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TV FICTION

VOLUME

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“MY SUMMER
IN DRESSES”

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I was breast-fed through falsies."**

~ Woody Allen ~

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MY SUMMER IN DRESSES

Based on a story in TRANSVESTIA Vol. No. 98

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Each summer the Rose family went to the Ozark Lakes to spend three glorious months. Their son, Joe, always enjoyed these three months even if his dad could only be with them during June. During the last three years Joe had grown accustomed to the swimming and boating that was available near their cabin. He had made some acquaintances through the summers and was looking forward to renewing these friendships. Until this summer his male friends had been able to fill his needs, but this summer was different. He was well into his teens but was just becoming interested in girls. He felt quite awkward around them.

His two closest friends, Hal and Gary, had also grown interested in this new subject because it started coming up in their discussions more and more. They talked about the girls that were available at the lake in their age group.

Joe wasn't quite as impressed with the younger girls since he had a crush on one of his high school teachers the previous year. Also, since he had no sisters, Joe was quite intrigued with many female habits discussed by the other boys.

One day, while he and his two buddies were at the dock, he noticed a beautiful girl, who he guessed, was in her early twenties, come out of the little grocery store.

The very short orange mini-skirt displayed her beautiful legs that had caught Joe and the other boy's attention.

Reaching the steps of the store, she seemed to have trouble controlling her packages so Joe jumped up from the dock, went over to her, and offered to help.

He volunteered to help her home with her packages. She introduced herself as Ellen Fargo. She lived on the lake about a half-mile from where Joe and she said she could certainly use the help. Joe took most of the packages out of her arms and they started down the road. They chatted brightly as they walked along the tree line road. Joe was very impressed with her beauty and charm.

When they all too quickly reached Ellen's cabin, she offered him some refreshment. "Would you like milk or soda?"

"Soda would be fine; it's warm today and I worked up a thirst carrying those packages."

"What's your name? I don't remember seeing you before."

"I'm Joe Rose, from Chicago. I guess I should have introduced myself when I first met you. I get kind of flustered when I'm around a girl for the first time."

"Are you staying at the lake for long?" She asked with a smile.

"We'll be here all summer. My dad can only stay for the month of June, but Mom and I stay here until school starts."

"Don't you have any brothers or sisters?" she asked.

"No, I'm the one and only."

"That's too bad. I'm sure you get lonely sometimes."

"Oh, it's not too bad. I have my friends, Hal and Gary. But I would like to meet some girls this summer. Of course, I prefer older girls."

"A good looking lad like you shouldn't have any trouble meeting young ladies, but I might be able to help you out," Ellen offered.

"Well, my dating has been quite limited and there are a lot of things I don't understand about girls. I try to talk to my mother about it, but that's hard to do."

"I would be glad to answer any questions you have," Ellen replied.

Joe took a hard look at this beautiful young woman and wondered just how far he could go with her, since she certainly was giving him a lot of attention. He became braver in his questions, "How do you feel about younger men?"

"Well, I don't know about all younger men, but you're quite attractive, and you look experienced." This was more than Joe had hoped for so he became bolder.

Ellen was sitting on the couch in her orange mini-skirt with a black peasant blouse. Joe saw some lace from her slip that peeked out. Her skirt was pushed up quite high showing her nylon-covered legs to the fullest advantage.

He sat next to her, put his arm around her, and moved his lips close to hers. She came toward him and they embraced. Joe couldn't believe that he was doing so well. His confidence soared, so he started to feel her leg, slowly moving his hand upward. The kissing became passionate and Joe was really becoming charged up.

As his hand started to slip under her mini-skirt, she whispered in his ear, "This is no place to make love. Come into the bedroom with me."

Joe was about to flip out as they slowly walked to her bedroom. Once in her bedroom, she told him that he had to follow directions as he was new at this and she was experienced. Joe said he would do anything she said.

“First take off my high heel shoes and place them by the bed.” She was sitting on the bed and Joe got a good look at her legs again. He was becoming quite excited, so his hands trembled as he reached for her shoes.

After he had slipped off the pumps, she told him to take off her blouse, which he did as she raised her arms. Joe became more excited as he saw her black satin bra. He said he had seen pictures of bras but never the real thing.

Ellen smiled but said nothing as she stood up and told him to take off her mini-skirt. He clutched at the buttons and in his excitement almost tore them off. She cautioned him to be careful and respect her beautiful clothes. He said he was sorry and slowly slipped the skirt down over her legs. Joe was in a trance as she stepped out of the skirt right in front of his face. He barely noticed when she told him to lay the skirt nicely on the bed by her blouse.

While Joe was folding the blouse, he had trouble keeping his eyes off this beautiful creature as she stood in front of him in her black satin bra and black silk half-slip with one-inch lace on the bottom. Joe said the slip was quite pretty and that his mother didn't wear such fancy under things.

Ellen smiled and said she was glad that he appreciated the beauty of feminine clothes. “Would you like to see what is under the slip?” she teased.

Trembling, Joe reached at the elastic and slowly pulled the slip over her legs exposing the sexiest and fanciest pair of pink panties he had ever seen.

Ellen could tell by the look in his eyes that he was really excited and she started to get excited thinking about what she was going to do. Joe carefully laid the slip neatly on the bed. Gasping for air he asked her, "Now what?"

She told him to slip off her panties. He thought he would shake apart as he reached for the waistband of the silky pink material. He was sure that he was dreaming as he slid his pink nylon prize down those gorgeous legs.

She noticed the poorly disguised trembling in his hands as he slowly laid them on the bed and she smiled again.

He slowly and gingerly reached for her blue panty hose. He was sure that she would stop him at any moment and throw him out as he slid the panty hose over her hips and down her legs.

He fumbled as he nervously unhooked her bra. Ellen enjoyed the awkwardness she could feel going on behind her back, so she let Joe fumble and take all the time that he needed. Soon he figured out how to unclasp the hooks, and Ellen just let the bra fall freely to the floor. Joe moved around to her front and stared in total awe, as she stood in front of him completely naked.

Ellen told him it was time for him to remove his clothes. She watched in pleasant amusement as he fumbled about quickly removing his clothing, in fact, almost tearing them off.

When he was totally naked, he nervously started for the bed but she stopped him. "Not yet, Joe. When I go to

bed with a man, he must wear my panties and bra or I won't react."

Joe was a little taken back by this statement. He stood puzzled. Ellen reminded him, "Remember, I said you had to do it my way?" She reached over to the bed and picked up the pink-laced panties. Holding them open in front of Joe, she said, "Put your leg in here, Joe."

Joe didn't know what to think, but he had come too far to stop now, so he put both feet through the leg holes of the panties. Slowly Ellen pulled the panties in place, letting Joe feel the coolness of the nylon as it slid over his legs. Joe had never felt anything so soft and comfortable.

"How do you like them?" she asked.

"They feel different than my shorts," he replied.

She picked up the black bra and slipped it over his arms. While she hooked it in the back, she commented, "You'll need some help up front." She went to the drawer and took out two rubber mounds and slipped them in the cups of the bra.

Joe now insisted that they go to bed, but she wasn't quite ready. She handed him the pantyhose, so he sat on the bed and rolled them into place until they covered the pink panties.

Then she picked up the half-slip. Joe's frustration started to show as he said, "Enough is enough."

Ellen showed her determination, "You look quite feminine at this point, but I could go for you all the way if you looked like a complete woman."

Joe thought that as long as he had gone this far, he might as well satisfy her, so he could really score with

her. He said, "Tell me what you want and let's finish this game."

She smiled as she handed him the half-slip and he pulled it on. He then slipped on the mini-skirt and the blouse. Ellen said, "Just a few more touches and I'll be satisfied."

She told him to slip on her high heels while she went to the closet. When she came back, she had a long brunette wig and a lipstick. She handed him the lipstick and said, "Put this on, and then we'll be ready."

Joe's excitement returned. He went to the mirror and did his best to get the lipstick on right before putting the wig on. Just as he did, a bright flash startled him, "What was that?"

"Only a picture that I took of my sweet she-boy," she stated. "I want to remember how pretty you were." He finished putting on the wig. She told him to sit down at the dressing table so she could apply makeup.

After fixing his eyes and showing him how to apply lipstick, she told him to turn toward her. "Now cross your legs very lady like and smile so I can get one final picture." Joe did as he was told. When she was finished, they embraced and kissed again and again.

