

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON"

It all started when Jamie wanted to
let his hair grow a little longer. . .like a girls'!



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QUOTE BOARD

**“The problem with lipstick is going with gawd’s word on
where your lips stop!”**

Like Mother, Like Son

By Dawn B. and Sandy Thomas

In 1968, there was encouraging news. Even though Vietnam's New Year's truce was described as the "worst one yet," there was hope for the Johnson peace talks. But the fighting seemed to get worse everyday and every politician announced their three-point, four-point or five-point plans to end the war. Other exciting news was a new range of pink transparent lipsticks including "soft shell pink," "fresh watermelon" and "wedgewood rose." Brows were finely plucked in the 30's tradition.

Fourteen year-old Jamie didn't know what he was getting himself into. After Jamie's father died as one of the first "advisors" in Vietnam, Jamie became very close to his mother. They would sit and watch television together laughing at the sitcoms. Jamie was only fourteen but understood that his mother was lonely. His mother, Heather Dodge was a former model and a strikingly beautiful woman. She still took a lot of time to make sure she looked her best. Several times a week, she would file and manicure her nails. They were always kept perfectly painted an attractive color.

One Friday, she said to Jamie, "Let me see your nails. Are you still biting them?"

"Gee mom. I can't help it," Jamie said. "I guess I'm just nervous."

His mother looked at the chewed nails and said, "I'm going to bring home a solution to put on your nails. We use it at the modeling agency for girls that bite their nails. It just has a bitter taste to remind you not to bite them." She filed what little was left.

That Monday, true to her word, she painted Jamie's

nails with a clear polish that had a bitter taste. It didn't have much of a shine, and no one at school even noticed. But Jamie did if he put his hands near his mouth.

Every Monday and Friday, his mother would file and repaint his nails with the solution. She told him that it also contained a nail hardener to make them healthy and not split. It became a ritual, Jamie would put on his pajamas and sit next to his mother and she'd file his nails.

After only a month, Jamie's nails had grown out to a nice length. Jamie never bit his nails now so the bitter solution could be discontinued. But Jamie's mother continued to take care of his hands. She said, "I should teach you how to do this. Maybe you could even do mine once in a while."

She continued to put a clear coat of polish on his fingernails for protection. She said, "Just because you're a boy doesn't mean you can't have nice hands and fingernails." Over the next few weeks, she taught him the modeling school course on hand care. It included lubricating and protecting his hands.

"Think of your nails as jewels, we tell the girls," she said as she showed him what was a girl's weekly beauty ritual: remove any polish, file the nails, soak them in soapy water, push the cuticle back, massage lotion into hands, and then basecoat polish and topcoat. She had him practice on her nails and soon he was quite good at it.

Jamie thought it was fun and it sure made his hands look different. His nails grew so fast now it was hard to keep them short. His mother even bought Jamie his own nail care kit to keep in his room. It was a girls kit and contained some red polish that Jamie wouldn't use.

One night after he did his mother's nails, and his mother finished his cuticles, she realized they were out of clear polish. Jamie wasn't watching but his mother started to put on a bright red polish.

"Wait! What are you doing," Jamie cried.

"We're out of clear polish, this is just until tomorrow. I'll run out first thing before work and get some remover and clear polish. Your nails are a little long, we'll file them tomorrow too." She worked Saturdays at the modeling agency.

When his mom was finished, the red polish made Jamie's hands look delicate and feminine. She took his hands in hers.

"Jamie, your hands are as pretty as any models. It's a shame you're not a girl. You have the hands you love to hold." His colorful ovals glowed like gems.

Jamie had to admit his thin and dainty hands looked like a girls. They looked just like a younger version of his mothers. He liked the longer nails and was glad he had stopped biting them. He almost wished he could let them grow and see how long they would get.

The next morning, he woke and had difficulty focusing on his hands. He had forgotten about the red polish. It was late and his mother had already left for work. He hoped that she had bought the remover and clear polish.

He searched the kitchen and living room. No remover was to be found. He called his mother at the Agency.

"I'm sorry dear, I totally forgot. I'll bring some home for you tonight. Is that okay," She asked?

"But mom, I wanted to go out to play," He said, then added, "It's okay mom, I have some homework to do. I'll just stay in and do other things. See you at six."

He went to the bathroom and showered. He looked in the mirror and ran his hand through his hair. It was like his hands had been turned into a girls. He was the possessor of girl's hands for the day.

He was startled by the doorbell. He remembered that his best friend Dave was coming over this morning and they were going to work on model airplanes. He quickly dressed and grabbed a pair of work gloves that his mother wore in the garden. He answered the door. "Hi Dave, Something has come up, I can't play today."

Dave just ignored Jamie and came inside. "Hey, what's the big deal. I want to work on that DC-3."

Jamie stammered, "I...I've got a lot to do around the house and..."

Dave interrupted, "What's with the gloves, doing a Muhammad Ali?"

"No, yard work."

They went Jamie's bedroom to get Dave his DC-3 model. Dave was fooling around and grabbed Jamie's

hand and pulls off the glove revealing red fingernails.

Dave was shocked for a minute and started to tease Jamie about wearing fingernail polish, then seriously asks, "What's this all about?"

Jamie explained the nail biting problem and how they were out of clear polish last night. He pleaded, "Please don't tell anyone."

Dave had found the manicuring kit on Jamie's dresser. "You mean you know how to give manicures with this stuff?"

"Sure, want one?"

Dave wasn't sure, but after hesitating a minute said, "OK." They sat down and they watched cartoons while Jamie did Dave's rough fingernails. Jamie thought, if I put red polish on his hands, he won't tell anyone about mine for sure.

Jamie asked, "What color do you want? This is a nice red."

"That color's for girls," Dave said. "Don't you have any clear?"

"No, but mom's bringing some remover home soon. Try the red...it's fun." Jamie didn't wait for an answer and shortly both boys had shiny red fingernails.

They decided to work on the DC-3 model. Both had giggling fits and poked fun at each other when they'd reach for the glue or a part under the nose of the other, thus displaying their brightly colored nails. Under it all, Dave was uneasy even while having fun with the model.

They made good progress but stopped later to watch cartoons and other TV shows. That was where Jamie's mother found them. She was surprised at Dave's nails also being done, but gave the remover to Jamie. Even while his own nails were still bright red, he removed Dave's red polish and managed to get a coating of clear polish on Dave's nails. Only then did he remove his red polish to be

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also immediately replaced with clear. She only watched while he did this work, quite expertly for a mere boy.

After Dave left, they talked. Jamie said that Dave's mother was letting him grow his hair long to match the Beatles. He asked his mom if he could grow his hair longer like the current fashion on boys. The most popular boys in school were sporting hair well over their ears and collars. His hair was just over the ears and collar length in back. Since most parents equated long hair on boys with the negative aspects of the rock'n roll and drug culture, Jamie was prepared for an argument. Therefore, he was surprised by her reaction. She paused, looking at him and then broke into a big smile.

"Well, I think you'll look cute with longer hair. However, we have to set up some rules. I don't want you to look scruffy and dirty like some hippies. If you want long hair you can have it but you must agree to let me, and only me, do the trims. You'll take care of it exactly as I instruct you to. Having long hair that looks good takes a lot of time out of your day. If you disobey these rules then you'll find yourself in the barber shop in a real hurry. Now you think about my rules overnight and make sure you understand them. Give me your decision in the morning, ok?"

Jamie tried to accept her offer right away but she insisted he think it over and decide in the morning. He was thrilled, as he had expected an argument or refusal and instead got approval. Well, an approval with conditions actually. Ever since his Dad died a few years ago, he and his mom frequently made little "deals." They both really stuck to their ends of any deal and respected each other for it. As a consequence their relationship was great. She was not only his mother but also a great friend in whom Jamie could confide or with whom he could discuss his problems.

That night as he was getting ready for bed, he began to wonder a little about what his mother meant by having to take care of his hair "as she instructed" him. Heather certainly was an expert on all beauty care. She had been a high-fashion model for many years and only recently had stepped down to let the younger girls grace the runways. Now she was a manager at a large modeling agency. She

still looked gorgeous, and it made Jamie very proud to be seen with his mother because all his friends were so impressed with her beauty.

Heather certainly knew about hair! Her brunette locks were one of her beauty trademarks. Her hair was thick, shiny and reached past the middle of her back. Jamie knew she spent hours each day taking care of it as well as weekly beauty salon sessions. When she was just around the house she wore it braided, either down or up. She had a professional-type hair dryer in her room because when she set it her hair took a long time to dry. But when it was set, it cascaded over her shoulders in beautiful curls and waves. Her large, mirrored vanity was full of hair care tools and accessories including pins, clips, rollers of every size and color, ribbons, hair bands, barrettes, scarfs and some things that Jamie didn't even know what the purpose was.

Jamie walked over to her room and found his mother sitting at the vanity cleaning off her make-up. She had braided her hair into a couple of pigtails as she often did for the night.

"Mom, remember what you said earlier today about taking care of my hair, well, I was wondering, what kinds of stuff would I have to do?"

"Ah, so you are thinking about it. Good, I'll be glad to explain what I meant. You see, you have the same thick hair that I do and I think you'll be a real knockout with the girls when you grow it longer. However, I don't want to see you with that straight, straggly mess some long-haired guys wear."

"That doesn't sound that bad, but what does that mean I'll have to do," Jamie still questioned?

"For starters, I'll *do* a lot of the work for you, but you will have to be patient and spend the time it takes. You will shampoo and condition every day. Deep condition once per week, deep conditioning takes about one hour because there is a 30 minute period under the heat of the dryer. Each night at bedtime, you'll come and sit while I brush your hair, check for split-ends, do any trimming that might be necessary and get it ready for the night. Each morning you will again come here so that I can style it for

the day. With that kind of care your hair should grow very fast and look nice."

"I can live with that, but don't you mind having to do all that for me," Jamie asked, puzzled?

"Not at all sweetheart. It will be fun. I thought when I had a son that I wouldn't get a chance to show my child all the hair-do tricks I've learned, but if you decide to let your hair grow maybe you can benefit from them. Who knows, maybe I can teach you to help me do my hair."

"Sure, I'd like that," Jamie replied eagerly. He always loved to play with his mom's hair, ever since he was a baby.

And so, after giving his mother a kiss on the cheek, Jamie went off to his own bedroom and climbed under the covers. As he lay in the dark he tried to imagine himself with long, shoulder length tresses. Meanwhile, down the hall in her bedroom, Jamie's mother also lay in her bed in the dark. In her mind she pictured Jamie sitting on the chair in front of the vanity as she removed the last roller from his hair and it tumbled in a mass of waves past his shoulders. With this thought she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep with a big smile on her face.

So, with his decision made to "go for it," Jamie and his mother began their project the next morning. It began with a shampoo, deep conditioning and a trim. Jamie was puzzled about trimming his hair if the idea was to let it grow long. His mother explained.

"You have some split ends which will prevent the hair from getting longer. Also, I'm trimming mainly the bottom of you hair along the nape here. That way the crown hair can grow out to catch up with the nape hair. It will give you that all-one-length look which looks great on hair as thick as ours."

Just for fun, Jamie's mother took a plastic ruler and measured the length of his hair. This she noted along with the date on a piece of paper. Finally, she took a few photos which she said would be the "before" evidence.

"Your hair's quite short today, only about 5 inches at the crown here," his mother remarked.

"Gee mom, 5 inches seems pretty long already," he said.

"Well, if you do what I say, within a year 5" will seem like a crewcut," his mother laughed!

