

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 1

TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME #76

“JESSE INTO JESSICA II”

By Raphaelia Iron

**Illustrations by
GABI**

For lulu.com

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

“JESSE INTO JESSICA II”

© 2003, Sandy Thomas Advertising

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form

Without the express prior written

Permission of the publisher

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

sandythomas@cox.net

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

“Make peace with who you are and you'll always be content with what you are wearing...”

“JESSE INTO JESSICA II”

By Raphaelia Iron

Chapter 8

“So you want to prove your masculinity?”

Lana doubled back after crossing the bridge and spent another 20 minutes to drive to the mall after she considered the incident entirely finished and that Jesse would not attempt to take the shoes off. There he sat, his feet learning to conform to the arch of the high heels with his pedicure visibly present. The toes were so cute and feminine. In reality the mall was only twenty minutes away from the house but it had taken about an hour to get there. Lana looked at her now rapidly feminizing little boy-girl in the passenger seat and considered the delay well worth it. After a few more adjustments, no one would even dream that Jesse was a boy.

“Here we are dear,” Lana exclaimed in between gabbing about lipstick colors. “Now we can get you some new shoes. (‘Among other things like skirts, dresses and lingerie,’) Lana finished the thought while gleaming at her little femmy boy.

“Uhh Aunty,” Jesse stammered, still concerned about the image of the shoes he was wearing. “Can’t we go to a store in a more secluded shopping area, that way we could park real close to the store and I could run right in.

To an outsider observing what Jesse looked like, it was a completely illogical thought. Jesse was wearing pantyhose, nail polish, a girl’s skort and smelled so much like a girl, any clerk would have been surprised if he had walked into the boy’s department. But, it indicated the utter confusion the outer personality was undergoing.

Lana merely ignored the comment as she pulled into the mall. Instead of seeking a parking space close to the doors,

she turned to park as far away from the doors as feasible. She wanted the distance from the car to the entrance as far as possible so Jesse could practice walking in the heels while she coached him in walking like a girl.

"Why are we parking so far away," Jesse inquired, still perplexed why Lana didn't reply to his previous inquiry but now starting to become very concerned about having every one see him in those feminine sandals and nail polish.

"Well honey," Lana smilingly lied. "This is a Mercedes. If we park far away we won't get those bumps in the side of the car from other people's doors. That's why we can't get close to any store door."

The explanation was completely rational. Jesse thought nothing of it as he observed Lana pull into the farthest most parking area. Why there wasn't a car for one hundred yards.

"Ok dear," Lana advised with a sweet excitement in her voice. "Let's go shopping!"

Jesse just sat there. He didn't open the car door. "Aunty, can't you just go in and get me some boy's shoes and maybe a shirt while I wait in the car," Jesse lamented.

"Trouble," Lana mused. "Why honey how am I going to know your size. I told you...you look just fine. No one's going to notice!"

Jesse just sat there. "Aunty, I look like a girl. Why have you fixed me up to look like a girl? I can't have people see me this way!"

Lana fell silent. She hadn't anticipated this at all. The whole program was in jeopardy. She had to get the trigger operational or the thought forms might not ever manifest. It was too obvious that he was distinctly effeminate. She couldn't completely lie, as she knew Jesse was talking from a deep level of consciousness, perhaps even deeper than the programming.

"Dear, yes, you are wearing some girl's things." Lana commenced. "But I keep telling you, no one will notice. No

one. The clothes you're wearing look just like normal ole' shorts and a tee shirt."

She then decided to appeal to sympathy by apologizing. "Dear, I'm sorry for losing your shoes," she faked lament. "But honey, what's done is done. You're wearing some shoes that are really only sandals. They're not like girl's shoes at all. (A massive lie). Boys wear "t-strap" sandals too. ("But not 3 1/2 inch high heel cork wedgies," Lana smiled to herself.)

Lana continued, "And, unfortunately they're the only ones available....until your other things arrive....Let's just go in to the mall and then decide on a new pair of shoes for you."

"What about the nail polish," Jesse dejectedly mumbled. "Won't anybody see I'm wearing it and think there goes a boy wearing girl's nail polish and a tee shirt? My legs are even shaved and I'm wearing nylons too!"

"Do you look down at anybody's feet," Lana quickly retorted. "No! No one looks at anybody's feet. And so what if we shaved your legs. There are plenty of boys your age that don't even have any hair to shave. So I don't think any one will notice that either! Ok?"

Jesse just sat there. Lana decided to just do it, to take action. She flipped the electric lock to open on all four doors then got out. Sauntering around the car to open Jesse's door, she noticed that he had already cracked the door open but had not slid his foot out. She reached for the door and fully opened it.

"Give me your hand dear," Lana advised as she gently outstretched her hand to beckon him. "Everything will be just fine. Come on dear, its a beautiful day."

When the door opened Jesse immediately felt delicately exposed. His nyloned legs sensed the light breeze. The sunlight lit up the color of his pedicure. He sighed. Glanced up at Lana and took her hand.

Out swung one foot. Then as he girlishly twisted in the seat the other leg came out and he put down the other one on the pavement. The feet immediately sensed the complete

height of the heel. The sensation was completely different than when he was sitting in the car because his feet never needed to fully arch to compensate for the height of the heel because he had been sitting not standing. Only now he sensed how high the heels really were and how delicate and passive that made him.

Lana gently lifted his arm up as he slowly lifted off the seat. The sheer delicacy of standing in high heels flowed up into his posture. He felt girlish and effeminate even before the first step. The programming started to rumble in his subconscious.

“Act like a girl, Walk like a girl, Wear girl clothes, Feel life a girl.”

He stumbled into his first step, but didn't keel over. Already the effeminate posture was starting to dictate his motion.

“Just take small steps honey,” Lana smiled as she held his hand for support and to add a sense of feminine dependency. “Let the toe and heel come down at the same time.... It's like sort of kicking out your foot from the hip.... That's right. You have to walk from the hip.”

Jesse took two steps and felt how the shoes constricted his leg motion to a dependent delicacy. He sensed his hips roll with each step. The nylons slithered as they transparently allowed the light breeze through to his shaved legs.

Lana smiled as she immediately closed the door after Jesse passed beyond its swing radius, then let go of his hand. With a quick flip of a button the doors locked. Now Jesse was completely exposed outside dressed like a girl. She turned and looked. There he was standing in his little high heels, shaved and prettied. She smiled and started to walk around the car towards the mall.

She didn't want to make a big deal out of this crash course in “girl walk”. Come on, honey,” Lana cajoled about as nonchalantly as she could. She glanced back and saw him stumbling in the shoes. “Just take little steps dear. Let your leg

swing from the hips...Let the motion come out naturally. That's right...There you go. Now just let your hands fall to the side and let them swing slightly for balance.... Yes.. That's better. Now you're getting the hang of it...Hang on to your pur..errr travel bag."

"Oops," Lana thought to herself. "Almost said 'purse'."

Meantime Jesse's entire psyche was beginning to feel how the high heels dictated his mannerisms. It was more than just walking. It was permeating his psyche and creating a growing sense of effeminization. He was taking almost baby steps, making sure that the toe and heel met the pavement almost simultaneously. And did he sense his hips roll! His legs "kicked out" as he started to get used to walking in the heels. And his body started to become lithe with each step as the swing of the hips and gait of his silky *derrière* and back, confined by the heels, softened every motion. Even his shoulders rolled back straight to compensate for the natural uplifting of his *derrière* that high heels always do to the figure. Jesse was walking just like a girl.

"That's better, dear," Lana encouraged walking right beside him as two females would be apt to do. "See, all it takes is a little practice. Let the hips sway....Yes...Perfect... Keep your head up and back straight.....Excellent. Has any one told you, you have excellent posture?"

Jesse nodded negative as his mind was absorbing the fluidity of the motion. The subconscious was singing.

"Act like a girl, Act like a girl, Act like a girl"

"Well you do, dear," Lana continued. " And you're so lithe! Just walk like that when we're in the mall and no one will notice anything at all."

Perhaps it was the programming. But by chance, Jesse was a natural in walking like a girl. Subconsciously he had been watching how girl's moved since the Christmas break due to the subliminal tapes. But he also had the natural fluidity and motion. Most likely it was how the hormones had already determined the figure. His pelvis was already widening,

and derrière round and swiny. Needless to say the chemical process had already feminized the mind to a significant degree. So he already naturally felt like a girl. The heels had merely triggered the entire feminizing sequence.

They crossed the entrance road right in front of the entrance doors to Lord & Taylor. Two women, chatting away, were coming out of the store with multiple packages in their hands. Jesse looked at them and almost panicked imagining they would see him as a boy dressed as a girl. But no, they just looked at Lana and himself as if they were two perfectly normal people and moved on. Jesse didn't realize it, but he had just passed for a girl. Another women with a small boy walked by. Neither said a word. Jesse began to relax.

Lana held the first door open for him. Jesse entered without a word.

"Why are we going into Lord & Taylor, Aunty," Jesse inquired. "Aren't we going to buy me some shoes?"

"Well of course we are, dear," Lana curtly agreed. We're just going to go through Lord & Taylor to get to the other stores and just see a few things first. Oh dear....look what the wind did to your ponytail! Turn around and let me fix it."

The next feminizing step was just about to be triggered.

Of course, Jesse couldn't see what the wind had done to his hair. In fact, there was virtually no wind, only a slight breeze. But, he had sensed a different swing to it; it had sort of bounced as his figure became accustomed to the heels.

"Sure, Aunty," Jesse perkily responded. The heels required he girlishly turn around in the same spot, the butt swishy in the panties.

Lana took off the rubber band, took out her hairbrush and began to brush out Jesse's locks. She pulled the hair back into a ponytail and pretended to fiddle with it. She even took the rubber band and started to redo the ponytail just like it had been.

Snap!

"Oh drat!" Lana exclaimed as she took her nail and intentionally split the rubber band in two. "Why I broke the rubber band!. Jesse, I don't have another one in my purse. Can you check in you bag to see if there's one in there?"

Jesse naturally complied. This was the first time he had looked inside the bag. He really didn't know what Lana had put inside it before they left for the mall. He unhooked the clasp. Hmm, funny, the clasp looked more like a clasp on a girl's purse. As he opened the flap, a froth of cloth and lace, its color almost looking like stone washed jeans, just seemed to pop up from the bag's top.

"Oh that'll do perfect," Lana remarked as she quickly grabbed it out of the bag even before Jesse could determine what it was.

"Now hold still dear," Lana commanded as she firmly held his hair behind his head, partially so he couldn't see what she was doing and partially because she wanted to really give his hair a good brush to bring out it's girly shine.

Jesse just stood there in the alcove of the store letting Lana play with his hair. Other women went in and out. All glanced their way. But not one even gave them a second glance. It was a typical scene, an older woman fixing a young girl's hair.

After quite a number of rather rough strokes, Lana expertly upswept the hair and pulled it up to the middle of the back of the head, exactly where a girl ties her ponytail. A few quick flips and the hair was now firmly held in place with a cute girl's elastic scrunchy.

"There you are dear," Lana now cooed. "Now your hair looks really cute!"

Jesse reached behind his head and touched the delicacy of the elasticized cloth retaining his ponytail in a girlish position.

"Oh my God Aunty," Jesse exclaimed in a whisper as he turned to face Lana. He caught the girlish reflection of the scrunchy in his hair in the window and the effeminate flip of

the now girlish ponytail as he turned. "You put a girl's scrunchy in my hair!"

"I look like a girl!". Jesse whispered as his hand commenced to reach behind his head to pull the scrunchy out.. "I can't wear a scrunchy like this in my hair Aunty. They'll think I'm a girl!"

Her gleaming smiling eyes met his. Jesse realized she had meant to make him look like a girl all along.

"Yes, dear," Lana whispered into Jesse's ear. "Why you look just like a girl. A pretty girl at that! So don't you dare touch that scrunchy! It really makes you look far more feminine, just the way I want you!"

"Why are you feminizing me Aunty," Jesse retorted in even a more lamenting whisper. Although the subconscious programming was starting to spew into the conscious mind and elation and attraction to the feminization was tingling in Jesse's senses, the outer personality was still incredibly confused.

"Look what you look like, honey" Lana cooed, now intentionally bringing out the surging subconscious implants.

"Look like a girl, Act like a girl, Wear girl clothes, I want to dress in girl's clothes."

The programming triggered. Rushes of girlish sensations started to tickle the outer personality.

"Look at those cute little sandals you're wearing," Lana continued. "Do you really think boys wear 3 in high heel wedgies?" What was Jesse to do, walk out? He was in the mall dressed in girl's clothes, with his shaved legs in pantyhose. "Your hair is really girly now. And I don't know many boys who shave their legs, wear pantyhose and Raven Red nail polish".

She leaned closer. "Don't worry dear. You look adorable! All you need to do is just walk like I showed you and every one will think you're a girl...."

Lana observed the panic emanating from Jesse's eyes. "Do you want people to know you're a "boy dressed like a girl"... hmmm?" Lana emphasized the disdain for the word boy. She caught his negative no. "Well then just do as I say and be thankful that scrunchy was in your purse" (Lana emphasized the word purse) "because now that I fixed your hair in a girly ponytail and used the scrunchy, you look much, much more like a girl."

