

TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME 41

"LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN"

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes.



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MAGAZINE

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“LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN”

by DAWN BELL
with Sandy Thomas

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TEBBY

Edited by Lisa P.

www.sthomas.com

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**Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

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QUOTE BOARD

**"In my sexual fantasies, I don't want
anyone to love me for my mind."**

**"Everytime we put a man in a dress,
we liberate a woman."**

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN.

by

Dawn Bell

with Sandy Thomas

Prologue

Johanna Devare and her fifteen year old son Jan (pronounced "Yahn") lived in a large home in a small, affluent neighborhood on the outskirts of Toronto. Johanna, or as her close friends called her "Jo", was the owner of a construction company that had been started by her husband Will Devare.

Sixteen years ago, when Johanna met Will he was quite the dashing businessman. Being fifteen years her senior, he impressed the young Jo with his maturity and intelligence. A year after their marriage, their son was born. For the first five years of Jan's life he enjoyed the having both a mom and dad. But then tragedy struck. Will, was a tenacious and ambitious man.

He took advantage of the building boom in Toronto at the time and drove himself to turn his company into one of the top construction companies in the area. The stress of that was his ultimate downfall. He suffered a massive heart attack at the age of 41. A small 5 year old boy stood at his father's grave not understanding that he would not see his dad again.

Jo was faced with assuming her husband's business responsibilities. Financially, Jan and her were secure for life based on the insurance policy that her husband had thoughtfully provided. She could sell the business to any one of several interested buyers but that was not something she

could bring herself to do. The business had been like another child to her husband. She would see that it stayed in the family!

When she met Will, Johanna had been attending university and working towards a business degree. With her husband's real life tutoring she did well and thankfully was able to use her academic learning to advantage in running the company. And so, in the past 10 years, Jo had gone from being a pretty much stay-at-home mom to a business executive.

One thing that she was thankful for was that her own mother, Irene, lived in Toronto and was there to help raise Jan. Irene was a classic European beauty. The family had immigrated to Canada from Holland when Jo was a young girl. Jo had inherited her mother's looks and now it seemed that young Jan also carried the same genes. His mother and grandmother were fine featured with fine, thick sandy blonde hair. Irene had always worn it very long and done up in some type of braid or chignon. Jan's mother also had worn her hair long up until she started running the business. One day she came home with a very short haircut that required none of the time and effort of her mid-back tresses of old.

Jan remembered the day when his mother took him to visit his grandmother and she saw her daughter's short hair for the first time. She was not pleased. Subsequently, Jo gave her mother all her long hair grooming aids like rollers, clips, pins, barrettes and ponytail holders.

It was long hair that led to Jan's unusual story. . .

Chapter 1

Jan was a quiet teen. He didn't have many friends like other 15 year olds typically would. He was more interested in pursuing his hobbies which included raising tropical fish in the half dozen aquariums that lined the wall on his room. For some reason, a little over two years ago Jan decided he wanted to let his hair grow longer. He missed one haircut then another. By this time his hair was over his ears and down into his eyes.

“Jan, when are you going to get a haircut?” his mother asked one evening.

“I wanna grow it some more. Lot’s of guys are wearing it long these days,” Jan replied.

And so more months passed and still no haircut. Jo found herself buying more expensive shampoos and conditioners at her son’s request. Once it passed that so called awkward stage and was over his shoulders, the thickness and health it displayed was actually quite nice. Jan took good care of it brushing it and applying special conditioners. Of course, grandma thought it was so cute.

“At least someone in this household knows how nice long hair is,” She would say to Jan so that his mother could hear.

“Well, I hope Jan has enough hair now for the both of us,” Jo replied.

It was true, the boy’s hair was thick and lustrous. It reached well down to the middle of his back. At least he had allowed his mother to even out the bottom so it looked full and healthy. However, his hobby required that he do a lot of maintenance with the fish tanks and Jo would watch him fighting the long hair as it kept falling in front of his face.

“You really should get your hair up under a baseball cap or something when you do that,” she said one day.

“Yeah, I know,” he mumbled in reply and continued with his chores.

It was later that evening when they had sat down to watch some old movie on TV that an off-hand remark triggered some events that would change both their lives. A commercial appeared on the screen, one of those new wonder products. It was for a thing called a “HairDini”. This marvelous device was shown being used by long-haired women to simply and effortlessly put their hair up into elegant French Rolls, Twists and Chignons. Without thinking what she was saying Jo said,

“Hey, that’s what you need.”

“What?” Jan looked at her with some surprise.

“To keep your hair out of the way when you’re working on your model tanks,” Jo replied, continuing this strange line of reasoning.

“Fine, you can buy me one,” her son replied jokingly, while shaking his head in that “can you believe this” way. They watched the rest of the commercial in silence neither really sure if the other had been serious.

The whole thing was forgotten and life went on as usual. Then one day weeks later, on her way home from the office, Jo remembered that she needed to buy a few things at Wal-Mart. As she wandered the aisles putting the items she needed into her cart Jo found herself in the aisle in front of the cosmetics section.

There, right in the middle of the aisle was a display of that wonder product, “HairDini!” She couldn’t help but chuckle to herself. What was it Jan had said to her? “Fine, you can buy me one.” The price was reasonable, even for a joke. “What the heck,” she thought as she picked one out of a light brown color and dropped it in her cart.

As she was going through the checkout, the girl looked at Jo’s short hair as she scanned the HairDini. Jo saw the expression on her face and for some reason felt obligated to explain. But explain how?

“It’s for my s. . .daughter. She has real long hair.”

“Yeah, I thought it might be a little hard to use on short hair. I’ve got one and it’s great. The instruction video has some really great styles you can try.”

“Uh, yeah. . .I’m sure my daughter will enjoy it.”

Johanna unpacked her purchases when she got home. She put the HairDini unopened in her dresser drawer. She didn’t know if she would give it to her son. After all, what would he think. . .his mother buying him a woman’s product like that? Again, days passed and the package remained in her dresser.



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*Jo returned and said, "Let's see how easy it is!"
Jo handed her son the HairDini.*

Chapter 2

They were up watching TV, waiting for one of the late night talk shows to begin when there it was again, the commercial for HairDini. Johanna said nothing, but it was Jan who, after watching the models effortlessly use the product, said, "Oh yeah, they probably have hairstylists who have practiced doing it a hundred times be the models and show people how easy it is."

"I don't know," his mother replied, "maybe it is easy."

"I doubt it."

"Well, there's one way to find out," Jo said as she stood up and left the living room. Jo returned and said, "Let's see how easy it is!" Jo handed her son the HairDini.

"I guess it was an impulse buy."

"You want me to use this?" Jan asked in amazement.

"Oh, just try it. I hate seeing your hair flying around," his mother rationalized. "Besides, who cares what you do in the privacy of your own home?"

Jan stared at the box in his hands. The pictures of the beautiful hairstyles worn by the models on the box had him mesmerized. One part of him was saying, "Give her the box back and have her get her money back." Another part of him was saying, "She's right, it can't hurt to try."

Jo saw that he was struggling with a decision so she quietly took his hand and said, "Come with me scaredy cat. Let's do a consumer test of this." Her son didn't resist, but just let himself be led up to his mother's room.

Opening the box they found some instructions and a video. Jo slid the tape into the VCR and turned it on. They sat together on her bed and watched the training film quietly. Many of the styles were modelled by women wearing elegant evening gowns.

"It should be easy," Jo said, "Your hair is longer than most of the models."

This product was very definitely aimed at making women more romantic and sexy. After watching the part on the basic technique again, Jo felt ready and asked Jan to sit down at her vanity. She took out the HairDini and put it on the table while she brushed out her son's silky hair.

"This is so long!" she exclaimed as it tumbled to the middle of his back. "It's only a couple of inches above your waist. I think it's as long as Grandma's."

Her son didn't reply but kept watching his mother in the mirror. She brushed his hair back and clasped the end in the cloth covered device. Then, just like in the commercial, she twisted the HairDini around and around like some giant hair roller. With a couple of final bends and a few pulls and tucks of Jan's hair she was done. . .it was that easy!

"Wow!" Jo exclaimed as she surveyed the perfect French Roll that she had completed on her son's hair. "This is great! It looks like you had it done in a salon."

Because of the thickness and length of Jan's hair combined with the added, hidden padding provided by the HairDini the French Roll was very full and stood out a full three inches from the back of his head. With an obvious nervous look on his face, Jan picked up a hand mirror to get a better look at the back.

"Gee, it does look like the ads doesn't it?" He managed in a weak voice. His earnest expression and barely suppressed smile indicated to Jo that he was enjoying it.

"It looks wonderful. I'm not going to bother returning it. If you want you can make good use of it. Now, let's go watch the Late Show."

Jan didn't argue at all at wearing his hair in the exceptionally feminine style back downstairs. As they watched the show in a darkened living room Jo caught her son frequently running his hands over the smooth roll of hair behind his head. In fact, he looked like he was barely interested in the TV.

"Feels odd, eh?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jan said feeling the back again, "like having short hair."

Later that night as they headed for their respective bedrooms Jo turned to her son and said, "I'll leave the video in my VCR so that if you want to practice any of the styles after school you can."

He smiled and mumbled, "Yeah. . .uh, ok thanks."

Both had trouble falling asleep. Johanna had strange feelings thinking about how pretty, yes, that was it "pretty", her son looked with the feminine, sophisticated hairdo. Doing his hair had given her an unexpected thrill that she hadn't expected. And to her it looked like Jan had also enjoyed the experience.

Jan lay in bed, his hair reluctantly brushed out. Why was it that he found his image in the mirror with his hair up so exciting? He would never have dreamed what he was thinking now. He could hardly wait to get home from school and try out this new toy by himself!

And so it was that Jan made a beeline for home right after his last class. His mother wouldn't get home for a few hours so he had lots of time to experiment. As he viewed the video he would pause it and try the instructions he had seen. He found that after just a few tries he was able to duplicate the style his mother had done the other night. But as he watched more he ran into a problem.

Some of the styles required the use of hairpins. . .something that was scarce in this house since the "great haircut of '87'." His frustration was genuine. As the time approached when his mother would be home, Jan wrestled with the thought of leaving his hair up as it was now. Was his mother just kidding him about "making good use of it?" As he heard his mother's car drive up the driveway, he chickened out. With a deft move he had his hair down and was brushing it straight.

Johanna went into her bedroom to change. She noticed that the VCR was still on. She remembered her comment the night before. But had she believed that he would actually try doing his own hair? She didn't want to embarrass him, so she asked very matter-of-factly, "Hon, did you have any luck with your hair after school? I see it's down. Was it too hard to do by yourself?"

Jan had a fleeting urge to deny having tried anything but for some reason his mother sounded so pleasant and relaxed about the whole thing that he finally admitted the truth, "No, actually it is quite easy. I just feel weird with it up like that."

"Nonsense dear. Why suffer with hair in your eyes. C'mon, I want to see if you can do it yourself."

She motioned for him to come into her room and demonstrate what he learned. Taking the brush, her son, feeling a little silly, began to brush his hair back. As Jo watched, Jan went through the steps that the women in the TV commercial did in about the same time. Fifteen seconds later his hair was in a perfect French Roll.

"Amazing! That was just as fast as the girls in the commercial!" Jo exclaimed. Little did she know that Jan had practiced the process at least thirty times in the past couple of hours.

“Did you try any of the other styles on the video?”

“I was going to but I can’t,” Jan replied with almost a sadness in his voice. “I don’t have everything I need.”

“Like what?” His mother asked, still puzzled.

“Well some of the styles need bobby pins, clips and stuff. . .you don’t have any. . .right?” he asked in a hopeful voice.

“No, I gave all those things back to Grandma. I’ll ask her to bring me some back tomorrow when she comes over for supper.”

“Are you kidding?” Jan sputtered, “what are you going to tell her they are for? She knows you don’t need stuff like that!”

“Oh, come on. We don’t need to keep this a secret from Grandma. Remember? She the biggest fan of your long hair. She’ll think it’s great fun, besides, she has had long hair her whole life. It is a practical way to keep your hair out of your way when you’re trying to work around the house.”

“She’ll think I’m some kind of weirdo or something,” Jan countered but his mother could tell she was winning this argument.

“On the contrary, you know she’s often asked why don’t you wear your hair back in something like a ponytail. She’s probably never seen a HairDini and she’ll be amazed at how well it works. Maybe we’ll buy her one too?”

“Well. . .ok,” Jan finally said as his mother’s points did make sense. Come to think of it, he realized that he had always loved to see how his grandmother would be wearing her long hair on each visit. She indeed was very good at long-hair styles.

Chapter 3

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The next morning Johanna closed her office door and phoned her mother.

“Supper at six?”

“Yes mom, six, but the real reason I’m calling is I need to borrow something.”

“Certainly dear. What do you need?”

“Well, remember when I cut my hair and gave you all my long hair clips?”

“Ah yes, that silly decision you made years ago. Are you letting it grow again?”

“Mom. . .let’s not start that again. Can you bring over a dozen or so long bobby pins. Remember the amber colored ones for light brown hair?”

“Bobby pins? What would you need them for. . .unless you’re planning on putting up my cute grandson’s beautiful hair?” she chuckled.

After a brief pause Johanna replied, “Actually, that’s exactly why I need them.” Now there was a surprised silence at the other end of the line.

Johanna related the complete sequence of events to her mother. She emphasized how Jan might be embarrassed if he thought his Grandmother thought he was strange.

“Never! I’m thrilled. He’s a smart boy and he appreciates long hair. I’ll put together some things today and bring them over. Since my own daughter doesn’t need to learn my skills with long hair, maybe my Grandson will let me pass some on to him.”

It was with some trepidation that Jan awaited his Grandma’s arrival that evening. He sat watching TV having completed another perfect French Roll with his hair. When the doorbell rang he nearly jumped from his seat. Jan saw his grandmother’s car parked in the driveway. With a nervous smile, he opened the front door.

Irene Klegg was in her late fifties but no one would have guessed. She was a tall, athletic woman with beautiful facial features and impressive curves. One would have probably

pegged her age as mid to upper forties. Since her husband died several years ago (he was also many years older than Irene) she seemed to have a steady stream of interested widowers and divorcees seeking her attentions. Hardly a surprise because she was rich AND good-looking.

“Jan! Let me see!” she exclaimed as she gave him a quick hug then turned him around so that she could see the back of his hair.

“And you did this yourself?”

“Yeah, it’s really easy.” Sure enough, Jan found himself being led into his mother’s bedroom where he had to perform a demonstration of how he created the style.

“My, my. Too bad they didn’t have these when I was younger,” Irene said as she smoothed Jan’s hair. The boy had taken a good look at his Grandma’s hair and as usual it was beautiful. Her near waist-length blonde hair had been parted down the middle and French-braided down each side. The resulting braids were coiled together into a big chignon low at the back of her head. Irene noticed Jan’s gaze at her hair.

“Do you like it?” she said as she pirouetted slowly for her Grandson.

“Yeah, it’s really beautiful,” Jan answered sincerely.

“Well, I’m glad you like it. I think your hair looks beautiful too. Now, your mother said that I should bring over some of the things you need for long hair,” Irene said as she opened the large shoulder bag she had brought with her.

“Mom said that I should try some of the other styles on the training video. . . just for fun. . . but they require hairpins.”

“Not to worry,” Irene said as she began to pull several plastic Tupperware containers out of her bag. “Let’s see.” She opened the first container and Jan saw what must have been at least a hundred various types and sizes of hairpins and bobby pins.

“Gee, I only need a couple.”

“Ah, that’s because you haven’t learned what the different types are used for and because you haven’t tried dreamy styles like this yet,” she said as she pointed to her hairdo.

“But I don’t need fancy hairdo’s like that, I just thought it would be good to get my hair out of my face,” Jan explained. Irene wasn’t going to be deterred easily.

“Oh sure, you could just tie it back in a simple ponytail but that’s so boring. Let me have some fun and teach you a few tricks.”

“I’d be embarrassed if my mom saw me with hair like yours,” he finally admitted.

She whispered, “Fine, we’ll just do it in secret! Why don’t you come over to my place in the city this Friday night and stay the weekend. I promise you we’ll have some fun and you’ll be able to learn a few neat hair tricks.” Jan really liked his Grandma. It was kind of neat to watch his mother get nagged by her mother sometimes. Irene was always on his side and he trusted her completely.

“Okay,” he finally said with a faint blush on his cheeks.

“Good, then it’s settled.” The blush on the young boy’s cheeks intensified as he saw the contents of the other containers. One had a variety of hair elastics, cloth scrunchies and various colored ribbons! Who was she planning the ribbons for? The last container had a variety of combs and hair ornaments including barrettes and a couple of banana clips.

“Now let’s take a look at those other styles on that video before your mother gets home.”