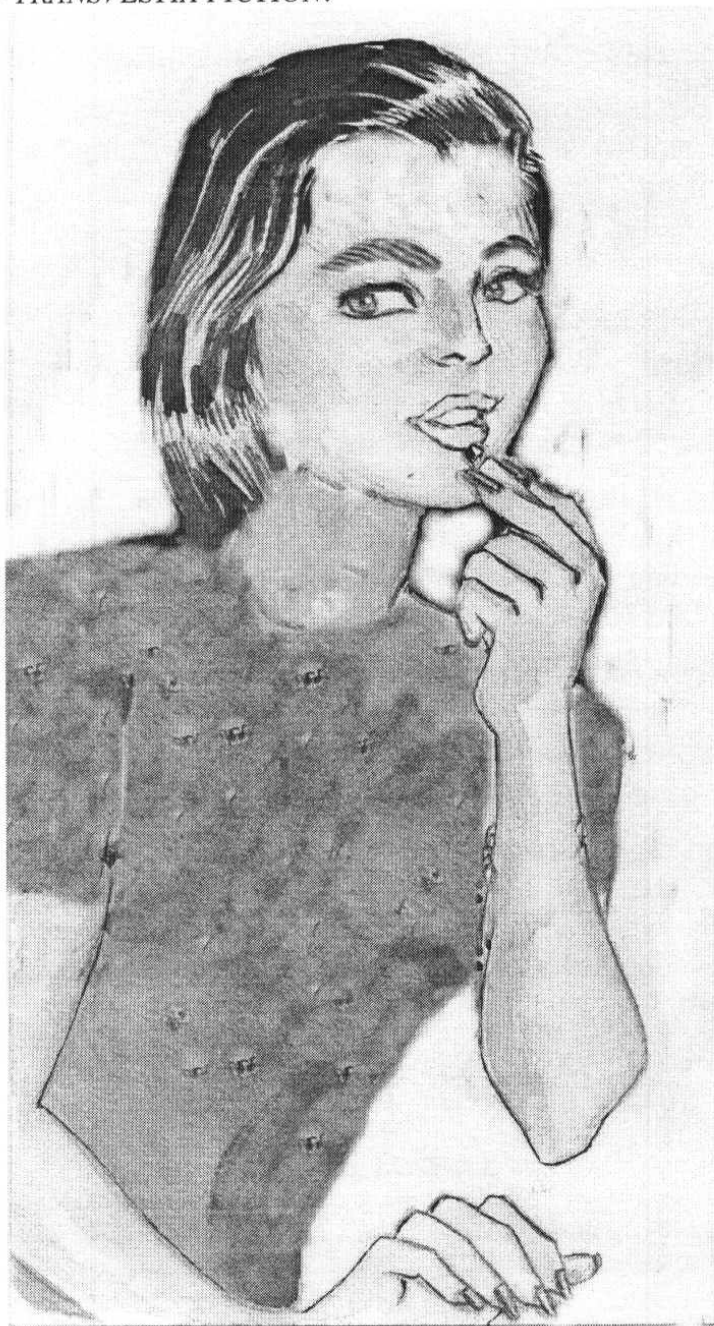
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10 – *TRANSVESTIA FICTION.*



**Joe did as she said and applied the lipstick to the best of his ability...
then his picture was taken.**

Joe got home late that night, but his mother didn't say anything, as she thought he was bumming around with his friends. His only concern the next morning was that she might notice a slight redness around his lips because he had a hard time removing the lipstick Ellen had put on him.

Thinking about what had happened, he had to admit it was quite an experience. He was mostly surprised that he had ended up completely dressed as a girl. All and all, he felt the evening was certainly well worth it. One thing was for sure, he was glad his two buddies didn't see him in that mini-skirt or they would really make life miserable for him.

Joe thought a lot about Ellen during the next few days. He finally figured out an excuse one afternoon to see her again. As he approached the house, he had visions of the other evening. He knocked on the door. A voice from within said, "Who's there?"

"It's Joe, Joe Rose."

"Come in, Joe."

Joe entered the house, but didn't see Ellen. He asked loudly, "Where are you?"

She answered, "I'm in the bedroom getting dressed. Want to help me?"

This was the type of invitation Joe was waiting for as he felt it could lead to other things. As he entered her bedroom, he was surprised to see her sitting at her dressing table in just her pale blue panties. She asked, "Where have you been the past couple of days?"

"Oh, bumming around, keeping out of trouble," he stated.

"I expected you back before now. Since you're here, help me get dressed, my pretty boy." The last comment embarrassed Joe a little, but he said nothing. She continued, "Hand me the blue brassiere on the chest of drawers, will you?"

Joe walked over, picked up the bra and returned and gave it to her. "Thanks, Joe, you're sweet. Now look in the top drawer and pick out a slip for me. We'll see what kind of taste you have."

Joe began to rummage through the drawer, holding the soft silky slips, recalling the one he had worn the other night. He finally picked out a short dark slip with lace at the top and bottom and handed it to Ellen.

"Good choice, Joe. This is one of my favorites and it goes well with the panties and bra. Now pick out some pantyhose from the second drawer," she added.

Joe selected a pair of black sheer hose and handed them to her. "Come here and help me put these on," she commanded. More and more Joe was responding to her every demand, becoming more intrigued with this beautiful older woman.

As he helped her on with the sheer hose, she asked Joe, "How would like to help me today, Joe? I have a lot of cleaning to do around here."

Joe responded excitedly, "I was hoping you would ask me to stay. I certainly enjoy being with you."

"Fine," stated Ellen, "If you're going to help me, you should dress the part."

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

"You can't help me in those clothes. You would make a cute maid, but only if you dress the part."

More puzzled, Joe asked, "What should I wear?"

"Hmm. Let me think. Yes, I got it! When I was in high school, I played a French maid in our senior class play. I think I still have the uniform."

"You mean a dress or something?" asked Joe.

Ellen responded, "Of course, silly. What else does a maid wear?"

Joe stated flatly, "Well, I'm not wearing any more dresses. The other night was different, but I'm not doing it again. I'm no sissy girl."

This made Ellen mad. She said sternly, "Listen to me, Joe Rose. First of all, you said you wanted to help me. Secondly you wanted to find out more about girls. Well, I'm giving you the opportunity; so don't get wise with me. Besides, you give me any more lip and I'll see to it that your two buddies see some pictures I took the other night."

Joe was stunned. "You, you wouldn't show them, would you? I mean we were just fooling around."

Ellen went on sternly, but her tone grew softer, "We both know that, but they don't. I wonder what they would think of their buddy if I told them I caught you in my bedroom dressed that way. Besides, I didn't like the crack you made about sissy girls. We'll find out how much work you can do wearing high heels. You get started getting undressed while I find that maid's uniform. And I don't want any more lip."

Joe's mind was whirling with fear of being exposed. He decided he would be better off to do as he was told. He started taking off his clothes. He was in his tee shirt and shorts when Ellen came back into the room with a package.

She commented, "I think it's all here. I'm not sure whether you can get it zipped at the waist. I think it

would fit you well except in the waist. Take off your underwear while I get a tape measure."

Joe did as he was told. She handed him a bikini girdle and told him to slip it on for modesty and flatness. She measured around his waist and said, "Hmmm. 26 inches. That's pretty good for a boy, but still about three inches too big for this uniform."

Not trying to sound too relieved, Joe said, "I guess we'll have to forget it. That's too bad."

Ellen quickly burst his bubble, "Oh no. It's not a problem. I have a corset in the drawer that will take care of it. Besides, you need a little help in the hips. Here, slip these black French pantyhose on."

As he slipped the pantyhose on, they seemed even softer than those he wore the night before. A chill went up his spine as he became excited at what was happening.

With the hose in place, Ellen put the corset around Joe's waist and snapped the front. He commented, "This doesn't feel as bad as I thought. I don't see why women are always complaining about girdles and corsets."

Ellen said with a sweet smile, "Don't get ahead of yourself. I haven't started to tight it yet." Starting at the top, she began to pull the strings. Joe soon knew he had spoken too soon.

It was already pinching when she stopped and got her tape measure and measured his waist again. She said, "Only two inches to go."

Joe exclaimed, "Two more inches? I can hardly breathe now!"