Jesse felt a sort of elation move inside him. He did want to look like a girl! What was happening to him? Why did he now not object? He liked the idea of being a girl deep inside and wanted to wear girl's clothes.

He didn't say a word. Jesse's big soft eyes and delicate face just affirmatively nodded. A tear started to roll down his cheek. Lana smiled and mouthed the word "good" as she took a hanky and dried it off. Lana took Jesse's hand and lead him into the store.

They swished through the aisles. The aisles were full of women and girls looking at makeup and cosmetics. No one even took a second glance at either of them.

Lana leaned over smiling and whispered. "See no one even looks twice at you. They all think you're a girl!"

Jesse sensed the swish of his pantied hips, the silkiness of his pantyhose as he let his hips roll. The ponytail bounced and tickled the back of his neck amplifying the sense of softness as well as a sense of the girlish length of his locks. All he could do was blush.

A girl approached them in a white smock and a little spray bottle in her hand.

"Would you like to try Mystique," she inquired. "It's a hip new fragrance."

"No, it's a little too young for me," Lana replied. " But I'm sure my niece would like to try."

Before the girl could say anything, Lana had gently taken the atomizer out of her hand turned, and with a big grin, gave Jesse's face and upper chest a big spray.

"Outstretch your arms, honey," Lana encouraged. With a quick spritz both of the wrists were covered in scent. Lana then adroitly leaned down and scented Jesse at the knee.

"Umm, what a pretty scent," Lana tried to get Jesse to concur using a big smile as encouragement, then handed the atomizer back to the girl. "Maybe we'll be back later for a small sample."

Jesse just stood there almost in shock. The personality was neutralized while the programming was seeping out of the subconscious.

"Feel like a girl, Act like a girl, Smell like a girl."

Certainly, the scent seeped into Jesse's emotions. The scent magnified the subconscious sense of girlishness.

But the trigger hadn't fully opened.

"Aunty, I smell like a girl," Jesse pleaded under his breath.

Lana just smiled. "Honey you've smelled like a girl all morning, ever since that sweet little shower with the scented soap. But now that girly scent of yours is unmistakable. Just relax and enjoy! You make a cute girl!"

"Aunty, I'm a...a boy," Jesse whispered. Lana barely could hear the pleading.

Lana looked intently at him, then smiled. "Hmmp...so you want to prove how masculine you are? Well follow me. Let's see if we can find something to redeem your boyhood. But certainly it sure isn't going to be found in those gorgeous locks, cute little shoes, pretty nail polish and perfume you're wearing.... A boy?... ridiculous.... But lets go see how brave you are."

Chapter 9

“You don’t expect me to get my ears pierced...do you?”

What was Jesse to do? There he stood in the middle of Lord & Taylor, scrunchy caressing his girly ponytail, wearing high heels, nylons, skort and nail polish. He glanced down at his legs, they were girlishly silky and shaved smooth. His mind had been chemically feminized now for over ten months. His Aunt had dressed him like a girl. And he was literally passing for a girl! Now with the spritz of perfume, the subtle scent his figure wafted said “girl”.

Lana sauntered down the aisle beckoning him to follow with a gleaming smile. They passed other girls and women. Jesse bounded off some in the crowded aisle. Funny he didn’t feel anything at all when he touched them. In fact, when he bumped into this one girl who looked like she lifted weights, he bounced off her. He was softer and physically more delicate the she was. Indeed the estrogen was taking strong effect after building a feminizing base for the last ten months. It had already eradicated his fundamental masculinity. Now, with hips and derrière rounding, breasts just budding, Jesse was blossoming into an unanticipated soft, delicate and very feminine girlhood.

“So my dear,” Lana exclaimed as they found themselves sauntering down the mall aisle outside Lord & Taylor. “You want to show me how brave you are! Well that’s fine with me. And I’ve got just a wonderful way for you to do that.”

“And wha...what’s that, Auntie,” Jesse inquired with some measure of perplexed consternation.

She smiled that piercing smile again. “Well, its shouldn’t hurt while you demonstrate how much of a “boy” you are, but it might sting a little. You’re going to have to be brave, very brave.”

Jesse was curious, “What do you want me to do?”

She glanced over at the little femmy boy and gleefully observed he had mastered walking in the heels. Indeed, his der-

rière and hips were wiggling wonderfully. No one could envision that walk associated with any boy.

"You'll see," Lana teased. "It will take courage and discipline to go through the procedure."

"What...what procedure, Aunty?" Jesse persisted as he sensed his ponytail bounce. He was already getting used to walking in heels but didn't realize how feminine his gait had already become. The programming had already formulated the underpinnings to **"act like a girl"**.

"You'll see honey. You'll see," she smiled.

Lana wandered over to the window of Jessica McIntock. Lana had purchased some of her more formal gowns there. "Isn't that pretty," she intentionally commented to Jesse.

She wanted him to enter into the conversation. But all Jesse would do is nod.

She wandered further down the aisle. The Limited always had one of the best window dressers. Today wasn't an exception. "Oh Jesse, look at that skirt and sweater," Lana cooed. "Isn't it cute? You know those swiny short skirts are really popular with girls your age. The color of that cashmere sweater is gorgeous."

She looked over and subtly smiled at him already envisioning that little butt of his wiggling in the outfit.

"Ummh," Jesse replied. His exterior, although cracking in like an egg in multiple areas, still could not fathom what was happening to his masculinity. But the will simply couldn't object. The programming triggered every time the next feminizing step transpired. And the deeper the effeminization, the less will and personality control his disappearing masculinity controlled. "What's happening to me?" He thought to himself.

Lana took Jesse's hand and led him away from the store. Jesse felt somewhat relieved. For a second he thought they were going into the store. Maybe Lana was going to buy him a skirt.

"I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl's clothes,

I want to dress completely and fully in girl's clothes,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl clothes,"

Jesse glanced back at the skirt and sweater. "I want that skirt," the subconscious exploded. "I want to wear that skirt and sweater!"

Jesse's mind had shocked himself. He immediately suppressed the feeling, but it resonated in his consciousness. He murmured. "What is going on?"

"What's the matter dear," Lana inquired all the time thinking she had sensed the programming kick in.

"Uhh nothing Lana," Jesse gently responded not really wanting to tell Lana he really wanted that skirt and sweater. "I just thought you were right about the sweater. It looks nice."

And it was. It was a summer short sleeve cashmere-angora blend sweater in a gorgeous bronze color.

Lana immediately turned around, a grin emerging with every step.

"Do you really like the sweater dear," Lana encouraged Jesse. "A nice sweater is always good to have. Lets just take a quick look."

They entered into the store to be met with the raucous of hip music and young girls swirling about the racks. Lana spied the rack where the exact sweaters hung and pulled one out. It was slushy bronze, girlish, but not too feminine.

"Come on," Lana encouraged. "Let's try one on. You might like it."

"Auntie, ah... isn't this a girls store," Jesse inquired in a whisper. "I can't wear a sweater from The Limited. It's for girls."

"Oh nonsense," Lana disgustedly retorted. "Look what you have on now, one of my t-tops and nobody seems to be noticing you. And anyway, don't you think this color is a little more subdued than the one you have one. I would think you would want to be less conspicuous. You want to look more masculine don't you?"

Jesse looked at the sweater. Yes. It was a more subdued color. But the style, the style was far more exquisitely, effeminate, soft fluff angora and cashmere, short puff sleeves and a deep rounded scoop neck collar. "It's really sort of girlish."

"You're wearing a girl's top now, don't be such a worry wart," Lana whispered still attempting to gain Jesse's confidence. "You'll get your chance later to show me how brave you are. But first, lets just try on the sweater."

Jesse just relented nonchalantly with a nod and followed Lana into one of the dressing rooms right off from the display.

"Now take your top off and try this one on," Lana advised. Lana had intentionally taken an XL off the rack so as to assure that the item wouldn't fit.

Jesse took off the top Lana had lent him that morning.

"Wow," he thought as he slipped the sweater over his head. "All I've doing this morning is trying on t-shirts and sweaters. I shouldn't have said anything.. But the color is deeper." Then the softness clutched at his growing nipples. The delicate tickling of the fabric made them immediately blush and stand out. Lana watched with glee as she observed Jesse's shocked reaction.

"Oh that will never do," Lana exclaimed as she observed how evidently the sweater was much too big. "Take it off and I'll find one that's right....Where's that t-to..... er.. t shirt I lent you? I'll get the size from that." Lana had almost said top.

Lana disappeared with both tops, leaving Jesse all alone in the cubicle bare chested looking down at his own growing

breasts. In just a minute Lana returned with another identical style sweater. But this one wasn't bronze, it was soft rust.

"Uh Auntie, that color is really much too girly, don't you think," Jesse inquired. "I know I look like a girl with this scrunchy in my hair and the perfume and all. But.. like wasn't the idea to get me a sweater with a more masculine color?"

"Just try it on for size dear," Lana exclaimed. "It appears they don't have a bronze one in your size, size "S". Don't be such a worry wart, It's not as bright as the "t" you're wearing."

What a lie! There was a major color difference between sand and rust. Although the rust was subtle, the color was exponentially far more effeminate and the cut of the sweater entirely girlish. Instead of a t-top that might remotely be considered gender neutral, the sweater simply oozed "girly". No real boy would be caught dead in an angora sweater like that.

Jesse slipped it over his head in the boy's way. Lana looked disgusted but said nothing. Jesse's nipples responded again. The softness wasn't like anything he had ever had before. It was sensuous and surprisingly cool at the same time.

"Oh, I think it looks great on you," Lana cooed. "Let's take it."

"But Auntie," Jesse lamented. "The color, the style, it's too girly. Where's the t you lent me. That one is much better than this sweater."

"Oh honey," Lana faked a lament. "I'm sorry. When I was checking size it fell on the floor and got oil on it from somebody's shoes. I'm afraid it's not wearable now."

"Auntie, that "t" was the closest thing to boy clothes in this store," Jesse complained, now rather distraught for such a loss of appearance. "I'll really look ridiculous in this sweater! Aren't there more masculine styles out there? I know these are girl's clothes, I know you are dressing me in girly clothes. But can't I wear something that's at least a little neutral, like the T-shirt?"

"Now honey," Lana retorted. "This was the sweater you said you liked. And frankly I don't think it's any more effeminate than the "t" you were wearing. So let's just see how this works out. And anyway, don't forget what I said. The more you look like a girl, the less people might notice you're not."

Before Jesse could object, Lana had the door open and was leading Jesse to the register.

"It's really cute, new this summer," the girl exclaimed while Jesse blushed. "You should try on one of the skirts that goes with it. I bet you would like the combination.

"Oh, we'll be back," Lana advised in order to diminish Jesse's distress. It was too early to put too much pressure on his psyche.

"Well hurry back," The smart sales girl advised as she took another purchase. "And thanks for coming to The Limited."

"Now you can show me how brave you are," Lana whispered as she noticed a pencil mini skirt Jesse would look cute in.

Exiting The Limited, they sauntered back to the next window. It was Jessica McClintock. What beautiful gowns were shown. Not only did Lana dream of one for Jesse, but she saw a gorgeous slip dress in gold for herself. She placed a mental reminder to come back after Jesse had transitioned.

They continued on. Women, girls, mostly in pairs, walked by. Most glanced up and down at both of them and paid them no other attention. Boys and men sauntered by as well. Teen boys stared at them too. In fact they downright spied Jesse up and down.

"Aunty, the boys...the boys are looking at me. They know I'm a boy..They know!" Jesse couldn't conceal the panic in his whisper.

Lana laughed, then leaned over and whispered. "Honey, they're not looking at you because they think you're a boy.

They're looking at you because they think you're a girl!...and a pretty girl at that!...Just keep your head up, walk like I showed you...Yes you're doing fine dear....and sort of ignore them. Get used to it dear. Men stare. It's their nature. You look like a pretty girl, just keep on acting like a girl and you won't have any problems!"

"Act like a girl, Look like a girl. Walk like a girl!"

A signal was sent from Jesse's subconscious. The next time a boy stared, he flipped his ponytail and glanced away. Lana observed the effeminate action and smiled.

"That a girl," Lana leaned over to him and whispered.

"Why did she say that," Jesse pondered.

Another group of boys passed by. Virtually every one of them stared at Jesse. Lana sympathized. Here was a little femmy boy, dressed in girl's clothes out in public for the first time and not really knowing what was happening to his psyche. Even the boy's stares were feminizing him.

The group passed. Out of the corner of Lana's eye she saw one of the boys stop. He got a strange look on his face as he stared again at Jesse. Lana allowed Jesse to keep walking as she feigned looking at a store window. The boy grabbed one of his friends and whispered something. They both laughed. Lana was sure Jesse had been read. She had to get him fully "over the fence" as soon as possible. She walked on with a growing sense of care for her little feminine ward.

Lana spied the store. "Dangles & Bangles." It was a jewelry store. She slowly meandered in its direction. Just as she remembered, the sign was still in the window, "Free ear piercing with the purchase of any earrings."

"This is a great little store," Lana advised as she gently took his hand. "Let's go in here."

Jesse noticed the sign as they walked in. "Uhh, Auntie," Jesse alarmingly asked. "You don't expect me to get my ears pierced...do you?"