When Johanna finally arrived home from work she found her son and mother working in the kitchen getting dinner ready. She smiled when she saw him. Sure enough, the boy’s hair had received the benefits of her mother’s attention. It was neatly coiffed in one of the more advanced styles on the video. Jan’s hair was all swept up and formed into a smooth chignon atop his head. Long wavy tendrils were purposely left to float around his cheeks and neck.

“I see that Mom brought the hairpins,” Jo said as she gave her mother a hug.

“And a few more things that he might get some use of,” Irene replied. “Amazing! He can whip his hair into that French Roll as fast as a Paris model. Anyway, I’ve invited

him to come over to my place for the weekend. I just don't get to see my only grandchild enough."

"That's great! I'm sure he'll enjoy going downtown and looking around. I have to go into the office for most of Saturday anyway."

"Then it works out well. You just come over on Sunday afternoon. Jan and I will make us all a nice Sunday dinner."

Johanna knew with almost absolute certainty that her mother was going to teach Jan all about the art of hairdressing—if Jan was willing. In a way she was almost a little jealous. Strange at it may be, she had quite enjoyed helping her son try feminine hairstyles the other day. Anyway, after the weekend, Jo suspected that Jan would either be totally fed up with his long hair. . .or want more?

Chapter 4

Jan was waiting with his bag packed on Friday when his mother got home from work. He had a tingly feeling in his stomach as they drove from the suburbs into Toronto. Luckily the infamous Toronto traffic was mostly heading towards them so they made good time. Irene's large, two bedroom condo was located just a block off Yonge Street in a modern high-rise development. It was the right location for the youthful grandmother who enjoyed the big city nightlife.

"Now you obey Grandma and don't be lazy. Help her with housework. . .don't wait for her to ask," Jo said as the car pulled up to the elegant entrance of the high-rise.

"Yes mother," Jan sighed, having heard the same speech every time he came here for a sleep over. He wasn't concerned, his Grandmother was well off and had a cleaning person come in twice a week to do most of the work. As he stepped out of the car, his mother blew him a kiss and said, "Have fun, I'll see you on Sunday."

Jan buzzed the security intercom and in a few minutes, he was met at her front door. Irene asked as she hugged him. "Are you ready for a secret fun weekend?"

"I guess," he replied with a sheepish grin.

“Ahhh, not even a ponytail for Grandma?” She teased as she fluffed out his loose tresses. “And I brought you so many nice ribbons.” This just made Jan blush more.

For the next hour Jan and Irene had a light supper and unpacked the boy’s bag in the guest bedroom. Irene was pleased when she saw that Jan had brought along his HairDini and the other things that she had given him.

“Well my dear. Are you ready to learn some things about dealing with long hair?”

“Sure,” Jan answered. He had been dying for her to ask just that question since he had arrived.

“Ok, let’s go to my room. I have everything ready,” Jan’s grandmother said as she enthusiastically led him by the hand to the other room. He wondered what she meant by ‘everything ready’ but he soon found out!

His grandmother’s large bedroom had a huge oak vanity with three-way mirrors and built-in makeup lighting. A padded bench was placed right in front of the mirror and a rectangular, small table on wheels, something like a serving trolley in a restaurant was standing near the bench. On the small table Jan surveyed the host of paraphernalia that was neatly arranged there.

There were various small trays of hair pins, bobby pins, clips, ribbons of all colors and lengths, barrettes, combs, hair brushes and two electric curling irons, one with a thin barrel and one with a very fat barrel. There were also hair elastics of all colors and thicknesses, colored scrunchies and several silk scarves.

“What’s all this stuff for?” Jan asked nervously.

“Well, dear,” his grandmother replied as she put an arm over his shoulder and led him to sit at the bench, “you liked the Hairdini. Hopefully by the end of the weekend you’ll be well acquainted with how these things can help keep your hair nice. . .maybe even learn a couple beautiful hairdo’s.”

Jan blushed, unsure how to react. Irene said, “It’ll be just between us. I’m hoping that we can each create some special hairdo’s for Sunday’s dinner. . .maybe even surprise your Mom?”

"Oh gee, not mom," he said nervously.

"Don't worry about it. Sunday is a long way away. Let me show you what I'm talking about. . .I'm going to teach you starting at square one."

For the next several hours Jan and his grandmother took turns exchanging places as she showed him a new skill first on his hair then would have him duplicate it on her hair. Soon the boy relaxed and was quite comfortable with such basic techniques as making even parts, braiding, and pinning.

He found that when he was told to try and braid his own hair behind his head it was a bit trickier because he would have to work on feel rather than sight. Irene brought out a book on fancy braiding and showed Jan a picture.

"Our last practice for tonight is to try this hairdo. It's called a Gainsborough." The picture showed a style which was four braids looped at the back of the head. Irene sat down as she instructed Jan how to proceed.

Before long, Jan stood back and surveyed his handiwork and a spontaneous smile broke across his face.

"I take it you're impressed with your skill?" Irene said watching him in the mirror. She took a hand mirror to get a better look at his work.

"Perfect! I see we can progress to more difficult styles tomorrow," she said as she stood up and patted the seat for her pupil to sit on. With a nervous feeling of excitement Jan sat down anticipating the fact that he was about to have his hair done up so beautifully by his grandma.

Irene's practiced hands worked much faster than Jan's.

"I'm just going to do yours a little fancier than mine. Is that okay?" She asked not really expecting an answer. Jan just squeaked a quiet "Sure." He watched as his grandmother took a spray bottle and misted water all over his hair. Then she took a can of foam mousse and squirted a big ball into her hands which she worked into his hair on the top and sides.

Another ball of mouse was worked into the back and bottom hair. When she put the can down, Jan noticed that the can was something referred to as "extra hold" condition-

ing mousse. After combing the mousse completely through his damp hair he watched as she swiftly did a perfect center part. But rather than make the horizontal sections, Irene began making a braid right from the front of his head on the right side. Seeing his questioning look she explained with a smile, "I'm doing some French braiding. That's tomorrow's lesson."

Jan watched fascinated as a perfectly even braid was getting formed down the right side of his scalp. His grandmother deftly added sections of new hair as she worked her way to the back. As she reached the back of his head she picked up a long piece of half-inch wide, red silk ribbon and placing it under one of the braid sections wove it into this first braid without adding any more sections.

The result was a beautifully intertwined red ribbon providing a striking contrast with Jan's dark blonde hair. The remaining bottom right section of hair was braided into a basic braid with a golden silk ribbon intertwined. On the left side the same procedure was carried out but the red and gold ribbons were reversed. Irene completed the side to side looping of her grandson's colorful beribboned braids. Because the top braids didn't have any base elastics with which to hold the ends of the loops, she had to use bobby pins.

"These bobby pins are just temporary," she explained. Then she took a shorter piece of red ribbon and carefully tied it around the base of the right braid catching the end of the loop as well. Once she had tied it into a cute bow she removed those bobby pins. Irene then did the same on the

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other side. Before she was done she had added small gold ribbon bows to each side as well.

When Jan looked in the mirror he almost swooned. Every strand of his thick, mid-back length hair was tightly braided from root to its end. The intermingling of gold and red silk ribbons was as girlishly feminine a hairstyle as any he had ever seen. His grandmother noticed the excited look in his eyes.

"You like it, don't you? It so reminds me of Johanna when she was your age."

"Oh, Grandma. It's beautiful!" Jan admitted as he turned his head from side to side taking in every angle and marveling at the intricate patterns of woven hair that his hairstyle featured so lavishly.

"Jan, that hair-do brings out the soft features of your face. I can't help but see a very pretty teenaged girl sitting there." The comment made Jan blush but it was quite consistent with what he was thinking at that moment.

He let down his boyish guard, "Gee, I guess it does make me look like a girl."

"Sort of fun, eh?" Irene exclaimed as she gave her grandson's shoulders a squeeze from behind. "Remember, it's our little secret. I love teaching you things like this. You're making your old grandma so happy!"

Irene was laying it on pretty thick with the "old grandma" routine but her words did have some impact on the boy. He saw the genuine enthusiasm and joy in her face. It felt good to make someone you love happy.

"Why don't we get ready for bedtime and we can watch some TV for a while. I've planned a busy day downtown for us tomorrow. There are all sorts of sales on this weekend down at Eaton Place. I'd like to get you some new summer clothes. You know school's out in a few weeks and we can have some real fun this summer."

"Sure, that sounds cool," Jan replied. Jan's faintest suspicions about what she meant about fun became a firm suspicion a few moments later when his grandmother returned from one of her bedroom closets.

“With your pretty hairdo, I’m just dying to see you in this,” she said as she held out a white floor-length garment in front of the boy. Jan stared at what it was and his heart nearly skipped a beat.

It was a light cotton nightgown with a very wide, lace collar which spread out over the shoulders and down the back, long billowy sleeves that also ended in gathered, lacy cuffs. Any normal boy should have got upset and bolted from such a situation.

This thought crossed Jan’s mind, but he also understood that no normal boy would be standing there with his hair done up prettily in elaborate braids and decorated with colorful ribbons. Should he be surprised or outraged now?

“You really want me to put that on?” He noticed that his grandma was waiting for his reply. “Okay, sure. Do you think it’ll fit?”

“Oh definitely! It’s quite loose. Try it on and then you can wear it to bed.”

Jan allowed himself to be led by the hand to the guest bedroom.

“Why don’t you take off your outer clothes. I just want to take a few measurements for tomorrow.”

“What for?” Jan asked.

“I have a size conversion chart and it helps to find your actual size,” she explained.

“But I know my clothing sizes.”

“Oh, I’m sure you do, but I’m just curious. It’ll only take a minute.” Jan carefully pulled his shirt off so as not to disturb his braids. He found that they were in fact very tightly fastened. He figured that his grandmother had done it that way so that they would last through the night. After he took off his jeans and socks he stood still while Irene took various body measurements around his chest, waist, hips, inseams, etc. Finally she was done and she handed Jan the nightgown.

“I’ll step out so that you can take off your underwear and try this on. Come back to the living room and I’ll get us some lemonade.”

She left and Jan closed the door. Slowly he removed his underwear as his heart rate became much more rapid and audible in his ears. He lifted the gown over his head and let it drop over his body. He fastened the several small buttons on the bodice and fluffed out the lace collar.

There was a full-length mirror on one wall so he walked over to look at himself. He was shocked! Whereas he had agreed that he looked like a teenaged girl when his grandmother had shown him his hair, now the image was complete. The mirror showed a very feminine looking girl with pretty braids and ribbons around her head and elaborate white lace accentuating the loose romantic nightgown she was wearing.

Jan felt a strange excitement go through him. It was like the excitement that he felt when his mother had given him the HairDini device. . .but this was even better! Jan found himself anxious now to show his grandmother.

Irene waited with anticipation for her grandson to come. The broad smile on his face spoke volumes to her and she was pleased by what it said to her. She was going to enjoy this summer!

She made him turn around and show her all the angles. "Your mother used to have a nightgown like that when she was a girl. In fact, your hairdo is one I used to love on her."

"This is comfortable," he added feeling the material again.

"Well, then it's yours."

"You mean to keep?" Jan asked incredulously.

"To keep and sleep in."

"What would Mom say?"

"I think she'd agree you look very pretty in it."

"But this is for a girl. She won't let me wear girls' clothes."

"Who bought you that HairDini which is an aid for creating hairdos only worn by girls? Who helped you learn how to put your hair up into a woman's French Roll? Who called me and said that you needed hairpins so that you could try different girl's hairdos?"

Jan was stunned by his grandmother's point blank statements. They certainly tore down some walls that he had built in his mind about recent events. It was his mother that had, in a way, encouraged, him in trying these obviously girlish things. The boy felt a kind of relief settle over him.

"I guess you're right. I shouldn't feel too embarrassed simply trying these things."

"Boy or girl, these things can be fun," Irene prodded him further.

He was silent for a moment, then he looked into his grandmother's eyes and said quietly, "Yeah."

Irene felt joy and immediately hugged her grandson. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you," Jan responded returning her embrace.

"Then let me teach you some more new things this weekend. Then on Sunday. . .let's surprise your mother?"

"Surprise her? What do you mean?"

"Your mother encouraged you to experiment making feminine hairstyles with that HairDini, right?"

"Yeah," Jan admitted trying to follow what his grandmother was getting to.

"Well, this Sunday," Irene continued in a hushed voice, as if someone was nearby to overhear their little plot, "How about me putting your hair up in a really gorgeous, formal style and dressing you up appropriately to go with the hairdo?"

Jan let the impact of what she was suggesting sink in. He could feel his heart racing and his palms sweating. He said the first thing that came to mind. As he said it he realized the real meaning of her words. "But I didn't bring any of my good clothes."

"Now Jan," his grandma smiled, "I don't think you have any clothes that would be appropriate for the kind of glamorous hairdo I have planned. I was thinking along the lines of a cocktail dress and high heels?"

"A dress? For me?"

“Why yes. . . just like the girls in the HairDini video. If your mother liked the feminine hairstyles on you, lets show her the hairdo complimented with the right dress, makeup and jewelry.”

The boy was wrestling with his emotions. Sure, he knew that he felt strangely excited when he saw himself in the mirror with the exceedingly feminine hairdo's, but he had not allowed himself to consider the logical extension of this fascination.

His grandmother was offering him the chance to experience something that now sounded wickedly exciting and yet so wrong for any boy to do! His mind worked frantically to rationalize his desired response.

“I'd look really silly,” he mumbled half-heartedly. Irene sensed any resistance he might have had crumbling so she charged in for the victory.

“Darling, as for looking silly, I'll make you a deal. Once you're completely dressed and you think that you look silly, then we can change you right back. How is that for no risk?”

“Gee, if you really think mom won't be mad and I can chicken out at any time. . . I guess I'll give it a try.”

Jan felt a surge of relief as he accepted the incredible offer. The pressure his grandmother had put on him helped to convince him that he wasn't really doing this because HE wanted to.

“Wonderful,” Irene exclaimed, “let's go watch some TV . Oh, I forgot, I just want to take a couple of pictures of you in that nightgown. You look so lovely.” The boy found himself being led over to the fireplace and asked to sit with his legs under him on the floor.

His grandmother arranged the skirt of the nightgown to drape over his legs and she fluffed up the broad lace collar over his shoulders. Next she positioned his head like a photographer, somewhat to the side and up so that his beautiful, beribboned braids could be seen. Soon she was clicking off pictures while asking him to change poses slightly.

After watching a late movie they turned in to bed for the night. Jan found that, tired as he was, sleep was slow in

coming. His hands kept running over the neatly plaited hair and silky ribbons intertwined in it, down onto the lacy collar that tickled around his neck. The words that he kept hearing in his mind until sleep finally took over were “. . .cocktail dress and high heels.”

Chapter 5

When Jan awoke the next morning he at first couldn't remember where he was or why he felt an overall taut feeling on his scalp. But even before he opened his eyes and his hand went up to scratch his head it felt the tight French braided hair and he realized that it wasn't a dream but the real thing. He got out of bed and heard his grandmother already working in the kitchen.

“Ah, sleepy head is up,” Irene teased him good-naturedly. “How did you sleep? Did the braids bother you?”

“No they were fine.”

“Sit down and have a bite to eat. After breakfast we'll get dressed and go shopping.”

Jan looked so comfortable in the nightgown that Irene wondered if Jan was up for a little mischievous fun. “I checked your measurements and you'll fit into a size 8 dress perfectly. There should be lots of nice ones in that size for you to choose from.”

Jan swallowed his food and looked across the table incredulously. “You want me to go with you and pick out a dress?”

“Several actually. I thought you'd try on a few and see which style you like best,” Irene said casually.

“Try them on? In a store? What would people say if they saw a boy trying on dresses in a store?”

“How would they know you're a boy?”

“You mean. . .go dressed as a girl?”

“Of course. Don't you remember what you look like?”

“I can't do that!” Jan gasped almost shaking in fear. Irene looked at the pretty young boy and decided that maybe

she had better not push him. She had his measurements and sizes anyway.

“Okay, okay. I’ll tell you what. I guess I can buy you several dresses and take back the rejects. I’ll do the shopping alone, but then I’d like you to do something to help us get ready for surprising your mother tomorrow.”

Jan felt relieved. As much as the thought of going to a women’s dress store and choosing a dress excited him, the abject fear overwhelmed him. “Sure, what do I need to do?”

“I’ve got to see how your hair will hold a set.”

“A set? A set of what?” The puzzled boy asked. Having grown up with a mother that had, in his young memory, always had a wash and blow-dry hairstyle, he was not familiar with all the feminine terminology.

“A set as in shampoo and roller set silly. I’m going to put your hair up in curlers before I go and I want you to dry it with my dryer. I figure that if your hair is anything like mine you’ll need at least an hour and a half under the dryer. If you want, you can spend a half hour at a time and do something around the place in between. You know, to break up the monotony. I also want to see if you can fit any of my high heels. You need to start practicing your walk.”

Jan felt another pang of excitement. Although he had seen women with their hair up in rollers, he had not considered that he would ever experience that. Even though he had worn feminine styles the last few days, and had started to hope that he would be able to do that off and on for a long time hence, it never occurred to him that he might get a chance to see himself in curls!