Ellen went back to pulling saying "You'll get used to it. Now take a deep breath and hold it in while I pull some more." Finally Ellen was satisfied.

Joe gasped, "You expect me to work in this thing?"

Ellen let a small smile cross her face as she answered him, "Oh, you'll get used to it in a while. You just have to take it easy."

Then Ellen produced a pair of white frilly panties from the package and gave them to Joe with an order to put them on. He could barely bend over, but he finally got them into place. Just before they went over the corset, Ellen slipped some foam rubber under the hips of the corset, which really gave him a feminine contour.

She slipped a black satin bra over his chest and hooked it in the back, then inserted the necessary padding in the cups.

She took the frilly half-slip out of the package and told him to put it on. Joe questioned why the slip was so short and she explained, "It's the same length as the dress."

Joe was surprised, "The dress is that short?"

"Of course, silly. Why do you think you have on such pretty panties?" Ellen answered.

Joe thought, "if my friends saw me like this I would die from humiliation."

Now they were ready to slip on the maid's dress. Ellen held up a very shiny, black satin dress with a very short skirt and short puffy sleeves. The bottom of the skirt, sleeves, and neck were trimmed in frilly white lace that matched his panties. Joe stared as Ellen approached him with the frilly uniform. He felt the dress encase him as she slowly moved the zipper up his back.

It balked a little at the waist, but then slid on easily to the top.

Victorious, Ellen exclaimed, "A perfect fit. You're almost ready."

Out of the package Ellen took a pair of black three-inch pumps and slipped them on his feet. Luckily, their feet were about the same size as Joe wore a men's size 7 and Ellen wore an 8 1/2.

"Okay, stand up," Ellen commanded and took hold of Joe's hand as he stood up.

Joe said, "I can't walk in these high things."

Ellen stated, "With a little practice you will have no problems. They will keep you from taking long strides, too."

Ellen then placed a white apron around his waist and said, "Go to the dresser and I'll put on your makeup."

Slowly Joe wobbled to the dressing table. He stated, "A man wouldn't have trouble winning a race when a woman wears these shoes, would he?"

Ellen retorted, "You're beginning to realize how hard it is to be a woman. Maybe you will start helping your mother out at home now that you know how tough she has it."

Ellen started applying eye makeup, slipping on long black eyelashes, and then applying mascara. She darkened his light eyebrows somewhat and painted on the reddest lipstick she had. She then went to the closet and brought out a beautiful long brunette wig and pulled it on his head. Joe couldn't believe what he looked like. He stared in the mirror in disbelief.

Ellen saw his amazement and said, "Never thought you would make this cute a girl, did you, Joe?"

Joe stammered, his attention still fixed in the mirror, "No, to be truthful, I'm amazed."

Ellen slipped a white lacy cap on his head and said, "There you are, a perfect French maid. Walk across the room and back. I want to look at my feminine creation."

Joe wobbled back and forth, trying to get used to the high heels. While walking, he felt a sensation he hadn't known before. The movement of the air against his silk stockings was quite stimulating.

Ellen broke into his thoughts, "That's enough primping. It's time for you to get to work."

Joe said, "I thought you were going to help?"

Ellen corrected him, "Not today. Today I will be your teacher and explain what and how you will do things. First you will help me to finish dressing. Pick out a dress you would like me to wear."

There were several Joe would have liked to see on her. He picked out a sexy mini-dress with a showy full skirt and handed it to her. She laughed and said, "I like this one too, Joe. I'll bet you're dying to see what YOU would look like in it too!"

Joe turned red, but said nothing. Ellen was clearly amused at his embarrassment. She went on, "Zip me up, Joe. Hmm? I can't keep calling you Joe when you are doing girl's work."

"Do you have to?"

"Well, you have all the outward appearances of a beautiful young girl. How about Debbie?"

Joe pouted, "I don't want to be called by a girl's name."

Ellen stated sternly, "Listen, from now on when you have feminine clothes on you will be Debbie. Now, 'young lady', get me some high heels from the closet."

Joe went over and bent over to get the shoes. Ellen yelled, "Hey! You have to learn to pick things up differently. When you bend over, your lacy panties show."

Joe turned red again and muttered, "Aren't they supposed to?"

Ellen laughed, reached down and patted him on his fancy lace panties and said, "They do, but you're not supposed to try and show them. Don't forget that."

During the day, Debbie was shown how to do various household duties. Ellen busily took pictures of him involved in these tasks. After six hours in the corset, Joe felt he was about to crack in half and said, "I can't do anymore today. I'm bushed."

Ellen stated, "You're finding out women that don't have it so good? I hope there won't be any more cracks about sissy girls."

Joe assured her, "Not from me there won't!"

"OK, go into the bedroom and remove your maid's uniform. I'll be in to help you take off your corset."

When she walked in, he was lying on the bed. "I can breathe better this way," he said.

"Get up and I'll unfasten the corset."

With a huge sigh of relief, Joe said, "Boy, does that feel better." Joe continued taking off his feminine clothes.

As he slowly slid the silk stockings off his legs, enjoying the feeling of silk slipping down his leg, Ellen said,

"Hurry and take your makeup off and get your clothes on. Your mother will be waiting supper for you."

Watching his pace increase, she continued, "When do you want to come back for another lesson?"

Joe was silent for a moment as he let numerous feelings invade his thoughts. "I like to be around you, but do I always have to dress up?"

Ellen answered quickly, "That will be my decision. If I want you to dress up, you will have to accept it when you come over. Is that understood?"

"Yes, I'd like to come," he stated.

Ellen smiled at her captive she-boy. As she escorted the now male dressed boy to the door, she said, "Give me a call when you want to come over."

Joe left and hurried home. His mother was in the kitchen and asked as he entered, "Where have you been all day?"

Joe answered vaguely, "Oh, around here and there. I did a little work for the lady I told you about."

"That's fine," his mother said in a satisfied tone, "Now clean up and we'll eat."

After supper and all through the evening, it was difficult for Joe to concentrate on the book he was reading. His thoughts kept drifting back to the past six hours he spent as a maid.

Looking at his mother, he thought just how much she would be surprised if she knew how he spent his day.

The next day was Friday. When Joe came down for breakfast, he was surprised to find that his mother was meeting his father in Little Rock over the weekend be-

cause he had business there. She asked if he would like to go along or stay at the lake with his friends. Joe, of course, was old enough to stay by himself. He answered his mother, "I really would like to stay home, since I'm sure dad and you would enjoy yourself more without me tagging along."

Joe was aware that his mom and dad enjoyed their evenings out being only in their late 30's. So that afternoon, Joe's mother left and Joe had the house to himself.

Since Joe never paid much attention to girls' clothes, he never noticed what his mother wore. Since his two sessions with Ellen, he had learned a great deal about these things. The thoughts of his time with Ellen kept invading his mind as he tried to read a book. He finally gave up, put the book down, and went into his mother's room to look at her wardrobe.

Opening her closet, he looked at the collection of dresses, pantsuits, skirts, and blouses. He took a few out and looked them over, then hung them back in the closet.

Going over to her dresser, he started looking through the drawers and was surprised to find a large assortment of panties, bras, slips, girdles, and sleep wear. He had to admit that his mother had sexy taste in lingerie. Many of the items were very lacy and frilly.

He decided he had better leave the room because desire was building in him to see what her clothes would look like on him. It was one thing to be made to wear the clothes, but quite another to do it on his own.

Not knowing what to do with himself, he decided he would call Ellen. He dialed her number, and when she answered he said, "Hello, Ellen? This is Joe. Are you busy tonight? My mom's out of town for the weekend

and I thought I would drop over, if you're not busy. Good. I'll be over about seven o'clock."

Promptly at seven, Joe rang Ellen's doorbell. He heard Ellen call to him, "Come on in, Joe, while I finish dressing."

He entered the house and made his way to her bedroom. As he entered the room, he noticed Ellen was quite dressed up. Puzzled he said, "Where are you going? I thought you weren't busy tonight?"

Without stopping, she said, "I'm not. I thought we should do something tonight, so I thought we could go to the theater in town."

"Well why didn't you tell me before I came over?" Joe countered. "I would have dressed up more. It's not every day a guy like me gets to date a chick like you. Will you wait while I go home and put something better on?"

