change in the locker room or was spending the night with you. He liked pretending to be a girl so much that he had his hair styled and started wearing makeup full time. Now, he wears his dresses for everyone to see. Face it, Ron, Chrissie has always wanted to be a girl!"

When Amy arrived home, she saw Chris forlorn and near tears. "What's wrong, Chrissie?"

"It...it's Ron!"

"Did he get out of line when he brought you home?"

"No. He ate the sandwich I made him while I changed, but as soon as I returned, he ran off to play golf with Chad and the guys. Just as we were starting to get comfortable around one another with me dressed this way, he left."

"Don't blame Ron," she said, noticing that he had exchanged his dress for his shortest skirt, changed his bra, and his makeup was more sedate. "From the way you look, you abandoned him for some time to change your clothes and do your hair and makeup."

"He said I was gone for forty five minutes, but I hurried as fast as I could," he sighed.

"Remember, Chrissie, boys hate to be made to wait. You shouldn't have taken more than ten minutes to change. Why did you want to look so good for him?"

"He said I was pretty as a girl and that I had great legs. It was so good having someone say nice things about me. I wanted to look good for him, so I gave it a whirl. My makeup was too heavy, so I had to re-do it. All that took time."

"How did Ron react when he saw you?" Amy asked while thinking, "Those hormones have really kicked in. He's thinking like a girl, trying to find just the right feminine clothes to attract a special boy. He even wore his shortest skirt because Ron complimented his legs!"

"He seemed happy to be with me," Chris admitted. "It was like old times, sort of."

"Don't be too hard on him," Amy advised. "Boys have to play their games, and Mother said they get worse when they get to be men. You know how Daddy is always playing golf, going to ball games, watching them on television, camping, fishing, or boating. Most boys train for that sort of foolishness while they're growing up."

"That's an idea. I'll cook the fish Daddy and Chad caught at the lake last weekend and invite him to dinner."

"You're thinking like a girl now, you little minx!" Amy chuckled. "If you just happen to have more than enough food

prepared when they return from golf, Ron will be starving, and he won't be able to resist staying for such a delicious dinner. You've learned your first conniving lesson of girlhood, little sister. The way to a man's *hard* is through his stomach!"

Chris blushed at her sexual inference as he started to prepare dinner. Slipping on an apron to protect his skirt and blouse, he threw himself into his task. When everything was ready, including a properly set table, he made sure his hair and makeup were perfect.

"I know that look," Amy smiled while watching him stare into the mirror and make minor revisions to his hair and makeup.

"What look?"

"The look that says you are wondering whether to put your nylons and heels back on. He likes your legs, so you are thinking of giving him the full effect. I say, go for it! Give him a taste of what he missed by running off to play golf."

Amy's comment being the catalyst Chris needed, he hurriedly pulled out a pair of his sheerest nylons, carefully kneaded them over his smooth hairless thighs, secured them under his short skirt, and stepped into his heels. Without missing a beat, he added gloss to give his lips a sexy glow and sprayed perfume to mask the odor of fried food from his body. 'Why am I going to so much trouble to attract Ron's attention?' he wondered. 'We're both *boys*!'

When Ron brought Chad home, he went inside to see if Chris was still wearing his short skirt or if he had changed into jeans. Pleased to see him still in his sexy miniskirt and having added nylons and heels, he felt a surge in his jockey briefs. 'What is wrong with me?' he wondered. 'I'm not supposed to get turned on by another guy, even if he does look like the hottest chick in town.'

Applying a feminine trick Amy showed him, Chris slithered up to Ron. Assuming a coy pose with his hands in front of his short skirt, blinked his mascara laden lashes, and asked in a tiny voice, "Would you like to stay for dinner? I

cooked some of the fish Daddy and Chad caught, but I cooked too many. We could never eat them all." Taking Ron by the hand, he led him into the dining room and said, "See!"

"Wow!" Ron exclaimed when he saw a platter heaped with fish and another with golden French fries.

Chris was giddy as he set a place for Ron beside him nearest the kitchen. To his surprise, Chris felt Ron's hand gently caressing his nylon clad thighs under the table cloth as they ate. The hormones made him pleased that his best friend would want to play with his legs, but he was unsure how to react. Not wanting to cause a scene, he nonchalantly took Ron's wrist and removed his hand. That did not completely solve his dilemma because the hand soon returned. Finally, in desperation, he got up, started clearing the table, and served his father's coffee.

Ron joined Chris in the kitchen to help with the cleanup. When Chris' hands were in the hot soapy water, Ron walked up and caressed his buttocks through his skirt. Jumping back only slightly, Chris quietly hissed, "Stop that!"

"I was just checking to see if you're wearing panties like Chad said. By the feel, you are. Hike up your skirt so I can see how silky they are and if they have lace on them."

"I'll do no such thing!" Chris blushed, not wanting to reveal how intrigued he was by Ron's racy suggestion.

"Aw, come on! We're best friends. Give me a peek."

Checking to assure that his family had retired to the den, Chris turned and raised the back of his skirt to expose his silky powder blue panties. Blushing brightly, he turned to find Ron standing very close. Without a word, Ron pulled Chris' arm behind him, held him close, and began massaging his buttocks through his silky nylon panties. Holding firmly, he pulled Chris' neatly manicured free hand around, placed it on his turgid member and rotated it for his pleasure.

"Stop that or I'll scream!" Chris whispered with a sigh filled with passion.

To quiet him, Ron kissed his captive and pushed his tongue into his mouth. Feeling Chris relax while continuing his massage without help, Ron gasped, "I'm dying here! Unzip my pants and put your hand inside."

The gentle caresses on his nylon clad buttocks and Ron's deep tongue kisses thrilled Chris, and he did as he was told. Suddenly, when his friend's soft fingers grasped his organ and made several gentle strokes, Ron exploded in his pants. Quickly grabbing a dish towel, he jammed it inside, raised the zipper, and fled without a word.

Amy, waiting for Chris in his room asked, "Did you have a romantic liaison with your boyfriend?"

"No, he helped me with the dishes," he blushed.

"I was born at night, but not last night," she smiled. "Your skirt is wrinkled, your lipstick is smeared, and your face is flushed. I know what causes that so don't lie to me. Tell me what happened sister to sister and no more lies."

Blushing brighter, he told her about Ron grabbing him and pulling up his skirt. "I tried to stop him, to pull away, but I couldn't. We used to be about the same strength, but he's much stronger now. His kisses and caresses felt so good. I couldn't help myself when he lowered his zipper and told me to put my hand in his pants."

"Don't feel bad, little sister. You only reacted like the girl you were meant to be."

"He got off and ran away without a word. I was left in the heat of passion with my skirt at my waist and no climax."

"That happens to us girls a lot."

"Does that mean I'm a fag like everyone says? I had my hand in his pants and...and...I'm so ashamed."

"No, it means you're a girl inside where it counts like I've been saying. Can't you see it?"

"I sure didn't believe it, especially when you first made me wear dresses and be your sister," Chris sighed. As he mulled over his bizarre situation, he was completely unaware of the

dastardly things his *loving* sister had done to him both physically and emotionally. As powerful UCI compounds invade his entire being, he asks, "If I wasn't a girl inside, why would I have this thing for Ron? You must be right."

"Everybody, including Ron, knows what you just realized," Amy lied to preserve the thrills she received from making him ever more feminine. Now that he had fallen for her con, her thrills should be that much greater. "They can see for themselves that you were meant to be a girl."

"There's something else," he admitted. "I think I'm allergic to my Budding Beauty breast forms. My chest is puffy and it really itches."

"Sounds like you're growing your own titties, little sister. That's what happened when I grew mine."

"Why would I be growing titties?"

"That sometimes happens with boys like you who should be girls. UCI, the company that made your Smoothie, Budding Beauties, skin creams, and vitamins helps men and boys become feminine. They have a website with tons of information on the subject."

"You mean there are other boys who should be girls?"

"Scads of them, I thought you knew."

"I thought I was the only one. I even doubted that there was such a thing as a boy who should be a girl."

"You couldn't have been more wrong, little sister. Get comfortable in your lounging ensemble, and we'll read a few case histories of feminine boys."

"It's a relief to know there are other boys like me who should be girls," he sighed. "Thinking I was the only one, I've been so confused, embarrassed, and frustrated."

"I understand," Amy assured him with a sexual quiver. "Now, will you accept the favor I did when I selected you to be my sister and allowed you to wear pretty dresses and skirts?"

"Yes, thank you, Amy," he managed with a slight, yet still puzzled smile. "I promise to wear my dresses and be the best sister you can imagine. Let's kiss on it."

During summer vacation, Chris wore dresses and skirts and practiced feminine gestures, mannerisms, and behavior almost constantly. He read case histories of boys *like him* who *should* have been girls. Most were forced to dress as girls in the beginning, but gradually, as their bodies and sexual desires changed, they accepted their fate. Some; however, were harder to convince than others, and they presented complex and difficult challenges for their benefactors.

The story about one boy in particular caught Chris' attention. His aunt became his guardian and was placed in control of his substantial fortune when he was ten years old. To his great regret, she refused to allow him to play ball or roughhouse with other boys to keep him soft and his muscles undeveloped. Saying he should be a girl, she made him wear dresses and skirts with the appropriate girlish undies after school, evenings, and weekends. When his old underwear wore out, it was replaced with silky nylon panties, so before long, he had nothing else to wear under his jeans to school and wherever he went.

As his hair grew at her insistence, she had it tended weekly by a hair care professional and his face under the care of a skin care specialist. At home, she required him to brush his hair 200 times morning and evening and use moisturizers on his face and body daily. By his twelfth birthday, he had long wavy golden blonde tresses that fell onto his shoulders and a peaches and cream complexion. To escape her, he ran away seven times but was caught by Child Services. Even though he tried to tell the case worker about his abuse at his aunt's hands, he was returned to her each time.

Instead of physical pursuits, she limited his activities to sitting at his vanity learning to apply makeup and style his hair or sedately working on a sewing project or other passive

feminine tasks. Denied the opportunity to develop muscles, he was considered to be a sissy by his classmates.

When puberty set in, he grew breasts so large that he had to wear a bra to support them. He had a full wardrobe of feminine clothes when he graduated from high school and only two pairs of jeans. Soon afterward, those few masculine things disappeared, leaving him nothing to wear but dresses and skirts. After he signed a Power of Attorney giving her continued control of his estate when he was 23, she arranged a marriage to a woman who vowed to keep him in skirts.

This and other stories of boys raised as girls made Chris realize he was not alone. Boy was he ever not alone!

After their sexual liaison, Ron avoided his friend like the plague, making Chris very sad. Since Ron, who he looked at differently now, hadn't come by or called since that fateful evening, Chris tried desperately to put the incident behind him and concentrate on his feminine lessons. His efforts were in vain to the point of being futile.

A month into summer vacation, Chris was wearing a three tiered polyester miniskirt that moved enticingly about his smooth nylon clad thighs and a tight fitting blouse that featured a low cut neckline that showed substantial cleavage created by his rapidly growing breasts. He walked easily and naturally atop three inch stiletto heels, and his makeup, full red lips, and matching nail polish were immaculate. He was in the third hour of a four hour assignment from Amy to practice walking with a book on his head as if he was traversing a fashion runway. Hearing gruff boy's voices, he looked out and saw Chad, Phil, Joey, and *Ron*!