“You’re going to put my hair up in curlers? Gee, that’ll feel weird.”

“Girls your age use rollers more and more these days. After those dreadful 70’s with their wash and wear look for young women, some classic looks are coming back. I think that your hair will take a curl very well.”

After they had cleaned up the breakfast dishes, Irene had Jan come back to her bedroom so that she could take down his hair. As he sat once again before her vanity he gazed at

the girlish image that stared back at him in the lacy, white nightgown. He was getting used to seeing himself in it.

As his grandmother began to untie his hair ribbons Jan felt somber at having his pretty braids taken down.

Seeing his face, Irene said, "We have to take it down if you want to experience other types of hairdos and being feminized. You do want to try, right?"

Jan blushed and nodded. His grandmother's words, "being feminized," made him recoil. . .but that's what was happening to him and he might as well admit it.

"I'd like to make your hair as girlishly pretty as possible," Irene asked, "is that okay?"

Jan nodded as Irene undid the braided loops and removed the elastic holding the first braid. Jan's eyes opened wide as she unwove the hair and ribbon. His hair, having been moistened with styling mousse prior to braiding, now unravelled into crisp, undulating waves. As each braid was undone he found his hair now to be a mass of waves.

His grandmother used a large hairbrush to slowly brush through the rippling masses. Whereas his long hair normally fell straight, now it had amazing body. It literally stood 5 to 6 inches away from his head and back.

"See, it looks like you just had a \$100 spiral perm," Irene said as she stood back and admired her grandson. "Too bad you don't want to come downtown with me. . .you would look like a doll. Here let me show you what I was going to do with it. It's simple but very feminine."

She picked up a white, two inch wide hair ribbon and slid it under the back of Jan's hair. Bringing the two ends up around the mass of hair and behind his ears to the top of his head, she tied the ends into a large bow.

A quiet Jan turned his head from side to side observing the luscious mass of hair that spilled over his shoulders. With the big bow on top of his head he was reminded of storybooks he used to read as a small boy. At the moment he resembled a drawing of a young fairy princess from one of those stories.

His grandmother brought him out of his revelry. "So, changed your mind about coming shopping with me?" That

brought him back to reality. As much as his eyes ensured him that what he saw in the mirror looked very much like a pretty teenaged girl, the thought of going amongst crowds of people dressed like a girl was terrifying. "I can't Grandma, I'd die of nerves."

"That's okay. I know that this is all so new to you. Maybe next time you'll feel more adventuresome."

"Maybe next time?" Jan imagined that this couldn't possibly be more than some onetime joke they would play on his mother. Surely, she would not allow it to go on.

Irene undid the bow and removed the ribbon from Jan's hair. "I need you to shampoo and condition your hair thoroughly. You can shower if you want, but you can have a nice bath later as well. It's just too hard to wash long hair in a bubble bath. Come over to my bedroom when you're done." Jan hurried to carry out his grandmother's request.

Irene perused through her vast walk-in closet until she found a nearly brand new terry cloth bathrobe. It was like the ones often provided for guests in elegant hotels. However, this one was in a pale shade of pink. On the way out of the closet she also opened up a built-in



His hair, having been moistened with styling mousse prior to braiding, now unravelled into crisp, undulating waves.

drawer which was brimming with unmentionables.

Quickly she found a new pair of pink, panties with ample lace inserts along the front. The final item she picked up was a pair of pink satin bedroom slippers with a two inch heel. Jan's grandmother opened the bathroom door and spoke loudly to compensate for the gushing sounds of the shower.

"Just wrap your hair in a towel and put on these things I've left for you. Then come back to my bedroom."

Next on Irene's agenda was to call her daughter. Irene said barely suppressing a giggle, "I wanted to tell you that for tomorrow's dinner we're going to dress a little more formally—you know 'Sunday's best'."

There was a pause at the other end of the line. "Sunday best? Jan only took his jeans. . ." Jan's mother paused as she began to read between her mother's lines. "Mom. What's up?"

"Oh dear, don't be such a suspicious person. I really have to run now" The phone clicked off as Johanna was trying to say something else. Irene smiled and thought to herself, "Ahhh, to live to be old enough to be an irritation to your children."

At that moment Jan knocked and entered his grandmother's bedroom. He look somewhat sheepish and unsteady on the higher heels of the slippers.

"Come on in Jan," his grandmother said as she pulled the vanity bench out for him to sit down. "I just talked to your mother to tell her to dress nicely for tomorrow."

"You didn't mention anything, did you?" Jan exclaimed nervously.

"No I didn't say anything. Remember, it's going to be a surprise. Now sit here so I can put your hair up."

Jan watched in the mirror as his grandmother used a wide-toothed comb to gently untangle his long, long hair. The expensive conditioner he had allowed to soak into his hair for five minutes certainly seemed to help. Once it was all combed out and lay wet and straight she went to work explaining the process.

"We're going to use this setting lotion," she said as she showed Jan the plastic pump bottle. "You can set hair without it, that is, just wet or damp, but a good setting lotion will really hold the curls and give it long lasting body." Jan's grandmother next picked up a rat-tailed comb and sectioned off a piece of hair right in the middle directly above Jan's forehead.

"See how much hair I'm taking," she said as she made Jan lean forward so that he could get a better look in the mirror, "about an inch by two and half inches across. If you ever want hair as long as yours to dry in less than a day, it's better to use less hair per roller and more rollers close together." Jan nodded in understanding. Irene went on to show how to spray the section with the right amount of setting lotion and how to comb it through before taking a roller and wrapping the end of the hair around it twice then firmly winding the rest of the hair onto the roller right down to the scalp.

"We're going to use these large one and half inch rollers today. That will give you just the right amount of bouncy curl. Now take one of these big bobby pins," she continued as she picked up a three inch long one, "and slide it at the base of the roller catching the hair right at the scalp. The next rollers will be pinned to one another so that they will be very secure. If the rollers are all loose, the tension on the hair is poor and the result is less curl."

Jan watched with fascination as his grandmother continued doing section after section working straight down the middle of his head towards the nape of his neck. She even had him trying to do some rollers on the top himself. Surprisingly, he found it not too difficult after two or three tries.

"Gee, I think I get the idea Grandma," the boy said somewhat proudly.

"I think you have a natural talent for doing hair. Maybe you should have been born a girl?" That last comment caused Jan to blush a little.

Irene noticed and said, "Just because you weren't born a girl doesn't mean we can't have a little fun like this." Jan nodded without actually saying anything.

In another fifteen minutes, Irene was winding the last roller at the back of her grandson's head. Now Jan saw himself with his entire head covered in very neatly wound rows of hair curlers. Two long bobby pins were used to hold each roller to the one behind it. All in all, with the three dozen plus rollers and sixty or seventy large, metal, bobby pins involved in his set he could feel a definite weight attached to the tension on his scalp from the carefully wound curlers.

"There, with the rollers being double pinned to one another there isn't even any need for a hairnet. When you're not actually under the dryer you might want to tie something like this over your set," Irene said as she produced a large silk kerchief.

It was a pink silk with Egyptian art patterns over it. Jan sat and watched as his grandmother showed him how to lay it over the top of his rollers and then bring the ends together behind his head and tie them in a bow. Jan couldn't help but smile at the strange image he presented with the colorful silk scarf so obviously bulging due to the large hair rollers underneath.

He recalled seeing women in the supermarket sometimes with similar rollers and kerchiefs. Jan remembered thinking how silly it was that they thought that they were hiding something. Now, here he was, looking just like them.

While he was evaluating himself in the mirror his grandmother was back at her closet. She was back carrying several items.

"Since we're feminizing your hair with curlers, how about wearing one of my dresses while I'm out shopping. You never know, if one of those pesky false fire alarms we tend to get here happens, you might be seen by outside people. You promise me that you will leave the building if the fire alarm sounds," his grandmother instructed gravely.

"Go outside?? Like this? I'd rather be cooked well done!" Jan exclaimed.

"Seriously. You never know when a real fire may occur. Would you rather that a fireman would have to come up here and carry you down?" Irene joked.

“Gawd,” Jan moaned at the speculation.

“Anyway, you need practice in skirts and heels before tomorrow.” She held up a cream colored linen shirtwaist dress that buttoned up the back. “You’ve gone this far, you might as well be wearing a dress too.”

Jan stared at the neatly ironed garment. “Since the linen may feel a little itchy on your bare skin and the top of the dress will sag, I want you to try these other things as well.” She held up a pink brassiere and a lacy pink, full slip. Jan’s eyes just about popped out of his head.

“You mean wear this stuff ALL day?”

“Why not? The idea is to make you feel feminine. These are very comfortable and should you be seen by anyone, you will look normal, attractive young woman with her hair up in rollers. My granddaughter to be exact. Now take off that robe please.”

Slowly, Jan blushed as he did as she requested. His grandmother took the bra and slid the straps up his arms and onto his shoulders. Stepping around behind him, she closed the three hooks on the chest band and made some adjustments on the shoulder straps.

Running her hand down the empty cups, she said pinching his slender arm, “There. That looks very nice. . .your muscles are as soft as butter. Your first bra?”

“Yeah, I feel foolish.”

“I’m going to fill the cups with some hose for now, but I’ll try and find something more suitable today at the store.” Irene did as she said and soon Jan’s brassiere was sporting the rounded contours of a young woman’s bosom.

“I bet that feels even more odd to you?” she asked smoothing the cups of Jan’s brassiere.

“I’d never get used to doing this all the time,” he laughed.

“Sure you would. They GROW on you!” she laughed at her own wisecrack.

Unexpectedly, Jan saw an odd look in his grandmother’s eyes. “What is it?” he asked.

“Oh nothing,” she said absentmindedly, “I was just stunned at how nice you look with breasts. . . your figure is really quite soft and rounded.”

“Really,” Jan exhaled.

“Most boys would look silly in a bra, but not you.” Seeing anxiety in Jan’s eyes, Irene pressed on. “Now, put your arms up high dear,” she instructed as she carefully lowered the full slip over his arms and around his curler-covered head. Soon the shoulder straps on the slip were adjusted and she checked the hang of the slip’s lacy hem.

“Okay, we are now ready for your dress!” she stated then had her grandson step into the unbuttoned garment. The dress was pulled up his body and he slipped his arms into the short sleeves. His grandmother knelt down and tugged the hem of the slip down so that it hung properly reaching to just above the hem of the dress.

“My, that fits very nicely,” she exclaimed as she proceeded to fasten the many black buttons up the back of the dress. It would be very hard to get off quickly if there was a fire!

Jan was lost in the sensations of the moment. He was comprehending what it meant to be dressed in lingerie and a woman’s dress with his hair tightly rolled on curlers.

Putting her grandson’s long hair up into a French Roll with the HairDini, had evolved into a mischievous session to transform his appearance to that of a young female!

Fluctuating with moments of guilt and near maniac hallucinations, Jan was still reluctant to show his mother what a pretty daughter he could make!

Meanwhile, his grandmother smiled silently as she surveyed the image her grandson presented. With his smooth, youthful features and slim, muscleless body she was dying to see what a doll she could turn him into.

“Try these too,” Irene said as she brought Jan back to reality. She had brought out a pair of beige, high heeled pumps with a pointed toe and two inch heels. As Jan steadied himself against a chair, he allowed his grandmother to force the “pointy toed” pumps on his feet.

“Are they supposed to be this tight?” Jan asked.

“They only chic if you’re a bit hobbled. Women’s shoes are like that,” his grandma laughed. “Maybe we can braid your three inside toes? Okay, now try walking a few steps.” The boy complied as he took a few steps on noticeably shaky legs.

“Put your weight more on your toes, like trying to pick up sand on the beach.” Jan tried that and found that other than the effort he was feeling in his calves he was getting more comfortable.

“Good, now keep practicing because tomorrow I imagine that your shoes will have even higher heels.”

“Higher?” Jan gasped.

“Why not, if you’re going glamor—go all the way.”

After setting up her hard bonnet hair dryer on a table for Jan and showing him how to use it, she kissed him goodbye and left for her shopping excursion. Once alone, the boy spent a good half hour walking around the house making every effort to see himself from all angles in all mirrors. Eventually, he found a few recent copies of Vogue magazine and settled down under the dryer delighting in the sensations of being a young lady. He caressed his legs, sliding his hands up over his smooth shining dress and sat quietly sampling the new sensations of femininity.

Chapter 6

It wasn’t until late afternoon that Irene returned from her shopping marathon. Jan had religiously put in the ninety minutes he was told his set would need under the dryer. Then just to be sure he spent an extra thirty. As he sat there reading women’s fashion magazines. “Sitting still” which normally would have been a chore, was in fact a pleasure.



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When Jan heard the front door unlocking he got up from the couch and walked over to greet his grandmother. He wanted her to see his greatly improved poise and balance on the high heels. But as he neared the door and it opened he froze. Accompanying his grandmother was the building's doorman, Edward. Edward had his arms full of packages and shopping bags.

"Oh, hello dear," Jan's grandmother said as she saw him standing there, "Edward, this is Jan, Jan. . . Edward." Edward stared at Jan for a moment then nodded a hello. Jan had a panicked look on his face but not unlike any young girl caught with her hair in curlers.

Irene took the parcels out of Edward's hands and thanked him as he nodded goodbye and closed the door.

As Edward walked back to the elevator he scratched his head. He had gathered from the pictures around the apartment that Irene only had a grandson. "Hmmpf," he thought, "I've got to get glasses. When she came in today, I was sure she was guy." He vowed to himself to pay more attention.

"Grandma! I didn't know anyone would be with you," Jan exclaimed as the blood started to return to his face.

"What's the problem dear. So now Edward just thinks that I have a granddaughter. I don't think I ever told him specifically that I had a grandson. Anyway, at worst when he sees you in your boy's clothes he'll think you're a tomboy, but when, and if, he sees you in a dress like today, he'll know you're a girl."

The reasoning and logic somehow escaped Jan. The few times that Edward saw Jan when he visited his grandmother, it was far away. . . would he really think that he had seen a tomboy?

"So, did you survive that head sauna of mine?" Irene asked as she felt one or two curlers on Jan's head. "Your hair certainly seems dry. I'm dying to show you what I bought. I think I got a little carried away, but I enjoyed it so. It would have been even more fun if you had come along. Ready to see?"

She picked several bags and indicated that Jan should do likewise and follow her to her bedroom. Having just spent a few hours reading women's fashion magazines he recognized several of the names printed on the bags he carried. He saw Holt Renfrew, Victoria's Secret and Gucci! Could his grandmother possibly have bought him clothes from such renowned women's fashion outlets?!

Irene laid the bags on her bed and began taking articles out. "I hope you can wait awhile for supper because I'm absolutely dying to see you in these things! Are you feeling up to doing a fashion show for me?"

"Sure, just tell me what to do," an excited Jan replied as he gazed at the white silk panties and bra set that his grandmother took out of one Victoria's Secret bag.

They had lots of fine lace embroidery. Next came a white silk half slip with a sculpted, lace trim hem and a matching camisole. The bodice of the camisole was trimmed in the same sculpted pattern as the slip.

"Turn around and I'll unbutton your dress, dear, then you go in your room and put on your new panties, okay?"

Seeing the price tag, Jan gasped, "Aw, Grandma, these are too much."

"Nothing's too good for my grandson!"

With his heart beating rapidly in anticipation, Jan quickly went to his room. He unstrapped and removed his sandals, slipped off the dress and slip. The back hooks on his bra were a challenge but finally they too were undone and the bra came off. Finally, he removed the pink panties and replaced them with the new white lace ones.

The feel of real silk was most exciting and his real gender was starting to make itself known. Jan relaxed for a moment and closed his eyes trying to think of the Blue Jay's batting order. Things got back under control before he returned to the other bedroom.

"Very nice, now put on the matching bra. I bought this one because it has a front hook." Irene instructed as she held the new bra out for Jan. When he had it hooked, his grandmother adjusted the shoulder straps then another bag was

opened. This one was made of all black paper with no name on it.

“It’s a good thing I read an article in the paper some time ago about this special boutique here in Toronto. It had two things that will be just perfect for you.” She took out a small box and opened it. Jan saw two soft silicone tear-drop shaped objects a little larger than an orange.

When his grandmother gave one for him to hold he saw that it was soft and jiggled when he moved his hand. She took it back and then slid it into the empty cup of his bra. The other one went into the other cup. With a little adjustment she stepped back and look him over.

“Wow, talk about instant puberty!” she said. “Look in the mirror.” Jan walked over to the mirrored closet doors and looked at himself. The fleshtone inserts filled out his bra smoothly and very realistically. As he walked he felt the weight and slight tug of his bra straps on his shoulders. . . even a gentle side-to-side motion.

The effect had another aspect. He helplessly felt himself reacting to the stimulation his brain was experiencing. As embarrassment flooded him, his grandmother calmed him by saying, “I knew that this second item would come in handy.”