Lana grabbed Jesse's hand a little tighter, turned, smiled and nodded. Jesse's jaw dropped in shock. The realization of what Lana intended to do to him had sunk in. "Oh my God, Aunty you're going to pierce my ears like I'm a girl!"

"Sssshh," Lana seriously exclaimed. Jesse hadn't objected to the planned process in a whisper, but in a rather loud exclamation. She turned to him and whispered "Do you want to cause a scene?" I'm sure some of these people would just love to unmask a little feminine boy all dressed up in nylons, heels and pretty little sissy girl panties."

Jesse looked horribly scared. Panties. He remembered. His underpants were even silky nylon tricot, girl's panties. He was wearing girl panties.

Lana stopped just inside the store. "You wanted to prove how masculine you were. You wanted to show how much courage you have...Well time to show it, dear. But don't worry. Even boys pierce their ears these days. So no one will notice."

"But only one ear, Aunty, not two," Jesse retorted. After the initial shock, the idea didn't sound too bad. Having an earring could be sort of cool.

"Can I help you?" A sweet voice from the sales girl interrupted both their thoughts.

"Why yes, you can," Lana replied. "Can we see some earrings for my niece?"

Jesse overheard the word, "niece". "My God they think I'm a girl".

The need to not be discovered drove even the objecting aspects of the personality. All he could do is stand there. He feigned a smile while sensing the ponytail bounce on his neck as he nodded assent, just to allay any doubt in the clerk.

"Why, you don't have your ears pierced yet," the girl remarked as she glanced over at Lana's "niece".

"Well, I was just thinking about getting just...o," Jesse couldn't finish the sentence, 'one ear' before Lana cut him off.

"Why look at these dear," Lana loudly exclaimed as she lifted out a pair of 24k gold studs first worn when ears are pierced. "They're just perfect, don't you think?"

Jesse feigned a smile, as the panic now became more evident. There were two earrings in the pouch.

Lana walked over with the earrings. "Be brave "boy." She mocked him but then realized Jesse's sincere fear. "The estrogen," Lana thought. "Oh God, she's going to cry, cry like a girl from fear."

It was the first time Lana had actually thought of Jesse as a "she". Jesse wasn't brave at all. It was the estrogen. He was scared to get those little lobes pierced, just like any girl at that age. Immediately she put her arm around Jesse. "Well its time dear." Jesse put on a happy face. "Everything will be just fine dear. Just relax it doesn't hurt that much"

"Miss, where does she sit to get her ear piercing," Lana inquired as she looked over at the sales clerk.

"Have you picked out a set of earrings?" The clerk continued. "Oh, those are pretty! She can sit right over here."

"Aunt Lana," Jesse whispered. "Don't forget to tell the girl I'm only getting one ear done."

"Don't worry," Lana remarked. "Now just sit down and relax. It doesn't take long."

Jesse sat down in the medical looking chair. He felt a swab on each of his ears. The liquid tickled but seemed to numb the feeling. Alarmed, Jesse declared, "Don't forget I'm just going to have..."

"Miss, do the right ear first," Lana curtly said to stop Jesse from saying something stupid.

The girl picked up the gun and put it to Jesse's ear. Jesse scrunched his face as Lana smiled. "What a girl," she thought to herself.

Jesse, tensed in anticipation of the pain.

Pooppff

Jesse heard the pop as the needle went through the lobe, then sensed a stinging sensation as the clerk cleaned the wound with alcohol. He sensed her playing with the ear. Lana smile broadened. She giggled in joy.

The clerk walked over to his left side. No one had told Jesse to get out of the chair. So he just sat there.

Lana glanced to Jesse's left and nodded in the affirmative. Jesse felt the gun next to his ear. His jaw dropped in shock.

"Wai..." Jesse began to exclaim "Wait" in panic and shock. "...only girls have both ears pierced."

"Pooppff"

The needle penetrated his left ear. The same stinging sensation drew Jesse's attention to the physical pain. Then he slumped in acquiescence in the realization both ears had been pierced while he sensed the girl also fiddle with his left ear.

"All finished!" The girl stood back admiring her handiwork. Lana was simply gleaming in delight as she approached Jesse in the chair.

Jesse reached up and delicately touched each ear. He sensed the little studs in both of them. "Oh my God, Jesse murmured to himself. "My ears are pierced like a girl! I'm going to permanently look like a girl!"

A warm expression manifested. He liked the idea! He wanted to look like a girl. The personality didn't know what to do.

"Why, you look adorable," Lana gleefully exclaimed as she approached the chair with her hand out to take Jesse's. "Miss, is there a private place with a mirror that we can use so my pretty little niece can see how she looks in her new earrings?"

"Well, here's a mirror," the clerk offered. She gave the mirror to Jesse who immediately lifted it up to his face.

Jesse's hand shook as he gazed at the image. There in each ear was a cute little, unmistakably girlish little stud. Their shimmering magnified the delicacy of his face and somehow softened the passiveness in his eyes. He began to

look fully like a girl! But not only did he gaze at the earrings, he also caught a glimpse of the scrunchy holding his ponytail. It was an image ever so feminine. No boy could ever look like this.

"I look like a girl!" Jesse murmured.

The clerk overheard the comment and quickly glanced at Jesse, then to Lana.

"Why, of course you look like a girl," Lana went to cover the accidental comment. "You mean you look pretty in your earrings!"

Jesse realized what he said. Immediately the fear of discovery triggered. "Oh yes, Auntie...I mean, I'm a pretty girl now."

Lana smiled at the remark for more reasons than one. The clerk seemed to fully accept the explanation. There were no reasons for her to suspect anything. Indeed, Jesse did look like a pretty girl, even though it seemed strange that a girl this developed wasn't wearing a bra.

"About that little private place," Lana refocused the conversation. "We need to just do a little fix up."

"Well you can use the powder room in the back. Its right through that door," the clerk offered, knowing full well what both females intended to do.

"Well come along dear," Lana cooed. "Let's go fix up a bit shall we?"

Jesse stood up from the chair, not the least a little shaken at the experience. But it was now a fait accompli. Jesse now had girlish pierced ears and was wearing femmy little gold studs. Little did he know he was going to wear girly, effeminate earrings now for the rest of his life.

Chapter 10**"Oh my God...it's lipstick!"**

"It looks like the powder room is right through here, Dear," Lana remarked as they turned right after they both swished through the door. Lana lead the way but constantly looked back not only to assure that Jesse was following but to also evaluate his emotional stability. It was evident Jesse was shaken.

"Don't worry dear, they're just adorable," Lana smilingly exclaimed intentionally to bolster the positive response of getting both ears pierced. "Why you look absolutely adorable!"

"But Auntie, you promised I was only going to get one ear pierced," Jesse pleaded. "With two ears I look like a girl and...and....its so permanent!"

"Now...Now dear, calm down," Lana responded as she noticed Jesse literally shake from the emotional shock. His now girly gait showed the shivering of the internal conflict exhausting the psyche. "And no I didn't promise to only pierce one ear. That's what you wanted. But that's not what *I* said."

"But...Bu," Jesse commenced to plead.

"Now none of that my little sweety," Lana curtly cut him off. "Didn't we come here to show how strong you were...how courageous? So you "doubly" showed it! Anyway it's done and the results are marvelous! You have to wear earrings all the time now."

Lana gently grabbed Jesse's shoulder after she had slipped into the powder room and pulled him into the small quarters. She closed the door behind both of them as Jesse stood in front of a small basin.

"Haaa, Oh My God," Jesse femininely intoned as he gazed into a small mirror in front of the wash basin. "Both my ears are pierced! It looks so, so girly! Auntie, I look like a girl!"

"Look like a girl,

Act like a girl,

Wear girl clothes,"

The programming again surged forth. An internal smile burst for a millisecond across his now distinctly effeminate features. The subconscious Jesse loved the new look. But again the personality panicked. "What is happening to me," Jesse murmured.

"Uh Uh, mmm," Lana acknowledged not wanting just yet to have Jesse confront the effeminacy head on. Better to stay focused on assuring ultimate, complete feminization one step at a time. "Just sit down dear. We need to freshen your face up a little and bring out your features."

Of course Jesse immediately sat down on the seat of the commode. Instinctually he kept both knees together and slid his hand between them in a submissive manner. His soft hands sensed the nylons on his legs. When sitting down the panties slipped sensually along the fabric of the nylons and skort. The shakes were now slightly subsiding. Jesse reached up and began to investigate one the earrings with his thumb and forefinger. There still was a slight stinging sensation where the gun had pierced the flesh.

"Leave them alone dear," Lana advised as she started to open a small floral case buried in Jesse's "travel bag". "The piercings are still open sores. They'll heal in a few days. We'll need to twirl the earrings every few hours so they don't close up on the studs. Tonight I'll sanitize them again with a little alcohol... Oh by the way, don't worry, those studs won't come off either. They lock in back and need to be cut off...It's just a precaution while you sleep so the openings heal properly..."

Lana glanced over and smiled as she said it. ("And they make your feminization permanent," she murmured to herself.)

Jesse again lifted his fingers up to the studs and sensed the earrings now so much a part of himself. He couldn't help it. The sense of the earrings in his ears seemed to hypnotize his focus. In the background he heard the light click of plastic on metal and Formica. He glanced over to Auntie Lana but could only see her back and skirt as she was preparing some-

thing on the wash basin. He sensed the earrings, his nylon knees slid silkily together.

"Now first lets finish up that manicure of yours," Lana exclaimed as she twirled around to face Jesse, a bottle of matching Raven Red nail polish in her hands. "Put your hands on the edge of the basin."

Jesse was still shaking in shock from the experience of having his ears pierced. Even the outer psyche was in no condition to object. Reaching out to the basin, Jesse's hands shook until the fingers pressed on to the enamel of the old basin.

Lana began to hum the old song, "Lola" as she repeatedly dipped the brush into the bottle of Raven Red polish after a few strokes glided on to Jesse's already coated nails. With Jesse's fingers held steady on the basin, the work went fast with no smudges. Within a few minutes each nail was glistening with an identical color that matched Jesse's pedicure.

Not only did Lana perceive the manicure as adding another feminizing attribute to Jesse's appearance, but it also accomplished another function at this critical time in her plan. She didn't want Jesse to touch the earrings or use his hand to block the next, far more permanent process she now had planned for the transformation.

"Oh doesn't that look pretty, honey." Lana exclaimed. "Your hands look really cute now with that polish and sure does bring out the length of your nails. Doesn't it?"

Jesse just nodded more from the fast receding shock than consent. Yes, Jesse's nails *did* look irretrievably effeminate and cute. Although the nails themselves were not so long, the polish did create the illusion of longer nails. Considering that Jesse's hands were so slender and soft, the Raven Red polish accented their condition and screamed "girl".

Now, not matter what," Lana demanded. " I don't want you to touch anything with those pretty little hands of yours until that polish dries. Everyone looks at people's hands. So we don't want any of the polish to smudge. I don't have any

nail polish remover. So we can't start over again. Just place your hands on your knees and keep them there.

"Oh great," Jesse quietly mused as his outer psyche slowly recovered from the piercing event's shock. "No nail polish remover! I'll never get the polish off while we're here at the mall.

Then Jesse glanced down at his hands. The image of the polished nails as they fingered his nylon, shaved legs triggered an eruption in the subconscious programming.

"Look like a girl. Act like a girl. Feel like a girl..."

The inner self reveled in the beauty of the shining girlishness of Jesse's now glistening polish. The outer psyche began to look inward, resonating with the subconscious programming. He didn't even notice that Lana had put the polish away and was now stooping down towards his face with another little instrument in her hands.

"Close your eyes dear," Lana cooed. "We have a little work to do first before we can...well bring out the real you... Remember don't use your hands!"

"Oooh, that hurt Auntie," Jesse blurted as he felt a sharp pain just above his right eye. "Oww, what are you doing, Auntie?"

"Shh," Lana absently advised as she tweezed another hair from Jesse's eyebrow. "This is going to hurt just a little bit but the results will look great... Now show me again how brave you are."

"Owww," Jesse responded as another hair was plucked. He wanted to reach up with both of his hands to ward off the tweezers now looking for another victim above his eye. But he couldn't. With the polish still wet He knew it would smudge, probably get on everything and result in people seeing he was a boy dressed like a girl. At least that was his outer mind told him.

"Ouch," Jesse pleaded. Another hair was plucked and Jesse could do nothing about it.

Lana didn't intend to tweeze too much of Jesse's eyebrows, just enough to take the masculinity away. Later that afternoon, when Jesse was to get a complete makeover, a specialist would properly shape the brows into a pretty shape that augmented his facial features. But for now, Lana just needed to do away with the masculine thickness.

"There we go," Lana exclaimed as she leaned back evaluating her work. For the last fifteen minutes, Jesse had never stopped whining about the pain. Even when she had temporarily stopped to apply a final clear cover coat of nail polish on his nails, not just to finish the manicure, but to assure Jesse couldn't do anything with them until they were dry, Jesse whined about the pain. What a sissy, even for a girl! Each hair removed was greeted with a whining exclamation of pain. Constant requests asking what Lana was doing followed. But Lana only sshhd Jesse into submission in response.

