

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"JUST ANOTHER GIRL!"

A YOUNG MAN GETS A PART IN A PLAY—
UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S THE GIRL'S PART!



VOLUME #42

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“JUST ANOTHER GIRL!”

by Susan, Alice Trail,
Kristy Love, and Sandy Thomas

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QUOTE BOARD

“How to get a raise!

Find out where your boss shops and buy exactly the same clothes. Wear each outfit one-day after your boss does. This is especially effective if your boss is of a different gender...”

“JUST ANOTHER GIRL!”

by Susan, Alice Trail, Kristy Love,
and Sandy Thomas

Leona loved being a teacher. As the drama teacher for many years at Norwood Park High School, she had been very happy but bored. But now, the school board had transferred her to Central, a high school in a neighboring district.

As she greeted her new students for the first time, she saw a name on her role that immediately caught her interest. “If Diane French, my old college roommate, has a daughter in my class, it would be too good to be true,” she thought as she looked up and inquired, “French? Robin French?”

When a hand was raised and Leona saw Robin was a boy, she mused, “I thought for sure an ‘Robin’ would be a girl.”

The class all giggled.

She called Robin to her desk looking him over closely as he approached. He was one of the smallest pupils in the class and had long straight light brown hair that hung to the top of his shoulders. His fair skin gave him a distinctively delicate appearance, while his mannerisms were decidedly different from most boys. A sly smile crept onto Leona’s lips when she saw how he was dressed, a yellow shirt with a Peter Pan collar, full sleeves, and soft fabric that almost appeared to be a girl’s blouse.

After confirming he was indeed the son of her friend and that he had no brothers or sisters, Leona told him that she would contact his mother very soon. She watched him walk to his seat and couldn’t help thinking, “I wonder if Diane wishes he were the daughter she always wanted? Otherwise, why the long hair and the girlish shirt?”

Leona couldn’t get Diane out of her mind. Her primary recollection about her old friend was her desire to one day have a daughter. She talked about it constantly! Whenever they dreamed of the future, Diane would say, “After college I want to get married and have a little girl. I’m going to raise her to be sweet, dainty, and

feminine, a real 'Mommy's girl'. I definitely, don't want a snotty nose boy. NO WAY!"

"Poor Diane!" Leona reflected, "All that dreaming, and she had a boy anyway! Life can be so cruel. What an awful shame!"

Diane was a single parent and the owner of a successful accounting firm. She was divorced for almost eight years, raising Robin by herself. He was more than a little effeminate because of the way she reared him. She cared nothing about sports and most assuredly could never teach him how to hit a ball, throw a pass, fish, swim, run, or jump. She was bitter over being deprived of the daughter she always wanted. In her anguish, she raised her son as a sissy despite of his own wishes.

She got along well with him, but she demanded total obedience. With no masculine influence in the house, Diane was determined to keep her son in line. She knew how boisterous, rowdy, and unruly boys could be, and she never allowed that to happen with Robin.

Robin was picked on, teased, and harassed, sometimes because of his hair, sometimes because of his clothes, and sometimes because he was so lousy at sports. The other kids didn't understand why he threw like a girl, couldn't catch a ball, or didn't even know how to hold a bat, so they made him the brunt of their jokes. He was referred to by some as a sissy, but he tried hard to overcome the label, lately meeting with some success. It wasn't much, but he had met some new kids who didn't know of his reputation.

Unfortunately for Robin, his mother didn't like his new friends, thinking they were too rough, tough, and rowdy. She was concerned that they would get him in trouble or worse! He might even start to develop boyish interests and habits! He was very delicate and frail, and she wanted him to stay that way.

Robin didn't agree with his mother's opinion of his new friends. For the first time in his life he had some real boys for friends and he wanted to be just like them in every way. To do so, he knew he would have to act behind his mother's back and juggle her demands against his own desires.

At the first opportunity, Leona called Diane, and the two old friends got together to catch up on each other's lives. Quite a few years had passed since their college days and now, at long last, they were together again. In their joy, they toasted the circumstances

that led to their reunion. They discussed how Diane had been deprived of the daughter she coveted, Robin, and the way Diane required him to dress.

“I can’t abide the thought of my sweet boy growing up to be rough, tough, and macho like his father,” Diane mourned. “Those qualities were responsible for our separation. I’ll do anything to see that Robin doesn’t grow up like him. Oh, how I wish he had been born a girl so I wouldn’t have these problems! If I had a daughter, I would dress her in pretty clothes and soft frilly things.”

Then as an after thought she added, “To tell the truth, I’ve often wondered how my darling Robin would look in a dress, but I’m sure he would refuse to wear one like any normal boy.”

Leona was secretly fascinated with the idea of dominating men and forcefully bending them to her will. She had learned that depriving males of their trousers and compelling them to dress as females was a most effective way to accomplish that goal. She had read reports of women who dressed their sons, nephews, and even husbands in the clothes of the opposite sex to bring them under control. This invariably caused them to lose much of their natural aggressiveness and self confidence. The longer they were required to wear dresses, soft lingerie, and makeup, the more docile and easier to control they became.

Being infatuated with the idea, Leona’s wanted to try this bizarre endeavor for herself. Unfortunately, the occasion to actually coerce a male into such a state of submission had never presented itself. Now, Diane’s comment about wanting to see Robin in a dress instantly aroused her. She quivered with excitement! Here was a once in a lifetime opportunity!

“I knew it! I just knew it!” she thought excitedly as a diabolic smile played across her lips. “Diane wanted to dress Robin as a girl to simulate the daughter she’s always dreamed of. If I play my cards right, I can seize the moment. This may be the best chance I’ll ever have to play out my fantasies. I can’t let this opportunity pass.”

The image of the effeminate Robin being forced to prance around in a dress and heels with soft lingerie caressing his skin gave Leona an erotic thrill beyond any she had previously experienced. Throwing caution to the wind, she offered, “I may be able to help you see what it is like to have a daughter if you’re willing to join in a little conspiracy.”

Diane was too engrossed in her own dreams to be concerned with her friend’s motives, and her face instantly lit up with glee.

"I'm game for almost anything if I can find a reason to get Robin to wear a dress even for a short while," she replied, taking the bait. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well," Leona whispered even though they were alone, "my drama class is preparing to put on the play called 'TREACHERY'. The story revolves around a powerful New Orleans family, the O'Hara's. The old man built a shipping empire. When he dies, he leaves his considerable fortune to a favorite nephew named Jack. The rest of the family, being greedy, jealous, and devious, plots to do away with the young boy and split the fortune among themselves. Their scheme is overheard by one of Mr. O'Hara's loyal servants, who along with a discreet lady friend, devise a plan to save the O'Hara empire for Jack. A fake kidnapping takes place, and the young heir is secreted away. This lady raises the boy in New Orleans, right under the noses of the family, disguised as a girl. When he reaches eighteen, the young heir steps back onto the scene, unveils the plot against him, takes control of the O'Hara Empire, and banishes the devious relatives."

"The original play is set in the late eighteenth century, but I'm updating it so our participants can wear modern costumes. The person who plays Jack 'Jacqueline' O'Hara must wear pretty dresses and skirts on stage. I would be more than happy to cast Robin in that role."

"What would he have to wear?" Diane asked, suddenly very interested.

Diane responded precisely as Leona suspected she might. Now, she sweetened the pot. "In the first act, he would wear jeans and a tee-shirt like any average thirteen year old boy. After the kidnapping, he would wear a simple dress, like a thirteen year old girl might wear to school. In the second act, as Jack ages, Robin would progress into older teen styles, like designer dresses or a modern miniskirt or two. In the third act, he appears in a beautiful formal gown, expensive jewelry, heavy evening makeup, and high heel slippers as he attends the season's most prestigious ball. That's where he reveals his true identity and exposes the rogue relatives and their sinister plot to all of New Orleans society. That part is usually played by a girl because most parents don't want their sons all dolled up."

"Screw what other parents want or don't want!" Diane expounded. This was the excuse she had been looking for to get Robin into a dress. She wasn't about to let it pass. No way! "I'll buy him the prettiest dresses, the sexiest miniskirts, and the most gorgeous

formal gown in town,” she bubbled with joy. “When I’m through with him, he’ll be so gorgeous no one will suspect he’s really a boy. Leona, this could be fun!”

Needless to say, Robin wasn’t nearly as excited as his mother about his pending role. In fact, he was near panic. The other kids already thought he was a sissy. If they saw him dressed as a girl, he would never live it down.

Somehow, he had to talk his teacher out of this absurdity. “But Miss Leona,” he stammered, “I thought a girl would play that part because of the dresses and makeup. . .and. . .things.”

“Nonsense!” she responded. “Jack O’Hara is a boy and he will be played by a boy. I’m sure you’ll do a wonderful job once you get into the spirit of the role. Besides, having the name ‘Robin’ listed in the program will add to the intrigue. Now run along and study your lines.”

“That’s wonderful Robin!” his mother replied gleefully when he informed her of his role in the play. She purposely sounded surprised, not wanting him to suspect her major role in the conspiracy that landed him this ominous role. “I’m so proud of you!” she said cheerfully. “Imagine being selected to play the lead in your first play. Leona must think highly of you to cast you in such an important role so early in your acting career.”

“I can’t do it, Mom!” he cried. “If I play that part, I’ll have to dress like a girl. The other kids already think I’m a sissy. What will they think if I wear a dress in that stupid play?”

Diane knew she couldn’t relent now or all would be lost. To calm him, she said, “It’s ACTING! Relax dear, after your performance, their only thoughts will be that you are a very good actor.”

Robin handed his mother a list of items needed for the play. “ALL THIS?” she feigned surprise. He blushed as she read aloud the articles: “A modern but frilly dress for a society girl_a miniskirt? Oh my? This is a lot of things!” As she read, he continued to plead in a supreme effort to get his mother to change her mind and let him refuse the role, but she would have no part of it.

“I don’t want your teacher to think I wouldn’t support her,” Diane stated.

Robin followed his mother into a teen shop at the mall to select what he needed for the play. She had made a list that was now two pages long. Somehow the few skirts and dresses and skirts needed for the play had extended to include other items.

At his mother's insistence, Robin had to bath, shampoo his hair and she even had him shave the sparse hair from his legs before leaving home.

"Let's select your lingerie first so your outer clothes will fit properly," Diane suggested.

"But Mom," Robin pleaded, "I don't need any lingerie! Nobody can see what I'm wearing under a dress."

"No arguments!" she stopped him before he could protest further. "Dresses are made to be worn with certain articles of clothing. They won't look right unless they are. You accepted the part and must dress as required, so don't create a scene." The red-faced Robin only nodded in response.

Diane was in seventh heaven. She yearned for a daughter to take shopping for frilly undies and fancy dresses all her life. Robin wasn't her daughter, but he was a very fitting substitute. "I think we should start with two full slips, a half slip, three nicely padded bras, a teddy, six pairs of panties, and a dozen pairs of pantyhose," she gushed excitedly.

"But...but why so much just for one night?" he whispered, afraid of being overheard.

"It's not just for one night silly. You have to practice and have rehearsals before the play. You can't put on a dress for the first time and act like a boy who has worn dresses for five years. Besides, I'm sure you'll ruin several pair of pantyhose and a few other things before the play. Now, stop arguing and help me pick out some nice things."

Diane took advantage of every opportunity to involve Robin in the process of selecting his lingerie. He was much older than a girl buying her first grown-up underwear but it was just as much fun for Diane.

For instance, she would ask loudly, "Which color slip do you think would go with a pink flowered dress?"

This caused him to deeply cringe and blush. "Shhh, Mom! Someone will hear you."

"I don't care," she declared, "I'm not ashamed that my son has the lead in his school play. Now which lingerie set do you want! These with the lace front or down the sides like I wear?"

Even when he didn't choose the fancy items she favored, she inevitably bought his 'unembellished' selections. Later, if he protested wearing any of the feminine items, she could say, "How can you complain? These are the panties (slip, bra, or whatever) you chose. If you didn't like them, why did you choose them?"

Still, his only avenue to save face in this feminine environment was to make a concerted effort to get his mother to change her mind and forget this embarrassing nonsense. Alas, his efforts were to no avail, as she was adamant!

When Diane held up a bra to Robin's chest, a clerk finally came over and asked, "CAN I help you find something?"

"My son needs a couple of these padded bras and some matching lingerie," Diane stated but then told her about the play and Robin's part.

"OH how fun!" the sales clerk giggled and said, "I think it's wonderful idea. He really should try them on since most lingerie cannot be returned. Are you sure of his size?"

"No," Diane said, "these are his first bras."

"I should hope so," the clerk joked.

In spite of his objections, Robin soon found himself totally naked in one of the dressing rooms with his mother holding a pair of pretty nylon panties for him to step into. A few minutes later, he was wearing his first panties, a slightly padded training bra, a minislip, and pantyhose. He had never been so mortified in his entire life!

The clerk was picking out many other items. She could smell a 'big sale'. Item after item was shoved through the door with a "He would look darling in this." Or "Have him try this set. The young girls love them." Or "Here is a dress that would look nice on stage."

It seemed like hours, but minutes later when he walked from the dressing room wearing a lavender mini-dress for Diane's perusal. "Oh Mom," he cried, "I would rather die than have anyone see me dressed like this!"

Diane saw an opportunity to finally enlist the distressed boy's cooperation. She answered him in a calm voice, "Robin dear, I know you are embarrassed to try on clothes in a dress shop, but you

must look at this logically. We have to purchase some feminine clothes for you to wear in the play, but you've rejected everything I've suggested. The sooner you help me select your wardrobe, the sooner we can leave."

"Why hadn't I thought of that?" Robin wondered to himself. "From now on, I'll agree with whatever she drags out. Maybe we can finally get out of here."

To take full advantage of his change of attitude, she brought out frillier, more feminine ensembles than ever. "I only need a few changes," Robin complained one last time.

"We'll need to give your teacher a few choices. We can return what you don't need." The clerk agreed with his mother and just to get out of there, Robin agreed to anything his mother suggested.

At times, he forgot his negative attitude about being a boy forced into girl's clothes. To Diane's and the clerk's delight, he made comments about skirt lengths, dress styles, and which ones felt the most comfortable.

"He's right about the skirt length and what the girls are wearing this year," the clerk smiled. "He knows more about dresses than he's putting on?"

More and more clothes were presented and fewer were rejected. He soon owned a wealth of feminine fashions that would delight any teenage girl. "Are we done? I want to put my clothes back on now," he asked, as he stood awkwardly before her in a pleated skirt and frilly blouse.

"If you insist, dear," she answered cheerfully, "but you'll be less conspicuous at the makeup counter in a skirt. Of course, the choice is yours."

Robin had thought his embarrassing ordeal was over, but his mother was suggesting another indignity. "Makeup?" he exclaimed. "Mom, I can't wear makeup!"

"Of course, you can," she countered, "and you must. Think of it as stage makeup. All actors wear makeup. Now decide how you want to dress!"

Robin took a deep breath. There were more and more people (girls) in the store now. He also noticed that they didn't glare at him now that he had a dress on. He considered his options and decided that discretion was the better part of valor. He looked for guidance from the clerk.

"I'd wear the dress," the clerk said. "There's no changing rooms to hide in over there."

He decided to remain in his skirt while selecting his makeup! The clerk over there was equally thrilled to help this young boy learn to play the part.

Besides makeup, she showed him how to use some liquids to thoroughly cleanse his face each night. "You really should use this night moisturizer. It soaks into your skin overnight and gives your skin a healthy glow." Robin could only nod as the makeup artist quickly applied the creams and powers all over his face—showing him how to apply each one.

They had tied back Robin's hair in a high ponytail which gave him an pert, fresh look. Seeing more people in the store made Robin nervous. "What if we run into someone we know?" he whispered to his mother.

"So? Everyone is going to know about the play soon anyway." Robin's lips were painted a dark red and the clerk made him do it once himself to make sure he knew how. His mother bought the matching nail polish with the promise, "We'll do his fingers and toes later!"

Then Robin's mother said, "There just one more thing you need shoes!" With that, they were taken over to the shoe department and once again the young male clerk was thrilled to help the young "actor".

"Here, try these sandals please. They're the ones the girls usually wear with that dress," the man said straight-faced. He presented Robin with open toed, high-heeled sandals with thin leather straps that crisscrossed across the top. The heel was quite only two inches but very thin.

Seeing her son struggle to walk on the carpeted floor, Diane stated, "See! That's why you need to practice in high heels. We'll take those."

Not to overdo this first shopping day, his mother only required him to try on and buy the sandals, a pair of flats and two pairs of pumps with modest two-inch heels.

When these purchases were made, she had Robin far away from the dressing rooms where he hoped to change back into his pants. Thus he was forced to walk red-faced through the mall and across the parking lot to the car while dressed and made up like a teenage girl.

Robin was in misery over his experiences of the day, and could hardly wait to get back into his own clothes. Diane; however, would allow him no such respite. This opportunity to have a daughter was a one time thing and she wasn't about to miss a single minute. "Robin, you have only four weeks to develop the confidence needed to properly portray Jack O'Hara in the play. You have no experience in wearing girl's clothes, so you must practice constantly."

"But Mom," he whined, "aren't you carrying this too far?"

"Absolutely not!" she insisted. "If you go on stage as an obvious boy in a dress, you'll be laughed at, teased, and ridiculed by your friends. On the other hand, if you appear to be a girl, as would any boy who had worn dresses for five years, your performance will be appreciated and admired. For instance, look at the way you are sitting now, all slumped down with your legs apart in that short skirt! No girl would dare sit that way."

Robin hadn't thought of the spectacle he was making with his short skirt! He quickly sat up, brought his knees together, and pulled his skirt down as far as it would go. "That's better," Diane approved, "Now that you see the need for lots of practice, let's put your new things away and get started."

Over the next three weeks, Robin dressed as a girl and practiced feminine mannerisms seemingly every moment he wasn't in school. Diane insisted that he come directly home, change into girl's clothes including makeup, and do his homework. When she came home, they would prepare dinner and eat together. After the dishes were done, the lessons started in earnest.

Robin was drilled so thoroughly that feminine mannerisms became habit despite efforts to maintain his boyish mannerisms. In fact, he learned the lessons so well that he caught himself sitting with his knees together or having them crossed at the knee in school. Walking with a limp wrist and his upright posture were only a few of the feminine habits drilled into him.

None of these changes escaped Leona's watchful eye during rehearsals. Several times she called Diane to congratulate her on the effectiveness of her handiwork. When Diane first imposed the feminine clothes and strict training regimen upon Robin, he continuously griped, protested, and whined. As time went by, he accepted that she would not relent, so his complaints gradually diminished. That is, until Saturday morning a week before the play

when she informed him of their shopping trip to purchase an evening gown.

“Evening gown!” he roared. “This other stuff is bad enough! I can’t wear an evening gown! The other kids will crucify me for what I already am wearing. I can’t let them see me in an evening gown!”