She held out what looked like a tiny, flesh-colored elasticized panty. “It’s called a gaff and it will smooth out any, shall we say, ‘contradictions’ in your image. With it you’ll even be able to wear tight jeans or an aerobics leotard without telling the world you’re not the gender your dressed up to be.

After going into the attached bathroom and removing his panties, Jan pulled the tiny garment up his legs. He did as he was instructed and pushed all his boyish parts back and up while he pulled the gaff all the way up.

At first the tightness was painful, but with some tugging and adjusting he was able to bear it. Jan put the panties back on and looked in the mirror. He couldn’t believe it!

He looked like a girl down there! The white panties hugged his crotch with nary a bulge or bump spoiling the flat front.

"I want to see," his grandmother yelled from the other room. He sauntered into the bedroom. Irene asked, "Is it too uncomfortable?"

"It hurt a little at first, but now it's kind of numb. I'll survive I guess."

Before long, Jan was also wearing the short minislip and matching camisole. Now he was very happy that he had on the little protection device. His grandmother opened another small plastic bag that contained something black.

"I love the look of these but obviously I'm decades too old to wear them myself!" she said as she opened the package and showed Jan the thigh high black stockings. "These are part of that schoolgirl look that you see everywhere these days." Irene carefully unrolled first one then the other stocking up Jan's legs. They were designed to stay up themselves with their tops reaching just a few inches above the knees.

As Jan looked at himself in the mirror admiring the virgin white lingerie floating just above the black of his stockings his grandmother opened another bag from a store called Suzy Creamcheese. He recalled seeing it in the huge Eaton Center mall downtown. A neatly folded white blouse was first. It had long sleeves and ruffles at the collar, bodice and cuffs. Irene helped her grandson put it on and buttoned the buttons down the front.

Also in the bag was a darling, pleated mini-skirt in a dark green tartan plaid. "When I was your age, my mother would have never let me wear anything this short!" Irene said as she undid the back zipper and button of the skirt and held it low for Jan to step into. Then she pulled it up over his slip and tucking the blouse in, she zipped up the back and closed the single button. She bent down and made sure that her grandson's slip hung to just above the hemline of the skirt.

Jan was speechless and breathless. He'd never experienced what he was feeling now.

"A bit short but I love it!" Irene sighed as she looked over her cutely dressed grandson. "Before you put on the shoes and sweater I'm going to take down your hair so have a seat."

Jan couldn't help but gaze at his reflection in the full length mirror. It was so strange yet delightful. Boys clothes usually consists of just a T-shirt, undershorts and jeans, but these clothes provided so many more sensations.

The tight pressure of the bra around his chest with the shoulder straps telegraphing each bounce and jiggle of his 'breasts', the soft caress of his camisole and slip tickling his skin just enough to keep reminding him of the lace that decorated them. The snug encasement of stockings up to his thighs with that slippery feeling when his legs rubbed each other.

As he sat down smoothing the miniskirt underneath him, he thought too about the other aspects of dressing as he was now, aspects that he was sure that his grandmother would insist upon through out the weekend. The anticipation was driving him crazy. However, his grandmother was anxious to complete the creation of her perfect, teenaged, fashion-plate, grand 'daughter'.

"I'm so glad that we decided to set your hair today. I think that curls are just the thing to complete that 'school girl' look I'm sure you'll enjoy." Jan blushed then watched as his grandmother went about taking his hair down.

Her words, "school girl look," bounced around in his head as she showed him how she took the rollers out starting from the bottom and working upwards. "So this is how the girls do it?" Jan asked, trying to stay aloof and not too intimately interested.

His grandmother smiled, "Yes, I don't think there's anything more girlish than having your hair up in rollers and seeing how lovely you can make it. Just watch!"

Jan couldn't see the first few rollers she took out in the back but when she moved around to the side and he saw her remove the two pins and gently coax a roller free releasing a very springy curl that bounced onto his shoulder and he almost swooned. As the rollers disappeared and lush tight curls hung down around his head Jan thought he had died and gone to heaven.

He had always liked long hair. Who knows, maybe that's why he wanted to grow his long. But he had never dreamed that the long curls he so liked on girls were just a shampoo and set away from being a reality on his head. He knew then and there that somehow he'd have to get an excuse to try this at home!

"Oh, your hair takes a curl marvelously!" His grandmother exclaimed as she picked up a hairbrush. With that she lovingly pulled it through the hair from front to back all over. Then she asked Jan to bend over forwards and she brushed through his hair from the nape down.

"Now, just throw your head back." He did as instructed and then looked in the mirror. There was a beautiful teenage girl looking back at him. His hair spilled in luscious curls and waves over his shoulders and down along his cheeks. The curls shone from highlights provided by the conditioner.

His grandmother said, "I know women who pay hundreds of dollars on expensive perms and the like and can't get near the curls that you're getting with just setting lotion."

"Something any boy should be real proud of!" Jan bantered but just continued looking at his image.

Irene picked up a comb and did some selective back-combing to form the hair into feminine perfection. "I think a nice white satin ribbon and bow like you wore this morning would be just the thing. What do you think?"

"Oh, why not?" he stammered. As Irene retrieved the ribbon from her drawer she smiled. She could do at least part of her grandson's clothes shopping in the young ladies section from now on.

"Pick your hair off your shoulders for a second," she said as she slid the ribbon underneath the mass of curls. Running the ribbon just behind her grandson's ears, she brought the ends together at the top of his curls. Tying the ribbons she asked Jan to place his finger on the ribbon while she finished the bow. Then, using a comb she picked and touched up the curls around the ribbon.

The hair in front of the bow puffed up three inches. Behind the ribbon the curls also stood three to four inches away from his head.

“Now, a girl these days can’t get away without at least a little makeup.” With that Jan watched, and learned, as his grandmother opened still other bags and produced a variety of cosmetics.

“You didn’t have to buy all new stuff grandma. What are you going to do with all of it. You already have so much here on the vanity.”

“Yes, that’s mine. This is yours. It’s in colors that are meant for a teenage girl, not an old grandma like me. I’m going to loan you one of my large suitcases so that you can take all this stuff home.”

“Home? Mom won’t go for that. I hate to waste all this,” he said hopefully.

“Well your mother will have to deal with her mother. Don’t worry. I don’t see why you can’t have some of this stuff to play with. They even make dolls for boys now, right?”

Jan knew this was a little different. He was still uncertain to how his mother would react to all this but he settled back and watched as his grandmother slowly taught him the basics of applying makeup.

A light blusher, eyeshadow and mascara were stroked onto his virgin skin. The eyelash curler was a strange device that took some getting use to for the boy.

“Look at those lashes,” his grandmother proclaimed, “again, it’s a crime that lashes like that belong to a boy!”

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Jan, too was impressed by the gently curled lashes that appeared to have doubled in length. With each blink he could faintly feel the presence of the eyemakeup he was now wearing. Using a small brush, Irene finished by applying a pinkish-red lip gloss to her grandson's lips.

The application of makeup took any doubts what-so-ever from Jan's mind that he might be taken for a boy.

"We'll polish your nails later tonight. If you like the makeup, you'll love that. Now let's complete this look. Come put on the shoes." Opening the Gucci shopping bag, Jan's grandmother took out a shoebox. It contained a pair of black, lace up, leather shoes with the new wide-style heels in a two inch height. As Irene expected her sizing judgement was right on and they slipped on easily. Finally, she took a dark green cardigan sweater that had a mock school insignia over the left breast. She helped Jan into it.

"There's my precious little school girl!" Irene exclaimed as she turned her grandson to take a good look in the mirror.

Jan was not really prepared for the reflection he saw. The soft, bountiful curls tied behind his ears by a white ribbon. The prettily made-up face with the long lashes and pink lips.

The miniskirt with its flaring circle of pleats just hiding the hem of his white lacy slip. The black school girl stockings only going up high enough to expose a two inch wide expanse of smooth skin.

If he hadn't been convinced earlier he was convinced now that not only did he look like a girl, but by his own high standards, he looked like the quintessential "babe"!

"So this is what HOT chicks have to go through to look like this?" Jan commented.

"Yes," his grandmother smiled, adding, "and boys who want to look like hot chicks. It's a lot of work but worth it."

Jan's grandmother told Jan to come out into the living room so that she could take a few pictures. As he posed and preened before the camera Jan really started getting into the act. He could see himself in a large mirror on the wall just behind his grandmother.

He played up his poses and expressions to the image in the mirror, recalling all the looks he had so often ogled in girly magazines. As the last frame of film was done, Irene looked at her grandson with a mischievous grin.

“You are SO pretty. . .I’m dying to show you off.”

“Show me off? What do you mean?”

“Now you know what it takes to be ‘hot.’ Why don’t we go for a walk down to the harbor front and have a coffee at one of those cute waterside cafes? You could see what it feels like to be hot?”

“Go out?!” A panicky Jan exclaimed. The thought sent a shiver through him. But as he looked in the mirror, a devilish curiosity crept over him. “Damn!” he thought, “I look better than a lot of the real girls out there.”

“Com on’, let’s be a little sneaky. . .no one will ever know. . .”

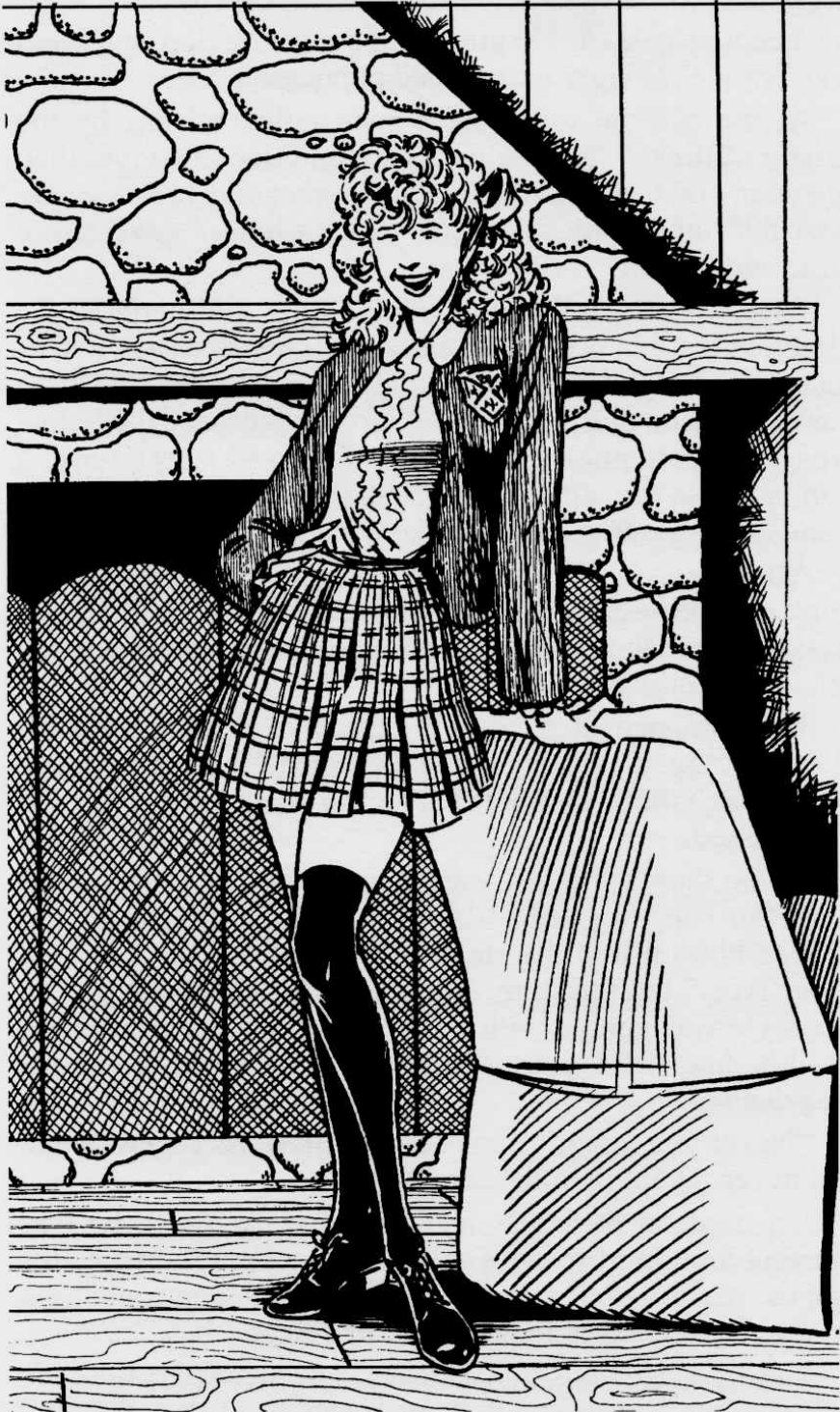
Before his grandmother had a chance to continue on her persuasive diatribe she was surprised with Jan’s next words.

“If you’re sure it’s okay. . .why not? I’ve gone this far. . .why not jump off the bridge!”

Jan’s heart pounded as they stepped out into the hall and the condo door closed behind them. He was “out”, in a public place, completely dressed like a girl! His legs, encased in the sexy, dark stockings felt weak with giddy excitement.

They rode down in the elevator and stepped out into the foyer. Edward, giving the very attractive girl accompanying Mrs. Klegg a thorough ‘once over’ opened the door for them and they stepped out into the street. The two block walk along Queen’s Quay to the cafe was a joyous experience for Jan. As the breeze drifted up his short skirt and tickled his lingerie the boy thrilled at the strange freedom of strolling down a busy Toronto street and not getting a second glance from passersby.

Of course he wasn’t yet used to checking over his shoulder to catch the repeated double-takes he was getting from



“There’s my precious little school girl!” Irene exclaimed as she turned her grandson to take a good look in the mirror.

the men they passed. He presented quite a luscious eyeful of sexy female teenager to the male population.

At the cafe he was treated with polite respect by the female waitress. Jan finally began to notice that more than one young man was giving him an appreciative look see. He even felt himself blush as one "young hunk" gave him a smile and a wink.

"See, you're hot!" Jan's grandmother said noticing the attraction that Jan was transmitting and countered any potential problems by turning and looking straight at the hunk who was treading on thin ice. One look from her caused the fellow to pay closer attention to his girlfriend who was just returning from a trip to the ladies' room. She didn't want her young grandson to get frightened by the attention.

After the cafe, they once again strolled along the waterfront just letting Jan enjoy the feeling of being out in public dressed as girl and realizing that nobody would have guessed that he in fact was a boy.

They stopped at a couple expensive dress boutiques. "Let me know if you see a dress you want," Irene announced loud enough that it startled Jan. . .until he remember how he was dressed.

In one shop's window was the most stunningly beautiful dress Jan had ever seen. Irene saw Jan's expression and spurred him on into the shop. The saleswoman called the color 'ivory' but the shiny silk glistened like a bright pearl. The style was simple with a conservative square neckline, fitted bodice and a short, full swirling skirt. Jan gasped at the price tag.

"Never you mind," Irene said, "This dress is classic and will never go out of style. Try it on!"

Jan tried on the dress and before he knew it, he was whirling around in front of the mirror trying to imagine his friends' reaction to it. Irene whispered, "No one could look at you in that dress and ever think of you as a boy."

The dress had long, tight sleeves that extended to the edge of his palms. Jan's hands kept brushing at the skirt that

showered from his waist in richly gathered folds. Just touching the dress made him shiver.

"Really, Grandma," Jan gushed, "It's too much!" then "I'd never wear it!"

"If you had a dress like that," Irene announced, "you'd wear it!"

They left and went down the street. The dress was neatly folded in tissue and put in a pretty flowered box and then put into a bright pink bag with handles. Jan was euphoric, almost in a daydream as they walked down the street.

"With that skirt you can let your hips sway a bit more," Irene suggested.

"I can't believe I'm getting away with this," he finally said with a grin, and slightly more hip undulation.

"Jan, I think you would have a hard time convincing anyone at the moment that you are a boy. So, do you want to go shopping with me again?"

As they turned the corner, they sauntered by several young workmen wearing jeans and t-shirts. The youths openly gaped at Jan's skirted bottom. Jan felt highly conspicuous but held his chin up and restrained his skirt in the brisk breeze. "Sure," he said softly. "I'd love to." With that, his grandmother gave him a hug and they headed back home.

"We better get back," Irene said, "I still have more clothes for you to try on. We should look at some magazines to pick out a hairdo for tomorrow night's dinner."

Chapter 7

Jan's mother Jo had felt a strange nervous excitement as she dressed for dinner on Sunday. She knew that her mother was probably at that moment finishing some elaborate, feminine hairdo on her teenaged son and who knows what kind of clothes she was planning to dress him in. Jo felt somewhat guilty that she had not specifically forbidden her mother from doing this. Why? Why was she even now anxious to see how he would look?

