

TV FICTION CLASSICS

**"MY SON,
THE DEBUTANTE"**

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

VOLUME 30



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by Dawn Bell

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“MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE”

By Dawn Bell

Edited by Sandy Thomas

AND SO IT BEGINS. . .

Chapter I

Julian O'Connor was dumbstruck as the raven-haired vision of loveliness handed him a small pink envelope, gave him a suggestive wink and then purred, "I really want you to come to our little party, Julian. I'd like you to be my date for the evening. You'd do that for me wouldn't you?"

"I'd love to," he stammered.

As Suzanne Thompson flashed him a smile and walked away to her next class, Julian stared at her luscious long legs and rounded behind strutting down the hall in that classic runway model's walk. It was unbelievable, at least his friends back in Pittsburgh wouldn't have believed it. Here was the most gorgeous girl he had ever seen asking him to be her date at her party!

Julian and his family had moved from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles during the summer. His father had died in a terrible highway accident when his limo was smashed by an out-of-control traffic helicopter. Dad was the founder of a large import/export operation that had seen the wisdom of negotiating import rights to many successful Japanese electronics products in the 1960's. After his death his mother and sister decided to move out to California and start their lives over.

They were millionaires many times over as their father had left all his shares of the business as well as a multi-million dollar insurance policy for them to live off of very comfortably.

All of the students, all 100 or so, at the very private O'Decologne Academy in Beverly Hills were from similarly well off families. The school was only for grades 10 through 12 and the teaching staff were superb. All had Phd's in their fields as well as education degrees.

At first Julian felt a little out of place, but soon he got to know some of the other kids. They were all different from the kids in Pittsburgh. They didn't work in fast food restaurants. . .they owned them. Julian's family had money too but his was 'new' money whereas most in this school had 'old' money. There was a big difference.

All wore the most trendy clothes, drove either very new or very old classic cars. All spent lots of money on the little things like haircuts and all the girls looked beautiful.

Suzanne Thompson was without a doubt the school beauty. This was no small feat as there were many drop-dead gorgeous girls in the school. She was about 5'7", with long, dark hair, a deep golden tan, and a figure that would give a construction crew whiplash.

Julian certainly didn't feel he was the most handsome guy there. Why would she pick him? He was only 5'6" and 130 lbs, with below-the-shoulder length blonde hair, a delicate build for a boy, small hands and feet, and as his sister always teased, a "peaches and cream complexion". Suzanne was sometimes referred to as the "Ice Queen" by the other boys, because she could quash a guy's come-on like ice water on a fire.

In the past few weeks however, Suzanne had come over and introduced herself to Julian and been very friendly indeed. The other day she invited him to go for lunch with her. This was no McDonald's drive-thru lunch affair. They cruised down to Rodeo Drive in her new, white Mercedes 500SL convertible and ate at a trendy outdoor cafe. With Julian, she was certainly no Ice Queen.

Julian swiftly opened the perfumed invitation envelope and took out the formal, printed invitation. It read:

You are cordially invited to a
"Gender Bender" dinner reception
at the Thompson residence on Saturday, May the 5th
at 5:30 pm.

Dress: Black Tie CD.

RSVP to Mrs. Elaine Thompson at 555-8887.

What was a Gender Bender? What was Black Tie CD? He'd have to ask Suzanne. But he was definitely going!

It wasn't until the end of classes that Julian ran into Suzanne.

"Suzanne?"

"Hi, Julian. How's your day been?" she asked as she came over.

"OK," he replied, "I just wanted to ask you about your party."

"Yes, my sweet. What did you want to ask?" she purred with a mischievous glint in her eye. Julian certainly liked being called her sweet!

"What's a Gender Bender and what is Black Tie CD?" he asked, feeling that maybe he wasn't up on some of the West Coast lingo.

"Well," Suzanne replied, "gender bender is just a name we came up for having a little bit of fun. It means that we bend the gender rules around. That leads to your second question of the letters CD. That stands for 'cross dress'. You see, we have a small group of friends here who like to try new and interesting things, so we have gender bender parties where all the females dress in tuxedos, and all the males have to dress like proper young ladies. Ever dressed up as a girl before Julian?"

"Uhhh, no. Dress as ladies?? Me?? I couldn't do that," he stammered in surprise.

"Why not. It would be lots of fun," she said in a suggestive tone. "You can be my girl for the evening. I promise to be a perfect gentleman." She bent forward and gave him a soft kiss on the lips. "So? Will you come?"

The kiss still lingered in his mind as he hoarsely replied, "Of course, Suzanne."

"My close friends call me Suze, you should too."

"I'd love to. . . Suze."

"What can I call you? Let's see. . . at the party I'll have to call you. . . Julia, is that ok?"

"Uhhh, sure, whatever you like Suze."

"Well you have less than ten days to find a formal, you'd better get your mother and sister's help. Tell your mom to give my mother a call. She's helped my brother Chris buy all of his dresses. She knows all the best places for you boys to shop. . . Sorry love, gotta run, I have a hair appointment in a few minutes. Ciao!"

She gave him another peck on the cheek then turned to quickly (as quickly as her tight skirt would allow!) run out to her car. Julian stood somewhat confused. He was in seventh heaven that she seemed to consider him her guy, but this party idea was NUTS!

* * *

"Well, I'll be," his mother, June O'Connor, chuckled when Julian finished explaining his strange day. "She's real cute isn't she?"

"Is the Pope Catholic?" came his reply, "She's beyond the gorgeous scale of 1 to 10. . .she's a 15!"

"Well, I guess I should give Elaine a call then. I've talked with her several times. She's on the school's Parent Committee. She's a very nice woman."

"Yeah, I don't understand what Suzanne meant when she said that her mother had helped her brother buy 'all of his dresses', plural. He's her twin brother and I can certainly see how he could be mistaken for a girl with his waist-length hair, but. . .hey, I mean. . .guys wearing dresses?!?"

Chapter II

June O'Connor called Elaine Thompson that evening to chat and to find out more about this party. Elaine was thrilled that Julian was coming as Suzanne's date. She said that Suzanne had been talking a lot about Julian. . .and she never talks about specific boys as such. Julian must have made quite an impression on her. As far as the party goes, Elaine invited June over for lunch at her house the following day. She said it would be nice to see her and they could talk about the party then.

So the next day, while the kids were in school, June went over to the Thompson house. It was a huge mansion with marble floors, curving staircases, and large expensively furnished rooms. They sat down at the dining room table where Elaine had placed several large photo albums.

"They say a picture is worth a thousand words, so I thought I'd show you these photos. I'm not really supposed to, but what the heck, hopefully Julian will be in the next batch of photos."

She opened the cover of the first one and June saw a couple of dark-haired young girls in pretty summer dresses with white ribbon bows tying their long hair into bouncy pigtails.

"This is Suzanne and Chris when they were 10 years old," Elaine explained.

"Oh, they're lovely girls. You must be very proud of them," June replied sincerely.

"June. . . That's Suzanne and Chris, as in Christopher, my son," Elaine corrected.

"No! You're joking. . . that's not a boy," June exclaimed in awe, "he's beautiful."

"Well thanks for saying so. He'd appreciate hearing it. You see, after my husband and I divorced, Chris was quite shaken up as kids will obviously be when their parents split up. We were just trying to cheer him up and to get his mind off of his worries when for a lark I teased him about his long hair. I said it was so beautiful it should be decorated with ribbons. He seemed to quietly accept me parting his hair, brushing it out into two cute ponytails and tying them with some of Suzanne's hair ribbons. Next thing I know, Suzanne gets involved and before we know it Chris is in one of Suzanne's dresses. Well, one thing led to the next. The next day, Chris shyly asked if he could play being a girl again. So we dressed him up again. By the end of the summer, Chris had a complete girl's wardrobe hanging in his closet, he was a regular at our beauty salon, and hadn't worn pants for two months. I felt guilty at first, but he's been a sweet boy, very good in school, and quite accomplished at whatever he tried to do." Elaine flipped a second album open about three quarters of the way through. "Here's Chris at last month's gender bender party."

June stared at the full-length shot of a beautiful young woman wearing an expensive, beaded, strapless, designer-original gown. The shapely ankles showed expensive nylons above the high-heeled evening slippers. The "woman's" face was expertly made-up, "her" hair was swept up into an elegant French Twist in the back with long, curled tendrils framing the cheeks and bare neck. Expensive earrings and matching necklace glinted from the camera flash as did "her" long, perfectly polished nails.

"That's not your son, Chris?!", June O'Connor asked incredulously.

"Yes June. That's my *boy!*" Elaine replied unruffled. "Suzanne and I are usually asking to borrow some of his things. He has great taste. He's intent on getting into fashion design. Marilyn Horne, whose number I'll give you,

owns a very exclusive boutique. She's offered Chris some help in getting the right contacts in the fashion industry to get started."

"I would never have believed it," June said, as Elaine turned some more pages. There were many pictures of various groups of equally attractive teen girls in elegant gowns and hairdo's.

"So far, on these pages, there hasn't been a single real girl. These are all from recent parties," Elaine explained. "Here are the girls," she said as she opened to another page. These pictures showed many well-dressed young men in tuxedos. Several even had mustaches.

"The mustaches are obviously stage makeup ones. Here's Suzanne," Elaine said as she pointed to a dashing looking young man with dark eyes.

"Suzanne's wearing a short hair wig to hide her long hair," Elaine explained before June asked, "Amazing, does Suzanne like to dress up like a young man often?"

"No, she likes to do it mainly for these gender bender parties. A few times, for fun, she and a couple of her friends dress in casual men's clothes and go out to a movie."

After June O'Connor looked through several more pages of beautiful "girls" and handsome "boys", she sighed, "I don't think my Julian will be able to fit in with these kids. . .I mean, they're all so good at this. They look like they've been doing this a lot."

"I may take some work and money but don't worry. Suzanne would never even invite Julian unless she thought he could fit right in. In fact, she's been gushing about how cute he could look. A lot of the boys in these pictures don't have the same natural girlish looks that Suzanne says Julian has."

"I know he's got 'fine' features but has always been embarrassed by them," June said in thought. "What do the boy's father's say?"

"Most are too busy with making money to be too concerned with home life. . .one of the complications of being rich. These boys usually get a lot of help from their mothers, sisters, aunts and a surprising number of shopkeepers. Since we started this, there are an amazing number of beauticians, lingerie and clothing boutiques that have regular boy clients for what are completely feminine clothes and beauty services. In fact, since I'm the

hostess for the majority of these parties, I've made-up a contact list for the new mothers like you."

She pulled a typed sheet of paper from under one of the albums. "As you can see, I've summarized the best places, along with the contact names. Just mention my name and no explanation is necessary. They'll do all the rest."

"Well, Julian is sure interested in Suzanne, and he definitely wants to attend this party with her. I hope he doesn't get cold feet. He's never worn any girl's clothes before. But I guess with his long hair and fine features we'll have something to work with," June chuckled.

"Listen, June. . .It'll be fun. I still get a kick out of helping, or watching, my boy transpose into a beautiful looking girl. I don't know what it is, but most of these boys seem to like it once they've tried it. Some of the mothers have told me that the best way to deal with it is in a natural and unsensational way, something like the first time that a daughter is going to a fancy ball. Gives the boys a better appreciation of what we women go through to look beautiful!"

June stood up to go after putting the list of names into her purse.

"Well I have eight days to turn my little prince into a princess," she exclaimed. "Do you mind if I call for any advice as we go along?"

"Of course, call anytime! I'll even mention it to several of the other mothers, they have lots of experience to offer as well."

As she drove home, she couldn't help smiling. . .this was going to be very interesting. . .just another "daughter" getting ready for the ball.

Chapter III

That evening the O'Connor family discussed Julian's invitation.



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"It was amazing. . .they really do a very serious job of dressing, both boys and girls," June O'Connor said as she related her lunch with Elaine Thompson. She described the pictures she saw. Julian's older sister, Bonnie, couldn't hold back her laugh,

"Well, well little brother. You always said that the kids in California are more interesting than in Pittsburgh. I guess now you're going to really find out!"

"Cool it, Bonnie," her brother grumbled, "they don't even allow girls as good looking as Suzanne into the state of Pennsylvania. Be careful that we don't deport you back!"

"Ok, kids. That's enough," June admonished, "let's plan what we have to do over the next week and a half. Julian has to make himself look up to this group's standard." Then turning specifically to Julian, she added, "Suzanne's mother said that Suzanne has been talking a lot about you. Something that indicates she's very interested in you. Suzanne also said that you could look better than the others. . .you don't want to disappoint her do you?"

"She really said that?" Julian ask in surprised.

"Yes, she did."

"Wow! Where's the lingerie drawer? We've got lots of work to do!" he whooped to his mother's and sister's amusement. "What do I do. . .borrow something?"

"Hang on to your garters Julian. . .let's make a plan first," June O'Connor reminded him.