“Be reasonable, Robin Darling,” she stated calmly. “You have known from the beginning that the final scene is at the society ball and that you will appear in an evening gown. So, be a sweetheart for a change and don’t complain. Slip into one of your pretty outfits and put on your makeup. Be sure to wear your heels because they’ll go better with a formal.”

Robin had known in the back of his mind that he would have to wear an evening gown in the last scene, but he hadn’t allowed himself to think about it until now. He tried to save himself one last indignity. “But Mom,” he pleaded, “I can’t wear a dress to that boutique! Everyone will know I’m a boy. I’ll be mortified!”

“I suppose they wouldn’t know you were a boy if you walked in wearing trousers and asked to try on evening gowns,” Diane countered. “Very well, dress as you wish, but hurry. We have a lot to do.”

Diane had placed him in the awkward position of choosing whether to dress as a girl or a boy to go shopping in public. Now it would be his choice, not hers, if he wore a dress, makeup, and heels. He knew he would be embarrassed either way, but which was worse?

An hour later, he came down wearing a pretty pink minidress, pantyhose, light makeup, and his two inch pumps. He wanted to wear a longer skirt, but his wardrobe didn’t have one.

Seeing her son all made up and in his stylish outfit, Diane thrilled knowing that she had the daughter of her dreams for another week. “You look very pretty and feminine Robin,” she complimented with an approving smile. “I’m sure no one will suspect you’re a boy if you remember your lessons and conduct yourself as I have taught you. As a reward for fixing yourself up so pretty, I’ll take you to a different boutique where you won’t be recognized as the boy who bought dresses three weeks ago. Your fate is in your own hands. If you act like a young lady, we’ll select your gown and be home in no time.”

As they entered the dress shop, Diane whispered to her reluctant son, “Remember to conduct yourself like a sixteen year old girl

about to buy a gown suitable for a nineteen year old young lady. You should be excited at wearing clothes for an older girl and model all gowns possible. The clerks will realize you're a boy if you are hesitant. No one will be the wiser unless you give your secret away by your own actions." He had to pretend to enjoy trying on delicate feminine apparel or he would suffer the indignity of having his real gender detected.

"My daughter is in a play where she portrays an nineteen year old at a formal ball," Diane said when the clerk approached. "We need an evening gown and appropriate foundation garments. We'll need help since she doesn't yet have the physical attributes of a nineteen year old."

The clerk broke into a broad smile and exclaimed, "I understand. We have everything you need. Please come this way."

She led them to the lingerie department. "For starters, we'll need a padded panty girdle, a strapless padded bra, and a waist cinch garter belt. We'll start with white, but you may want to choose others in matching colors once we've selected the gown."

Robin was embarrassed and reluctant, but he forced a slight smile and held his arms out of the way as his hips, waist, and chest were measured. The clerk selected requested items in the correct sizes and led them toward the dressing cubicles.

Robin looked anxiously around to see if he was attracting undue attention as he followed the two women. To his surprise, everyone accepted him as a teenage girl who belonged in this feminine quarter.

"Mom, I can't wear these things in front of that woman! She'll see I'm not a girl," Robin whispered in a near panic when told to undress to his panties and put on the unfamiliar foundation garments.

"Nonsense!" Diane rebutted, "The girdle will hide your little thing if you push it back between your legs. Many other girls your age don't have breasts either, so the sales lady won't be surprised. That's why we have padding. Now hurry and get dressed before she gets back or your secret will certainly come out."

Robin reluctantly pulled on the tight panty girdle and adjusted himself as instructed. He noted how the shape of his buttocks rounded into a new contour. Diane fastened the tight strapless bra around his chest and filled the cups with foam inserts. As Robin tried to accustom himself to the strange tightness around his chest,

he found out about real constriction when Diane pulled in the waist of his garter belt.

"Please, Mom," he complained, "That thing is way too tight!"

"Oh, no it's not!" chuckled the clerk who overheard their conversation as she was returning with several gowns on hangers. "All our fashions are designed to show off the trim figure of our young ladies. You might want to tend to your figure as you grow older. Your waist is already larger than many of our nineteen year old patrons. You'll be competing with them for attention from boys."

Robin had difficulty maintaining his exterior composure as he seethed inside. "I sure won't be competing for the attention of boys!" he thought. "I'm through with girl's clothes forever when this stupid play is over next week!"

Diane finally decided on a bright red, full length, form fitting, silk and satin design that molded itself to his body and was supported by twin spaghetti straps over each shoulder. This lovely creation also had a front walking slit that showed his slim legs to advantage whenever he walked or sat.

"Mom, I can't wear this gown in front of all those people at the theater!" Robin wailed when the clerk was out of earshot. "It's so bright! Look at how my legs show through that opening."

"Jacqueline O'Hara is to be the center of attention at the Ball. What better way to draw attention than wearing a radiant, daring gown such as this," Diane smiled. "The skirt would be too tight without the slit. You couldn't walk. You're doing so well up to now. Don't spoil everything by complaining."

"Follow me to the shoe department, please," the clerk said upon her return. "We should select her shoes and allow for the height of her heels before we mark the hem for alterations."

Robin staggered in several pairs of ultra high heels before Diane opted for a pair of red satin pumps with four inch spikes that perfectly matched the chosen dress. "Mom, I can't walk in these shoes," Robin cried, forgetting for the moment that he was supposed to be enjoying himself. "The heels are too high!"

Diane responded, "You'll do fine. They are what the debutantes are wearing. Besides, you have all week to practice." Turning to the clerk, she continued, "Let's go to the cosmetics counter. I want to choose makeup to compliment her new gown."

For the next half hour, Diane and the clerk experimented with colors and shades of seemingly endless concoctions of which hapless Robin had no knowledge or interest. He just decided to relax and let them have their way instead of resisting.

Finally, Diane allowed him to look at his image in the mirror. "Remember to be thrilled with your new appearance as would a normal adolescent girl," she whispered in his ear as he stumbled to the mirror in his unaccustomed heels.

Robin was astonished by the 'transformation' reflected back at him. This couldn't be a boy! She was definitely a girl at least college age! She wore an elegant red satin gown, heavy evening makeup, rosy blush that accentuated her high cheekbones, thick mascara, dark eyeliner, blue eyeshadow, generously applied cherry red lipstick, and matching nail polish. He knew he should pretend to be happy with his image and react with glee, but he couldn't. He was completely overwhelmed by the beautiful reflection staring back at him and gasped in disbelief.

"You're beautiful, Robin," Diane gushed while giving him an affectionate hug. "I'm so proud of you. I know you'll be a huge success in the play." She then assisted Robin in removing his gown and heavy makeup. Then she left to pay for their purchases while he changed back into the dress he had worn into the store and restored his light makeup.

Diane was in seventh heaven when she glanced at her femininely dressed son sitting with his knees together as she drove toward home. She had the daughter of her dreams for one more week and she fully intended to make the most of it.

"I want you to put your new heels on right now and wear them exclusively when you're home," Diane instructed when they were in the house.

"But Mom!" he protested. "Those heels are too high! I can't walk in them without holding onto something."

"My point exactly," she answered calmly. "You need lots of practice. What would the audience think if you stumbled onto the stage like someone who has never worn heels? Around here, you can hold onto anything available until you learn to walk gracefully and confidently in your heels like any eighteen year old girl."

Practice, practice, practice was Robin's regimen for the next week! He wore the heels and other feminine apparel, including lingerie and makeup, during every waking moment when he wasn't

in school. He was drilled in feminine actions, mannerisms, dressing, undressing, makeup application, and every conceivable feminine trait imaginable. He began to accept it as normal despite his efforts to the contrary. Diane even kept him out of school on Friday to extend her training period and to spend more time with her 'daughter'.

Robin had mixed emotions as the fateful day dawned. He was happy this was his last day in girl's clothes, but he knew he had to wear them on stage before a large audience that evening. As he worried about upcoming events, almost habitually, he stepped into a pair of white nylon panties, strapped on a slightly padded training bra, kneaded a pair of pantyhose up his legs, and pulled a white lacy minislip over his head.

In a fog, he slipped into a white silk polyester blouse. No longer noticing that the buttons were wrong for a boy, he fastened on a short black skirt and stepped into his red four-inch pumps. He had worn them all week and now walked in them as elegantly as any girl. In the same thoughtful trance, he applied light makeup and pink lipstick to his face and brushed his hair as he had been taught.

"I know you want to look your best tonight, so I made an appointment at the hairdressers, Sweetheart," Diane informed him. "It's for nine o'clock, so we have to hurry."

"The hairdressers? I can't go to a hairdresser!" Robin exclaimed in a panic filled voice. "That's just another name for a beauty parlor! I can't go to a beauty parlor! What will the women think of me? What will my friends think if I show up with a perm? Please Mom, don't make me do this."

"Don't be such a crybaby!" Diane chastised. "You should want your hair to look nice and conform to your feminine image for tonight. Every girl wants to have lovely hair. I'm sure Jacqueline O'Hara would be no different, even though she is a boy. Don't worry so! Nothing they do will last very long. We're down to the last requirement in preparation for your performance. After tonight, it will all be over. Please don't spoil it for me." With that, she broke into tears.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

Robin hated to see a woman cry, especially his own mother. His only defense was to relent and agree to accompany her to that feminine fortress where no males are allowed, the beauty parlor. "Don't cry Mom," he begged. "I'll go with you. Just don't make me wear these awful heels!"

"Very well," she answered while drying her fake tears, "I think your black pumps will do since you now walk so easily in them."

Happy with her concession and forgetting that he was a boy dressed completely as a girl on his way to a beauty parlor, Robin jumped up and kissed his mother on the cheek. "Thanks, Mom!" he cried happily as he ran up the stairs in the heels he had trouble standing in only a week before.

Robin didn't know what his mother was talking about when she told the beauty operator to apply a rinse and add highlights, but he understood full well when she mentioned curls! He wanted to protest, but was afraid of disclosing his real gender if he spoke. Thus, he decided to sit quietly while the girl did her job.

Robin was put under a dryer and given a Seventeen magazine to read after an eternity of having his hair washed, put up in rollers, and covered with smelly lotions. Eventually, they took him from under the dryer, removed the rollers, and brushed his new style into shape. He was aghast when he was finally allowed to look!

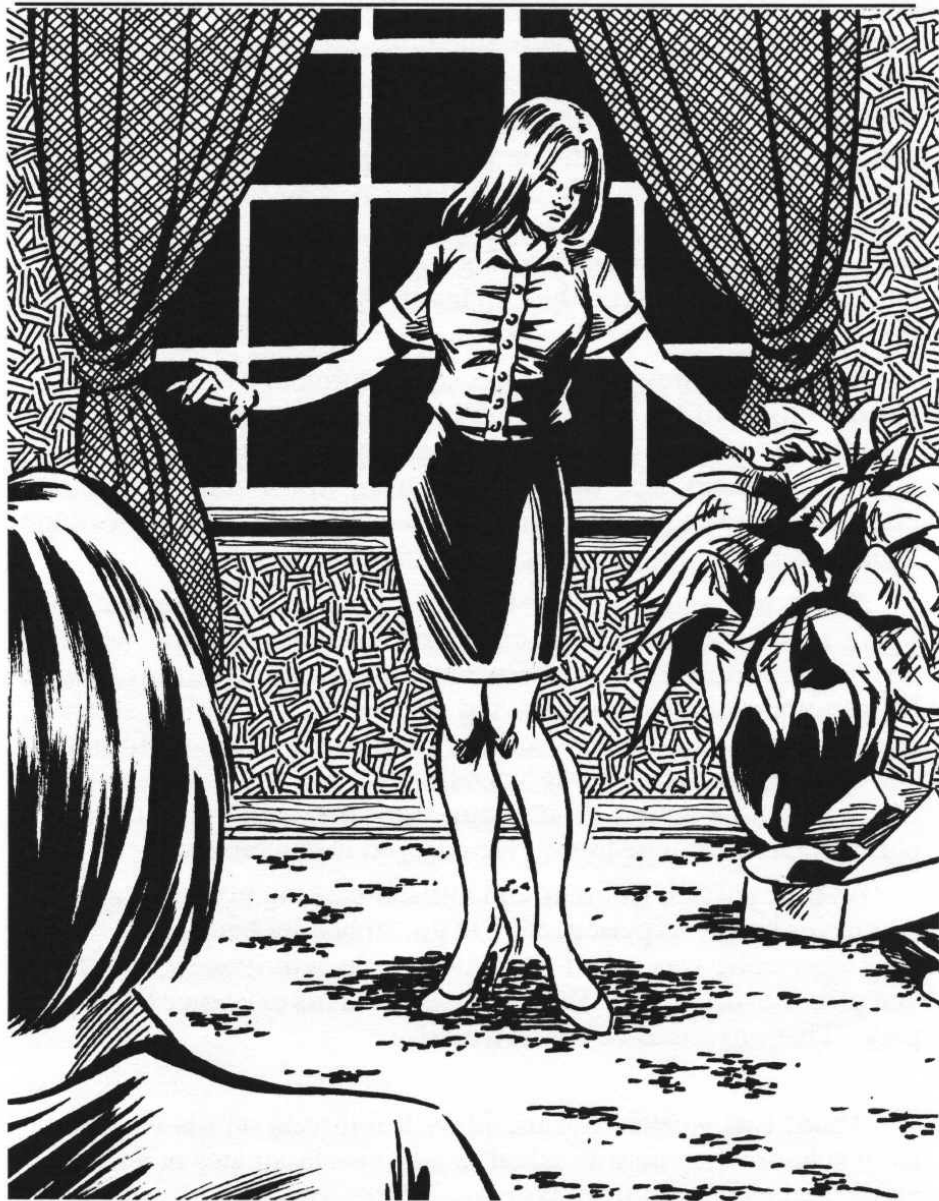
His hair was curled outward in a popular girls style, but worst of all, his hair was no longer its natural sandy color—it was now pale golden blonde! The kind of blonde that was only seen on girls! He wanted to scream and pull his hair out by the roots. How could he get away with hair this color around his friends? "Boys don't have hair this color! Do they?" he kept asking himself.

His only hope was in the beautician's words, "Nothing we did is all that permanent."

"But I'm blonde, Mom! I'm blonde!" he said a bit too loudly when Diane walked in to see him. "Why did you let them do this to me?"

"You look ravishing, darling," Diane gushed upon seeing her distraught son. Then in a whisper, "Don't give yourself away at this late date."

The play was a resounding success. The audience responded with thunderous applause as the final curtain was drawn. But that was only the beginning! He not only received a standing ovation,



Robin tried to get used to the tight fitting high heels.

"You really think I could get used to wearing these things?" he asked.

"You'll be walking like a lady in no time," his mother stated.



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but three curtain calls when the announcement was made that Robin French, a boy, had played the part of Jack O'Hara!

Diane was happy with the memories and pictures of her cute son. She was content with her one opportunity to dress him like a girl. Leona was happy because the play's success garnered her many accolades about the production and the surprise ending. Nobody, absolutely nobody, suspected that Robin was really a boy until the very end. Even then, many in the audience didn't believe it.

Robin was relieved to be back in his normal boy's clothes as he put the ordeal of the play behind him. Still, he dreaded his return to class on Monday. He was extremely reluctant to face the inevitable harassment that would come from his friends and fellow classmates. He begged to be allowed to stay home until some of the heat blew over, but his mother would have none of it.

Robin was astounded by the virtual absence of derisive comments about the feminine costumes he had worn on stage when he arrived at school. He was overwhelmed by the outpouring of praise heaped upon him by students and teachers alike. To his surprise, even his newfound friends were complimentary of his performance and said little of the way he was dressed. For the first time in his life, he was the center of attention from his peers in other than a contemptuous circumstance. He enjoyed it immensely.

As time passed, Robin found himself basking in a popularity he had never before experienced. He got ribbed by his friends, but to his surprise, he was asked to participate in activities by both boys and girls that had never even acknowledged his existence before the play. That proved to be his downfall.

About two weeks after the play, Robin was on his way home from school when he was asked to join his classmates in a football game against a team from Norwood Park. He couldn't say no. If he declined, he may not be asked again.

Robin didn't realize how rough the boys on the opposing team were. One of the boys, Jake Wilson, took a personal dislike to Robin right off the bat and told his teammates that he was going to get that sissy kid. A few plays later, Robin was hit in the face by an elbow, causing a severe nosebleed. One of the teachers leaving school saw him bleeding and took him to the school nurse who called his mother for permission to treat him.

Diane gave her permission for treatment, but she was furious. Robin had disobeyed her explicit instructions against getting involved in rough physical activities. He would have to be punished for his disobedience. But how? On the chance that Leona might have a suggestion, Diane dropped by her house for a talk.

“Let me see if I understand your problem,” Leona said with a coy grin after Diane told of her dilemma. “First, Robin disobeyed you and he must be punished. Second, you don’t want him hanging around with rowdy boys. Third, you can’t trust him to stay home because you’re afraid he’ll sneak out and get hurt again. Fourth, you have to work, and you need someone to supervise him in your absence. Am I right so far?”

“Yes!”

Leona was thrilled with the experience of directing the play and invoking her will on Robin. Now, she saw an opportunity to extend the thrill. “I know something you can do,” she answered, “but you must be totally committed.”

“What?”

“Enroll him in my four o’clock dancing class at Norwood Park High School. He’ll be under my supervision and you’ll know exactly where he is and what he’s doing. You can be sure he won’t be associating with hooligan friends or playing rough sports where he might be injured again.”

“But your class is only for girls!” Diane exclaimed, not comprehending her friend’s suggestion.

“Yes?”

“A group of girls would make fun of a boy in their class.”

“They would make fun of a BOY, but they wouldn’t tease another girl,” Leona responded with a smile. “Robin would blend in and no one would realize he’s a boy if he wore a skirted costume like the others. Who would ever KNOW with a saucy little skirt and blouse uniform, a little strategic makeup, his recently styled hair, and the intensive training you gave him in girlish mannerisms? Besides, all the girls in my class come from the Norwood Park area. None have ever known him as a boy. Think about it!”

Diane didn’t take much convincing. This was a perfect way to protect Robin and enjoy her rightful daughter again. Robin would start dance class the very next day. Leona would supply the costume, and Diane would inform the ill-fated boy of his new activity and instruct him to report to Leona after school.

Robin was not happy when his mother informed him of his pending dance class and how he was expected to dress. He moaned, "I just got through wearing dresses and things for the play. It's not fair that I have to join a girl's dance class and wear a skirt!"

Diane's face became hard and she spat, "Not fair to whom? You were told not to associate with rowdy boys or to get involved in rough sports. You defied me and got hurt! Thank goodness, it wasn't serious. You've proved that you can't be trusted and that you need supervision to avoid such episodes in the future. Leona will look after you until I get home from work by having you join her dance class."