She took one final look in her mirror smoothing the skirt of her silk dress. Jo's makeup was heavier than she wore during the day and she had moussed her short hair into a little more youthful look. The thought of growing her hair out was creeping up in her mind more and more the last few days. As she drove to her mother's Jo kept thinking that she felt almost as if she was going on a blind date!

She knocked on her mother's door and heard the sound of high heels on the marble foyer floor indicating that someone was approaching. The door opened and a radiant Irene greeted her daughter. Irene was wearing a gleaming white blouse with a ruffled lace bodice and a black hostess skirt that was ankle length. Her hair was conservatively done in a smooth chignon at the nape of her neck.

"Right on time dear," Irene said as she gave her daughter a kiss on the cheek.

"You look nice Mom."

"Thank you, so do you. Come in and make yourself comfortable. Jan will be here in a minute."

Jo felt like going into the guest room to see her son but she forced herself to wait. She had a feeling that her mother was staging his entrance. She didn't have to wait long as her mother reentered the living room.

"Johanna, may I reintroduce you to your child," Irene said with a grin. Jan entered somewhat hesitantly behind his grandmother. Jo was speechless!

She could never have expected what she saw. They had not missed a detail! What she saw was an elegant, beautiful young woman dressed in a stunning black velvet party dress that clung to her body's curves. The smooth, long legs were encased in gossamer thin silk stockings with perfectly straight, classic seams running up the backs of the leg.

On his feet, her son wore black evening slippers with four-inch heels and thin criss-cross straps across the instep. His red enameled toenails peeked through the transparent silk of his stockings. The dress was an off-the-shoulder design with short, cap sleeves. It was very basic, without excess

ornamentation of frills. This just added to its classic elegance and allowed the natural beauty of the wearer to shine.

Johanna looked at her son's face and hair and was moved to tears. Her mother had outdone herself. Jan's makeup was perfect for his young complexion. His radiant skin looked as smooth as porcelain under the subtle cosmetics. His eyes were sensually made up with warm shades of brown and pink eyeshadow and his curled eyelashes appeared longer than a boy deserved to have.

Red lipstick highlighted the perfectly outlined mouth of this "cover girl." Finally, Johanna looked at her son's hairdo. From the front a wispy spiral tendril graced each cheek tumbling to below his chin. The rest of his hair was combed sleekly back and up where it was arranged at the crown of his head in a fountain of precise, long ringlets encircled at the base by a thick braid. It had a Grecian goddess look to it and must have taken all afternoon to create!

The stunning coiffure and makeup was appropriately complimented by a pearl necklace and screw-on pearl cluster earrings. The set of pearls gave Johanna another tug at her heart. They were a family heirloom of sorts. Irene's mother had handed them down to her and Johanna remembered being allowed to wear them to her own first prom. Now a new "girl" in the family was carrying on the tradition.

"Oh Jan! You're beautiful!" she exclaimed as she embraced him. Jan hugged his mother back as he was swept by a wave of joy and relief. He had felt more than a little nervousness and uncertainty while he spent the afternoon undergoing the seemingly endless preparations at the hands of his grandmother.

"Turn around so I can look at you."

Jan did a slow walk across the room and performed a perfect imitation of a high fashion runway model. Johanna noticed that her boy had a very nice figure obviously enhanced by a padded brassiere.

"What a gorgeous dress! How'd you get one to fit like that?" she asked her mother.

"He's a perfect size 8."

“I’m jealous!”

“And his nails!” she exclaimed as she took her son’s hands in hers to get a better look. “Looks like a professional job?”

“Thank you, but I did them. It’s those new acrylic extensions.”

“And his hair! Did you go to a beauty salon?” Jan and his grandmother exchanged knowing looks. The discussion about Jan’s next visit had included shopping and maybe a visit to a beauty salon.

“No, I did it,” Irene said with a knowing smile at her grandson.

“He looks older,” Jo commented.

“It’s his new figure and the trendy dress. Not many girls his age have the money and the figure for a dress like that.”

“Not many mothers either. . .”

The evening went wonderfully. Jan and Irene showed Johanna the Polaroids from the past two days. She couldn’t believe how feminine and beautiful her son looked. Particularly stunning was his schoolgirl look with the curly hairdo and short pleated skirt. . .so perfect for his age.

What did surprise her was all the clothes and lingerie that her mother had bought for him! “How many dresses does a boy need?” she thought to herself as his new wardrobe unfolded.

She began to start feeling worried. On the one hand having a “impromptu daughter” was certainly a kick. In fact, she had caught herself imagining what fun they would have buying clothes and enjoying other girl activities that she had missed out on as a mother with only a son.

But he was a son and she was his mother. She had a parental responsibility, a duty. This kind of thing just wasn’t done or at least she’d never heard about it. If she let it go on, what would become of Jan? And so she sat looking at her femininely coiffed and dressed son with mixed emotions.

Chapter 8

Jan was bubbling with adolescent excitement all the way home. She hadn't seen him quite so buoyant for years. His mother wondered how she should approach the subject that had been on her mind for the past couple of hours. It was late, but Jan wanted to unpack his new clothes and other feminine grooming products.

"I'll take your hair down and brush it out for you if you'd like," Johanna said.

"Thanks Mom, just give me a few minutes to put these things away." She was about to say that "those things" were what they needed to talk about but she held back. Instead she went back to her room to change into a nightgown and robe.

As she finished changing Jan entered the room and turning his back to his mother asked, "Mom, can you unzip me?" It was so natural she thought! It's as if he had been wearing dresses around her for years. She helped him as requested and he thanked her and quickly waltzed out of the room.

Johanna creamed her makeup off, washed her face then went over to her son's room. He had just finished dressing in his new white lace nightgown. She couldn't help it but she thought it looked very cute on him.

"What do you think?" He asked as he did a pirouette for her.

"Grandma gave you that too?" she replied but with a somewhat exasperated tone of voice. Jan caught the tone but wasn't sure what it meant. She motioned for her son to take a seat at the vanity so she could take down his hair. As she began the slow process of finding the various hairpins throughout the style that secured the braid and many ringlets Johanna looked at Jan in the mirror and asked, "You really enjoyed your weekend with your grandmother didn't you?"

"Sure, I mean it was really different and surprisingly fun."

"I enjoyed having a daughter tonight too but I'm also a little worried. You make such a natural girl. . .nobody would ever guess that you're a boy when you're all prettied up the

way you were. You must have seen that when you went out?"

Jan nodded. He didn't like the sound of her tone.

"You just can't run around in dresses anytime you want, lots of things could happen. . .what if you got caught? That could only lead to no good, right?"

Jan saw what she was getting at. He had similar thoughts at first but realized he had forgotten all about them. Seeing himself that first time with his hair in curls and wearing that cute schoolgirl outfit made him forget everything!

"From the way you've put them away, I assume you'd like to wear them again?"

"Yeah. . .I guess I got a little carried away."

"Well grandma can certainly have that effect on people sometimes. I just think that we need to keep this little hobby under control, okay?"

"Sure Mom. But what do you mean hobby?"

"Well, you spent so much time growing your hair, I understand if you'd liked to pretty it up. . .that's even good for it. But I think if you want to 'dress up' we should both decide when."

Jan was embarrassed. His mother assumed (rightly so) that he liked to dress like a girl. He was about to 'renounce all' when his mother said, "I certainly would love to have a daughter to share some time with, but I don't think it would be good for you to start dressing like a girl every spare moment you get, do you?"

Had he been asked this ten minutes ago, Jan realized that he would have blurted out an enthusiastic, "Yes!", but now that he had heard his mother's view he compromised.

"No, you're right. It's just for a diversion so I'll let you decide when and where."

"Thanks, I appreciate that. So, I would suggest that since you've had almost three full days of immersion as a girl we cool it down for the rest of the week. Okay?"

Jan looked at her in the mirror and put on a face of mock surprise, "You mean I can't wear my schoolgirl outfit to classes tomorrow?"



They both laughed. Johanna felt good now. She was worried that Jan would react badly at her suggestion to limit his play in girls clothes, but his rational acceptance of her recommendation greatly encouraged her.

"You mean I can't wear my schoolgirl outfit to classes tomorrow?"

He had indeed convinced her that this 'bit of fun' was only a harmless pastime.

She happily worked on her son's hair as she finally had all the pins out and was able to unwind and loosen the braid. She hummed to herself as she brushed his beautiful hair until it shone like wavy silk. Johanna couldn't resist and violated her own rule as she parted his hair down the middle and began to braid it. Jan didn't say anything but his smile showed he was pleased.

With his hair neatly braided and tied with a couple of white ribbons, Mother and son had another difficult task to complete. Removing those artificial nails was a chore.

"They sure make your hands look pretty," Johanna said, "It's the little details that made you look so convincing. You know, you can't be putting these on and off. It'll ruin your nails."

"Yeah, it's too bad." Jan said sadly.

"Maybe you could grow your own out a little more," Jan's mother said as she used solvent to clean the adhesive residue off of her son's nails.

"But how can I get away with long nails at school?" Jan asked logically.

“You don’t need nails half an inch past your fingers to have them look good. With proper cuticle care and reasonable growth they can look much longer than you think when they’re coated with a colored polish. For now I’ll just put some nail hardener on so that they won’t crack.”

Jan was enjoying this. First she says no more girl’s stuff for the rest of the week, then braids his hair, tells him to grow his nails long and is now was coating them with a clear polish! He asked, “Mom, maybe I should take off this nightgown?”

Feeling like she had been unsympathetic with her son, Jo said, “That can’t hurt anything, can it. . .unless the house catches on fire or something.” Feeling left out of her son’s new hobby, she added, “I’ve got a few nice nighties you might like.”

Jan never would understand women.

Chapter 9

The last few weeks of the school year went by quickly. True to their discussion Jan and his mother limited his new found interest to the weekends and wearing nightgowns to bed. . .his mother had added two pretty robes to the nighties she gave him.

Jan wore the nighties to sleep and his mother didn’t seem to care. In fact, his mother always commented on how cute he looked when he wore the little baby-doll nighty she’d given him. It was fitted to the bust with a short flowing skirt and matching frilly panties and a short transparent robe that tied at the neck. When she put his hair in pig tails, he made sure to wear it. . .that seemed to make her happy.

Jo was trying. Seeing her son’s new found bond with his grandmother, Jo felt a little left out.

She knew the hushed conversations Jan had with his Grandmother were not for her ears. She decided not to make a big deal since Jan didn’t over do his “hobby” in front of her. Disconcerting was the silken shimmer of panties hung to dry in his bathroom and the occasional lacy brassiere over his bed post. He did take such good care of his expensive

lingerie. . .she never found it on the floor like his jockey shorts.

Near the end of school, his mother asked, "Son, would you like a few new things? You can't keep wearing the same old things."

A downtown shopping trip was planned accompanied by Irene. At first, Jo thought her son would just go along as a boy but her mother insisted Jan wear a skirt, "First off, nothing would fit and second, you know that half the fun is trying things on."

After a drawn-out discussion, Jo agreed that if they were buying him dresses, he might as well be wearing one. Jan was to dress at Irene's and his mother would meet them there since it was close to the best shopping.

Jan wore his pleated skirt and his grandmother's angora sweater that buttoned up the front so it would be easy to try on clothes.

His mother shook her head when she saw him. "I don't know what I'm going to do with you. . ."

"You're going to buy him some pretty clothes," Irene announced. "Anyone who looks like this needs more than a couple of dresses!"

The two ladies discussed what styles looked best. Again the two were far apart. Jan's grandmother said, "I like the older more classic fashions."

Jan's mother said, "I'd rather make him appear like more youthful instead of looking like some professional secretary. I prefer him dressing up like a school girl in youthful styles such as short, A-line dresses with Peter Pan collars and empire waists."

"He's not a child," Irene defended.

He felt in the middle but the mischievous notion of acquiring any kind of a new dress kept him out of the discussion. He didn't care who won—he liked both styles!

As exhilarating as his first outing, Jan found himself trying on a variety of expensive fitted dresses, classy skirts and tailored tops.

For his mother, there were the baby-doll dresses, pleated plaid miniskirts and black patent leather Mary Janes—such girlish styles on a sixteen year old ordinarily wouldn't raise an eyebrow, except that it was a boy trying them on!

Despite his mother's concerns, he found it amusing that his mother and grandmother seemed to be in competition to buy every piece he tried on. In fact, between the two, they almost did!

Among his mother's purchases were a plaid jumper and a short dress with an A-line silhouette, also a black crepe cocktail dress with an empire waist, white Peter Pan collar and tiny pearl buttons. Both ladies loved that dress.

The result; Jan found himself with a scrumptious, new wardrobe. Irene and his mother helped him make room in his closet and drawers. Just seeing his unmanly wardrobe gave Jan an intoxicated sensation and wearing them never got dull.

From his well-filled drawers he had an abundant variety of the most girlish essence from which to choose. He adored wearing black lace bikini-type panties and whenever he was alone, he'd fluff out his long hair and wear a matching low-cut brassiere with high-heeled pumps.

His mother, while not overly encouraging, couldn't help being amused watching her son striving to understand girl's fashions. The questions never ended. Like: "Mom, do high heels and pants work together? My legs are getting a bit hairy." OR "Do I wear a slip under a t-shirt?"

One day he ran two pairs of nylons in an hour. His mother scolded him, "When you're wearing nylons, you have to be careful with your legs. They're delicate and need to be taken care of differently."

"I just hate the way my legs look under a skirt without nylons," Jan complained.

You'd have thought Jan won a million dollars when Jo suggested he start shaving his legs. There were the befitting nicks and cuts to begin with but Jan was committed to keeping them smooth from the tops of his thighs to where his

full calves became thin well-turned ankles. Even Jo was surprised how girlish they looked fuzz-less and bare.

When Irene saw his shiny, smooth legs, she said to Jo, "If I had legs like that, I wouldn't want them fuzzy either."

Early in June, Johanna came home from work quite excited.

"We've got the contract!" she squealed. She meant the very large construction project that she and a group of Toronto construction companies had bid on in the Middle East.

"I've got to fly there next week for at least six weeks to get things rolling."

"That sounds great, I'll be okay here."

"Don't be silly. I've already talked to grandma. She'd love to have you stay with her while I'm gone." The spontaneous smile that broke out on Jan's face said it all.

"I know what you're thinking. Just try and keep things in perspective okay?" she spoke calmly, "I don't want her spoiling you. I know you two. . .you will probably not even want to take any boy clothes over to her place."

"Don't worry Mom. I remember I'm a boy. . .most of the time," he joked. "We just have fun."

The following week, Jan and his grandmother drove Johanna to the airport and wished her a good trip. "You two be good," Johanna said as she boarded the plane. It appeared like they were running back to the car.

Then they returned to Jan's house to pack his things. "Do you really need any boy things?" Irene asked.

"Do I?" Jan asked back.

As Johanna predicted, a giggling Jan and Irene had him quickly change into lingerie and a skirt-blouse combination for the trip downtown. Irene styled her grandson's hair into a full, French Braid. With a little makeup he was once again her granddaughter. They packed only girls clothes. Who would have thought that he would have so much of it that it came down to deciding what to take and what to leave behind.

When they arrived at Irene's condo building and entered through the lobby they met Edward, the doorman.

"Hello Edward, you remember my granddaughter Janine. She will be staying with me for the next few weeks." Jan recoiled hearing himself referred to in the feminine gender.

"Nice to see you again Miss." Edward replied with a tip of his hat. To himself, Edward thought, "REALLY nice to SEE you." Boy that girl looked hot in that short dress and long curls!

Jan knew the stay with his grandma would be fantastic. She said, "I bought you a few new treats."

"TREATS?"

"I want you to really feel pretty," she said. He found that she had already bought him some surprises, like a couple of baby doll nighties, some new perfumes, even a sexy one-piece girl's bathing suit!

"Grandma, what are you doing to me," he exclaimed, fingering the little nighties.

"Just showing you another world."

But the biggest surprise she saved for later in the evening. For old time's sake Jan and his grandma decided to do each other's hair for the night. Jan put on one of his new baby doll nighties. It was made of beautiful red silk which Jan thought looked so sexy. It never occurred to him to consider who he was being sexy for?

Jan was asked to do his grandmother's hair first. This he did in a relatively simple braided style forming a braided bun atop her head.

Irene, of course, went all out as she once again did her grandson's hair into an intricate hairstyle of interwoven braids each entwined with colorful red silk ribbons that seductively matched his nightie.

"We are going to have some naughty fun tomorrow," she finally said with a mischievous grin that Jan could see in the mirror.

"Like what?"

"I made you a beauty salon appointment tomorrow morning at my hairdresser's."

"A beauty salon?" he gasped. "Really? I don't want much cut off?"

"They won't chop it dear. Beauty parlors do more than cut hair. I've booked you for a bunch of stuff. I thought you'd start the summer looking your best."

"What stuff?" he asked.