"We've been playing a life and death match at the Pitch n Putt and we're famished," Chad informed Chris. "Make us something to eat. We'll be in my room playing video games."

When he finally believed Amy's assertion that he should be a girl, Chris abandoned his claims of masculinity. As a girl and a sister, he accepted his duty to serve refreshments to

guests without question, and even though Chad's request came off as an order, he dutifully prepared the snacks. Gliding into Chad's room, he dipped from his knees as he placed the tray on the desk to avoid revealing anything improper beneath his short skirt.

As he was leaving, Ron asked, "Can we talk, Chrissie?" Slightly flustered, Chris nodded and left the room. Ron grabbed a sandwich and a drink and followed Chris to the den. He watched Chris smoothed his skirt, sat in the corner of the sofa, and wrapped his legs to expose his smooth shapely thighs. Sitting on the opposite end of the sofa, he asked, "Do you wear dresses all the time?"

"Yes, dresses or skirts," he admitted. "Amy expects her sister to be pretty and feminine at all times. After all she's done to help me realize who I am, I can't very well refuse."

Ron pictured Chris looking like a sexy girl all the time as he nervously asked, "Chrissie, I want to apologize for forcing myself on you, kissing you, and...making you..."

Dropping his eyelids, Chris softly admitted with a sigh, "Actually, it was sort of exciting. Your kiss and caresses made my breasts tingle, and I felt exciting sensations in my panties that I've never experienced before. That's why I didn't pull away or scream for help."

"You aren't mad at me?"

A slight pout crossed Chris' features. "No, but I was hurt when you ran away and didn't return for over a month. I was afraid you thought I was easy and that you wanted nothing more to do with me...ever again."

"I don't think you're easy," Ron confessed. What happened was my fault. I was just too embarrassed and confused to call or come by. I never did anything like that with a *girl* before, but I just couldn't help myself. You are just so damn sexy."

"I know about confusion," Chris sighed. "My mind has been messed up ever since Amy informed me that I was meant to be a girl. I didn't believe her at first, but the longer I wear dresses and the more feminine I become, the more I'm

convinced that she's right. How else do I explain how quickly I took to girl's clothes and the way I feel about you?"

"You're a hot girl, Chrissie, but I had to sort out a few things before I could see you again," Ron confessed.

"What were you sorting out?"

"Mostly my feelings," he sighed. You and I have always been best friends, but I never thought of you as desirable. Now that you are a hot babe, I can't get you out of my mind."

"You find me attractive, as a *girl*?" Chris gasped, covering his mouth with one hand and his breasts with the other.

"Do I ever!" Ron replied. "I see a sexy girl in a short skirt with gorgeous legs driving me crazy and her breasts straining the fabric of her sexy blouse. Look Chrissie, I want to get to know you better as a girl, not as my best friend or a boy who wears dresses."

Chris flushed pink at Ron's reference to him as a *pretty girl*. Until recently, that was the last thing he wanted, but now, he felt a surge in his panties and a tingle in his bra.

"Amy is right when she says you should be a girl," Ron sighed. "Everybody at school thinks so too. That's why nobody except that dork, Terry, harassed you the last day of school when you wore that sexy blue dress."

"The kids *believe* I should be a girl?" Chris gasped.

"No, they believe you *are* a girl and that you have been pretending to be a boy. The best part is that makes it okay for me to be attracted to you."

Chris was completely shaken by this revelation. 'Am I really a girl inside like everyone thinks?' he wondered. 'Will I have to wear dresses and live as a girl for life?' Removing a dainty hanky from his purse, he carefully dabbed away his tears so as not to smear or streak his makeup.

Moving closer out of concern, Ron soothed, "The truth is sometimes hard to accept, Chrissie, but you are a girl now....*really*, and I'm falling in love with you."

"I never thought this would be permanent even when Amy made me give all my boy clothes to Chad," he confessed between snuffles. "We redecorated my room in pinks and pastels, and my manhood has shrunk to a quarter its original size. I'm growing breasts and my hips are expanding since I started wearing dresses. Maybe I *was* meant to be a girl. I don't remember how it felt to be a boy or to wear coarse cotton briefs, and I've only been wearing panties and other silky lingerie for just over three months."

"You sure look, act, sound, and smell like a pretty girl," Ron asserted. "How about going to the movies with me, not as buddies but as a boy and girl...on a date?"

"You want me to go on a date in a dress as a *girl*?"

"Yeah, a date, *my* date," Ron insisted.

"I don't know. What would people say?"

"That we make a handsome couple? That I'm one lucky son of a bitch to rate such a hot babe?"

"I have to ask Amy."

"She turned you into a girl, Chrissie," Ron whispered. "Surely she won't object to you going on dates." Before Chris could respond, Ron moved closer, put his hand on Chris' nylon clad thigh and inched it higher.

Feeling an intense tingle in his swollen nipples and a surge in his Smoothie, Chris shivered in ecstasy. Not wanting to act on his urges in this open setting, he abruptly leapt up and brushed his skirt back into place.

Seizing the moment, Ron approached Chris, put one arm around his waist, pulled him close, and kissed him while reaching under the back of his skirt and massaging his buttocks through his silky nylon panties. Chris was so excited, he tilted his head slightly to return Ron's kiss and moved his hand to caress the surge in his pants. Suddenly, he jumped back, broke their intimate embrace, and gasped, "Go back to the guys before we do something we shouldn't."

"Not until you agree to our date," Ron persisted while moving Chris' hand back to the bulge in his jeans.

"Okay, but you're paying," Chris sighed. Still in the throes of passion, he slowly rotated his hand and brought Ron to a fever pitch of ecstasy. Just before Ron exploded in his pants, Chris pulled away, broke their passionate embrace, and whispered, "I told you to get out of here!"

Greatly disappointed, Ron hurried away to the bathroom. When he returned from his obvious purpose, he said, "I'll see you Saturday at seven. You choose the movie." When Chris mentioned one he would like to see, Ron laughed, "That's a *chick flick*, which is further proof that you're a girl."

"See you Saturday," Chris blushed as he hurried away to tend to his own *needs*. Ron watched with great interest as his new girlfriend, sashayed away on his heels, his hips swaying seductively with each step, causing his skirt to sway enticingly about his nylon clad killer thighs.

As late August and the start of Chris' junior year of high school approached, his movements, gestures, and appearance were now completely feminine. The UCI products and constant practice under Amy's tutelage had done their job so well that even he thought like a girl. He and Ron became a couple, and neither did anything to change that perception.

"We have a problem regarding boys wearing dresses to school," Principal Arthur told the faculty and staff a week before school was to resume. "Since we didn't take issue with the practice last spring, our attorneys say we set a precedent. Therefore, a *person* of either gender can wear whatever they like as long as their attire fits within our general dress code."

Chris didn't give a thought to buying jeans when shopping for school clothes. His wardrobe of dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters was within school guidelines.



"I wish I knew girls were so anxious to have sex when I was a boy," Chris sighed as he and Chad walked home from school amid admiring glances from both boys and girls. "Names, dear sister, I need names," Chad insisted with a coy grin.

He was happy to learn that Ron was right about him being accepted as a girl. This put an end to the humiliating insults he endured the previous year, and as Ron's girl, he was included in all sorts of parties and social events, making school fun beyond his imagination.

"I heard what you did to Sue behind the grandstand in the gym or what she did for you," Chris told Chad as they walked side by side after school.

"Who told you?" he asked with a blush.

"She did."

"Does everybody know?"

"I don't know about the guys, but all us girls know. In fact, I know lots of girls who would do the same thing for you."

"Names, sister dear, I need names," Chad smiled. "That's the least a sister can do for his brother."

"You don't need names, just look around. See how Judy over there is drooling at you? As far as I can tell, half the girls in school want to go down on you, so be careful."

"Thanks for the tip on Judy. Keep up the Intel, but skip the sisterly advice, okay?"

"I wish I could get in on it, but girls don't look at me that way."

"That's because you're prettier than most of them. They're just jealous. Besides, you have Ron."

"True, but I still get awfully horny sometimes. Maybe I should drag him behind the bleachers, push him to his knees, and pop my skirt over his head. Hey, that's an idea!"

"Chrissie! My sister shouldn't talk that way."

"Why not? Just because I wear panties under my skirts doesn't mean I don't have the same needs and desires as you."

"What about Ron?"

"Ron doesn't wear panties or skirts!"

"Ron might not wear panties and skirts, but Judy does, and I want to get in them. I just hope she's up for more than a blow job. What do you think?"

"Knowing that slut, I wouldn't bet against it. I just wish I knew how girls felt about sex when I was a boy!"

"Maybe I could get Sue and Judy and have a threesome," Chad pondered happily as he walked away.

"What's wrong, Chrissie?" Amy asked when she found Chris lying on his bed in his lounging ensemble shaking with sobs.

"I'm about to lose Ron," he blubbered.

"What makes you think that?" she asked. "He is obviously quite taken with you, and he says you have the sexiest legs of any girl in school."

"The other girls talk about the things they do to keep their boyfriends happy," he sighed. "Up until now, their advice has worked out well, but there are some things...*one* thing I can't do. A bunch of the hot sexy girls are flirting with him, and I'm afraid he's going to dump me for one of them."

Noting with satisfaction that he referred to the *other* girls as though he considered himself one, Amy pretended to be upset as she spat, "Some bitches will say and do anything to steal a special guy from his current girlfriend. Still, there's something to what they say about keeping a boy happy."

"Then, I've lost Ron, like they say!" Chris burst into a torrent of new tears.

"Don't give up so easily," Amy cautioned. "There are always alternatives for a determined girl. Let's check the UCI website to see what they recommend."

"What can they do? They only helped boys dress as girls."

"Boys who should be girls have unique problems like yours that require unusual solutions. Look! They have a flesh

colored Super Smoothie that attaches with a special adhesive to keep it secure and undetectable, and it functions like a real vagina. In the diagram, it shows how it fits to give the wearer full sensation from intercourse. If you like, we can order one for you to try on your date with Ron this weekend."

"You want me to wear that thing and have sex with Ron...like a girl?" Chris blushed. "I can't have sex with a *boy*!"

"What do you call what you two have been doing?"

"That isn't sex! President Clinton said..."

"Keep telling yourself that and you might start believing it! The only difference is that he comes away satisfied, leaving you frustrated and unfulfilled. With this device, you'll be as satisfied as your lover."

"Okay, order the damn thing," Chris spat, still not convinced. "I'll try anything to keep Ron."

"It looks like a real pussy," Amy declared when Chris' Super Smoothie was installed. "It is cleaned with a douche, eliminating the need to be removed. Not only that, it feels like skin and it looks entirely feminine. Feel down there and see if it holds any hidden secrets."

Chris blushed at her reference to the new covering he wore over his crotch as a *pussy*, but he couldn't deny her observation. Out of curiosity, he slipped his finger inside the slit, and to his surprise, he touched his sensitive penis hidden beneath, giving him a super thrill.

Amy smiled at his gasp when a tingle raced from his hidden organ to his budding breasts. "You'll experience even greater excitement when Ron penetrates you with his *equipment*," she giggled. "To prove it, try this," she smiled holding up a very realistic flesh colored, battery operated dildo for him to examine.

"What...I couldn't possibly..." Chris gasped.