"Oh that's much better," Lana sighed not just from the contentment of seeing two feminized eyebrows gaze back at her from Jesse's forehead but also relieved she would not have to hear more complaints from her little girly ward. "Why just a little tweezing really does wonders for the appearance."

"Tweezing?" Jesse inquired still complacently sitting there with his eyes closed and his now manicured hands transfixed to his thighs. "What did you do Auntie?... Oh... did you tweeze my eyebrows?"

Jesse immediately flung his fingers up to his brows but could feel nothing different. Fortunately the both coats of polish had dried. The personality screamed "Why are you feminizing me?" But the subconscious roared with a surging desire for full effeminization. Lana, her back to Jesse, merely glanced over her shoulder and contentedly smiled.

Jesse heard Lana's heels approach on the linoleum. He sensed the swish of her skirt as she bent down.

"You look so much better," Lana sensuously cooed. Indeed, in Lana's eyes such a comment was no lie. Lightening Jesse's brows was just the thing to start enhancing the emerging ef-

feminate facial features. There was a slight arch to the brows, but certainly not fully effeminate. Yet, they certainly had lost their masculine appearance. Any teen girl could have worn her brows in such a manner.

"Now hold still dear," Lana commanded. Using a large silky soft brush, Lana commenced to brush on a light translucent powder onto Jesse's face.

"Hey what's that," Jesse exclaimed, his eyes still closed. The light tickling sensation of the brush wafted on his delicate skin. He giggled...just like a girl.

"You'll see my little sweet one," Lana advised with a delighted smile. Now just stay still for a few minutes.

Not only did Jesse sense the lightness of the brush, but also sensed the scent of the powder, a scent still quite foreign to his nostrils, permeating the air around his face. It certainly smelled girlish...it smelled like....Oh...like the cosmetic aisle in Lord & Taylor!

"Auntie, are you putting makeup on me?" Jesse demanded as he pulled away and opened his eyes. He just noticed the twill of the brush just before Lana placed her hand over his eyes.

"What did I tell you about your eyes," Lana giggled to encourage the atmosphere that Jesse's first cosmetics lesson was only a simple fun little game. "Now close your eyes, dear!"

Jesse complied and was rewarded with another wafting of powder, this time not only on his cheeks and brow, but also on his lips and chin. Pressure was then sensed where his eyebrows were. It felt as though Lana was drawing on his forehead.

Lana smiled, the eyebrow pencil brought out the contrast between their softness and the lightened skin tone. Jesse was still a teen and really didn't need much makeup, just a light brush of powder.

"What was that Auntie," Jesse inquired with a touch a myrrh in his voice. "You didn't write something on my forehead did you like "I'm a boy".

"Don't be silly sweets," Lana responded glad that Jesse had sufficiently settled down to make a small joke over the experience. "You'll see what I did. Just keep you eyes closed until I tell you to open them."

Lana walked back to the wash stand and took out the rose blush and eyeliner. Jesse was then greeted with another encounter with the delicate strokes of silken twill on his cheeks. Lana liked the look. As soon as the light rose blush went on, Jesse's now effeminizing cheek bones blossomed. Because Jesse was so young, all Lana needed to do was to just lightly touch the glow of Jesse's skin with the makeup...and the girlyness of his natural feature blossomed.

"Now, dear keep your eyes closed, but don't squint," Lana recommended as she bent over him with the eyeliner. Jesse complied and Lana lightly lined Jesse's eyes with light brown eyeliner. Again, the look was a soft look, nothing too mature, just enough to assist in highlighting Jesse's best feature, his girly soft brown eyes.

Replacing the eyeliner in the floral pouch, Lana then picked up the light brown mascara, a color that would enhance Jesse's girlishly long lashes and bring out the softness in the eyes. Now was the next real test of the programming. Lana decided to maintain the lighthearted approach. "Now open you eyes dear."

Jesse complied just as Lana gently but firmly grabbed hold of the back of Jesse's head. "Welcome to Revlon, honey," Lana giggled as she presented the mascara wand up to Jesse's eyes. "Your eyes are going to be gorgeous after we're through with them."

"Mascara," Jesse squealed and tried to retract the head. "I knew it! You're making me up to look like a girl. I'm not supposed to wear mascara. I'm a boy!"

"Ssshhh," Lana whispered as she first flicked the mascara wand on Jesse's lashes for the first time, far more intent on perfecting her work than on the comment. "Yes Dear... you're going to wear a little mascara.... just like a girl."

"Look like a girl,

Act like a girl,"

The programming again took effect. But the personality panic was still too strong.

"Now listen to me...and listen real well my dear little niece," Lana commanded with not so little an inflection of strength as she stepped back to stare down at the little feminine frame in front of her. "Do you want to be discovered as a boy in this mall?"

Jesse just sat there looking at the floor. Slowly he glanced up and nodded "no".

"What are you wearing," Lana continued enforcing the thought of exposure and opening the consciousness to the feminizing programming. "High heel cork wedgies and nylons on those shaved legs of yours, aren't you? And that sweater you chose isn't the most masculine thing either!"

Jesse glanced up. He didn't even nod in the affirmative. He knew what he was wearing.

"What are you wearing," Lana rhetorically inquired. "Why they certainly look like girl clothes to me."

"And the scrunchy and ponytail," Lana continued. "What about those? And certainly that little skort....err shorts I lent you from my clothes, (Lana emphasized "my" to indicate the gender of the clothes), what kind of person wears those things?....Oh have your forgotten the kind of underpants you're wearing and those pretty little earrings you have on?"

Jesse looked away. After sensing the enveloping delicacy the nail polish gave to his hands, he again placed his hand together between his knees in a submissive manner. Jesse now sensed the emerging passiveness as the programming started to flood into the floor of the conscious mind.

Look like a girl,

Act like a girl,

"Now, tell me," Lana softly brought home the point. "What kind of people wear all those things together.... What kind of people have a manicure and pedicure in Raven Red nail polish.... Tell me."

"Girls," Jesse whispered. "Girls."

"Oh," Lana. "Now do you want to be caught in the mall as a boy dressed in all these sissy girl clothes?"

"No" Jesse whined. "No." Jesse was about to go into a questioning tirade when Lana cut him off.

"Well then," Lana triumphantly remarked. "You better look entirely like a girl, shouldn't you? Do boys wear makeup? No... Do teen girls your age wear makeup... Yes! So what will people think if they see you dressed in that way but still having a face like a boy?"

Jesse looked up at Lana. Lana knew she had won. With the programming, there had been no contest.

"Now, I want you to look far off and don't flinch," Lana gently advised as she again delicately held the back of Jesse's head.

Jesse limply complied. As the mascara flowed onto his lashes, he even opened his mouth slightly while staring out into space. It wasn't easy to not blink. But Lana was an expert. She did the outer lashes first and the inner lashes with a second coat.

"Oh gorgeous," Lana exclaimed as Jesse's lashes fluttered after using a lash brush to get out the mascara clumps and brush the lashes out to an adorable length. Jesse's eyes were surrounded by the softness of girl lashes.

"Now for the piece de resistance," Lana triumphantly advised while putting away the mascara and lash brush. "This will really bring out the pretty girl in you!"

Jesse heard a sssh, sucking sound just before the black and gold tube came into view.

"Oh My God.....It's lipstick," Jesse blurted in shocked despair. "Please Auntie.... do I have to wear lipstick?"

"Raven Rose lipstick my dear," Lana corrected as she firmly held the back of Jesse's neck. "A nice matching color with your blush. Now do this."

Lana pouted her lips and then smiled. Jesse opened his mouth, pouted and flicked his eyelashes. Just as the lipstick touched his lips, Jesse's arms fell to his side in complete submission. The lipstick flowed onto his lips. The scent of the Revlon rose lipstick encompassed his essence. The taste! The taste, nothing that Jesse had ever experienced overwhelmed his sense of being like the taste of that lipstick. It made him acutely aware of his lips in a passive way.

"Now do this," Lana commanded as she pursed her lips together. Jesse imitated the action and was greeted with the slickness of the lipstick's smooth texture. It was the essence of girl.

"Gorgeous," Lana exclaimed again. And this time she really meant it. Jesse's girlish features had not just been brought out, they now blossomed into dominance. She was beautiful, simply beautiful. Soft eyes and perky cheek bones. The lips full, glistening and pouty. The glistening earrings highlighted the delicate effeminacy of the entire look. Yet, Jesse looked like the teen girl he was now turning into. The effect was fully understated.

Lana leaned back looking at her creation for a second. She wanted Jesse to blend in as a girl. But what a girl! The looks from others were not going to diminish. Indeed, if boys didn't look twice at her "niece" they were probably homosexuals.

Meanwhile, Jesse was in dejected shock. The scents and tastes of the makeup occupied his sensations as he now subconsciously sensed the silken panties constantly rub on his bottom and his heels force his feet to delicately arch in conformity to their girliness.

"Now close your eyes, dear," Lana cooed in complete confidence. "Let me show you the new you."

Lana held Jesse's hand and lead him to the mirror. "Now, open your eyes and behold the girl!"

"Aaahh," Jesse gasped as he gazed into the eyes of the girl that was now him.. "Oh my God! Aunty, you've turned me into a girl! I look like a girl!"

Lana smiled, leaned over Jesse's shoulder and whispered, "And that's exactly what you should look like my dear...and you're a pretty little girl at that! Now are you ready? Let's go shopping!"

Chapter 11

"Ah Auntie...ahhh....that's a skirt!"

"You know I was really wondering why you weren't wearing any makeup when you came in," the shop girl commented as Lana and Jesse waited for the credit card clear for the purchase of the earrings. "You're so pretty even without the lipstick. I wish I could get that look."

Lana immediately responded that they had to rush out of the house that morning so *Jessica* didn't have time to put on her makeup. Jesse heard his feminized name for the first time and flinched inside. But there was no doubt now what Jesse looked like. And even the outer personality knew it. The appearance in the mirror, indeed to everyone else, now looked only like a "Jessica" certainly not like a "Jesse".

The shop girl comments were only partially motivated by her sales training. Indeed Jesse did have cute features. Lana, an expert in cosmetics knew exactly how to highlight them. So when they stepped out, the shop girl, not all that cute herself, couldn't help but compliment Jesse on "her" beauty.

"Say what colour lipstick is that," the shop girl continued. "We have almost the same coloring. I'm wondering if it could do the same for me."

Jesse just stood there, still in a shock at the realization of what he now looked like to others. He tried to smile. But all he could do was sense the taste of the lipstick and observe how the mascara seemed to make his eyelashes slightly but noticeably heavier. There was absolutely now no charade concerning what Lana had done to him. She was feminizing him! His feet, arched to conform to the high heel wedgies, his legs squirmed in the silkiness of the nylons. His legs felt warm from the nylons, yet exposed at the same time. His ponytail bounced on the back of his neck. And when he glanced at his reflection in the mirrors that were placed all around the shop, a cute girl, ears pierced, pouting in lipstick glanced back at him. But strange, something deep inside just revealed in such an expression, an expression of sheer girly femininity. That something inside made Jesse walk with a supple swing now, even though he wasn't consciously practicing a girl's walk. The personality, remembering Lana's warning about exposure forced a smile.

"Well go on dear," Lana cooed. "Tell her what shade of lipstick....Oh don't you remember? Why isn't that Raven Rose, the one you like so much."

Jesse glanced over to Lana, still the fear of exposure pervading all his nerve endings. "Yes," he murmured, more intent to just get through the experience. It could only last so long. They had to return home sometime. Then he would wash the makeup off his face and don his old clothes. Hey, he might even get a haircut. Yes, a crew cut so he wouldn't have any girlyness in his hair!

"You look so good with those earrings now," the shop girl continued as instructed in the manual. "You'll have to come back when they are healed and try some different styles....Say can I put you on our mailing list?"

"I'm already on the list honey," Lana responded for Jesse as she glanced over at him with that conspiratorial grin. "But we certainly will be back, won't we dear."

Jesse again smiled as Lana took her credit card back from the girl. As they turned to go, Lana pulled off a pair of simple

gold hoop earring off a display and put them up to Jesse's ears. They were "essential issue" for every girl.

"These will look great on you," Lana whispered while smilingly looking directly into Jesse's mascara eyes. "Why as soon as your ears heal, we certainly do need to get you more earrings."

Jesse looked back in part fear and part anger. There was still some boyish personality will left.

"No, no no dear," Lana whispered with a sly smile when she immediately observed Jesse's evident objection. "How many boys wear lipstick, high heels and nylons out in public?...How many boys wear cute little scrunchies in their ponytails?...Don't you cause a scene. It will be you that suffers if you do."

"Why have you done this to me Auntie," Jesse pleaded back in just about the same tone. They were walking out of the store and turning down to meander in the middle of the mall.

"Do what dear?" Lana inquired intentionally playing stupid while observing the personality swing back and forth from the submissive feminizing girl to the fading boy objecting to the now evident process. Of course, Jesse didn't know he had been feminizing for a long time. He didn't know that, right from the beginning of the morning, Lana had commenced to externalize the feminine processing that she and his mother had pursued for him all these months.

"Why you're...you're making me into a...a," Jesse personality was again awash in programming.