And so weeks and months went by. Jamie was enjoying all the attention he was getting at home. He even got used to the weekly, deep conditioning sessions every Saturday morning with the half hour "bake" under the hot dryer with a plastic cap over his lotion-covered hair. The monthly measurements showed that he was growing his hair at an above average rate, close to 3/4's of an inch per month. Six months had gone by and it was now over 9 inches long at the top. For the past four months his mother had stopped trimming it altogether saying that the excellent conditioning program had eliminated the split ends problem. His hair now just touched his shoulders. What used to be bangs was now kept swept off his face with some strategically applied setting gel followed by hairspray.

Jamie's friend Dave would sometimes drop over while Jamie was having hair treatments. The first time Jamie was embarrassed, but Dave seemed to understand that long hair needed care. Dave's parents had let him grow his for a while but made him cut it after he refused to take care of it. Even his short hair was always in a tangled mess.

Dave was envious of the help that Jamie's mom gave in keeping Jamie's long hair nice. Some Saturdays, Dave would come over and they'd play cards while Jamie sat under the dryer.

Soon Jamie was 16. It was the beginning of March and his monthly measuring session showed that his hair had reached over the 12" mark. It also seemed to have more body and wave.

"I'm going to have to find my yardstick for next month," his mother chuckled. "I think your hair has reached the point where you have to take additional precautions to keep it in shape Jamie."

"Like what, mom?"

"Well, you may have noticed that when you sleep your hair gets all tangled and messed up, so that I have trouble brushing it out in the morning, right?"

"Noticed is putting it mildly."

"Have you ever had trouble brushing out my hair in the morning," his mother asked?

"No, your hair is silky smooth. But that's because you wear it in braids every night. . ." Jamie stopped as his mother's point became obvious.

"Oh, I think I know what you're suggesting," he giggled, "it's okay with me I guess, but don't ever tell anyone," he added.

"Don't be silly. This is our private business, and there is nothing to be ashamed of. Long hair is long hair and you do what's necessary regardless of whose head it's on." As she was speaking, Jamie could see her in the mirror brushing his hair smooth. She then asked him to pass her a rat-tailed comb. Over the months Jamie had learned the "operating room" technique where the hairdresser would have the other pass whatever items were necessary from the vanity. He had learned a lot about doing his mother's hair, including setting it, braiding and some simple up sweep styles. So far, all his mother would do was brush his hair or some simple blow-dry styling.

Taking the comb, she parted his hair down the middle from his forehead to the back of his neck. He knew the routine already from doing this for his mother most nights. He leaned slightly forward so that the hair fell over his cheeks while he took one side with his hand to keep it out of the way of what his mother was doing on the other side. There, she was braiding his hair into a plait about nine inches long. As she finished, Jamie passed her a ponytail elastic which she snapped onto the end of his pigtail. She repeated the process on the other side.

"Pass me a wrap please," she said as she was finishing the second braid.

"You mean you are going to do it like we do yours?," Jamie asked somewhat surprised.

"Of course, it offers the hair excellent protection from the roughness of pillows and sheets. Rubbing on it all night causes split ends."

Jamie was glad that Dave or his other friends couldn't see him now. His mother made him hold one of the pigtails out straight. She then proceeded to wrap the pigtail with a long silk ribbon. The ribbon was about four feet long as she used it on her own two foot long pigtails sometimes. First, she tied the middle of the ribbon around

the base of his pigtail. Then she began to wrap his braid, tightly criss-crossing it all the way to the elastic. The ponytail elastic she covered with the ribbon also. Since Jamie's pigtail was only nine inches long or so, there was a lot of extra ribbon left. His mother thought for a moment then was seized with an idea. Looping his pigtail back so that the end touched the base, she deftly tied the rest of the ribbon around the base and into a cute bow. Jamie just watched as the same procedure was carried out on the other pigtail.

"There you go my sweet, you look just lovely," his mother sighed. She was itching to try a feminine style on Jamie for months now, but she resisted until she had a good excuse like today. If only she could figure out a trick to get him into a girl's nightgown. Well...she would work on that next. She then sat down and Jamie, with his cute, ribbon-wrapped, pigtail loops proceeded to do a similar job on her hair. She made sure she had four ribbon wraps so that they would both have the same hairstyles. After he was finished, she stood beside him in front of the full-length mirror, holding her head next to his. Jamie looked so similar to his mother that it was almost unreal!

"My God, Jamie! You look just like I did when I was 16 years old!" she exclaimed. Jamie was also a little bit astounded, even thrilled at his unusual appearance.

"I do kind of look like you, don't I," he asked slowly?

"If it wasn't for those boy's PJ's you have on, I'd say I have a lovely daughter," she replied.

Jamie blushed at his mothers comment. He did look rather girlish, but it was to keep his hair nice. Jamie just assumed that the Beatles must be doing the same thing.

Jamie's mother watched his reaction carefully as he looked down at this nightwear and said, "Yeah, I guess they don't really fit the picture, do they?"

Without a word, his mother walked over to her large, walk-in closet and switched on the light. It was filled with gorgeous designer clothes of every description. As a top model she received most of them as gifts, some she bought at greatly reduced prices. Designers liked to have their creations seen in public on beautiful women. She went to one rack which had over thirty nightgowns, most of silk or

satin with lots of delicate lace work. She knew the one she wanted. It was white satin with a V-neck and narrow shoulder straps. The shoulder straps and front, right down to the waistline was covered in fine, cream-colored French lace. The back of the gown featured a deep, wide plunge exposing the entire back of the wearer. It also had a lacing at the back which criss-crossed from the bottom of the plunge to between the shoulder blades and was tied there so young lovers could enjoy the feel of the bow being pulled and the nightgown being loosened. Jamie's mother approached him with the gown and said,

"Jamie, just for fun, why don't you model this for me. Go in your bedroom and change into it, then come back here so that I can tie up the back."

"Well...ok, but only if you promise not to laugh," he mumbled and went off to his bedroom.

Jamie went to his room and closed his door. He couldn't understand it, but he felt very excited at the prospect of putting on the gown. Come to think of it, he had felt this excitement ever since his mother had suggested putting his hair in braids. He quickly got out of his pajamas and held the white nightgown up to his body while looking at himself in the mirror. His heart almost missed a beat at the sight of the gorgeous silk.

With unsteady hands he lifted the gown overhead and let it drop onto his body. The smoothness of the satin on his skin was intoxicating! He let his hands wander over it feeling the fine lace trimming. Jamie's reflection in his mirror made him weak at the knees. A pretty, teen-aged girl, ready for bed stood before him. The white ribbons in his hair matched the color of his gown. With sparkling eyes he went back to his mother's bedroom. As he entered, he timidly said, "You promised not to laugh."

However, his mother was definitely not about to laugh. Instead, tears began to well-up in her eyes. He was beautiful, as pretty a "daughter" as she had ever dreamed about. If only Jamie had been a daughter. Shortly Jamie would have to register for the draft and likely go to Vietnam. If something happened to him too, she'd die. She also wished that she could pass on her modeling tricks to a daughter. Tears flowed.

Jamie said, "Gee mom, what's the matter?"

"Oh nothing," she sobbed, "I was just thinking about the baby girl your father and I lost before you were born. I wish she were with us today."

"I'll get out of this nightgown, if you want," Jamie said?

"No," Heather said. "Please leave it on. Here let me fix it. You can be my daughter too."

Jamie was a small-boned boy with delicate features. This gown fit him very well, except in the bust area which was obviously meant for a women's breasts. Turning him around, his mother threaded the gown's lacing through the many eyelets on both sides of the back. She pulled the laces in just snugly enough so that his waist was accentuated and so that the gown couldn't be taken off without undoing the laces. At the top she tied the two ends into a knot first, then a bow. It was a ploy of hers to guarantee that Jamie wouldn't decide to remove the gown before she was there to help him. As she worked on the laces she kept talking to Jamie as if he were her daughter and it was perfectly natural for them to discuss how such a nightgown looked or fit. This really worked at putting him at ease. Soon he too was gushing with praise over his looks.

"Is that too snug, Jamie," his mother asked as she finished tying up the back? "It is supposed to hug your waist like that. My, but it does fit you better than it fit me. And the color does look very nice with you hair and skin color."

"No, it's not too snug. It does fit quite well. I guess I'm about the same size as you Mom. This satin sure feels nice."

"You're right, we are the same size, and wait until you see how nice the satin feels to sleep in. It lets you move around in bed so easily."

Jamie was entranced with his image in the full-length wall mirror, "I can wear this to bed?"

"Of course, that's why I had you try it on. I certainly don't need that many nightgowns for myself. I've always felt guilty about having such lovely clothes go out of style before I can get more than one or two wearings out of them. If I had a daughter though, I guess that wouldn't be a problem. You know the saying 'waste not want not'. So if

there is anything that you can use, please feel free. As a matter of fact, because you've been so patient and thoughtful in holding up your end of our bargain in taking care of your hair, I'd like to make this nightgown a present from me to you. Your old pajamas are pretty well worn out and you can use some additional nightwear."

Jamie couldn't believe what he was hearing, but he was very happy. The feel and look of this nightgown and his beribboned hairdo was most thrilling. He had come into his mother's room to show himself to her thinking he should enjoy the feelings he was having until his mother would inevitably ask him to change back into his own pajamas. Now, not only had she told him he could sleep in the gown all night, but had given it to him for his regular use! As he still turned this way and that before the mirror, admiring his feminine appearance his mother went back to the closet returning with a matching satin robe and a pair of bedroom slippers.

"Here, Jamie, these go with the nightgown set.," she said as she helped him on with the white satin robe. It too was lace-trimmed around the neckline and hem and had a belt which she tied in a bow at his waist.

"Now off to bed. Even though tomorrow's Sunday, I'm going to have to go into the office," she said.

He knew it wasn't right but he loved this new feeling he was experiencing. It was so exciting and mysterious! He, a mere boy, being able to look like an attractive girl. If only he could manage to expand this new way of dress at home without his mother thinking him strange or laughing at him. He thought that maybe he could encourage his mother to want a daughter around now and then.

If mother and son could read each others' mind at this moment they would have both been pleasantly surprised. Jamie's mother was also thrilled at suddenly experiencing having a teen-age "daughter" as well as a son, all in one child. She was trying to think of a subtle way to have Jamie become her "daughter" much more often.

It was like her deceased daughter had come alive. She thought of trying all kinds of elaborate and feminine hairdo's with Jamie's ever-lengthening tresses. She'd have him sleeping in feminine nightwear exclusively with

a little luck.

Maybe this could keep him out of the draft? Long hair alone wouldn't do it. He'd have to be totally feminine to fool the Army. However, she had as yet not figured out how to coax him into lingerie, women's daytime outerwear and cosmetics. Somehow fate was leading mother and son towards the same objective without either knowing of the other's plans.

The next morning Jamie awoke, slowly coming out of a sweet dream where he was surrounded by designer dresses in a trendy boutique with his mother. As his senses slowly began to return to the waking world he wondered what was on his head. Quickly putting his hand up he felt and remembered his braided hair.

Then it all came back to him, the hair, the gown. He stretched and climbed out of bed slipping on the slippers his mother had given him the night before. After examining himself in the mirror one last time, Jamie decided it was time to get dressed. Reaching over his shoulder he could just barely reach the gown's laces. Taking the end of the bow he pulled until he felt the bow come undone. However, his mother's cleverly placed knot held tight. Try as he might, Jamie could not reach the knot. Finally, he decided to see if his mother was awake to give him a hand. However on arriving at her room he found it empty, she had already left for the office.

"Now what?," thought Jamie, "I'm stuck in the night-gown until Mom gets back. Well I might as well undo my hair at lease." And so Jamie went over to his mother's vanity and sat down. There was that cute "girl" looking back at him from the mirror. Reluctantly he untied his hair ribbons and unwrapped the two braids letting them hang down.