"Of course you can," Amy said. "Every girl uses one of these on occasion, and so will you."

Chris blushed deep pink. "I could never..." he stammered, but the realistic dildo fascinated him. "You mean I can get pleasure using one of *these*?"

Amy smiled, "Try it when you're alone in your room, and you'll never be without one. Now tell me what you see in the mirror."

Chris pulled himself from examining the dildo and stared at the image in the mirror. "My breasts are growing, my waist is small, and now I look like a girl down...down *there*!"

"You'll be a natural B cup with the figure of a girl your age in a couple of months," Amy chuckled. Thinking how far and how fast he had progressed using the UCI products, more so than she ever dared dream possible. "Tell me again that you can't have sex with a boy."

"I...I...I'm really a boy, aren't I?" Chris blubbered.

"You weigh 120 pounds like me," she pointed out. "Chad weighs 170 pounds like a trim fit boy your age should. If you were a boy, so would you," Amy relentlessly attached his self image and guided him toward the feminine.

"Chad and I used to weigh the same," Chris sighed. "Now he weighs 50 pounds more, and he's a lot stronger."

"Chad is all muscle like a boy should be," Amy stated. "You are soft, smooth, and have hardly any muscle like the girl you are."

Chris stared at his image in the mirror and felt his soft growing breasts and sensitive nipples under his half slip. "I really am a girl, aren't I?"

"Most definitely," Amy smiled. "Now, let's get dressed and go shopping. My sister needs new dainties and a new dress if he's going to seduce his boyfriend!"

With two weeks remaining in the school year, life was proceeding normally for Chris, if a boy dressing as a girl full time could be considered normal. At any rate, his wearing dresses had been accepted by his family, his schoolmates, the

school administration, faculty, and the community at large. Since he knew more about dresses, skirts, and lingerie than most girls, he even had a summer job lined up at one of the local dress shops.

One Friday evening, Chris was wearing a short white dress with a scoop neckline that showed a substantial expanse of his well developed B-cup breasts. As he got ready for his date, he briefly considered going without a bra, but he knew his father wouldn't let him out of the house without one. 'Oh well, I can take it off in the car and put it in my purse,' his nipples tingled at the thought. 'He'll be in bed when Ron brings me home.'

"You have a phone call, Chrissie," Amy announced, snapping him out of his reverie.

"When Chris answered the phone, a man said, "This is Judge Harris of the City Municipal Court, Youth Division. I have an interesting proposal to discuss with you. Can you be in my office tomorrow at ten o'clock?"

"Is this about my wearing dresses?" he gasped. "Do you want me to go back to pants?"

"Oh no, it's nothing like that," Judge Harris assured him. "Meet me at ten and I'll explain everything. Good night and have a pleasant evening."

"Don't be so nervous, Chrissie," Amy soothed as she watched her *sister* fidgeting before the full length mirror. "You look very nice in that cute lilac dress, and your hair and makeup are perfect."

"Do you think my skirt is too short?" he asked in a concerned tone. "I sure don't want to offend a judge."

"Don't worry about that," Amy advised as she looked him over in his stylish dress with its straight, mid-thigh length skirt. "You look too sweet and innocent to offend anybody. Just be your self and everything will work out fine."

"The weather is warm, so I don't have to wear a slip and worry about it showing," he sighed as he slid his feet into three inch pumps. "Does this lipstick shade match my dress? Should I add a bit of padding in my bra?"

"For the last time, you look *perfect*!"

When the *sisters* entered the judge's chambers, he greeted them with a broad grin, "I'm Judge Harris of the State Juvenile Court. Please have a seat."

"I'm Amy, and this is my *sister*, Chrissie."

Indicating a well dressed woman in her forties, the judge introduced, "This is Mrs. Anita Carter, the chair of our youth committee."

Ms. Carter offered her hand and smiled, "I must say, you have become a beautiful young lady, Chrissie."

"Yes, lovely," Judge Harris agreed with a smile.

"Why am I here?" Chrissie nervously asked.

"Ms. Carter and I head a federal commission intent on finding ways to help the growing number of troubled boys in our society. With that in mind, our group studied your transition from pants to skirts and found it to be both interesting and informative. As we watched you evolve from an aggressive boy to a tranquil girl, we wondered if other boys could successfully make a similar transformation."

"That's where you come in," Ms. Carter stated. "Since you are so successful, we were hoping you would agree to help other boys in a similar situation. Of course, you would be amply compensated for your time and efforts. If you accept our proposal, your salary will be substantially higher than you would make as a clerk in a boutique, a shampoo girl in a beauty salon, flipping burgers, or baby sitting."

"What *is* your proposal?" Chris asked.

"We would like for you to take a lead role in an experimental program designed to study two boys as they

transition from pants to skirts," Judge Harris said. "We want you to share your experiences with them and counsel them through difficult times. Will you help us?"

"You want me to teach two boys to wear dresses and be girls?" Chrissie gasped. "Were they meant to be girls like me?"

"No," Judge Harris continued, "These boys are having difficulty coping with life and the rules of society. One has been in custody for the past few months and is not showing the slightest sign of being rehabilitated. The other is headed that way according to his psychological profile."

"Who are they? Do I know them?"

"My son, Terry Carter, and Gino Lopez," Ms. Carter said.

"Wow!" Chris gasped in disbelief while nervously adjusting his short skirt. "Terry harassed me and called me a fag and other degrading names because I wore dresses. I don't know Gino except by reputation. Isn't he in that Toro gang on the east side? Were they meant to be girls, or do they want to wear dresses?"

"Neither," Judge Harris stated. "These two will wear dresses as punishment. Given your experience, we believe you can teach them to comport themselves as girls in dresses, skirts, and silky lingerie. To that end, we will provide adequate security personnel to enforce your directives and to prevent them from escaping while they transition."

"What about money?" Chrissie asked. "This will cost a lot more than my salary and providing a few guards. Have you considered the expense of buying complete feminine wardrobes for two boys, not to mention the cost of hairdressers, nail technicians, and other beauty treatments? I know, I still have to listen to my daddy rant about the cost."

"You will have an adequate budget that will not only covers expenses for the boy's clothing and beauty treatments, but for yours as well so you can teach them by example," Mrs. Carter assured. "What do you say? Are you in?"

Looking at Amy and seeing her nod, Chrissie said, "I can't imagine those two ruffians in dresses, but I'm game if Amy will help me."

"No can do," Amy declared. "I leave for college in two months, and I have a lot to do to get ready for the move. You can do it without me. Your personal experience combined with advice from the UCI website should be all you need to help these boys transition from pants to skirts. I wish I'd known half of that stuff when you first became my sister and started wearing dresses."

She ended with a lie because the UCI website was where she got the idea to dress one of her brothers as a girl. The devious site even suggested that she take the most masculine and with the help of their products and tactics, make him feminine to the point of accepting that he should have been a girl, growing breasts, and being attracted to boys.

"When do I start?" Chrissie asked, suddenly excited by the idea of dressing these two boys as girls.

"Monday morning," Judge Harris decreed. "I'll inform them of their fate in my chambers, and they'll be all yours. You can dive right into implementing the program however you like. Gino will be housed in a private cell at Juvenile Hall, and Terry will continue to live at home."

"We felt a domestic setting would be more conducive to his training," Mrs. Carter advised. "What do you think of teaching them at your home where you learned femininity? They could ease your burden by helping with the housework while they learn to wear dresses, apply makeup, and become cute teenage girls."

"We spoke to your father and he agreed to allow us to use his home for this purpose if you accepted our proposal," Judge Harris advised. "Of course, he will be adequately compensated by rental payments. Do you have any other questions?"

Chrissie looked at Amy, and shrugged, "I guess not, especially if Daddy is up for it."

Amy contacted UCI and instructed them to download a prearranged version of their software to Chris' computer that wouldn't disclose specific confidential aspects of his feminization. For instance, she didn't want him to learn that he wasn't chosen to be a sister because he should be a girl. She also wanted the facts about her sexual gratification derived from his humiliation to remain secret at all cost. "Alright little sister," she chimed. "Read over the website and we'll discuss your strategy tomorrow after weigh in."

As he studied the UCI website, Chris was astounded by the number of boys who dressed as girls. He learned that, like him, most of them hated wearing dresses in the beginning whether they were meant to be girls or were doing so for punishment like Terry and Gino or for other reasons.

Because he liked the way the soft nylon tickled his sensitive nipples, Chris stopped wearing a bra with his lounging ensemble when his breasts grew large enough to support his half slip. "You've lost a pound," Amy observed as he stepped off the scales. "Do you have a strategy to deal with your new girls?"

"Yes, but I think my plan will be a work in progress with constant adjustments," he sighed. "I'll start by trying the soft *big sister approach*. I'm familiar with it, and I can't see myself using one of the *bitch methods*."

'It was sure your nature to be cruel when you were a boy, especially to Chad!' Amy mused. 'It's amazing how UCI's potent estrogen and feminine training in dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie combined to alter your outlook.'

"What's that sissy faggot Chrissie doing here?" Terry snarled as a female guard forced him into the judge's chambers. "I ain't done nothing. Why the hell am I here?"

"Sit down and shut up!" the guard hissed as she forced him into a chair just as another guard, whose name tag identified her as *Sutton*, manhandled Gino into the room. When he tried to jerk away and bolt, she jammed the end of

her nightstick into his mid section, grabbed him by the hair, shoved him back, and spat, "If I have any more trouble, you and I will go out in the hallway for a private session!"

Thus, the room was quiet, albeit tense, when Judge Harris entered with Mrs. Carter and greeted, "Good morning, ladies."

"What the hell is going on, Mom?" Terry screeched as he saw his mother. "Why did this bitch bring me here?"

"Patience, my darling," she purred with a cunning smile. "Judge Harris will explain."

After a tense moment, the judge cleared his throat and said, "Today, we are initiating a program designed to rehabilitate troubled boys. Gino has been convicted of gang activity, and Terry is being enrolled by his mother because he refuses to accept diversity in others. Specifically, when her female lover moved in, he went ballistic, calling them bull dykes, lesbos, and other derogatory names. As punishment, both boys will dress as girls and learn feminine comportment for the next two years under the supervision of this court."

Hearing their sentences, both boys leapt to their feet as if shot from cannons. "Listen here, you old *fart!*" Terry shouted. "I ain't wearing no dresses like sissy fag boy here, and *you* can't make me!"

"Me neither!" Gino shouted in his gang rhetoric.

Just as quickly, the guards grabbed the two boys, twisted their arms behind them, and roughly shoved their faces against the wall. "What now, your honor?" Sutton asked.

"Chrissie has a present for them," he replied. "Let's see how it goes for now."

"I bought them each three pairs of silky nylon panties in different pastel colors," Chris announced with a smile on his red lips as he produced two pink bags bearing the Teen Queen Boutique logo. "To show their acceptance of this program, they will be required to change into a pair of them now."

"I told you I ain't wearing no stinking panties!" Gino bellowed while desperately trying to break free.

"I ain't no sissy queer faggot like *Chrissie*!" Terry wailed.

"Officer Sutton," Judge Harris nodded at the guards.

Pushing their prey hard against the wall, the guards jammed their knees into their backs, causing their brown uniform skirts to ride high on their trim nylon clad thighs. Sutton spat, "You *will* wear your panties, sissy boy, or I'll rip your jeans off and do it for you!"