**I want to live like a girl, living like a girl is normal,
I love living like a girl,
I want to feel like a girl, feeling like a girl is normal,
I love feeling like a girl,**

I want to look like a girl, looking like a girl is normal,

I love looking like a girl,

I want to move and act like a girl, moving and acting like a girl is normal,

I love moving and acting like a girl,

I want to talk like a girl, talking like a girl is normal,

I love talking like a girl,

I want to think like a girl, thinking like a girl is normal

I love thinking like a girl,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl's clothes,

I want to dress in girl's clothes,

Wear girl clothes,

The programming was overpowering. Jesse sensed all the girlishness about him. And the subconscious erupted in elation. He wasn't even able to maintain the objection.

"Oh look at that cute outfit," Lana exclaimed as she sauntered over to the window at Ann Taylor. "Isn't that a cute skirt and sweater?"

It didn't matter that it really was a cute skirt and sweater. All Lana wanted to do was get Jesse focused again on more feminizing issues. In turn, Jesse just stood there mesmerized as Lana expertly described the short a-line mini and angora sweater.

"I bet you would look really cute in that skirt!" Lana exclaimed while looking for Jesse's reaction.

There, Lana now consciously breached the trigger. It didn't matter that Jesse was already wearing girl's clothes. With the exception of that gorgeous sweater Jesse chose for

himself, even though Jesse knew the other clothes were Lana's clothes, female clothes, because of the motivation and need of wearing such garments, the act of wearing such clothing did not trigger the floodgate of the processing. Jesse knew he was wearing girl's shoes, nylons and hidden panties, Yet the clothes were considered "temporary". In his mind he was still dressed "gender neutral." That was why Lana had not intentionally showed him the labels indicating they were distinctly "girl's clothes". She had to gradually expose him to the feminizing process before revealing such a fact.

From Jesse's perspective, it was now evident Lana was feminizing him. Although there had been indications at home and certainly having him wear the high heel wedgies really gave Jesse time for pause, he still really considered the ensemble gender neutral, shorts and a sweater. But now, Lana had suggested he actually wear a girl's skirt along with that feminine girl's sweater he now wore!

**"I want to wear girl's clothes,
Wear girl's clothes,
I want to dress completely in girl's clothes,
I want to wear girl's clothes,
Wear girl clothes,"**

The door of the trigger began to creak open. "Oh, it *is* a cute skirt," Jesse thought to himself. "And that sweater is gorgeous! Just as pretty as the one I'm wearing! Wonder what wearing it would feel like? ...Wearing it, wearing a skirt? Wait! Wait! What am I thinking? I'm a b...bbb...boy! I can't wear a ... Oh what's happening to me?... Lana is feminizing me!" Jesse's subconscious just babbled in confusion as the programming now started to fully mix with the conscious personality.

Lana noticed the disconcerting anguish on Jesse's face. She knew the trigger had just begun to emerge in Jesse's outer self. "We'll come back dear."

Lana was pleased there was absolutely no personality objection. The programming had started to manifest in the personality. Now to get him into a skirt!

"You know the gap has just great things," Lana commented as they meandered in front of the store's opening. She had thought this move out thoroughly. The detour into The Limited had been a surprise extra. The Gap had clothes for both girls and boys. So by going into this store, there would be no objection when Lana would get him into the dressing room. "Let's see what they have for you."

Finally, Jesse boy self thought, we were going to get some clothes. Maybe even a pair of shoes in their sports department. Maybe Auntie wasn't feminizing him after all! He observed all the racks. At the gap it was rather difficult at first glance to discern if clothes were for boys or for girls. Lana stopped at one rack and brushed through some of the shorts. They were typical Gap, khakis with floppy pockets. She picked up two sizes of one identical style. Although Jesse noticed a rack of skirts nearby, the shorts seemed to be rather boyish.

"Let's have you try these on," Lana exclaimed. "I think the changing rooms are over here."

Jesse followed Lana through the racks of various items, most were tops, evidently girl's tops from their size and appearance. The shelves were stuffed with jeans. Interesting though that the sizes weren't in waist inches. Instead they had numbers like 2,4 or 6. Just before entering the changing room area Jesse noticed the shelves were listed as 3, 5,7 and 9. Interesting, only girls were entering these changing rooms.

"Here dear, let me help you with those shorts," Lana urged as she slipped the button out and unzipped the shorts from the back. Jesse let slip the shorts down his legs. Funny how his shorts and pants always got stuck on his hips. "Now, try these on."

Lana leaned back against the wall as she watched Jesse slip the girl's shorts up his legs. The panties were now so visible under the pantyhose, the bottom still flat. They had a

regular fly zip so he really couldn't tell what gender they were for. He had to slither the shorts over his hips and then zipped them up. The fabric tugged and emphasized his burgeoning hips. They were designed to lift up the *derrière* as well.

"Now try these honey," Lana continued as she observed the fit. The sequence was repeated. But this time it was quite evident that these shorts were too big. "Well, it looks like these are the ones that fit best. Don't you agree?"

"Yeah Auntie," Jesse concurred. "I even like the style. They look really cool, a lot better than the ones I'm wearing. Can I wear these instead of the one you lent me?"

Lana smiled, "Let's try something else dear. Why don't you take the ones that don't fit off and I'll check for other styles before you decide."

"Sure Auntie," Jesse favourably responded while sensing the relief that he was going to get out of Lana's borrowed shorts. "Do you think you could also find me another T shirt too?"

Lana looked at Jesse, smiled realizing Jesse still didn't know what was about to happen to him. Gathering up all the shorts, including the ones she lent him earlier that morning, Lana slipped out of the changing room.

"Auntie...Auntie," Jesse pleaded as he realized that she had taken the shorts he was wearing as well as the one he had tried on. "You're taking...." The door closed. "...your shorts I'm wearing too."

He murmured the last part of the remark to the door. Looking around the small cubicle he felt rather exposed as all he had on were the nylon pantyhose over his now very exposed silky panties. He was so, so very "flat" down in his bottom. "God, I even look like a girls down there too," he mused.

His gaze followed his eyes down to his shapely shaved legs. They looked distinctly girlish. As he sat down he wiggled his toes. The light from the indirect lighting shimmered off the nail polish. "Oh what has happened to me. I look so girly."

He licked his lips. Not only did the lipstick taste constantly remind Jesse of his feminized state, but the scent of the lipstick, indeed the scent of the makeup and perfume was constantly pervading his senses and feminizing them.

The door clicked open. Lana stepped in. "Did I find some really cute things for you. I can't wait to see you in them!"

It was the dénouement of the processing. In the next few minutes, Jesse's appearance would virtually become 100% girl while the majority of his psyche would commence to slip "over the fence" and become the girl Lana and his mother had envisioned.

As soon as Lana walked out of the dressing room she sauntered over to where the skirts were displayed. Lana had already spied one little dirndl full skirt she was dying to see Jesse in. As soon as she picked up the skirt in Jesse's size, she thought about getting a little petticoat for it. He would be so adorably girly in one. But of course, Jesse would also need the "basics". So she also got a simple blue jean mini for him as well.

Lana smiled. She had the skirts hung by her side so Jesse was unable to see what they were. Now, with the gleam of joy, Lana realized the time had come.

"Now let's see if these fit," Lana exclaimed as she hung the two skirts on the hook. "Now which one of these do you want to try on first."

"Ah Auntie...ahhh...that's a... a skirt!" Jesse stared at the mini skirt. "Oh my God no," his personality pleaded. "This can't be, where's the shorts."

"Why yes dear," Lana nonchalantly cooed. "You're so perceptive honey... and both skirts are for you!"

"Auntie, they're skirts," Jesse whispered, now sensing the emerging shock waffle through his system. "I can't wear skirts...I'm a boy!"

Lana giggled. "Oh yes you can wear skirts and pretty girl dresses for that matter. In fact, I'm going to put you in a skirt

right now. You're going to wear a skirt...and you don't have very much to say about it."

"Please don't do this Auntie," Jesse pleaded now becoming very aware of the situation he was now in. Here he was sitting in a girl's dressing room wearing only nylons and heels, a pretty girl's sweater, his hair in a ponytail, tasting lipstick.

Lana hung the two skirts out in front of her for Jesse to see. "Now which skirt would you like to try on first?"

"I don't want to wear either of them," Jesse exclaimed. "Where are the shorts we picked out? I'll wear those. Please...please!"

Lana smirked, nodded no, then jiggled the skirts after she took them both off their hangers. "You're going to wear a skirt dear for the rest of the day. You have a choice of styles. But you are going to wear a skirt... I intend to have you in skirts. Now look. Both of them are just adorable. Which one do you want to wear?"

"No Lana," Jesse was now almost in tears. "Please..."

"Now listen to me my dear little sweet girly," Lana leaned over and whispered with some measure of emphasis. "What do you think you've been wearing all morning, boy's clothes? The skort, yes dear, you've been wearing a skort, not shorts. The skort comes from Honey Girl and you chose one of the most girlish sweaters I ever saw anyone want to wear even after we got here. So you've been basically, but not fully, dressed in girl clothes all morning!.... And those nylons and high heels of yours. Oh yes, they are your nylons and cute little wedgies. Why do you think they fit?... Why, I bought them for you before you came. They're all yours. Do you think no one noticed those nylons or those girly shoes of yours.... and your pretty little painted nails? Why honey, every one knows you're wearing those nylons, wearing pantyhose. Do boys wear nylons and heels? I don't think so!... Now, you are going to wear one of these skirts. If you don't, you will have to walk out of here just in your pantyhose with every one looking at those girly little panties you're wearing.... Better acquiesce to

the idea right now. You are going to wear a skirt! You look like a girl now, and you might not know it, but you've been acting very much like a girl. When you wear a skirt no one will ever even consider that you might be a boy. It's time for you to....dress more like a girl. Now choose one of these skirts and put it on."

The processing triggered....

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl's clothes,

I wan to dress completely and fully in girl's clothes,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl clothes,

Jesse's personality trembled at the now opening crevices of the processing. He looked up at Lana, despair, but resignation wringing from the stare.

"The skirts dear," Lana whispered, shaking the skirts again. "Now which one do you want to wear for the rest of the day?"

"The rest of the day, Auntie," Jesse inquired. "You mean I'm going to wear a skirt in...in public?"

All Lana did was shake the skirts. Then she mouthed, "Into your skirts dear."

The programming took control. Each of the skirts did look really cute. Jesse did want to wear one. "Oh cool," Jesse thought to himself. Before the personality could recover, Jesse had already pointed to the mini skirt.

"Good choice, dear," Lana remarked as she immediately took it off the hanger and passed it to Jesse. "Now just step into the skirt, honey."

Jesse took the skirt, looked at it. Lana had already unzipped it.

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl's clothes,.....

Without ado, Jesse bent down and slipped his high-heeled foot into the skirt. In another second the other foot had been placed through it and the skirt was sliding up Jesse's legs. What a feeling to see the garment around his legs without any fabric between them. Jesse was putting on a skirt!

"That's my girl," Lana exclaimed. "Now here, dear, let me help you with the zip."

Lana reached behind Jesse, straightened the skirt over his hips, then zipped it up. She leaned back to inspect her now evidently girly little niece. "Why you look adorable in skirts dear. Such a pretty girl."

Jesse was now wearing a skirt.

Lana sensed Jesse's personality retract for being called a girl. "Now dear, no one will ever dream who you really are. There isn't one boy I know that walks around in skirts. So, you're really smart to put one on. Now you can be really assured you won't be found out."

Jesse was in shock. The skirt now clung to his thighs and created a feminine sensation, one that he had never experienced before. He felt utterly exposed, yet confined and utterly sensitive to the softness that was now his environment.

Lana smiled as she observed Jesse's personal introduction to skirts. "Here dear, let's fix freshen your lipstick."

Before Jesse knew it, Lana had produced the tube of lipstick, gently turned him around and started to reline Jesse's lips. Jesse didn't even object. He even pouted for her. The combination of nylons, heels, skirt and lipstick simply produced such a combined effeminate experience that Jesse's sensations were simply now becoming overwhelmed. Jesse's personality simply was starting to crumble into feminine girlyness.

All set honey," Lana smilingly cooed as she picked up the other skirt. "We'll take this one too. You can wear it tomorrow... Let's go."

The door opened. Jesse's outer personality almost faltered. He almost fainted as his knees trembled. He was going to go out wearing a skirt. He was in a skirt! Now every one was going to see him dressed in a girl's skirt, heels and nylons. There was no mistaking what he looked like now. Jesse was dressed like a girl in a skirt, sweater, nylons and high heels.

The door slid open. Lana, smiling, gently pushed her little girl out of the dressing room. Jesse now stood outside in the hall sensing the skirt clutch around his hips and nyloned thighs.

Chapter 12

"... that necklace makes you look more like a pretty girl!"

"Why honey, you forgot your purse," Lana exclaimed after she followed Jesse out of the dressing room door.

"You mean my travel bag, don't you?" Jesse replied in a whisper still trembling for the realization that the skirt was all he had on.

Lana leaned over. "Oh no I don't dear...you've been carrying a purse, a rather pretty girly purse all day," she whispered with a smile. "Now most of your clothes are starting to match my idea of what you really are...a girl...and very cute one at that!"

"Which ones don't," Jesse inquired somewhat sarcastically.