Ellen answered with a bit of a smile on her lips, "Don't be silly, Joe. You're not going in those clothes...or any other boy's clothes. I couldn't be seen on a date with a man as young as you. However! There's nothing wrong with being seen with my cute cousin, Debbie."

Joe responded, "You don't think I'm going to town dressed as a girl, do you?"

Ellen stated flatly, "Sure you are, honey. Now take your clothes off and get dressed. The movie starts in an hour."

Joe said doubtfully, "This will never work. I might see somebody I know."

Ellen encouraged him, "When I finish dressing you, your own mother won't know you. Hurry up!"

Joe knew he was beat. There was no turning back now.

While he undressed, Ellen selected what he would wear. She said to Joe, "You won't need a corset tonight. That should be some consolation."

She then told Joe to pick out his panties and bra from her chest of drawers. He decided to go all out and picked a hot pink combination. When Ellen saw his choice, she advised, "Take the chemise slip with the flair in it. It goes best with this full skirted net dress."

Joe quickly donned his lingerie, added his falsies to the bra, and pulled on the slip.

"Don't forget your pantyhose," reminded Ellen. Joe preferred to wear the panties over his panty hose so he slipped his panties down and pulled the pantyhose on his feet. He slowly and carefully slid the silken hose up his legs, savoring the delightful feeling of the silky hose sliding up and caressing his legs. The only thing that felt better to Joe was the feel of his pink nylon panties gliding over the silky nylons as he slowly slid them up his legs and fitted them into place.

Joe finally slipped the dress over his head and admired it in the mirror. It was a two-tone knit with the molded top having a "V" plunge and button trim. The top was purple and the flip skirt was lilac.

Joe looked at Ellen and he admired her taste in clothing. He was learning fast because he knew the style of dress she was wearing. She had chosen a smooth and slimming "A" line contoured all the way down. The revealing top was deeply V-plunged in front and back. A rope tied under an empire bust. It was lilac also, so they almost looked alike. Joe's style was younger...he was the younger girl!

Ellen applied his makeup and added the wig, and then they were ready to go. Joe discovered he didn't have any shoes, so Ellen went to the closet and took out a pair of black crinkle patent leather shoes with a 1 1/2 inch heel. She stated, "You shouldn't have trouble walking in these. Now, come on. Let's go!"

The reality of this evening was catching up to Joe, so he said, "I can't. I'm shaking like a leaf."

She didn't hesitate, "Here's a cute purse. Now come on. Let's go." Ellen grabbed Joe by the arm and led him towards the car. It was still daylight so Joe imagined everyone was looking at him, even though there was no one around.

Upon reaching the car, Joe quickly jumped inside. Ellen got in the other side and saw Joe was trembling. She tried to comfort her charge, "Now listen, Debbie. No one will know you dressed like that. Just act as feminine as you can and pull your skirt down. You'll be okay. Now come on, let's enjoy our night out."

Joe settled down while they were driving to town, but became nervous again as they pulled into a parking lot across from the theater. Ellen nudged, "Well, let's go."

Joe nervously got out of the car and saw various couples and singles going to the show. He discovered another feminine thrill as he felt the coolness of the breeze as it blew under his short, full skirt.

He hesitated by the car. Ellen came around, took him by the elbow, and said, "Don't stop now. Just act natural and feminine. No one will ever guess who you are, honey." Joe blushed when he heard the word 'honey' from this beautiful woman who was taking more interest in him than he ever dreamed she would.

Ellen purchased their tickets and they went into the theater. Joe was relieved to see that the movie was already on. The room was dark and he felt more secure knowing everyone wasn't looking at him.

Taking their seats, Joe began to settle down a little and relax and enjoy the movie. During the film, Ellen would occasionally look at him and smile. Once she whispered to him, "Are you enjoying your first outing as a girl?"

Joe made no acknowledgement, although he had to admit to himself it had been quite an adventure, one he soon wouldn't forget.

Another time during the film, Ellen placed her hand on Joe's knee and he ignored her. Slowly her hand moved up his nylon-clad leg under his skirt, which was no problem since the skirt was full. As her hand continued to slide up his nylon-clad leg, Joe became quite excited. She didn't stop until she reached his panties. At that point he couldn't stand it anymore and pushed her hand away and whispered, "Why are you doing that now?"

She answered softly, "I wanted you to know what it feels like when you do it to another girl. Maybe you won't pester her, since you know how it feels."

Finally it was intermission time. As the lights came on, Joe began to sink deeper into his seat. Ellen cautioned, "Don't slouch down. It's not ladylike. Come on, we'll go to the lobby and get a Coke."

"I don't think I want one," he muttered.

Ellen kept her voice soft, but stern, "Do as I say."

Joe thought he had better get moving or he would make her mad. Once in the lobby, Ellen paid for a couple of Cokes. As they stood and sipped their drinks, a

young girl about Joe's age approached them and called out, "Ellen Fargo. What are you doing here in La Vista?"

Ellen spoke right up, "Well, if it isn't Susan Boyd. How are you? I have taken a cabin by the lake and I'm up here for a couple of weeks. What are you doing here?"

Susan responded, "My folks and I come every summer and stay by the lake."

"Excuse me for my rudeness," Ellen apologized, "I forgot to introduce you to my young cousin, Debbie. She is visiting me for a couple of days."

Susan greeted, "Nice to meet you, Debbie." Since Joe was stunned by this intrusion and didn't want to talk, he just nodded his greeting.

Ellen said, "You kids are about the same age. You should get together sometime."

When Joe heard this he almost spit up his drink. Susan said, "That's a great idea. I'll give you a call sometime."

"Well, the movie is starting so we better get back in before we miss some of it. Nice seeing you again, Susie." Susan waved and went back into the theater.

Joe said, "Why did you suggest that we see each other? As a boy I wouldn't mind, but as a girl forget it."

"Well it seemed like the thing to say, so don't sweat it. She will probably forget it." Soon the movie was over and they drove back to the lake. When they got back to Ellen's cabin, Joe said, "Well it was a wonderful evening and I enjoyed being with you. I'd better get my clothes on and leave."

"Why go home? There's no one there. You can stay here and borrow one of my nighties. Then tomorrow I can give you some more maids training. Besides, with all

of your dressing, you haven't been exposed to the luxury of sleeping in a nylon gown. After tonight, you'll never want to sleep in cotton pajamas again."

"I don't know, Ellen," Joe said hesitantly.

Ellen encouraged, "Come on, Debbie. How many times has a good looking woman asked you to stay overnight with her?"

He knew the answer, "Well, none. But..."

"No buts about it," Ellen took the lead, "Start taking your clothes off and I'll pick out a night gown for you."

While Joe took off his dress, he was wishing the night didn't have to end. He couldn't get over the thrill, especially when no one discovered him.

Ellen handed him a yellow waltz length nightgown. She said, "This is a good one for you since it has a built-in bra. With a little padding you will be a feminine as ever. Here are the panties that go with it."

When Joe slipped on the nightgown, he felt it was so light he could hardly feel it. He commented, "I'll probably freeze in this."

Ellen said with a smile, "Don't worry, honey, I'll keep you warm."

Joe hurriedly took off his makeup and wig, and then jumped into bed. Soon Ellen came from the bathroom and started to undress. Joe intensely watched her every move. Seeing that he was staring at her, she said, "You know, Joe, you should be starting to get used to this."

Joe turned red, but he couldn't take his eyes off this lovely vision. Ellen said in a very sexy tone, "Do you have the bed warmed up, honey? Here I come."

Joe's stare was frozen as he watched Ellen move towards the bed wearing turquoise baby doll pajamas with bikini panties and a lace dickey. The panties did a lot for her as they covered very little.

Joe woke up bright and early Saturday morning. He was somewhat startled for a moment until he figured out where he was. He looked over at Ellen, then at himself. Yes, he did sleep in her nightgown. He had to admit it was warmer than he thought it would be, so he had a good night sleep.

He got out of bed and looked at the clock. Ellen was awake and watching him. He was standing in front of the bedroom window with the light behind him. His position left little to the imagination. Ellen whistled softly and commented, "Quite a figure you have, Debbie."

He laughed and jumped back into bed. After they fooled around a little, she said it was time to get up. She ordered, "You take a shower and I'll start fixing breakfast."