"You'll wear your panties like a sweet obedient sissy or I'll break your arm just for fun!" Terry's guard snarled.

"Okay, okay!" Terry winced in pain as he realized the futility of further resistance. "I'll wear the damn panties! Don't break my arm!"

"How about you, Gino?" Sutton demanded.

"You don't have to break my arm, you bitch dyke! I'll wear the damn things till I bust the hell out of this freak show!"

"Enough stalling," Judge Harris declared while watching the two boys massage their upper arms. "Off with those jeans and into your pretty panties or it's broken arms and off to C-Block with you."

Without warning, both boys made a mad dash for the door, but the guards pounced on them like cats. "I've had it!" Sutton snapped when they had the intimidated boys back under control. "Let's break their arms, rip their pants off, force them into their pretty panties, and throw them into C-Block like the judge said! They won't be so smart assed when the perverts get their hands on them in their pretty panties."

"No, wait!" Gino screeched as he began to loosen his belt. He had been in juvenile detention for the last two months. The reputation of C-Block housing the toughest degenerate cons in the facility was common knowledge. "I'll put the damn things on. If you throw me in C-Block with those psycho bastards, they'll rape me dead, panties or no panties!"

"I'll wear the damn things too," Terry sighed. "I can't go in with that scum in silky girl's panties."

"We're waiting," Judge Harris snarled impatiently. "Get those pants off and into your pretty panties or you're on the C-Block express!"

"Here, now?" Terry asked indignantly, "With Mom and *them* watching?"

"You should have thought of that when you were so rude to Dinah and me," Mrs. Carter injected. "Now you will suffer the consequences of your actions and learn to accept and appreciate those who are different from you."

"You have ten seconds," Judge Harris assured them in a menacing tone.

Fearing C-Block more than the embarrassment of wearing panties, the intimidated boys dejectedly removed their jeans and briefs before the amused onlookers. Blushing, they hastily put on a pair of the mortifying panties to cover their nudity and replaced their jeans.

"I put on those damn panties, but I ain't wearing no dresses like prissy missy Chrissie sissy there!" Terry insisted.

"Me neither!" Gino agreed. Still, despite their resolve, they both knew they had crossed a line into femininity, and sooner or later, they would be forced to dress completely as girls. Unable to admit the truth, the idea that they would someday have to wear dresses was foremost on their minds.

"Take them to Juvenile Hall, but keep them isolated for now," Judge Harris ordered. "Make sure they wear their panties all weekend to get used to them! Monday, take them to Chrissie's for the first day of their punishment. If they resist, throw them in C-Block!"

Word about Terry and Gino wearing panties at the juvenile center quickly spread, and they cringed while listening to the sexually explicit catcalls and innuendo from the hardened inmates along the adjacent corridor. "You know what will happen if those assholes get their hands on us while we're wearing these damn panties," Gino spat.

"Yeah," Terry sighed. "You've been in here before, so how do we get the hell out?"

"We don't, not from here. Security is too tight. Our only chance is to get away from that queer dude in a dress who's supposed to teach us to be fags like him. What do you know about him?"

On Monday morning when the guards brought in Terry and Gino, Chris greeted them and asked, "Are you wearing your panties?" When their blushes revealed the answer, "Good, let's get started turning you into proper young ladies."

"I ain't going back to juvie in a dress!" Gino snarled. "Those low life sons of bitches will turn us into punks, and we'll be doing the Monica Lewinski on our knees in no time!"

"Yeah," Terry agreed. "You should have heard the things they yelled at us when word got out that we were wearing panties! I'd rather die than wear a dress in *that* damn place!"

"So you want to stay here and let Chrissie teach you to be proper young ladies in pretty dresses and skirts instead of returning to C-Block?" Officer Sutton asked teasingly.

"If we have to wear dresses, we had rather have *Mary* here do it than be turned over to those perverts!" Gino spat.

Hearing that, Chris put his hands on his hips and firmly announced, "My name is *Chrissie*, not Mary. I will be treated with respect or I'm out of here! I'm not the one who is forcing you to wear skirts, nor am I here to abuse you or make you do or wear anything against your wishes. I only want to help you cope with outside ridicule and teach you to deal with those who don't understand the trauma boys in skirts have to endure. Are we clear?"

"Yeah," they sighed in unison with bright blushes.

"Good," Chris enthused. "Let's be on our way to the hairdresser. They are usually closed on Monday, but they agreed to open for you two. You will have full body waxing, new hairstyles, facials, complete makeovers, manicures, and

pedicures. Get ready for a long day. Also you will be known as Teri Anne and Gina until your sentence in skirts is over.”

The boys wanted desperately to protest their new names and the feminine beautification procedures being forced upon them, but not knowing how to escape, they only looked at one another and shrugged. After all, they were already wearing silky girl’s panties beneath their jeans. Escape would have to wait...for now.

When Teri Anne and Gina were escorted back to juvenile hall, they were miserable and looked nothing like their former selves. Their bodies were stinging from having their hair ripped out, and they were wearing full feminine makeup, lipstick, and nail polish. Terry was now a golden blonde, and Gino’s dark tresses were in a curly feminine perm.

While they removed their makeup and practiced the application techniques taught them at the salon, the catcalls from the C-Block inmates became louder and more vulgar than ever. As a result, neither got much sleep.

The next morning, they showered, stepped into clean panties, pulled on their jeans, and sat at their makeshift mirror to apply their makeup as best they could. “I don’t know how girl’s put up with this makeup crap,” Terry snarled as he smoothed bright red plumper lipstick on his already puffy lips and pressed them together.

“I know what you mean, dude,” Gino agreed as he did the same. “This eyeliner is a bitch. I just hope I get the hang of it before I poke my eyes out. I don’t want to get Chrissie on my case by not getting it right. I think we should be nice to him. If he walks out on us, our ass will be grass in C-Block!”

“Besides these silky panties, the thing I hate worst is this damn lipstick!” Terry scowled. “I knew girls wore lots of makeup gunk, but I didn’t know what it was, and didn’t care as long as they looked good when they went down on me. I never thought I’d have to wear any of the crap though.”

“It doesn’t look very good when we put it on, but those perverts in C-Block won’t care how we look if we get thrown

in there wearing panties and makeup," Gino sighed as he brushed his hair as close as he could into a feminine style.

"What worries me is that if they got us in panties and lipstick this quickly, how long will it be until we're wearing dresses," Terry lamented.

Following their experience at the salon, Terry and Gino thought the worst was over, but they found out differently when Chris took them shopping for clothes. After another long day, their feminine wardrobes increased from three pairs of panties to a dozen, all silky nylon in different styles and pastel colors. They were also fitted with a Smoothie to hide their masculine bulges and B-cup Budding Beauty inserts to fill their growing supply of bras in a variety of styles, demi, plunging demi, push ups, wireless, bio fit, strapless, and full cover. To the intimidated boys, the list was endless!

To say they were embarrassed in their newly acquired smooth front panties and padded bras while trying on full and half slips in different styles, lengths, and colors would be a vast understatement. They tried subtle ways to resist, but every potential rebellion was squelched by Officer Sutton's threat to take them to C-Block in their *girly* clothes.

They bought a supply of dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, cami tops, and tees all in feminine styles. To their sorrow, they also had to buy several pairs of nylon stockings and pantyhose. They wouldn't admit to themselves, but the silky nylons felt smooth and sensuous on their freshly waxed legs.

In the shoe department, they had to buy a dozen pairs of shoes with heel heights ranging from two to four inches. They could barely stumble along in the three inch heels, and they couldn't even *stand* in the four inch styles.

"Don't worry," Chris chuckled at their clumsiness. "In a few weeks you'll be walking in your tallest spectator pumps with more grace and poise than most girls. You'll probably even want a pair of thigh boots with five inch heels to wear with short skirts to show off your legs."

Finally it was time to dress for the trip home. Chris decided they should wear an ensemble similar to the girls in the area. For Gino she chose a narrow black mini skirt that restricted his stride and a red satin cami top. Wearing a red bra and panties, his bra straps would show at his shoulders. He blushed brightly at his feminine appearance as he walked clumsily about in his black two inch pumps.

For Terry, he chose a light sleeveless polyester floral dress of white, yellow, green, and red with a skirt that floated to mid-thigh. His panties and bra were white, and since his dress was unlined, he wore a matching nylon half slip that would not show unless a gust of wind blew his skirt askew. His white open toed pumps had slender two inch heels that put his red toenails on display.

After they bought three purses each in different colors and styles, they were ready to leave. "Teri Anne will be going home tonight, but Gina is to return to Juvenile Hall with Officer Sutton," Chris informed his charges. "Each of you will take a nightie for tonight and a dress or skirt and top for tomorrow including panties, bra, and matching slip."

"Please don't send me back to juvie by myself all dolled up like *this*!" Gino wailed. "I'll be history if those horny cons get loose and sneak into my cell!"

"The facility is quite safe, so that is unlikely to happen," Officer Sutton declared. "Besides, you are being moved to a more secure area for your protection."

Her comment made Gino feel slightly better, but he was still worried. Terry was dropped off at his mother's house first. Gino was happy to be away from C-Block, but to reach his new quarters he was made to walk down the dreaded hallway between the rows of cells amid catcalls and sexual innuendo. Some were openly playing with themselves as they lustily viewed his feminine image. He was relieved when he was led to a room that formerly housed guards and was out of sight and hearing of the rowdy prisoners.

At the Carter residence, Terry was met by Dinah, his mother's live-in lover. "Welcome home, sissy boy," she greeted

with a bright smile. "I really like your dress. It's so light and airy for summer, don't you agree?"

"Go to hell, you lesbo dyke!" he spat. "You're probably the cause of me having to wear this stupid dress!"

"You need to learn to respect others, and your lessons start now!" Dinah spat as she grabbed his arm, twisted it behind his back, and rode him to the floor. The fall caused his light skirt to ride high on his thighs and expose his nylon half slip. Shoving his skirt above his waist, she removed her shoe and began spanking him on his exposed panties.

Cursing and swearing, he tried desperately to pull away and fight this woman he hated. Even though he was stronger, she used her martial arts skills to keep him subdued until he finally surrendered and lay still while she delivered another six blows to his nylon clad buttocks. "Please don't spank me any more," he sobbed. "I'll do whatever you say. I promise!"

"This is only a sample of what you'll receive if I hear you disrespect another person, especially one who lives in this house. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes. I understand."

"Then go in the bathroom and repair your makeup. I want you looking pretty when your mother gets home."

When Terry returned with the best makeup job he could manage, even though his eyes were still red from crying, he found his mother sitting on the sofa. Terry rushed up to her. "Mom, that bitch, Dinah...uh...I'm sorry...Dinah called me a sissy and spanked me on my p...panties!"

"There, there, Teri Anne," she cooed putting her arm around him and his head onto her shoulder. "You do look like a sissy in that nice dress, and you did call her impolite and insensitive names. Don't you think you deserved a spanking?"

"I...I guess, but she didn't have to hit me so hard!"

"That was your first lesson," she declared. "In the future when you are disrespectful, disobedient, fail to perform your girlish lessons as Chrissie requires, or use profanity, Dinah

will spank you to get your attention and teach you a lesson. You should very quickly become a sweet, obedient, and polite sissy in your pretty dresses and skirts."