"Why do I have to wear a skirt like the girls?"

"You will be out of place as a boy. Wearing a skirt will remind you that you aren't to participate in violent sports!"

"None of my friends have to wear skirts and take dancing lessons," Robin countered, feeling very sorry for himself.

"That's because they're rough and tough, not delicate and fragile like you," she answered with no regard to his feelings.

As tears built up in his eyes, he asked, "How long will I have to go there?"

"I'll review your progress within a month!"

"A month?" he gasped.

"If you behave yourself, work hard, and learn your lessons without disrupting Leona's class, you can shorten the time. You will report to Leona in her classroom immediately after school tomorrow and each day thereafter. She will help you dress in your dance costume and take you with her to class. If you hang around with your roughneck friends, your punishment will be extend indefinitely. After your bath, I'll help you try on your new dance outfit to make sure it fits."

Half an hour later, Robin's worst fears were realized. He dreaded wearing the skirt and blouse. Now he discovered there were other things even worse—if that were possible. Lying on his bed was a pair of white nylon panties, a lacy camisole, and white leotards! Shortly, he was wearing them, along with the blouse and skirt, and he knew how he would look in dance class.

Robin could not pay attention to his studies throughout the next day at school. His mind was focused on how the girls in his class were dressed and behaved. He couldn't believe his mother was

making him wear a skirt and blouse for dance lessons with a bunch of girls. The very thought made him angry. "They'll know I'm a boy," he thought dejectedly, "Word will get back to the gang and that will be the end of me. Surely, Mom is just trying to scare me. She wouldn't really do this awful thing to her own son!"

Time seemed to fly at incredible speed. This was the first time Robin had ever wished a school day would never end, but end it did. He reported to Leona to dress for his first dance class. Putting on the embarrassing clothes in front of his teacher and walking out of school in them would be an added humiliation.

"Don't worry about dressing in my presence Robin," Leona tried to calm the nervous boy. "I saw you in your pretty undies at the play, remember?"

When he was fully dressed, she cooed, "Aren't you just a doll! That short skirt looks so sweet. See how the red contrasts nicely with your cute white leotards? Most of the other girls in class wear clothes like yours. That's why I chose them for you. They look very cute when your skirt flies up!"

Robin stood and bore the indignity of her comments. "What an awful, awful way to punish a boy," he thought dejectedly.

Leona watched as Robin nervously played with the hem of his skirt as she drove to the dance studio. "There's no need to fret about being discovered as a boy. The girls will be dressed the same as you. They would never suspect a boy of being in their dance class, especially not such a pretty boy."

Leona could have used a better choice of words to allay her student's fears. He burst into tears when she referred to him as a 'pretty boy'. She knew that boys don't like to be called 'pretty'!

Leona thought about Robin's ability to blend in. She mused, "I won't have to show him much with the training and practice he's already had. He already knows to smooth his skirt before he sits and to keep his knees together. He will do just fine."

When she arrived at the studio, Leona said, "Robin, I know you're anxious to get started, so put these tap shoes on and I'll introduce you to the class."

As Robin slipped the black patent leather dancing shoes on his feet, Leona cautioned, "Watch the other girls, and move like they do. You might raise suspicions if you're different. Let them start talking and pick the subjects. Remember, girls don't talk about

sports! Don't be shy and you might be surprised to learn that girls are fun to be with. You may even like being a girl." She then took his hand and said, "Let's go!"

Robin wanted to die. "Act like a girl, talk like a girl, be like a girl, and you might even like being a girl," Robin said sarcastically to himself, mimicking her words. "EEE-Yuuuk! No way will they ever get ME to like being a girl and wearing these stupid clothes!"

"Ladies," Leona commanded the students' attention, "We have two new members. Cathy Wilson and Robin French."

Robin noticed that Cathy was a very delicate, pretty girl about the same size as himself. She had long blond hair, also like him. Leona placed them together and started the lesson. Robin moaned, "I can't believe I'm doing this. I'm in a dance class with girls that think I'm a girl too!"

Not one of the girls gave Robin the slightest inkling anything was unusual about him. He passed the first hurdle and was elated, not because he was dressed from the skin out as a girl, but because no one suspected he was a boy!

"All right girls, let's go!" Leona instructed while clapping her hands. "Everyone line up. Smallest here, the tallest to the left".

Robin was embarrassed once again. He was in a girl's dance class and guess WHO was the smallest of them all! Soon he was doing basic ballet exercises. "OH MAN," he thought as he mimicked Leona's gyrations, "I would be the laughing stock forever if any of the guys saw me doing this."

Leona led them through deep knee bends, leg raises, and jumping jacks with arms crossed overhead. All her movements were distinctly feminine, arms flowing graciously, wrists held limply. Robin could see the others following along with ease, and he concentrated hard to be like them. "I can't let them find out I'm a boy," he thought, "I'll just have to be as graceful as they are. Wearing girl's clothes and dancing like a them is really awful!"

The lesson had about fifteen minutes left when Diane arrived at the studio. By that time, many mothers had arrived to pick up their daughters and they stood together watching the practice.

"They look soooo sweet in those darling outfits," Diane heard someone whisper in her ear. The woman next to her said, "Hi! I'm Ellen Wilson. That's my daughter Cathy in the front row second from the end. Which is yours?"



*“Act like a girl, talk like a girl, be like a girl,
and you might even like being a girl,”
NO BOY COULD DO THAT!!!*

“Diane French. I’m glad to meet you,” she replied, “That little one at the end with the pony tail is my...uh...daughter Robin. Yes, they do look sweet.”

Introductions over, the two mothers’s sat back to watch the activity on stage while continuing to talk. “Do you have any other children, Diane?” Ellen asked.

“No. How about you?”

"I have a son, a year older than Cathy. I just came from watching his football practice."

"OH MY! You let your son play football! That's such a rough sport. Aren't you afraid he could get hurt?" Diane asked in a surprised tone.

"Actually, I'm more worried that Jake will hurt someone else," Ellen replied. "He's always been such a rugged boy. He's really getting strong and aggressive now that he's started working out with weights. He can take care of himself. If anything, he's probably too rough. Yesterday, he gave some boy a bloody nose. Poor thing."

Diane's interest in Ellen's story intensified as she realized that by some twist of fate, Robin had already made contact with both Wilson children. Jake had bloodied his nose and Cathy was his dance partner. "What a small world!" she thought excitedly.

At break time, the girls separated into small groups and omitted Robin and Cathy, the 'new girls'. Robin, heeding Leona's advice, let Cathy do most of the talking. This was the first time he had ever talked to a girl one on one and the experience wasn't as horrible as he had imagined. Cathy captured his interest when she talked about her brother Jake, and he realized this was the same JAKE who gave him the bloody nose. He hated boys who were rugged like Jake because they were the ones that bullied him and called him a sissy.

Despite that, he and Cathy became instant friends, and they joined at the breaks for girl talk. During those chats, Robin learned a lot about girls he never realized. They played sports like touch football, tennis, and softball, but not so rough of course. They went to movies, out for ice cream, rode bikes, and listened to the latest music as boys. The biggest difference was their clothes! THAT brought him back to reality!

The rest of that week, Robin's schoolwork took a nosedive. He stared at the girls, observing how they dressed, walked, and sat. He wished he could mingle and become friends with them like with the girls in dance class. They had something in common to talk about, but he knew it would be futile to try. "I would fit in with the girls if I was wearing a skirt, but since I'm dressed as a boy, they won't give me the time of day."

Leona was thrilled to have an effeminately dressed male under her tutelage. Robin had little difficulty blending in as one of the girls, and he made friends with everyone, especially Cathy.

Diane had a joyous week. She loved watching her pretty son dancing with the girls in that darling costume as well as the comradeship of being with the other women. The things they discussed made her feel like she had a daughter too.

Ellen was very happy that she had enrolled Cathy in the class, as it was great to do something with her daughter for a change. She was tired of watching her son bash other kids at football practice. Getting away to be with the girls was a nice change. Cathy was excited about dancing and her new friend. Somehow, Robin was different from other girls, but she didn't know why.

When Saturday came, Diane reluctantly allowed her son to resume his regular pursuits and his boy's clothes. After a week of dancing lessons among the girls, one would think he would be somewhat subdued, but when he was out of her sight, he was like an uncaged animal. "What a relief to be free", he thought. "Being with boys again is great!"

"We're all going to the big game next Saturday Robin," Gary said. "If State wins, they'll move into the top ten. Can you come with us?"

"You bet!" Robin replied in his best bravado tone, knowing he wouldn't have to take dance lessons on the weekend. Besides, he had been totally obedient all week. "Surely Mom will let me go to the game with the guys," he thought.

Monday evening, during dance class, Ellen handed Diane a note saying, "Take this, but don't let Cathy see you. It's an invitation to her sweet sixteenth birthday party Saturday."

As Diane took the envelope and slipped it into her purse, Ellen added, "I'm sorry for the short notice, but I hope you and Robin can attend. I'm inviting all the girls from dance class and their mothers. We could play cards and get better acquainted while the kids are having their party. I put 'Party Dresses' on the invitation because I thought it would be fun to see the girls all dolled up. Wearing pretty dresses will be fun for us and the girls as well, don't you think?"

"That's a fine idea Ellen. I agree one hundred percent. I'm sure the other mothers will too," Diane replied with a smile as she thought of Robin all dolled up in a party dress.

During the drive home, Diane gave Robin the invitation and waited for his reaction.

He read the card several times, and scoffed at the idea of attending a girl's party. "Wear your party dresses so you will look

like young ladies,” he said in a mocking jeer, before ripping up the invitation and throwing it out the window.

“I want you to go to that party as a special favor,” Diane said nicely. “Cathy really likes you, and would be very disappointed if you didn’t attend her party.”

Robin wasn’t about to agree to this crazy party idea! He’d had his fill of skirts! When the car stopped, he jumped out and ran upstairs. He couldn’t get out of his sissy dance costume fast enough. In his haste, he literally ripped it from his body.

When Diane arrived, he was wearing only his panties and had destroyed everything else. Taking one look at her, he screamed at the top of his lungs, “I’m not going to any stupid girl’s party! I’m not wearing these awful clothes anymore! I’m not going to that sissy dance class ever again! I’m a boy, and it’s not right to make me pretend to be a stupid, silly, girl! Next Saturday, I’m going to the game with the guys, and that’s that!”

To add emphasis to his fury, he grabbed his panties by the waist with both hands and pulled as hard as he could, ripping the flimsy garment in half. Looking at what his anger had wrought, he flung the pieces to the floor with his other ruined garments.

Diane’s initial reflex was to match his tantrum with one of her own, but a calm head won out. “All right Robin,” she stated in a cold, hard voice. “We’ll do this the hard way. Not only will you go to the party in a pretty dress like the other girls; you’ll go to go to dance class indefinitely. As punishment for this outrage, beginning Saturday, you will wear dresses full time for a month, not just to dance class. Perhaps then, you’ll learn to behave.”

Robin had never seen his mother like this. His aggressiveness evaporated, and he realized he was in deep trouble! Still, he couldn’t let this awful subject drop. “OOOOHHH NOOOOO,” he pleaded upon hearing her edict. “Please Mom, don’t make me wear dresses all the time. What if my friends see me in a dress? Puleezze, not that!!! Anything but THAT!”

“I’m sorry Robin,” she stated flatly. “Look at your pretty clothes. This is all your fault, and wearing dresses full time is your punishment. You are the one who ripped up Cathy’s invitation and destroyed your dance clothes because you associated with those rowdy boys last Saturday. Well, young man, I will not stand for this kind of impertinence!!!”

Robin was totally in shock by his mother’s words. This was truly the worst punishment of all. “Isn’t it enough that I have to

wear a stupid dress to a dumb party full of girls? Isn't that enough punishment?" Robin shouted defiantly.

"No, that's not enough! As additional punishment for destroying your dance costume, put on one of the pretty outfits you wore in the play for our trip to Leona's house to get another. While you're dressing, I'll call to let her know we're coming and why."

Upon answering the phone, Leona advised, "Don't go back on your word just because Robin is crying. He has to obey you. If you don't want him to play with those rowdy boys and pick up their boyish habits, you'll must remain firm. He won't like dressing as a girl, so expect him to try every trick in the book to get out of it. Remember to be firm, and don't harp on the 'wearing dresses full time' demand until after the party."

Robin ended the day wearing a skirt and blouse he had worn in the play with the appropriate undies, and he possessed a new dance costume identical to the one he had destroyed.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, he thought, "I don't see how I can get out of going to Cathy's party in a dress, but if I act like Mom wants for the rest of the week, maybe she'll forget about my wearing dresses all the time. Maybe she'll even let me go to the game before the party. Anyway, it's sure worth a try!"

Diane was amazed by his change of attitude during the following days. Seeing how hard he was trying to please her, she even had thoughts of rescinding his month long penance in dresses. She probably would have if not for encouragement from Leona.

Saturday finally arrived! Noting the overcast sky and the trees waving in the wind, Diane sighed, "What a perfect day to get ready for a party. Even Robin will be happy to spend time shopping with me instead of venturing out on such a blustery day. Once he sees this bad weather, he won't be so anxious to go to that dumb old game."

Spending a whole day doing girlish things with her daughter was not only fun for a mother; it was a time to teach. This was a time when she passed to her daughter the secrets of becoming a lady. The sessions were invaluable in teaching the art of feminine behavior. This was on Diane's mind even though she really didn't have a daughter! She did the same thing with her mother, and now it was her turn to teach, with just one little difference, she would be teaching her SON!

Robin too was looking out the window, but his observation was completely different. "Overcast, cold, windy. A perfect day for a football game! I'll bet the stands will be packed," he thought as he looked at the ticket. "Except for me that is! I have to go to that stupid birthday party instead!"

As Diane started toward Robin's room, she heard the back doorbell ring. Not expecting anyone, she got to the door just in time to see two of Robin's delinquent friends slipping a note into a hiding place behind the shutter. When they left, she retrieved the note. In shock, she discovered that the contents were definitely not meant to be seen by her.

It read: "Robin, don't forget to bring money for the poker game and to pay for your share of the beer. My parents will be gone all weekend, so make up some story for your Mom so you can stay out all night. See you at the game. Meet us behind the hangout at ten o'clock if you can go. Bob and Dennis."

"Well!" Diane huffed after re-reading the incriminating note for the third time. "He's planning to run off to the game with those hooligans and skip Cathy's party, is he." Taking a moment to regain her composure and to re-think the insidious scheme she and Leona had devised, a devious smile played across her face. "Maybe I should pretend nothing has happened and save this little tidbit for later. The next phase of our plan is a bit weak. This note may be just the boost we need to drop a bombshell on my little rebel!"

Diane tucked the incriminating note away and went to Robin's room. He was already awake and dressed in jeans and a tee shirt. She assumed he was preparing to sneak out to meet his friends. Unknown to her, he had resigned himself to his fate and was mentally prepared to wear a dress to the party. In spite of her suspicions and anger, she greeted him warmly. "Good morning darling. Did you sleep well?"

"No mother, I didn't. I kept thinking about Cathy's party. Please don't make me go there in a dress."

Diane knew she had to keep total control or all would be lost. "Sorry to disappoint you dear," she decreed, "but you will attend Cathy's party in a pretty party dress. I'm sorry if that scares you! You were disobedient and that is your punishment!"

"But Mom, why can't I do both? The party isn't until six. I'll have plenty time after the game to get ready," he argued.

"BOYS!!!" Diane spat. "What do they know about getting ready for a party? They shower, put on pants, shirt, tie, and jacket.

After they brush their teeth and hair, that's it! It's a lot different for girls because there's a lot more to do than just putting on a dress! If you were going to the party as a boy, you may have time to do both, but since you are wearing a dress, the game is out." She took his ticket, ripped it up, and threw it in the trash.

"Mom, my ticket!" he protested.

"Don't worry about your silly ticket!" she shot back. "You have a hairdresser appointment at ten, and we still have to shop for your dress. Now, I suggest you put on a dress and makeup."

Robin knew first hand the embarrassment if anyone recognized him as a boy in the beauty parlor or trying on dresses in the boutique. Knowing his mother would not relent; he reluctantly pulled his tee shirt over his head. On the plus side, she hadn't said anymore about him wearing dresses all the time for a month and he certainly didn't want to get her started on that subject again!

Diane said, "I'll start breakfast while you dress." She left his room with a happy smile as she anticipated spending a day shopping and getting ready for the party with her new daughter. The fact that he wasn't a girl was of no consequence in her mind.

Later in the hairdresser chair, Robin wished he had protested when his mother told the operator to retouch his roots because they were beginning to show. Only the fear that she would expose him as a boy if he complained stopped him. As he sat in misery and self-pity, he noticed the operator was using smaller rollers than before. Ignorant of what this meant, he kept silent and lamented his fate while she rolled his hair.

The weight of curlers and pins added a noticeable sensation of heaviness that boys never experience and the pins poked his head. He had overheard girls saying they wouldn't go out with their hair in curlers. Now, he understood why!

The girl finished rolling his hair, placed a blue curler cap over his head, and led him to the dryer. "How long do I have to stay under this thing?" he asked as she stuffed tissues under the curler cap by his ears.

"At least an hour," she answered, not believing these questions from a girl getting her hair permed for a party. "The rollers will feel hot after a while and the tissue will protect your ears. I don't want you to be uncomfortable."

When Diane came into the room and saw the girl combing out Robin's pretty new hairstyle, she felt like she had the daughter of her dreams. "That style looks lovely on you, darling," she beamed, "and the color is even richer than before."

"Mom, this is a perm!" he hissed beneath his breath when the girl excused herself for a moment. "I won't be able to brush it into a boy's style, and I'll really be a laughing stock at school!"

"You'll be the laughing stock here if you don't lower your voice!" she shot back in a threatening whisper. "We can talk about this here where your secret is bound to come out or we can wait until later. What's your choice?"

Robin shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor, seeing his skirt and exposed legs. "Later, I guess," he mumbled.

"Good," she acknowledged. "Here's five dollars. Tip the girl and tell her she did a beautiful job. You had better smile when you say it too, unless you want to make her suspicious. No teenage girl would be upset with that hair style."

Robin gritted his teeth, smiled, tipped the girl, and meekly thanked her for making him so pretty. He was thinking about how he would be ruined when his friends saw his feminine hairstyle. Once they were on the street, Robin again chastised his mother for trying to make him into a girl, but she said, "Everything will be fine. We just have to find you a pretty dress."

Before long, Robin was in a boutique trying on dresses that were designed to make a gangly sixteen year old girl attractive on dressy occasions. After trying on several, the sales lady brought out an adorable sky blue dress and held it up to the hapless lad who had stripped to his slip and heels. "Such a pretty shade of blue!" Diane gushed. "Look at the adorable puffed sleeves! What a pretty bow, and the lace is so dainty! Hurry and try it on sweetheart. This may be the one!"