Over the next hour and a half, the three of them sat around the kitchen table taking about what had to be done. Julian's initial excitement was quickly being replaced by great doubt and even greater fright! They talked about shaving his legs and underarms, plucking his eyebrows, giving him facials, pedicures, visiting the hairdresser, looking for a gown. . .aaahhhh!

"NO WAY," the startled expression on Julian's face hollered.

"WAY," his sister said, "you have to look proper. It's part of the sport."

Julian thought for a moment, "Sport? Yeah, I guess it's like a pastime for rich kids to be weird," He questioned, "Are you sure you're not getting carried away here ladies?" as they had him stand in his briefs while they measured him from top to bottom.

"It's essential. Since you refuse to go and try on the gowns, we will have to work from measurements!" his



Julian sat with his mother talking about the 'dress-up' party. Sure he had long hair but he'd never even thought of dressing up like a girl. His mother encouraged him, saying, "Com'on, it'll be fun. . .we'll buy you a real pretty dress!"

mother huffed. "Elaine said that these boutiques are used to selling girl's dresses to boys."

"That's where I have to draw the line Mom. I'd probably get physically sick if I had to go into a store and try on a dress. . .sorry. This is a lot harder for me than you think."

"Here try this on," Bonnie said as she lifted his bare foot to slip on a high-heeled pump. It was a tight fit. "This is my size 7. . .It looks like you need a 7 1/2 or an 8. Mom, you're an 8, right?"

"That's right. Go get my black ones with the bow at the instep, see how they fit." Bonnie returned and tried his foot

in the high-heeled black shoe. It fit perfectly. "Now we know his shoe size." Slipping the second shoe on as well, Bonnie instructed him, "You should wear these as much as possible from now until the party. You've got to walk on heels like a dancer, and that takes practice."

"That's right," his mother seconded. "In fact, I think you will need lots of practice in a lot of things to look good next week. You should know how to handle a long, tight skirt, how to fix your hair and makeup, how to adjust nylons or a bra strap, even how to use the bathroom."

"A BRA? I have to wear a bra? What else do I need to know?" Julian grumbled. The heels were making his calves ache.

"You'll soon learn, Julia," Bonnie teased using the feminine version of his name.

"Don't call me Julia," Julian barked.

"That's a very pretty name. . . Julia," Mrs. O'Connor said. "That's what I would have named you had you turned out to be a girl."

"He may turn out to be a girl yet," Bonnie giggled.

By the time bedtime rolled around, Julian had been on his high-heels for two hours. His feet were very sore and tired. He was glad to crash into bed. Tomorrow was Saturday and he would get some rest.

He was wrong.

Chapter IV

"Wake up 'Julia'. We have lots to do today," Bonnie's voice broke through his sleep. The blinds to his bedroom window were suddenly opened spilling the bright morning sun right into Julian's sleepy eyes.

"Hey, don't call me that?! It's Saturday, I want to sleep," he moaned.

"Forget it, you can sleep after the party next week. Mom, has made an appointment for you to get your hair trimmed this morning."

"What!?"

"Just a slight trim of the ends to get some shape. Come on, get dressed," she ordered and left his room.

Still grumbling, Julian pulled on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. After he washed up, he went downstairs where his mother hustled him off into her car.

"Barb was able to squeeze you in if we could get there right away," his mother explained.

"Who's Barb?"

"She a hairdresser on Elaine's list."

"A hairdresser? I don't want to go to some hairdresser."

"I just want to ask her some advice. Don't worry, she won't put curlers in your hair. . .today," Mrs. O'Connor added, with the last word said under her breath.

They arrived at a posh Beverly Hills beauty salon, and Julian reluctantly followed his mother inside. The place was extremely feminine in decor. The salon was very large and busy. Many women were there in various stages of beautification. An attractive middle-aged woman walked over to greet them. "Hello, I'm Barb. You must be Mrs. O'Connor and Julian. Come right in, I'm ready for you."

They were escorted to a styling chair and Julian was motioned to sit down. Barb chatted as she tied a plastic shampoo cape around his neck.

"So, you're going to Chris's and Sue's party next week? First time?" she asked cheerfully.

"Uh. . .yeah," Julian replied, trying to figure out what she was going to do.

"Some of the other boys have already booked their appointments. I've got one perm and two highlights set-up already. You boys are more competitive than us poor females," she teased. "So your mother says that you just want a trim."

"Well, actually I didn't know that I even wanted a trim until I was dragged out of bed this morning!" Julian snidely replied.

"Ah, so I take it you haven't settled on a hairdo yet?" Barb asked, directing the question more at Mrs. O'Connor.

"No, not yet. What do you suggest, Barb?"

Barb stepped back and ran her hands through Julian's long, thick hair.

"It's quite healthy, but it does need a trim to better hold a style. . .hmmmm," she picked up a brush and swiftly brushed all of the boy's hair to the back, then upwards where she held it at the crown of his head. "Are you thinking of wearing it up?"

Julian quickly glanced around to see if any of the other staff or customers were watching. They seemed to be caught up in their own conversations or magazine reading.

"I haven't thought about it at all. This is quite embarrassing. I thought this would just be a lark. . .you know the

guys put on a skirt and we all have a good laugh and that's that. From what mother says, they really take this stuff seriously," Julian replied, starting to feel a little less uncomfortable.

Meanwhile, Barb continued to experiment as she brushed his hair out again then deftly formed a smooth roll, vertically down the back of his head. She slipped in a couple of long bobby pins to hold it in place temporarily. "Oh, his hair would look chic with a French Roll something like this," she stated as she turned his chair a little to show Mrs. O'Connor a better side view.

"Yes that is nice," his mother agreed.

"I know that most of you guys feel a little uptight about coming in here to let me do their hair for these parties the first time, so I won't push you, but do think about it. I'll be booked up within a day or two."

"Yes, Julian is embarrassed," Julian's mother complained. "We haven't lived here long and where we come from, this just isn't done. Boys are boys and that is it. His sister and I are reasonably good at doing our hair so we'll tackle it this time."

"Please mother, let's not talk about this like this will be an ongoing thing, ok?" the boy corrected.

"Yes. . . we'll see," was her knowing reply.

Barb then went on to explain that she was going to trim his hair slightly to shape the back bottom with a gentle feminine curve to it. She would trim the bangs just so that they would reach his eyebrows, and trim the top front so that it could be curled back.

She went on to suggest to Mrs. O'Connor how she could use various roller setting patterns to create different styles, both curly ones and sleek up do's. He was surprised when his mother suggested that he should get his other ear pierced. Julian had two holes pierced in his right ear, but now his mother was saying that it would help with his ability to wear some of her better earrings if he got his other ear pierced. Reluctantly he let Barb do it. It wasn't that unusual for guys to have both ears pierced these days.

Meanwhile, Julian sat red-faced, silently cringing, imagining that everyone in the place must be listening to the bizarre conversation going on between him, his mother and Barb, they must be laughing to themselves. Of course, in fact, everyone hardly noticed the boy and his mother. . . except for one young woman in a pretty sundress with her

hair up in rollers who was sitting reading a magazine while under the dryer. She was watching Julian with more than a little interest out of the corner of her eye.

She lifted the magazine so as to cover her face a little more and recrossed her legs pulling the hem of her skirt to cover her knees. Gee. . .she wished that she could stand up and adjust the tight elastic anti-girdle which was squeezing her pulled-back maleness painfully tight between her thighs.

Chapter V

Bonnie looked at her brother as he came into the house.

"Wow, you look great," she exclaimed. Barb had shampooed, conditioned, then cut Julian's hair. She couldn't resist the opportunity while blow-drying it to work with her styling brush to create a smooth, shiny page-boy style which hung like a shimmering waterfall onto his shoulders and down his back. With the hair pulled straight, the ends just curled under, its length appeared longer than before, in spite of the cut. She had also used her curling iron to curl his bangs and top hair back. The style was certainly more a girl's style than a guy's. Julian also thought so but his mother insisted that he not mess it up.

"Isn't his hair nice?" Mrs. O'Connor exclaimed, obviously pleased with the result.

"It must be the conditioner," Bonnie replied. "Have you decided how we can do it for the party?"

This of course started the women off on a ten minute discussion over the pro's and con's of curly bobs, rolls, twists, chignon's and other hair talk. Just when Julian thought his ordeals were over for the day, his mother asked Bonnie, "Did you find a suitable outfit for Julian to practice in today?"

"Just the thing, come on Julia, time to dress for the day." Bonnie took her brother's hand and dragged him up to her bedroom with their mother close behind.

"Change into what?" Julian complained. "I've been through enough for one day."

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"Listen, the weekend is the best time for you to spend some solid time in girl's clothes. You heard what mother said, Suzanne is expecting you to shine. Wait until you try and maneuver in a skirt!"

"Ok, ok, I'll do it."

Soon the women had the boy sitting on a chair naked except for his briefs. Bonnie came over with a woman's electric shaver.

"First things first. . .stretch out your leg please," she directed.

"Come on, you're kidding!" Julian exclaimed as the obvious intent of his sister was to shave his legs.

"It's essential my dear, women should have smooth legs. This is just for today. Next week I'm going to use a home waxing kit for a proper job," Bonnie explained as she switched on the small machine and systematically worked up and down his legs. In fifteen minutes, Julians legs both glistened with silky skin. He once again balked when he was told to stand and allow Bonnie to do a similar job on his underarms!

Next, he was told to step into the bathroom and take off his boyish brief and slip into the white, nylon bikini panties with lace trim. By now the lad was resigned to his fate for the day so he complied, feeling silly as he returned to face the two women. The thin material clung to his male equipment distorting the feminine image of silky smooth legs topped by white lacy panties.

"Don't worry," Bonnie said to her mother, as she sensed the obvious dissatisfaction with the maleness displayed through the material, "I thought of that too." She then turned around to a pile of white lingerie and produced a lycra panti-girdle with lace trim at the top as well as at each thigh. Julian was asked to struggle into the snug elastic garment.

"Excuse me for a minute little brother," Bonnie said as she slid her hand down the front of his girdle and quickly, without ceremony, grasped and pushed his maleness back between his legs, allowing the elastic of the garment to hold it in that position.

"Hey! . . .Have you lost your mind?!" the astonished boy said.

"Come on brother, I've seen your little wee wee since we've been kids. I was just helping you make the adjustment faster. See? Nice and perfectly flat," Bonnie said as

she indicated his now smooth crotch. "That should impress your girlfriend!"

"I could have done it myself," Red-faced Julian sniffed indignantly at being handled like some little boy.

"Now, we take away a *little* there and add a *lot* here!" Bonnie declared as she lifted the white matching bra from the pile. Julian felt ridiculous as he was asked to stretch out his arms in order to slide the straps over his shoulders. Bonnie stepped behind him and quickly hooked and adjusted the straps to the correct length. Then she opened a small blue box from the bed and showed two bags of some clear jellylike substance.

"See, these are real mastectomy prosthesis. They're about a full B-cup size and filled with a silicone gel," she explained to her mother while Julian looked on. "They have the same weight and motion as real breasts."

Bonnie slip in and adjusted one of the bags carefully into each cup of his bra. Now his bra was fully filled out. He could feel the slight pull of their weight on his shoulders as they bounced when he moved.

"Those little titties of yours cost over two hundred bucks, maybe you should consider growing your own," Bonnie teased.

Julian was again asked to sit while, his mother this time, rolled a pair of sheer, nylon pantihose up his legs. Standing up, the pantihose were pulled up over his girdle.

"Now you'll see why women have to spend so much time in the bathroom. Wait until you have to pee and roll down your pantihose, girdle and panties!" Bonnie teased. "Ok, your ready for the slip."

"There's more?!" Julian moaned.

"Julian, this is just everyday girl's clothes. Wait until you have to get dressed up for the party. These clothes will seem like a comfortable set of sweats by comparison!" his sister laughed. "Mom, I think this kind of experience should be mandatory for all young men."

"It does give Julian a feel for how the other half lives, doesn't it?" Mrs. O'Connor agreed.

A lacy bodice white full slip was lowered over Julian's head and smoothed down over his body. The shoulder straps were adjusted by Bonnie so that the slip hung properly.

"Well Julian, are you ready for your dress now?" Bonnie declared.

"Must I?"

"Only if you what to date Suzanne," answered his mom.

Bonnie walked over to her spacious walk-in closet and returned with a white with navy polka-dots linen dress. It had a slim skirt which would reach just past the knees. The sleeves were very short and the neckline came down in a V in front.

"I picked this dress because the skirt is pretty slim and long. It will give you the same kind of restriction of movement as most long evening gowns. You'll have to step into it. The tight skirt makes it impossible to go over your head," Bonnie instructed. Feeling like a bungee jumper must feel on his first plunge, Julian carefully stepped into the skirt.