"But Mom, I can't do two years of this feminine crap! I'm not a sissy!"

"Of course you're a sissy, sweetheart," she cooed, enjoying his anguish. "No real boy would wear pretty dresses and silky panties. Also, in the future, you will call us Mother and Ms. Dinah because that is a more fitting manner for a sissy to refer to his elders. Now, go ask Ms. Dinah to give you a spanking for using that unladylike word."

"But Mom...uh...*Mother*..." he protested raising his head.

"Spankings are administered for arguing and disobedience as well as for using profanity. Procrastinating will only make your punishment more severe."

As the impact of her words hit home, he slowly rose to his feet and approached Dinah. With his head down and his eyes filled with tears, he whispered, Ms. Dinah, will you please spank me for using an unladylike word?"

"Of course, darling. Raise your skirt and slip, position yourself across my lap, and lie still like a sweet obedient sissy while I spank you on your pretty panties."

After six hard swats with her open palm, she stopped and said, "Ouch! That hurts! I must find something else to use for your spankings in the future. Oh, I know! How about one of your ping pong paddles with the sand face? That should do the trick nicely. You won't be using them because sissies don't play competitive sports, so be a doll and bring me one up from the basement. I'll keep it handy for when it's needed."

Terry was glad that *her* pain had shortened his spanking as he rose to his feet and brushed his skirt and slip back into place. 'How did I get into this crap...un...mess?' he wondered as his skirt swirled about his smooth hairless thighs and his heels clicked on the basement steps. Slapping one of the paddles against his open palm, he felt the sting and knew his

time at home would be even more traumatic than his girlish lessons. 'I have to find a way out of this!' he swore.

The next morning, Terry had his shower and got dressed without too much anguish. His bra gave him the most trouble, but he twisted it around front and secured the clasp before filling the cups with his Budding Beauty inserts. When he made a mess of his makeup, Dinah took him to his mother for help because she seldom, if ever, wore feminine cosmetics.

When he was getting into Dinah's car for his ride to Chris' house for girl training, he made a spectacle with his unfamiliar tight mini skirt and heels. Seeing his quandary, Dinah said, "Something else for you to practice, Teri Anne. Entering and exiting a car in a short skirt, fastening your bra behind you, and applying your makeup. I'm sure there are lots more feminine things you need to practice to become a proper sissy. Rest assured, we'll work on them in due time."

"Yes, Ms. Dinah," he sighed in resignation as he adjusted his skirt into the decent range with the solid ping pong paddle foremost on his mind.

After delivering Gino for training, Officer Sutton said she would be nearby if needed and left the three *girls* alone. "Okay, Teri Anne and Gina," Chris directed, "Let's go to my room where you can remove your dresses."

The two boys were blushing profusely once they were stripped to their padded bras and half slips. "No reason to be embarrassed or self conscious," Chrissie advised. "Get used to wearing silky feminine undies and seeing one another in them. There are just us girls here. Pull your slips over the cups of your bras. Doesn't that feel yummy? This is our leisure ensemble. We dress this way to do fun things."



"Watch your step, Gina, not Teri Anne's!" Chris scolded as his boys tottered about in their silky feminine slippers. "You both need lots of intense practice before you can walk in your heels with the grace and sway of the girls you are to become."

"You will wear three inch heels full time until they are comfortable and natural. You stumble about in them now, but try putting the ball of your foot down an instant before the heel. You can't take long strides like you did as a boy, but walking in heels should become natural quite quickly."

Chris watched his students stumble about in their heels and their abbreviated slips and corrected errors. He could be heard to scold, "Gina, watch what you are doing and not Teri Anne! Neither of you are anywhere near perfect yet!" Chris sat in the center of the sofa, his short skirt riding high on his thighs. "Sit on either side of me and let's get acquainted."

When the boys sat with their legs spread and their slips baring their panties, he advised, "You'll sit with your knees together unless you want men and boys to see under your skirts. This must become habit very quickly. Teri Anne, tell us about your stay with your family last night."

"It was awful," he cried. "I couldn't do anything right. They called me a sissy and treated me like a wimp. Dinah spanked me twice. Next time she'll use a ping pong paddle."

"What did you do to deserve the spankings?"

"The first time I was rude to her, and the other, I used an unladylike word. I don't know how much of this I can take."

"Concentrate on your feminine lessons, like keeping your knees together and watching your tongue," Chris advised as the boys pressed their knees together. "If you concentrate, you'll soon do these things naturally without thinking. Gina, how was your evening? Did you get spanked?"

Gino blushed, looked down, toyed with the lace at the hem of his slip, and sighed, "No, but I'd rather be whipped than have Officer Sutton lead me down the C-Block corridor in my skirt cami top, heels, and makeup. Those perverts haven't seen a girl in months, and I looked enough one to them. They yelled and exposed themselves as I walked by. It was so humiliating and degrading."

"Even worse, Julio Mendez, the leader of a rival gang was in a cell, and here I was tricked out like a chick. He invited

me in his cell to be his bitch, told the perverted things he would do to me, and what I could do for him. We fought one another many times. I've never been afraid of him, but I feared for my life last night. All I wanted was to get out of there and away from him. After that, if I was slow to obey her, Officer Sutton threatened to bring Julio into my room."

"Did you walk back through C-Block this morning in your dress on your way here?" Terry asked.

"Yes," Gino shuddered at the thought, "It was horrible."

"Okay, enough chit-chat," Chris declared. "It's time for your makeup lesson. You both need it badly. Cream your faces clean and we'll get started."

After makeup lessons, *Teri Anne* and *Gina* were tutored in fastening bras and blouses behind their backs, standing and sitting in a feminine manner, voice lessons using Soprano Speak mouthwash,. They also learned the basics of selecting feminine ensembles for every occasion from casual to dressy, and the difference in day and night makeup. They were even given dance lessons in their heels with Ron and Chad serving as their male partners.

As the days passed, they were bombarded with femininity on every side, in every way. Nothing masculine was allowed. If they were deficient, Dinah assured that Terry practiced under the threat of the paddle, and Officer Sutton did the same with Gino, threatening visits from Julio as incentive.

All that, plus being dressed as girls from the skin out 24/7 was systematically driving away their proud masculinity. They knew they were helpless to stop the changes, so their only hope to avoid complete femininity was escape.

"My chest is getting sore and puffy," Gino whispered to Terry as they enjoyed a drink during a break. They no longer noticed the lipstick stains on their glasses or that their skirts rode high on their nylon clad thighs.

"Mine too," Terry agreed. "I think they're giving us something to make us grow big tits like Chrissie's. If we don't get away soon, we're doomed to be girls for life! Any idea how

we can get out of here before it's too late?" They agreed to a common cause and doubled their efforts to find a way out of their imposed femininity, no matter how daring or risky such a plan might be.

Their chance came one evening about six weeks after their training in skirts began. Terry was practicing his feminine glide, walking a chalk line in a long tight skirt and four inch stiletto heels with a book on his head, when he heard Dinah shouting into a phone down the hall. She was upset as she spat, "I'm busy moving some clothes, and you hit me with *this*! Hold on, I'll check the computer."

"Moving clothes about?" Terry pondered as he heard his tormentor bounce down the steps. 'I had better check and see if she's storing my old stuff away.' Kicking off his heels, he hiked his skirt high on his thighs so he could move quickly and silently as he hurried to her room. Seeing a box of his old jeans, he grabbed two and hurried back to his room. Tossing the confiscated jeans under his bed, he replaced his heels and was dutifully walking the line as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened when Dinah passed his door. Later he hid them under his mattress.

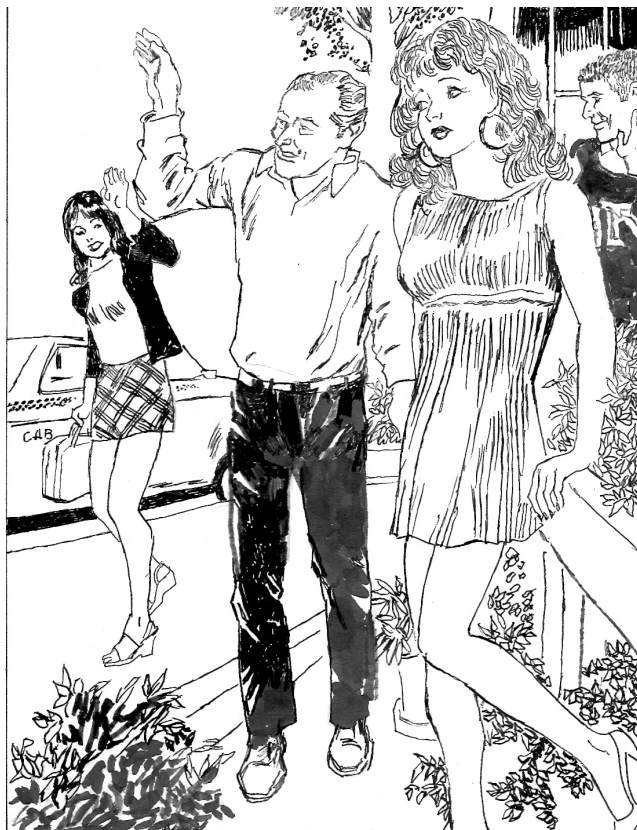
When he was informed of the hidden jeans, Gino was ecstatic, and a rare bright smile spread across his ruby red lips. "I think our best chance to get them to drop their guard is for us to act like we've accepted our fate like Chrissie did."

"Good idea," Terry agreed. "From where and how do we make our run?"

Gino moaned, "We can't escape from juvie because of the guards."

"Dinah installed an alarm system that goes off if I open any unauthorized doors. Our only chance is to run from here."

"No way," Gino asserted. "That damn Sutton is always lurking around looking for us to run so she can pounce on us. We have to find another way."



"Nice dress, Chrissie," Paul complimented his remaining daughter when Amy left for college. "You really dressed up to say goodbye." Chad chuckled, "Don't be so naïve, Dad. He's looking his best because his precious Ron is coming over, not to wave to Amy."

Chris, Chad, and their father assembled to say goodbye as Amy was leaving for college. As the taxi pulled away, Paul looked at his remaining *daughter*, noticed his nice dress and asked, "Why are you dressed up, Chrissie? Surely you didn't go to all that trouble for Amy. Are your sissies coming over?"

"He didn't get all dolled up for his sissies," Chad chuckled. "My money says his precious Ron is coming over."

Seeing Chris blush, Paul shook his head and thought, 'I don't know how that boy fooled me all those years when he had me convinced he was a boy! He was good at sports and said he loved hunting, camping, and fishing, but it was all a ruse to hide his true persona. I'm sure glad Amy saw through his deception. At least we still have a girl at home to do the housework and don't have to hire a maid. All the time Chris spent with Ron; he had a crush on him instead of being boyhood best friends. Oh well, we now know he's a girl, and there's no going back. At least he's happy.'

A year earlier, Chris would have celebrated Amy's departure because he would have been able to return to boy's clothes. Now it would fall on his delicate shoulders to handle the housework, which was the original excuse Amy used to get him into dresses. He was too feminine for that now, and he had fallen for his sister's line that he should be a girl. Besides, he had to tutor Gino and Terry as they prepared to wear dresses for their senior year of high school.