The warm water felt great and soon he was finished. When he came out of the shower, he noticed the gown was gone. Ellen heard the water stop and yelled, "Put on those lounging pajamas and robe. There are some slippers there too. Slip them on, and then come on, breakfast is ready!"

Joe slipped into the pajamas and robe. He thought, "every thing is soft, my, what a life." He then made his way to the kitchen.

Ellen was waiting for him, and said as soon as he entered, "As soon as we finish breakfast, you can get into your maid's uniform and do some cleaning. While you

clean, I will teach you more about the life of a young lady.”

Joe welcomed the chance to wear the very short, black satin, frilly uniform again, but was reluctant about the corset. He asked reluctantly, “Do I need the corset?”

Ellen answered quickly, “Yes. You need to get used to it. In a couple of weeks, you won't even know you have it on.”

“HA!” Joe thought to himself. “That will never be true.” But if he had to wear it, so be it. The feelings he experienced while wearing the rest of the uniform was well worth the effort. Besides, he would do anything to keep himself on Ellen's good side.

Ellen broke into his thoughts, “How do you like the lounging pajamas, Debbie?”

Joe said, “They're quite comfortable, but not as sexy as a nightgown.”

Joe and Ellen chatted while they ate their meal. When Joe finished, he went into the bedroom and started putting on his French maid uniform. Ellen had to help him with the corset, but he was able to finish dressing by himself. He even attempted to apply his own makeup, and did quite well considering it was his first attempt.

When he had finished dressing, he started his duties by filling the bathtub for Ellen. While she was bathing, he laid out her clothes on the bed.

Ellen entered the bedroom with a towel wrapped around her and said, “Well, let's see what my maid wants me to wear today; a white lace plunge front bra with push-up pads, and a pair of sheer nylon bikinis slashed high on the thighs.”

She turned to her maid and commented, "A very good selection, Debbie. Now, what will I wear over this?"

Joe went to the closet and removed a flowing garment. He brought it over and showed it to Ellen. She remarked, "Another great selection, my lilac arnel crepe jump-in with permanent pleated full legs and sleeves with a low v-neck to frame my cleavage." Ellen was certainly amazed at how fast Joe was catching on, but of course, he had a great teacher.

Joe helped her dress. After putting on her makeup, Ellen worked with him, showing him how to comb out her hair. They also spent time combing out some of her wigs. The rest of the day was spent cleaning, plus some cooking instructions.

About three o'clock the doorbell rang. Ellen said, "Answer the door, Debbie."

Joe was taken back, "I don't think it's very wise. I'll just hide in the bedroom while you see who it is."

Ellen retorted sternly, "Don't be stupid. No one will know you in that outfit. Now, answer the door! And act natural."

Joe nervously went to the door. Opening the door, he was surprised to see Susan Boyd. Trying to keep the nervousness out of his voice he said, "Won't you come in? Ellen is in the kitchen."

As they walked towards the kitchen, Susan asked, "Aren't you Ellen's cousin, Debbie?"

Joe tried to answer in his most feminine voice, "Yes, I am."

Susan continued, "What are you doing in that outfit? You're a visitor?"

Just then Ellen appeared and broke in with, "That's part of the deal."

Susan looked at her and asked, "What deal?"

Ellen explained, "Well, when Debbie's mother asked me if she could stay with me this summer, it was done with the understanding that I would train Debbie in the day-to-day duties of a maid. It is sort of a summer course on being a ladies maid."

"Sounds interesting," Susan said. She started to look Joe over. She was fascinated with his uniform. "I must say that you go all the way when you do something."

Ellen commented, "It creates a better working maid if you're dressed properly. Come in and sit down, Susan."

Ellen could tell Susan was quite taken by what she saw. She asked her friend, "Would you like some training some time, Susan?"

"I'm not sure," she replied, "I would have to think about it." Susan deliberately dropped something on the floor hoping that Debbie would bend down and pick it up.

Debbie bent down and retrieved the object in his most feminine manner. The frilly panties still peaked out from under the frilly hem of the short black satin skirt.

Susan commented, "Frilly panties and all." Joe blushed.

Ellen chided her friend, "Don't make fun of her, Susan."

Susan answered, "No, I won't. I was just curious."

The two friends visited for about an hour. When she was ready to leave, Susan said, "I almost forgot. One of

the reasons I came over was to invite you girls for a party tonight. I'm having sort of a formal party. I'm inviting some of the young men from around the lake. We'll dance and have snacks, etc. I hope you can come."

Joe never said a word, but he was hoping Ellen wouldn't accept. Ellen quickly dashed his hopes, "We would be glad to come. What time does it start?"

As Susan rose and moved toward the door she said, "At 7:30. I'm glad you'll be able to make it."

Susan left leaving a French maid in a panic. Joe said to Ellen, "Are you are out of your mind? I probably know most of these kids since they're my age."

Ellen tried to calm his fears, "Don't worry. When I fix you up tonight, your own mother won't know you."

Underneath his apprehension, Joe had to admit he felt these outing were quite stimulating. Confused by what he was feeling, Ellen's encouragement somehow made it seem okay.

Ellen ordered, "Joe, put on some town clothes. We'll have to drive into town and buy you an evening gown. I have one, but since this is your first formal party, you simply must have a new one."

"Oh my," Joe gasped. "A new dress? For me?" He could barely contain his excitement. He had seen his mother get all thrilled at getting a new dress for a party, and he was feeling it too!

Joe got out of his maid's outfit and corset, and then slipped on a mini slip. He pulled a polyester dress with a full skirt over his head. It was red and had a high neck with two long streamers coming down over the bust. He

slipped on some knee high black suede boots and they were off for town.

Joe's first shopping expedition was another big moment. They didn't have much time, so they went right to the formal department. Quickly they narrowed their selection down to two gowns. One was a full flowing maxi that gathered around a see-through rhinestone circle and had a deep plunge back. It was red and made from a very clinging nylon. The other dress was a magnificent maxi with cutaways at the arms and front, and a high collar. Big slits from top and bottom showed off his legs and bosom. It was white satin.

"I can't make up my mind," Joe gushed.

"It's simple," Ellen said, "Which one would you like to see on me?"

After trying on both gowns again, Joe finally decided on the white one, although he would have liked to take both of them. They stopped in the shoe department and picked out a pair of five-inch glitter pumps to set off the outfit. They then stopped at the bra bar and bought a plunge front bra that would go as low as any bra possible. Then they hurried home to get ready for the big evening.

All the way home, Joe kept wondering how he would look in the gown, since he didn't have all the necessary equipment up top.

As soon as they were home, Ellen told Joe to take a shower and she would prepare things for him. When Joe got out of the shower, Ellen was busily preparing for the big night. Joe noticed a rubber, fleshy looking thing on the bed. "What's that for?"

"Well, I'm sure you're aware that the gown I bought for you has an exposure at the bust and since you don't

have the necessary dimensions, this will help you out. This is what they call an adhesive bust. It's contoured and foam filled. We put this on you, feather in the edges, and your own mother would think she had a daughter. Put on your bikini girdle and those dark blue lace panties, and then we'll get on with it."

Joe did as he was told, and then stood in front of Ellen as she applied the bust. "There, I have the adhesive on. Now I'll stick them into place."

Joe looked down and admired the two fleshy mounds that appeared on his chest. Ellen used makeup to cover the edges. "Go to the mirror and see what you think."

As Joe examined this new vision in the mirror, he had to admit that even without a wig he looked like a girl.

Ellen assured, "This adhesive will last a long time, so don't worry about it coming loose. Let's slip on your plunge bra. That will help hold it into place."

This was the first time Joe had completely feminine feelings. He had to admit it excited him. These last few days had been like a dream.

Now it was time to slip on his beautiful white gown with the plunging neckline. Then came the makeup. Joe was getting better at applying it, and made quick work of his face.

He slipped his nylon covered feet into the five-inch heels and tried to walk. As he moved unsteadily about the room, he knew it would take time for him to get used to them, but he was encouraged to keep trying because he saw that they did wonders for the shape of his legs.

Earrings, necklace, long white gloves, and a clutch purse filled with all the necessary items, and Joe was ready for his first party.

Looking into the mirror it was absolutely impossible to imagine that this was anything but a beautiful young girl. As Joe was admiring himself, Ellen said, "You're beautiful. Its too bad Mother Nature gave you the wrong tools. If I were a man, I could sure go for you."