"Actually, didn't Mom say that the braids are good for protecting the hair, and that's why she wears them whenever she doesn't have to do her hair for work or going out? Maybe I'll just leave them for now."

However, the braids looked so right with the night-gown. Curiosity got the best of him as Jamie began to peruse the contents of the vanity drawers. At last he found

what he wanted, a couple of wide pink ribbons. He took one and tied it over the elastic on one of his pigtails into a big bow. The same was repeated on the other pigtail. Now he looked like Judy Garland from the movie "Wizard of Oz." Happy now, he skipped to his room to put his satin robe on and started on his homework.

A few hours later he heard the back door opening and his mother's footsteps on the stairs. He called to her that he was in his bedroom.

"Good morning my darling princess." she said as she entered, "I see you're still in your nightgown. Doesn't it feel wonderful?"

"The greatest. It's the most comfortable thing to sleep in I could ever imagine. But I couldn't undo the lace in back so I left it on until someone could help me," Jamie replied enthusiastically. Then an idea struck him and he continued, "You girls are sure lucky to get to wear such soft, silky clothes. And not only at night but all day long too." He hoped that his mother would take the bait. Of course, he needn't worry because as far as she was concerned it was Jamie who was falling for her plan.

"Well, what did I say yesterday? I have piles of expensive clothes that I can't possibly use by myself. On top of that I keep receiving more every week as samples. I see no reason why we can't share all these free clothes."

"Share?"

"Shoot. If you like the soft, silky feel of women's clothes, that's great. Who wouldn't? Besides, the only clothes anyone else can see is your shirt and pants."

Jamie nodded in agreement. "And then only when I'm out of the house!"

"That's right. At home, only you and I see what you wear. I think you look fine. As a matter of fact, you look less scruffy in that nightgown than you would in your jeans and T-shirt."

"Well, I certainly wouldn't call this gown scruffy," Jamie said feeling the luxuriant lace and satin garment he was wearing. "It's beautiful AND comfortable," he continued.

"Well how sweet! It's settled then. I'll help you find a few things that are 'sharp and comfortable' for you to wear

the rest of the day around the house," his mother stated matter-of-factly.

"You mean you're going to let me dress in your clothes?"

"That's right, I have so many. Don't you want to see what they feel like," his mother asked?

Jamie knew the answer but was afraid to show his enthusiasm lest his mother get scared her son was becoming a "fairy."

"I'm game to try anything if you think don't think it's too weird."

"I don't see why not. Not only are my clothes quite cool and comfortable, but very expensive. I hate to see them go to the moths. Most are quite flattering to the wearer," she said and performed a classic modeling pirouette so that her dress flared out and showed a long expanse of shapely, stockinged legs. She added, "And I'm sure they'll look nice on you too!"

"Not bad Mom, but my legs are better," Jamie joked.

"Oh yeah! We'll soon see about that. You just wait here a minute, I'll be right back. Oh, by the way. Those pigtail bows you tied look adorable. I have the perfect dress to go with them!"

"Okay mom. You win," Jamie blushed. Actually he had to agree with her, they were kind of cute. Now he wondered what was in store for him next.

Back in her bedroom, Jamie's mother went to her lingerie drawer. She wanted to pick him out something nice but not too nice. She selected a navy blue pair of nylon panties and a tasteful white bikini style. As an after thought, she also picked out a silky black panty. "Nothing too fancy to start with," she thought. "He's got to get used to this gradually over time." She returned to Jamie's room.

"Here take these," she said giving Jamie the panties, "after you take off your nightgown I want you to take a shower and shampoo your hair. Then come to my room in your panties and robe, okay?"

"Do I have to wear panties?" Jamie responded, feeling the thrilling nylon apparel in his fingers. He hoped his mother would say yes.

His mother had been anticipating a question about

underwear and had her response ready. It was an important bridge to cross.

"Jamie, my clothes are all very fashionable designer creations and people have put a lot of effort into creating them. They are meant to be worn over appropriate underclothes and with the complimentary accessories and even make-up. As I said before, I'd be more than happy to share anything I have with you. . .but you have to agree to take care of the the clothes as well. A Carmen Cline outfit with jockey shorts, socks and track shoes would be horrendous to say the least."

Jamie nodded shyly and said, "I guess you are right."

"If you're going to share my wardrobe you have to promise to follow my recommendations on what to wear and what appropriate accessories and hairstyles to wear with the clothes. Is that agreeable to you," his mother finished? She was playing a risky hand but she hoped that she had read Jamie's interests correctly.

"Fine with me. I said I liked the soft feel of the nightgown. I might as well give the rest a try. Did you say I might have to wear make-up too?"

"I'd like to see how the whole picture looks. . .maybe just some highlights," his mother responded.

"Well, here goes nothing. I'll be out of the shower in about fifteen minutes. See you then," Jamie said and headed for the bathroom.

His mother was ecstatic. She returned to her room and proceeded to pick out clothes for her son. A white camisole and navy blue half slip were first. Then navy blue pantyhose, fresh from a new package. Next she went to a skirt rack and chose a dark blue, side slit skirt. It would be just to his knees and quite slim. He'd have to walk in short steps to get around. For a top she picked a beautiful, white, silk blouse with very full sleeves ending in buttoned cuffs. It had a simple, Peter Pan collar and was buttoned up the back with a couple of dozen imitation pearl buttons. A pair of dark colored, open toe pumps were also chosen from a rack of over 25 pairs of shoes. Next she rummaged through her jewelry boxes, retrieving a multiple string of dark blue imitation pearls and a couple of costume jewelry bracelets.

She already had plans for his hair. With its present

length she had several attractive options. She could do some fancy French braiding or perhaps some sort of elegant upsweep, piling all but a few curly tendrils on top of his head in a chignon, but then it had always been straight, maybe it was time he experienced some curls. Yes, that was it! This would require a tight, roller set which would definitely be a new experience for her new "daughter."

About fifteen minutes later as she had just finished laying out neatly his complete outfit on the bed, Jamie came into her room with the gown wrapped around him and a fluffy towel wrapped turban-style around his head. He saw the clothes and felt a sudden shiver run through him.

"Are those for me," he gasped?

"They certainly are, young man. I'll help you get dressed, but first I have to look after your hair so that it can be arranged more appropriately later. Come sit down," his mother said pointing at the vanity seat.

Jamie sat down and she unwrapped the towel from his damp locks. Carefully, with a wide-toothed comb his mother combed-out the fresh smelling hair. Next she moved a tray of long bobby pins closer to Jamie. He looked at them wondering what that was about. Then, as his mother returned from her closet with a tray containing several dozen, smooth plastic hair rollers, he realized what was in store.

"What are you doing Mom?"

"I need to set your hair on these rollers to get the curl we need. Remember, I want these clothes to be part of a complete look. Surely you want to look your best," she replied while spraying a setting lotion on his hair and combing through it.

"I guess so, but what if someone sees me?"

"They will not think anything---except what a lovely girl you are. Isn't that better than someone thinking, 'why is that boy wearing girls' clothes?'"

"I hope nobody sees me anyway."

"When we're finished you may change your mind. You might even want to show off a little," his mother teased.

"Show off?" Jamie thought to himself. It was such an

outlandish idea. As they spoke Jamie was busy handing his mother roller after roller and bobby pin after bobby pin. He watched in fascination as section after section of his hair was separated, combed out then wrapped a hair roller and wound snugly against his scalp, finally being anchored securely there with a couple of pins. After twenty minutes or so, his head felt a little heavy with the weight of the neatly wound curlers. There were at least three dozen in the set. His mother finished by tying a large, triangular hairnet over the set.

"Now Jamie, come over here. Take off your gown and slippers."

Doing so, Jamie was told to sit on the edge of the chair while his mother unrolled the pantyhose up his legs. Seeing the light hair on his legs she commented, "I think you're going to have to shave these legs if you plan on sharing my clothes dear. We can't have you looking like that."

"But what about summer? Everyone will notice shaved legs," Jamie said as excitement and nerves mingled.

"Summer is months off yet. You can let your hair grow back, not that anyone would notice anyway."

Before he could think of anything to stop her, she brought out a ladies electric shaver and removing the hose quickly---shaving clean his slender legs. She didn't stop there either, proceeding to shave clean both of his under-arms.

By this time Jamie's heart was pounding with the devilish excitement that he was feeling. Once again she rolled the pantyhose over his silky legs. She had him stand up to pull the hose up to his waist and over the panties. Next she had him step into the matching blue half-slip. Its dark lace tickled his knees through the pantyhose. Looking around, Jamie's mother saw that she had forgotten an important item. Going to her lingerie drawer she rummaged around until she found what she was looking for.

Meanwhile, Jamie was turning around in front of the mirror admiring his slip. "Hold your arms out," she said, and as he blindly obeyed she slipped a bra up his arms, over his shoulders and had it hooked in back before he knew it. It was padded and the loose flesh on his chest

when squeezed by the elastic straps managed to nearly fill the remainder of the cups. Jamie was about to say something but his mother interrupted.

"Now Jamie, don't complain. You promised to follow my recommendations and as far as I'm concerned, a bra is a necessity for you with all these clothes. They expect a little more chest than you could provide without the bra. Without it, the tops will be saggy and shapeless. Now, put you arms up and carefully slip this over your head." Jamie did as he was instructed and the white camisole settled over his bra. His mother adjusted the straps on both the bra and camisole to fit Jamie's figure. Handing him the satin robe once again, she directed him over to the hair-dryer. Giving him a copy of the latest Vogue magazine to read she set the timer for 60 minutes and went downstairs to set the table for their brunch.

Meanwhile, Jamie was lost in a turmoil of thoughts and perceptions. Here he was wearing proper women's' lingerie, sitting under a hairdryer with his long hair set in rollers, preparing to step into that elegant skirt and blouse lying on the bed. He was loving it of course, but he really began to wonder if his mother was just sharing her clothes out of thrift or did she also get a thrill out of seeing him dressed that way. He certainly was! In the last twelve hours his urge to impersonate a girl was becoming unbearable. He wanted the clothes, hairstyles, make-up, everything to look like a pretty girl. He decided that he was going to take a big risk and tell his mother the complete truth. It may shock her and she may insist he change and maybe even get his hair cut, but then again maybe she will let him dress up now and then. Maybe even give him some beauty tips.

Finally, the time was up, the dryer bell rang and the machine shut off. The coolness of the room felt good to him after spending all that time under the heat of the dryer hood. He could hear his mother's footsteps on the stairs as she returned to complete her job.

"Come over to the vanity dear and let me see if your hair is dry yet," she instructed. Jamie lifted the hood of the dryer and came over to sit facing the big mirror on the vanity. He watched intently as his mother untied the hairnet and removed it. Next she pulled the bobby pins

out on another curler and carefully unrolled it. Next she pulled the bobby pins out on one curler and carefully unrolled it. The hair was dry and it fell in a tight ringlet. Satisfied that his hair was dry, his mother deftly removed the pins and curlers from Jamie's hair. Soon it was a mass of tight, ringlet-shaped curls. Then she took a hairbrush and starting at the nape of his neck, began to carefully brush out each section of hair. As she moved up the back and sides of his head, his hair turned into a delicious mass of curls and ringlets. With further ministrations of brush and comb his mother sculpted his coiffure into an elegant "lion's mane" of exciting curls. These were fixed in place with carefully applied mists of strong hair spray. The resulting hairdo stood three to four inches away from his head and the tight curls shortened his normally shoulder-brushing tresses to just reach the nape of his neck. Jamie was fascinated and absolutely in love with the new hairstyle.

"Oh mother, it looks beautiful," he gushed girlishly!