"Notice the full skirt," the lady said. "It's perfect for pretty petticoats and I have just the right ones." She left and quickly returned with a lovely baby blue taffeta petticoat that had three tiers of billowing skirts flowing from the beribboned waist. Each layer was a different length, but they were all decorated alike with dark blue ribbons with white Tiffany lace encircling the hems.

"Take off your slip, hon," the clerk mused. "You won't need it with this full petticoat. It's made to be worn under today's fashions, and it's knee length to show off your pretty legs. Let me

help you with that," she advised as Robin adjusted the frilly item about his waist. "Today's girls aren't accustomed to lacy petticoats. Walk about and let your mother see how you look."

"Turn quickly like a dance spin," Diane instructed as he turned back and forth before her. Robin did not think about the consequences of that action, but when he blindly obeyed, he found out soon enough. His skirt swirled out and up, revealing his fancy petticoat and trim thighs to just shy of his panties. When he realized what was happening, his face turned bright red and he abruptly stopped and pushed his skirts down.

"Very nicely done," Diane gushed. "This is definitely the dress we want, but we need nylons and matching heels to make it perfect!" While the clerk was away gathering the requested items, Diane looked at her ill-fated son and said, "When she returns, you can bet she'll ask if you want to wear pantyhose or a garter belt and stockings. If you're smart, you'll plead with me to let you get your first garter belt. We both know you wore one in the play, but most young girls have never had the experience."

As Diane predicted, the clerk returned with several pairs of panties and training bras in matching colors, and said, "I didn't know if you planned to wear pantyhose or nylons and a garter belt. Which do you prefer?"

Knowing he had to pretend to like what he was seeing, he pleaded, "Oh Mother, please let me wear a garter belt! I've never worn one and Cathy's party is a perfect place to start!"

Diane knew she had him now! "All right sweetheart," she purred. "If your heart is set on it, pick out the prettiest bra and panties and we'll look at the matching garter belts."

In resignation, he selected a pair of baby blue flared leg panties and a lacy bra that were decorated with pretty ribbons and bows to match his petticoat. "They're darling", Diane gushed as she lifted the panties and swished them from side to side to see how they looked. "I just know you'll love wearing them! See how different these panties are from the ones you usually wear? They'll be so cute on you!"

Robin was stunned! "These panties are different from the ones I'm wearing, all right!" he thought. "They're awful!" He had never seen panties such as these, much less worn them. The legs were full and encircled by ruffles with saucy little bows here and there to make them look dainty.

"I'm sure you'll love these darling," Diane gushed. "The legs are full and flared, and there's no elastic to bind. They're so light, airy, and pretty." If she was expecting Robin to look pleased, she was disappointed. "That's okay," she thought. "What if his performance in pretending to love these things isn't perfect? He's doing much better than before, and after all, he's only my pretend girl."

Robin's expression indicated how awful he felt as his eyes shifted upwards from the fancy panties and, the oh so awful, bra! Diane, who had enjoyed watching his reaction said, "Come along darling. Let's see about those garter belts you're dying for."

Somehow, Robin endured the humiliating experience of buying a frilly garter belt with bows that matched his petticoat, two pairs of sheer smoky nylons (the second in case he got a run), and a pair of sky blue three inch pumps. Finally, this shameful shopping ordeal was over.

Diane was on top of the world! She had just spent time shopping and at the hairdressers with her pretend daughter. Now they were on the way home to get dressed in their special purchases for a party. What could be more FUN! Robin, on the other hand, was miserable almost to the point of tears for the same reasons. He had missed the football game, and to make matters worse, he didn't even know the score!

The pair didn't get home until nearly four o'clock, and they hadn't eaten since breakfast. Robin had been so distressed trying on the feminine clothes, he completely forgot his hunger. "We didn't eat lunch Mother. I'm starved!" he said as they put their packages down.

"Eat an apple," Diane responded. "We don't have much time to get ready. Besides, I'm sure the Wilson's will have cake and ice cream." The apple would satisfy his appetite without the calories, as she very much wanted him to maintain his trim figure.

To Robin's dismay, he soon was dressing in the chic feminine garments they had purchased earlier. He shivered as he pulled the flimsy panties up his legs. They were much frillier than any he had worn before. Due to his practice getting ready for the play, he knew how to fasten the garter belt, thread the garters beneath his panties, and tightly attached them to the sheer nylons encasing his slim legs. He had just finished when Diane entered his room. She had

removed her dress and was clad in her slip. He was shocked, having not seen his mother in her undies since he was a small child.

She tried to calm him saying, "Don't be upset darling. It's not unusual for a daughter to see her mother in her underwear. My lingerie is just a plain version of the lavish frillies you insisted we buy at the boutique, so don't be embarrassed."

"This wouldn't be happening if only I had stayed home and done my housework like mother said instead of sneaking out to play football," Robin regretfully moaned to himself.

"Put this on to cover your pretty undies and to keep from getting chilled while we get you ready," Diane suggested, producing a diaphanous negligee.

Robin was speechless as he lifted his arms to slip into the filmy negligee. He felt a tingling sensation from the feel of this soft feminine gown despite his natural masculine disgust at being so dressed.

Diane read his contempt, but she hadn't expected him to behave differently. "A steady diet of wearing feminine clothes will change that chauvinistic attitude!" she reflected. She fluffed the prissy sheer full sleeves and pulled the ruffled lace cuffs down to his wrists. After arranging his long hair over the lacy collar, she tied a pretty blue satin ribbon into a pert bow and stood back to admire her handiwork.

Robin noticed that the negligee did little to hide his undies, and he wailed, "Ah MOM! You said this negligee thing would cover up my undies, but you can still see them!"

"They are covered, silly," she chided. "They just aren't hidden from view. The sheerness gives your ensemble a provocative flair." Vowing to follow Leona's advice, she continued, "Remove your nylons and sit at the vanity so I can give you a pedicure."

"Why do you have to polish my toenails? No one can see them in my shoes."



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“Those pretty satin pumps we bought have open toes. Your toenails will be on display for everyone to see, so stop complaining. We’ll use the same color as your fingernails so they will match.” Robin shuddered, but he knew he had no choice. Reluctantly, he followed her instructions and watched in amazement as she painted them a matching shade of pink.

He sat miserably in his fancy lingerie and sheer negligee while his mother got ready. His fingers were extended, and his feet were propped up on a stool with cotton balls between his toes to allow the polish to dry. “This shouldn’t be happening to a boy,” he whimpered. “It’s not right! I had rather die than let the gang see me like this.”

“Time to make ourselves pretty,” Diane announced when she returned. “Sit beside me sweetie, and I’ll show you the secrets of applying makeup.” Robin knew he was in deep, deep, trouble. In spite of his reservations, he was soon lost in an avalanche of information on a subject he neither knew nor cared about.

While covering his face with the many strange powders and liquids on her vanity, Diane drummed into great detail on makeup and its purpose. She endlessly explained how base hid blemishes and added tone, how to highlight cheekbones to enhance his beauty, how to apply eyeshadow to match his dress, how eyeliner made eyes appear larger and more attractive, how mascara thickened, separated, and extended lashes, and on, and on.

She had just positioned the eyelash curler onto his lashes when they heard horns blowing, tires screeching, and loud yelling in the street. Apparently the game was over and the gang was coming home. He was preparing to admonish his mother for making him miss this celebrated event when the doorbell rang.

Diane’s first inclination was to ignore it, but suddenly, she had a bright idea. If successful, she could force her son to become more cooperative in her efforts to make him sweet and feminine. “Hold onto this until I get back darling,” she said sweetly, as she placed his hand on the handle. “Don’t release your grip while I’m gone or I’ll be very angry.”

An instant later, Robin found himself in the unenviable position of curling his own lashes. An intense feeling of shame engulfed him as he heard the voices of his friends downstairs. “We must have won the game, and the guys are here to see if I’m going to the party with them,” he thought. “I’m going to a party all right!” he steamed sarcastically as he peered into the mirror. “I’m wearing my



Robin found himself in the unenviable position of curling his own lashes. An intense feeling of shame engulfed him as he heard the voices of his friends downstairs. He prayed his mother wouldn't let them into his room!

prettiest lingerie and Mom is helping me put on my makeup! If the guys see me now...!"

His self pity was interrupted as he heard his mother call out, "Robin darling, Dennis and Bob are here. They want to know if you are going to the celebration bash with them?"

"Oh no!" he thought as he was filled with panic. "I'm dead if she lets them up here to see me like this!" Knowing he had to answer quickly, he called out, "Tell them I can't. I have to go to a party in Norwood Park."

"They want to know if you'll come down and hear about the game?"

Never before had Robin had friends come by to tell him about a sporting event. Now that they finally did, he couldn't bring himself to face them! "I can't go down there in panties, padded bra, and thin negligee with my nails polished and makeup on my face," he sobbed.

"I don't have time now Mom," he shouted while fighting hard to keep his voice from breaking into sobs. His heart was pounding like a drum, and he hoped against hope that his mother would send his friends away. "I'm running late and have to finish getting ready for the party. Tell them I'll see them at school on Monday."

When Diane returned upstairs, she was pleased with herself, "My sweet son is going to a party, but not with that rowdy bunch!" she thought gleefully. "The less he sees of them, the happier I'll be. They did come in handy just now. Maybe they aren't totally useless."

"You wouldn't have made me come down looking like this, would you Mom?" he asked nervously.

"I came very close to inviting them up here. I may call them back unless you start cooperating and stop complaining," she lied in an assuring voice. "As you can hear, they're still out in the street celebrating. Hurry now! Time is growing short."

Her threat worked. After that, she had a most cooperative subject possible! In fact, he was so agreeable that he put on his own lipstick. Diane thought happily, "This is almost as good as having a real daughter!"

Every nerve in Robin's body was on fire as he held tightly to his little purse and listened to his heels clicking on the walk toward Cathy's door. He was acutely aware of the lacy petticoat caressing his nylon-covered thighs beneath his swirling skirt. He thought,

"This shouldn't be happening. I'm a boy. No boy should be forced to go to a party in a dress. It's bad enough that I have to wear a skirt and pretend to be a girl in dancing class, but this is going too far, way too far!"

Once inside, Robin found himself among a group of excited girls dressed in similar fashion. Since they assumed he was also a girl, they naturally expected him to be just as thrilled. Everyone seemed to talk at once, and the room was filled with excited high-pitched voices.

"Robin!" Cathy shouted as she rushed over to him. "I'm so glad you're here! Oh, what a lovely dress, and you're wearing a petticoat! Let me see," she spouted as she raised his skirt to investigate without waiting for a response. "It's beautiful. That delicate lace and those satin bows are scrumptious!"

"The puffed sleeves are just darling," said another.

"Your waist is so tiny," cried yet another. "Are you wearing a waist cinch?"

Robin was beside himself! This wasn't the response he expected and he wasn't sure how to react. Boys have no idea what girls go through in order to look pretty or how they carry on about their efforts among themselves. This boy was learning fast! Before he could push his skirt down to protect his modesty, Cathy stood and raised her own to reveal articles heretofore forbidden to him as a boy. As he ogled her nylon covered thighs and lacy undies; several of the other girls followed suit and exposed their frillies to his curious eyes as well! A potentially traitorous lustful smile played across his painted lips as he reviewed the sensuous scene before him. Fortunately, his expression was read as happiness. His secret was safe for the time being.

To Robin's surprise, once he saw that no one suspected his real gender, he entered into the festivities. He actually started enjoying the party! After refreshments and opening presents, Cathy turned on her stereo. With the absence of boys, the girls paired off and danced with each other. Robin enjoyed dancing close to the attractive girls in their exquisite gowns. To his dismay, he found himself the follower during most dances because of his small stature. As a boy, he wanted to lead, but to avoid detection; he assumed the traditional feminine role.

Cathy's brother Jake and his friend Jim Chancy, the star line-backer, came in from a post-game party. Both boys, being elated

to find such an array of pretty girls, eagerly joined the festivities. The girls were ecstatic to have the football heroes among them, even though two boys amid sixteen girls was a dismal mismatch.

As the boys danced with one girl after another, Robin found himself in the unenviable position of being the dance partner of both of these strong, athletic young men. He enjoyed dancing, but he was extremely afraid of being recognized as a boy despite his ultra feminine costume. When that didn't happen, he tried to relax. During one of the slow dances with Jake, his curiosity got the best of him and he asked questions that no girl would ever ask about a college football game.

Jake was clearly intrigued by this girl who knew so much about football! He had never known a girl who cared about yardage, first downs, tackles, interceptions, and the like. Most girls were content to be seen with the hero of the hour, not caring what he had done.

When the dance ended, Jake led Robin to the sofa for further conversation. He was clearly enamored with this fascinating girl who knew so much about football. After that, to the annoyance of the other girls, Jake only danced with Robin. He learned that this fascinating 'girl' was a sophomore at Central High and his sister's dance partner. "She's very cute, and she sure is knowledgeable about sports," he thought.

When Robin and Diane returned home, he was glad the potentially humiliating ordeal was over and he hurried to his room to divest himself of his loathsome dress. He had just stripped off his petticoat when Diane walked in carrying a handful of pink nylon. "You can borrow my favorite babydoll nightie until we get you a nice nightgown," she announced with a broad smile. "I'm sure you'll love it as much as I do."

"But Mom!" he complained. "I did everything you said. I wore that stupid dress to the party like you wanted. I even danced as a girl with Jake and Jim! I thought all this girl stuff was over."

Diane remembered Leona's words, "If you truly want him to look and act like a girl during the day, he has to dress like one at night too! To accomplish your goal, you must deny him everything masculine. Keep him in dresses during the day and negligees at night. Do whatever it takes to get him to feel, as well as look, feminine!"



Every nerve in Robin's body was on fire as he held tightly to his little purse and listened to his heels clicking on the walk toward Cathy's door. Diane was so delighted with her son.

She knew she couldn't relent now. "But sweetheart, surely you remember that you have to wear girl's clothes all the time for a month," she answered seriously. "That includes nights."

Robin had stepped out of his petticoat and was down to his elaborate panties, bra, garter belt, nylons, and heels. His heart jumped into his throat at her words. "But that would mean I would have to. . ." his voice trailed off. The thought of wearing dresses to school was so repulsive that he couldn't say the words.

"That's right!" Diane confirmed, "You have to wear dresses to school. I thought you understood that! Finish undressing and put on your nightie. I'll be back shortly to help you get ready for bed." She tossed the nightie on the bed and left him with his fears.

Robin's first inclination was to rip his remaining lingerie to shreds, but he knew destroying his dance costume was a large factor in bringing on his current crisis. Hopeful that he could convince her to change her mind, he carefully undressed and slipped into the soft nightie as instructed. From past experience, he knew he had to remove his makeup and cream his face before going to bed. As he sat at his vanity to perform that feminine chore, he glanced at his girlish reflection in the mirror and a feeling of deep shame engulfed him.

When Diane returned, she was wearing a long pink nightgown and negligee that matched his babydoll ensemble. "Very good darling," she praised as she sat beside him. In an effort to insure his cooperation in the future, she added, "You'll find life much easier if you cooperate. Before you go to bed, we must put your hair in rollers to keep from ruining your new hairdo."

Robin pleaded, "Please Mom, I disobeyed you, and I deserved to be punished, but please don't make me go to school in girl's clothes. I'll do anything you ask!"

"Let's put your hair in rollers for the night. We'll discuss it in the morning," she cooed.

"But Mom," he pleaded, "why do I have to roll my hair tonight if you're going to let me out of these silly girl's clothes in the morning?"

"I didn't say I would let you out of your dresses. I said we would discuss it," Diane spat with obvious irritation in her voice. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought you pledged to do anything I asked. What am I to think when the first thing I ask is met with an argument and excuses?"

Robin's heart leaped into his mouth. "I'm sorry Mom. You can roll my hair if you like. I'll help if you show me how."

"That's the cooperative daughter I want," Diane beamed. "I'm sure we can work something out if you continue with that positive attitude." She knew she was lying, but she had to say something to calm him.

Robin took her offer seriously and listened intently to her instructions. No mother had ever had a more cooperative son or daughter. After she rolled a couple of strands, he took over did the rest under her help and close supervision. Diane pinned a curler cap over his head when the last roller was in place, then advised, "The curlers are uncomfortable, but it's something we girls do to make ourselves pretty."

No sooner had his head hit the pillow than he understood her meaning of 'uncomfortable'. He wanted nothing more than to tell her that he wasn't a girl. He didn't want to look pretty and he shouldn't have to sleep with a head full of rollers! Only his promise to do whatever she said in exchange for a discussion of his situation kept him quiet.

Before leaving his room, Diane laid out the plaid miniskirt, long sleeved white polyester blouse, and black two-inch pumps he wore in the play. Laying them on his chair, she said, "Wear these, some of your pretty undies, brush your hair out, and put on your makeup before you come down to breakfast. You've done it often enough to do a credible job. We'll talk about your duties and your attire for the next month while we eat."

"Yes Mom," he answered in a less than enthusiastic voice, knowing he would have to appear cooperative to have any chance of getting her to relent on her horrible mandate. She kissed him on the cheek, turned out the light, and left the room.

Robin had a hard time sleeping because of the bulky rollers in his hair. His every movement caused discomfort. Needless to say, he had a very restless night. When Diane called him the next morning, he was groggy from lack of sleep and moved in a stupor. He knew he had to wear the hateful items she had laid out plus panties, bra, slip, and pantyhose of his own 'selection'.

He took off his bonnet, removed the pins from the rollers, and combed his hair into a style resembling the one he wore to Cathy's party the night before. He added a three strand gold necklace, gold

clip-on earrings, and a charm bracelet she bought for the play in hopes of getting on his mother's good side.

Diane noticed that his slip was showing and his makeup was heavier than customary for morning wear. "He doesn't know the difference in makeup for morning and evening or how to properly adjust his slip straps, but he will soon learn!" she thought as she looked him over. Then, in praise of his efforts, she said, "Very lovely darling! You did an excellent job. I'm very proud of you."

"Thanks Mom," he replied as blood rose into his cheeks.

"See how nice things are when you cooperate," she answered. "Now set the table. Breakfast is almost ready."

"Yes Mom," he replied.

"Sweetheart," Diane began as they started eating. "I have always wanted you to be sweet, sensitive, obedient, and compassionate, not rough and vulgar like those brash friends of yours?"

He meekly answered, "Yes Mom."

"To help accomplish that quality, I have always asked you to come home immediately after school and not engage in rough sports like football. Right?" she continued.

"Yes Mom."

"Still, you deliberately disobeyed me. To prove that my fears were well founded, you got hurt in the process. When that happened, we both knew you deserved to be punished. Right?"

"Yes Mom." Robin nervously shifted in his chair. Why was she explaining her motives and making everything sound so logical? Did she plan to stand by her initial demand for him to spend a whole month in dresses? "But Mom, I can't."