While Ellen finished dressing, Joe continued practicing in his five-inch pumps. Soon Ellen was ready to go, so they left for the party. Joe, although a little unsteady, was gaining confidence, and by the time they reached the party, no difficulty could be noticed in his steps.

Joe became more apprehensive as they approached the house. Before they entered, Ellen cautioned, "Now don't forget that with the high slit on your dress, you must be careful of the way you sit or your blue panties will show. You don't want to attract extra attention. Although as sensational as you look, it's going to be tough for the guys to keep their eyes off of you."

Joe was getting more nervous wondering if he would know anyone there. His question was answered as soon as he entered the house, for he spotted two of his buddies, Hal and Gary. He almost swallowed his tongue. However, before he could react, Susan spotted Ellen and Debbie and quickly came over to greet them.

Susan said sincerely, "I'm so glad you two could make it. My, Debbie, you're a knockout tonight. I don't think I need this much competition."

She grabbed him by his arm and tried to play matchmaker by introducing Debbie to all the young men her age. Being introduced to his friends Hal and Gary was almost too much for him to handle. He wanted to break for the door when she saw Susan was taking him right up to them, but he found his nerve and got through the introductions with no problems.

Introductions finished, Joe worked his way back to Ellen and stayed at her side. As the evening progressed, one of the young men asked him to dance. Debbie replied that she really didn't care to, but Ellen encouraged her, "Oh. Go ahead, Debbie. Don't be bashful."

Joe's heart was in his throat as the young man took his arm and led him to the dance floor. Joe didn't dance much, so following the young man's leading was almost natural. This dance was followed by many more with Ellen's prodding. He was quite nervous when he danced with his friends Hal and Gary, but there was no problem. Throughout the evening, all of this attention was building his confidence.

After the dances with his friends, Ellen said, "Come, Debbie, time for repairs," and they moved off to the restroom.

Joe was startled when he noticed the other young girls performing their powder room activities. He was staring at a girl adjusting her garters when Ellen nudged him. Boy, what those guys wouldn't give to see what he was seeing. He was certainly getting an education.

Ellen and Joe fixed their makeup and returned to the party. Between the dances, there was much girlish chit-chat. Joe was beginning to enjoy this new world, as they were saying things no young man would ever hear.

Soon it was time to leave. Joe and Ellen graciously said their "Good-Byes" and returned to her cabin. As they entered Ellen's bedroom, she said, "Are you going to stay overnight with me again, Joe?"

He thought for a second and replied, "Well, I probably should go home in case mom calls or something."

"Please stay, Joe. I have a present for you if you will."

Joe wondered out loud, "What now?"

Ellen went over and picked up a sack that Joe remembered seeing her with when they left the store. He thought she had bought herself a new dress or something.

She stood before him and opened the sack. She said, "If you stay tonight, you can have this pink baby doll pajama with the matching lace panties. It will be yours to keep. Just think of all the wonderful nights you can sleep in this."

Joe just couldn't resist this chance of having a nightie of his own, although she really didn't have to give him anything to convince him to stay.

He started to undress. Ellen instructed him to leave on his adhesive bust, as the baby doll pajamas had a built in bra that he would fill out better with his bust.

Of course Joe did as he was told because he had become accustomed to taking orders from this domineering woman, whom he adored. Soon Joe was in his new baby doll. He had also left his makeup and wig on because Ellen said she wanted to sleep with her wonderful boy-girl that evening.

Sunday morning came too quickly, and it was time for Joe to return home. He told Ellen he would see her the next day and left.

After the two days he had spent at Ellen's, Sunday at home was quite dull. The thought and feelings of the past two days invaded everything Joe tried to do to occupy himself. After trying several things to keep busy, he decided he would take a closer look at his mother's wardrobe.

Going through her closet, Joe noticed that while her clothes were not as young looking as Ellen's, she did

have a few things that were quite nice, but more mature. Joe decided he liked the younger, shorter styles better.

That evening Joe received a call from Ellen. After several minutes of reliving the past couple of days, Ellen said, "Something has come up and I have to leave for a while. I'm not sure when I'll be back. I'm leaving a key in the mailbox for you. You're welcome to use the house when you want. I put your clothes in a separate drawer and, of course, you can wear anything of mine, too. As soon as I get back, I'll contact you. I will miss you, Joe, but I won't be gone too long." Joe said he was sorry that she was leaving, but he was very happy to know that she would miss him.

The next afternoon, Joe was watching TV, when he heard someone knocking on the door. Since he was the only one home, he jumped up to answer it, figuring it would be his friends, Hal or Gary. He opened the door and much to his surprise there stood Susan Boyd. She asked, "Is Debbie in?"

Joe stammered and sputtered, "Uh, Uh. No. I mean there isn't any Debbie at this house."

Susan responded, "Well, I'm sure this is the house Ellen Fargo told me her cousin Debbie was staying at while she was in the city."

Joe started to back away from the door to close it when he spoke, "Well, I'm sorry, but you have the wrong house."

Susan noticed the redness that was coming to Joe's face and how flustered he was. She became curious and just stared at him. Joe was becoming self-conscious and was hoping he wouldn't give himself away before he

could get this door closed. Gosh, he thought, “Why did Ellen tell her to come here?”

A look of amazement came across Susan's face and she blurted out, “You're Debbie.”

“What do you mean?” he stammered, his face getting redder. In his shock, he stopped shutting the door.

Debbie kept studying his face as she said, “You are Debbie. The more I look at you, the more I see it.”

He tried to throw her off the track, “I don't know what you mean?”

“Sure,” she said, “Listen, I'm getting to the bottom of this. I'll wait till your mother gets home and talk to her about what her son is doing.”

Joe said quickly, “Oh, no. You don't want to do that.”

Debbie, more sure of herself said, “Oh yes I will, unless I get some answers.”

Joe knew he was trapped. He thought, “darn that Ellen. Why did she send Susan here?” He invited her in the living room, and once they were seated on the sofa, he explained, “Okay, Susan. I'm the Debbie you met at Ellen's house, but that was just a joke Ellen wanted to play on you.”

Susan unconvinced said, “Joke, my foot. No one goes to the detail you did for a joke. Besides, I saw you in your maid's uniform and you didn't know I was coming over then. Let's have the truth, now.”

Joe resigned himself to the fact he was hopelessly trapped, so he started to tell the whole story of his relationship with Ellen from the beginning.

Susan broke in, “I still don't see how she could get you to do it unless you wanted to.”

Joe answered, "Well, okay. At first, I was opposed to the situation, but I also became thrilled at the attention Ellen gave me. I gave into her propositions. After a couple of days, I began to enjoy the beautiful soft clothes and that sexy uniform that she wanted me to wear."

"Sexy for a girl!"

"Sexy for me too," Joe admitted. "She bought some special things for me to wear. I was hooked."

Susan was listening very intently, taking in everything he said. After some thought, she said, "So, you're a he-she now? I have heard of men dressing in women's clothes, but I never thought I would meet one. Well, what are you going to do for kicks now that Ellen has left?"

Starting to relax he answered, "I'll have some time to chum around with Hal and Gary. They've been wondering where I've been."

Satisfied, Susan said, "I'm disappointed that I didn't get to see Debbie today. I thought I had found another friend my age. You certainly were a knockout at the party the other night."

"Really?"

"Yeah! It's amazing to think a young man could look that good in an evening gown. Well, I'll see you later."

She got up off the sofa and moved to the front door. Joe asked sheepishly, "Uh, you won't tell anyone about this, will you?"

Susan smiled back. "It can be our little secret," she smiled and left. With much relief, Joe dropped back down on the sofa.

Joe heard nothing from Susan or Ellen all week, so he figured Susan had kept her word. Saturday morning, he got a call from Susan, “Joe, can you come over to my house about one o'clock this afternoon?”

“Well,” he answered reluctantly, “I was planning on going swimming with Hal and Gary.”

“I'm sure you could change your plans, couldn't you, DEBBIE?”

Joe stammered, “Well, I suppose. If you insist.”

“I insist,” she replied quickly, “I will see you at one o'clock.” The phone immediately went dead.

Joe thought he had best humor her because he didn't want his escapades to be the talk of the lake, so at one o'clock sharp, he was standing on the Boyd front porch ringing the doorbell.

Susan answered the door with, “Come in, Debbie.”

As Joe entered, he said, “I prefer that you call me Joe.”