"I agree, your hair takes a curl well as I had thought it would. The styles we'll be able to try.....I can't begin to tell you," his mother said bursting with joy! Jamie was very, very "pretty." Ideal for teen modeling. The thought was spontaneous, it surprised her. Hmmmm, could she find a way?

Now she had Jamie stand up and move over to the bed. She held out the blouse for him to slip on. Having done this she turned him sideways as she began lacing up the long row of buttons.

"Mom, how in the world is someone supposed to do something like that by themselves," he questioned?

"With great difficulty dear. That's why I'm doing it for you. Some women are supple enough to reach around but most have to get someone to do it for them."

Finally, she held up the blue skirt for Jamie. Stepping into it, he pulled it up over his hips. His mother tucked the blouse in and pulled up the zipper in back. The shoes were next, slipped on over his stockinged feet. With an almost ceremonial air Jamie's mother placed the string of blue beads around his neck and slid the bracelets over his wrists. Both mother and son were speechless at the image

of the well-dressed debutante that was reflected in the mirror.

"Oh mother, I look pretty don't I," exclaimed the feminized lad!?

"Do you ever! You're pretty enough to be a model. We're still not finished though, come over here and let's really put a polish on your look," his mother said leading Jamie back to the vanity. "Your eyelashes are so long and pretty, they belong on a girl."

Sitting him before the mirror she went to work with cosmetics. His eyes were transformed with mascara, eye-brow pencil and eyeshadow. Blushers and powder gave his cheeks a healthy glow. Outlining his lips with a small brush, his mother finished by brushing on a dark lip color. These colorful additions, so expertly applied turned the boy Jamie into a sophisticated, very attractive young woman. Both mother and "daughter" were thrilled.

And so Jamie went through the rest of the day dressed in women's clothes from the skin out. His heart pounded with excitement each time he passed before a mirror and caught a glimpse of his delectable image. He knew that if he walked out on the street right now, he would draw many an admiring second look from guys. Did that repulse him? No, it seemed kind of thrilling for the "girl" in the mirror. At that moment, he knew that he was spending one of the most significant days in his life. He knew that he was hooked to this new experience. He was the raw material from which his "dream girl" could be created, using clothing, hairstyle and make-up. It even seemed like his mother was more than willing to indulge him. He hoped today would not turned out to be one-time experience. He felt sure that it would not be that!



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Part II

Needless to say, Jamie's expectations regarding that he would be allowed to "share" his mother's clothes while at home were not only fulfilled, but surpassed significantly. His mother took advantage of the situation to the limit! Starting the very next day, Monday, when Jamie came home from school, he found a full set of feminine clothes laid out neatly on his bed.

As he approached the bed, out of the corner of his eye, he caught an unfamiliar flash of soft colors visible through the partially open door of his closet. Upon further examination he found that there were at least a half dozen items of silk, satin and lace nightwear hanging there. For that matter, half the closet now contained beautiful dresses, skirts, blouses, slips and shoes. Much of his old boys' wardrobe had been removed.

He hurried to his dresser and found that all of his boys underwear was gone and replaced by dozens of silky panties, pantyhose, stockings, garter belts, bras, and even an elaborate silk and lace article which he believed to be referred to as a corselette or basque! He had to pinch himself to make sure that he was awake.

He was awake. He had managed to don the clothes his mother had prepared for him without much trouble. He didn't try putting on make-up by himself but he had put his long hair into a simple bun at the back of his head. That much he knew how to do from the times he helped or watched his mom in the past. There "she" was, that pretty "girl" in his mirror.

After his mother came home from work, she praised him on his efforts. They had a light supper, then went upstairs where Jamie's real education began. Over the next couple of weeks, his mother methodically and expertly showed him several becoming hairstyles he should learn to do. Jamie's arms ached from holding them up to do each style over and over until his mother was satisfied with the results. He too could see how much better each of his attempts looked, more symmetrical, neater. Jamie learned the names of each style and their variations:

chignon, Gibson Girl, topknot, French twist, French braid. She finally let him rest after he had completed a very neat, puffed out Gibson with a dainty satin ribbon encircling the bun on top of his head, the ends delicately streaming over the edges of the puffed out sides.

Part two of his lessons involved basic make-up techniques. The two of them spent at least an hour a day, side by side in front of the vanity mirror with Jamie trying to follow his mother's direction in applying his make-up.

Nightly, after carefully taking off the his dress, shoes and underwear, Jamie would slip on a set of pink baby doll pajamas which he picked out of the closet. Then he'd go to his mother's room where mother and son would sit together and creamed off their make-up, applied moisturizer and finally took turns brushing out and putting up each other's hair for the night.

The Vietnam war was getting worse. A neighbor boy was killed his first month there. Someone said that was how a many went. Heather became more determined to protect Jamie from this hazard of maleness.

Months passed and Jamie's "boy" time was limited to those hours he spent at school. For the first month or so his mother indulged his new found femininity and helped him experience the broadest range possible of feminine lingerie and outerwear. He was to wear whenever possible a satin figure training corset. Jamie's figure gradually conformed to it. The flesh was forced from his waist down to enlarge and round his hips, while it also pushed up making his bust larger.

Each day after school and each weekend Jamie was outfitted in gorgeous dresses, skirts and blouses. His hair and make-up was also worked into glamorous styles.

Jamie's doctor, Dr. Hines, was an old friend of Heather's and a protester of the war. Heather begged him to help keep Jamie out of the draft. He told her, "You will have to plan ahead if you're going to use a medical excuse. They're on to most of the easy outs, asthma, bad backs, you know. I don't think just making him look like a girl will do it either. They have a cure for effeminacy---a crew cut and a drill sergeant. You say he likes dressing like a girl?"

"He loves it," Heather said with hope in her voice. "Can you do something?"

"I think so, but there's a few side eff..."

Heather interrupted, "I don't care, I rather him take his chances here."

Dr. Hines was in his forties and a tall handsome man. He'd been trying to get Heather to go out with him for years. Heather had always politely turned him down out of respect for Jamie's father. He thought for a moment and said smiling, "This is highly unethical. What will I get out of this?"

Heather had anticipated the question and rubbed her nylon covered leg against his, and said, "Whatever you want."

The next week, Dr. Hines dropped over unexpected and saw Jamie. Jamie was wearing a mini-skirt and his hair had been beautifully curled. He just about died as his mother and the doctor talked as if there was nothing wrong with the way he was dressed. His mother asked him to make coffee for them. Dr. Hines watched the embarrassed Jamie serve coffee. "Jamie's almost perfect now," he whispered to Heather. "With a little treatment, he could become Miss U.S.A."

Jamie felt so threatened by a man seeing him dressed and acting so femininely. He wanted to throw off his feminine role, but the Dr. Hines's acceptance added to his passive girlish feelings.

Jamie started to see Dr. Hines every other week for "vitamin" shots. The doctor gave him a medical excuse to skip gym class which then allowed him to wear lingerie under his school clothes.

Jamie's voice stayed naturally high and feminine and his mother encouraged him to use girlish words and sayings. He took up feminine pastimes, learned to sew, embroider and read all the teen-age fashion magazines.

Jamie's friend Dave still came over to play. At first he made a scene about the dresses hanging in Jamie's closet. Jamie had told him it was just extra storage for his mother.

A couple of weeks later Dave dropped by unexpected.

Heather let him in the back door. Dave's mouth opened when he saw Jamie sitting on the living room couch doing his nails with pink polish and wearing a pink dress. He choked out, "What the...?"

Jamie looked up startled and speechless. Heather entered the room with sodas for the boys and said, "Dave, sit down, I'll tell you the whole story." She told Dave that she had needed a model to try some new styles on and Jamie was the right size. He looked so gorgeous that they had decided that Jamie should learn a few make-up tricks and learn to get comfortable in the clothes. There was good money in modeling.

Dave said, "Model something for me."

Jamie looked for approval at his mother. His mother nodded. As Jamie left the room he could feel Dave staring at his tight skirt and feminine stride.

Jamie soon returned and entered the room wearing his mothers pink satin evening dress that rustled with each step. Dave's eyes went from Jamie's dainty satin high heeled slippers to his smooth stockinged legs. Dave just muttered, "You're better looking then any girl in my school."

"Thank you," Jamie shyly said. Jamie modeled some more dresses for Dave. Jamie took Dave to his room and showed him his new clothes.

Jamie said, "Most of these clothes are moms, but she just bought me a complete set of lingerie, nylon stockings and high heels."

"Jamie look," Dave said, "I don't know what your mom's trying to do. I mean you can dress anyway you want at home but you don't want to be a sissy do you?"

"No, I'm just as much a boy as you," Jamie said, then looked down at his twin prominences and blushed.

"I must say you really look dainty and feminine. If you were real, I'd ask you out." Soon Dave forgot about the way Jamie was dressed and they played cards for a couple of hours.

Later after Dave left, Jamie asked his mother why she'd let Dave in. Heather said, "If he's really your friend, he'd understand. Why hide...you're not doing anything that wrong."

Heather enjoyed making Jamie feminine. He picked up girlish traits quickly and naturally. Traits such as sitting down while smoothing his skirt and keeping his knees together.

She bought him a zippered notebook to carry his things in for school. It was actually more of a handbag. At home he always had bright ribbons in his hair and curled his hair with a new invention - hot rollers. He always wore lipstick around the house and she bought him Chap-stick to carry in his notebook to wear at school.

By the time Jamie turned eighteen, early in his senior year of high school, he had the figure of a stunningly beautiful girl. He had no facial hair, his figure had developed to the point that a bra was necessary. His hips and rear had filled out and grown more feminine, so that with some dresses he needed a girdle.

For a birthday present his mother said, "Since you're spending more hours a day as a girl than as a boy, I think we should pierce your ears."

Jamie put up some token resistance. Heather pierced his ears and placed tiny diamond studs through his penetrated lobes. He received many new earrings to wear after they healed.

The next week, Heather took her son down to the draft board to register for the draft. She wished he would have worn a dress but she did make him wear a his new pink sweater, white pants and white loafers. His long loose hair girlishly framed his face and sat comfortably on his shoulders. If he had only worn a bra to unmistakably announce his girlishness.

When they got there Jamie was to go into another room to register. There was a long line of young men waiting. When Heather and Jamie got to the front the sergeant said, "Ladies, you can't go in there."

Jamie in his deepest voice said, "But sir, I'm here to register. I just turned eighteen."

The sergeant let Jamie in but had a look of disgust in his eyes. This was only to register and fill out a few papers. The physical and induction might come later. Heather vowed never to let men like these get a hold of her lovely

son.

In April, Dave came over to visit Jamie. He came over quite a bit and seemed genuinely interested in Jamie's new hobby. He would sit and watch Jamie try on a new dress or hairstyle. Only this day he was depressed.

"Our prom is next Saturday," Dave revealed, "I'm the entertainment director and I don't have a date. All the good girls are taken. Do you know any girls at your school that aren't taken?"

Jamie thought and said, "No, I'm not even going to ours. I wish I could help you."

It was like a light went on in Dave's eyes and Jamie knew what he was thinking. He saw Dave looking at his dress and figure. "No," Jamie said, "Forget it."

"Aw, com'on," Dave pleaded. "It would be fun. No one knows you at my school. You could be my date. I'd treat you just like a girl, I promise."

"No, if someone found out, we'd both be mortified," Jamie said.

"No one would ever know. Jamie, you look as pretty as any girl in my school. Please," Dave pleaded, "be my girlfriend for a night. Ask your mother. I bet she'll let you. It would be fun."

Heather knew Jamie was lonely. It was nice that Jamie had a boyfriend who was so accepting. It was okay with her. Her only words of advice were, "Dave, I expect you to treat Jamie just like your girlfriend. Jamie's doing this to help you out, not just to be dumped for your friends at the prom."