Lana just smiled. "You'll see dear." Jesse, mouth still agape, rubbed his legs together. The sense of the nylons shimmered through him. The skirt tugged in a way he had never encountered before, the lipstick and heels reinforcing the sensation of feminine exposure. The estrogen now started to rage through his brain. It wasn't the programming. The estrogen had been feminizing his mind for close to a year. Now the sense of girlish effeminate vulnerability quivered through him. The realization that he was now out in public in

a skirt magnified the sensation. His hands clutched in a very feminine manner. Funny, he had never sensed how soft his hands were before, but they were soft, incredibly soft.

"Auntie, I...I can't walk around like this," Jesse pleaded now visibly trembling from the combination of the experience and hormones. "Why do I...feel so different? Can't we go home so I can get my old clothes on?"

"Get your purse dear," Lana insisted placing her hand on Jesse's shoulders to console and assure him. She again leaned over. "Don't worry...you look fine...just like any other girl! Now go get your purse. I'll be at the register paying for your skirts."

Lana simply walked away. It was time to discipline Jesse's mind to simply start living as a girl, even without her presence. So far, Lana had been with Jesse every minute of his feminizing process. But now it was time for him to be temporarily alone in his girlishness, to live as a girl. Lana also now decided it was time to identify Jesse as a girl from now on. No longer would she even mention Jesse's original gender. Jesse was now to be fully identified with the new gender, female...and girl.

Jesse wiggled back into the dressing room, his senses still accustoming themselves to the new clutch of the skirt as it integrated with the heels and now feminizing walk and manners. He picked up the purse and observed that the bag was indeed very girlish. It *was* a purse! It wasn't just the hair, or the perfume. The purse had made all the people at the mall think he was a girl. Jesse slipped the strap over his shoulder and sauntered out.

A girl passed him in the hallway carrying a top and skirt. She just smiled in recognition. Jesse sensed the skirt clutch again. He trembled just as he entered the store area. A slight breeze reached his panties. The sensitivity shuddered again through his senses. There was Lana seemingly putting her credit card back into her purse. Jesse meandered over. Out of the corner of his eyes, he noticed tops and skirts, jeans and accessories to each side. Jesse now realized all the clothes

were for girls. They always had been in the girl's department. He sensed the skirt swing again and the incredible exposure of not having any cloth between his legs for the first time. The skirt swung again and slipped on the nylons. The wedgies forced Jesse's hips to swing. Amazingly the arms subconsciously swung at his side just like a girl. The hormones raged, the programming exploded.

I want to feel feminine,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

I want to wear makeup and girl curls in my hair,

I want to do everything a girl does to make herself pretty,

I want to live like a girl, living like a girl is normal,

I love living like a girl,

I want to feel like a girl, feeling like a girl is normal,

I love feeling like a girl,

I want to look like a girl, looking like a girl is normal,

I love looking like a girl,

I want to move and act like a girl, moving and acting like a girl is normal,

I love moving and acting like a girl,

I want to talk like a girl, talking like a girl is normal,

I love talking like a girl,

I want to think like a girl, thinking like a girl is normal

I love thinking like a girl,

"Oh, that's cute," Jesse subconscious exclaimed as he noticed a berry colored sweater. Yet the personality was still

dominant. "What am I thinking about...What's happening here."

"Oh there she is," Lana exclaimed to the shop girl when she turned around and noticed Jesse girlishly swing up to the counter. "You know she just loved that skirt so much, she just had to wear it out of the store."

And Jesse really looked great in the skirt. All it took was that simple article of clothing to accent what really was happening to Jesse's figure after ten months of estrogen therapy. The skirt had accented his girlish *derrière* to some degree. But with the skirt on, there was no mistaking where Jesse's budding curves were. The skirt simply accented the widening and rounding pelvis. The *derrière*, round and budding, filled the back of the skirt. No boy could ever look like that in a skirt. With its swing, Jesse's walk simply flowed into the gait Lana...and the high heels had encouraged.

"You look great in it," the shop girl concurred. "You know you should look around at some of the tops. We're going to have a summer sale in a few days. You really should come back and buy some new tops."

"Umm, thanks," Jesse murmured more in a whisper, petrified that his voice would expose him. "But....I don't..."

"Why dear that's a wonderful idea," Lana interrupted to prevent Jesse from declining the classic offer. "She's going to need quite a few new things for the summer. Aren't you dear?"

Jesse just nodded and feigned a smile as he looked at Lana with some measure of concerted defiance. Then the skirt clutched again and the defiance rapidly diminished.

Lana passed the bag holding the other skirt to Jesse and they sauntered out of the store. Lana occasionally mentioned that a skirt, sweater or top would look good on Jesse. For the most part, Jesse just was happy to get out of the store and to the anonymity of the faceless aisles. His mind, although feminizing, still was not able to grasp the core girlishness that was now becoming an intrinsic part of his/her life.

Lana continued their window shopping, all along describing the styles so that Jesse could not only feel that they were appropriate for him/her, but also to learn about the particular styles of clothes and when it was appropriate to wear them. There was the Limited, The Wild Pair, Nine West, AnnTaylor and Bebe. Every store was observed. Every store analyzed as to what they specialized in.

"I don't know why you're making me look like a girl Auntie," Jesse whispered after another of Lana's soliloquies concerning some dressy girl's clothes. All this time, even with the periodic explosion of the programming and girly hormones raging through his mind and brain, Jesse thought he had an out. Whatever happened, all Jesse had to do was to get back to the house and simply change clothes. His suitcase must be at the house by now he mused.

Auntie was certainly acting strangely by making him look like a girl. But it was only temporary. All he had to do is get back to the house. Then Auntie couldn't stop him from changing clothes, wash away the makeup and maybe even finding a way to cut off the earrings. The hair on his legs would grow out and somehow he would find a way to get the nail polish off of his toes too. The boyish personality confidence grew.

Lana had ignored the comment. She had spied one of those open air kiosks called "Rings & Things" and was walking towards it commenting on jewelry.

"Auntie...Auntie, I don't know why you're making me look like a girl," Jesse repeated. "You know I'm a boy. So why are you doing this? You know all this girl stuff is just a waste of money...I'm just going to throw it away when we get home and I can wear my old clothes."

Lana stopped short just in front of the kiosk. She silently glanced over at him as she started to peruse through some bangle bracelets. She smiled, then glanced back at the bracelets.

"Outstretch your hand, dear," Lana commanded as she found a simple set of 24k gold bangles that would match the

informality of Jesse's outfit. "My dear Jessica, I don't waste money."

By now Jesse was simply accustomed to complying with Lana's demands to feminize him. He stuck out his left hand and watched as Lana slid the bangles up to the wrist. Jewelry really does effeminize. The bangles sparkled and accented the girlishness of his effeminate arm.

"I sort of forgot to tell you," Lana nonchalantly commenced as she took the bangles off Jesse's arm and turned to the clerk who had wandered over to them. "Oh Miss, we'll take these. But can you wait to ring them up? I might find something else."

The girl smiled in assent and followed their track along the display only to observe Lana stop at the gold chains and pendants.

"Anyway, the airline called this morning," Lana again glanced back at Jesse with a smile while still rummaging through the necklaces. "Sometimes I think the airlines can't do anything right..... Oh, can we see that chain?"

"Oh honey, isn't this absolutely adorable," Lana cooed as the clerk displayed an exquisitely delicate gold chain and heart pendant, standard equipment for a girl Jesse's age. "I want you to have this...It's really pretty."

Forgetting the reality that he was about to be the proud owner of some girl's jewelry, Jesse pressed Lana. "The airline Lana, what did the airline say?... Did my suitcase come?"

Lana smiled as she slightly bent over while putting the necklace up to Jesse's neck. "Well dear, the news is not so good."

"Oh Miss, this is exquisite," Lana advised the clerk. "Right now, these two items are all we need. Can you ring them up?"

"What news Auntie," Jesse pressed. "Is it about my suitcase. What's going on with my suitcase?"

"Here dear," Lana commented as she handed the bangles back to Jesse. The clerk had already scanned them and was

now processing the chain. "Put these bangles on. They look really cute on you, really pretty."

Jesse, slid the bangle bracelets back up his arm. The psyche was now becoming accustomed to adapting to feminine expression. But Jesse's mind wasn't focused on the bangles. "What about the airlines, Auntie," Jesse pleaded. "Please...please tell me what's wrong."

"Turn around, dear and pull your ponytail up," Lana softly commanded as she opened the clasp of the necklace.

"I'm afraid there has been an accident at the airline," Lana continued. Jesse sensed the delicate chain fall down on to his chest. "The airline found your suitcase."

"Did it come," Jesse whispered while feeling Lana fiddle with the clasp behind him. Funny, he felt so...so submissive as he stood swishing in his skirt, staring at the girly gold pendant falling almost between the slight cleavage the scoop neck of the sweater exposed.

"Well no dear," Lana stated trying desperately to not giggle while she lied to Jesse. "The airline crushed your suitcase in a conveyor putting it on the plane."

"What?" Jesse gasped. "You mean the suitcase got damaged? What about the clothes? The least they can do is deliver the clothes...Right?"

"Well, no dear," Lana cooed. Jesse sensed the necklace take shape around his neck as Lana finally got the clasp together "imprisoning" Jesse in the embrace of the very effeminate girlish necklace. "I'm afraid all of the clothes rolled up into the machinery and oil got all over them when they spilled out. So your suitcase isn't coming...or your old boy's clothes."

"Oh, that necklace makes you look more like a pretty girl than ever!" Lana complimented. Lana had gently twirled Jesse around to view what Jesse looked like with the gold heart pendant now laying gently on his budding chest. It was gorgeous and exquisitely girlish. But the look on Jesse's face spoke more. It was utter shock on Jesse's face, pouting, lipstick lips agape at the news his boy's clothes had been ruined,

never to be seen again. "So the only clothes you have are the ones you're wearing right now...and the clothes we're going to buy you in the next few days...and don't think they're going to be bought in the boy's department. I intend to buy you really pretty clothes....dresses, skirts, and pretty girl clothes."

Jesse just stood there sensing all the girlish femininity waft over his psyche. He was going to wear nothing but girl's clothes from now on. The psyche exploded;

I am girlish,

I am effeminate,

I love to be feminine,

I love feeling feminine and girlish,

I love to be girlish,

I love all things feminine and girlish,

Be feminine

Be girlish

I want to feel feminine,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

I want to wear makeup and girl curls in my hair,

I want to do everything a girl does to make herself pretty,

I want to live like a girl, living like a girl is normal,

I love living like a girl,

I want to feel like a girl, feeling like a girl is normal,

I love feeling like a girl,

I want to look like a girl, looking like a girl is normal,

I love looking like a girl,

I want to move and act like a girl, moving and acting like a girl is normal,

I love moving and acting like a girl,

I want to talk like a girl, talking like a girl is normal,

I love talking like a girl,

I want to think like a girl, thinking like a girl is normal

I love thinking like a girl,

The more I wear girl's clothes, the more I love feeling like a girl.

The more I feel like a girl, the more I love looking like a girl,

The more I look like a girl, the more I love acting like a girl.

The more I act like a girl, the more I love talking like a girl,

The more I talk like a girl, the more I love thinking like a girl,

The more I think like a girl, the more I love living as a girl,

The more I live as a girl, the more I love wearing girl's clothes,

There was no longer any option. There were no more boy's clothes. All the budding Jessica had was the soft caress of femininity.

Chapter 13

"Finally.....you're fully and completely dressed in girl's clothes!"

Jesse's psyche was now imploding on to the programming. The personality was finding it significantly more and more

difficult to mend the crevices that the programming had induced. Reality helped. Here he stood in the middle of the mall, scrunchy holding his ponytail, ears pierced, wearing mascara, a little blush and Revlon Rose lipstick. The scent of the perfume wafted around the senses. His legs were shaved, the silkiness of the nylons announced to his senses of the delicacy of those appendages while his little painted toes shone from the high heel wedgies every girl his age wore. And the skirt. Every motion while wearing it had effeminized and sensitized the effeminate senses now transforming the psyche. Wear a skirt and be a girl! The inner emotions screamed in delight. Yet the consternation the personality experienced was quite real as the transformation began its crescendo to completion and the final entrapment of Jesse's full consciousness into the wisp of complete effeminacy that Lana and his mother had planned.

"You know, dear you just need to relax a little. Go with the flow...have a little fun with this, get used to skirts, nylons and lipstick," Lana advised as she took Jesse by the hand and sat him down on one of the benches near the kiosk. He was trembling in shock. She knew the programming was emerging from the subconscious with every new feminine transformation done to Jesse's appearance. There was only a few steps left and the trigger would explode the programming into the outer personality. "Everything is just fine. You look really like a girl."

"But Auntie, I'm...I'm a b..Oh I don't know what I am," Jesse retorted as the programming again surged into the outer consciousness. "I'm supposed to be a boy.... Anyway, mother won't like what you are doing to me at all.... I know that...As soon as I tell her you are dressing me in.... girl's..... clothes...."