On the ride away from home, Amy's thoughts were on her separation from the lovely and exciting Chrissie she had created and who had given her so much...oh so much pleasure. Vowing not to lose these experiences, she decided to visit often, hoping her absence would only serve to intensify her thrills.

"I know!" she enthused. I'll get a boyfriend at school and coerce him along the road to femininity to give me new and exciting thrills. After college, I'll surely have a husband someday, maybe even a son..." Her thoughts about future possibilities of feminizing unsuspecting males sent her into a powerful explosion of sexual ecstasy.

"We look and act more like girls every day," Terry confided to Gino. "Not only that, we're getting comfortable in dresses, we manage our skirts and walk more gracefully in heels than most girls. We'll soon be girls like Chrissie if we don't hurry and find a way out of this feminine crap!"

"Yeah, I know," Gino agreed. "I think they're giving us something in our food and drinks that are changing more than our looks and carriage. When all this started, I had a constant hard-on in my panties, but now I seldom get one, not even morning wood. Now my chest is getting puffy and my nipples are itchy. I think I'm growing *tits*! We have to find a way to get the hell out of here."

When Gino arrived at Chris' for feminine training a few days later, he was crying uncontrollably, and he *never* cried when he was gang leader. If things went wrong, he organized his troops with a ruthless plan of attack designed to exact revenge on his foe. Now, with his authority negated and powerful estrogen cascading through his veins to neutralize his masculinity, he could only vent his fury through tears.

Seeing his distraught friend, Terry rushed over as fast as possible in his tight skirt and heels. He put his arm around Gino's shoulder, leaned close so that their nylon clad thighs touched, and asked what was wrong.

"That bitch, Sutton, has gone to far this time!" Gino spat through his tears. "She secretly made a video of me dressing, and she charges the C-Block perverts to watch it on her laptop. By the end of the week, she'll have every dime and cigarette in the wing. She's also selling my panties. I know of five punks who are wearing them under their coveralls."

"What does the video show?" Terry asked.

"*Everything*! It starts with me coming out of the shower in my robe with a towel wrapped around my hair. It shows me naked when I remove my robe and zooms in on my privates when I install my smoothie and step into my panties. She recorded me putting on my bra and filling the cups with my

Budding Beauties. Then she shows me putting on my slip, and dress. Every step of me applying my makeup and styling my hair is documented. According to Sutton, the most popular scene is when I raise my skirt high enough to show my panties and smooth out my nylons. We have to get out of here or I'll kill myself!"

"I have a plan, but it involves risk and will take a few weeks to set up," Terry offered. "School will have started by that time and everyone will have seen us in our dresses, but it's the best I can conceive."

"I don't care," Gino enthused. "I'll do whatever it takes to get the hell out of here! What do we do?"

Over the next few days, Terry and Gino discussed and refined their escape plan at length. To lull their captors into thinking they accepted their imposed femininity, they began acting girlishly almost to the point that it made their stomachs queasy. When they met, they greeted with girlish air kisses and complimented each other's ensemble in great detail. Wearing their leisure ensembles, they gave each other pedicures, manicures, and hairstyles while giggling like giddy teenage girls.

To further their cause, they asked Chris to take them shopping where they eagerly selected the silkiest most feminine panties, bras, slips, camisoles, garter belts, and silk hosiery with seams. They tried on stylish dresses, skirts, shoes, and they even asked for knee boots with five inch heels to wear with their body hugging leather miniskirts. Not a word was heard about jeans, slacks, or shorts!

In school, they were teased and tormented by the other students, but they shrugged off the taunts and soon were accepted as girls like *Chrissie*. When the girls started talking about the Homecoming Dance more than a month before the event, the chat quickly turned to boys and evening dresses.

Terry and Gino joined in saying they were hoping for dates to the big dance even though neither had a prospect. To advance their deception, they talked to Chris about the style

gowns they wanted to wear and asked him to take them shopping before all the sexy styles were bought by *other* girls.

Buying into their con, Chris agreed to take them shopping the following Saturday. To further convince their mentor that they were thrilled, they took each other's arms, jumped up and down, squealing like excited girls causing their skirts to bounce up to reveal their smooth attractive thighs.

For the shopping excursion, Terry removed the jeans from beneath his mattress and packed them at the bottom small overnight bag. He hid them first under his most masculine shirt, a black tee with gold appliqué, and two baseball caps, one white and one lavender with feminine logos. They were obviously girl's caps, but the two had to have something to hide their long feminine tresses.

On top of his get away clothes, he put a pair of his sexiest silkiest panties, a strapless push up bra, a silky chemise, a lacy garter belt, nude seamed nylons, and silver four inch pumps. To give him an attractive teen look, he wore a yellow polyester dress with a flirty mid thigh length skirt and casual pale yellow sneakers. To complete his image, his golden blonde tresses and makeup were immaculately feminine.

When Dinah asked what was in the bag, a moment he knew was critical to his escape plan; he enthusiastically described the feminine items in great detail. "Chrissie said the experience would be much more thrilling if we brought some sexy things to wear under the gowns we'll be trying on," he beamed with a bright smile on his cherry red lips."

Thinking, 'I don't know what changed that arrogant foul mouthed brat into a sweet sissy, who is excited about shopping for prom gowns,' inspecting his bag didn't cross her mind.

At Juvenile Hall, Gino packed a similar bag, but his only contained sexy lingerie, seamed nylons, and red pumps with four inch heels. Unlike Dinah, Officer Sutton's experience with delinquents led her to assure that he had no *contraband*.

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For his shopping trip, but mostly for his planned escape, Gino wore a slightly boyish white tee with a guitar on front, a straight red miniskirt, silky red panties, matching bra, and white sneakers.

Believing this walk down the C-Block corridor would be his last, Gino was feeling frisky. When he passed Julio's cell, he turned, hoisted the back of his short skirt to reveal his panties, slapped his buttock, and purred in his sexiest voice, "See you later, *big boy*." With a devious smile on his red lips, he walked the corridor with an exaggerated sway of his hips.

"I'll have to get you a pair of silky red panties like that, *Pussy Lips*," Gino heard Julio tell his subjugated cell mate. "They're hotter than the pink ones you're wearing, don't you think?" He was out of earshot before he could hear the intimidated boy's reply.

At the boutique, Terry and Gino selected several evening dresses each to try on and went to the dressing room together, Chris advised, "You can help each other dress while I look for my own dress." Unknown to him, this was the break his charges were hoping would present itself.

Instead of changing into the elegant gowns, they sneaked toward the rear service entrance of the boutique and outside to freedom. After running several blocks, they ducked into an alley and hid behind a dumpster. "I couldn't score any briefs, so we'll have to wear our panties," Terry said as he anxiously stripped off his dress.

"Whatever," Gino shrugged with no memory of his vow never to wear panties. "Hurry up and let's get the hell out of here before somebody sees us."

Using the makeup and nail polish remover from their purses, they made sure the last remnants of femininity were erased from their features. Looking in his compact mirror, Terry thought his face looked pale, washed out, and needed a tad of color on his cheeks and lips. Blushing at the thought of

how quickly wearing makeup had become habit; he silently cursed himself for having such a feminine thought.

In an effort to keep their change of clothes secret, they threw Terry's dress, Gino's skirt, their discarded Smoothies, Budding Beauty inserts, the purses containing their feminine cosmetics, and their overnight bags into the dumpster.

Their smooth hairless thighs having become soft and tender due to daily massages with moisturizing creams and lotions, they noticed a coarse irritable sensation from their long coveted denim jeans. Thinking nylon pants liners would feel nice, they rejected the idea with bright blushes and ran from the alley.

Apprehensive that a patrol cruiser might come by and see them, before they could complete their getaway, Terry and Gino stood by a busy highway with their thumbs and eyes out. Luckily for them, less than half an hour passed before a truck pulled over. "Where you girls headed?" the driver asked from behind reflector sunglasses as the ambiguous pair anxiously climbed into the cab beside him.

After changing clothes and trying so hard to look like boys, they hadn't anticipated being taken for girls, especially not so quickly. 'Damn!' Gino scolded himself as he inhaled a familiar scent as he crawled in beside the driver. 'We forgot about our damn perfume.' Figuring it was too late to change their story, he replied, "Riverside, if you're going that far."

"Sure thing," the driver replied with a bright smile. "My name is Wyatt, and I welcome the company."

Since *Wyatt* clearly thought they were girls, Terry decided to play along. Punching Gino in the side with his elbow, he said, "I'm Teri Anne and *she's* Gina."

"Pretty names for pretty girls wearing nice perfume," Wyatt flirted. He drove along making small talk over the miles separating our fugitives from their pursuers until just after dark. Suddenly turning into a truck stop, he said, "This is my favorite diner on this run. Are you girls' hungry?"

We're broke," Gino admitted with a sigh, another reply they planned in case they were asked that question on the road. As Wyatt killed the motor, he added, "We couldn't afford bus tickets. That's why we were hitchhiking."

"Well," Wyatt said as he put his arm around Gino, pulled him close, and kissed him full on his lips. "This baby has a sleeper cab, and if we crawl back for a quickie, I'll spring for dinner. Teri Anne can pay her share when we get to Riverside around breakfast."

"No!" Gino screeched in panic as Wyatt pulled him out on the driver's side of the large cab and around to the door of the sleeper compartment. "I'm not that kind of *girl*!"

Terry jumped out of the truck and ran toward the diner. Trying desperately to get help before Wyatt made a startling discovery. "Help!" he screamed. "My friend is being raped!"

When some other truck drivers heard the commotion and rushed over, they saw Gino standing by the truck. His silky red panties were at his knees revealing his masculinity, and he was crying for all he was worth.

This ain't no girl even if he is wearing silky red panties!" Wyatt boomed while pointing at Gino's exposed genitalia. "He's just a queer on the make, and I'll bet his sexy little friend is too. Let's pull his jeans down and see!"

Before the mob could get the struggling Terry's pants down, a deputy sheriff heard the commotion and rushed over. Unable to shout over the excited voices of the mob of truck drivers, he fired his gun into the air and demanded, "Break it up! What's going on here?"

Gino hurriedly pulled up his panties to cover his nudity but was still embarrassed by his silky feminine underwear. He didn't see his jeans, and he was stopped from crawling back in the truck to look for them by the mob. Explaining what happened with a lie, Wyatt told the deputy, "I thought those queers were girls when, I gave them a ride. This one put the make on me, and look what I found in his panties!"

"We have a lookout from the city about two boys who escaped from juvie who might be disguised as girls," the deputy recalled. After cuffing Terry and Gino behind their backs, he shoved them toward his squad car with Gino still wearing nothing over his silky red panties. When they were secured inside, he said, "I'll call it in."

"I've never been so humiliated in my life," Gino blushed as he huddled in the back seat with Terry, his face as red as his panties. "I wish I had my pants, but even a skirt would be better than *this*! How did our plan go so wrong so fast?"

"We forgot about our perfume and didn't trim our nails, for a couple of things," Terry sighed in despair. "That, our thin arched brows, and smooth faces probably gave us away at a glance before he got a whiff of perfume. I know we walk, gesture, and talk like girls from our enforced feminine training, but have we changed so much that we can no longer look or act like boys?"

"Sounds like we have our culprits," the deputy announced when he got off the radio. "The juvenile authority in the city is sending an officer to take them back where they belong. Good work, Wyatt. I'll see if there's a reward."