Dave said, "Oh, I'll treat him just like Debbie, the girl I took to the Christmas dance. I'll even bring him flowers...I mean 'her' flowers!"

That's a good boy, Dave," Heather said. "I'll make sure you're with the best looking girl at the Prom."

Jamie was very nervous. His mother said that was natural even for a real girl going to the prom. They had spent all week planning and practicing for this evening. Heather wished she could go too, but knew she couldn't. They did Jamie's hair in an upsweep that he could let down later and let his long curls bounce. He even wore a tiara.



*Jamie (left) and his mother Heather (right)
They looked like mother and daughter.*

Jamie's dress was a strapless chiffon in pink with a full skirt. With the help of a strapless push-up bra, Jamie actually had some cleavage. It showed a full bust, tiny waist and had a full skirt with layers of lace. Pink open toed evening heels were added and Dave could see Jamie's red painted toes.

Dave brought a corsage for Jamie and nervously pinned it on. Dave said, "I've never been out with a girl as pretty as you, Jamie." Heather took some pictures.

Dave opened the car door for Jamie and his dress with its many petticoats made a swishing sound with each move.

Jamie was the hit of the prom. Since Dave had some back stage duties, almost every boy there asked Jamie to dance...to the point that Dave was almost getting jealous. Dave whispered, "Do you have to dance with every guy here?"

Jamie licked his lips and said, "Only the strong handsome ones." Jamie grabbed Dave's hand and lead him out to the dance floor. Jamie had never received so much wonderful attention. Jamie undid his hair and let the perfumed tresses cascade down around his bare shoulders.

Dave pulled Jamie close for the slow dance and whispered in his ear, "Maybe we can do this again. You know, go to a movie or something."

Jamie relaxed in Dave's arms and said, "Sure, anytime."

Jamie was becoming sensitive to his girlishness but wouldn't think of giving up his newly found pleasures. As he continued to grow prettier, he avoided going out as a boy as much as he could. His only friend was Dave, who would take Jamie out almost every weekend. Some of the kids at Dave's school thought they were going steady.

Heather thought it was nice for Jamie to get out of the house with his friend. It was good for both of them. Dave liked going out with Jamie. He was shy and could practice "dating" with Jamie. At first, it was awkward for Jamie to have a "boyfriend." But after a few weeks he relaxed and accepted the admiration and attention. These dates and "girl practice" as Dave called it, made Jamie understand

femininity better. Jamie learned how girls felt with men and enjoyed the flirtations.

Heather would watch as Jamie spent hours getting ready for his dates with Dave. It brought back memories of her youth and early dating. Every dress and hairdo had to be perfect. Jamie's previous apprehension in going out in public became a passion; he loved going out as a girl. He found the new feelings divine, and soul satisfying.

When Dave had a real date, he would bring a boy for Jamie so they could double. It was Dave and Jamie's little joke. They'd laugh about the guys "falling for" Jamie. Jamie would flirt and tease these guys outrageously.

The end of the school year was only a little over a month away and Jamie's exam schedule was looming closer. Jamie's mother felt it was time that they refrain from the mutually enjoyable presence of elegant "Jane" as Jamie was referred to while dressed.

"I know it's fun to dress up Jamie, but until school's over I think you should concentrate more on your studies. After school is over I'll give you a surprise that I think you'll enjoy, Ok?"

"I guess you're right mom," Jamie replied brushing some stray curls back over his shoulder, "It takes up a lot of time to really dress nice. Do you want me to lay off dressing up until school's over?"

"Well, you can certainly wear the lingerie, but jeans and T-shirts can look okay too. You can still dress up if you go out with Dave, but during the week you're spending too much time. Light make-up and simple hairdos and you'll cut your dressing time to a fraction of what you need now. After exams, I'm going to take you out for a fancy dinner at Chez Andre's. For that, both you and I are going to have the works done at my beauty salon and we'll pick out some really elegant outfits. In fact, you may consider growing your nails out some more this coming month. I may have an even bigger surprise for you by the end of June.

"Bigger surprise? What do you mean?" he asked already imagining all the fantastic possibilities.

"I'm not saying anything, until I'm sure, but I know you'll like it if things work out."

And so Jamie was left in suspense. Taking his mother's

advice, he refrained from excessive dressing, but even with tight jeans and a T-shirt and his hair in a long, thick braid down his back, he still looked more like a girl than a boy. The effect of a padded bra and light make-up caused any onlooker to register "girl" in their mind. At school, his grades were fantastic, but his 'boy' social life was becoming non-existent. The boys, even those that had been buddies with Jamie, shied away. Jamie's long, long hair was obviously maintained to perfection and not the careless way other "long hair" guys would.

Maybe the boys couldn't figure out what else it was, but probably many girls noticed the subtle shaping of Jamie's brows or the gentle, evenly spaced waves that his hair showed some days, an after-effect of having been braided overnight. Jamie was labeled as the school "pansy" and it just wasn't "cool" for anyone to be caught hanging out with him, especially for the boys.

A few girls felt sorry for him and would talk to him, finding that he was really very nice and not the swaggering joker that most other boys that age usually were. In fact, Jamie was a boy to who they could talk about fashion and feel he knew and cared about what they said. All this social rejection should have really bothered him, but his love for his long hair and beautiful girls' clothes made up for his lack of social life. In fact, it worked out quite well. He just wished that he could show up for school one day dressed and made-up "to the nines." He knew that he would make the best looking girl in the school. He'd love to see the looks on the boy's faces then!

Finally, Jamie finished his last exam. He knew that it, like all the others, was probably worth an "A." With all his long hours spent in the house rather than hanging out at the local shopping mall, Jamie had realized his potential to learn. Now it was mid- June and he had two and a half months to let "Jane" have lots of fun. His mother had not revealed her "big surprise" yet, but she did mention some important meetings she had at work and she seemed quite excited about them. Their night out was scheduled for this Saturday and she promised to reveal the surprise then.

What a day Saturday was going to be! Jane's first visit to a beauty parlor. The plan was beauty salon at 1:00,

theater at 7:00, and a late supper at 10:00. Jamie was on cloud nine. He didn't think he would be able to survive the few days until Saturday. His mother also noticed his excitement, but she knew what would help make the wait more enjoyable.

"You know what I think we should do tonight, Jamie? I think we should pick out clothes for us for this Saturday. Would you like that?"

"That would be great mom," came the immediate reply!

"Oh, and you know what? It must be three weeks now that Jane hasn't had a curly hairstyle. Why don't you go and shampoo your hair. I'll put your hair up in curlers, then get supper ready while you sit under the dryer."

Jamie didn't need any persuading and after a quick shower he was sitting at the vanity while his mother combed-out and wound roller after roller into his hair. She had sprayed his wet hair with a setting lotion first so that the 1 1/2 inch rollers would produce big tight curls. She also placed the rollers very closely together so that each one had a smaller amount of hair on it. This would produce more curls and require a shorter drying time. This was one aspect of "girlhood" that always amused Jamie. You had to look so silly, with all these tightly wound plastic tubes on you head just so that you could look smashing later.

After the dryer had done its work, the rollers were removed starting at the nape and working up to the crown. Jamie's head was a mass of tight ringlets. With a brush and comb Jamie's mother turned the ringlets into a very pretty hairdo. She teased the hair to make it stand out around his head. The tight ringlets had been brushed out into gorgeous, intertwined waves, which cascaded onto his shoulders. A satin ribbon pulled the mass of it back behind his ears. "Jane" smiled back from his reflection in the mirror. The hairdo had the effect it was supposed to. Jamie's mother thought to herself, "Just like the saying....a new hairdo always makes a woman feel great."

After eating supper they went about the delightful task of selecting their clothes for Saturday. If it was up to Jamie, Jane would change every hour into a new dress! His mother recommended that they try on the waist-cinch-

ing basque to see what kind of figure "Jane" could present. "She" was old enough to show a little cleavage his mother stated.

"What do you mean, Mom? Jamie bemoaned, looking down at the mounds beneath the sweater he now wore.

"Sweetheart, you'll be surprised at how that dainty looking satin and lace corselette can increase your cup size. I've seen models go from an A to a C cup. Of course, it's sheer illusion but then a lot of Jane is illusion to begin with," she teased.

"Ok, let's try," Jamie now enthusiastically agreed.

His mother went to get the garment while Jamie removed his sweater, skirt and bra. When she returned she got a surprise herself.

"Well, Jamie. I see you've been tanning more than just your face." she exclaimed as she looked over her tanned "daughter." Jamie spent about 45 minutes a day, usually at lunch time, lying on their second floor balcony. The balcony was sheltered by a solid railing so only someone flying overhead could see who was lying there. Jamie's mother used this to her advantage by tanning topless sometimes.

Jamie, however had tanned topless all of his life. He used the private location to tan while wearing a two-piece bikini. Now he displayed two, obvious, triangular white patches over his "breasts." He was quite thrilled by his accomplishment and had hoped to surprise his mother. Jamie's chest had changed so slowly from the "vitamins" but he now possessed a chest that was definitely feminine. Heather knew that he wouldn't be going to the pool bare-chested this summer. The draft doctors couldn't ignore those. Dr. Hines called it in his letter to the school, gynocomastia.

"I was going to surprise you with this in a few days when my tan was even darker, but you found me out early," he grinned.

"Well then, let's see how your breasts will fit into this, you imp," she said as she gave him a playful slap on the behind. Jamie was instructed to hold his arms up over his head while his mother alternately tightened the laces and massaged more of Jamie's loose flesh into the stiffly wired

cups. Finally, with the laces forcing the corset to its most narrow waistline, Jamie was told to lower his arms. As he did so, the flesh which had been stretched high on his chest now settled downwards into the waiting corset. Since the top edge of the garment was tightly constricting his ribs, and there already was a fair bit of "breast" created by the massaging his mother had done while tightening, the only place left to go for this additional fat was into the cups.

Even though she had pointed out the dramatic illusion a corset could create for flat-chested girls, Jamie's mother was not fully prepared for the astounding success this experiment had achieved. Jamie's breasts not only filled the B-cup on the corset, but were actually threatening to spill over the top. He was thrilled. She made him turn sideways so she could look at his profile. The tiny waist created by the corset was now contrasted by a pair of realistic breasts. A tape measure quickly revealed that Jamie's figure was a beautiful 36-24-35.

"I can hardly breath, but I can't believe how I look," she/he squealed!

"Jamie, you have a gorgeous figure. Maybe you were destined to be my "little girl" after all," his mother replied thinking how much she really did believe what she had just said.

With his newly enhanced "breasts," Jamie insisted he wanted a low-cut dress to show them off on Saturday. They went through the closets and narrowed down their search to two possibilities, both revealing. Both were silk dresses. The first was a tight sheath dress with a high side slit designed to reveal a lot of stockinged leg as well as a women's cleavage.

The neckline was not cut low but had a small round collar. This closed snugly with a button at the back of the neck. The sultry dress revealed cleavage by having a cut-out below the collar in a kind of triangular shape. The whole dress was distinctly of oriental design, something one would expect to see on a rich seductress from Hong Kong.

The second dress was basic black with gold and silver highlights. It had a low, scoop neckline and had been designed to drape the wearer luxuriously with soft folds of

shimmering silk. The waistline had a matching sash and the skirt was very full. Of course, Jamie couldn't decide without trying on each dress twice. Finally, they decided that the green one would work better with the corset as it clung more closely to Jamie's newly discovered feminine curves. Jamie listened to his mother's recommendations on what would complete the ensemble.