"I know you would be embarrassed wearing dresses to school as would any boy," she interrupted him. "However, in light of your improved attitude last night and again this morning, I have worked out a compromise."

"Thanks Mom," Robin sighed. "You won't be sorry for letting me out of my dresses, I promise!"

She noticed he had referred to them as his dresses. "Just a minute!" she cautioned. "I said I have worked out a compromise, not that I had given in and freed you of your dresses. Any bargain we make has to absolutely insure an end to your alliance with those ruffians once and for all."

"What do you mean?" Robin sputtered, feeling the wind go out of his sails.

"I will allow you to go to school in trousers, as that appears to be your biggest objection to your punishment, but that will be the only time you will be allowed to wear boy's clothes. After school, you will continue to report to Leona, put on your pretty dance costume, and accompany her to class. I'll pick you up after practice and bring you home."

"That's what I've done for the past two weeks," Robin thought. "Maybe my punishment won't be too bad after all."

"When we get home, you will remove your dance costume and put on a dress or a nice skirt and blouse with the appropriate undies, makeup, and accessories," she declared, changing the routine of the recent past. "Dressed that way, you will help me prepare dinner, after which you will wash the dishes and do your homework. Before going to bed, you will slip into a soft feminine nightie, remove your makeup, cream your face, and roll your hair like last night. On weekends, you will wear dresses or skirts full time! We will clean the house, wash, dry, and iron clothes, go shopping, visit the beauty parlor, and other places of feminine interest as mother and daughter."

"What will I do with curly hair?" he burst out in protest. "How can I make it look like a boy's style for school if I roll my hair every night?"

"That problem will give you added incentive to work with your hair and learn to create diverse styles," she answered in a tone void of sympathy. "You can wear a ponytail if you wish. I understand they are quite popular with men and boys these days. Now, if I hear any more complaints, you'll go to school in a dress. Do you understand?"

Robin understood. He wasn't thrilled with his mother's compromise because he knew his hair would be a daily problem and wearing girl's clothes for any period of time was offensive. Still, he was spared the humiliation of wearing them to school. He grudgingly got up, smoothed his short skirt, and kissed her on the



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cheek saying, "Yes Mom, I understand. Thanks for not making me wear dresses to school."

"That's the obedient Robin I want," Diane purred. "I'm sure we can get through this ordeal with a minimum of embarrassment and without your friends finding out if you maintain that attitude. Now, why don't you seal our bargain by putting on this little apron and doing the dishes?"

"How did she do that?" he wondered as he started clearing the table. "Somehow, she made it seem like a good deal for me to wear dresses and do housework for the next month. I hope the guys understand that I'm being punished and not come around here. Maybe I can pull this off without them finding out about me wearing all this frilly stuff. I swear I'll never disobey Mom again!"

When Robin had cleared the table, Diane announced, "I'll shake the tablecloth outside while you load the dishwasher, sweetie." After vigorously shaking the tablecloth, Diane reached behind the shutter and retrieved the 'incriminating' note from its original hiding place, and queried, "I wonder what this is?"

"What's what Mom," Robin asked innocently, looking around.

"There was a note in the shutter," she commented curiously as she unfolded the paper. "I wonder who put it there?"

A frightened shiver ran up Robin's spine as he heard her words. That was his 'secret' hiding place. He suspected his friends had left him a note about the party. "What's this?" Diane shouted after re-reading the note she had practically memorized the day before.

"I don't know Mom," Robin sputtered, suspecting he was in trouble again.

"You know very well what it's about!" she countered.

"But Mom, I didn't go with them! I went to Cathy's party. You know I did!"

"I'll bet you planned to sneak out to be with those delinquents after I went to bed, didn't you?" she accused. "On top of that, you were going to stay out all night gambling and getting drunk."

"No Mom, I wasn't planning to get drunk!" he wailed. "I knew about the poker, but not the beer. Honest!"

"Don't try to lie your way out of this!" she screeched. "I have the proof! I relieved you of the embarrassment of wearing dresses to school because I thought we had reached the point of mutual trust,

and what thanks do I get? You make plans to sneak off with your rowdy cohorts for an all night beer party behind my back!”

“I made plans for a party Mom,” he sniveled, “but I didn’t go. I stayed here all night!”

“You stayed here because you were wearing a pretty nightie and your hair was set in rollers, not because you didn’t want to go,” she countered.

“Please Mom, I’ll make it up to you,” he begged.

“You’ll make it up to me?” she screeched. “You have proven that you can’t be trusted as long as those juvenile delinquents are around. You simply won’t understand that they are trouble looking for a place to happen and the less you see of them the better. Since you have refused to break off with them, I’ll fix it so they won’t associate with you! I’m reinstating your punishment of wearing dresses to school and doubling the time to two months!”

Robin was in tears. He was being informed that he now had to wear dresses to school for not one, but two whole months! He knew he could never stand that. He would be ruined—ridiculed by boys and girls alike! No! He could never stand that! Never!

“Mom!” he wailed. “Mom please! We had a deal!”

“You broke our deal and this note proves it!” she spat, shaking the crumpled paper in his face. “Now get upstairs and repair your makeup. We are going shopping for your school clothes!”

Robin was devastated! His face was wet with tears, and his makeup was a total disaster. Still, he had to try one more time. “Mom, two months will last until Christmas! Can’t we discuss this?”

“Certainly not! Now get ready like a good girl or I’ll give you a spanking in addition to your punishment! I’m sick of arguing with you!”

A spanking? How horrible! Robin could not even respond. He jumped up, ran to his room, threw himself on his bed, and cried his eyes out. “How could Mom be so heartless? Making me go to school in dresses for two whole months is unthinkable!” he sobbed in self-pity.

When she heard his door slam, Diane called Leona and said, “Everything is going according to plan. I’ve been the villain, and now it’s your turn to be the hero. He’s so distraught, he’ll go for anything that’ll keep him from attending Central High in a dress tomorrow. If you play your cards right, he’s ours!”

“You can count on me,” Leona answered while trying hard to conceal her excitement.

Diane anxiously greeted Leona and filled her in on the events of the morning and the day before. “That note was a stroke of luck,” she said. “I never could have gotten him into such a helpless frenzy without it. I’ll wager he needs a friend more than at any other time in his life.”

Leona could hear Robin crying. Her knock went unanswered, so she entered uninvited and approached his bed. The sight before her was breathtaking, and she surprisingly felt a hint of passion for the hapless lad. His short skirt was bunched at his waist, revealing his lace edged slip and nylon panties, his makeup was obliterated, his pillow was soaked from the incessant flow of tears, and his body was shaking with sobs.

She sat on the edge of his bed and gently pushed his tangled locks from his tear-streaked face in a gesture of compassion, but he pushed her hand away and shouted, “Go away! I just want to die!”

Leona went to his bathroom, soaked a cloth with warm water, and returned to wipe his tear-streaked face. He pulled away, but her calm words and persistent efforts had the desired effect. He gradually accepted her ministrations and let her complete her task. “There!” she stated. “You look more human.”

“Have you talked with Mom?” he mumbled while trying to adjust his skirt.

“Yes. She’s very upset. She feels you can’t be trusted and that greatly depresses her.”

“She hasn’t changed her mind about making me wear dresses to school?”

“No. I don’t think she will. She believes dressing as a girl for a while will instill some gentle qualities in you and drive your rough friends away in the bargain.”

Robin burst into tears again. “I can’t go to school in girl’s clothes. Most of the kids already think I’m a sissy. If I wear dresses to school for two whole months, I’ll be ruined!”

“I agree that the punishment is a bit harsh,” Leona answered in a soothing voice.

“Then, you’ll get her to change her mind?”

“I don’t believe that’s possible, however, I still may be of some help.”

“What can you do to help if I have to wear dresses to school?”

"I agree that your life would be a disaster if you return to Central in a dress, but you may pull it off if you transferred to Norwood Park High where you're known as a girl."

"I can't go to Norwood Park. I live in the Central district."

"But I don't!" she rebutted. "I still live in the Norwood Park district even though the School Board transferred me to Central. If we convince your mother to let you move in with me, you could switch schools and be less humiliated. What do you say?"

Leona was making sense in a weird way. Her idea would reduce his pending humiliation. "Yes," he whispered as he dried his tears and allowed the wisdom of her words to sink in. "If I have to wear dresses, I'd sure rather wear them at Norwood Park. Have you talked this over with Mom?"

"No, I only just thought of it," she lied.

"Do you think she would go for it?"

She had to get him involved for her plan to succeed. "She might if you showed a willingness to cooperate."

"What do you mean?"

"You could clean yourself up, put on a fresh dress, replace your makeup, and brush your hair back into a neat style. Then, you could go downstairs and ask her sweetly."

"But Miss Leona, I..."

"Suit yourself!" she sighed, getting up to leave. "I can't help you if you aren't willing to help yourself. Go back to Central in a dress if that's what you want."

"Wait!" he pleaded. "Don't go! I'll do whatever you say!"

She had him! By making him choose, she had placed him in control of his destiny. "You must put all your natural masculine aversions about femininity behind and accept that you will wear dresses and be a girl for the next two months. Then, you have to convince your mother that you will do so happily if she will only allow you to live with me and attend Norwood Park High. You must present valid reasons for doing so, not just that you are embarrassed to wear dresses in front of your friends."

"What kind of reasons?"

"You can say that by living with me and attending Norwood Park, you'll more quickly lose your aggressiveness and develop the delicate qualities she wishes. At Central everyone knows you're a boy in a dress and you won't have to make an effort to appear

otherwise. On the other hand, at Norwood Park where everyone thinks you're a girl, you'll have to constantly work at being feminine to protect your identity. With my experience in the theater, I can help you with makeup, hairstyles, clothes, and accessories. Also, mention how much fun the two of you can have together shopping for pretty clothes, going to the beauty parlor, and attending fashion shows on weekends. Those things are sure to weigh heavily in your favor, but above all, emphasize the fact that while you're living with me, you'll be completely isolated from your former friends."

"But Miss Leona, I don't want to be delicate and learn about makeup, hairstyles, and dresses."

"Probably not, but unless you convince your mother otherwise, you're sure to wind up at Central in a dress."

Robin quickly thought over her strategy, desperately searching for an alternative. But, given his mother's tenacity and the evil genius of the adult women's scheme, he came up blank. In the end, he got up from his bed and asked, "Will you help me?"

"Only if you promise to work hard at the lessons I teach and refrain from protesting or arguing at every turn. Given your unusual situation, I'll agree to help but only if you're a willing student. At the first sign of rebellion, I'll bring you back here and walk away."

With complete resignation in his voice, he asked, "Do you think I can pull it off?"

"I believe you have a chance," she responded, feeling more in control by the minute. "You fooled fifteen girls and two boys last night, and all of them attend Norwood High."

She was right! Maybe he did have a chance. At least, that was better than wearing a dress to Central. "All right," he answered meekly. "I'll do whatever you say if you can help me avoid the awful humiliation of wearing dresses to Central where everyone knows me. Where do we start?"

"With a nice bath, I would think," she answered, her tactics working perfectly. "While you undress, I'll run your water and add the perfumed bath crystals."

"Why can't I take a shower like a boy?"

"From now until Christmas, you can't do anything like a boy! Get that set in your mind. While you're at it, let's see some improvement in your attitude. You promised to do everything I said less than two minutes ago, now you're arguing already. You'll never make it through the next two months undetected if you rebel

at a little thing like taking a bubble bath. You'll be doing much more feminine things than taking a bath." She headed for the door saying, "I'm sorry, but you're on your own if that's what you mean by cooperation!"

"Wait Miss Leona! Wait!" he pleaded. "I wasn't thinking. I'll do whatever you say if you'll help me. I promise! Please help me."

"Very well," Leona answered, barely able to contain her euphoria. "One more thing before we start. Don't be shy or modest about your nudity in my presence. If we're to succeed, I'll see you that way many times over the next two months."

Robin stepped out of his skirt and peeled off his panties. He stalled as long as he dared, but finally, he accepted the inevitable and walked red-faced into her presence. He stared into the warm perfumed bubbles, being too embarrassed to meet her gaze.

Leona couldn't suppress a fiendish smile as the naked youth stepped into the warm water. He was the first male to be so completely within her power and her excitement was overwhelming! Only Robin's preoccupation with his own dire circumstance kept him from observing her ecstasy. His primary objective was to hurry into the tub where his nudity would be hidden beneath the aromatic bubbles.

As he dried himself in the fluffy pink towel Leona retrieved from Diane's room while he bathed, he noted an oily sensation on his skin. "I guess I'll have get used to having oily skin and a lot more icky stuff before this horrible punishment is over," he thought dejectedly.

Back in the bedroom, Leona reached into his closet and pulled out the soft white blouse and pleated blue miniskirt that Diane bought him for the play. It was the ensemble he wore on his first trip to the makeup counter. Happy with her selection from his meager wardrobe, she held up the skirt and blouse saying, "Choose the panties, bra, and slip from your things that you think best compliments this outfit. You have to learn these things in case I'm not around when you need to change. That is, if your mother agrees to our idea."

Robin was about to complain that his bra and slip would be seen through the flimsy blouse Leona was holding, but after her revelation that his mother still had to be convinced to go along with their plan, he rummaged through the drawer that held his embarrassing undies. He pulled a lacy white slip over his head after stepping into

a pair of white nylon panties, fastening a plain bra around his chest, and filling the cups with realistic inserts.

“If I were you, I’d purchase some fancy things when you go shopping with your mother. You’ll need them whether she agrees to let you move in with me or not.” Robin nodded as he fastened the backward buttons on his blouse.

“No! No! No!” Leona insisted as he sat at his vanity applying his makeup under her supervision. “That’s way too heavy! Wipe it all off and start over. I know you wore dark makeup for the party last night, but that was for glamour. You should appear more subdued with only a hint of color for daywear. Men and boys are ignorant of such things, but you’ll learn soon enough.”

Robin was amazed by the effect a small amount of blush, mascara, eyeliner, and pink lipstick had on his features. “I look like a girl,” he thought as he viewed his reflection. “I may have a chance to pull this off at Norwood Park. If only we can convince Mom to go along with our plan.” As he brushed his hair back into a ponytail, he hoped it would resemble a masculine style, but after Leona tied it with a large white satin bow, he knew that notion was pure folly.

“You look ready to me,” Leona proclaimed, as she looked him over. “Let’s go sell our idea to your mother.” She knew he was far from perfect, but she fully intended to work him in the weeks to come.

At that moment, Robin was accepting the way he was dressed and completely reconciling himself to wearing girl’s clothes for the next two months. He wasn’t happy with the notion, but he was strong in his resolve to keep his friends from finding out how he had to dress. The protection of his identity was the only way he could conceive to salvage the remnants of his tenuous reputation. He asked himself, “How bad can this be? After all, I carried off this same deception in the play, at dance class, and at the party, didn’t I?”

While this was going on in Robin’s room, Diane was downstairs fretting. Despite her mandate and Robin’s compliant nature, she was certain he would never attend Central High in a dress. She wasn’t even sure the School Board would allow him to do so. Her only hope was for Leona to sell him on the idea of moving in with her and transferring to Norwood Park High.

She conjured up all sorts of scenarios that had Leona failing, but all her fears were relieved, when she saw Robin descending the stairs in his revealing blouse and short skirt. The lovely vision

Robin presented in these pretty clothes told her that Leona had won! "You look very lovely darling," she gushed as he anxiously entered the parlor. "I'm so happy that you are willing to accept your punishment. I'm sure your friends will be too impressed with your appearance to tease you if you look as beautiful tomorrow."

Robin became instantly distressed. He harbored reservations about the possible success of Leona's plan, but his mother's attitude tipped the balance. In his mind, he was now totally convinced of the wisdom of her idea. As he unconsciously toyed with the hem of his short skirt, he said, "Miss Leona thinks I would be less humiliated in my dresses if you let me move in with her and transfer to Norwood Park. Please let me, Mom. Please?"

"What's this?" Diane asked, feigning ignorance.

"You tell her Robin," Leona responded. "After all, this arrangement will affect you more than anyone."

Although flushed with embarrassment, a hesitant Robin recounted the capricious scheme to his mother. He asked, no begged, to be allowed to move in with her friend where he would happily wear dresses, pretend to be a girl, and work hard to develop the gracious qualities she required.

Diane was most impressed when Robin pointed out that he would be unable to associate with his 'rowdy friends' if she allowed him to move. Although the plan called for her to succumb to her son's pleas and 'allow' him to wear dresses to Norwood Park High, she couldn't consent too quickly. To show apparent indecision, she mused thoughtfully, "I don't know about this Leona. I would hate being separated from Robin for two months."

Robin was delighted to hear Leona say, "If he wears dresses to Central where he's known as a boy, he'll be so apprehensive about the concern and opinions of others that he won't be able to concentrate on the lessons you intend him to learn. On the other hand, at Norwood Park, where he is known as a girl because of my dance class and Cathy's party, he will have to be constantly mindful of those very qualities to protect his identity."

Diane turned to Robin saying, "If I agree to this, do you promise to obey and respect Leona as you would me while you are a guest in her home?"

"Oh yes Mom! I promise."

"I'm still not sure about this Leona, but I guess we could give it a try," Diane reflected in an apprehensive tone. "You'll find yourself back at Central in dresses for the remainder of the school

year if you give her one minute's trouble or back talk! Do you understand?" she chided her intimidated son.

The conniving women had made the original punishment so horrible that almost any compromise would have been acceptable to the ill-fated boy. They had been so believable in their performance that he felt as though he had 'won' when Diane more or less acceded. "Yes Mom, I...", he started eagerly.

"Tell you what," Leona said, abruptly cutting him off. "Why don't the two of you go shopping for Robin's school clothes like you planned. In the meantime, I'll get his room ready." She and Diane had decorated a room with that purpose in mind the previous weekend. "I'll prepare a nice dinner and we can look at all the exciting things you've bought and get him settled."

Robin was elated over the outcome of his 'success'. He even lost his previous misgivings about trying on and wearing dresses. At the shops, he joined in the spirit of the event by offering comments and stating his preferences. His method of selection was simple. Whenever he modeled an outfit before the mirror, he looked only at his image below the neck. Pretending to be looking at a real girl, he was left only to decide if the ensemble appealed to him.

Diane took full advantage of his new attitude and delighted in outfitting her 'daughter'. While Robin's mind reeled with a curious combination of confusion and relief, she required him to try on dozens of dresses and skirt ensembles. However she bought only one dress, two skirts, a blouse, and two sweaters that could be mixed and matched to create different looks. He would need other things shortly, and that would give her an excuse to take him shopping again. "You'll need a few nighties and a negligee," she said. "You

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can't wear mine at Leona's. Let's go to lingerie and see what they have."