Bonnie and his mother carefully pulled the dress up his body while pushing the slip down inside smoothly. He passed his arms through the sleeves and felt the back being snugged around his body. Bonnie was buttoning up the dozen or so big buttons, which matched the polka-dots, up his back. They went in a line from his buttocks to his neck. Looking down, his view of his feet was obscured by the two smooth bumps which were his "breasts".

"Now the shoes please," his sister said calmly as she placed the white high-heeled pumps on his stockinged feet. In a minute, Julian was once again teetering on the heels. His mother and sister stepped back and looked in awe.

"My gawd," said Bonnie, "you little SOB. You look better in that dress than I ever did. . .and you aren't even wearing makeup!"

"SIS!"

"I'm not kidding," Bonnie said, "You look girlish and your figure is not at all boyish with the tits. Doesn't he look sweet, MOM?"

"He looks very nice," Mrs. O'Connor said, "very, very nice." Suddenly she understood what Elaine meant when she said that she gets a thrill when she sees her son become her beautiful daughter!

Julian felt like he was in some kind of silky straight-jacket. He took a step forward and encountered the limitations of his narrow skirt. So, he took a smaller step.

He carefully walked over to the full-length wall mirror in Bonnie's room. He looked at the very attractive blonde girl in a white and blue polka-dot dress. He shook his head from side to side. She shook her head and her golden hair swayed from side to side, brushing over the bust of her

dress. Her slim legs appeared long and sexy in the sheer nylons and high-heels.

"Is that me?" he whispered.

"Suzanne was right," his mother replied. "You are a natural. I have no more doubts that you will shine at that party. But you've really got to let us work on you for the next week."

"I don't know what to say. . . this is just too weird! I'm looking at the mirror and I think I'm seeing a girl, but she looks like me!"

"That's you alright. How does it feel?" Bonnie asked, smoothing a nonexistent wrinkle out of the dresses bodice.

"Very different. It's like seeing the world in a different light. With boy's clothes you feel pretty loose and mobile. But in these clothes, I feel like I'm tied up. I can't just move quickly, but have to concentrate on my actions. I think you were right, they will take a lot of practice to get comfortable in," Julian admitted as he slowly pirouetted turning to see himself from all sides.

"How about we finish your look Julia? You need some daytime makeup and jewelry," Mrs. O'Connor stated as she move the small chair out from in front of Bonnie's vanity. Julian walked over and was shown how to pull up his tight skirt before sitting down.

"Tilt your head back a little," Bonnie instructed as she opened a small bottle of liquid makeup and began applying it to her brother's cheeks, "ah, yes, ol' peaches and cream. Your pretty skin will finally pay off for you. Good thing you haven't got a beard yet, it makes it much easier."

She then applied some blush to his cheekbones with a soft brush. Eyeshadow and mascara were applied with restraint for now. Finally, she produced a tube of lipstick and showed her brother how to apply it properly.

"Knowing how to repair your lipstick is essential. You should start wearing it as much as possible from now until the party and check it regularly in the mirror. At an evening affair like that you'll have to repair your lipstick a half dozen times," Bonnie informed.

"That's right," his mother added, "I have a clear lip gloss that I'll give you so that you can wear and take to school. Not only will it help you practice, but it will moisturize your lips and make them softer."

"I'm not wearing lipstick to school!"

"Mom, that's a good idea," Bonnie added. "In fact, I suggest that Julian wear some everyday lingerie under his normal clothes at school. I think it'll help, especially getting used to sitting while using the bathroom. A panty-girdle will ensure that."

Julian was hearing these comments, but only as secondary background noise. He was staring disbelievingly at his image in the mirror. Never had he imagined that he could look so convincing as a girl. He'd even call himself cute. Finally, his brain joined the current conversation.

"What if someone finds out?" he asked.

"Why? Do you pull your pants down in public a lot at school?" his sister fired back.

"No, but. . ."

"Then don't worry. Nobody, but you that is, will know. . . unless you decide to tell them," Bonnie added with a sly wink.

"Lay off, Bonnie!" the confused boy replied. While brother and sister were having this sibling exchange, their mother was in her room reviewing some jewelry. She returned with a pair of heart-shaped gold earrings and a matching pendant. Carefully removing Julian's simple, small hoops, she inserted the gold studs of the earrings.

Julian flinched as she put the stud through his newly pierced ear. The locks were slid into place and then the pendant was draped around his neck. His mother had him slip his hands under his long hair and hold it up so that she could fasten the clasp of the necklace. Finally, a couple on white plastic bracelets were placed on his wrist.

"There," Mrs. O'Connor exclaimed, as she surveyed the completed product, "I'd say that we have a new girl in the



Julian couldn't believe that he could look convincing as a girl. Now he looked almost "cute".

family. It's definitely more appropriate that we call you Julia while you're dressed so girlishly. Is that alright son?"

"Go ahead, can't do anymore harm I guess. So, what do I do now?"

"Anything you want Julia," his mother explained, "you can relax, go out shopping, whatever. Believe me, there is no way that anyone will think you are a boy. Why don't you come with Bonnie and me to look at some dresses?"

"No way! I'm not going out, I'm not even going downstairs like this."

"Suit yourself, but you're going to be dressed as Julia until Monday morning when you go to school. This evening I hope we have some gowns and dresses to try on. Then we need to do some experimentation with hairstyles."

"Yeah, and I'm going to do your nails for you. I haven't decided if yours will be long enough for next week, or if I'll have to add extensions," Bonnie added.

With that, the ladies proceeded to change and go out for an afternoon of shopping. June had her notes of Julian's measurements and her "list" of places from Elaine. She had phoned ahead so they would be expecting her.

After they left, Julian suddenly felt the urge to walk around more. The unique sensations of the slim skirt, high-heels, nylons, bouncing bra, and makeup were very noticeable. He found himself testing his balance as he walked downstairs. The clicking of his heels on the marble floor of the main hallway was provocative, almost like a female was walking right behind him.

He lingered in front of the hallway mirrors which reflected the young woman's image back to him. He found himself examining his hands and fingernails. They were well-kept, but the nails were not really long. How would they look with nail polish?

His fingers touched the hem of his skirt then pulled away. It was like he was doing something naughty. He caught himself smiling in the mirror, then reached down and pulled up the hem of his skirt, showing the smooth nyloned knees and thighs. With a bit of trepidation, he pulled the skirt higher to see the panties under his sheer nylons.

"Oh my," he gasp, feeling ashamed of his actions. "But it's me. . . just me?!?!?"

This went on for at least an hour, walking, sitting and looking in mirrors. What would his hair look like in curls?

His wonderment was finally interrupted when he realized that nature was calling him. He had drunk some coffee at the salon and it was causing the need. Julian went upstairs. He recalled Bonnie's words about using the bathroom. Oh well, he thought he might as well slip off the dress and slip so that he could do his business. That turned out much easier said than done.

Try as he might he could not reach all the back buttons of his dress. After struggling for a few minutes, he gave up. He re-fastened the few he could reach and headed for the bathroom. Feeling quite silly, he slowly worked his skirt up his thighs until it was bunched up just below his waist.

Next he had to roll down his pantihose to his knees. The panti-girdle had to be pulled down to his knees as well, followed by the bikini panties. At last he squatted down onto the toilet seat as he relieved his need. It took some more struggling to smoothly redress, including flattening his frontal profile as Bonnie had. When he stood up he smiled, "That wasn't so bad I guess, but it is a bother."

Before leaving the bathroom, Julian checked himself in the mirror. The lipstick his mother had used was on the counter, so he picked it up and carefully reapplied a coat of red to his lips. He blotted the excess on a tissue and couldn't help but smile at his feminine reflection.

Picking up a hairbrush, he leaned over and brushed out his hair as he had seen Suzanne do many times at school. She leaned from side to side as she brushed it. With a final shake of his head, his hair fell in shining waves over his shoulders, the bangs curled and teased for height.

Chapter VI

Julian spent that afternoon experiencing in private the strange, yet pleasurable, sensations of being dressed like a fashionable young woman. His mother and sister arrived home finally loaded down with bags and boxes labelled from some well-known, and expensive women's boutiques.



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"I see that you've been looking after yourself well," Bonnie pronounced as she took in her brother's freshly applied lipstick and brushed hair.

"I'm trying."

"Too bad you didn't come along," his mother said, "We happened to bump into one of the other boys who's going to the party. The shop owner introduced us. Boy, was he beautiful. He was there with his mother, and he was all dressed up. You'd never guess that he was a boy! His name is Cindy Carlton."

"Hmmm, there's a Chuck Carlton at school?" Julian replied.

"About your height, curly brown hair?" his mother asked.

"About my height, but straight brown hair," he answered.

"Oh, then I guess he had just curled it for today, it was very nice, one of those softly curled bouffant styles."

"You got a lot of work ahead if you want to even score in this game of dress-up," Bonnie said candidly. "Chuck's. . . or Cindy's appearance was perfect. He had on a little linen day dress with matching pumps. If I hadn't been told, I would have never believed it."

Julian's mother nodded, adding, "He even moved with delicate, subtle feminine movements. His mother says he loves beautiful hosiery and footwear and practices crossing his legs and sauntering gracefully for 30 minutes every night after school. You've got your work cut out!"

Bonnie rambled on about Chuck, "Yeah. . . did you notice his cleavage. Real racy!"

"I couldn't," Julian muttered out.

His mother interrupted, "The point is that you have to experiment with different styles of dresses to find one that looks good and feels good, then becomes a part of you. Chuck has found his self-confidence and knows what kind of girl he wants to be."

"This is really getting strange. Next thing I'll know, most of the cute California girls we admired back East. I find out were actually just California boys dressed up!" Julian stated sarcastically.

"Wait till you see the dresses we brought for you to try on!" Bonnie squealed.

"Dresses? Why did you buy more than one dress?"

"Well, since you wouldn't come with us to try them on like Cindy did, the store will let us return those that we don't want to keep. There's over \$5000 worth of designer originals here! So you'd better like at least one or two. They think that they got your size right from the measurements we took. So after supper, we get back to work," Mrs. O'Connor concluded.

His supper turned out to be a very low calorie one. His mother felt that he should try and lose a few pounds over the next week. After the clean-up was done, they headed upstairs to mother's bedroom where all the boxes had been piled.

"You can strip down to just your panties dear. We have all special new underwear for you that goes with the dresses," his mother instructed.

"I can't undo the buttons at the back of my dress," Julian quietly explained as he turned his back so that his mother could help.

"I think Julia found out about using the bathroom, don't you mom?" his sister snickered.

"I managed just fine!" Julian grumbled in response as his mother undid the dress. Soon he was out of the dress and undergarments. What a feeling of freedom! He could see slight red marks outlining where his bra and girdle had rested. His relief was short lived.

"First this long-line waist cinch," Bonnie declared as she wrapped a white lace covered garment around his waist. It was strongly elasticized and covered him from crotch to just below his nipples. Eight elastic garters hung down his legs from the bottom. Bonnie began fastening a long series of hooks and eyes starting from the bottom up. When she reached his waist she ordered, "Pull in your stomach."

Julian complied and she quickly completed closing the hooks right to the top. "Ok, breathe out."

He did, but the waist cinch firmly held his waist in.

"Gee, I can't breath!" he complained.

"Get used to it, all women suffer to look thin," his mother replied. Next Bonnie held out a new brassiere. It was more substantial than the one he had worn all day. The cups were nicely rounded and the chest strap was wider. When Bonnie fastened it in back, Julian found out that the cups were also a bigger size!

"We thought that we'd see how a C-cup would look on you. With the formal dress, it provides a more visible curve," Bonnie explained as she inserted and adjusted the much larger C-cup breast prosthesis. Julian could clearly feel the significantly heavier weight of these "breasts".

"Now, sit down and we'll put on these silk stockings," his mother instructed as she produced a set of sheer, nude-colored stockings with delicate clockwork designs and a seam running down the back. As she carefully rolled each one up his leg, she made sure that the seams were kept nice and straight. Julian felt a shiver of excitement run down his spine.

"Watch how you attach the garters dear," Mrs. O'Connor continued. Why did her voice sound so cheerful as she dressed him? Finally, Julian was asked to stand up. When he did, he could feel the taut pull of the stockings and garters on his waist cinch.

"Now carefully step into this," Bonnie requested as she held a full-length, white, bridal slip out for him. It had a series of ribbon ties at the back which when undone, as they were now, allowed a woman to pull the skirt portion on. Julian stepped into the skirt of the slip. Bonnie pulled it up his body and guided his arms through the thin white shoulder straps.

"Ok, stand still for a minute while I do these ribbons up in the back here," Bonnie said. All this while, Julian could see his reflection in the huge wall-size mirrors which acted as doors to a room-wide closet. His own familiar face, framed with a quite feminine pageboy hairdo, enhanced with makeup and lipstick appeared attached to some young bride's body.