Jan listened with a mixture of boyish fear and wicked feminine delight. Irene said, "I scheduled you for a trim and highlights for your hair. They'll layer and shape it like a girl's so that it falls softly and smoothly."

Jan beamed at the thought of a girl's haircut. He wanted to ask how he'd make it look like a boy's later but was afraid his grandma hadn't thought of that. . .

"And," Irene continued, "you'll be getting a manicure, pedicure, eyebrow arch, full facial, makeup AND ear piercing!"

"Ear piercing! But the holes will heal and they'll always show!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, come on. I thought we'd surprise your mother. Besides almost all boys seem to have at least one ear pierced these days and many have both ears done."

"And noses!" He thought about it for a second then conceded, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"A little pain for beauty, besides," she said, "I want you to remember this summer! We are just going to do what we'd do if you were a real girl."

Having accepted this justification the boy immediately allowed his feminine side to take over and a smile broke out on his lips. "Just imagine all my pretty earrings you could wear?" she asked. "Oh, one more thing I should tell you now," his grandma said, pausing as if she was about to deliver some bad news.

"One more thing? What is it Grandma?"

“My hairdresser, she’s the owner of the salon. Well, she knows that you are my grandson.” Irene let that sink in for a second.

“She knows I’m a boy?” Jan exclaimed realizing how embarrassing this would be.

“Yes, but relax. She says that having boys and men come in to her shop to be made-up as females is nothing new to her. She has several regulars. She told me about one boy that even went back to school as a girl. When I showed them some of your pictures, they couldn’t believe how pretty you look. They are quite excited to see you in person.”

“THEY? You mean everyone at this salon knows I’m a guy?” Jan moaned in dejection.

“It’s a small place. Only five people work there, but it’s one of the best salons in all of Toronto. They get a lot of models and theater people in there as clientele. Wouldn’t you like to show off your femininity?”

“I don’t know.”

“But they will help you!” Finally, Jan accepted that maybe his grandmother was telling the truth.

In a way he couldn’t help but be fascinated at the thought of showing off his feminine looks to others who knew his secret.

That night the boy had a hard time falling asleep as his silk nightie caressed his body and the feeling of “trained” hair reminded him of the feminine beribboned braids that covered his head.

As he tossed and turned imagining what it might be like to be in the ultra-feminine atmosphere of a beauty salon basically getting “the works.” He tried to imagine what he’d look like tomorrow night. His mind raced but eventually exhaustion won out and sleep took him for the night.

The next morning Jan felt as nervous as a bride must feel on her wedding day. He couldn’t think of eating and was almost shaking with anticipation as his grandmother helped him select some clothes for the day.

“This is a big day for you,” his grandmother beamed. “It’s the beginning of some feminine experiences not many boys go through. Scared?”

“Totally intimidated.” Jan had already donned the matching pink bikini panties and brassiere. The A-cup bra was neatly filled out with silicone inserts courtesy of his grandmother.

For over a month, Jan had been shaving his legs. His grandmother suggested, “Since it’s going to be in the mid-80’s today, you could go barelegged.” She handed him a light, denim cotton skirt that billowed out around the knees and was decorated with several flounces. A simple, pink, short-sleeved, silk blouse completed his outfit.

Irene undid her grandson’s braids and brushed out the luxurious rippling waves of hair that cascaded over his shoulders and back. They left his hair loose and proceeded to apply a very light application of cosmetics. After all, he was going to be getting a facial and makeup at the salon.

The salon was just off Yonge Street near the main business district. As they walked from the car past the plate glass windows Jan couldn’t help but stare at his reflection. He did look great! His confidence in appearing in public as a girl was increasing daily. Then he remembered that the people working at the salon knew he was a boy! So far only his mother and grandmother had seen him in his girlish role. His nerves kicked in again with full force.

As they stepped into the posh beauty salon, Jan’s senses were jangled by the sudden onslaught of sights, sounds and smells. There were two other ladies being attended to by beauticians while a third was sitting under a hair dryer. An attractive young woman saw them enter and immediately approached them wearing a broad smile.

“Irene, how are you?” she said with that voice that gave the impression she hadn’t seen an old friend in years. Then with a hushed voice directed right at Jan she added, “And you must Jan! I would never have guessed. And that’s your own hair? Perfect for what we have planned!”

"He's been growing it for years," Irene said rather proudly.

"We weren't sure if we were to expect a 'real project', if you know what I mean. Feminizing him will be easy!"

"Well. . .we've been practicing a lot lately haven't we?" Jan's grandmother replied with a wink at Jan.

"I need to know how far to go. Does he go to school as a girl?"

Irene giggled, "Heavens no. It's just a hobby but Jan's living with me for the summer. . .do whatever you think he needs. I want him to forget he's a boy.

"Okay," she said scrupulously. "We'll take the rough edges off!"

The salon owner, whom Jan learned was named Giselle had the boy removing his skirt and blouse in a dressing room and slipping on a short salon robe that tied at the waist.

Irene said that she had an errand to run and would be back in a while. For the next two hours, Jan underwent 'the works'. Elaine, the cosmetician, had worked on his eyebrows with some sort of electric gizmo, she called it an electrol- something or other.

It was all so uncomfortable that Jan was beginning to have second thoughts and wished his Grandmother was there to oversee. He wasn't sure he should go this far.

Prior to beginning on his hair and nails, Jan sat tensely while a permanent mark of femininity was being prepared. Elaine was planning to pierce his ears.

"Grandma really ordered that?" Jan asked as his ears were marked and a needle sterilized. She wasn't kidding!

Elaine nodded a "Trust me," and before he could complain, he was gawking at dainty gold studs that twinkled back at him in the mirror.

Jan's heart was beating at an accelerated pace continually as he comprehended that these beauticians' job was to make him as beautiful looking a girl as possible.

"Well, Jan, now it's time to make you blonder," smiled Giselle as she put a cape around his shoulders. "I'm going

to add blonde highlights that will compliment your natural haircolor to give you that California beach girl look. It will look great especially if you want to French Braid or wear it up. It looks very rich."

"What about when I have to go back to school in September?" he asked nervously.

"Oh, the boys will be chasing after you for sure. . .oops" Giselle giggled, then whispered so only he could hear. "Sorry, I forgot. You look so gorgeous that I forgot." Then looking around, she whispered, "Don't worry, if you don't like it we can darken it at the end of summer."

For the next hour Jan had his hair wrapped in pieces of foil and painted with some strong smelling white goop. After it was all done and his hair was shampooed he could see obvious light streaks all over even when it was all wet.

"What I'd like to do is just blow dry it then try it in a loose French Braid. How would that be? It's hot outside and it will be cooler, plus it will look great. Your hair will be thicker after the color and that will make the braid even thicker."

"Sure, whatever you say," replied Jan, now looking forward to this finishing touch to his salon experience. While Giselle started her work with the hair dryer, Jeanne, the manicurist brought her tray over and sat down beside Jan's chair. She took one of his hands and examined his nails.

"Looks like they've been growing for quite some time," she said as she looked at his nails which extended a 1/4" past his fingertips. Jan knew that she was questioning the story his grandmother had used about this being a summer thing for him. Indeed, he had been growing them since late May and having a bit of trouble protecting them from breakage and from being noticed by his schoolmates and teachers.

"They seem to grow real fast," he mumbled.

"It's very sweet that you let them grow. Most boys wouldn't have the patience to take care of them," Jeanne said sincerely as she worked on his cuticles. "This shade of red will look great with your blonde hair."

For the next twenty minutes both women worked on him. He watched in the mirror as Giselle finished drying his hair. He was shocked! He did look like a blonde beach bunny!

Giselle brushed his hair out straight, parted it down the middle and swept the hair over his shoulders to the front. It looked much thicker than before. Light blonde streaks blended with darker blonde. The overall shading appeared light blonde however.

As he looked at his reflection Giselle commented that he looked a lot like that blonde girl from the TV show "Married with Children."

Giselle added, "Guys will be a bit more rambunctious now that you're a blonde! Just remember, BOYS will be BOYS." She laughed at her own little witticism before asking, "Really, what do you think?"

"It's stunning!" he gasped, adding, "I would go for me!"

"I knew you would. . .who wouldn't want to look like that? You know with your looks, you could get modelling work."

"What? As a girl? Naw."

"Seriously. I have a friend and client who is in the business—an agent. I bet if I take a picture of you and show it to her she'll be interested."

"Naw, I doubt it," Jan exclaimed but noting the seriousness in her voice didn't push it.

"I want to put a bow in your hair and take some pictures." Without asking further permission, Giselle put a big, sweet satin bow in the back of Jan's hair that just oozed femininity.

"Oh, it's darling," Giselle gushed as she opened a drawer and brought out a Polaroid camera. With only a little persuasion, she soon had Jan standing and striking some poses.

Then removing the bow, she fluffed his long hair over his shoulders and had him give her a pouty-lipped look. Giselle put the camera down and instructed the boy to sit back down.

"This is fun. I want to do a French Braid, enhance the makeup then take a couple more," she said as she began to brush all his hair to the back. Jan watched as the expert

fingers of the hairdresser parted and worked to create the elaborate looking plaiting of the braid.

The tail of the braid was gently tucked back underneath the hair and pinned out of site. Giselle then proceeded to add more eyeshadow, mascara and a darker shade of red lipstick to the boy's face.

"There, that looks hot!" Giselle exclaimed as she called the other salon staff over. Jan found himself the center of oohs and ahhs from the women.

Just then Jan's grandmother returned. "WOW! Giselle, I knew we could trust you to bring the real beauty out in her."

Jan blushed as he heard his grandmother refer to him with the feminine 'her'. Giselle insisted on taking a couple more pictures before they left. They let his hair down and let it flow girlishly around Jan's shoulders.

As they walked back to the car Jan felt more than one pair of male eyes giving him a second and even third look.

Irene noticed it too. She had planned an afternoon session to teach Jan how to walk like a lady in high heels but realized very little refinement was required. The hours in front of the mirror in panties, bra and heels had given him remarkable confidence. She hardly ever saw a clumsy step.

As they walked, Jan could still feel the sting in his ears and the burn where most of his eyebrows used to be. His now denuded legs were sensitive to the light wind playing around his hem.

"Maybe we went too far," he muttered, taking a long look of his blonde hair and holding it up to the sun. "Mom is going to kill me."

Irene giggled, "Hey, but you'll look 'hot' at the funeral! Com' on relax. Have some fun!"

Giselle had left the heavier makeup on him and it made him look several years more mature. As they were driving home Jan kept checking his eyebrows and ears out in the vanity mirror. "Incredible," he said shaking his head. "By the way, what were you doing while I was being neutered?"

Grandmother explained the nature of her errand that afternoon.

“I have another big surprise for you.”

“A surprise? What is it?”

“I bought us two tickets to the gala charity performance this Saturday of the Phantom of the Opera!”

“Wow! That would be cool!” Jan exclaimed at the prospect of seeing this famous musical. He had heard about this gala. The radio talk shows had mentioned the fact that the tickets were \$500 apiece and up! Jan knew that his grandmother was very well off financially, but a \$1000 for a single performance was still something his young mind couldn't easily comprehend.

“That's not all,” Irene continued. “This performance will be special because the audience members are being encouraged to attend in period costumes. I've already talked to the best costume supply store in the city and have our clothes reserved. Good thing I know your sizes.

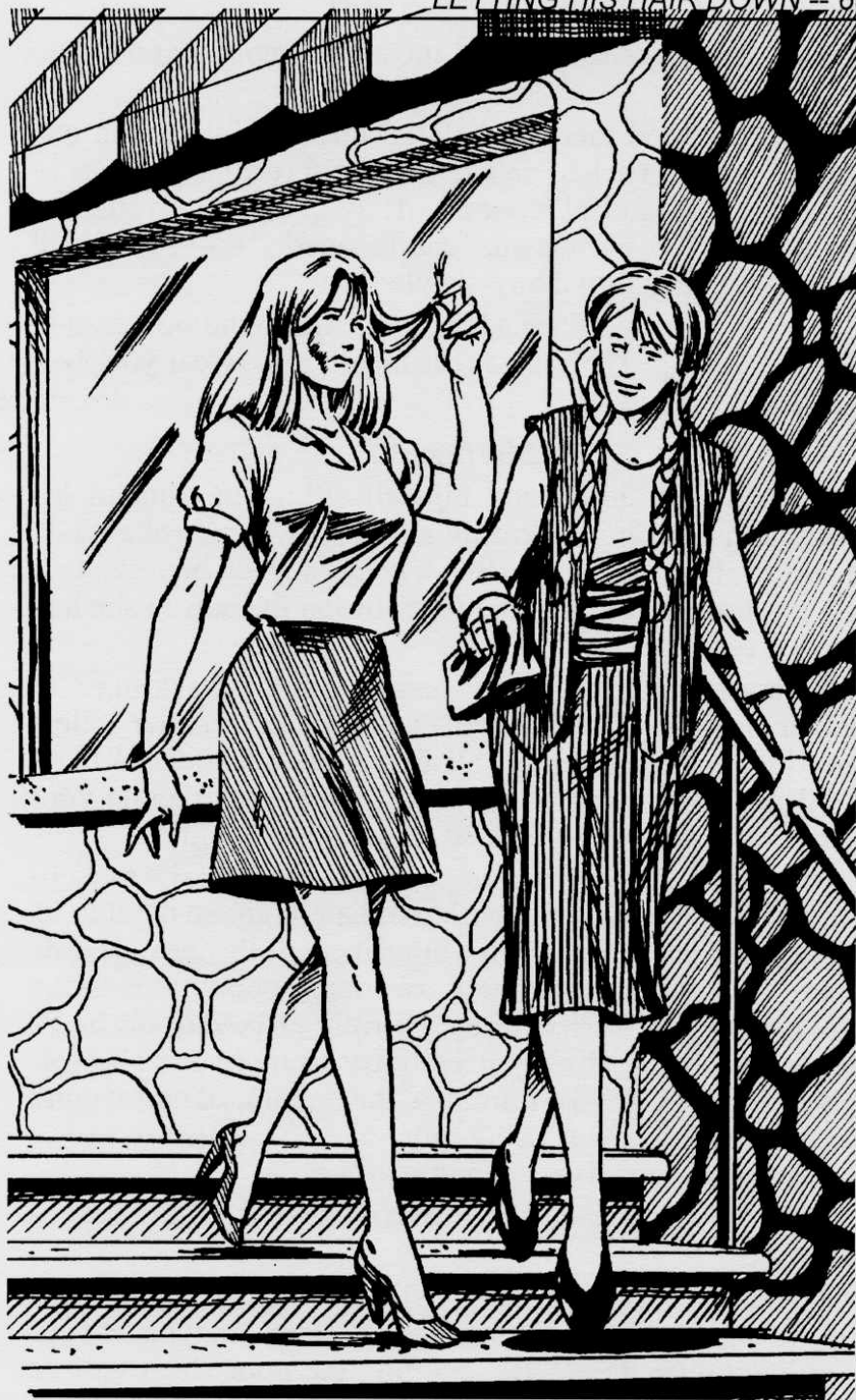
A chill of excitement ran down Jan's back. Phantom of the Opera is a story that takes place in France during an era when women's ballgowns and hairstyles were extremely elaborate. Did she mean that he would have a chance to wear something like that?

“We're going to pick the costumes up tomorrow so that we can be sure that everything fits.”

“Am I going dressed as a girl?” he asked sheepishly not really expecting a negative response.

“Of course not!” Irene said, then paused as the look of disappointment crossed her grandson's face. “You're going as a sophisticated young woman of French high society.” The smile returned to Jan's face and stayed there for the rest of the trip home.

When they returned home, after a half a day devoted to the hairdresser, Jan quickly changed into a sexy, red knit dress. He wanted to get a look at himself with blonde hair and a provocative dress. He was urged on by his grand-



“Maybe we went too far,” Jan muttered, taking a long lock of his blonde hair and holding it up to the sun. “Mom is going to kill me.”

mother, who declared Jan the most “adorable granddaughter.”

Jan just stood there and stared into the full length oak framed mirror. He had abandoned the scruffy long locks of a boy for the beautiful blonde coiffure of a young woman in her early twenties. “Gawd,” Jan moaned, “I love it but I’ll never get it back into a boy’s style.”

“It’s obviously a daring hairstyle,” his grandmother said, “You’re young. There’s no reason you can’t wear your hair in a brazen new style!”

Chapter 10

Friday night Jan found himself sitting in front of his grandmother’s vanity wearing a nightgown and robe while she set his hair on rollers. She had already set her own hair and was now excitedly explaining to Jan the hairdo she had planned for him.

“I’m planning to do your hair in a pulled back mass of tubular ringlets. That’s why I’m using these smaller rollers and winding them vertically all along the sides and back here. We’ll just have a few wispy tendril curls down along your cheeks and brow. It will be so romantic looking!”