The penitent Robin instinctively followed her lead. He was barely aware of the short skirt swirling about his thighs as he walked with an arm full of packages. Neither was he thinking that he shouldn't be engaged in such feminine activities. For all appearances, he was a girl until Christmas and shopping for dresses and lingerie would probably become routine.

"Bring your things in here," Leona instructed as she opened the door for Robin. "This is your room. I hope you'll enjoy your stay, but don't look for a free ride. You are expected to keep your room tidy and to help with the housework. That includes cooking, washing dishes, sweeping, mopping, dusting, ironing, and doing laundry, which includes hand washing your own delicates."

In contrast to her earlier patronizing manner, Leona's harsh words were confusing to Robin, making him feel like an intruder instead of a guest in her home. He couldn't picture himself doing the things she described, but he thought, "Anything is better than wearing dresses to Central."

After dinner, Robin was assigned to do the dishes and clean the kitchen. While he worked, the women caught up on the day's events. Leona told Diane of her encounter with Robin when she convinced him to move in with her and wear dresses to Norwood Park High. Diane told Leona of his cooperation in the purchase of his wardrobe and his apparent acceptance of his mandated feminine masquerade.

When finished his task, the three withdrew to his new room to put his feminine things away. Robin had mentally accepted his situation as the best he could get under the circumstances and had pushed his aversions to femininity aside. Diane delighted in showing him how to fold and neatly store his slips, panties, nylons, and other soft belongings in the drawers and how to correctly hang his dresses, skirts, and blouses in the closet. As he followed her instructions, she reminded him to bend from the knees to prevent his short skirt from riding up to reveal his panties. "If you bend over like that and show your pretty undies at school, you'll not only be embarrassed, you'll be recognized as a boy for sure! No girl would dare make such a brazen display of herself."

Robin quickly brushed his skirt into place while promising to keep his mother's warning in mind. "See why you need lots of practice?" Leona chastised. "Incidents such as that will quickly give you away. Since you wanted to transfer to Norwood Park to avoid being recognized as a boy, I'll work with you each evening until these things become a habit, if you wish."

Understanding the wisdom of her words, Robin responded, "Oh yes Miss Leona. Please work with me so no one will know I'm a boy. I would be so embarrassed if anyone found out!"

Leona was ecstatic to be in control of this boy, although by now he was quite subdued and offered little or no resistance. She put him through an exhaustive hour of walking, sitting, bending, and squatting in a feminine manner. He also received a refresher course in speaking with the high pitched voice he had used during the play. She would insure his cooperation by constantly reminding him that only his ability to realistically portray a teenage girl would protect his fragile identity.

When she was satisfied with his progress, she led him to his room and told him to undress and change into his nightie before performing his new night time ritual, removing his makeup, creaming his face with moisturizers, and rolling his hair. Robin obeyed, but he was noticeably embarrassed to be nude in her presence when he removed his panties.

"Put this on before you step into your night panties," Leona stated while holding out a flesh colored item, the likes of which Robin had never seen. "This is called a Di-Vert. It is designed to hold your genitals between your legs and present a smooth front like a girl. You may experience some initial discomfort, but that will quickly pass."

Robin was amazed at the change of appearance in his groin area when the garment was in place. He knew immediately that the discomfort she spoke of was understated. It was downright painful! He hoped that the part about it quickly passing was true. "You have several and you will wear one at all times except when you are bathing," Leona instructed.

Robin hurriedly put on the ultra feminine bedroom costume, forgetting his earlier objections to wearing a soft nightie. Performing the required beautification tasks was very disquieting, but after everything else he had endured, he quietly acceded to Leona's wishes.

Robin had a difficult time falling asleep. His fears about attending a new school in girl's clothes led to a restless night. Whenever he did drift off for a few winks, a jab from the unaccustomed curlers interrupted his sleep.

Leona awakened her charge an hour earlier than his normal rising time to get ready for school. When he complained, she said, "Girls have a lot more to do than just wash their face and brush their teeth to get ready. You should be well aware of that, given your past experience. Remember, I'll help you enhance your disguise and protect your identity, but only if you cooperate!"

"I'm sorry Miss Leona," he apologized, realizing his mistake. "I didn't sleep well. Please help me with my clothes and makeup, I'll do whatever you say."

Leona was pleased with his attitude, although he had given in a bit too easily for her taste. She preferred to impose her will on a more formidable adversary. "That's better," she replied in a disappointed tone. "Take a quick bath, then we'll get started."

Once more, Robin found himself naked before this determined woman as he stripped off his nightgown, panties, and a very tight little "modesty" garment called a gaff. Since he was getting used to this unusual exhibition, he wasn't nearly as embarrassed as on previous occasions. Following her instructions, he bathed quickly and dried his body with a fluffy yellow towel.

Leona used a big puff to cover him with a rose scented powder, but he drew away. "Then do it yourself!" she chastised after seeing his mild rebellion. "You must learn to do this for yourself if you want to impersonate a girl and not get caught. Now cover your entire body and don't miss any places."

When he was satisfactorily powdered, he was led, still naked, into his bedroom to dress like a girl. After struggling into his gaff, he sheepishly stepped into a pair of nylon hip hugger panties, struggled to fasten a bra around his chest, secured the inserts in place, and pulled a short slip over his head before asking, "What do you think I should wear Miss Leona?"

"You're doing fine without my help," she answered with a cunning smile. "Why don't you select your outfit?" When he hesitated to pick out a dress he wanted to wear, she said, "Go ahead. I'm sure anything you choose will be fine."

Her response caught him off guard and hurled him into a dilemma a boy should not have to face, especially if he is wearing feminine undies and has his hair in curlers. To protect his mascu-

linity, he had to appear as feminine as possible. The more his masculinity asserted itself, the more feminine he would have to become to protect his secret. He had no choice but to heed Leona's 'suggestion' or face disgrace.

He knew his selection must be something a girl would choose, so he selected a pink tunic style dress with a short straight skirt and a white long sleeved ribbed sweater. "What could be more feminine?" he thought as he pulled the soft sweater over his head.

"Now for your makeup," Leona stated as he raised the back zipper of his dress into place. "Hurry and remove your curlers so we can get started." Robin felt out of place before the mirror removing the curlers, but having little choice in the matter, he obeyed her directive.

"The secret to wearing makeup is to use it sparingly," Leona advised when the last curler was removed. "Girls want to project the image that they don't need cosmetics to be pretty, so the trick is make others think that they aren't wearing any. A touch of blush, a discreet application of eye makeup, and a hint of rosy lipstick change a girl from plain to enticing while maintaining a clean natural look. The catch is that looking 'natural' takes a lot of lotions, potions, time, and hard work. That's only one of many feminine tricks you'll learn if your masquerade is to succeed."

To massage his masculine ego, she added, "The girls won't stand a chance when you return to pants because you'll be wise to all their secrets." This made Robin feel slightly better as he meticulously followed her instructions. Soon his image was that of a pretty teenage girl.

"With that look, you won't have trouble getting people to believe you're a girl," Leona said in a complimentary voice. "Your biggest problem is your behavior. Remember to conduct yourself like the other girls. Don't think of this as a punishment, but as the ultimate acting challenge. You can transform this experience into a tremendous advantage with the correct attitude."

Robin took some small consolation from her statement, although his overriding concern was the protection of his already questionable masculine reputation. Not realizing that her state-



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ments were designed to make him unalterably more feminine, he made a silent vow to study and copy the girl's actions.

"Make sure everything you'll need is in your purse," Leona said as she readied to leave.

"Why am I allowed to cover my arms with this thick sweater, while my legs remain bare except for this short skirt?" Robin thought when he stepped into the cold wind. "A girl could freeze to death showing off her legs and nobody would care!"

Robin was apprehensive about his coming ordeal during the night and while getting ready, but when he got out of the car to go into the school, he was near panic. He brushed his short skirt into place, wishing it was longer. He looked around anxiously to see if anyone was paying undue attention to him and to find an avenue of escape if needed. Although he had nowhere to go dressed as he was, little provocation would have caused him to run.

Leona said, "Don't worry so much sweetheart. You fooled everyone at dance class and at the party where you were surrounded by boys and girls your own age. Try not to be so nervous. Don't toy with your skirt and fidget or you'll attract undue attention. When you take your seat for class, smooth your skirt beneath you, adjust it properly over your thighs, and sit still for the entire time with your knees together. Someone might get suspicious if you shift around and change positions like a boy." Robin knew her advice was solid, but he was very distressed as he followed her into the school office with his skirt swirling about his bare legs.

Having taught at Norwood Park High for several years, Leona was familiar with the office staff. After exchanging greetings, she quickly had Robin registered. "I'll bring her records by this afternoon," she told the secretary. Before turning the documents over, Leona knew she would have to change the recorded gender and add a physical education exemption form to prevent him from having to change in the girl's locker room.

"Robin!" he heard someone shout as he walked into his first period class. Thinking someone had recognized him as a boy from Central High, he turned abruptly to confront his potential tormentor. Never was he filled with such relief as when he saw an excited Cathy hurrying over to greet him. "What are you doing here?"

"I...I'm transferring from Central," he stammered.

"That's great!" she exclaimed. "Let's see your schedule. I want to see if we have any other classes together." After a quick examination, she continued, "Wonderful! We have four classes

and lunch together. That will give us time to talk. Oh, I'm so excited to have you here! We'll have so much fun!"

Several other members of the dance class came over and greeted him as well. Robin was happy to have found friends, but the commotion had drawn unwanted attention from others, including the teacher.

Robin had trouble concentrating on the class. His attention was drawn to the girls around him in his quest to appear as one of them. He made mental notes on their clothes, hair, makeup, and accessories. "Miss Leona was right," he thought. "I never noticed it before, but all the girls are wearing light makeup. I always thought they only wore a little lipstick. Boy, do I have a lot to learn!" He further observed that the girl's feet would sometimes separate, but their knees always remained together, even if they wore slacks.

He somehow made it through his morning classes. When he met Cathy for lunch, she did most of the talking and he began to feel slightly less agitated, that is until Cathy's brother, Jake, spotted them and came over. "Good to see you again, Robin," he smiled. "What brings you here, not that I'm complaining?"

"She transferred from Central!" Cathy happily exclaimed. "Isn't that great?"

"It sure is!" Jake answered as he pulled up a chair between the two friends.

When they finished eating, Cathy and Robin left the lunchroom and Jake returned to the table where he had been sitting. As they walked out, Robin noticed that he was the object of a cold stare from the girl sitting beside Jake. Not knowing how girls treat each other when boys are concerned, he didn't understand the meaning of her glare.

"Don't worry. That's just Megan," Cathy explained when she saw his concern. "Jake took her to the homecoming dance and she has acted as if she owns him since then. She's a cheerleader and she thinks you're after her prize. Jake is really very shy. The only reason he took her to the dance is because she asked him. He really likes you."

Things went as well as could be expected for the remainder of the school day. No one questioned his gender. Still, he was relieved when the final bell rang and he could get away from the crowd, even if it meant twirling about in his short red skirt at dance class.

"Have a hard day?" Leona asked teasingly when they arrived home.

"This has been the worst day of my life," he answered honestly. "There's no possible way to describe how horrible it has been. I've been on pins and needles every moment!"

"I can believe that," she replied while glancing at the boy sitting beside her in his short dancing skirt with his knees together. "The sad part is that your day isn't over yet, not by a long shot. Why don't you relax in a soaking bath while I start dinner? That will refresh you before we start working on your walk."

"My walk? What's wrong with my walk?"

"Nothing, unless you call clopping along with long strides and swinging your arms like a lumberjack normal for a girl. As time goes by, the girls will be looking at you more critically, especially if they think you're after their boyfriends. I suggest you practice taking shorter steps, holding your arms in a more relaxed manner, and swinging your hips if you want to continue your little deception undetected."

He would have to become more feminine to protect his masculine identity, but he felt like such a sissy! "Please don't do this to me, Miss Leona," he begged.

"I'm willing to help you, but only if you follow instructions," Leona stated as she recognized this as the moment she had been waiting for to exercise her authority and take control of this unfortunate boy. She couldn't allow herself to let it pass without indulging in her fantasy. "Since you persist in objecting to my every

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suggestion, I think I will initiate a punishment policy of my own, and there is no better time to start.”

“But Miss Leona,” he protested, “don’t you think my punishment is bad enough already? Besides, what can you do that’s worse than making me wear dresses until Christmas?”

“You are acting like a spoiled child, and I can give you the sound spanking you deserve!” Leona expounded harshly. She often anticipated the thrill of turning a male across her lap for a spanking. “Bring the hairbrush from your vanity, pull your skirt to your waist, and lie across my lap,” she firmly ordered.

“A spanking?” he gasped. “Oh no! Miss Leona, Please!”

“Would you rather pack your things and return home to your mother?” she asked in a harsh tone. “I want no part of this endeavor if I can’t be assured of your obedience without continuously explaining my every directive. What will it be, a spanking when you are disobedient, or attending Central High in a dress? The decision is yours!”

Robin was totally defeated! He was obliged to wear dresses until Christmas, and unless he submitted to a painful spanking, he would have to wear them at his old school in the presence of his friends. Only one decision was possible. He retrieved the brush, handed it to Leona, raised his skirt, and positioned himself across her lap as directed.

Erotic tremors shot through Leona’s body as she delivered the painful blows to Robin’s panty covered posterior. She shivered at the most intense thrills she had ever experienced. Robin, being in pain from the blows, was totally unaware of his tormentor’s pleasure.

As he rubbed his stinging buttocks with tears streaming down his cheeks, Leona gallantly regained her composure and spat, “You can expect more of the same in the future when you question my authority, my methods, or my instructions! You can count on a repeat spanking tomorrow for arguing when I told you to fetch the hairbrush!”

“Just wait till Mother hears about this!” Robin shouted. “She has never spanked me and she’ll put a stop to it! You’ll see!”

Leona knew of Diane’s objections to corporal punishment, and she was ready for Robin’s outburst. “If you breathe one word about your spankings or any other punishments I impose, you will no longer be welcome in my home. You will have to move back with



Robin wanted to delay so he could massage his tingling nylon covered tush, but he had learned his lesson. He immediately divested himself of his feminine dance costume.

her and you know what that means!” she proclaimed in an abrupt tone.

“But Miss Leona, I...”

“That outburst will cost you two more spankings! Now, you have a spanking coming for the next three days. Want to try for a week?”

Robin was aghast! His buns were on fire, he was facing three more such ordeals, and he couldn't tell his mother. Afraid that his voice would break if he tried to speak, he meekly nodded his head.

In an effort to soothe his feelings, Leona changed the subject. "You've had an exasperating day. I'm sure you'll feel better after a nice hot soak!"

Robin wanted to delay so he could massage his tingling nylon covered tush, but he had learned his lesson. He immediately divested himself of his feminine dance costume. As he settled into the warm water, he quickly found that Leona was right about the soothing effects of the water. The warm water and pleasant odor of the bath oils relaxed him to the point that he dozed off.

He must have slept for all of fifteen minutes when Leona came into the bathroom and said, "Wake up and finish your bath, sleepy-head. We have lots to do before bedtime. Put on something cute and do your makeup like I showed you this morning. I want to see how much you've learned."

He was greatly relaxed and in a more pliable mood after his bath. He retrieved a pair of fancy yellow panties and bra his mother had bought over his objections. "Oh well," he thought, "I have to wear them sometime, and I sure don't want another spanking."

A shiver ran down his spine as he pulled the panties up his legs, adjusted them about his hips, and massaged his still burning derriere through the soft fabric. Fastening the bra gave him less trouble than before, and the inserts felt more natural. For a second, he was concerned about not having a yellow slip to match his panties and bra. Without hesitation, he chose a lacy white nylon slip and draped it over his head.

"Miss Leona should like this," he thought as he slipped into a yellow and green plaid a-line skirt and a matching pullover sweater. His black flats weren't a perfect match, but he knew they were the best he could do with his limited feminine wardrobe. Sitting at his vanity, he made a concentrated effort to copy Leona's makeup techniques of the morning.

"You look very nice," Leona remarked as he walked into the kitchen. "You matched your outfit perfectly! Let's have a closer look." After a quick inspection, she said, "I can see that you worked very hard on your makeup, but your eyeliner is inconsistent and your lip line is a bit irregular. Don't worry though. You're showing the proper attitude to avoid further punishments. All you need is practice, and I'll see to that."

Robin was pleased with her compliments, but his 'proper attitude' was born of necessity. If he thought this moment of bliss was to last, he was badly mistaken. As he ate, Leona badgered him to take smaller bites, chew his food better, and eat slower.

Dinner was followed by an hour of walking and sitting practice that included instructions on holding his arms with a limp wrist, taking short steps, and swinging his hips. By the end of that period, Robin was exhausted. To his dismay, Leona insisted on an hour of makeup training saying, "You aren't nearly as accomplished with your makeup as a girl your age should be. Lots of practice is needed before you reach perfection."

Robin was given a rigorous in-depth lesson in makeup that included the identity and purpose of each ingredient and its correct application and removal technique. He knew he would be more proficient at playing a girl with each passing day as he sat at his vanity removing his makeup, creaming his face, and rolling his hair for the night. Still, he had much to learn before becoming at ease in his strange new role. He could only pray that he wouldn't be recognized in the interim.

The next day passed as a carbon copy of the day before except whenever Robin took a seat or shifted position, his sore bottom reminded him of his spanking and the ones to come. As he sat with Cathy during lunch, Jake again left his table and came over to greet them. Again, Megan gave him a vindictive glare.

Upon returning home, Leona delighted in administering his promised spanking, leaving two for ensuing evenings. His after dinner instructions were on the care and handling of feminine clothing, including hand washing lingerie, soft blouses, and other delicate items. He also received a refresher on his previous walking and makeup application lessons.

"Jake really likes you," Cathy gushed the next day. "He's always been too shy and too interested in sports to care about girls. I'm so happy my brother likes my best friend!"

Only one other incident caused Robin concern during his first week in school as a girl. He was standing by his locker in the crowded hallway and he overheard two boys. "Have you seen that new fox who transferred over from Central?" asked the first.

"Yeah," sighed his friend, "she's a definite babe. Do you plan to ask her out?"

“Hell no, I’m not ready to die. Jake Wilson has her staked out already. The word is out.”

Another time, he overheard three girls. “Her hair is always perfect. I don’t think she has anything but new clothes in the latest styles,” said one.

Wondering who they were talking about, Robin listened closer. He wanted to learn as much as possible about his classmates. “How about the way she made friends with that mousy Cathy to get to Jake?” said another.

“Yeah,” injected the third, “but you have to admit her idea was brilliant. It worked like a charm. Besides, we’ve had the same opportunity and didn’t take advantage of it. We shouldn’t think ill of her just because she’s cunning.”

“I guess you’re right,” responded the first. “She is kind of cute. Other than being a little shy, I can see why Jake likes her.”