His sister was tying the back ribbons into bows down his back. From his bodice to the hem around his ankles there was beautiful trim made of fine lace. The majority of women around the world never get a chance to dress in such feminine excess, and here he was, a teenaged boy, looking to all appearances like some blushing bride preparing for her wedding!

"We're ready for the dresses," announced Bonnie, looking quite pleased with her brother's appearance so far.

Mrs. O'Connor took three items out of the closet. Each was on a hanger and covered with a large plastic bag marked with a store name. She lay two of them down on the bed while raising the third high so she could slide the

protective bag off. As she did, Julian's eyes grew wide. The dress that was revealed was incredible!

It was of dark crimson satin with an almost black sheen to it. The full-length ballgown skirt billowed out from the multiple layers of tulle petticoats which were sewn inside. The voluminous pleats of the skirt came up to a small, nipped-in waist with a tight basque-style bodice. This was topped by Pouf sleeves which had large gathers of fabric at the shoulder and reaching down to the tops of the arms.

"Isn't it gorgeous!?" squealed Bonnie.

"It's very pretty," Julian agreed, unable to feign disinterest. He always liked red on girls.

"We're lucky that this is Prom season. The boutiques have a great selection," Mrs. O'Connor pointed out. "Well, step in please." She instructed as she carefully held the unzipped dress low to the floor so that her son could step in. Nervously, Julian lifted the hem of his long slip so that he could put first one, then his other silk-encased foot within the skirt. As Bonnie bent over to hold the hem of his slip down Mrs. O'Connor lifted the dress up the boy's body.

Julian slipped his hands and arms into the long sleeves of the gown as his mother stepped around to his back to pull the bodice up all the way. The back of the dress had a long zipper which Mrs. O'Connor pulled up, then secured the several hooks and eyes at the neckline. Bonnie helped her brother by slipping onto his feet a pair of dainty, black, evening sandals with thin, 4" heels. These were fastened by a slim strap around each ankle.

"The hairdo and makeup is all wrong but go take a look anyway," his mother directed pointing towards the large mirrors. Julian cautiously stepped forward on the high, narrow heels. Each step brought a rich sound of rustling petticoats and fabric. He sensed the need to allow a lot of clearance when walking near furniture because of the fullness of his skirts. Finally he gazed in the mirror. His expression said it all! There stood reflected a very beautiful young woman in an exquisite Prom gown. Her delicate silk-encased ankles peeked from just below the hem of her long skirts. He unconsciously did a twist of his hips to make the skirts sway back and forth. Every nerve in his body tingled from some involvement with nylon, lace, satin or other delicate fabric. . . He was breathless.

"Well? How do you like it? Don't you wish you were a girl?" Bonnie asked breaking him out of his revelry. Julian hesitated. Tell the scary truth or lie and play the masculine role? He lied.

"A dress is a dress I guess," he deadpanned, "is this the one I'm supposed to wear to the party then?"

"That's a pretty lukewarm comment about a \$500 dress," his mother replied. "We have two more that might tickle your fancy in that case. Let's get this one off."

"Just a minute, just a minute!" The lad said as the women gave each other a knowing look. Julian was transfixed looking in the mirror, craning his neck to see himself from all sides. Lifting the hem of his skirt to look at the petticoats. Maybe he wasn't so lukewarm after all. Finally he concurred with his mother's request and returned to her so that she could unzip him. Very carefully, the ladies pulled the gown down and off of the feminized young man.

The other two bags produced equally stunning dresses. One was a dark blue taffeta with an intermission hemline which came to just below the knees in front, giving display to the wearer's legs, stockings and shoes, and down to ankle length in back. It had a very off-the-shoulder portrait collar which wrapped around the shoulders. This dress presented a somewhat younger look to the girl (or femininely-inclined boy) who wore it.

The third dress was a classic, Princess-style, full-length brocade dress in dark green with gold threads throughout. The skirt flowed from the bodice in rich folds. By the time poor Julian had dressed and primped in front of the mirror in each dress he was as undecided as his mother and sister as to which gown looked best!

"I think that the first one is best for the party," Bonnie concluded. "It's very classically feminine. He'll have to wear his hair up for sure though."

"You know. . . I agree. But I still like the others too. Since they all fit, we'll just keep them for future events," Mrs. O'Connor stated.

"What future events?" Julian fired back, "This is THE ONE and ONLY event I'm going to."

"Yes dear, I know," his mother responded, but she gave Bonnie a clandestine wink. June had told her daughter of how Elaine had related to her the typical progression of these boys who attended the parties. About half of them were not new to the experience of getting dressed as girls

in the privacy of their homes. Each had their own interesting story to tell. But the other half usually came to the first party, like Julian, intent on it being a bizarre one-time experience. Most have been regulars ever since. It was quite a growing little secret society.

After putting on the crimson gown one more time just so that the ladies could assure themselves of their choice, Julian was helped out of his dress and slip.

"Leave the rest on and put on one of my blouses and skirts," Bonnie said, "we need to try some looks with your hair."

She rummaged through her large closet and soon had a simple jean skirt and white blouse. Her brother slipped on the blouse and skirt, then was directed to sit in front of the mirror at his sister's vanity.

"Since your hair is straight now, we'll just try some various styles for wearing your hair up. I'm going to set your hair on rollers tonight and Tomorrow we'll experiment with curly looks," Mrs. O'Connor stated.

As Julian watched in the mirror, his mother used a brush and lots of hairspray pulling his hair back behind his head. Bonnie passed her many bobby pins as she worked with a comb.

"There," his mother said as she stepped back to have a look, "how do you like that?"

"It looks very chic," Bonnie replied, and asked Julian, "Want to see?" He was very interested, but worked hard not to show it. Bonnie handed him a large hand mirror so that he could turn his head and see the back in the mirror. His hair was brushed tightly back along the side then both sides merged in a thick, smooth vertical roll.

"It's called a French Roll," June O'Connor explained, "it can be left simple like this or you can dress it up with some combs. Do you like it?"

"Sure, it looks very nice," Julian admitted. He was starting to find this more and more enjoyable. "Are you going to try anything else?"

"Of course silly," Bonnie replied. In a few minutes the hair pins were out and she was brushing out his long hair again. "I want to try a braided chignon," she told her mother. Julian's hair was brushed up high to the back of his head. Bonnie caught it there with a ponytail elastic. Then she braided the ponytail to the end, tied it with another elastic, and then coiled the braid around the base

of the ponytail securing the chignon that was formed with a series of pins. Again Julian was allowed to survey the handiwork.

"Makes you look like a little ballerina!" Bonnie giggled.

The hairstyling session went on for an hour or so when both ladies figured that Julian's hair had too much hair-spray in it to really try much more. They told him to shower and shampoo his hair then come back so that they could set it for him. He grumbled a bit about having to sleep in curlers but made no real effort to resist the idea. When he came back from the shower, wearing a long pink bathrobe of his sisters they were waiting for him. Bonnie had a hairstyle magazine that they had purchased that afternoon open to a page which showed a beautiful, glamorous curly hairdo and a picture of the roller setting pattern needed to achieve it. As Mrs. O'Connor combed through his hair, put a firm hold mousse in it, and began to wind the rollers she explained each step to her son.

"I really wish that you would go and let Barb do your hair for the party. It's really not anything to be embarrassed about. You could just dress as a girl and fit right in."

"I can't go out dressed as a girl!" The boy objected.

"Why not, didn't you see yourself in the mirror this evening?" his mother reasoned, "Did you think that you looked like a boy?! You have longer hair than Bonnie or I, your figure looks great with that bra, your legs are long, smooth and sexy, and you even have a beautiful feminine face now that it's all made up." Julian listened and mentally agreed with all her observations. He was somewhat at a loss to respond.

"But if I ran into someone who knows me, they would recognize me a Julian. They would see that I am just a boy dressed in girl's clothes."

"Oh baloney!," Mrs. O'Connor replied, "If you want Suzanne to see you with less than a professionally done hairdo. . . well I guess it's up to you." Julian had not thought of that. But he decided that it was still too much of a risk.

While his mother was busy putting his hair up, Bonnie was quietly working on Julian's nails. They were quite well-kept, even a little on the longish side for a boy. Bonnie used that to advantage as she gently shaped the tips into ovals and pushed back the cuticles to make them appear even longer. As Mrs. O'Connor finished tying a large

hairnet around her son's roller covered scalp, Bonnie was just beginning to put the first coat of pinkish-red nail polish on her brother's fingernails.

"Will that come off Tomorrow?" Julian asked, staring with interest in his now feminized nails.

"Of course not, its permanent. . .just kidding, of course it comes off," Bonnie replied. She continued working until each nail was done, then she started on his toes. After those were the same color as his fingernails, Bonnie applied a second coat!

"I'm surprised that woman have enough time to do anything besides getting dressed," Julian said, commenting on the complex, feminine, beautification procedures he had sampled first-hand today.

Finally, Bonnie finished her manicuring and ordered her brother to be careful not to smudge the polish while it dried. In the meantime his mother came into the room with a long, silk nightgown.

"Since this is your first night as a young lady," she explained, "Bonnie and I want you to get the full feminine experience, so we bought you this silk nightgown."

Julian looked at the cream-colored silk garment. It was really lovely! It was decorated at the bodice with abundant chantilly lace and had the thinnest of spaghetti straps at the shoulders. Bonnie checked to make sure that his nails were completely dry before he was allowed to put on the nightgown. He removed the bathrobe and only in panties, he raised the nightgown over his head and let it slip down his body. His mother had to help as his hairnet and rollers snagged the gown. Finally the hem fell down to his ankles and he discreetly reached under the gown to slip off his panties. The feel of the silk against his bare body was luxurious.

"After all those tight torture devices you had me wearing this feels very comfortable," he commented as he once again pirouetted before the mirror.

"All those torture devices, as you call them, are what makes a girl, or in your case boy, into a very pretty young lady. Don't worry you'll get used to them," his mother replied. Again he noticed the reference to some sort of ongoing thing.

It had been a long day for all of them, so they decided to turn in. His mother suggested a second pillow for his

head to help cushion the curlers. It took a long time for Julian to fall asleep, not only because of the hair rollers but because of the new thoughts that were going through his mind. He kept seeing himself in those beautiful prom dresses, his made-up face, and with feminine hairdo's. Something had been started this day in his psyche that both scared and thrilled him.

Chapter VII

Julian woke up with a slight headache caused by the hair curlers he was wearing. He had tossed and turned most of the night trying to find some comfortable spot for his head on the double pillows he was using. But no matter which way he turned there was a curler pushing into his scalp. He climbed out of bed grumbling about silly women's vanity which was the cause of his discomfort. He caught a view of his image in his big bedroom mirror. With the long nightgown he was wearing and his curler-covered head, he appeared like some teen schoolgirl getting up for the day. Julian remembered that it was Sunday and that his mother was expecting him to continue practising his girl's role all day!

Defiantly, the boy pulled out some of his clean under-shorts, a comfortable pair of jeans and a favorite T-shirt. He dressed in these after carefully pulling off his nightgown. He had to admit to himself that he loved the smooth, slippery feel of the gown as it caressed his body throughout the night. It was also a trick to pull on his T-shirt. The neck opening had to be stretched to accommodate the curlers.

Looking in the mirror, he realized what a strange clash his curler-covered head and pink fingernails made with the boys clothes that he now wore. Finally, feeling almost like a boy for the first time in 24 hours, Julian went downstairs for breakfast.

"Good morning dear," June O'Connor said as she greeted her son. "You should have just worn a robe over your nightgown dear. I've picked out a nice dress for you to wear today."

"No, I think I'll just wear this. I don't think that I'll need that much practise," Julian replied.

"Dear," his mother said, "you are far, far from being properly girlish in your movements and appearance. Remember, if you want to fit in, rather than stick out, at next

week's party, you have to be perfect. That's what Suzanne is expecting."

"And what if I'm not perfect?" he challenged.

"Well I don't know," his mother replied coolly as she casually went about making breakfast. "Suzanne's mother just seemed so certain that you were looked upon differently than Suzanne's other male friends. She saw something special in you. . .that's why she invited you to this very exclusive social event of hers. . .But. . .I guess there are plenty of other nice girls you can meet anyway. I guess you don't need to practice."

Mrs. O'Connor's aloof analysis was meant to get a certain reaction from her son. She wasn't disappointed! Julian thought about Suzanne. . .she was the most beautiful, sexy girl that he had ever met. Was he going to blow this chance?!? His tight scalp seemed to throb even more as if to push him into backing out. Was he going to let this chance slip through his fingers?! As a picture of Suzanne formed in his mind, he knew the answer.

"Ok, ok! You made your point," he mumbled. "What do I have to do today?"

"What, you mean you want to practise?" his mother said with an exaggerated air of surprise.

"Yes, I want to be a perfect little debutante," he replied in a high-pitched, sugary mockery of a Southern belle.

"Good, then after breakfast I'll get you your clothes for the day and then I'll see how that set worked out," Mrs. O'Connor said cheerfully as she now anticipated the fun of transforming her boy into a daughter again.