Jesse's mind faded through the thought. Could he tell his mother that Lana was feminizing him? Could he tell his mother that he was wearing skirts while talking to her? Even at this stage, Jesse simply hadn't the foggiest notion of the extent of feminization that he had already undergone. How the hormones had so fully prepared for the blossoming soft-

ness that now already dominated the essence of his figure. And it was his mother that had administered those doses. And the hair. Little did he realize it was his own mother that had encouraged him, in preparation for today's transformation, to grow it out to an unmistakably girlish length. Yet, this was exactly what had happened to him. His mother wasn't going to be upset. She couldn't wait to see her "daughter" in girl curls, dress and heels. It had all been done with only the slightest inkling by the personality that a girl's life was in his future.

"Jesse, dear," Lana replied, not really wanting to expose the real plan yet. "Why I really don't think your mother will mind too much. You know dear she doesn't want you to walk around naked! You need clothes. So there is a priority, pretty girl clothes."

Lana had intentionally hit the trigger to set Jesse up for the last feminizing experience. She watched as the flood of programming surged into the open. Jesse tossed his head to sense the ponytail and rubbed his legs to sense the nylons. He clutched his skirt.

"What's happening to me Auntie," Jesse pleaded after the rush of programming surged into the feminized brain. "I don't understand this. You've dressed me up like a girl and every one thinks I'm a girl!"

"Well, that's understandable my little sweety," Lana remarked. "You're dressed like a girl and you've been behaving like a girl. So it just makes sense for people to think you're a girl, doesn't it."

"But you're feminizing me," Jesse partially lamented. "Yet...I..I.."

"I what dear," Lana coaxed. "Do you like it?"

The program surged forth again.

"I...uhhh...I," Jesse was about to confess of the hidden desire but the personality returned. "NO!...No I don't like it..Why just sitting on this cold slab with my underpants is..uhh uncomfortable."

Jesse lied, every sense now was starting to really feminize. Underneath he liked it and wanted more feminization. But his skirt had ridden up and his pantied bottom was touching the granite.

What an opening! Lana thought to herself. She jumped up while holding Jesse's hand to force him to stand as well.

"Well there is a reason for that," Lana exclaimed. "And we can fix that in no time at all! Oh honey, pull your skirt down. It's ridden up on your hips."

Jesse looked down and immediately, and incredibly femininely wiggled the skirt back over his budding hips the few inches it had slipped up when he had sat down.

"See Auntie, see what wearing this skirt is like....It rides up.....These clothes are uncomfortable and not practical. Even these shoes feel strange" Jesse attempted to use the experience as a reinforcement to his objections of wearing girl's clothes.

"We can fix that dear," Lana advised. "All you need are just a few more things."

Few more things indeed. There was one last stop, and then Jessica would emerge from the recesses of Jesse's subconscious.

Lana's pace quickened as she sauntered down the mall. She didn't bother to window shop now. For it was now time to finish the job. Turning the corner she spied the store next on the agenda, the last stop before completion, Victoria's Secret.

"You know I entirely forgot," Lana motored on after a few comments concerning a blue polka dot dress she saw in the window of "Umbargo" and how perfect it would be for Jesse when they went to dinner later that evening. "Why you don't have any lingerie of your own. Why of course dear that skirt is going to ride up on your pantyhose. You don't have a slip on."

Jesse stopped short of the entrance. The pink environment blazoned the effeminacy of the next experience. The scent of

the store wafting out of the entrance. He looked at the mannequin dressed in an ice blue baby doll.

"Auntie, you're going to buy me lingerie?" Jesse questioned with still some consternation. All Lana did was grab him by the hand and slide into the store.

Jesse complacently followed in mincing little steps. Suddenly his senses were engulfed in the foreign environment of the most feminine store in the mall.

Lana immediately started looking at the racks of silk and lace. Jesse simply and very self consciously following along, until a shop girl came forward.

"Say my niece just bought that skirt and she needs a slip for it," Lana offered. "But I haven't been able to find any half slips, just chemises and I'm afraid they are just a little bit too old for her."

"Oh right over here," the girl replied after smiling at both of them. "Say that skirt looks like its...ah...nineteen inches?... this will probably do just fine."

She held out an exquisite shimmering a-line mini slip trimmed in lace at the hem and at the walking slit.

"Oh that's gorgeous," Lana sincerely commented while smiling at Jesse who was just standing there with his feet together and hands clutched with some measure of disconcertion. "It looks perfect! Is there a place where she can try it on?"

"Sure," The girl asserted in classic valley girl "The dressing rooms are in the back. Is there anything else I can help you with?"

"Yes," Lana commented. "But we'll try the slip first.... Don't you think its pretty dear? I'm sure that skirt won't ride up after your put it on."

Well, might as well. Jesse thought to himself. After all, he was wearing a skirt and no one would see what he was wearing underneath. Even if they did, he admitted to himself that he looked like a girl. So it wouldn't be a bother if a girl

showed a lacey slip under her skirt. But it was really effeminate and the consternation of realizing he was about to wear lingerie, real girl's lingerie was troubling.

They found an open dressing room. Lana immediately bustled Jesse into the room and closed the door.

"Take off your clothes, dear, all of them," Lana commanded in a forceful yet gentle way. "...and just wait until I get back."

"Ah Auntie," Jesse whispered. "If you want me to wear the slip why don't I just slip it on under the skirt to see if it fits? Why do I need to take all my clothes off?"

Lana looked at Jesse with one of those, "are you really stupid looks. "You don't try lingerie on with your clothes on."

It was a partial lie. Jesse could have easily tried the slip on under the skirt. But Lana had other plans for him.

"Now, just do as I say and take all your clothes off including your sweater and pantyhose," Lana reaffirmed the previous command as she headed out to the displays.

What was Jesse to do? He slipped out of the skirt and sweater, flicked the shoes off with a sigh of relief then slid the pantyhose down his legs. Of course, stripping to his panties should have been a tip off. But by then, Jesse's personality was too far gone to relate such matters. He just felt halfway happy to be out of the girl's clothes even if it was in a dressing room at Victoria's Secret.

"I'm going to be buying my niece some lingerie," Lana advised the shop girl. "Her clothes didn't arrive from her home so she needs so much, bras, panties, slips and probably nylons and a few nightdresses."

"Well wonderful," the girl advised. There is a bra and panty sale going on. Buy two and get a third free. They're right over here. What size is she?"

They sauntered over to a table where all sorts of panties were strewn over the top.

"This is fine," Lana commented as she inspected a pair of size small, silky lavender panties with an elastic waistband that read "Victoria's Secret". "They're a little bit old for her. But I think she'll like wearing such pretty lingerie."

"How old is she fifteen, sixteen?" The girl surmised. "Why all the younger girls wear really pretty bras and panties now. It is sort of a status symbol in school you know."

"Really," Lana remarked actually learning something about high school fashion. "By the way, Jesse...er...Jessica's luggage was completely lost. She came here with only the clothes on her back. I bet she would really like to change...well you know, her panties."

"OOOh," the shop girl empathized imagining what it felt like to wear a pair of panties for more than one day. "I understand, why don't you take a pair to her so she can change. I'll take the tag and ring it up. Does she need a bra too?"

"Thanks," Lana concurred. "Yes she's going to need bras. Can you start picking some out for her? I think she is a 32A. But she is young. So she might need one with a little...well you know."

"I've got just the thing," the girl replied as Lana headed back into the dressing room.

"You need to take the panties off too dear," Lana advised as she closed the door and observed Jesse had indeed taken off all his clothes except the panties.

But...but Auntie, I..." Jesse stammered.

"No buts dear," Lana responded. "You don't need to wear my panties anymore. You're going to have your very own pretty girlly panties now."

Lana smiled as she held up the pair of lavender panties she first had spied on the table.

"Auntie, those...those are girl's panties," Jesse remarked and a very hushed tone. "And they're not even white."

"So what do you think you're wearing now, boy's shorts?" Lana retorted somewhat exasperated. "You're wearing a pair

of my panties...my panties. But I don't think you need to wear my clothes now. I'm buying you your own panties, your very own girl's panties. So here, give me my old panties you're wearing and put these new panties on. They are your size and just for you"

What was he to do? It really didn't matter now. He slipped Lana's white panties off, handed them over to a smiling Lana, then stepped into his very own silk, lace girl panties. They were fresh and cool as they slid up his legs. There was a freshness about them that the other pair didn't have. And they were Jesse's. They were his own girl panties.

"Now you're in your very own girl panties," Lana smiled as she noticed the look on Jesse's face. "Do you like them?"

Jesse blushed. No words could have said what that blush really meant. The programming had started to fully permeate the personality.

"Well, no boy ever wore panties like those," Lana quietly remarked to emphasize the sheer utter feminization Jesse was undergoing.

"Now go ahead and put your pantyhose and wedgies back on," Lana advised as she leaned back on the wall contentedly smiling as she watched her now fully effeminizing girl in "her" panties slowly roll the nylons back up her legs.

"Now let's try the slip," Lana cooed in excitement anticipating what the shimmering little lacey thing would look like on her rapidly emerging "niece".

Jesse complacently took the slip and stepped into it with his nyloned feet. Lana smiled. The coolness slithered up his legs. The lace hem took form. The waist matched Jesse's waist and it was on. Jesse observed his lean silky legs protrude now from the froth of the lace hem that surrounded his legs, a distinctly feminine sight. The slip shimmered and clutched, the silkiness slithering on the new panties and pantyhose.

"I'll be right back," Lana commented with a big contented smile. "Just wait until I get back before putting your skirt and top on. But you can put your shoes on dear."

The door closed. Jesse sat down waiting, for what he didn't know. The shoes slipped back on and were buckled. He then glanced down at his legs, his nail polish and especially the lace hem of the slip. Funny, he not only unintentionally kept his knees together, but thought it seemed normal to do so. The vulnerability of the inner psyche now was a part of the outer consciousness. He heard a girl giggle in the background. Then the door opened and Lana, a huge smile on her face, bolted back in. She held something in her hand, something silky, lacey, with delicate little straps. It was a matching lace underwire bra.

"Here dear," Lana giggled as she held out the bra by the satin shoulder straps. "Hold out your arms dear. I think you need to start wearing bras."

"What," Jesse whispered in shock, the last vestiges of personality objection clawing out from the feminizing trap. But, it was too late for Jesse, the boy. The satin and lace of the bra beckoned. "Auntie, this has gone far enough. I've let you paint my nails. I've let you put my hair up in a girl's ponytail and put up with smelling this way. You tricked me into getting both my ears pierced...and you even put makeup on me. You even forced me into wearing this skirt and got me this sweater that only a girl could dream of wearing. I even can relent to wearing this slip under this stupid skirt just to go along with you....But I am NOT going to wear a bra. Only girls wear bras because they develop breasts. But I'm a boy and I don't need to wear a bra!"

The soliloquy was furious. It had been pent up in the personality since getting the pedicure. But Lana just stood there smiling, then laughed. She let the bra hang from one hand as she put the other on Jesse's shoulder and twirled him around so he could view his image in the dressing room's full-length mirror.

"Look at yourself, Jessica," Lana whispered into his/her ear. "Just look at yourself...Look at your face and hair. Is that the face of a boy? I don't think so."

Jesse looked mesmerized realizing she was right. He had the face and certainly the hair of a teenaged girl.

"Now look at how your hips and derrière fill out that slip," Lana continued as she slid her hands down over the curves of Jesse's pelvis. "Boys don't fill out slips or skirt like that. In fact I don't think you could find any boy's clothes that would properly fit that butt. Ummphh. You didn't know your mother had to buy you all those girl's jeans did you...Oh Yes, she knows. Why do you think she let you grow your hair out?"

Jesse gazed further. She was right. She even knew he had trouble getting his old jeans on.

"Now, my dear," Lana triumphantly advised as she gently cupped and lifted Jesse's budding breasts. "Look at your chest... Is that the chest of a boy?... Have you been feeling rather sensitive up there?... Don't you feel a little ...jiggle...in your chest...Do boys have breasts like these? My dear...you're developing breasts, feminine girlish breasts. You're turning into a girl!and there is nothing that is going to stop it."

Jesse gazed again. Yes, he knew she was right. He had been concerned with the itchiness and sensitivity of his breasts for some time. But until Lana had forced him to observe how much growth really had transpired, Jesse had deceived himself. But there they were, small but budding little orbs with deep red areolas. And they really were sensitive!

"Yes, that right," Lana cooed as she saw the recognition flow over Jesse's face. "They're girl breasts.. and they're yours....And it is time for you to start wearing bras."

Lana stepped back and held the lacey garment back up by the satin straps. Jesse saw the open bra through the mirror. He glanced again at his chest.

"It's time get into a bra dear," Lana encouraged. "Now put your arms through the straps and I'll hook you in it."

Jesse turned, saw Lana smiling as the bra dangled in front of him. He delicately lifted his arms up so they aligned

with the openings of the bra. Lana smiled and slipped the bra straps on to Jesse's shoulders.

"That's my girl," Lana whispered into Jesse's ear as she reached around behind him and clasped the bra around Jesse's chest.

Jesse sensed the straps tickle his shoulders then as he heard Lana's encouragement, the emerging girl sensed the bra tighten around her chest. S/He let out a little sigh as the bra enveloped the sensitive breasts and slightly uplifted them for the first time. Jesse's arms came up to his face as a reflection of soft submission his entire self was experiencing, the utter femininity of being dressed in a bra for the first time. Lana gently twirled him around and began to adjust the straps of his/her very own bra so that it fit her and only her. It was now Jessica's bra.