At home, Leona excitedly administered the promised spankings on successive days. To her disappointment, Robin was rapidly becoming docile. He was no longer argumentative or hesitant. The painful spankings had driven all signs of rebellion from him.

As a result, Leona had to search to find reasons to spank him more than once or twice a week.

Diane showed up for breakfast on Saturday morning as planned and found Robin in the kitchen getting his first cooking lesson. He was wearing a plain red cotton blouse with three-quarter sleeves, a straight black miniskirt, black flats, and a frilly apron. He wore light makeup and his hair was tied into a ponytail with a red satin bow. He hadn’t spent much time on his hair because of his pending trip to the hairdressers.

Diane couldn’t believe her eyes. Her son was so feminine in the way he looked and moved. How had Leona accomplished so much in only one week? Diane rushed over, hugged him tightly and kissed him affectionately on the cheek. “I’ve missed you so much darling,” she gushed as she backed off to arms length to look at him more closely. “You make a beautiful girl!” she exclaimed. “I can certainly see why you fit in so easily at school.”

Robin blushed at her compliments. In spite of himself, he felt a sense of accomplishment at not getting caught. He pouted as he mumbled, “Thanks Mom. It hasn’t been easy!”



Diane couldn't believe her eyes. Her son was so feminine in the way he looked and moved. How had Leona accomplished so much in only one week?

“How could you accomplish so much in such a short a time?” Diane asked her friend. “It’s as though he’s already become my long awaited daughter.”

“The secret was to convince him that comporting himself like a girl was in his best interest while wearing dresses and makeup. The rest was easy once he understood that becoming more feminine was the only way to protect his precious masculinity. He’s more relaxed now because he doesn’t have to persuade either of us that he’s a girl, but you’ll see him tense up at the hairdresser’s. The most important thing to remember is not to pressure him. It’s okay to make suggestions and offer explanations, but all decisions must be his.”

Robin was blushing.

Later as the pair left the beauty parlor as mother and daughter, his mother asked, “What else can I do to help you fit in at school?”

“I’ve noticed what the girls wear at school Mom, and I need a few things to look more like them,” Robin stated shyly.

“Could we go shopping?” Diane had waited her entire life for a daughter to ask to be taken shopping. She could hardly contain her glee. “Of course, darling,” she bubbled, “We’ll buy anything within reason.”

He didn’t ‘want’ anything. He felt ‘need’ was a better word. In any case, he had secured his mother’s cooperation. “Most of the girls wear scarves as decorations about their necks and colored pantyhose that match their skirts to keep their legs warm. They also wear jewelry: rings, necklaces, bracelets, and earrings. I don’t have any. I’m afraid someone might get suspicious unless I wear them too. Also I need a couple purses.”

Surprised that he had noticed what the girls wore and delighted that he had asked for these items, Diane was almost giddy as she answered, “Let’s go to the mall and see what we can find! Do you plan to have your ears pierced?”

Pierced ears?? Robin had never thought of anything so drastic! He had no desire to go any further with his feminine masquerade than absolutely necessary. He unconsciously reached to his lobes and asked, “Will my ears have to be pierced to wear earrings?”

“No,” Diane answered, putting him slightly at ease, “You can wear clip-on’s, but the prettier, more elaborate styles and the pendants are for pierced ears only.”

"My punishment has less than two months remaining. Pierced ears would mark me as a girl a lot longer than that," he said uneasily, hoping against hope that his mother wouldn't insist on having his ears pierced. "I can get by with clip-on's."

"Suit yourself," Diane replied, remembering Leona's advice. "Just remember, you must have pierced ears if you want to wear nice pendants, pretty hoops, or the heavy plastic styles that most young girls wear. After you return to being a boy, you could wear your hair over them until the holes heal." To Diane's dismay, he opted for the less ornate, less permanently feminizing clip-ons.

"He's shopping like a girl," Diane thought as she watched her feminine son try on jewelry, hold pretty silk scarves up to see how they would look on him and meticulously search through the different colors of hosiery while visualizing how they would look with each dress or skirt. "I never thought he would be so particular!"

When Robin was finally satisfied with their purchases, he considered broaching a subject that had been on his mind. "Is anything wrong dear?" Diane asked, seeing her son's distraught expression.

"I..." he stammered, embarrassed to ask for more feminine clothing. "I know they're expensive Mom, but could I have a suede skirt?" He was beet red as he finished his embarrassing request.

"A suede skirt?" she gasped, asking, "Not too short, I hope?"

"Oh, no! Just above the knee would be okay."

Diane was having the time of her life shopping with her daughter. She was in no hurry to leave the stores and she welcomed the opportunity to continue the experience. She was greatly surprised that he was asking for a very expensive skirt. True, he had asked for jewelry, scarves, and nylons, but nothing so feminine as a skirt! "You're right. They are expensive, but I think we can afford one if your heart is set on it," she answered while trying to conceal her excitement. "I'm sure the Teen Shop has something you'll love."

Diane's savings account was taking a licking. She didn't care if she ended up dead broke if it expedited her son's progress in becoming her daughter! Robin broke into a broad, sincere smile for the first time since her decree of his punishment in dresses!

The teen boutique was crowded, and Robin was relieved he didn't see anyone he knew as a boy or a girl! Still, he was apprehensive to be in the presence of real girls the way they were (un)dressed! Few used the changing rooms as they tried on the sexy

fashions right on the floor. Some were stripped to their slippers, others to bra and half-slip, or just bra and panties. Such an ultra feminine sanctuary would excite any young boy and Robin was no exception although he was dressed like them. He was unable to concentrate on the rack of suede skirts as he beheld the scene before him.

"Why don't you step out of your skirt and try these on?" Diane suggested bringing him out of his reverie.

"Huh? Oh, sure Mom," he answered, snapping back to reality. "I was just ..."

Diane knew full well what he had been thinking. She smiled inwardly as her anguished son quickly stepped out of his short black skirt and handed it to her. Being semi-feminine undressed in front of all these girls would have distressed Robin only a short time ago, but his recent experiences helped him focus on his objective.

Diane was delighted about his change of attitude toward trying on girl's clothes in a public place. He was eagerly trying on skirts, and only the shorter styles at that! "What had come over him in the span of only one week?" she wondered.

"There's nothing here Mom!" he exclaimed dejectedly as he threw his last selection on top of the rack, not bothering to put it back on the hanger. "Can we go somewhere else?"

A harried clerk suggested, "We have another rack in that corner that features the stylish tapered look, if you'd like to try them."

"This is where we should have come in the first place," Robin sighed upon reaching the newly revealed treasures. He had walked across the store in his slip, not bothering to replace his skirt. He pulled out a charcoal gray tapered mini, stepped into it, and turned before mirror. The skirt molded to his hips and narrowed on his smooth legs, restricting his stride. "This is exactly what I want Mom," he exclaimed then added, "I mean this is what the girls are wearing...can I get it? Please?"

Thrilled by his response, she answered, "Of course dear."

Robin had a hopeful thought as he changed back into the skirt he had worn into the store. Since his mother had been so agreeable and gone along with all his requests, he decided to try for one more. "Most of the girls wear jeans or slacks, Mom. Could I get a few?"

Diane was appalled by his request, but remained calm. "I don't think so dear," she answered sweetly. "We've spent quite enough for one day. Besides, you're making excellent progress in your dresses and skirts. You got into trouble while wearing trousers. I



Seeing her son so absorbed in picking out just the right little skirt was thrilling. Even with half naked girls around, he was more interested in skirt lengths....

don't think you will learn the lessons I insist upon if you wear them during your punishment. I think it best that you remain exclusively in skirts for the time being."

Robin was not happy, but knew his disguise was more complete with his new purchases. He had accepted his punishment and was now firmly resolved to make a concerted effort to be believable as a girl.

If he thought the rest of his weekend was to be restful, he was badly mistaken. Leona took full advantage of his 'free' time to teach him household chores, included dusting, furniture polishing, vacuuming, clothes washing, and ironing. That's right, ironing!

"Oh NO! Please not that Miss Leona!" he pleaded. "Housework is one thing. All my friends have to help with the housework, but none of them are made to iron! Please, don't make me iron like a girl. Dressing like them is bad enough!"

"Who will take care of your pretty clothes?" Leona spat in mock anger. "Certainly not me! If you don't care enough to properly care for your clothing, maybe you should attend Central. Your secret sure won't last long if you wear wrinkled clothes."

"I'm sorry Miss Leona," he whined in a tearful tone. "I just wasn't thinking."

She smiled at his apology and said, "That's a better attitude, but that little tirade will cost you two spankings just the same! Now to the ironing. You should start with a half-slip, as they are plain and smooth except for the lacy hem. The most important thing is not to get the iron too hot or the fabric will scorch."

Robin watched as Leona threaded the feminine slip over the ironing board and guided the warm iron over the smooth silky fabric. "Now, you try," she said when the slip was correctly ironed and folded.

Robin was too embarrassed to reply. "Why didn't I obey Mom and come straight home from school? I wouldn't have to wear dresses to school and do all this sissy stuff," he thought dejectedly as he followed her instructions.

"Keep the iron moving or you will scorch the fabric, and don't get too close to those cute little bows," she offered. "Never iron over lace, ruffles, ribbons, or bows." When she was satisfied with his efforts on half-slips, she gave him one of his full slips.

He did quite well for a boy just learning, but slips are the easiest item to iron. He needed was practice, and practice was what he got! With Leona giving instruction and gradually increasing the difficulty, Robin ironed all his feminine items of apparel, including several pleated skirts and frilly blouses.

Robin planned to wear his new outfit with the suede skirt to school on Monday, but Leona convinced him to wait for a 'special' occasion when it would have more impact. He gave in and wore a pleated red and green plaid miniskirt and a matching ribbed ski sweater instead. His previously bare legs now sported matching red pantyhose.

At school, Robin was more relaxed. Pretending to be a girl for a week had done wonders to boost his confidence. The first days went by without incident except for his relationship with Jake, who abandoned his friends to sit with him at lunch.

"If this football hero knew the truth, he wouldn't stop with bloodying my nose, he would kill me," thought Robin. "I'm lucky he's so shy."

On Wednesday, Jake made a move. "I like you a lot Robin. I want you to come to the last football game Friday night," he said nervously with a full blush. "I'd be so proud if you would wear my letter jacket. My number is on it. Everyone will know you're my girl if you have it on. After the game, we could go to the season ending dance."

"I'll have to get permission from Mom," Robin stuttered. He wondered how he could look enough like a girl as to attract this popular athlete. Still, he was flattered by Jake's invitation. "I'll ask her tonight and let you know tomorrow." He wasn't sure if his mother would allow him to go with Jake since his fateful dispute when she made him go to Cathy's party instead of the game with his pals.

"If you can," Jake exclaimed bubbling with excitement, "I'll score a touchdown, no two touchdowns for you! Having you in the stands wearing my jacket will give me extra incentive. Let me help you slip it on. You can wear it all the time!"

Robin felt absolutely giddy as Jake walked away. The most popular athlete in school had asked him to the dance! He had won out over all the real girls! Feeling smug, he unconsciously took out his lipstick and added a fresh coat of red to his smiling lips. Adding to his euphoria, the other students looked at him with a heightened

sense of admiration as he walked about clutching Jake's jacket about his shoulders. Even though he was a boy, he couldn't conceal a glow of pleasure at this new status symbol.

That evening, Robin called his mother and told her of Jake's request. He thought he knew her well, and he was confident that she would say no. Diane didn't like athletes, but she knew that girls were obligated to attend certain events in to attract the handsome competitors. She hadn't envisioned her son being one of those girls, especially not so soon. "Of course you can go darling," she gushed. "Socializing with your friends will do you a world of good. Besides, Jake is a nice boy from a good family."

Her response caught Robin off guard, but he quickly rebounded with another tactic. "But Mom, I don't have anything to wear to the game except my short dresses and skirts. You wouldn't buy me jeans last Saturday, and with dancing lessons after school, I don't have time to buy any. The weather is cold at night. I'll freeze without warm clothes."

She could tell that he really didn't want to go. Since she wanted to place him in as many situations as a girl as possible, she would have to supply the impetus. "I'll get you something after work tomorrow. I know your sizes and I'm sure I can find something to fit. You'll need a warm coat too. What style would you like?"

"I'm wearing Jake's letter jacket," Robin nearly whispered.

"Why are you doing that?"

"He likes me and wants everyone to know I'm his girl."

"Oh! Jake's girl!" Diane couldn't contain her enthusiasm. "That's wonderful sweetheart. Just think! You've been in your new school as a girl only a few weeks, and you're already going with the most popular boy! By the way, what are the schools colors? I'll find something to color coordinate your ensemble with the colors to show support for your team."

"Gold and white," he sighed, knowing he was sunk.

"By the way, have you worn your new suede skirt yet?"

"No. Miss Leona said I should wait for a special occasion."

"She was right!" Diane exclaimed. "What is more special than your first football dance?"

The following day, Robin's popularity was greatly increased. Students who had previously ignored him now smiled and greeted him by name. Word that he was Jake Wilson's girl had quickly gotten around, and the conspicuous letter jacket about his shoulders confirmed the gossip.

The ensuing prestige, along with Leona's demanding lessons, greatly increased his confidence in his ability to carry off his ruse. As a result, he walked with his head held high and even caught his own hips swaying seductively in his short skirts.

As promised, Diane came by Leona's that evening with his clothing for the game. Robin anxiously awaited her arrival as he was eager to wear jeans again, even if he would be wearing panties beneath them. However, his zeal was quickly doused when she laid her purchases out for him to see.

Instead of jeans, she had a white warm-up suit with a gold miniskirt with tiny pleats to wear over it. Also, there was a gold stretch band and matching bow for his hair, and a pair of white girl's tennis shoes. To wear with his suede skirt at the dance, she had a shiny gold satin blouse with long soft sleeves. Robin was stunned by the sight before him. He had counted on wearing jeans and looking less feminine for the game, but having to wear a skirt over warm-ups would make that impossible!

Seeing his dismay, Diane proclaimed, "In cold weather, cheerleaders wear warm-ups beneath their short skirts to keep warm. Dressed this way in your school's colors, you'll look a lot like them. With Jake's letter jacket, no one will question your loyalty. The tennis shoes will be comfortable at the game and your black three inch pumps and dark nylons will be perfect with your skirt and blouse at the dance."

"But Mom! For the past two weeks, I've worn dresses and skirts to school and pretended to be a girl!" he cried, holding out his short skirt for emphasis. "I go to dance class in a little red skirt that flips up to show my panties when I twist and whirl. When that's over, I come home and practice all sorts of girl things like walking and sitting in a short skirt, rolling and styling my hair, and putting on makeup. When I'm not busy doing that, Miss Leona makes me learn to cook and do housework. I even have to wash and iron my own clothes, including hand washing my...my undies and hanging them up in my bathroom to dry. Now, I have to go to a dance with a boy! Can't I at least wear jeans to the game?"

"Certainly not!" Diane spat, showing no compassion or sympathy. "Your punishment is to wear dresses and skirts until Christ-

mas! I'm doing you a favor by letting you wear warm-ups because pants aren't allowed. Unless you want to wear dresses until Easter, you'll sashay up to your room, put on your new outfit, fashion your hair into a neat ponytail with the matching ribbons, freshen your makeup, and hurry back down here and show us how pretty you'll be at the game tomorrow."

"But Mom," he pleaded. "I've done everything you said. Couldn't I wear jeans this one time? Please!"

"I thought you were learning your lessons and developing the gentle qualities I desire, but apparently, I was wrong. Maybe you would be better off moving back home where I can keep an eye on you."

"Oh no Mom!" he exclaimed in total exasperation as he tearfully gathered up the clothes she brought. "I'll do as you say."

"You had better be smiling when you come back or I might think you're aren't happy here and decide to take you home anyway," she injected, adding insult to injury.

Robin started getting ready for the game as soon as he got home from dance class the following day. He took a quick bath, slipped into his customary panties and bra, and hurriedly put on his warm-ups. He delayed putting on his skirt, but he didn't feel very manly as he sat at his vanity doing his makeup and styling his hair.

Although he was now at ease in dresses at school, he had been a bundle of nerves all day because of his pending outing. Attending the game in his skirted warm-ups didn't distress him nearly as much as the dance. There, he would be swept about the gym in the arms of another boy, and everyone would be watching, especially Megan! As a cheerleader, she thought she should have first pick of the football players.

When he was ready, Robin placed his suede skirt, satin blouse, dark pantyhose, and black pumps in a clothes bag for protection. He put his makeup, hairbrushes, sprays, mousse, combs, pins, and hot curling iron in a carrying case. "Boy!" he thought, "Girls sure have to carry a lot of things to get ready while boys just get dressed and comb their hair."

"I love your outfit!" Cathy exclaimed when she and her mother came by to take him to the game. "You look like a cheerleader! All I could come up with was these old jeans. Where did you get such a great idea?"

"From Mom," Robin answered, feeling better about his costume after Cathy's excitement.



He prayed that his tight panties and gaff would prevent his true gender from being discovered during this potentially dangerous ordeal. To his relief, everyone was concerned with her own dressing and no one gave him more than a cursory glance....

"I wish Mom would help me put together spectacular outfits like that," Cathy said with a pout and a hard glance at her mother.

Robin had a very exciting time at the game despite the way he was dressed. He and Cathy sat in the student section and cheered wildly for the team. The boys were very friendly, but they didn't make a move because of the number on the letter jacket.

As promised, Jake scored two touchdowns and the Norwood Park Battling Beavers won the city championship going away. "Jake is the school hero, so why shouldn't he go with the prettiest girl?" Robin overheard someone say as he left the stadium.

"Not only do they think I'm a girl, they think I'm pretty," he thought. "At least they don't suspect I'm a boy!"

Robin changed in the girl's locker room in the gym along with the other girls while the football team showered and dressed. Robin got an eye full of naked and scantily clad girls that most boys only dream about as coarse shirts and jeans were shucked off in favor of soft sexy ensembles. He prayed that his panties and gaff would prevent his true gender from being discovered during this potentially dangerous ordeal. To his relief, everyone was concerned with her own dressing and no one gave him more than a cursory glance.

The scene in the dressing room was total chaos. Just getting to a mirror, not to mention an outlet to plug in a curling iron, was a major feat! As peered over a girl's shoulder to apply his makeup, she crowded another over to make room for him at the vanity. "Slide in here Robin," she said with a smile. "Being the star's girlfriend allows you privileges."

"That's right! Quickly, take this outlet before one of those prima donnas grab it," injected another, as she indicated the cheerleaders.

Robin was thankful for the opportunity to move closer to the mirror, but he wasn't enthused to be identified as Jake's Girlfriend! He wondered what the girl's reaction would be if they knew he was a boy. Still, he wasn't above taking advantage of this friendly act. As he glanced at Megan in her bikini panties and push-up bra jockeying for position at the mirror, he knew why she was so popular with the boys.