Bonnie joined them for breakfast which they finished then took Julian up to his mother's room. She explained that since this was Sunday, she wanted Julian to wear something that was appropriately dressy.

He was once again helped into panties, bra (with B-cup inserts), off-white pantihose, a white lacy camisole and matching half slip. Rather than a dress, Julian's mother handed him an antique lace, cream-colored, full-sleeved blouse. Turning it around, he realized that it buttoned up the back! Reluctantly, Julian slipped his arms into the sleeves, then stood obediently as his mother buttoned the many small buttons running up his back. The cuffs also had to be buttoned with a row of five pearl buttons each.

"Oh, that looks lovely on you!" she exclaimed then held up very full, mid-calf length skirt, also in a cream color.

The lad stepped into the open skirt, then pulled it up to his waist, careful to smooth the bottom of the blouse inside the waistband of the skirt. Bonnie zipped-up the back closure of the skirt.

"Here, step into these pumps dear," his mother requested. These were conservative, light beige women's pumps with a 2" heel.

"Oh, this outfit makes you look so mature!" Mrs. O'Connor said as she stepped back to look her femininely-dressed boy. "Let me take your hair down and put the right makeup on. You know, we really should take you out somewhere. You're going to look marvelous!"

"I'm not going out anywhere!" Julian quickly replied.

"Even if you look completely like a well-dressed young woman?"

"People will see right through the clothes, mother!" Julian insisted.

"We'll see," his mother replied with a knowing smile to Bonnie.

The two women led the femininely-clothed boy to be seated in front of a mirrored vanity. Julian could watch as his mother took charge and began to remove hairpins used to secure the rollers in his hair. She started at the nape of the neck and worked up the back of his head. One after another, each roller was removed leaving a tight, springy ringlet of hair in its place.

When all thirty or so were out, Julian was amazed at how his hair looked. Whereas it normally hung over his shoulders, it now clung to his scalp in a profusion of feminine curls! His mother took her hairbrush and slowly began to brush through his hair. At one point she had him lean way over forward with his head down towards the floor while she brushed his hair down.

Finally, she said, "Now, sit up and toss all your hair back as you do so." Julian complied and felt as his full head of hair cascaded onto his shoulders.

"Oh, Mom. . .he's gorgeous!" Whispered Bonnie. Julian stared in the mirror, himself shocked at what he saw. His familiar peaches and cream face was now surrounded by the most feminine, sexy mane of curls and waves that he could imagine!

"Look at the body it has!" Bonnie continued, truly in awe. "I'd die to have hair like that! Why does a boy get to have such beautiful hair with just a simple roller set, while

I have to suffer through perms and conditioning, and still come out looking plain.”

“What do you think, my little Julia?” June O’Connor asked.

“Not bad job, Mom,” came the quiet response.

“So, even without makeup. . .do you think someone could possibly think that there is a boy somewhere under that gorgeous, feminine hairdo?”

“Well, I guess it would be a long-shot,” Julian admitted. “I didn’t think it would turn out so. . .so. . .”

“Sexy and feminine?” Bonnie helped.

“Yeah, I guess that’s what I meant,” her brother replied.

“Well, just let me finish my work a little, then we’ll talk. That hairdo would be appropriate if you were wearing a slinky, miniskirted party dress, but your wearing conservative elegance today, so we have to refine the look,” his mother explained as she took a couple of clear plastic haircombs with imitation pearls decorating them. On each side of his head, Mrs. O’Connor pulled his hair up and off his face.

Pearl earrings were slipped into his pierced ears, and a matching pearl choker necklace was placed around his throat. She then applied a light daytime makeup to her son’s eyes, cheeks and lips. While she worked on his makeup, Bonnie re-polished his nails in a pale, shell pink color.

The completed image in the mirror was that of an elegantly dressed and coiffed young woman, like one sees on the covers of Town and Country magazine sitting having tea in their elegantly appointed estates.

“Julia, and that’s the only name that’s appropriate at this time, you are a very lovely-looking woman, even though I know better than anybody on earth that you are a boy underneath those clothes. It is a shame that you aren’t dressing like this all the time. Then I would have two beautiful daughters instead of one,” Mrs. O’Connor said as a tear gently escaped down her cheek.

“I agree Mom,” Bonnie added. “When we started this the other day, I thought of it as just some fun, dressing my little brother in girly clothes. But looking at him now, I feel like I’ve just met my long lost sister!”

“Please ladies, spare the melodramatics,” Julian said, but unconsciously he continued to gaze at his reflection, and even use his manicured fingers to position a few curls

into place. "I'll admit that I look more realistic than I expected to, but it is only for this one party."

"Well let's wait and see what Suzanne thinks when she sees you," Mrs. O'Connor added. "I think she will be very impressed!"

That whole day Julian's mother and sister drilled him in walking, sitting and moving as a woman would. He found that he basically had to resist taking long steps and to move more slowly and gracefully. They watched him and corrected him in checking and freshening up his makeup. Bonnie instructed him in how to fluff up his curls in a girlish manner.

All these things were repeated over and over until Julian really was doing them without thinking. To his own surprise, he let himself be talked into going for a drive later in the evening down to Marina Del Rey. Even more surprising was that he agreed to go for a short stroll with them along one of the wharfs to window shop. He realized that people didn't blink an eye when they looked at him. He was really passing in public as a member of the female sex!

This was a very major psychological kick for him. A strange, yet exhilarating feeling. Being in the privacy of the home, dressed completely as a girl he felt like it was just a costume he was wearing. But out here in public, he was being thought of by other people as a member of the female sex.

That night as Julian undressed in the privacy of his room, ran his hands under his skirt and up his thighs causing chills down his back. He sat on his bed and caressed his sore ankle slipping off his shoes. His feet were sore but as he squeezed his nyloned foot he stared, examining it like he'd never seen a female foot before. It looked dainty, high arched and the pink tipped toes. . .he had a girl's foot!

He began to tickle and massage his foot, gently rubbing his sole, bending his colorful toes back and forth. It sent delicious, tingling sensations up his thighs and throughout his body. He reached for his mother's shoes again and slipped them into the open-toed, high heeled pumps. The unyielding leather pumps fit like they were custom made for him. He stood up, looking into the mirror at his 'nicely turned ankles' while trying to retain some semblance of composure.

It felt so improper to have such an attractive 'maiden' in his bedroom. In the mirror, the flashing eyes were full of the deepest yearning, 'her' cheeks flushed and a defiant curled lock hung over 'her' brow. Julian admired the maiden in the mirror.

He shook his head like to come out of a trance. "Who do you think you're fooling?" he said softly. He examined himself critically. The creature who gazed back at him was unquestionably feminine, a sensuous glow to the cheeks and a subtle and seductive mocking smile. He could fool himself!

The subconscious impact of these experiences would be much more pervasive than the young man could have imagined. In the weeks to come, this subliminal and pleasant memory would convince his conscious person to agree to do things that several days ago would be unthinkable.

Chapter VIII

The next week at school, Suzanne tactfully teased him about the forthcoming party.

"Julian, you must tell me about what your going to wear this Saturday night. I can't stand the suspense," she pleaded mischievously. But Julian withstood the teasing, in fact, he enjoyed playing along with her little game.

"You'll just have to wait and see, my sweet," he replied very much in the same flirtatious manner that Suzanne would have.

Little did she know that underneath his jeans and sweatshirt he was wearing a panti-girdle, complete with garter tabs and nylons, as well as a lacy camisole!

His mother and sister weren't joking when they said that he would get used to wearing these kinds of clothes.

He had complained earnestly about wearing the lacy camisole, saying, "What if someone see the straps?"

His sister shook her head and said, "How often do you show your underpants???" It won't show unless you're careless."

Finally Saturday morning arrived and all the joking, teasing and practicing had to be put aside. As Julian still insisted on not going out to the beauty salon to have his hair done, his mother made him shampoo it so that she could set it once again on rollers. She used very large rollers this time, winding them in a sweeping pattern

around his head. He spent a casual morning around the house walking around in his nightgown and matching silk robe. However, shortly after lunch time his marching orders came down from his sister.

"Ok, dearie, time to start getting ready for your BIG night! We have a lot to do. I've run your bath for you, but first you need to clean all that new hair off of your body. Come on upstairs."

With a very nervous feeling in his stomach, Julian followed her upstairs. He had thought about what was coming up many times over the past nights as he had trouble falling asleep. On the one hand, he was genuinely scared of appearing dressed-up like a glamorous girl in front of strangers, schoolmates, and especially Suzanne.

He had even had a nightmare wherein he found himself arriving at the party, entering the hall and everyone yelling "Surprise!". The surprise being that it had all been a big joke at his expense. He being the only cross-dressed person there!! That nightmare kept coming back to him again and again in his thoughts. The one reassurance that he had was that his mother was involved and if he couldn't trust his own mother, then who could he trust!

In contrast to his nervousness, Julian found himself with a strange, somewhat confusing feeling of excitement and anticipation in presenting himself to his dream girl, Suzanne as "Julia", in all his feminine splendor.

His subconscious was battling his conscious mind in accepting the fact that he found the sensuous look of these feminine clothes very thrilling indeed!

So, with these conflicting thoughts racing through his mind, Julian lifted the floor-length skirts of his nightgown and robe and made his way up the stairs. In his sister's bedroom, he was handed one of those little electric depilators with the spinning coils.

Last week, they had used an electric razor to shave his legs and underarms because the hair was longer, but now he was only cleaning up new growth so the machine did a very nice job. However, it did hurt a little as it pulled the small regrown hairs out by the roots. In minutes, his skin was silky smooth and he found it fascinating to run his hands over the sleek skin of his legs.

While his legs and underarms still tingled from the hair removal, Bonnie led Julian over towards her vanity and had him sit down. Sitting on a second chair beside him, she

took his right hand and began to do a complete manicure. She used cuticle remover, an emery board and a myriad of other little tools as she meticulously shaped his now long nails into distinctly feminine ovals.

The same time-consuming operations were carried out on his other hand. Now not only his legs tingled, but his fingertips as well! Bonnie proceeded to carefully coat his beautiful nails with a clear base coat. This was followed by two consecutive coats of a deep red polish. Each coat had to dry before the next was applied.

Soon Julian complained, "Gee, Bonnie, you've been at this for over an hour. My back is getting sore."

Bonnie chuckled, "Too bad sister. This is what women like us have to go through to look beautiful. Maybe now you'll understand why women are always late when men come to pick them up for dates."

By this time it was nearly three o'clock, still a few hours before he was to leave. Not to worry. . .there would be no free time to fill. He found out that he was scheduled for a pedicure and that consumed another twenty minutes. After that, Bonnie and Julian were joined by their mother for the make-up. He had not expected that they had planned to "clean up" his eyebrows. Tears kept coming to his eyes as his mother repeatedly plucked eyebrow hairs one after another. His complaints fell on deaf ears! Clever use of an eyebrow pencil completed this little torture session.

"Oh, they look lovely!" his mother exclaimed as Bonnie looked on in silent agreement. He was finally given the opportunity to see their handiwork.

"Oh my god!", he groaned, "you didn't!" There was his reflection in the mirror. The lace bodice of his nightgown peeking out of the silk folds of his robe. A profusion of colorful plastic hair rollers covering his scalp. And his eyes! Dainty, twin arches, highlighted with a rich brown accentuated his still unmade-up eyes. They were absolutely, undeniably feminine eyebrows.

"Don't worry dear," his mother reassured, "without the eyebrow pencil to highlight the shape, they won't look too much out of the ordinary."

"Sure, not out of the ordinary for a teenaged girl, but not a guy!" Julian complained.

"Shush!" his mother admonished, "just relax and enjoy the evening as Julia rather than Julian. Come on now, let's



"Now we are ready for your gown," Julian's mother announced.

finish your make-up." With that she went back to work with eyeliner, shadow, mascara, foundation, blush and finally lipstick. Unlike his earlier experiences with makeup, this one was for a formal party and the level of care and detail was made to match. As his mother stepped back to survey her handiwork, she whispered "just beautiful!"

Julian stared at his reflection and had to agree silently to himself. This was not, in any way, the reflection of a high school boy. . .not even a high school girl!

The artfully madeup face that he saw belonged to a sophisticated young woman, much like that seen on the covers of women's fashion magazines. The curlers in his hair were the only distraction to this perfect picture. His mother must have noticed the same thing because she said, "I want to finish your hair now dear."

He now sat with some nervous anticipation of the results of this next step of his transformation process. The long bobby pins securing his curlers in place were slipped out, one by one. Each roller was gently unwound to leave behind a springy, long ringlet. Because of the setting pattern his mother had used the curls kind of swept over from one side of his head to the other. Taking a hairbrush, his mother began to brush out some of the long curls.