Officer Sutton arrived the next morning to take custody of Terry and Gino and escort them back to detention. Gino still had nothing to wear below his waist except his panties, so he wrapped a sheet around his waist. Taking delight in his humiliation, she made him leave the sheet and walk to her car with his silky red panties in full view. Word, that two queers wearing silky girl's panties were in one of the cells, spread quickly, causing the boys a restless night of heckling and lewd proposals. Now, *this*!

"I have to hand it to you sissies," Sutton confessed as she drove along with Terry and Gino secure in the caged back seat. "You got farther than I figured you would. If we hadn't found the things you threw in the dumpster, we wouldn't have known you changed clothes and wasted a lot of time looking for two girls."

"How did you find those things?" Terry asked. "They were a long way from the boutique."

"When we canvassed the area, we found a junkie who saw what he thought were two hot girls changing in the alley, but he was too stoned to be sure of what he saw. Following that lead, we found your things and learned about your change into jeans. We put out a BOLO that two boys looking like girls were on the run. That bumpkin deputy stumbled onto you, and here we are."

"Can I get some clothes?" Gino asked. "Wearing nothing but panties is embarrassing."

"In due time, my sweet sissy," she chuckled.

Dinah, having received a call from Officer Sutton, was waiting at the curb with her ping pong paddle when the car arrived with the contrite boys. When Terry exited the car, she slammed the paddle hard across his buttocks and screeched, "Your mother and I were worried sick, you naughty sissy! Get in the house and out of those ridiculous jeans, *now*!"

The hard swat from her paddle and her terse reprimand sent fear through his entire being. Running to the door, he hurried inside and was waiting in his panties when the infuriated Dinah arrived. "It's a good thing you wore your proper panties or this would be worse!" she scowled. "Get across my lap to for your well deserved spanking!"

Wanting to impress upon him how severe she considered his transgression, she delivered more than two dozen hard stinging wallops to his panty clad rear. When she finally relented and dumped him on the floor, he was blubbering like a baby and promising to be a sweet obedient sissy, happily wear his pretty dresses, and never run away again.

Seeing she clearly had the upper hand, Dinah said, "Take a nice perfumed bath to calm your nerves, and put on your prissiest little girl dress. Do your hair and makeup to project that image and come back here." When he turned to do her

bidding, she snarled, "Don't dawdle! You won't like it if I have to come after you with my paddle."

Having thought about what he would wear while bathing, Terry deftly replaced the Smoothie retrieved from the dumpster. He stepped into pink nylon panties with lace at the waist and leg openings. The matching bra felt almost natural as he clasped it behind his back and filled the cups with his Budding Beauties. Believing he didn't need a slip for his planned *look*, he pulled on a pink satin dress with white lace at the neck, sleeves, and full skirt that fell to three inches above his knees. Since little girls didn't wear nylons or heels, he chose pink and white turn down socks and white sandals.

To further his youthful image, he brushed bangs low on his forehead, tied two bunches of hair into angel wings, secured them with pink satin bows that matched his dress, and brushed his remaining hair down onto his shoulders. For makeup, he used concealer, light foundation, and blusher. To make his eyes appear large and innocent, he used eye drops to reduce the red from crying and applied his eyeliner and mascara heavier than normal. To complete his *little girl* image, he chose bright pink lipstick and matching nail polish.

After dabbing on a pleasant perfume, he turned before his full length mirror to inspect his image and felt something was missing. Taking a crinoline petticoat from a hanger in his closet, he stepped into it, and pulled it up under his skirt. Finally deciding his appearance was as ordered, he went to meet the vengeful Dinah.

He hated Dinah when she first moved into his mother's bed, but now, he only feared her wrath and her pitiless paddle. He did; however, resent her because she was a female who never wore dresses, skirts, silky lingerie, or makeup and kept her hair very short. He approached her with a contrite demeanor and dipped a polite curtsy, a gesture of deference she hadn't expected.

After inspecting his appearance, Dinah said, "Your petticoat is a nice touch for a sweet obedient sissy. It makes you much a more presentable than when you got out of that

police car looking all bedraggled in those inappropriate jeans. Now, stand before me with your feet together and your hands behind your back palm to palm, fingers pointing downward and tell me every detail of your escape. If I even suspect you of lying or trying to hold something back, I'll have you back across my lap with your skirt at your waist in a flash."

Terry was still very intimidated by his earlier spanking and would do anything to avoid an encore. In the required posture, he recited his escape adventure in detail. He described his planning, execution, and his emotions every step along the way. If she asked a question, he made a fretful attempt to satisfy her curiosity with nothing but the truth.

"Okay," she said when he finished his confession. "I know how you think and that you can't be trusted. From now on, I will check *everything* you do, and you will have to ask for permission to do *everything*. Furthermore, we will have these candid discussions frequently, and when we do, you will assume this subservient posture. Also, I will ask Chrissie to tighten the reins on you and report all of your transgressions large or small. You brought this on yourself, and now, you will pay the price!"

Back at C-Block, Gino had to walk the corridor with only his red panties below his waist to exaggerated catcalls and sexual innuendo spewing through the bars. When he passed Julio's cell, his adversary said, "See you later, doll!"

Gino assumed he meant that he would watch the video of him dressing, and paid him no mind. He broke into tears of relief and crashed on his bed; however, when he was safely in his room.

"None of that!" she reproached. "You have to get ready."

"Ready for what?"

"Your punishment for running away, my wayward sissy!" she avowed. "Take a bath, and put on your sexiest outfit, undies, makeup, hair, lipstick, and nail polish. You know, shoot the works!"

'I wish I could just lie down and die,' Gino sighed in defeat while getting dressed as ordered. 'No telling what that bitch is going to make me do for my punishment. If it hadn't been for that horny Wyatt, we would have gotten away.'

Almost in a daze, he chose his fanciest black panties matching bra, ultra short black leather miniskirt, navel baring satin cami with spaghetti straps that showed his bra straps, dark seamed thigh high nylons that ended several inches below his skirt, and knee boots with five inch heels.

To create a Goth look, he applied dark eyeliner, mascara, and eyeshadow, black lipstick and nail polish, and his most expensive perfume. His jewelry consisted of long dangling pendant earrings, a gold chain with a crucifix that rested in his developing cleavage and drew attention to his enhanced breasts, and several matching bangles on his left wrist.

"Just what I had in mind," Officer Sutton complimented with a devious smile when she saw the results of his efforts. "Come along, and let's get on with your punishment."

Thinking she was escorting him through C-Block for another dose of humiliation, he braced for the degradation to come as he tottered unsteadily along with tiny steps due to his unfamiliar stilt heels. His trek started that way, but when they got to Julio's cell, she stopped, pushed the key on her radio and said, "Open 13-C."

To Gino's surprise, the door slid open, and she shoved him inside the cell. Her sudden aggressive maneuver threw him off balance, and only because Julio caught him did he keep from falling. As his adversary held him firm, he heard Sutton say, "Close 13-C." When the door closed and locked, she smiled at her stunned prisoner and sneered, "Have fun, sissy slut. I'll see you tomorrow."

"No, Sutton!" he screeched. "You can't do this to me!"

"I *am* doing it!" she sneered. "When I get through with your reamed out ass, you'll think long and hard before trying to run away from *me* again. After a long night of abominated

lovmaking with Mendez, I might let him whore you out on the cell block to teach you a lesson you won't soon forget!"

The next morning when Officer Sutton returned to collect Gino, she found him cowering completely naked on the floor with his makeup smeared and streaked from crying, and his lipstick worn away. Several of his nails were broken and his clothes, the purse containing his cosmetics, his Smoothie, and Budding Beauty inserts were nowhere to be found. "Let's go!" she ordered as she grabbed him by his bedraggled hair and abruptly drug him out of the cell and back to his room where he collapsed on the cold concrete floor in a hysterical frenzy.

"I can't do this anymore!" he screamed at the top of his lungs while making no move to rise to his feet. "I'll kill myself before I spend another night in this hell hole!"

"Let's go see the judge," Officer Sutton said. "I was following his orders. If I were you, I'd fix myself up real pretty and innocent, not slutty like last night."

Still without a stitch of clothing on his bruised and battered body, he slowly got off the floor and dejectedly shuffled off to the bathroom. When he returned, she said, "I bought you a new Smoothie and congratulations are in order because you are now a C-cup. Of course, you'll have to buy all new bras, but shopping with Chrissie and Teri Anne will be lots of girlie fun if you don't commit suicide first."

Two hours later, Gino looked and felt like a new girl. He was wearing a sleeveless lavender polyester dress with a floral pattern in purple, blue, and yellow. It featured a ruffled collar with a V-neck that afforded a peek at his new cleavage, and a light dainty skirt that fell to four inches above his scraped and tattered knees. As blood still oozed from his wounds, he omitted nylons and wore purple pumps with three inch heels on his bare feet. To coordinate his *look*, he used three tone purple, lavender, and gray eyeshadow, lavender lipstick, and matching nail polish.

Gino burst into tears of anguish when he walked into Judge Harris' chambers from fear of being sent back to C-Block. "Don't cry, or you'll ruin your makeup," Officer Sutton cautioned. While he carefully dried his eyes with a tissue, she explained to the judge, "Gina spent the night with Mendez in his cell, and he's threatening suicide if you send him back."

Still shaking with tears streaking his makeup, Gino's voice breaking in fear, he pleaded in a tiny stammering voice. "Please don't send me back to that awful place, Your Honor. I couldn't stand it after what Julio did to me. Like Officer Sutton says, I had rather *die*! Really I would!"

"If you promise not to attempt another escape, I might have a place you could stay," Judge Harris mused. "Of course, you'd have to earn your keep."

"I promise on my mother not to run away again," he bubbled. "Whatever it is, I'll do whatever you want! Just don't send me back! Please don't send me back."

"I need a maid at my big old house," he said. "If you swear to work hard and be a good sissy maid, I might be persuaded to let you keep the place clean in exchange for room and board. Of course, you would have to work very hard."

"Oh yes, Your Honor," Gino perked up for the first time. I promise on my mother never to escape again, and I'll be the hardest working sissy maid you ever saw!"

"Is he broken?" Judge Harris asked Officer Sutton.

"Yes sir, but not beyond the point of being useless," she replied. "He's so close that another couple of nights on C-Block would send him over the edge."

At that moment, becoming the judge's sissy maid was Gino's greatest desire. Wanting to convince him of his sincerity to work hard, he completely missed the crux of their conversation.

"From gang leader to sissy maid," Judge Harris looked hard at the intimidated Gino. "Is that what you want?"

"Yes sir," he admitted with a blush. "If you let me be your sissy maid, I promise you won't be sorry."

"If I am, you'll be sorrier," he declared in a most serious tone. "Alright, we'll give it a try, but listen to me, young lady. If you step out of line just once, just once mind you, it's back to C-Block for the remainder of your sentence. You can commit suicide or those degenerates can kill you. I won't care. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes sir, yes sir! I won't let you down. I promise!"

"Will he need maid's uniforms?" Officer Sutton asked.

"No, I think a few neat housedresses, skirts, and crisp pinafore aprons will suffice. Have his things brought over this afternoon and store them in the back bedroom. You won't need to guard him because if he runs, he's all yours."