“Not too provocative, I hope,” Jan sighed as she meticulously segregated a small section of hair, combed it out to its full two foot plus length then wound it carefully onto a yellow roller. This was fastened with two large bobby pins to the growing mass of curlers already firmly affixed to his head. She had probably already used thirty or more and she was only halfway done. To minimize the amount of hair wound on each roller she was using more and consequently had to literally stack them two deep in places.

“How will I sleep on this?” Jan wondered as he observed her work.

“Well, it will be a little difficult. I’ll give you extra pillows that you can put under your neck and maybe let your head hang over them. Believe me, the poor sleep will be worth it when you see the final result. I haven’t had a chance to try this style since I did it for your mom when she was a teen.”

After another twenty five minutes she was done and finished the job by tying a large hairnet securely over her grandson's set. It looked huge! It did turn out to be a light sleep that night but it wasn't just the rollers that were causing Jan's sleeplessness.

The anticipation of wearing the incredible dress and clothes that his grandmother had acquired for this gala event was driving him crazy. Jan was worried—could he “act the role” of a young society woman around so many people? He wasn't even a “society” boy. . . just a regular middle class guy.

What did he know about charity, proper etiquette and other rituals that he couldn't even guess about?

Saturday morning came and Jan and Irene spent a good part of the morning trading places under the hairdryer. Drying their long hair properly could take several hours. While Jan sat under the dryer, Irene worked on his manicure. They had decided to do French Manicures to keep faithful to the historical era they were depicting.

Jan's nails were now delightfully long and Irene worked at shaping the tips into smooth ovals, trimming the cuticles, whitening the tips, then completing the manicure with a coating of translucent natural color and several topcoats of clear lacquer.

The gala started at six with champagne and hors d'oeuvres so by three Irene had her underwear and robe on and was assisting her young protegee in the bewildering task of donning the complex ladies underpinnings of the historical costume. She had taken great pains to ensure that all the correct underclothes were included in her grandson's ensemble.

“Jan, you had better use the washroom facilities now because it will hopefully avoid the need to use them at the theater.”

“Yeah, I wouldn't know what to do in the ladies room!”

“It's not that, my dear. I can teach you what to do there. It's that you'll find these clothes a hassle to maneuver without my assistance.”

“Oh great,” Jan mumbled as he complied. “What could be so difficult?” he thought to himself. Returning in a few minutes he wore just a pair of plain panties and his gaff for modesty as Irene informed him that he would substitute those with the frilly knee-length knickers that would go with the costume.

Jan was handed a silk chemise that he slipped over his head. This was followed by a very genuine, full corset that had a long series of hooks and eyes down the back closing as well as very formidable looking lacing. Irene smiled as she wrapped the corset around the boy’s waist.

“Not many girls your age have ever had one of these on,” Irene said getting the corset in the right position. “My mother wore one all the time. I always helped her into it.”

The top of the corset had two stiffly underwired bra cups. Jan could see that the waistline of the garment was severely nipped in and had stiffly reinforced panels that pushed downwards on the wearer’s derriere. He watched in the big mirror as his grandmother began fastening the hooks and eyes. There must have been forty or more.

“Gee, that’s tight!”

“That’s just snugging it in place,” Irene said with a knowing chuckle, “after the hooks are all closed, then I start the lacing. That’s when it will get tight.”

Sure enough, Jan felt his stomach getting crushed as his grandmother began pulling the laces in tighter and tighter. He found breathing to be more difficult as the tightening crept upwards to his chest.

His waist felt like it was being crushed by a huge pair of strong hands. Again and again she pulled the laces a little tighter. As she was getting to the top, she had Jan walk to a doorway and grab the top of the doorsill and let his weight down a little.

Jan started to whine but Irene said, “Your first time in a formidable corset is difficult but you’ll radiate femininity in it.”

Irene used her hand to pull Jan's unbridled chest flesh up into the cups. Finally, she tied the laces into a secure knot and stood back.

"Wow! You look incredible!" she exclaimed as she surveyed her grandson's figure. It literally had become like an hourglass. The waist now measured a tiny 23" while his chest was 34"!

Jan stared at the reflection in the mirror and couldn't believe what he saw. He looked like he had breasts! There, riding in and above the cups of his corset was smooth flesh. There was even a distinct valley between them forming real cleavage!

"I have boobs!"

"They're your BREASTS, my dear. . .and not bad thanks to the age old feminine art of illusion," Irene said as she patted his behind. His hips and backside also had a realistic illusion of being femininely broadened.

"That's all me!" he sputtered, running his hands down the fascinating curves. He was trying to get his breath now for more than one reason.

Irene joked, "I thought a breast augmentation operation would be a bit radical for one night."

Interrupting his fascinated reverie, Irene brought out a beautiful pair of real silk stockings. They were white with intricate clockwork designs. She instructed Jan to remove his panties, put on the stockings and attach the five-per-stock- ing, beribboned garters hanging from his corset. Then he could put on his silk knickers.

Jan thrilled at the feel of the gossamer hosiery as he most carefully unrolled them up each leg. It was painful to bend over to accomplish this task because of the tight waist con- striction of his corset. He finally replaced his modern panties with the silk knickers.

Unlike modern underwear, these knickers did not have an elastic waist but instead closed by a drawstring that fastened at the back. He let his grandmother tie the ends of the drawstring into a bow.

“I think I’m beginning to see the problems of dressing and undressing by myself.”

“Fashionable ladies of that time always had personal servants that helped with the dressing and undressing. . . unless some handsome man offered his services,” she replied with a knowing wink. Jan blushed at her comment.

“Well, that’s done. Now you can rest while I do my hair and makeup. I wanted you to get used to the corset. It will hurt at first, but in a while it won’t be as bad.”

“I sure hope so.”

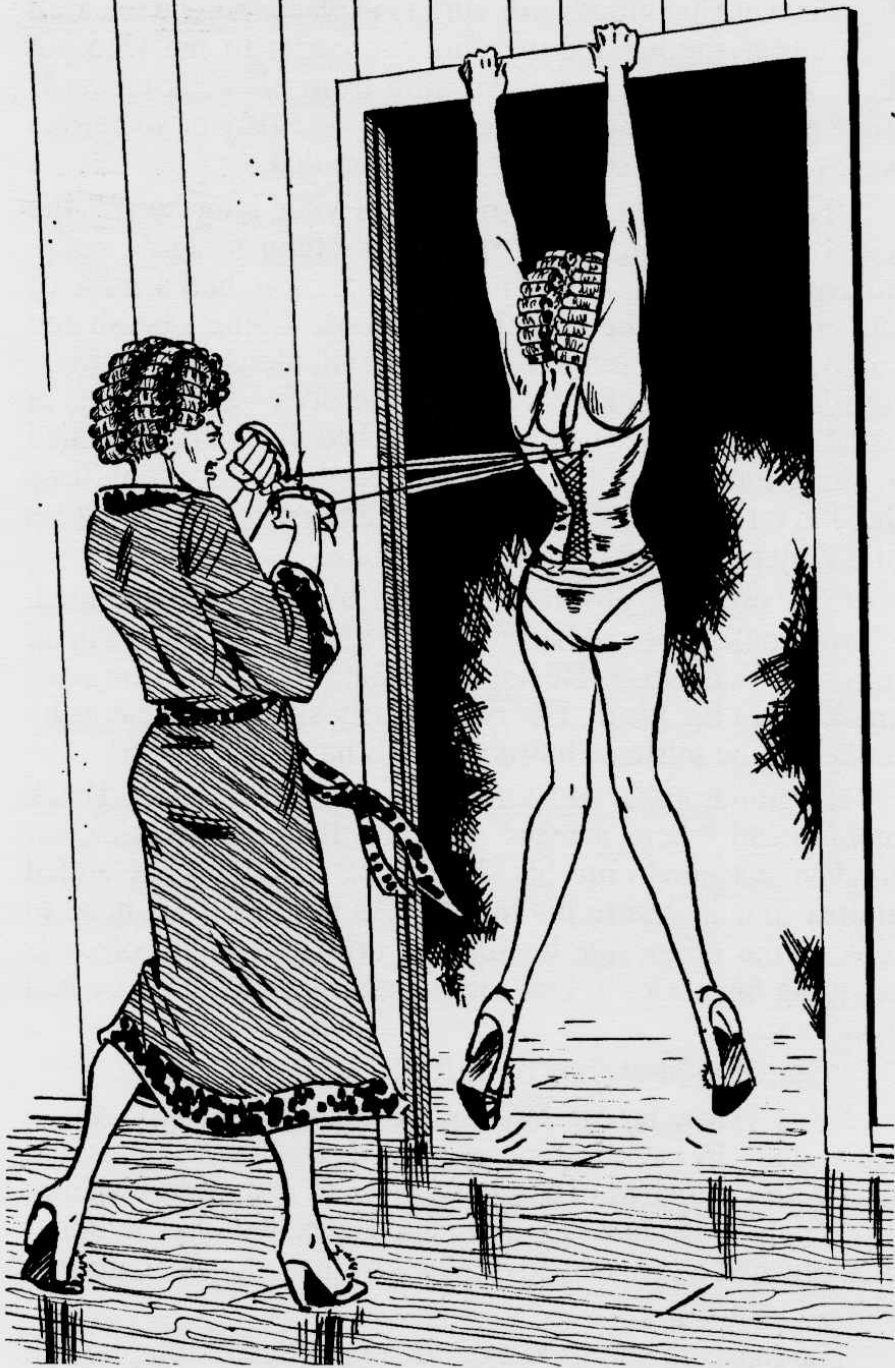
As Irene left for her room Jan walked over to the full length mirror and turned from side to side. The mass of hair curlers still covering his head kind of detracted from the otherwise historically correct image he saw.

He had seen drawings of women of those times with the same wasp-waisted look he now portrayed standing in corset and knickers while some maid pulled at the laces. With aching ribs, the young boy picked up a fashion magazine and sat down to try and relax before it was time to complete his exciting transformation.

His mind wouldn’t stay on the magazine. The thought of acting like a girl tonight seemed simple at first. . . just pretend he was an elegant young lady. His grandma had given him some instruction. Like how to make simple, effective gestures without calling attention to one’s self. How to speak in a rich melodious voice without sounding affected. All these things and more raced through Jan’s mind.

Almost an hour later Jan’s grandmother returned. Irene’s long hair was arranged in an elegant upswept style with curled tendrils hanging at her neck and cheeks. Her makeup was also done in a heavier than usual evening look. She wore a long dressing gown that was tied at the waist and indicated that she too was wearing a corset.

“It’s time to do your hair and makeup dear. Come into my room. I’ve got all the things I’ll need there.” Jan followed her into her bedroom and sat down in front of her vanity. Irene got right to work as she began to pull out the



Feeling mischievous, Irene gave her Grandson's corset an extra tug. He'd thank her later!

pins that held her grandson's curlers in place. As she released each curler she handed the pins and curler to Jan who put them away. One by one, working from his neck upwards Irene released the tight ringlets. Once the fifty or so curlers were removed she stepped back and smiled.

"Hmmm, what happened to all your long hair?" she joked. Sure enough, the tight curls clung to Jan's scalp. Instead of mid-back length tresses, Jan now had a mass of curls that just touched his shoulder tops. Using a brush and comb Jan's grandmother began the meticulous task of transforming this mass of curls into its final style. Jan watched in wonder as she expertly brushed, combed, formed and pinned his long locks up in back. It seemed like a very long time that Jan sat there handing his grandmother dozens and dozens of bobby pins. Finally, Irene was done.

"Oh my, it's absolutely beautiful!" Irene exclaimed. "You should never go back to being a boy." She held a hand mirror for Jan to use. He held it so that he could see the sides and back of his head. His heart nearly skipped a beat as he looked at the intricate hairdo that his hair was now in!

His grandmother had pulled his hair up to the top and back of his head where a mass of perfectly formed corkscrew ringlets cascaded onto his shoulders. The hairstyle added almost four inches to his height. As he turned his head to look at the other side he felt the delicious tickle of curls brushing his neck. It was the most feminine hairdo he had ever seen!

"Oh, Grandma! It is beautiful!" he sighed.

"It is. Now let me finish your makeup. I can't wait to see you all dressed." Irene went to work on her grandson's face with cosmetics. His young smooth skin didn't require much help. First she highlighted his eyes with dark eyeliner then brushed on pink-hued eyeshadow that complimented his blonde coloring.

The mascara she used extended his already long boyish lashes to an amazing length. This was further enhanced when she used an eyelash curler. Now when he blinked his eyes, Jan was very conscious of the lengthened and mascaraed lashes he possessed. A faint pink blush was all his

cheeks needed. For his lips, Irene first outlined them with a darker pink using a fine lip brush. Then she filled them in with a pinkish colored lipstick. It was all he needed. Jan was transformed into a very beautiful young woman.

"I do look like a pretty girl don't I?" Jan said staring mesmerized into the mirror.

"The prettiest girl there!" Finally, Irene removed her grandson's gold hoop earrings and replaced them with a pair of her own real pearl drop earrings. This was matched with a pearl and diamond choker necklace. Taking him by the hand, Irene led him back to his room.

Opening a closet, Irene withdrew a hanger with a mass of billowing petticoats. Taking one off she held it low so that Jan could step into it. The starched ruffles of the petticoat held it out from his legs as his grandmother tied the draw-string fastener tightly around his tiny waist. Four more similar petticoats were added and fastened around his waist.

"You're going to have to learn a whole new way of walking and sitting Jan. Once your dress is on we'll practice okay?" Irene again went to the closet and returned with a gorgeous silk and brocade gown. The cream-colored satin gown had a hooped skirt with rows and rows of fine lace embroidery and a form fitting bodice. The back closure on the bodice was now fully opened to the waistline.

Irene asked her grandson to bend his knees and raise his arms so that she could carefully lower the gown over his hairdo. Jan slipped his outstretched arms into the tight elbow length sleeves as the skirt was pulled down over his petticoats. The dress fit snugly in place and Irene began the fastening of the twenty satin buttons in the back. That done she fetched a pair of midheeled satin evening pumps from the closet and knelt down to slip them on Jan's stockinged feet. Finally, she handed her grandson a white fan to complete the costume.

Irene gasped as tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, my! What have we done? You are so beautiful!" Irene stepped back to get a look at her feminized grandson. Jan walked over to the full length mirror marvelling at the rustling of his

voluminous skirts and petticoats. His eyes grew wide as he saw his reflection.

There was no boy anywhere in there. From the elaborate coiffure to the hourglass figure so femininely encased in the gorgeous evening gown.

“Oh, Grandma” Jan exclaimed , “I feel so feminine, I don’t know what to do?”

“You will be the belle of the ball tonight. You’d better stick close to me in case some gentlemen decide to introduce themselves this evening at the theater. I’m sure that you’ll be attracting them like bees to honey. By the way, that young Dr. James from downstairs is going to be there.”

The doorman almost fell over himself opening the door for the remarkably dressed ladies as a white limo waited for them at the curb.

“Good evening ladies,” he said as he gazed longingly at the stunningly beautiful young woman whose waist he could probably encircle with his hands.

“Good evening Edward. We’re off to see the Phantom tonight in case you’re wondering why we have this period dress on,” Irene said explaining their unusual finery. She met his staring look with one that snapped him out of his lustful thoughts for her grandson.

When they pulled up to the theater and the driver helped them step out there were audible “ooh’s” and “ahh’s” from the various theater patrons and sidewalk “celebrity gazers” milling around the entranceway. The admiring stares and comments continued as they walked through the ornate lobby. Jan looked around and saw that only a third of the patrons had made some attempt at finding period costumes.

Butterflies flitted about in his stomach as he realized that his grandmother and him were in fact the most outstanding pair in the place. Even as that thought was sinking in he noticed a young woman with a microphone followed by a fellow shouldering a large TV videocam working their way through the crowd straight in their direction.

It was like being a movie star.

The next few weeks were filled with shopping, the beauty parlor, dinners out. Jan was a quick learner and rarely made any "boyish" mistake twice and his confidence in public was growing. Jan was meeting others in the apartment complex including some impetuous young men that made Jan worry about his masquerade.

Irene pooh-poohed Jan's concerns. "They just like the way you look," she said seeing her grandson blush at the notion. "Just act natural and accept their attention graciously."

Jan tried his best but it was so embarrassing. He even got asked out by several of the young men.

Coming home one day, his aunt saw Jan blush as he talked to one in the elevator. As they walked in the door, their arms full of packages, Irene said, "I was hoping that handsome, young doctor James would come to dinner some night."

"James is way too busy to hang around here," Jan informed her.

"He's so charming," Irene said.

"And he's almost thirty years old."

Irene gave her grandson an exasperated look. Jan realized that she must have been quite a looker when she was young. She still looked good.

"You know what your problem is?" she said to Jan, "You need to quit thinking like some immature adolescent and realize you can enjoy the perks that are only provided to a beautiful young lady. I know, I used to be pretty."

"You are still pretty."

"Not like you. Let yourself go a little. I can't tell you how wonderful it'll make you feel to have a handsome young man wine and dine you. You'll feel all warm and cozy all over, like you're glowing inside."