Bonnie was soon helping the process as their mother had her passing her more bobby pins to be used as she secured the French Roll which she was shaping at the back of her son's head. The front and top of his head soon had gently teased curls, femininely tickling his eyebrows with light bangs.

Taking a hand mirror, Julian was allowed to look at the back. Here he saw his long hair smoothly swept into a thick, vertical twist which grew wider at the top. Each hair was smoothly integrated into the hairdo and held invisibly with dozens of hairpins and hairspray. Even the fine neckline hairs had been cleaned off by his mother. His neck, now free of hair looked much slimmer and longer than he remembered.

The overall effect of the elaborate evening "do" was one of sophistication and class.

To compliment the hairdo, Julian was given a beautiful pair of diamond pendant earrings and a matching gold and diamond choker. Now from the shoulders up he was a beautiful-looking young woman. One, that he realized with some nervous confusion, he would normally be very attracted to!

His mother and sister stood back and beamed proudly at the exquisite feminine creation that they had created out of the "man" of the family.

"Well my little debutante," Mrs. O'Connor said, "you're 80% dressed. You've got about half an hour to relax before we finish dressing you. The limo will be by at 6:00 to pick you up. Make sure you don't mess up your hair or makeup."

With that Bonnie and Julian's mother left the boy to contemplate himself in the mirror and to think about this most unusual experience he was about to embark on. He only hoped that Suzanne would appreciate the unsettling efforts to please her.

The last words out of Julian's pink lips were "I don't know. . .?"

"You look great!" his mother said.

"Yeah," Bonnie laughed, "good enough to have babies!"

Chapter IX

As the handsome, uniformed limo driver helped the unusually nervous-looking beauty out of the car, he surreptitiously gave her a careful looking over. Her slim figure was gorgeously wrapped in an ankle-length crimson and black evening dress. Nice ankles were visible above pedicured feet shod in fragile-looking, high-heeled evening slippers.

Her blond hair was done up in an elegant upswept hairstyle, just the kind that made a man imagine how it would look as she pulled out the pins and shook her head to let it cascade sexily over her shoulders. Matching gold earrings and necklace adorned the otherwise smooth skin of her neck. He noticed her soft, doe-like eyes with their seductive makeup as she looked up to thank him quietly for his assistance.

"You're welcome, Mam," he replied as he tipped his hat. "Please just call this number when you are ready to leave. I'll be parked just around the corner," he said as he handed Julian a business card. Julian's hands had a hard time controlling the nervous shake that he was feeling.

Even the security of this stranger's vehicle seemed comforting compared to the unknown fate which awaited him inside at the party. And now the safety of the vehicle was leaving.

The femininely dressed boy walked hesitantly to the front door of the Thompson mansion. As he approached the door it opened. A handsome, black tuxedo clad young man smiled broadly at him and said, "I thought you'd never get here! And wow! You DO look gorgeous!"

Julian almost fainted as he realized that this handsome "man" was in fact Suzanne! Her long hair was carefully

hidden beneath a short masculine wig. She wore no makeup and somehow even seemed to have a trace of beard shadow subtly visible on her cheeks. She extended her hand for Julian to take and he noticed that her usually long nails had been trimmed back to masculine length. He noticed the contrast with his own, delicately pointed and red-lacquered nails.

Julian almost stumbled on his heels as he entered the foyer. Suzanne escorted him directly to the main dining room which was serving as a ballroom this evening.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Suzanne spoke loudly to gain everyone's attention, "I'd like to introduce you to my date this evening and the newest prospective member of our little society. Some of you may know him at school as Julian O'Connor, but tonight I'm introducing him as JULIA O'Connor!"

Julian felt like he was going to be ill with embarrassment! He scanned the crowd of beautiful young women and men and realized that his worst nightmare was happening. He, and Suzanne, were the only ones dressed like the opposite sex! His mind figured out things in a flash, Suzanne had dressed as she was in order to set him up for this awful prank!

Just then, one of the girls came over with her hand extended in welcome. She was very beautiful, somewhat tall with long dark hair similar to Suzanne's which spilled over in a mass of tight curls over her right shoulder and breast. She was wearing a long taffeta evening gown with a tight off-the-shoulder bodice. Her soft cleavage peaked out over the top of her dress sexily.

"Oh, Julia. . .It's so nice to see you. I told Suzanne that you would make out as real beauty!" the girl said enthusiastically. Then, she noticed that Julian was staring back at her with a look of surprise, or lack of recognition.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, "it looks like you don't remember me. I'm Chris Thompson, Suzanne's brother. . .but you can call me Christine tonight."

As "Christine" said that, Julian's brain cleared and he now recognized the beautiful girl in front of him as Chris! He saw him at school every day. But his normally long straight hair which was now curled into a very pretty feminine style, his dress and the visible cleavage certainly had turned him into the Christine that he now called himself.

So... Julian wasn't the butt of a practical joke... at least one other guy was here dressed as a girl.

Suzanne laughed as she recognized Julian's disbelief that this beautiful creature in front of him was her brother.

"Come on Julia," Suzanne said as she took him under one elbow and gallantly escorted him into the center of the party. "I'd better re-introduce you to some people you already know."

Julian noticed that with the formal introduction over, the people at the party had all resumed their separate party chatter in groups all over the ballroom. That gave him some relief that he wasn't the center of attention. As he was led over to one group of partiers, Julian felt extremely conscious of his tight waist cinch, nylons, long skirt, upswept hair and subtle feminine perfume.

He recognized that even though many men complain about having to wear stuffy suits and ties, they really had it easy compared to the fairer sex.

They approached a small group of laughing girls who were obviously sharing some joke. As Suzanne and Julian approached, one of the group, an Oriental girl, turned to face them smiling and saying in an imitation of a late-night comedian, "Julia, you look mah'velous!"

The recognition of that voice was instantaneous for Julian. It was one of his classmates, a friend no less, Tani! He always used that line when he would see Julian in class. Tani's father had met his American mother overseas, so he was from Korea originally, but had lived in California for most of his young life.

He had the finest of two worlds. His look was anglo, but had the skin and delicate features of an oriental. That was both good and bad, but the Tani that stood before him now was a beautiful young woman! Tani was quite short, only about 5'2" and very thin.

He had long, jet black hair that he usually wore in a simple ponytail to school. Now it was intricately arranged in a fancy, upswept pile of twisted curls at the top of his head. He was wearing a strapless, sheath evening gown in bright yellow which was accessorized with very expensive-looking gold jewelry! Tani's slight build was an absolute asset in his present guise.

"Well? Are you surprised?" he said to Julian as he performed a feminine pirouette in front of Julian to showcase his dress.

"I'd say I was beyond surprised," Julian responded. "Is this your first time here too?"

Tani laughed. "No, no my friend! I'm one of the charter members of this club. I met Chris several years ago while we were both dress shopping with our mothers. We recognized each other, in spite of the girls' clothes we were wearing, and. . .well, let's just say that we had an interesting chat. One thing led to another and soon, we were visiting each other's homes and comparing dress collections. Over time, we've managed to grow our little club quite considerably, wouldn't you say?" He gestured with his hand around the room.

Julian surveyed the crowd, now realizing that all the "girls" were actually guys and the "guys" were actually girls! Not all the "girls" were beauties. . .in fact he felt that maybe he was one of the prettier ones. This thought shocked him a little because he realized that he wanted to be one of the prettier girls!

"How do you like it?" Tani asked.

"Like what, the party?" Julian replied.

"No, being a girl."

"Gee, I guess I. . .it's ok."

"Really? Just ok?" Tani said with a knowing smile. "I'll bet you practiced quite a bit before this evening. Didn't you?"

"Well, my mother and sister tried some stuff on me I guess."

"That's ok, nothing to be ashamed of. I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself tonight."

In fact, Julian enjoyed himself immensely that night. Soon he was right at home with the friendly crowd that was there. He found himself dancing with a lot of handsome young "men", many of whom were shorter than he. But it was Suzanne that garnered the greatest number of dances with the her feminized date.

As the evening went on, she became more and more effusive in her gushing compliments as to his girlish appearance. . .in fact, Julian noticed that his gorgeous "escort" was quite visibly turned-on by his appearance!!

"I'd love to see you in a tight pair of black lace panties, with a garter belt and stockings," she moaned as she nibbled his ear during one slow dance.

"Before you go home, I want to see you slowly pull those hairpins out of your chignon and let your hair pour down

onto your shoulders, you little tease!" She whispered at another time. These comments were having their effects on the hot and bothered young man. He was glad that his ball gown had such a wide, full skirt held out by layers of frothy petticoats, otherwise he might show quite an unladylike profile!

Just before midnight Suzanne beckoned her "girl" to follow her. Julian took her hand and let her lead him up the stairs. Suzanne led him into her bedroom which was dimly illuminated by the moonlight. Once the door was closed she took command by firmly pulling Julian down onto her bed. Being quite inexperienced at making out he let her take the lead which she obviously wanted to do.

She whispered, "I love how passive you boys get when feminized. Guess it takes all the spunk out of you?"

She was obviously experienced. He found himself being made love to as a girl! Suzanne nibbled on his neck and ran her hands up under his skirts until she could feel him through his panties. All the while her breathing was getting heavier and heavier. As Suzanne grasped her date's unfeminine state in her hand, she also guided his manicured hand down between her legs where "Julia" found Suzanne to be receptive. Julian's lace, and satin mixed together in clouds of skirts and petticoats. Suzanne was forceful and relentless even when Julian's timid maleness got lost in the confusion of garters, petticoats and lingerie.

It didn't take long for both 'ladies' to reach their shuddering crescendo.

As they lay back on the bed Suzanne spoke, "Julia, I've never experienced anything that intense. Watching you dressed like that all evening was making me crazy with lust! You are the sexiest doll I've ever seen! I've wondered in the past why I'm attracted to guys when they are dressed as girls. I thought maybe I was a lesbian or something, but now I'm convinced that it's more than that. Please. . .never get masculine."

Julian was confused as well. His first time making out with a girl, a gorgeous girl at that, and here she is looking on all accounts like a guy and he like a girl.

"That was my first time," he admitted, "and I'm feeling a little mixed up too. It's been fun dressing up and I guess I was somewhat turned on by the gender switch too."

"I'd say!" Suzanne chuckled.

"But why? This doesn't seem right."

"Why not? You enjoyed it. I certainly did. I like you and I hope you like me," she questioned. "So what's the problem?"

"I don't know. . . I'm crazy about you, but do you like me when I'm dressed like a guy too?"

"Sure. . . any guy can be a guy, but it's thinking about how you can also be so feminine that get's me going! I'm going to have a hard time concentrating in school when I see you!" Suzanne laughed. With that the two rolled towards each other and embraced in a deep, long kiss.

It was 3 AM when Julian finally got home. His mother and sister had stayed up watching TV in eager anticipation of hearing how the newest "girl" in the family made out on her first date.

Bonnie had a knowing smile on her face when she saw that her brother's hair had been let down from its French Roll. Being quite tired from the whole affair, Julian gave a cleansed summary of the events of that evening. Throughout his brief account it was evident that he had enjoyed the whole affair.

Maybe there would be more events like this. His mother was already thinking of the new clothes she wanted to buy Julian. But for now she presented the boy with one of her long and lacy-trimmed silk nightgowns to wear.

Without a word he took the rose-colored garment and smiled, "I guess this is appropriate given how the day has gone so far."

So after washing off his makeup and brushing out his hair, a tired and contented boy laid his wavy-haired head on the pillow. He spread out in splendor the slippery silk nightgown over his smooth legs and fell into a restful sleep. A new kind of smile was etched on his still pink lips.

Chapter X

On Sunday morning Julian awoke quite late. He had slept well. The excitement and nervous tension of the day before had melted away. He felt strangely giddy. Maybe it was the knowledge that he now had what was really his first girlfriend, and maybe it was anticipation that being Julia was not going to be a one-time affair.

He saw that his mother had left the matching peignoir for his nightgown beside his bed along with a pair of her slippers. He slipped these on and went over to his mirror.

In these clothes and with his long hair fluffed out around his shoulders he still did not look like a male at all. . . He was glad in a way. He thought of what Suzanne would think if she saw him now. She'd probably drag him right back to bed!

He could hear his mother and sister talking downstairs in the kitchen. As he went down the hallway, an idea struck him. He slipped into his mother's room. A few moments later he reemerged. A pink silk scarf held his hair off his face and behind his ears. The ends were tied in a big bow atop his head. It significantly enhanced the totally feminine look he presented.

Both ladies were a little surprised when Julian walked into the kitchen. While they were dressed in pretty basic housecoats and their hair was mussed, the only male in the house had a silk nightgown and peignoir on, his nails were still beautifully manicured and his long hair was brushed out and tied up with an attractive silk scarf!

"My, we look radiant this morning," Bonnie exclaimed.

"Yes, that scarf really looks nice in your hair. Good idea," his mother commented. Julian smiled an acknowledgement of their compliments, but otherwise the breakfast table discussion was very routine. The phone rang. Bonnie answered it, listened for a second, then smiled, "Sure he's. . . she's right here!"