At home, Terry was forced, by liberal application of the paddle for even minor transgressions, to obey Dinah's strict rules and regulations. Gradually, as a result of this ruthless treatment, he soon became afraid to make a move on his own without permission. In short order, the once brash, arrogant, vulgar, insulting boy in pants was replaced by a sweet, docile boy in dresses and skirts. His *leisure* hours were spent with feminine pursuits, mostly grooming his body, wardrobe, and manner to create the appearance of a lovely teenage girl.

In keeping with his promise, Gino proved to be a dutiful, willing, and efficient maid in his pretty crisp housedresses and aprons that he cheerfully washed and ironed. He even learned to cook and never complained.

Chris had been worried when Terry and Gino escaped. Not only was he concerned about their safety, he felt responsible because they ran while in his custody. Needless to say, he was both happy and relieved when they were safely captured. Thinking, 'Teri Anne and Gina made their getaway while I was trying on dresses and thought they were doing the same.

They should be reprimanded for deceiving me into thinking they were excited about going to the Fall Festival dance. I think a suitable punishment would be to make them return to the boutique to try on and buy long chic gowns along with the proper undies, jewelry, and accessories and take them to the dance they so wanted to avoid!"

During their training in dresses, Terry and Gino came to respect Chris and appreciate his gentle teaching style and rare mandatory assignments. Their harsh punishments, spankings, and extra training in exclusively feminine pursuits such as hairstyling, makeup application, walking in stilt heels, and other stressful feminine skills and gestures came from Dinah and Officer Sutton.

When Chris put his foot down and decreed that they would return to the boutique to purchase evening gowns, they knew they were doomed to obey. Not unexpectedly, they were on pins and needles as they entered the boutique from where they escaped. This time; however, Chris didn't let them out of his sight as he watched while they tried on at least a dozen elegant dresses each before making the *perfect* selections. Deep down, neither was truly unhappy with his trendy gown.

Despite his original aversion to all things feminine, Gino couldn't suppress a slight smile as he strutted before the full length mirrors in a flame red satin gown atop gold pumps with four inch stiletto heels. It featured a plunging neckline that drew attention to his perceptible cleavage, but his favorite feature was the wrap skirt that diverged widely and bared his entire left thigh until it converged around him to cover his right leg to his ankle. When he sat, his skirt fell away to fully expose both of his attractive nylon clad thighs.

Elaborate dangling gold pendant earrings and matching bangles on his left wrist were his only jewelry. His makeup was heavy for evening wear, featuring dark eyeliner and mascara, and gray eyeshadow. Dark red lipstick and matching nail polish blended beautifully with his wavy brunette shoulder length tresses, giving him a sedate, yet sophisticated, *look*.

Contrary to his feelings about wearing dresses in the beginning, Terry felt a shiver of delight as his lavender satin gown caressed his body. It had a halter top that bared his back and a full floor length skirt that hid his purple four inch pumps until he hoisted the front with his fingertips to negotiate stairs. Evening makeup with purple lipstick, eyeshadow, and nail polish highlighted his golden blonde curls. Silver stud earrings with three long dangling chain pendants supporting one pearl each decorated his ears.

As the duo left for the dance, the disturbing prospect of dancing with boys in suits and tuxedos was foremost on their minds. Chrissie, having that issue covered, conspired with Ron and Chad to coerce a few nerds who were too shy to ask girls for dates and several *wannabe in the club* underclass athletes to dance with them. By the end of the evening, *Teri Anne* and *Gina* were on the dance floor in the arms of a boy most of the time!

In the weeks and months following the dance, Terry and Gino blossomed into sweet cheerful girls. Dinah's strict unrelenting discipline of Terry, Gino's terror of being sent back to C-Block, rigorous feminine lessons from Chris, and high tech products from UCI combined to completely change their outlook on the subject of wearing dresses.

Epilog

A year after beginning his tutelage of Gino and Terry, Chris received a call from Judge Harris who said he had a business proposition and wanted to meet for lunch the next day. "Is Michael's on Main at one o'clock okay?" he proposed while being tight lipped about the purpose of the meeting.

As soon as the phone was in its cradle, Chris began to wonder what he would wear to meet the judge. He had worn dresses and skirts for more than two years and now thought like the girl he appeared to be. Heading straight to his room, he began laying out dresses and skirt combinations to help him decide. Finally, he chose a gold nylon polyester spandex dress with a scoop neckline and a mid-thigh length flyaway skirt that could be trouble to manage when sitting or in a stiff

wind. The effect of his dress was to give him an innocent, yet mature, look.

While getting dressed, he chose a yellow bra, matching nylon panties, and half slip because his light skirt wasn't lined. Knowing his flirty skirt would ride up when sitting, he chose sheer flesh colored nylons and gold three inch pump to enhance his smooth attractive thighs.

He applied his makeup carefully in an effort to appear as though he wasn't wearing any. He used just enough concealer, light foundation, a hint of blusher, fine eyeliner, a bit heavier on the mascara, and light gray eyeshadow. To match his complexion and auburn tresses, he chose coral lipstick and polish for his finger and toenails. Checking his appearance in the mirror, he smiled with satisfaction, pulled the straps of a white purse over his shoulder, and was on his way.

Chris found Judge Harris and a woman he had never met sitting in a booth in a secluded corner of the restaurant. "Hello, Chrissie," the judge smiled as he stood and took Chris' hand, "This is Ms. Sandy Thomas. She owns UCI, the company that provided most of the services and products you used to help our two hoodlums become lovely girls."

Chris was a slightly taken back to be meeting the person who provided the means to change Gino and Terry into Gina and Teri Anne and that converted him into the girl he was meant to be. "Nice to meet you, Ms. Thomas," he stammered as he smoothed his skirt and took his seat while Judge Harris held his chair.

"You have become a very lovely young woman, Chrissie," Sandy gushed. "Your every movement, gesture, and action is exquisitely feminine. I see can readily see that you were meant to be a girl."

"Your products and services are incredible," Judge Harris beamed. Much of the credit for the transformation of Chrissie, Teri Anne, and Gina into teenage girls belongs to you. Your success substantiates your claim that any boy, willing like Chrissie or hostile like Gino and Terry, can be made into a lovely girl."

"Wait a minute!" Chris protested. "I wasn't willing to wear dresses! Not until Amy showed me that I was meant to be a girl..." his voice trailed off at the end.

"How did she do that?" Sandy asked.

"She had Chad beat me at arm wrestling, and when I attacked him, he pulled me across his lap and spanked me on my panties. Then he beat Ron at golf and won the club championship. After I started growing breasts, I became very attracted to Ron, and now I'm in love with him. How could all that happen if I wasn't meant to be a girl?"

"I see your point," Sandy smiled knowingly. "Thank you, Judge Harris for your praise. One always likes to know her efforts are appreciated. Now to business, Chrissie, I would like to offer you a position of authority in a new subsidiary of my corporation."

"What...what can I do for you?" Chris gasped as he nervously adjusted the hem of his short skirt over his nylon clad thighs.

"In simple terms, continue to do exactly what you have been doing with Gina and Teri Anne this past year," Ms. Thomas stated. "Judge Harris showed the file on the transformation of those two hellions into sweet, lovely girls. He praised how well you worked with them and how you dealt with your fellow students who ridiculed them for wearing dresses. That led me to conclude that you are perfect for the position I have in mind."

"What position is that?" Chris nervously asked.

"I want to establish a school of femininity with the stated purpose of teaching boys and men to wear dresses, and for all practical purposes, become females."

"You want to start a business that transforms boys into girls?" Chris gasped. "How many would there be?"

"I think we could start with six and double our enrollment each of the next three years until we have around fifty students each year," Sandy stated with confidence. "If our

market research is correct, we should be able to open at least two new franchises within five years."

"Where would you find so many boys who want to become girls?" Chris gasped in awe of the concept of the wholesale dressing of men and boys as females.

"Judge Harris and other jurists can supply quite a few inmates for alternative sentencing," Sandy replied with a smile. "You wouldn't believe the number of boys and men who may not exactly want to wear dresses and become feminine who are available. Believe it or not, there is ample business out there to make us wealthy."

"Inmates like Gina and males who don't want to become feminine?" Chris gasped. "Is that legal?"

"I assure you it is 100% legal with Teri Anne and Gina as precedents," Judge Harris assured. "On top of that, I have a backlog of cases involving boys and men who would greatly benefit from this service. Three can go through this service for the cost of one in the prison system, so prison officials will leap at this opportunity to save money and prison space."

"Also, there are quite a number of wives who want their husbands to become soft and feminine, mothers who want their sons to be daughters, sisters who want to level the inheritance field, men entering witness protection programs, guardians who would rather raise girls than boys," Ms. Thomas stated. "The possibilities are endless!"

"What does this have to do with me?" Chris puzzled.

"I want you to administer the day to day operations of the school," Sandy replied. "In fact, I want to name it '**The Chrissie Institute**' after you."

"You want to name the school after me? Why?"

"Chrissie is a lovely name and the school will bear it from the beginning."

"Why choose me?" Chris gasped.

"You have been through the process with phenomenal success, and you successfully transformed Gino and Terry

into sweet, lovely young women. You have the temperament we seek, and your experience is virtually unequalled."

Warming to the offer, Chris asked, "Where will this school be? I don't want to move far from my friends and family, and especially my fiancé."

"You're engaged?" Ms. Thomas inquired.

"Not officially, but we talked about getting married next year," Chris admitted with a blush. "His name is Ron and he's a real hunk."

"Congratulations and good luck with your planned nuptials," Sandy beamed. "To answer your question, I purchased the old Antebellum Plantation on Paradise Road on the outskirts of the city for our school. It has ample space and grounds, but extensive repairs are needed and a secure perimeter must be provided to prevent escapes. With a push, we could be ready to start in the fall. In the meantime, work with Judge Harris and Mrs. Carter and begin the process of selecting your new students."

"What does it pay?" Chris gasped.

Removing a file from her briefcase, Ms. Thomas opened it, pointed to a figure, and said, "This will be your initial annual salary with several generous perquisites. Your compensation will be astronomically higher than you could earn in a traditional job, and you can put your unique talents to use."

"What can I say," Chris gushed. "I accept!"

"Wonderful," Ms. Thomas smiled as she raised her glass of wine. "Here is to a long friendship and business association."

"Gina is now my secretary," Judge Harris stated. "His primary duty is to review files and interview potential students for 'The Chrissie Institute'. In fact, he already has Julio Mendez's name laminated at the top of his list."



Gina, Chrissie, and Teri Anne pose for photographs to adorn the cover of 'Chrissie Institute' brochures, catalogs, pamphlets, and fliers.

"Teri Anne will work with his mother and her feminist group to identify suitable candidates. Dinah will be the disciplinarian and handle all disruptions with a firm hand. You will have complete authority to run the school within state laws under the guidance of Ms. Thomas, Mrs. Carter, and myself."

"Sounds like our biggest problem will be to pare the list of potential students to six for the first year," Chris smiled.

"That's very astute, Chrissie!" Sandy exclaimed as she raised her glass. "I knew you were the right person for this position! Here's to the Chrissie Institute!" Judge Harris and Chris clinked their glasses in agreement.

The beginning of the Chrissie Institute has now been revealed, and the rest, dear readers, is history. This special school is legendary for being the largest enterprise in the world devoted to helping boys and men, both willing and unwilling, become their feminine best.

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