"We're going to give you a complete oriental look to go with that dress. We'll use bright red nail polish and lipstick with dark eye make-up. We'll get the salon to do your hair the way I had mine done when I modeled that dress. It's sort of like a Geisha style smoothly puffed out at the sides and pinned up, then its twisted until it coils up into a tight knot at the crown. Then these are put in and an orchid is added on the side," she finished showing Jamie three 10inch long ornamental, black chopsticks. They had beautiful, intricate Chinese characters beneath the shiny lacquer.

"Oh I wish it was Saturday already." the feminine clad boy moaned.

"Soon, dear, soon," his mother consoled.

Jamie must have tried on at least two dozen outfits and equally as many hairstyles in the next few days. His mother noticed how well he could combine make-up, clothes and hairstyles. The thought of having her daughter do some professional modeling was getting lots of reinforcement.

Finally, it was Saturday morning. Jamie awoke earlier than usual due to the anticipation and excitement. By the time his mother awoke, Jamie had finished his shower which was followed by a liberal dusting of perfumed bath powder. His long, brown hair was combed straight, with a center part and fell to the middle of his back. He wore very light make-up as per instructions. They were going to have complete facials and make-up done at the salon anyway.

"You're up bright and early today."

"I woke up and couldn't sleep. I'm a little bit nervous about going out in public dressed as Jane. What if everyone can see that I'm really a boy?"

"Oh come now, you've seen the pictures we've taken, not

only do you look like a girl, you look like a beautiful girl."

This made the boy redden in the cheeks. In all honesty though, he did believe that he made a much better than average looking "female." Now came the big test. Jamie considered this the most important day in his life, because if "Jane" could walk around publicly and be accepted as a "female," then Jamie fully planned to devise a way that "she" would make most, if not all, of his future appearances. Little did he know that his mother's "big surprise" tonight might make his dreams a reality!

Needless to say, the beauty salon Heather Dodge patronized was one of the finest in the city. Her agency used these stylists almost exclusively because of their artistic skill and professionalism. A beautiful blond woman approached them as they entered.

"Heather, it's a pleasure to see you. And this must be your daughter Jane," the woman exclaimed as she hugged the nervous lad.

"You look fantastic Jamie.....Don't worry, your Mom explained the whole story to me and your secret is safe with me," she added in a whisper during the hug.

"Jamie, this is an old friend and the head stylist at the salon. Her name is Sylvia. Sylvia, this is my daughter Jane."

Sylvia stood back and looked over her two clients complimenting them on their outfits. Jamie wore a gray, pleated skirt and white blouse. His hair was simply pulled back and up into a long, loose ponytail. Sylvia discussed the styles that they wanted and commented on what a good choice it was. Mrs. Dodge showed Sylvia pictures of when she had modeled the dress Jamie would be wearing and it showed the hairstyle and make-up she was requesting for her "daughter."

The next few hours were like a dream for Jamie. A complete makeover at a posh beauty salon is usually thrilling for any woman. To go from looking average or even pretty, to look stunning or beautiful! For a boy, the thrill was indescribable. There were almost too many sensations for the lad. While Sylvia busied herself with combs and hairpins, another girl worked on his now grown out fingernails. He received a facial and complete evening

make-up including false eyelashes. After three hours of this exquisite treatment, mother and "daughter" stood before a mirror and admired the results. Heather Dodge was, as always, a classic beauty, but Jane was outstanding!

He could have passed for a mixture of Chinese and Caucasian. The hair and make-up turned the teen-age boy into an exotic temptress. Sylvia could see the tears of happiness welling up in both of their eyes. This was one of those days when being a beautician provided a special reward for Sylvia. As the happy couple left she heartily insisted that she'd love to take care of Jamie's beauty needs on a regular basis.

Back home, mother and son had a light snack to tide them over until supper. Finally it was time to start dressing. Mrs. Dodge laid out their clothes in her bedroom so that they could help each other. From her years of "quick changes" as a runway model, she knew she could cope easily regardless of how hard to reach a zipper or catch might be, but Jamie didn't have that ability. Not yet anyway.

First she changed into her own lingerie including frosty pink-colored panties, bra and full slip which was trimmed in intricate patterned white lace. Sheer nylon stockings with seams up the back were rolled up her leg and attached to a pink garter belt. Finally, slipping on a pair of slippers she called for Jamie to come into her room. He had been in the bathroom all this time reveling in his reflection in the three-sided mirror.

His elegant upswept hairdo glistened, while the jade earrings his mother had inserted into his pierced ears swayed with each motion of his head. The exquisite evening make-up they had applied not only made him more femininely beautiful than ever before, but he looked a few years older, more mature.

Quickly, he snapped out of his self-admiration, and hurried down the hall to his mother's bedroom, where the much longed for transformation would be completed. Once again the corset did its magical work and Jamie's figure assumed the narrow waist and rounded cleavage of a curvaceous young woman. A pair of dark, sheer, back-seamed nylons were slipped over his smoothly shaved legs. The tops were fastened to the four, beribboned garter

straps which dangled from the bottom of the corset to secure each stocking. Over the stockings and garters, Jamie drew on a beautiful pair of flare-legged, lace trimmed silk panties. His mother reminding him why the garters and stockings went on first, so that he could pull down his panties when he sat down to use the toilet. Finally, the Oriental looking, green sheath dress was very carefully lowered over his head so as not to muss his coiffure.

Jamie's heart pounded with excitement as he felt the zipper and buttons being securely fastened up the back. Very high-heeled, open toe sandals with high, ankle straps were placed on his feet and an evening bag with a thin shoulder strap was slung over his shoulder. Standing before her son-turned-daughter, Heather Dodge completed his outfit by slipping a beautiful white orchid into one side of his hairdo. The young woman staring back at them from the full-length mirror was beautiful.

Jamie knew it was his image, the "woman" created out of his boyish, physical body. At that moment he sensed all the physical sensations which are foreign to the male population. The tense calf muscles and squeezed toes caused by the high heels, the sensual smoothness of the nylons and the tug of the garters. The powerful, molding grip around his waist and chest from the corset, the snug "second skin" feeling of the dress, kept him constantly aware of the role he was now playing.

Even walking was a different process because of the heels and the tight skirt which only allowed him short, feminine steps. Above the shoulders was another complete set of strong sensations. His ears still stung from the recent piercing, and the newly acquired earrings. Each blink of his eyes made him feel and see the mascara-coated, false eyelashes that he now wore.

His lips tasted the lipstick as his nose inhaled the fragrance of his cosmetics and perfume. And finally, Jamie's crowning glory, the thing that started it all, his beautiful long hair. Now he felt the slight pull of the upswept hairdo as the multitude of artfully hidden hairpins kept it firmly in place allowing the cool air to blow over his neatly shaved, bare neck.

Later that evening, many an admiring male head

turned to get a second, and even a third look at the two gorgeous female creatures that had entered the restaurant. There were also quite a few women whose heads were turning, either out of recognition of the former cover girl, Heather Dodge, or out of jealousy in trying to see what had diverted their companions' attention so suddenly.

"How do you feel, my daughter," Heather Dodge whispered to her delectable child?

"Oh, this is really wonderful, Mom. Thanks for giving me such a great present.

"You remember I said that I might have another surprise for you today, don't you?"

"Oh yes, that's right. I guess in all the excitement I'd forgotten."

"Well, here it is. I've been offered the job of being the summer manager of the agency's Manhattan office, effective as soon as we can arrange to move. It includes a beautiful apartment facing Central Park, and....during the summer months we have our summer program. Girls come from all over the country for intensive model training. Do you know of any young lady who would be interested," Jamie's mother finished with a suggestive grin?

"You mean me," Jamie breathed?

"Of course. I'd also love you to put together a model's photo portfolio. I'm sure you will have enough modeling offers to make you a reasonable sum of money which you'll need to buy things like new dresses or make-up."

"You mean I could dress like this all summer?!"

"Yes, I thought you might like to be my daughter full time for the summer. You've worn girls clothes practically all year, except at school. With your hair getting so long, you just don't look much like a boy anymore. Also with my new job, you won't be able to switch back and forth. So it's either dresses and modeling school or you'll have to get a haircut and wear boy's clothes."

Jamie was a little embarrassed. It had all been so much fun, but now he was to be a girl 24 hours a day. He was excited by the challenge. "Mom, I'd like to try."

"There is no trying, young lady. From the minute we get to New York you'll have to be 100% girl. I'll have to teach you the finer points of being a woman. I'll expect you

to be a girl in mind and body. I'll have to forget you were ever my son."

"I'm game," he said breathlessly.

The next morning, Heather and Jamie unceremoniously boxed up all of his boy clothes to be taken to the Goodwill box. They went through Heather's bulging closet and choose many gowns, dresses, and skirts for Jamie. Heather said, "These are your clothes now, not mine. You'll be expected to take care of them."

This was all a little to good to be true for Jamie. He wasn't sure where all this was going to lead, but he was relieved to not have to fight his girlishness for the summer. He loved going to his closets and drawers, always surprised by his silky choices.

Heather would on a daily basis teach Jamie feminine comportment, such as how to prettily cross his legs, adjust a flirty hem, or walk like a model with a sexy swiny sway.

Jamie sat running his fingers through his long curly hair. He pushed it up in back so it's was almost in a bun, then let it fall.

Heather said, "Jamie, you are so attractive, you're going to have to learn a few more things about being a girl. Playing with your hair like that can drive the boys crazy and be very flirtatious."

"I guess I do play with my hair a lot," Jamie said. "I like touching it because it's soft."

"But when a man sees those little grooming movements, he thinks you're saying, "I want to improve your looks for you." Heather confessed, "I use hair gestures when I want to attract a man. However, I don't think we want you to learn that yet; you're a little young."

Jamie hadn't even thought about that kind of attention. He just enjoyed the luxurious feeling of the silk and satin. Maybe there were girl things that wouldn't be fun.

"Tell me more about this summer modeling course," Jamie asked?

"You're going to know more about being a beautiful girl than any of the girls at your school," Heather laughed. "It's an 'invitation only' course for girls that have won local beauty contests. It includes intensive training on comport-

ment, modeling, hair care, make up, fashion and even social graces. It's tough training, but I think you'll enjoy it. I had to pull a few strings to get you in."

"There are a few problems still to work out. But I've got a few ideas. I'm a little afraid that your mind will be changed as well as your comportment. This is not an overnight process. Your mind and personality must be ready to accept the pleasures and pains of feminine development. But if we allow that, how are you going to be able to go back to school in the fall?"

"I'll be able to handle it," Jamie said, thinking his mother might be having second thoughts.

"I hope so. Our instructors at the school are very good. Remember, I used to be one. All the teaching methods have one objective; the developing and insemination of female qualities and inhibiting your unattractive ones."

"You will be expected to do your best to make yourself into a perfect girl. Carrying out all you are told to do by the various experts. Most of your education will revolve around enjoying femininity. You will learn more about men than you knew as one. This is because they will be analyzing your personality and if they see any maleness they'll work to systematically eliminate it. By becoming non-male you will become an attractive female. Are you ready for that?"

"I can't wait," Jamie exclaimed!

Heather wasn't sure she was making the right decision for her son. She watched him reading her latest fashion magazine and playing with his long ponytail.. He had on a lacy, pink summer dress with ruffles around the bodice that showed just a little cleavage. It had a full skirt that was draped around Jamie's sheer nylon covered legs. He looked so relaxed in spite of his confining lingerie. Under his dress he wore a pale pink matching panty and bra set.

He looked beautiful now, but a summer of feminine training would make some major changes. The goal of the course was to take beautiful young girls and do the following: Make them more beautiful and poised, be tender, kind and thoughtful, be happy and self-confident, develop a feminine personality.