"*Julia*, it's for you," she said grinning from ear to ear.

Julian took the phone.

"Did my new girlfriend sleep well?" purred Suzanne's voice on the other end.

"You bet," replied the boy while giving the ladies a 'can I have some privacy look'. His mother understood and signalled Bonnie to join her in the living room.

"I was pretty tired by the time I got to bed."

"Well I slept great, all that tension you released for me certainly helped," Suzanne said in a suggestive tone of voice. "I want to invite you over this afternoon for a little swim out by our pool. My brother and Tani will be here too. They're dying to see you in a bikini! If you don't have one, don't worry. Chris and I have plenty for you to choose from."

"Gee, I. . .uh. . .sure I'd love to," he finally replied wondering what would his family think. It was like it was still part of the "party weekend" so he figured that they would probably encourage him to go.

"Great, see you around noon then, bye Julia."

"Bye," Julian replied as he put down the phone. It excited him when Suzanne called him by his feminine name.

The announcement that he was going over to Suzanne's was received without too much surprise. It was also clear that his mother and sister had expected that he might be going as Julia!

"I've got a new bikini you can borrow," Bonnie offered with a bit of laughter in her voice.

"And I'll French Braid your hair so that it stays out of your way," his mother added seriously.

It felt very unreal to be spoken to as if he were really another girl in the family. Soon he was busy trying on Bonnie's new yellow "not too tiny" bikini. It fit fine but there was a telltale bulge that a girl shouldn't have in front. His mother fastened his bikini top behind his back, then slipped his bra inserts in to give him some breasts. All were satisfied with the fit, but his mother mentioned that Julian should make a shopping trip for his own bathing suits if this ever came up again.

Mrs. O'Connor offered to drive Julian to Suzanne's as she didn't think that Julian would want to explain to a police officer why his driver's license picture didn't match his present "look" if he got stopped.

His present look included high-heeled sandals, a blue denim dress he had borrowed from Bonnie, a neat French Braid down his back tied with a white ribbon, gold hoop earrings, lipstick and feminine sunglasses. In his shoulder bag he had all the cosmetics a girl would need as well as "his" bikini.

Julian was met at the door by Suzanne's mother who was effusive in her compliments on his appearance. Mrs. O'Connor beamed at this because she felt responsible for creating such a beautiful "daughter".

"Come in, both of you. Chris and Suzanne have been telling me that you were the belle of the ball last night, and now I see why! You look so natural!"

Mrs. Thompson exclaimed as she circled Julian looking him over carefully. Suzanne entered the room and immediately hugged Julian giving him a kiss. The mothers gave each other a knowing look.

"Come in for a cup of tea June, I'm sure the girls don't need us around."

"You look great Julia!" the real girl said as she led by hand her red-faced feminine boyfriend out to the pool.

"Julia's here!" she announced as they emerged into the pool area. Two other "girls" were lying on a couple of lounge chairs. Julian recognized them as Chris and Tani. Tani was wearing a white print, one-piece suit and had his black hair sleeked back into a tight bun with a white flower tucked in above one ear.

Chris wore a metallic gold-colored bikini and his hair was parted down the middle, with two braided loops criss-crossed at the back of his head. One thing that Julian noticed that really surprised him was that both boys presented a completely flat and smooth front! That would appear to be nearly impossible for *boys* in such form-fitting bathing suits.

Both boys had a rosy glow from the sun, making their eye makeup seem even more exotic. Chris applied a soft shell-pink lipstick to his pouting lips and golden tan freckles had started to form over the bridge of his nose.

"It's great you could make it," Chris said, "why don't you go inside and change. The sun feels marvelous."

"I'll help you," whispered Suzanne. Once again she took his hand and led him into a small pool cabana located right by the pool. As soon as the door closed she had him in her arms in a passionate kiss.

"I had very naughty dreams about you last night!" she teased as her hands slowly ran down over Julian's curves. "I want to see you in a bikini so badly." She undid the front of her beach robe to let the boy see her body. She was only wearing her bikini bottoms! Suzanne placed Julian's hand on her perfectly formed breasts.

"Well I won't be able to leave this building in a bathing suit now," he moaned as his gaze dropped down to the front of his skirt. He was only wearing thin panties.

"Oh yeah? Let Suzie take care of it," Suzanne whispered as they slowly sank to their knees on the small cot.

Fifteen minutes later, Tani and Chris saw the cabana door open and Suzanne exited with Julian in tow. The bulge in the front of Julia's bikini bottom was almost imperceptible. However, the rosiness of his cheeks wasn't!

"I've got something you can try in case you plan on going to the public beach or pool sometimes," Chris said and quickly darted back into the house. In minutes he returned

and dropped a small cloth thing in Julia's hands. It looked like a tiny jock strap thought Julian.

"As you can see, Tani and I wear one," Chris said as he pointed to his feminine-looking bottom. "It completely tucks away any boyish contours. Want to try it?"

Suzanne immediately agreed and was about to "help" him once again, but Chris interjected.

"Hang on Sis. Your going to give the poor boy a heart attack."

"I'll show him how it works," Tani said. He took Julian's hand and they retreated to the cabana.

Julian followed the slender blonde youth, dazzled by Tani's feminine shaped hips and long smooth limbs---his well-turned ankles perched on high heeled sandals.

Julian was a little embarrassed to strip completely before this boy, who now looked like a girl, but Tani was so friendly that he relaxed. He even submitted to Tani's hands when they helped him pull back and tuck away his well exercised masculine member. With his bikini bottom back on, he now looked completely like a female!!

"It's made just for boys like us," Tani said proudly rubbing his hand over his rounded hip. "For years, I been wearing one almost all the time. I was told that doing so was truly feminizing. . .you might want to try it?"

Julian nodded and said, "It's terribly tight. . ."

Tani looked around like someone might hear and whispered, "Don't tell anyone. . .Chris and I have been experimenting. We've been taking Suzanne's birth control pills for almost six months. LOOK!" Tani said pulling the strap of his swimsuit off his shoulder.

Julian was in shock. Where there should have been a flat boy's chest, there was the softly budding, puffy, pink nipple. Tani threw his head back and laughed, "Goofy, eh? But it really helps with the illusion."

Seeing such budding feminine nipples on Tani sent some new signals which threatened to test the tightness of the restraining device. It was a little uncomfortable at first, but by the end of the day he got used to it.

Suzanne gushed praise at his maidenly appearance, whispering, "I can't wait to test it's workmanship!"

The four "girls" lounged about in the warm sun gossiping and telling funny stories about some of their dress-up experiences. Finally Chris expressed a thought that made Julian think.



*Kim lowered the strap of his suit and laughed,
 "See. . .nothing is impossible. Julian was in shock.*

"You know, it's so frustrating to be able to dress like we want at home and on the weekends then to suffer through a week of school in those ugly boys' clothes. Suzie gets to have fun and dress how she likes, even if its in jeans and a T-shirt. If a guy showed up in a skirt at school he would be ridiculed," Chris bemoaned.

"Unless he's a Scotsman!" joked Tani.

"Yeah, I feel sorry for you guys when I see you at school in those clothes that I know you hate," Suzanne said, then with a thoughtful look added, "Why not give it a shot?"

"What? Give what a shot?" questioned her brother.

"You know, wear feminine things to school. You already occasionally wear panties and pantihose under your jeans. Why not try some feminine or unisex outerwear?" she asked seriously.

"Come on, you're not serious?" Chris replied.

"If you gradually do it over time, people may not even care. I don't mean going in Tomorrow dressed like you're on your way to a cocktail party. . .but you know, phase some softer more feminine clothes in one day at a time," Suzanne said, then added. "Hey aren't our ancestors from Scotland?" This got a laugh from the group.

"You know something Chris, maybe she has a good idea there," Tani spoke up, "If we got all our club members to join us, it would almost look like a new fashion trend. You know how wacky some fashion trends are."

Chris twinkled, "We could give a prize for the 'most girlish' outfit for the week!"

"We'd probably end up punched out by Jack Taylor," Julian said bringing it all back to earth.

Jack Taylor was a classic school bully. His parents had the money needed to send him to that school but unlike everyone else there, he was a cement-head. Not that anyone would call him that to his face. Jack was 6'3" and 240 lbs. of solid muscle. He had a small group of other under-achievers that hung around with him dancing around him like puppies. They all wore jeans and denim jackets; trying to look "hoody".

"I'll take care of Jack if he starts any trouble," Tani said in a quiet voice. All three of the others just looked at the smallest member of their group and thought to themselves "Yeah. . .right".

Chris and the other two were getting more and more excited by this new idea that Suzanne had put in their heads! Julian was just getting more and more nervous that Suzanne would expect him to participate in this bizarre scheme. By the end of the afternoon Chris and Tani had split up a phone list of their club members to get their commitment to participate! Julian had a bad feeling about this. . .

By the time to leave Suzanne's, she had at least got him to promise that he would wear panties and pantihose under his boy's clothes at school. Also that he would blow dry his long hair in an unisex style that certainly leaned more towards the feminine than the "uni".

On the way home Julian related the "school" conversation that they had had during the afternoon to his mother

who had had a delightful time with Suzanne's mother. In fact they saw a budding friendship.

"I don't see anything wrong with that?" his mother commented, "Suzanne's mother says, 'As long as the boys dress neatly who cares if they tend towards a more colorful and feminine look.' And I'll be glad to style your hair Tomorrow morning."

"Ohhh. . .," Julian muttered seeing that her reaction was not helping him in finding the excuse he was looking for.

Chapter XI

The next morning Julian once again found himself sitting at his mother's vanity while she worked on his hair. She used mousse, a styling brush and her hair dryer to expertly fluff and dry his hair. He balked as he saw her pick up her curling iron, but to no avail. She informed him that it couldn't be avoided otherwise it would be 'flat'.

Panic was beginning to set in as he saw soft curls appearing over his forehead. A side part was added and lots of hairspray was used to lock the sideswept hairdo she had created.

It did look very nice. . .if he was dressing as a girl, that is!! On top of that, it would be a significant change that he was sure would be noticed by everyone. She also insisted that he wear at least one earring. She had tried to put both in, but Julian drew the line at that.

The earring she had chosen was a diamond stud with a delicate gold loop attached that was really quite feminine looking. As promised, he had on a pair of lacy pink panties and sheer pantihose under his jeans.

As he waited at the front door for Suzanne and Chris to pick him up he dreaded the thought that maybe the others had reconsidered. Then what. . .he'll be the laughing stock of the whole school!

When the car arrived and he got into the passenger seat his fears were dispelled. Chris, would draw away attention from him. Chris was very brave!

"Good morning love," Suzanne chirped as she gave him a kiss, her pink lipstick transferring to his lips. "You look sweet! Your hair's perfect."

"Uh. . .thanks. I hope we survive the day folks," Julian replied as he stared at Chris.

Chris was wearing beautiful gold earrings, in both ears! His long blond hair, which he had always worn to school brushed out straight, was in a mass of gently tumbling waves!

Suzanne's brother noticed Julian's stare and said, "Do you like it? Those new 'molecular' steam hair rollers are fantastic! You don't have to toss and turn, suffering all night like I do when I sleep on those smooth plastic salon rollers that Suzanne uses."

"Complain, complain. . .you sound like a woman!" Suzanne teased.

"Well thanks for the compliment Sis," Chris retorted, smiling.

Julian also noticed that Chris had not filed his nails to a more masculine shape. They were still neat feminine ovals with glossy, clear polish. Chris wore a flimsy blue striped knit pullover that Julian recognized as one of Suzanne's. It was unisex for the most part, but the trim around the neck and sleeves was more delicately stitched than a boy's sweater might be. Julian noticed Chris's puffy nipples pressing outward against the luxurious sweater creating a rumple.

The white, thin cotton slacks and penny loafers Chris wore also were very unisex.

"I can hardly wait to see what the others have dreamed up," Chris stated as they pulled into the school parking lot.

As they walked through the parking lot they spotted one of their other club members, Jeff Walker, aka Janet. Jeff had also subtly altered his appearance. He was wearing baggy walking shorts which almost reached his knees and from a distance looked almost like a skirt. His cleanly shaven legs could clearly be seen.

Jeff had shorter hair than many of the other club members, but he could gel and mousse it into a very feminine, pert updo for those "special occasions". Today, he had it styled just at the limits of what might still be considered a boy's style. The top looked curled while the sides were swept back and a little upwards. He also wore two earrings.

They saw Tani coming towards them. He had been as brave as Chris. They were the instigators of this scheme, so they would take the lead roles in setting an example for the others. Little did they know that Tani had another reason for being so obvious.



Chris wore his hair in loose curls that framed his face girlishly.

As long as anyone had known Tani around the school, they had not seen him elsewhere socially---they were used to seeing him with his shiny black hair neatly tied back into a conservative ponytail.