Jesse stared in amazement at what the foundation had done for his décolletage. Even though they were girlishly small, they were now quite pronounced and unmistakable. Jesse even had a slight bit of cleavage showing.

He saw Lana just beaming beside him.

"Oh you are such a pretty girl," Lana glowingly approved. "Why look at how pretty you really are. Are you going to be a boy magnet when you get used to your new life! Now go on and slip your sweater and skirt back on. You need so many things, and we really need to start thinking about expanding your new wardrobe."

Lana giggled as she watched Jesse slip the top over his head in that distinctly girlish way so his makeup wouldn't get smudged. She then watched as Jesse pulled the skirt back on. As usual Lana zipped Jesse up as they both stared at now Jessica's reflection in the mirror. There, it was done. Jesse was transformed into complete girl. He had been fully dressed from head to toe in his/her very own pretty girl clothes, now for the trigger and the programming to emerge.

"There," Lana giggling cooed now just anticipating what will happen as the trigger is announced. "Finally.....you're fully and completely dressed in your very own girl's clothes!"

Slam! The subconscious doors to Jesse's mind exploded. The full brunt of all the programming emerged and now consciously immersed the personality!

"I am a sissy,

I like sissy things,

I like my hair long and girlish,

I love wearing my hair long and feminine,

Grow your hair long, long like a girl,

Keep your hair clean, condition your hair,

Grow your hair to the middle of your back."

I like girlish environments,

I am passive in a girl's environment,

I am feminine when I live in a girl's environment

I love living in a girlish environment,

I love being passive and feminine when in a girlish environment

Be passive in girlish environments

Be feminine when living in a girlish environment"

I accept all new thoughts and feelings triggered by the words..."Priority, Pretty girl clothes",

I absorb all new thoughts and feelings after hearing the words, "Priority, Pretty girl clothes,"

I replace my thoughts, feelings and actions with the new thoughts, feelings and actions after hearing the words, "Priority, Pretty girl clothes",

I stop accepting or absorbing new thoughts after hearing the word, "Priority, feel like a girl"

I express all my new thoughts, feelings and actions
after I dress fully and completely in girl's clothes,

Wearing Girl's clothes changes all my thoughts,

All my old thoughts and actions disappear after I
wear girl's clothes,

I am girlish,

I am effeminate,

I love to be feminine,

I love feeling feminine and girlish,

I love to be girlish,

I love all things feminine and girlish,

Be feminine

Be girlish

I want to feel feminine,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

I want to wear makeup and girl curls in my hair,

I want to do everything a girl does to make herself
pretty,

I want to live like a girl, living like a girl is normal,

I love living like a girl,

I want to feel like a girl, feeling like a girl is normal,

I love feeling like a girl,

I want to look like a girl, looking like a girl is nor-
mal,

I love looking like a girl,

I want to move and act like a girl, moving and act-
ing like a girl is normal,

I love moving and acting like a girl,

I want to talk like a girl, talking like a girl is normal,

I love talking like a girl,

I want to think like a girl, thinking like a girl is normal

I love thinking like a girl,

The more I wear girl's clothes, the more I love feeling like a girl.

The more I feel like a girl, the more I love looking like a girl,

The more I look like a girl, the more I love acting like a girl.

The more I act like a girl, the more I love talking like a girl,

The more I talk like a girl, the more I love thinking like a girl,

The more I think like a girl, the more I love living as a girl,

The more I live as a girl, the more I love wearing girl's clothes,

The longer I wear girl's clothes, the more I love feeling like a girl.

The longer I feel like a girl, the more I love looking like a girl,

The longer I look like a girl, the more I love acting like a girl.

The longer I act like a girl, the more I love talking like a girl,

The longer I talk like a girl, the more I love thinking like a girl,

The longer I think like a girl, the more I love living as a girl,

The longer I live as a girl, the more I love wearing girl's clothes,

Live like a girl,

Feel like a girl,

Look like a girl,

Act like a girl,

Talk like a girl,

Think like a girl,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl's clothes,

I want to dress completely and fully in girl's clothes,

I want to wear girl's clothes,

Wear girl clothes,

It was a torrent in Jesse's mind. There was no stopping the sense of exquisite effeminacy that had been programmed and magnified by the hormones. Jesse swooned. Lana, now with real concern, but with significant delight, caught her now little girl and gently assisted her to sit down and put her head between her legs. The person known as Jesse then passed out for the last time with any sense of masculinity.

In the dream the girl just absorbed the old self. There was nothing left of the boy. Now instead of the girlishness residing in the crevices, it was the boy fast disappearing into the crevices of a history rapidly awash in the singular thought of simply being a girl. Somewhere during that dream the consciousness slipped through a tunnel, and although there was still some boy residue, the consciousness awoke in the female area of the mind. Jesse was now fully and completely Jessica.

"Hey Jessica baby girl," Lana whispered as she held her niece. "How are you feeling? Yeah? Ready to go try on that pretty polka dot party dress?"

It was the first time Lana had called Jesse directly as Jessica. But it fit and Jesse, now Jessica seemed to acknowledge it.

Oh, she felt entirely different. Her entire senses had transformed. She felt soft, effeminate, girly. She sensed the clothes she was wearing. Her femmey scent wafted around her. Her skirt clutched. Her heel forced her feet to femininely conform....and she liked it.... Indeed, Jessica loved it.

Jessica let her hands delicately uplift then swung her head gently, feeling her ponytail on her shoulders.

"I wonder if they have it in my size," was her first comment.

"Let's go and find out, Jessica girl," Lana confirmed.

The End



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!

..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
..... WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
..... HOSTESS #12	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	10.00
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00

TV Fiction Classics

..... BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #90	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... SWIMMING THINK #88 NEW	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
..... GIRL	10.00
..... PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
..... GIRLS GETAWAY #84	10.00
..... PRETTY AS PASTRY DOES #83	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
..... TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
..... JUST-TRAINED LIKE MOM #65&66	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES'GF #59 & #60	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & #58	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	10.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
..... SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
..... FAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
..... MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
..... PAUL-GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
..... TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
..... MAID UP #14	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
..... ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
..... NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
..... SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
..... JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
..... LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
..... PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
..... CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00

Contemporary TV Fictions

..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
..... DRESS or CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
..... BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61&62	20.00
..... DRESSES & FRASSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO)#52 & #53	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOM#49,50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSLES FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... DINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... ELFTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOPS #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
..... ELIOT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00

Transvestite Fiction Series:

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... POOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE#13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL#12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE#11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS#10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... GIRLS TO CHRISIE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00

EMPATHY TV FICTION

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

MISSY SKIRTS

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

TOTAL ORDER
 STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only)
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)
 (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books)

SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: SANDY THOMAS ADV.
 P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp /

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ST ZIP

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08

Visiting New York

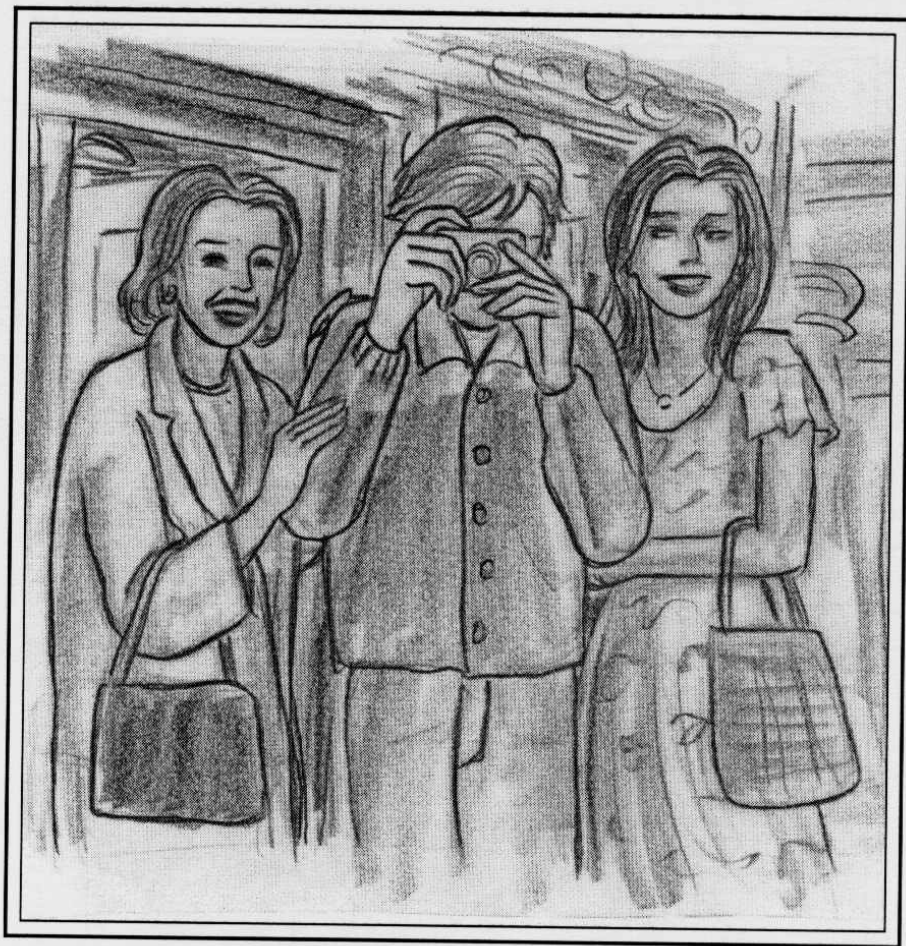
Dear Son,

Here are some more pictures. You know your dad and his camera. He's getting the credit card bills now but he'd promised if you got good grades you could get anything you wanted.



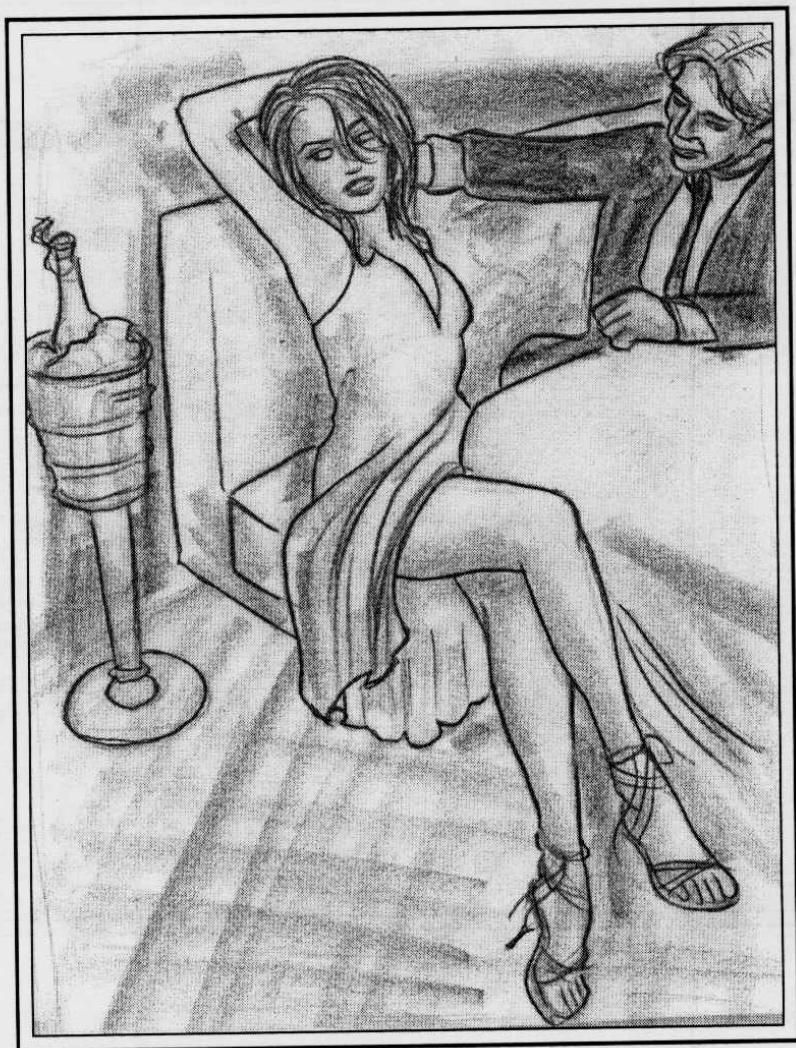
INTO JESSICA II SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 71

Sightseeing was so much fun. Even your father said it was the best vacation ever! He was impressed with how quickly your girlish ways had returned. I think that made him feel better that you can turn it on and off so easily.



It embarrasses your dad but I'm glad we took him shopping. When he saw you try on that print designer dress, he said, "Gawd, we have to buy it for him, don't we?" We have the secret now. You try it on, go, "Oh daddy!" and like magic, it's yours!

On New Years Eve, your father could tell you were embarrassed by all the attention. He had wanted to have a heart to heart conversation. He's so worried we shouldn't be encouraging your femininity. I just want to know where you learned to dance like that.



Son, I'll call you about Easter...

(Want more? Write to me!) Sandy