The morning of the move Jamie and his mother prepared for their plane ride and move to the "big apple." Heather watched as Jamie removed curlers from his long locks. He loved to wear his hair in long, loose soft curls. He said it made him feel ultra- feminine. They had chosen a style that would have plenty of wild volume for the daytime, yet wouldn't need a lot of fuss.

Heather said, "Tonight we'll go to an elegant dinner at a chic restaurant. I teach you how to put your hair up into a sensuous partial upsweep. We'll weave in some black lace which will flow over your bare shoulders. You'll look beautiful wearing your black silk dress and my glittery dangling earrings."

Jamie shook his head and admired himself. He was beginning to feel like a different person. Not like "Jamie" in a dress, but a young and pretty female. For the whole summer, he was going to be expected to walk, talk, think and respond like a daughter. They were now his dresses, lingerie and high heels. He stuck a few things in his purse...yes, his purse. He would be expected to always carry a purse. He asked, "What should I carry in my purse?"

"Your make-up, two lip sticks, a brush and maybe a little mascara. That brings on another problem. The girls you will be around will have "their times of the month." You might as well get used to carrying these around for the next five days." She handed him several tampons.

"Aw mom, do I have to," Jamie's baby-like cheeks glowed red?

"It's part of being a girl," his mom said sympathetically. "Every month for five days. You'll get used to it. Some things about being a girl are going to be accompanied by discomfort." Heather didn't want to say anything, but was beginning to worry about Jamie. Boys his age were all chasing skirts not wearing them. But he was so cute and it was only for the summer until his draft physical.

It required professional movers to handle the wardrobe they were taking to New York. It was almost everything Heather owned.

On the plane, Jamie was so excited he could hardly sit

still. He and his mother wore matching egg-shell white suits with red silk blouses. Their tight straight skirts hugged their figures, causing a lot of traveling business men to turn their heads.

Heather watched a young man with longish hair stare at Jamie. Jamie looked him in the eyes and smiled coyly, then quickly lowered his long eyelashes. Her son was flirting with a man. Where did he learn that? Heather also wondered what else he'd learned. Jamie would occasionally glance up to see the young man's ardent looks of adoration. Jamie giggled to his mom, "He'd make a pretty girl too."

That night, Heather helped her son with his hair. Encompassing his new feminine role, he enjoying each new girlish experience. With the constant use of the corset, a delightful cleavage had been created. Jamie had discovered the thrill of wearing low cut dresses and blouses.

They went to dinner at the club 22, an elegant restaurant on the east side. Jamie wore a pink chiffon over satin evening gown. The gown had a low neckline and a tiered skirt that floated around his hips. His make-up was soft and subtle in romantic shades of violets and pinks.

At dinner, Heather told Jamie about the summer modeling course. It was much like the one that she had taken when about the same age as Jamie. "Jamie, you'll learn incredible things to do with your appearance. The agency is affiliated with the top salons, and on the weekly excursions to them you'll learn all the tricks. You'll be changing make-up and hair styles like most change clothes. You'll be doing that a lot too."

"They won't cut my hair, will they," Jamie asked?

"A trim, maybe to cut off some loose ends, but with the way you take care of it, they won't cut much," his mother said. She was thinking about her days in modeling school. She had been quite a tom-boy and no time for make up and clothes. Her mother enrolled her into a modeling and charm school. She fought it at first, but feminine knowledge became feminine pride. She had learned that part of the secret of make-up is the feeling it gives you as you apply it, besides the reaction to wearing it.

Would Jamie take to femininity the way she did? He

seemed to already. She wondered if all this was a good thing for Jamie. If his father was still alive and saw Jamie tonight, he'd kill her. But he wasn't, and it was too late now.

The next day they went shopping in the best stores in Manhattan. Jamie confessed that he enjoyed shopping for lingerie, dresses, and swimsuits more than anything and knowing he would be wearing them, added to the thrill.

Heather said, "You're going to love the sewing classes. It isn't given much emphasis but you'll learn to sew a few A-line skirts and sheath dresses. There's a lot of pride in wearing a dress or skirt you've designed."

"I saw a yellow sack dress in Seventeen that didn't look too hard to make," Jamie said. Heather worried again about Jamie's further feminization and the effect of learning and mastering girlish chores and ideals.

She felt guilty for enjoying Jamie's feminization and knew that making a girl out of her son was "probably wrong." She should never have let this get so out of hand. Once Jamie started the classes, she wouldn't see him much. The classes were taught by working models and experts in each field. She, of course, would be working doing administrative functions. They would be lucky to have dinner together a couple of times a week.

She hadn't seen Jamie so excited about anything since she took him to Disneyland as a child. He sat talking about all the things he wanted: new skirts and blouses, a teddy to wear under a jacket, a strapless bra, a sequined banana clip, patterned nylons and etc.

Athletic ability, perhaps a musical prowess but rarely does a boy inherit a fashion sense from his mother. Jamie did. He choose feminine clothes and fashion like a professional model. He knew naturally just what to wear with what to give different moods.

Jamie was a little intimidated on his first excursion into the ladies room. But he had to go and he'd cause quite a scene in the men's room. His mother had taught him all about the little differences between men and women. He entered a stall, pulled up his skirt around his waist, pulled down his panties and nylons and squatted. He had been doing this for a couple of weeks and it was beginning to

feel totally natural. He even favored it to standing.

Jamie couldn't get out of the ladies room in less than twenty minutes. He would stay in there combing, primping, and lip-glossing until he got everything perfect.

Modeling School

Jamie woke, and slowly became aware of his new surroundings. The starched sheets were in contrast to the soft sheer nightgown. He pulled back the covers and slid his smoothly shaven legs off the bed.

It had been a tough first week at modeling school. He had no idea that there was so much to learn. The first week was spent on comportment; how to walk, sit and move with feminine grace. He looked into the wardrobe mirror and saw his girlish reflection. His knees were pressed together and his hands in a relaxed position in his lap. He slid his left hand down his left leg and held his nightgown and smoothly crossed his left leg over the right. Perfectly feminine.

Jamie wondered what the guys at high school would think if they saw him now. He'd never been very good at competitive sports but he loved competitive modeling. He stood and gracefully walked to the bathroom (like he'd been taught). He thought of the other girls in the class and what they'd be wearing today. They were all beautiful. He wanted to be the most beautiful. Jamie would wear his new blue skin tight dress, with the frilly short skirt. Today he'd learn about climbing stairs, model turns and social postures.

A delicious wave of femininity swept through Jamie as he dressed. Jamie liked being referred to as: Miss, her, she, young lady, daughter, debutante, and co-ed. His subconscious personality was being remolded.

Over the next few weeks Jamie's confidence in his girlish role grew. He'd lost all fear of detection and felt perfectly natural as a girl. Sometimes he forgot he was ever a boy.

Heather noticed the subtle changes too, but she was just too busy to think about it. Most of her days and nights were busy seeing designers and setting up models for the Fall buying season. Jamie was in the hands of the teachers

and instructors who had no idea they were feminizing a young boy.

Jamie quickly became friends with Brookes, one of the prettiest girls in the class. She was so attractive, at first, being around her made him feel uncomfortable. She had near waist length hair like Jamie's and they were always paired up during exercises.

Soon they were going to lunch and dinner together, talking endlessly about clothes, make-up, hair and to Jamie's embarrassment, boys. Brooks asked, "Are you a virgin?"

Jamie shook his head no.

"Neither am I," Brooks confided.

Dr. Hines had managed to visit Heather occasionally, and continued to give Jamie injections. They continued to do wonders for his figure and bustline. He was given a packet of pills to take.

Soon Jamie was nightly pulling out his cardboard packet of birth control pills and taking them like the other girls. He didn't really understand that they contained powerful female hormones. He just wanted to try everything that girls do, just like his mom suggested.

Jamie and Brooke became best friends. On weekends, they loved wearing each others clothes and gossiping about the other girls. They'd tease their hair, try new make-up and stroll around Central Park in their short skirts. Brooke confided her deepest secrets and dreams to Jamie. Jamie made things up. Stories about boyfriends at home and future wedding plans.

Heather became a little concerned at their blossoming friendship. While Jamie's maleness was completely buried beneath bubbling femininity, Brooke would sometimes spend the night at Jamie's, other times, Jamie at Brooke's apartment. Heather knew that Jamie was at an age what he should be interested in a girl like Brooke. Not just to try on her new skirts or dresses but to satisfy some basic desires. She was worried about him.

Jamie didn't say anything but he was interested in

Brooke. When they spent the night together, both in their shorty nightgowns, it was hard for Jamie not to get excited. Brooke was at that age when she was hot for a man, but totally overlooked Jamie. He was just another girl.

Jamie thought he didn't have a chance with Brooke. Surely she wanted a tall muscular man, not one that looked great in a designer dress. Still it was nice for Jamie to be around her. Jamie noticed that when ever he made feminine gestures around Brooke, she would always watch him. Those flirty gestures that his mom warned him about...they seemed to attract Brooke.

Instead of trying harder to be a boy, Jamie would exaggerate his femininity around Brooke. He'd walk with a sexy wiggle of his bottom, and preen his hair. It seemed that Brooke enjoyed Jamie's femininity as much as Jamie enjoyed Brookes.

With Brooke's encouragement, they would shop and walk around and get attention from the boys and men. Jamie began to like this game of flirtation, conquest and deception. He began to instinctively use his feminine sex appeal. Jamie wanted to get closer to Brooke but she had many boy friends. Jamie felt compelled to find out about them. Brooke would set Jamie up with her former boy-friends. Double dating with Brooke was almost like dating her.

Brooke invited Jamie to spend the night after one of their double dates. Jamie wasn't sure that he wanted to. To be around this girl he adored, dressed only in night-gowns was becoming too much for his natural desires.

Jamie wore a flowered nightgown with an oriental robe over it. His soft panty waistband now fit comfortably around his narrow waist. Brooke wore a transparent nylon baby doll that showed all. Jamie could see the body of a woman. He could hardly take his eyes off her breasts, soft belly and smooth long legs.

They curled and braided each others hair. Sometimes weaving satin ribbons and tying bows to make ultra-feminine styles. They sat on Brooke's bed giggling about their dates that evening.

Brooke said, "None of those guys really turn me on. I like boys but they're so coarse and unrefined."

Jamie lowered his large dark eyes and shook his hair so it flowered over his shoulders. He said, "I agree...they're gross."

"I wish one of us was a boy, Jamie."

Jamie's heart was pounding. He trembled from the fear of discovery and the thrill of her words. He said, "Why?"

She moved over next to him and said, "It would be fun. We could take turns pretending like we're boys." Brookes leaned over and kissed Jamie's forehead and whispered, "I'll be the boy first."

Jamie felt a hot flash as Brookes hands roamed down his back. The only words he could mutter were, "Brooke, I've never done this before."

Brooke giggled and kissed down Jamie's back. "Call me Brock...I'm a boy, remember."

Jamie's heart was pounding as Brooke continued to explore his neck area with gentle kisses when she took Jamie in her arms, she was trembling. Brooke confessed, "I've never felt like this before. You're so attractive, I feel turned on around you. Am I crazy?"

Jamie didn't say anything but his painted lips found hers. He fell back on the bed with Brooke on top of him in a mad embrace. Their nightgowns and hair intermingling into one. Girlish moans and sighs of pleasure came from both.

"I've been with boys," Brooke admitted, "But I've never felt like this. I wish I knew what to do to make you feel good?"

"I've got a secret that will make you feel better," Jamie confessed. From under his nightgown, he removed his tight panties that had been under quite a strain. He laid down on top of Brooke.