When at long last he was satisfactorily dressed and made up, Robin joined the crowd on the gym floor. He noticed that he walked with more confidence in his high heels than most of the girls. "I

told you I would score two touchdowns for you!" Jake said, greeting Robin with a broad smile.

"Yes, I know," Robin replied. "I was thrilled to be wearing your letter jacket. Everyone knew I was your girl, and they kept telling me how great you were."

Robin actually enjoyed dancing with Jake. The strong arms around him made him feel more safe and secure than he could remember. After the dance, as he sat close to Jake in the car, he felt strangely content, secure, and protected from the outside world. He had never felt this way as a boy!

After that night, life at Norwood Park High School settled into a routine. Jake was a constant presence and protector against Megan's venom. Despite his success at imitating a girl, Robin was determined to get to the December school break as quietly as possible.

He went out of his way to make sure Leona had no complaints about his conduct. He obeyed her every command to assure that he wouldn't be spanked, and mostly it worked. There were times; however, when he felt she set him up by indicating that she wanted one type of behavior, then punish him for it. He suspected that Leona was deliberately trying to trick him just so she could administer punishment.

On the whole though, he sailed through the next two months. His mother would come by every couple of days to check on his progress, and she was constantly surprised at how well he was adjusting to his role of high school coed.

Robin noticed hair growing on his face at an increasing rate and he diligently plucked each out as it appeared. He didn't want unsightly whiskers causing kids at school to question his gender. When he told Leona about it, she got a slight panicked look and said she would get something to slow the growth. A few days later, she gave him a bottle of pills and told him to take two a day.

Robin took the pills as instructed with assurance that they would stifle any further growth. He couldn't take the chance of being found out by his classmates. True to her word, the facial growth stopped almost immediately and his skin acquired a soft peaches and cream complexion. He meant to ask Leona about those 'magic' pills, but decided against it since the two of them were getting along so famously. The pills did their job, and in the absence of other side effects his concerns vanished.

Finally the Christmas break arrived. Jake and Cathy were going to their Aunt's in California. Robin was sad to see them depart. He knew he would not be seeing them again. By the time they returned, he would be back at Central as a boy. Thus, with a certain sadness, Robin waited for Leona. She had agreed to take him directly to his home at the end of class.

He had worn an especially sexy outfit that morning, realizing this would be his last day in a dress. He had worn a white satin blouse that floated about his upper body and was just sheer enough to allow his sexy white bra and slip to show. His pleated gray silk skirt floated about his thighs at the slightest breeze, revealing the lacy hem of his slip and the dark tops of his nylons. A feminine ponytail tied with a red satin ribbon, modest makeup, red lipstick, eyeliner, eye shadow, and dark mascara gave him a very feminine appearance.

He more or less enjoyed the feel of soft lingerie caressing his body, although he hated looking like a girl and having to put on feminine airs. The taut silkiness of nylons could never be duplicated in boys clothing!

As he strolled to Leona's car, he realized that this would be the last time the boys at school would see his sexy walk, and he took special pains to give them one last eyeful. As he rolled his hips seductively, his skirt swayed from side to side and displayed his nylon-covered legs to definite advantage.

"I see you've learned to play to the boys," Leona noted. "If you don't watch out, the boys will think you're looking for action."

"Oh...I was just giving them a farewell look. Besides, they all know I'm Jake's girl," he giggled in a feminine manner. Just then, he noticed the route she was taking and exclaimed, "Hey, this isn't the way home!"

"Oh...certainly it is," Leona replied. "In fact, we're almost there."

A puzzled look spread over his face at her statement. They were miles from his house. When Leona turned a corner and brought the car to a halt in front of a stylish Victorian style house in a quiet neighborhood, he asked, "Why did we stop here?"

"Follow me!" Leona smiled.

Slipping from the car, Robin straightened his skirt and fluffed it to remove static that caused it to cling to his legs. Quietly, and

with some trepidation, he followed her to the front door. Before they reached the steps, the door flew open to reveal his mother with a wide smile on her lips. "Robin darling!" she gushed, "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Isn't what wonderful?" he asked with a puzzled look.

"The house, dear. The house! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Uh...yes...it's lovely, I guess. Who lives here?"

"We do!" Diane gushed, taking him in her arms. "We do!"

"What happened to our house on Maple Drive?" he asked while unconsciously toying with his skirt.

"Oh, I sold that house. Didn't I tell you? Anyway, this one is so much nicer. I'm sure you'll love it as much as I do!"

"We live here?" Robin sighed as he looked around. "Yes, this house is much better."

After a tour of the house, the three settled down to coffee and Danish to welcome Robin home. "I'm so pleased that you like our new home, sweetheart," Diane beamed.

Finally, Robin broached the subject that most concerned him. "Mom, I've done everything you asked of me, and I've served my punishment. Can I return to being a boy?" he asked with more than a little concern in his voice.

"Of course dear. You've done everything expected of you. In fact, your boy's clothes are in your closet and dressers. You can change now if you like."

"Uh...all right," he said. Rising to his feet, he instinctively smoothed his skirt and appeared perfectly natural performing this exclusively feminine action.

Shortly, Robin returned in jeans, sweat shirt, and sneakers. His hair was still in a ponytail, but the ribbons were replaced with rubber bands. "I'll get a haircut and a dye job as soon as possible. I could never face the guys with hair this color or this length," he sighed.

As he walked over and sat with his knees together, both women knew he would have to lose more than his hair color before anyone would take him as a boy. The limp way he carried his hands, the sway of his hips even in jeans, everything screamed girl!

"How does it feel to be dressed as a boy again?" Leona inquired.

"They feel heavy and course, but I'll get used to them."

"How will your friends react when you show up in boy's clothes?"

“Nothing! Everybody at Central knows me as a boy.”

“But darling, we now live in the Norwood Park school district. You’ll return there after Christmas break.”

“WHAT!!!!!!” Robin shouted, turning white as a ghost. “I can’t go back to Norwood Park! Everyone thinks I’m a girl! I’d be the laughing stock of the school. After Jake danced with me and .. and kissed me, there’s no telling what he would do!”

“He kissed you?” Diane asked in mock surprise. “A boy kissed you? What else did he do?”

“He felt me up a little, you know, my legs and my ... my breasts. They aren’t real and I didn’t really have a choice since he thinks I’m a girl. Don’t you see, I can’t....I won’t go back to Norwood Park!”

“We live in the Norwood Park district. Where else can you go?”

“We can move back to our old house!”

“I’m sorry dear, but I sold that house.”

“I’ll quit school!”

“Oh no you won’t! I’m not raising an illiterate!”

“I’ll die of shame! I know it!” he wailed.

“If you’re ashamed to go back to school as a boy, you could go as a girl,” Leona mused in a soft voice. “Then, you’d be just another girl returning from her vacation.”

“Oh Mom...” he cried. “Do I have to return to school as a girl?”

“That would have to be your choice. As far as I’m concerned, your punishment is over. You may choose to return to school as a girl, but I won’t force you.”

Robin returned to his chair and stared out the window at some boys kicking a ball in the street. He so wanted to join them, but he couldn’t go out there with red eyes and tear stained cheeks! He could only sit and ponder his dilemma. After sitting in silence for over an hour, he stammered just above a whisper, “Mom ... I want to return to school as a girl.”

“Are you sure, dear?” Diane asked. “Your punishment period is over.”

“I know, but I can’t return to school as a boy after the way I’ve been! I’d never live it down.”

"You realize there are six months left in the school year. You'll have to finish out that time as a girl."

"Yes...", Robin whispered, blushing brightly.

"You should change back into a skirt if you're serious."

"Why?" he asked.

"The neighbors must get to know you as a girl. You certainly can't dress as a boy at night and turn up as a girl for school!"

Robin moaned, "You mean that I'll have to live as a girl all the time from now on?" he gasped.

"I'm afraid so, dear. I can't think of any other way, can you?"

Knowing she was right, Robin quietly started for his room. He turned back before the doorway and asked, "Can I ever just dress as a boy around the house? Maybe sneak out to a ballgame or something?"

His mother shook her head, "SORRY! Too much chance for confusion."

"I thought so," he muttered as he left the room.

When the "prettied up" Robin returned, Leona gushed, "My, but isn't your Robin becoming the pretty young lady?"

"Yes he is!" Diane smiled and adjusted a tendril of hair. "Don't worry...we'll have so much fun together as mother and daughter."

"Yes, mother," Robin stammered barely above a whisper.

"Why don't we go to my house for his clothes," Leona suggested.

"That's a wonderful idea," Diane agreed. "I'll remove those boy's clothes from his room while you're gone."

The boys were still playing soccer across the street; one was from Robin's homeroom. When Robin and Leona returned to her car, the boy ran over to greet them. Out of breath, he gasped, "Hi Robin. What are you doing here?"

"Mom just bought this house. I live here now," he sputtered.

"Cool! Wait until I tell the guys that the prettiest girl in school is my neighbor!" he exclaimed as he ran back to his game.

"Why Robin! I never knew that you were considered such a princess at school," Leona teased.

Diane had finished boxing up all his boy clothes by the time they returned with his girl's clothes, and he helped take them to storage. Afterward, they hung his dresses, skirts, and blouses in his closet and his lingerie and other clothes in the dresser drawers. When they finished, he realized that nothing remained to remind him of his male self.

Along with his clothes, his mother had removed all mementos, pictures, pennants, and sports items. In their place were feminine pictures, dolls, and stuffed animals. She had further resolved to decorate his room with lacy curtains and other feminine trappings.

Shortly after moving back with his mother, Robin felt out of sorts. His nipples grew puffy and itched more than ever. He didn't inform his mother, assuming wearing a bra all the time caused these strange sensations.

The holidays were spent establishing Robin as a girl in the neighborhood. He was stunning in his short skirts, tight blouses, nylons, and heels. His blond hair fell about his shoulders in a cascade of curls he acquired at the beauty parlor.

Diane was very proud of her new daughter and she took him everywhere possible, to visit the neighbors, the grocery store, the bakery, the cleaners, everywhere! Everyone within a mile radius soon knew of 'that pretty French girl'.



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

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As Christmas approached, Robin and Diane were in the mall often. While wandering about one afternoon, they found themselves in a jewelry store where Diane spotted a pair of stylish pendant earrings that would go perfectly with Robin's outfit. "How do you like these?" she asked casually.

Looking them over he agreed they looked great, but rejected them saying, "These are for pierced ears!"

"Since you'll be dressing as a girl for a lot longer than originally planned, maybe you should have your ears pierced." Diane suggested.

"But...Mom. It's so permanent!"

"You said most of the girls at your school have pierced ears. I'm sure they've noticed yours aren't. Girls always notice such things. What will you say if someone asks why yours aren't pierced?"

Robin stammered something about crossing that bridge when he got to it. "Oh, come on!" Diane prodded, not allowing the issue to rest. "I'll make the pendants one of your Christmas presents."

The pair exited the store with several small bags containing their purchases, and Robin had two small gold studs penetrating each earlobe. The packages contained several hoops and long pendants.

The rest of the holiday passed in a similar vein. When school resumed, Robin was firmly entrenched in his new feminine persona. He wore large hoops in his ears, and his fingernails were filed into long ovals and coated with a rich red color that exactly matched his lipstick. His blond hair hung about his shoulders in a cascade of golden curls, and he was well versed in makeup application techniques that truly enhanced his attractive feminine features.

Robin was actually happy to return to school. His feminine wardrobe now completely filled his closet and dressers, but he didn't dwell on that subject since the end of school seemed so far away.

The Wilson family returned from their holiday the day before school started and Jake immediately phoned his 'girlfriend' at Leona's. She informed him of Robin's new phone number and he received a call within minutes.

When they met at school, Jake took Robin in his arms and, to the surprise of everyone within sight, planted a smothering kiss on

his lips! Robin was completely surprised by the kiss in public and could only respond by returning it. He couldn't get angry in front of the other students, who regarded them as a 'couple', so he acted as though the kiss was the most desired thing on his agenda. "Having a boyfriend can be a pain sometimes," he thought while smiling prettily at Jake.

The school year proceeded peacefully enough for Robin. It was filled with parties, ball games, and dates with Jake. Nobody questioned his femininity or his status as one of the prettiest girls in school. As time passed, he became quite comfortable his feminine guise and began to enjoy the feel of soft, silky clothes. He even became an expert at makeup application and actually began to feel naked without it.

The only thing that really concerned him was the itching and swelling in his chest. The stinging pain he felt over the holidays was gone, but it was replaced with sensitivity in his nipples, as they grew bigger. By spring, his ' ' cup bras were completely filled with his own flesh. When Jake kissed him, he felt pleasure emanating from his chest instead of his male equipment. Finally, when he felt he needed larger bra cups, he asked his mother about his growing breasts.

"All girl's your age grow breasts," she assured him.

"But Mom, I'm a boy, remember?"

"You're a girl to me, darling. I could never think of you as a boy again. You are my sweet young daughter!"

"But Mom, I still shouldn't be growing breasts. I really shouldn't," he stated with a waiver in his voice.

"I have a confession to make. I knew you would have a difficult time explaining the lack of breast growth, especially to Jake, so I decided to give you some help. The purple 'vitamins' I gave you to replace the white pills you got from Leona are special hormone pills. They are the source of your girlish figure. I thought it best."

"I've been taking girl's hormones?" he gasped.

"Actually, they are more than that. They are specially formulated to speed the growth of your breasts. By the time school is over, you probably will be at least a 'B' cup."

"How could you do this to me?" he gasped.

"You are very lovely and you have been much happier since you started wearing dresses. As a boy, you were an outcast, but as

a girl, you're one of the most popular students. Please forgive me, but I was only thinking of your best interests!"

Robin was very angry with his mother, but after deliberation, his pretty red lips formed into a smile. Throwing his arms around Diane, he cooed, "Thanks Mom! I DO like being a girl. Despite my efforts, I have become addicted to dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie. Being a popular girl is a lot better than being a boy everyone thinks is a sissy or a dork!"

That fateful conversation led Robin to voluntarily immerse herself into being the most feminine girl possible, and he no longer wanted his breasts to disappear. He made every effort to enhance his feminine appearance, actions, and behavior to become the loveliest girl possible. Slowly, he became addicted to the feelings that coursed through his body whenever Jake kissed and caressed him, and he found himself attracted this strong athlete.

Jake asked Robin to the Junior Prom, and he was all butterflies as he prepared for this special date.

As much as Robin was anticipating the dance, Diane was even more excited. Her 'daughter' was attending the junior prom with the most popular boy in school, and she went out of her way to make sure 'she' was the loveliest 'girl' in attendance.

Jake was beside himself when he saw Robin slowly descend the stairs in his gorgeous evening gown, a green low cut silk chiffon gown that clung to every curve and showed prominent breast development. Thin straps were the only things that kept the gown from falling off! The gossamer material hugged each breast provocatively and revealed a deep valley in between. The stylish gown hugged his tiny waist and broad hips before falling in swirls to two inches from the floor. Shiny green slippers with four-inch heels and large green bows peeked from beneath the hem of the elegant gown.

Robin's golden blond hair was pulled back in a French braid that fell down his back. Three satiny green bows evenly divided the braid from its base to its tip that reached his shoulders. Green eyeshadow and dark mascara matched his gown, and his long oval strawberry red nails matched his luscious lips. His toenails were the same color, as it seemed the natural thing to do after all this time.

Robin beamed as he descended the stairs and walked over to Jake, who nearly swooned at the smell of the wonderful perfume his date emitted as they took each other's hands. Jake removed a corsage from its box and clumsily tried to attach it to Robin's gown,

but he couldn't figure how to pin it, especially with Diane looking on.

Laughing, Robin took the flower and attached it to his waist while Jake stared at his breast development.

Diane was beside herself with pleasure as she watched her 'daughter' being escorted to Jake's car. To her contentment, Robin looked and acted like any normal teenage girl going to a prom.

After that evening, Robin seemed to forget he was ever a boy. In his mind, he was a girl, and Jake was 'her' boyfriend. It was right because 'she' was a girl!!

As the school year began to wind down, Robin became rather sad. He was having a lovely time at school, and he had many friends, both male and female. He just didn't want it to end!

The day after final classes, Robin moped about the house trying to think of a way to broach a subject that had dominated his mind of late. Finally, he just blurted it out! "Mom, I don't want to return to being a boy. Oh, I wish there was some way I could be a girl FOREVER!"

Diane could not have heard a sweeter sound! Not wanting to appear too eager, she asked, "Why not, Doll? But are you sure?"

"I'm much happier as a girl. For the longest time, I wouldn't admit it; not even to myself, but as a boy I was a sissy geek. I wasn't good at rough games. Other boys teased me and beat me up because I couldn't run, jump, or hit a ball like them. As a girl, I can turn those same boys to jelly by simply smiling, slowly crossing my legs, and asking a dumb question. Oh, I wish there was some way I could be a girl always!

"There is, sweetheart," Diane went on to explain her idea.

"Oh Mother, I love you so much!" Robin exclaimed while bursting into tears and hugging her mother tightly. Diane had the daughter of her dreams and nothing would change that!

Robin returned to Norwood Park School for her senior year in the fall. She wore a tight fitting black leather skirt that fit her every curve, and they were really her curves!!! The summer had filled her out. Her white silk blouse overflowed with her 'B+' cup breasts, which she proudly displayed to anyone who cared to look. She walked easily in black three-inch pumps and her hair was a waterfall of golden curls.



With a wiggle to his hips and a sway to his breasts, Robin ran into Jake while turning a corner. There was no reason to think like a boy anymore!

As she walked down the hallway with a wiggle to her hips and a sway to her breasts, she met Jake while turning a corner. Jake had been away for the summer and they hadn't seen each other since

the end of the previous school year. Narrowly avoiding a collision, Robin dropped her books on the floor.

Jake was full of apologies and Robin turned beet red. When she stooped to pick up her books, her skirt rode high, and Jake got an eyeful of her substantial assets. Needless to say, he was breathless!! "Er...uh...let me help you with those books," he stammered as he knelt beside her.

"Why, thank you, Jake," Robin sighed allowing him to finish picking up the books while she stood and straightened her skirt. Jake looked up at her and saw her breasts rise and fall as she caught her breath.

"You've really changed over the summer," Jake observed.

"For good or bad?" Robin teased while watching his stare at her womanly assets.

"Are you kidding?" he gasped. "For the good! Say, want to go out for a movie and burger tonight?"

"Movie and a burger?"

"Depends on what movie and what burger," Robin joked then added, "I missed the way we used to talk."

"I missed talking to you too," Jake panted looking into her lovely, smiling face then lower. His lips dropped to hers, and they shared a soft, warm kiss. Robin yearned for more, but this wasn't the time nor the place. She knew what would happen and she was prepared. Was she ever prepared!!!

THE END

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