Showing him into the house and leading him towards the bedroom, she commented, “Don't forget I met you as Debbie. I prefer that name for you.”

Looking around the expensive house, Joe let the remark pass and said, “Well, you certainly have a nice house. Looks like your Dad is in the chips.”

Susan answered off-handedly, “We do alright.”

Entering her bedroom she asked, “Have you ever been in a younger girl's bedroom?”

Distracted by the obviously feminine room, he said, “Just once, at a friend house. Pretty wild.”

Susan brought him out of his thoughts, “Well, Debbie, we have a lot of work to do this afternoon.”

Joe couldn't hide his surprise, "What do you mean, we?"

"Debbie and I, of course," Susan answered matter-of-factly.

Puzzled, Joe said, "I don't get it. Why should I help you?"

"Because you're a good girl."

Joe started to turn that familiar red, "Quit that kind of talk, will you?"

Susan responded sternly, "I have no intentions of stopping. Let's get busy. We have a lot to clean in this house, and we have to get dressed first."

"What am I going to wear?"

She answered, "Well, you're going to dress your age this time. My clothes should fit you fine. Start taking your clothes off."

Joe realized that there was no sense in arguing, since she held all the cards. Susan threw him a stretch tiger bra and stretch bikini panty and said, "Start with these."

Joe slipped on the panty and bra with falsies. Those were followed with a clingy stretch knit shirt made of black nylon with long sleeves and a mock T-knit tie in the back that were handed him by Susan.

Susan said, "You probably prefer to wear hose, but when we teenagers work, we prefer not to wear them. Besides, you have less hair on your legs than I do." Joe blushed, but admitted to himself that her observation was correct because of the lightness of his hair.

Susan handed him a mini slip. He held it up against the front of his body and remarked, "If this was any shorter, you wouldn't have any thing on at all."

Susan countered with, “Don't get smart, Debbie. It's plenty long enough for the skirt you're going to wear. You have terrific legs and we want to show them off the best we can.”

Joe then noticed the slip had a tiger on the bottom to make up a match set. She handed him the mini-A line skirt with patch pockets. It was made of ribbed cotton corduroy with a broad suede belt that flips in long front dangles. The outfit was completed with two-inch loafers.

Susan stated, “Now you're dressed more your age...for a girl. Although I must admit you have looked good in everything I have seen you in.”

Susan had borrowed a wig from her mother and fitted it to Joe's head. Then she showed him where she kept her cosmetics. Joe's adeptness at applying makeup surprised her. She showed him how to use a brush to put on lip-gloss, and then they were done.

As Debbie stood up from the vanity, he commented, “I hope you're not expecting your mother soon?”

As she led the way out of the bedroom she answered, “No. She's gone for the afternoon, but it really wouldn't matter if she did come home because she would never know you are a boy anyway. You're just so much like a girl, you could fool anyone.”

Joe blushed again, but certainly enjoyed the words of praise. Quickly they started working. While they were working, Susan kept a close eye on Joe. She corrected any of his now ladylike movements. Several times he heard, “There you go again, bending over wrong. I can see your tiger panties. You do that when you're around boys and they will watch your every move. You need a lot of practice in moving around in a mini-skirt.”

Joe stated, "Well, this skirt is too short. I can't do anything without exposing myself."

"Oh, but your wrong. With practice you can, but you must be careful and make very delicate moves. My skirt is just as short as yours and you haven't seen my panties."

Joe countered, "How do you know I haven't?"

"Well, what color are they?"

He stuttered, "Well, I haven't seen them, I guess."

"Tell you what," Susan said, "you keep an eye on me the rest of the afternoon, and if you can tell me the color of my panties, I'll give you the panties and bra you are wearing now."

Joe always liked challenges, so he accepted and watched Susan's every move.

An hour passed and he still hadn't been able to see the panties' color. Susan said, "Well, we have about a half-hour of cleaning to go and you still haven't caught me. I told you it could be done."

Joe had to admit she certainly could move nicely in that mini-skirt and he envied her. With little time left, Joe became desperate and he "accidentally" tripped Susan. She sprawled on the floor and when Joe moved to help her up, he saw her lilac panties. Triumphantlly he said, "They're purple."

As Susan straightened her clothing, she said to Joe, "That was a dirty move. I'll keep my part of the bargain, but I'll get even with you."

It was time to leave, so they went back to Susan's bedroom. Joe slowly took off the feminine clothing, and returned to his male attire. Susan helped him remove all the cosmetics. As Joe started to leave the bedroom, he

picked up his prize and asked, "Are you going to throw in the mini-half slip too?"

"Oh, I suppose so," she said, "but I'll get even with you."

Joe wondered what she meant, but quickly forgot the remark as he was escorted out of the house.

A week later, Joe received a letter from Ellen telling him she would be unable to return to the lake that summer and she wanted him to go to her house and pick up the suitcase on the porch. It contained the different dresses and underclothes she had given him.

When he went to her house, he tried to get inside because he remembered the pictures Ellen had taken of him, and he wanted to get them back. He tried all the doors and windows, but apparently the house had been closed up for the year, so he couldn't get inside. Joe finally just took the suitcase home and found a hiding place for it.

During the next couple of weeks, Joe spent a lot of time with Hal and Gary. He really had to chuckle to himself when they talked about that knockout Debbie they had met at the Boyd party. They said they would sure like to "see" her again.

One day after being gone most of the afternoon, Joe returned home. As he went through the house, he started through the hall towards his bedroom.

He heard his mother call to him from the living room, "Joe? Would you come in here for a minute?"

Joe turned and walked into the living room. He was quite surprised to see Susan sitting with his mother. He greeted her as he entered, "Hi, Susan."

With a slight smile, she replied, "Hello, Joe."

"Sit down, Joe," his mother said. "I want to ask you a few questions. Susan has just been telling me some things that, frankly, I find hard to believe."

Trying to hide his growing nervousness, he asked, "What's that, mother?"

Joe tried to remain calm, as he could see how Susan had decided to get even. Of course, it was her word against his, so he didn't feel he had too much to be concerned about.

His mother continued, "Susan tells me that several times this summer you have dressed up as a girl. You have even been to the movies and to a party at her house. You have dressed in her clothes, at her house, and even kept a panty, bra, and slip that she gave you when you tricked her."

"She's lying, mother," Joe tried to say as convincingly as he could seem. "For some reason she doesn't like me. She has dreamed up this ridiculous story to upset you."

His mother questioned, "You deny what she told me?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Well, Joe," his mother followed, "I gave you a chance to tell the truth, but you prefer to lie. How do you explain these pictures?" She laid out the pictures Ellen had taken of him on the first night they were together. In some of the pictures he didn't even have on a wig or cosmetics. There was no question as to who was in the pictures.

"They forced me to do it," he said as he turned a bright red.

"Then you don't deny that this is you in these pictures?" his mother asked.

“No,” Joe stammered, “but they made me do it. They were blackmailing me.”

His mother went on, “I find it hard to believe looking at these pictures. Do you still have some of these clothes?”

Joe answered, shocked at the turn of events, “Yes, they’re in my room, in a suitcase. My friend Ellen gave them to me. I picked them out myself. She said they were now mine.”

Joe’s mother pressed him further. “You bought girl’s clothes for yourself? In a ladies store?”

Scared, all Joe could answer was, “Yes.” His face was bright red.

“How were you dressed?” his mother wanted to know.

Joe sighed, “Like a girl.”

“Did you try on different dresses and things?” his mother asked.

Again Joe sighed, “Yes.”

“High heels too?”

He nodded.

“Go to your room,” Joe’s mother said sternly, “That’s all for now. I will decide what your punishment will be.”

Joe went dejectedly from the room. He felt like the whole world was collapsing around him. He thought that even though it wasn’t his idea to dress as a girl, he had to admit it was fun. He really enjoyed his exposure to a whole new frilly world.

When it was suppertime, Joe’s mother called him to come down for dinner. A heavy silence hung over the meal. When dinner was finished, they went into the living room. After seating comfortably on the sofa, Joe’s

mother spoke, "I must admit I was overwhelmed to find out about your little 'activities' lately. I never thought you'd be caught dead doing anything feminine. And I certainly never imagined anyone could get you to run around town in girl's clothes. However, you have proven me wrong. I guess don't know you as well as I thought."