Not today. Today Tani had his hair parted down the side and brushed out into a very girlish pageboy. His hair was all one length, so even the front hair hung down onto his shoulders. It was very softly waved and the ends were smoothly curled inwards all around. He had obviously had it cut professionally because the back hair was a little shorter than the sides---typically feminine!

Tani wore a very baggy cotton shirt and khaki shorts that also resembled a skirt in their fullness.

Of course, gold loops glinted from each earlobe.

"Good morning ladies," he whispered as he approached close enough so that they couldn't be overheard. "The start of a new adventure? Eh?"

"Tani, your hair looks marvelous. Who did it for you?" Chris asked as he surveyed the pageboy close up.

"I called Barb, and she did me a favor and opened her salon real early this morning so that she could do my trim and blow dry."

"Uh, oh," Suzanne whispered, "here comes Mr. Cementhead and his admiration society."

"Hey Thompson, stick your finger in the light socket this morning?!" Jack Taylor jeered. "Gee, it looks like a whole trio of little sissies!"

"Good morning, Jack," Chris spat out through clenched teeth, "Have a nice day too."

The bunch of punks purposely walked through the middle of Chris and his little group pushing them roughly aside.

"Watch where you're going girls!" Jack said as he 'accidentally' stepped down hard on Chris's foot.

"Shit! Watch it asshole!" Chris yelled as the pain shot through his foot.

Jack Taylor spun around, "What did you say fruitcake?!" Simultaneously he brought his fist up into Chris face. It connected solidly and Chris went flying backwards. The commotion was attracting a rapidly growing crowd of students. Jack Taylor and his cronies were despised by most of the student body. They were talentless rabble that spoiled the friendly atmosphere of the whole school.

Chris and Suzanne were extremely popular and well-liked by most of the faculty and students. Seeing Chris down and on the ground bleeding at the hands of Mr. Cementhead was causing an angry buzzing to begin as the circle of watchers grew. Several other "club" members appeared and took Chris's side.

"Hey, lay off Taylor!" one long-haired fellow yelled as he moved to help Chris.

"Sissies helping sissies. . . makes me sick!" Jack spat out as he kicked the newcomer from behind. The crowd began to shout at the bully.

Then, the most unlikely person stepped between Jack and the two fallen boys. Tani stepped directly in front of Jack, and placed his hand on the much larger boy's chest. Jack Taylor was over a foot taller and much more than twice as heavy as the little part Korean boy.

Suzanne and Tani's other friends winced as they anticipated the injuries that Tani was about to sustain. Even Jack Taylor was surprised at the diminutive "hero".

"Well, its the dwarf! Out of my way before I mess up your pretty hair!" Jack growled as he moved to toss Tani aside. But Tani didn't move easily and instead he stomped down on Jack's foot, just as Jack had done to Chris.

Suzanne blanched! As everyone had expected Jack's fist shot straight for Tani's face. It contacted nothing. Tani smoothly stepped aside so quickly that Jack looked like he may have been moving in slow motion. In a continuous smooth move Tani's hand flew to Jack's neck and clamped



*One of the "gang" members.
They all wore denim and
acted tough!*

This was ASHLEY.

down. The crowd hushed as big Jack Taylor fell to his knees, eyes bulging wide, face turning red, shaking like he was getting 10,000 volts through him.

Tani held his grip much as Mr. Spock's Vulcan nerve hold. One of Mr. Cementhead's associates leapt for Tani's back. Without turning his head or body, Tani's other fist shot up and contacted the other attacker between the eyes. He went down, out cold. The other punks stood frozen in amazement as their fearless leader shook and gurgled.

Suddenly, all could hear as Jack Taylor lost control of his bowels and did something he probably hadn't done since he learned to walk. Just at that moment Tani's grip released.

Jack Taylor felt like he had been to the doorstep of Hell and back. In the last 10 seconds, even though he could not move a single muscle, he had wished for death ten times, promised to change his ways to God. . .if only the pain would stop. It had felt like all his body fluids had been drained and refilled with sulfuric acid. Total, blinding, burning agony! Even now his muscles and nerves tingled, but the pain was gone.

He looked around and saw most of the student body staring at him. He caught a most embarrassing odor coming from him and then felt the horrible wet feelings in his pants. First there was a snicker, then two, then everyone was laughing.

Tani bent down to Jack's ear and said in a venomous voice. "You come back to this school again, and it will be much worse than what I just showed you! Get toilet trained and find another school. Never show your face here again.

. Understand?" As he said that last word he placed his hand gently on Jack's other shoulder.

Jack immediately blubbered, "Yes! Yes! Please leave me alone." Jack staggered to his feet, and tears rolling down his cheeks he dashed to his parked pick-up truck.

Suddenly the crowd cheered. Tani was bombarded with questions and pats on the back. But Tani rushed over to his friend Chris who was holding a Kleenex over his nose. It was soaked in blood. Tani and Julian helped their bleeding friend up to his feet. Meanwhile, the crowd of students was glaring at the remaining punks who suddenly felt very intimidated having seen their leader so absolutely humiliated by the small, effeminate Tani.

"That asshole!" cursed Chris through his Kleenex. "I think he broke my nose!"

"Let me look," Ordered Suzanne. Chris slowly lowered the tissue. Suzanne and the others looked at their friend's nose. It was already somewhat swollen and their was blackening under his eyes.

"I don't know? It is swelling up," Suzanne reported to her brother. "We need to get you to a doctor," she said as she began to lead him back to the car.

While Chris was being examined at the local emergency room, Mrs. Thompson was contacted by Suzanne and rushed right over. Seeing her son she gasped. By this time he had two black eyes and a bandage taped across his nose. A doctor was nearby writing on a hospital chart.

"Doctor! How is he? Is anything broken?" her anxious voice pleaded. Chris's mom was fighting thoughts of her beautiful blond "girl" going through life with a crooked nose.

The doctor looked up and smiled, "Are you the boy's mother?" She nodded, "Well, it's not as bad as it looks. Their does seem to be a minor fracture, but nothing serious. Gives a man character. He added with a chuckle. Mrs. Thompson felt like saying something but held her tongue.

The doctor continued, "After the swelling goes down, if you feel that the appearance is still unacceptable, you could have a cosmetic surgeon take a look at it. They can work miracles with far more serious facial deformities that a little kink in the nose."

"Really?" Chris's mother said as a thought popped into her mind. "You mean a plastic surgeon?"

"That's right. . . Beverly Hills is full of them. Probably the best concentration of plastic surgeons in the whole country is within a few blocks of here," The doctor stated as he walked away to tend to another patient. Mrs. Thompson looked at Chris who managed a somewhat shame faced smile. He had always had a boyish nose that she felt wasn't quite perfect for 'Christine'.

She had found herself thinking a little nose job would make him perfect, but in the past, she had shrugged off such a thought as silly and probably painful. But now, here was a real reason to make 'a little improvement'.

She knew that her son was certainly eager to take on the outward look of a pretty girl whenever possible. All his external transformations to date were temporary or removable. Even his long hair could be changed in minutes if he got a haircut!

What if she surprised him---taking this calamity and surprising him with a new feminine up-turned nose. This commitment was a little more permanent than his previous interests.

Chapter XII

That evening, after some pain killers, Julian, Chris, Suzanne, Tani, and Mrs. Thompson sat around the pool discussing that day's incident. There had been phone calls from the principal asking about Chris's condition and whether the Thompsons wanted to press charges.

Jack Taylor's father had been called and the outcome was that Jack would no longer be attending the school. Apparently, it was also Jack's desire to get to a new school. Tani smiled when he had heard that. Chris didn't want to press charges.

It appeared that the situation they were trying to establish had made a turn in the right direction. Some of the other club members had called saying that there was a lot of talk amongst the students that Chris and Tani were heroes because they had succeeded in eliminating one royal pain from their collective sides. The changed appearance of Chris, Tani and the others was discussed, but in a positive manner. Maybe, their new look was being associated with their hero status.

But the big question that all were asking, including the folks around the pool, was for Tani.

"How did you do that?!?" Asked Suzanne, speaking for them all. "And what did you do? He literally filled his pants!" That brought a good laugh from Chris as he remembered the embarrassed look on Jack's face.

"I guess I made use of a secret ability that I have sworn to only use in extreme situations, and only for a good cause or defence of the innocent. You see, my grandfather in Korea was one of the last Grand Dragons of a secret Korean martial arts society. As tradition requires, he was to pass down his secrets to another male in the family. I was chosen. I used what is called The Bite of the Fire Dragon. It is a very dangerous hold that if held too long will stop all the bodily functions, including the heart. It disrupts the energy flows of the body causing what is referred to as the Pain of a Thousand Flames. Jack probably felt like his body was on fire from within. The masters say that those who have experienced the Bite, and lived, will never forget it.

"Wow. . .our Tana is a lethal weapon!" exclaimed Chris.

"Yeah. . .defender of good and the enemy of all evil," chuckled Tani.

"Well Tani, it was good thing you helped, because that jerk would have probably done a lot more damage to Chris if he had the chance," Suzanne said as she gave Tani a kiss on the cheek.

"I just hope I never have to do that kind of stuff on a regular basis," Tani replied. "I could get muscles in the WRONG places!"

The discussion turned to more enjoyable topics, namely what they would wear to school in the future. As Chris and Tani discussed the possibilities of kilts followed by tunics with walking shorts and more feminine sandals, Julian experienced some trepidation as Chris and Tani sounded like they were only days away from attending in dresses and heels.

"Hold on fellows," Julian pleaded, "you're not really going to wear dresses to school are you? I'm not sure my heart can take that kind of adventure."

"Don't worry, we didn't mean dresses as such, just some dress-like tunics with some form of pants or leggings underneath. Dresses themselves. . .well, not for a month at least," Chris joked as the others laughed. They enjoyed teasing their newest member.

Chris and Tani were feeling very uplifted by the days experiences despite of Chris's injuries. They had made a

great forward stride in their dream of dressing like girls during the weekdays. It wasn't until Wednesday that Tani would experience some completely unexpected doubts about their plans.

Chris's mother suggested that he stay home the rest of the week while his nose recuperates and she gets a chance to set up some plastic surgeon appointments to examine his nose and recommend any repairs that might be needed. Chris didn't mind staying home as it allowed him the opportunity to spend the whole week as Christine.

Tani and the other members of their little secret club continued to display the new "fashion trend" they had started on Monday.

The end

Stay tuned for TV Classics # 31, My Son, The Bride which continues this story.



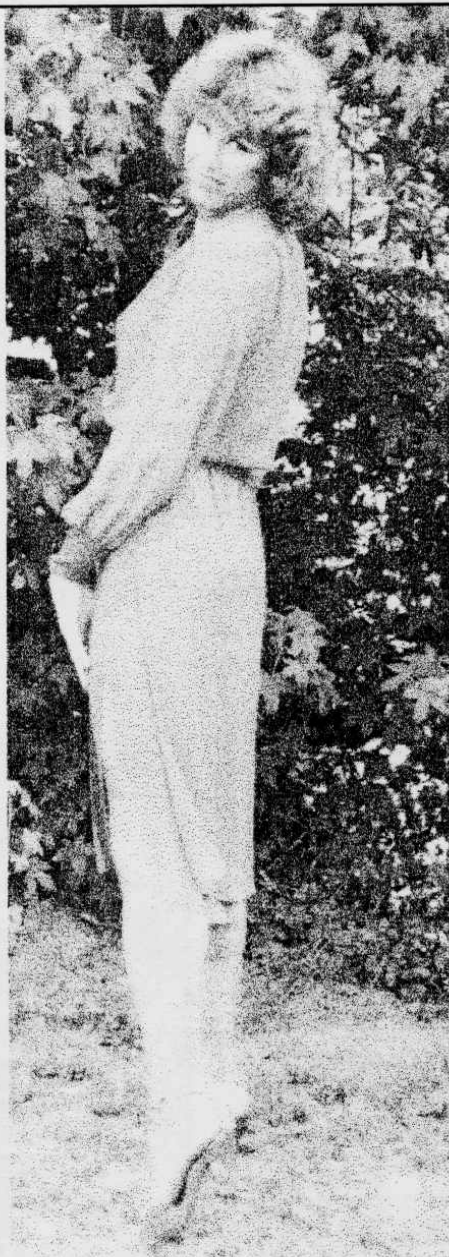
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 FASHION MODELS #10 10.00
 TALE OF TWO MOTIFERS #9 10.00
 CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7 10.00
 CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 10.00

TELECASTING TV FICTION

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

OTHER GREAT STORIES

TRANSFORMA COMIC #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6 10.00 ea.
 THE SLIP 10.00
 THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW 10.00
 CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW 10.00

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

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

**SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
 SANDY THOMAS ADV.
 P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

VISA or MC _____ exp / _____

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08

IN THE PINK



By Sandy Thomas