When Brooke felt his secret, she yelled, "How could you. I trusted you and told you all my secrets. Jamie caressed her thighs and held her body close to his. Brooke moaned, "Oh. Oh wow. No wonder I was having these thoughts. Who else knows?"

"Only my mother."

"Don't tell her that I know...she won't let us sleep together," Brooke reasoned. "We're just best girlfriends to

the rest of the world.”

The room was filled with the sounds of passion and nylon rustling together. They were in love.

Jamie awoke to a bright summer day. Jamie enjoyed the luxurious feeling of his delicate satin nightgown and the feel of his beautiful hair about his face and across the pillow. Brooke was still slumbering sweetly beside him. He decided to awaken her with a kiss. As he did so, she opened her eyes, and realizing what he had done, slipped her arms around Jamie. Brooke returned his kisses and they lay in each others arms, talking like girls and planning the day.

They were pals and now lovers. They had the same tastes and even the same thoughts and reactions.

Brooke got up and brought Jamie coffee in bed. She asked, “How can you possibly be a boy, with your looks and figure? You’re more feminine than most of the models. Do you ever feel like a man anymore?”

“Yes,” Jamie said thoughtfully, “There were times when I hated dressing like a girl and longed to be a man again. It usually happened after our double date. After fighting off the advances of an aggressive dates and watching you with another man, we’d come home and sleep as girlfriends. It was frustrating.”

Brooke laughed and climbed on top of Jamie. They wrestled and giggled for a while then softly made love.

Afterwards, Jamie had a feeling of maleness. He then realized that he’d have to become a girl again. He got the emotion of distaste as any boy would if he found himself in possession of a feminine body, hair and breasts. He looked over and saw a chair heaped with fluffy feminine garments including a bra and his sex cache which made sure no masculinity showed. Not only did he have to wear these clothes, but he had to assume the character of a young female in front of his “love.”

“He’d stayed in bed as long as possible, hating to get up and don his feminine clothes, particularly the “sex cache.” But eventually he had to get up. After a shower, He slid the tight sex cache up his legs and positioned his maleness so it disappeared for another day.

Brooke watched Jamie and needled, “Now you’re my

darling girlfriend again. Brooke and Jamie did their make-up and hair together completing their feminine images.

Jamie blushed as he slipped on a pair of black silky lace panties and bra to further feminize his appearance. Brooke said, "I want you to wear my clothes today. It will symbolize and remind you of our intimacy." Brooke choose for Jamie a royal blue silk dress. It was so low cut, Jamie was almost afraid too much might show.

That day at school, Jamie felt different. Brooke's dress had a full skirt that would float around his legs. The silken caresses invoked memories of the night before and his masculinity. He would watch Brooke in class and they'd steal little kisses when alone in the ladies room. Their eyes twinkled at each other lustfully.

Jamie realized that Brooke loved him and his masculine mood passed and he again become contented to be a girl.

Brooke bought Jamie presents. Only the most feminine items. She encouraged him to be as feminine as possible and was always buying him new lingerie, stockings, nightgowns and high heels. She'd say, "Just because you're a boy doesn't mean I have to treat you as one. I know you're a girl at heart."

Jamie would blush.

Brook added, "I think it would be wonderful if every man were compelled to wear women's clothes, bra, and high heels for say a month. Then they'd appreciate us girls more and understand how we feel."

Jamie worked very hard at school and learned all the tricks of looking beautiful. When Heather took Jamie to dinner, Jamie wore a luxurious suede dress. The skirt was so tight it looked like his legs were tied by it. His sheer black stockinged legs ended at his black patent leather pumps over 4 inches high. His silhouette was wonderfully feminine.

Heather wore an equally exquisite dress. Anyone who looked and many did, saw a mother and daughter team. She said to Jamie, "I'm very proud of you Jamie. Your instructors say you're the best student in the class."

"I like them too. This is so much fun."

"I get to be the first to tell you." Heather announced. "Sensuous Fashion magazine wants you to model their fall fashions. It's a lot of money."

"Really," Jamie said. "That's wonderful. I love their clothes. What about you?"

The agency has offered me the full time directorship starting now," she said.

"You mean I get to dress like this for the fall?"

"I mean you can dress like this all fall, all winter, all the time," Mrs. Dodge finally revealed. "I checked into further schooling for you. There happens to be a good private school in Manhattan which emphasizes studies in the performing arts and the fashion industry. I had a discreet discussion with the woman who is the school's director and explained what I had in mind. She not only agreed that 'Jane' Dodge could enroll, that she would handle all the changes necessary in the paperwork on your school transcripts, but she mentioned that you wouldn't be the only special student of this kind. It seems they have had in the past, and have now several prospective fashion models and designers who attend dressed as boys or girls depending on their mood."

"Wow! I can't believe all this," Jamie exclaimed. "It's too good to be true!"

"Do I take that to mean you accept my move and my plan for your future?"

"You better believe it, I accept 200%," the ecstatic boy-girl replied!

With that Heather Dodge ordered a bottle of champagne. Lifting their glasses, she proposed a toast,

"To my new job, our new home, and the prettiest "daughter" I could ever have dreamed of."

And so Heather Dodge saw her dream of having a daughter follow in her footsteps becoming a reality. For Jamie Dodge, the culmination of his fantasies was happening.

Then disaster struck, it came in the forwarded mail. Jamie's pre-induction physical notice. They couldn't ignore the papers, or the FBI would be after Jamie. This was

the moment that made it all worthwhile for Heather. Jamie didn't have any male clothes in New York. Besides she was sure they wouldn't fit anyway. With breasts like Elizabeth Taylors', he wouldn't make much of a private.

Changing the physicals location to New York was not a problem. What Jamie should wear was. Pant suits were beginning to become popular. That was the solution, a pant suit.

She bought Jamie a pant suit with a mini-length jacket. Jamie was depressed. Deep down he wanted to go fight for his country. But the realism was that he hadn't had a male aggressive thought for some time now. He wore a silk shirt that had become popular.

His mother told him that they would probably not even require him to undress so he should wear lingerie. Heather helped him dress encouraging him to wear his panties and bra under the suit. Just tell them what the doctor said, "Gynecomastia. He told you to wear a bra. It's so common, you'll probably see several boys wearing them." She was lying but she couldn't take the chance that they might miss them.

Jamie's pants flared and clung to his hips and tummy like a second skin. Through the fabric, an outline of his panties could be seen as could the lace of his bra through his shirt.

"I've come for my physical," Jamie said meekly.

The sergeant said, "Miss, we don't draft women. Let me see your papers." He studied them and assumed this was another "get out easy scheme" so wasn't easily shocked. He thought, "This guy sent his sister."

Inside there were young men clad only in their shorts and standing in line. Jamie was almost in tears. His mom said this was to fill out papers and maybe a tap on the chest. The sergeant said, "All you late arrivals, take off your clothes and put them in one of these baskets. Then get in line. No talking."

Jamie started to undress, with the boys all watching and whispering about him. Jamie heard, "I hope she's in my company."

With a single familiar move, Jamie removed his bra and his hands went to cover his goose-pimpled breasts in a

protective pose. The group of boys sighed and one whistled. A few of the boys were a little aroused by the sight of this beautiful feminine figure in only panties. One of the guys yelled, "Take it all off." Jamie's hands impulsively grabbed the elastic holding his panties tightly around his hips. Tears started to flow down Jamie's cheeks. He should never have let his mother pick the pink ones.

"Quiet" yelled a young military doctor. When he saw what was going on, he had Jamie grab his clothes and led him to his office. Jamie looked back at the line of boys. He wasn't anything like them. While they had been playing football and sports developing hard bodies, he had been learning how to style his hair, apply make-up, and walk in high heels. He couldn't walk now without swinging his hips a little.

Jamie sat down crossing his legs girlishly. The doctor asked Jamie a lot of questions, many of which made Jamie blush. He also physically examined Jamie from head to toe. The doctor made an obvious statement, "Yeah, you're a boy. The prettiest one I've ever seen, but still a boy. You say you've been learning modeling?"

Jamie shyly nodded yes and pulled out a couple of his wallet size modeling pictures that his mom had made him bring.

"I knew you'd look beautiful," the doctor said. "Your gynecomastia alone wouldn't keep you out of the service. And you say you have a girl friend. We can't even get you out on a "crazy" because as far as I can see you're a bright young person who just dresses a little differently. You should see some of the clothes people wear now." He thought for a minute and left the room to talk to a superior.

In a few minutes, he came back in with a smile on his face. "I've got it. Since your father died in the war, and you're the only living son, you're exempt."

Jamie's face showed dissatisfaction as he dressed. Jamie said, "But I want to help my country like my father. Could I enlist?"

The kindly doctor said, "I've got a better idea for you. I am suppose to watch for people with unusual attributes and talents for the CIA. You have the most attractive attributes I've seen in a while. What say, I pick you up at

seven tonight and we'll talk about it at dinner. Wear the red dress in that picture."

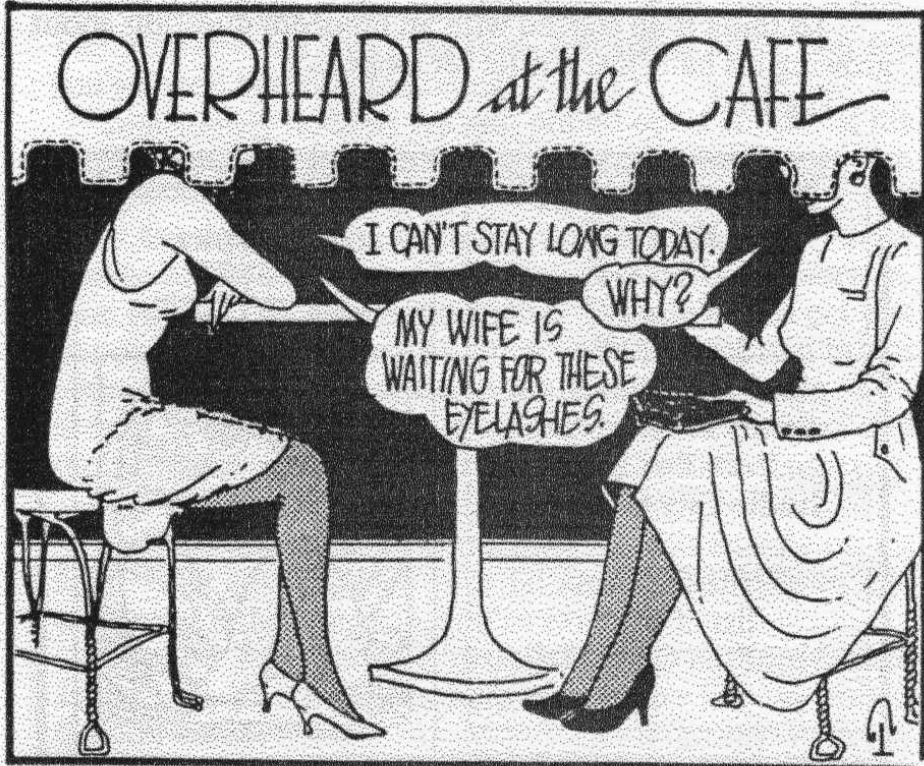
Jamie rushed to meet his mother at Club 22 still dressed in his pant suit. At the door the headwaiter regretfully refused admittance. Women were still not acceptable at some of the more elegant restaurants in pants. Jamie retired to the ladies room, removed his trousers and presented himself in his mini-length suit jacket. The head waiter smilingly led the "mini-skirted" Jamie to his mother's table.

Jamie bubbled when he saw his mom, "Guess what, They want me!"

Heather Dodge who was normally cool and controlled fainted face down in her salad.

To think it all started with an innocent question about growing his hair "just a little bit longer.

The End.



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Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

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