"I'm not interested," Jan told her, his fingers gently checking his hair then nervously checking his skirt.

Jan was wearing an azure blue dress with little white dots. The dress was new and was almost too short, revealing a lot

of nyloned thigh. The low-cut bodice showed a wholesome amount of soft flesh.

His blonde hair was stacked on top of his head, stray locks spilling down about his face. It looked mussed up but Irene knew it took a lot of time to get that 'tossed' appearance.

"They are interested in you. . .you are aware that guys find you fascinating," Irene continued. "They are always asking me about you. . .asking if you have a boyfriend and why you are so aloof. They think you are a snob."

"I don't have the faintest interest in what a bunch of guys think," Jan defended.

"Rubbish!" Irene laughed, "I've seen you. You're curious and you just won't admit it. I've seen you 'looking' to see if they're looking at you."

"Boys will be boys," Jan retorted, checking his hair again.

"Except for you, right?" Irene replied. "When you are alone in bed, snuggled up in your little nightgown, what do you think about?"



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Jan tried his best to be honest with his grandmother. "I guess I think about being pretty. . ."

"Every girl does. . .and they think about boys too."

"Not me."

"Liar. Do you think about girls?"

"No, just about being pretty."

"Pretty for who?"

"For myself."

"And you are. . .a boy, right?"

Jan nodded.

"By being sexy and flirting with males, you'll feel prettier and will find yourself even more exciting. Got the concept?"

"OH MY?" Jan gasped. The notion WAS exciting.

Irene added, "Imagine how feminine you'd feel being a temptress like the pretty girls at school?"

"Gee," he muttered, "I don't know where to begin. . ."

"Of course not dear," his grandmother smiled as her grandson crossed his nyloned legs; revealing just the right amount of thigh. "I'm going to teach you. It won't be hard. I think your first 'victim' should be Dr. James?"

After several days of enthusiastic 'flirt' training, Jan agreed to have lunch with James in the Park Hotel.

Getting dolled up to go meet a man was an unthinkable thought and produced such puzzling feelings. Getting ready, Jan felt as if he were being swallowed up by the steam from his hot bubble bath. The thick vapor streaked the mirrored walls of the bathroom as he painstakingly shaved his legs.

Getting out, he took a towel and mopped a circle on the mirror above his dressing table. Then he reached for his hair blower, turning it on high, and letting a rush of heat attack the sappy ringlets.

He shook his head and fingered his way through the wet mass until it felt completely dry. The results delighted him. His blonde highlights sparkled in the bright light bouncing

off the mirrors, and as he brushed, combed and teased, his hair grew into a wild coquettish fluff.

He adjusted the towel knotted over his chest in a girlish style and took his seat at the marble dressing table. Bottles and jars of every description stood at attention, a cosmetic army awaiting orders.

He primed his face with a spray of mineral water and a light moisturizer and then set to work on his makeup. As he did, he thought about his mother and felt ashamed. His mother would never approve of this.

Jan stared in the mirror, checking his eyeshadow. Maybe that guilt and shame was what he found so disconcerting yet exciting at the same time. He was not his mother's little boy anymore. . . the reflection made him giggle.

As he mascaraed his lashes, he worried about his excitement. He was applying the last touch of lip gloss when he heard the door open.

"How's it going?" Irene asked.

"Okay," he said looking at her with frightened eyes. Irene was sensitive to the effort he was making.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said. "Maybe I shouldn't have pushed you. Just try to look forward to the lunch."

Jan adjourned to the bathroom to change into panties, bra, nylons and a short slip. Irene turned her attention to the beige silk dress hanging from Jan's closet door.

"Good choice," she said as he came back into the room. As she slipped it over Jan's head, she tried to read her grandson's mood.

She fixed the large fabric-covered buttons down the back of the dress then smoothed down the large square collar, adjusting the waist so the slit in the skirt wasn't overly revealing.

"We wouldn't want to expose too much leg," she said to Jan.

Jan located his grandmother's double strand of pearls and fastened them around his neck so the diamond clasp rested

at the back. Dangling pearl earrings, a gold bracelet, and beige pumps completed his outfit.

Jan spun around for fun and flirted with himself in the mirror like Irene had taught him.

“You make one heck of a good looking woman,” Irene said, winking at the young lady in beige. “You might as well go for it.”

Jan and Irene went into the living room to wait for James. Jan positioned himself on the couch so he could relax for a few minutes. Jan like this dress. It accented his figure, particularly showing off the natural curve of his relatively broad bottom and hips. “You look sweet,” Irene said, “Let me see how prettily you can walk in that tight skirt.”

The silk whisked silently about his thighs as he walked across the room a couple times.

There was color in his cheeks and his heart was racing as James arrived. James was a handsome looking man, elegant, with a bearing that spoke of private schools and privileged upbringing. He was six feet tall with dark hair clipped short, moustache and blue-gray eyes set close to a slim nose. His frame was lean and firm, strengthened by regular workouts at a gym.

His taste in clothing was as conservative as his investments. Jan compared his white shirt and a three-piece navy suit to the cute, delicate dress he was wearing. What a difference. . .Jan tried to picture himself in the suit then James in the little dress. Both were comical.

James’s tie was a solid burgundy silk. . .the only delicate material in his outfit. “You look fabulous,” he said as Jan stood and straightened his scanty dress. He took Jan’s face in his hands and placed a soft “hello” kiss on his cheek. That would have been very embarrassing but Jan’s grandmother had warned him that this might happen.

In the cab, between spurts of small talk, Jan observed James and studied his face in hopes of understanding the unfamiliar sensations he was feeling.

James reached for Jan's hand, trying to bridge the distance so they wouldn't get lost in the crowd of people roaming through the hotel.

Making contact gave Jan chills. "I hardly know this man," Jan thought as he felt his warmth and mastery. His touch reminded Jan of his father's caring when he was a child. Once in the hotel, Jan noticed James was still holding his hand and decided to mellow out and relax.

They were seated in front of a large picture window looking out on the park. Jan's silk dress rippled against his nyloned legs as he sat down.

The lunch was pleasant, Jan couldn't remember a word James said. He was in a trance filled with emotion. Everytime a waiter called him "Miss" or "young lady" Jan about fainted.

Even the after lunch walk in the park was eclipsed by strange feelings. Jan didn't talk much.

Jan found it exciting to be alone with a man—a unique kind of excitement enhanced perhaps by a secret guilt. Jan knew that having a man opening his doors, holding his chair, and buying his meal all had an undeclared motive.

Jan found himself accepting that attention as just another part of his new wardrobe—just like the make-up, skirts and high heels. After all, his grandmother said it was okay!

That night when Jan removed his clothes and slithered under the cool cotton sheets in his little pink nighty, something was different.

He reflected on his remarkable day. His grandma was right, he'd never felt so girlish and feminine—and it felt nice. He turned off the lights and snuggled under the covers. Jan ran his hands down his chest. Wearing a bra had changed the way he felt about his chest. He liked the way his pudgyness could be pressed upward to create a subtle cleavage.

He then stroked his nylon-clad hips, just the way he liked to before going to sleep.

Something was different. "I guess I'm just tired," Jan thought, confused by the sensations and lack of his normal male response.

Thinking about the day, Jan pressed his body against the large full pillow, feeling his own body warm with excitement. He scratched at the cotton pillow with his long nails then put his arms around the pillow so that he could press his pelvis against the stuffed intimate.

He waited to feel his own excitement; but nothing was happening. He was completely soft and flaccid, secured away in the little panties. He opened his eyes. He wondered if it was physical fatigue or the flush of new emotions that had caused his impotence. He felt a chill.

He felt an incredible sensation sweeping over himself. He remembered how he looked today. Before he had been excited by the girl in the mirror. . .now, blinking in the blackness, Jan realized that he was becoming the girl in the mirror. With girlish sensations and desires flowing through his sissified figure, he let himself go and pulled the pillow on top of himself. . .

Chapter 11

"What will you be wearing?" Jo asked her son when she called to give them the time to pick her up at the airport.

"Pants," Jan said, listening for the expected barely audible sigh of relief.

At the airport, Jo first saw her mother then her son. She blinked as if to clear up double vision. Jan was wearing pants—expensive, white linen pants—pleated and full at the hips, tapering to just above the ankle there they ended in a narrow cuff. A raspberry angora sweater with full, bloused sleeves rounded out the stylish outfit.

Jo blinked again. . .her mother was wearing an identical outfit. Both her mother and son were batting their eyelashes and swinging their hips as they walked towards her, their feet squeezed into matching, sassy four inch high heels.

"Gawd!" she gasped. It took a second but suddenly it registered—long BLONDE hair!

Giving her mother a foul look, Jo said, "I see you two have had a good time."

"Wonderful," Irene said flatly. "I thought you'd notice our glow."

Jan blushed as his mother scanned for other changes and found them: the eyebrows, the ears, the figure, his daring demeanor in the brazenly high, spiked heels.

"This is just great," Jo admonished, "He can't go to school with hair like that!"

Once in the car, Jan looked uncomfortable. He didn't want to have this conversation until later. . .but it was not to be.

Irene said, "Don't you have to go back to the Middle East in a couple of weeks?"

Jo nodded.

"I assume that you want me to take care of Jan while you are traveling?"

Jo nodded again.

"Then there's no problem," Irene stated flatly. "He'll attend a little private school just a couple blocks from me."

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“Don’t even think it. . .not Manner House?” Jo whined, “I went there! You went there! That’s a girl’s finishing school!”

“And a good one! He’ll get a good education and have some real fun dressing up.”

“I didn’t have any fun there,” Jo moaned, then turned to her son and asked, “Do you want to go to Manners?”

Jan blushed and tried to justify. “It’s close to Grandmas’ and. . .”

Jo sighed aloud then interrupted, “They’ll finish him alright. There won’t be the slightest flake of maleness left when they’re finished with him.”

“So? Let him have a little fun,” Irene said. “Look at your son. Do you see him complaining? Besides, someday I’ll be gone and leave you both with more money than you ever dreamed. I bet Jan would rather be a rich young miss, shopping the world for clothes than some drunk lush hanging out at the country club.”

Jo looked at her son. “I don’t see how those two go together but we do have a problem.”

“Oh mom,” Jan cried, “It’s true. I’d rather do my hair than drive a fast car. Maybe I’ll get tired of all this stuff later but right now, I love it.”

Jo appealed to his common sense. “I don’t think you understand what it would mean to be around a bunch of teenaged girls ALL the time. Girl’s your age are. . .well, so into being girls. Besides, they’d spot anything you did wrong. . .and what about Manners? They’d want your records?”

Irene interrupted, “The school really only cares about one thing. . .my rather large alumni donation. I’ll have his records sent to me, change one box and send it to them.”

Jo sat shaking her head in disbelief.

Irene said, “We’ve got it all worked out. Let’s talk about it when we get home.”

Jo never could stand up to her mother’s strong will. She said to Jan, “I just hope you like what you get.” Jo knew

from experience that girls Jan's age could really be mean, vicious, and cruel. Manners was full of young girls that lived for clothes, hair styles and make up and knew what it took for a girl to look feminine. "Could her son really pass himself off as one of them?" she asked herself, shaking her head. "He'd better pray his secret stays a secret!"

After dropping off her mother, Jan and his mother rode home in silence. Her only words at home were, "Go to bed, tomorrow I want to see my SON again. We'll talk about all this then."

Jan was in environment shock. His room seemed so immature and childish. It was filled with boyish things like trains, model cars and baseball stuff. It seemed so uninteresting compared to a new pair of high heels, pink lipstick or a new bra.

Jan undressed. Most of his girl things were still at his grandmothers' and he missed them.

The next morning, Jan woke up late. He was suddenly aware of his mother who was sitting in a chair watching him sleep. Jan was wearing the pink babydoll pajamas she'd given him but he still felt like he was caught doing something wrong and blushed.

Jan still had his legs around one of his pillows, snuggling himself comfortably as his beautiful silky nylon nightgown caressed his body.

"What am I going to do with you," were the first words out of his mother's mouth. Get dressed. . .in boy clothes and come down to breakfast."

Jan was surprised how fast he was ready. No makeup, no fancy hairstyle, just shower and pull on some jeans and a t-shirt.

He looked in the mirror without really wanting to see his face as a boy again. He ran a brush through his blonde hair and pulled it back into a low boyish pony-tail. He searched through a drawer and found two very small stud earrings and

put them into his ears; hoping his mother wouldn't make a big deal about them.

It felt so odd being a "plain old boy" again. His eyes were drab and colorless. The sensations of being alive so dull and meaningless compared to his experiences as a young woman.

When Jan walked quite gracefully into the kitchen, his mother had to admit to herself that her son was quite feminine despite the jeans and boy's shirt. The jeans fit tightly around his femininely shaped bottom and his long blonde hair and creamy 'scrubbed' complexion were not like any boys.

The feminine impression was so strong that she almost expected to see breasts below the slim contour of Jan's collarbones. She detected an unerasable hint of a youthful and spicy perfume.

At breakfast, his mother finally broke the ice. "Last night I did a lot of thinking about our problem. What you and mom have in mind could alter your whole life. After even a year of such a complete girl's education it might be impossible to change back to a boy. Do you understand what that would mean?"

Jan nodded anxiously.

Seeing his reaction, Jo said, "I don't think you'd like wearing girl's clothes all the time. . . I bet you'd get tired of doing your hair. . . long hair is such a trouble. . ."

They talked for a long time. Jo had trouble thinking about her son's new interests. He used to wear jeans and get dirty. Now all he could talk about was fashion, his hair and what high heels to wear with what skirt.

As Jo talked, Jan wasn't really listening. His long pony-tail billowed as he tossed his head, causing it to come across his shoulder. He smoothed his pony-tail with his long fingers and pictured himself at his first day at Manners. He knew just what to wear!

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Jo thought to herself. It was the first time in months she'd worn a dress. At work,

she wore what the men wore: jeans, flannel shirt, boots, hard-hat. Most of the construction guys had longer hair than she did.

As Jan and his mother met Irene at the steps of Manners, Jo said, "This is your crazy idea, mom. You do the talking."

"I'm sure there will be no problem. Enrollment has been down for years, besides, look at your son!"

Jan was wearing a summer weight navy blue dress that conservatively swung at knee length. Sheer nude nylons and navy sandals completed the outfit. His hair had been put up into a french twist and it's golden color sparkled in the sun. His open-toed sandals accented the girlish look of his slim calves and ankles.

Yes, Jan was apprehensive but enthusiastic. He realized that once admitted to Manners, his girlishness would not only be allowed but would be expected! Yes, he was uneasy about what a year of being a girl would do to him. . .but he had to find out.

After introductions, the day began with an orientation given by the head mistress, Miss Andrews.

She stated, "We have changed a lot since your mother came to Manners. We used to train the girls to be 'ladies first' but that has become outdated." A look of remorse was in her eyes. "We realize a woman's life is much more complicated in today's world. Now, we strive for our girls to become 'first ladies'."

Jo asked, "Do you still have the girls wear uniforms?"

"We have them," Miss Andrews said, "But we don't require the girls to wear them—except for special events. We do require that our students wear nice dresses and have good grooming habits."

Walking along next to these ladies in their fine dresses and surrounded by the feminine spirit of the school gave Jan a thrill. Just being in this place made him feel ladylike.

Miss Andrews said, "You will be surrounded by other young girls and we expect you to always remember our creed. . .Femininity is it's own reward."

Jan looked knowingly at his grandmother as she pulled out her checkbook and wrote a check for the entire year's tuition. It was settled. . .to the shock and amazement of Jan's mother who thought this would 'scare' her son out of this foolishness.

Epilogue:

The very next day, Jan was getting ready in front of the mirror thinking about what was happening to him. Wearing only a bra and his little plaid skirt, he wondered if he'd like going to school with a bunch of giggly girls.

The speculation brought a smile to his face. . .he'd better learn how to giggle too! It would be so different going to school in skirts and blouses, nylons, panties and bras—even high heels!

Holding up a mirror, Jan checked the back of his head and the long golden braid that tickled the middle of his back. Wearing a bra still felt traitorous and naughty.



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Jan couldn't help but wonder if one day he'd just forget he was a boy? Perhaps he should have been worrying about that but with each step of his feminization, it seemed less important.

Jan submissively accepted his apprehensions and focused on the little feminine tasks ahead that would become a part of his daily grooming. He mostly just hoped the other girls would like him!

Jo reluctantly left for Saudi Arabia with the parting words to her mother, "You got him into this. . .you figure out what to do with him now."

Irene knew just what to do.

THE END (for now)

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IN THE PINK

MITCH WAS TOLD THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TOOK TO BE A FOOTBALL PLAYER... WHAT HE DID HAVE WAS DETERMINATION. NOTHING WAS GOING TO KEEP HIM OFF THE FIELD!



"IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE ON OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST, WRITE TO ME, SANDY THOMAS P.O. BOX 2309 CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309