Joe was blushing as his mother added, "I do believe there are some good things to come out of this situation. First, you have learned a lot about the trials and tribulations of feminine life. Second, you have had a chance to be around girls your own age. I really think this is good, since you were not fortunate enough to have a sister."

Joe listened intently as his mother went on, "I have decided that your punishment will be between you and I. We will not concern your father. IF you do as your told, it will remain that way. If for any reason you balk on your punishment, then I will turn the entire matter over to him to handle. OKAY?"

Joe nodded. He was concerned about this situation and his father's reaction, so he felt a little relief at this news. He thought he could endure anything to keep his father out of this situation.

His mother continued her explanation, "The first thing you're going to do is dress up in your maid's costume and do the dishes and whatever other cleaning chores I want you to do this evening. I must admit that I have always wished for a daughter to help me with the household chores. It appears my prayers have been answered."

Joe was stunned by what he heard. His own mother was telling him to dress in girl's clothes. "But, Mom?" he pleaded.

"I don't see why I should be the only one in town who hasn't seen you in a dress. I want to see what you've

learned." She ordered, "Now, hurry up and get dressed. We have lots of work to do."

Joe couldn't believe what he heard. He went up to his room and got out his suitcase. Opening it, he laid out his maid's uniform. As he got out his hose, bra, and frilly black satin panties with the white lace ruffles, it dawned on him that he couldn't get the corset on by himself. Finishing his unpacking, he slipped on the bra and panties. Picking up the corset, he went downstairs to get assistance from his mother.

Bashfully, he walked into the front room where his mother was a little startled to see her son in bra and panties for the first time. "Oh my," she gasped. A smile slowly crossed her lips.

Joe blushed and asked sheepishly, "Would you mind helping me with my corset? It has to be drawn tight or the uniform won't zip up."

His mother's smile broadened, "Of course, honey. I have always wanted a daughter to lace up."

She helped him hook the corset up, then pulled and tugged the laces until they were tight enough. Eyeing her son up and down, she admitted out loud, "My, you certainly have a girlish figure in that. I never would have dreamed. I can't wait to see you in the dress." Still blushing Joe left and went back upstairs to finish dressing.

All the thrills and excitement he had previously experienced came rushing back as he slipped the silky nylons up his legs and felt the tug of the garters as he attached them to the garter belt. He had an involuntary shiver as he felt the black satin slide over his shoulders and down his body.

He stood in front of the mirror a little extra time to



adjust the short black satin skirt and make sure his white lace trim was in it's proper place. He lovingly glided his black nylon covered feet into his high heels, then correctly spread out his skirt so it wouldn't wrinkle as he sat down in front of a mirror to apply his makeup and little white cap. A few final adjustments, a quick spin in front of the mirror to see if he could see his black satin panties with all the white ruffles, then he went back downstairs.

When his mother saw him, she walked over and put her arms around him and said, "Oh my goodness, what have those girls done to you?"

Joe felt funny sensations; both embarrassment and exhilaration. He moaned, "I look stupid, don't I?"

"Actually no. You look sweet, my dear. You know, it just doesn't seem right to call you 'Joe'

dressed this way.”

“Ellen and Susan call me ‘Debbie’,” he said shyly, his face a bright red.”

“You like being called Debbie?”

“They say I look like a Debbie.”

“Yeah...you certainly do...fine, Debbie it will be,” his mother agreed, “Now, DEBBIE! Get your apron on and start on the dishes.”

When they had finished for the evening, his mother went up to his bedroom to help him out of his corset. She noticed in the suitcase he had a pair of baby doll pajamas. She said, “I think you should sleep in these tonight.”

Still fearful of exposure to his father, he said, “But mother, what if dad should see me in this?”

His mother retorted, “Don't use that excuse. Your dad won't be back anymore this summer, so you won't have to worry about him. Maybe it would be nice to have a helper and a daughter for the rest of the summer.”

Taken back, Joe asked, “What do you mean?”

“Maybe you should dress this way every day?” his mother answered, “but your little wardrobe is much too limited. Tomorrow afternoon you, me, and Susan could go to Little Rock and do some shopping...”

Oh, my, Joe thought. I am getting in deeper and deeper. Where will it end? Do I want it to end?

The next morning they were up early. Joe took a hot scented bath, and then applied his adhesive bust. Then

he put on the dress he had worn to the movie with Ellen on his first night out.

When he came down, his mother gushed, "Well, that answers my question. Guess it doesn't take much coxing to get you into a dress?"

Joe began to stammer, but his mother stopped him. "Shhh! You look cute in that dress and your legs do it justice. I guess we are going shopping today. It's going to be fun watching you model clothes. You just can't imagine how thrilled I am to have a daughter to take shopping."

Just then the doorbell rang. After peeking out the window, Joe answered it. It was Susan who he showed into the living room to meet his mother. Susan said sarcastically, "My, don't you look nice in your new dress, Missy Joe."

Joe's mother politely chided, "Now, Susan, don't be sarcastic. And from now on, WE will all call him Debbie."

Susan apologized with, "O.K., Mrs. Rose."

His mother urged, "Come on, girls, let's go shopping before my pretty little son changes his pretty little mind."

It took about an hour to get to Little Rock, with Joe's apprehension building with every mile. Was this really happening? Was his mother really taking him shopping for dresses?

When they got out of the car and started walking through the shopping center, Joe began to relax and go with the flow, especially since he didn't know anyone in the area.

The first stop was for lingerie. His mother said, “If you are going to do this, I want you to do it right.” Joe’s figure was soft with baby fat and after the right garments, even his mother was amazed. The little padded bras pushed up every bit of flesh he had on his chest up into its cups and more! The silicone padding was shaped so that it created cleavage. Joe gasped at the softness above his brassiere.

His mother laughed, “Girls are so lucky these days...all I had was tissue.”

There were support garments for “below” too that compressed his waist and pushed it down girlishly to his hips.

They also purchased many panties, bras, slips, and pantyhose. Susan suggested his mother also buy Joe a hot pants girdle and several “control” panties. Joe didn’t need the control at the hips, but did “elsewhere”.

The second shop they stopped in had a large selection of cute dresses. After several minutes of shifting through racks and racks of dresses, Joe, his mother, and Susan picked their favorites and headed for the dressing rooms.

He had stripped down to his panties and bra when a young lady came in his dressing room and asked if he would unzip her. This unnerved him a little, but he kept his cool and did as she requested. He noticed she had an adorable matching blue outfit of undies. A smile came to his face as he thought, “If my buddies could only see me now!” Most of them would break their necks to see a flash of my panties.

The first dress he tried on was a real mini. It was only 31 inched long and made of a stretch clingy nylon knit. It had long sleeves and a prim T-neck with a naughty K-hole cut out, and a full skirt. It was bright

red. He relaxed and enjoyed himself as he stepped out of the dressing room to model it for his mother and Susan.

The next dress was green acetate with a deep-scooped neck and elasticized front designed to move as he moved. It had long full sleeves with tight cuffs.

The next selection was the one he liked the best. It was a sizzling pink mini dress of soft nylon. It had a plunging V-neckline that left little to the imagination but with his new brassieres, he did the dress proud. It flowed into an empire bust and diamond flutters at the cuffs of the tight sleeves. The skirt was a rippling A-line ending several inches above the knee.

Since Joe's mother liked the dresses he picked out so much, she bought them all.

The next store they stopped in also specialized in lingerie. Joe bought some eveningwear that his mother and Susan picked out for him.

They also picked out four baby doll outfits. One was deep blue with an opaque tank top and brief shift. The midriff was sheer and hid nothing. The bikini panties were of a sheer blue material that matched the tank top. Another set had a peach sleep bra and bikini made of matching nylon and lace. It came with a matching peach sheet nylon jacket.

The third baby doll set was lilac. The baby doll was made of the sheerest nylon, with a scooped neck and edged with dark purple lace. This set had matching panties of lilac nylon with matching dark purple lace around the waist and legs. The fourth was the most daring, being almost totally frontless. The top was a black nylon camisole that had a neckline that plunged in the front to the waistline. It was edged in 2 inch wide black lace at the neck, shoulders, and waist. A sheer jacket of matching nylon and lace tied closed at the front with

thin black nylon ribbons. The lace trim on the panties tickles at the most delightful places.

Joe and Susan each picked a peignoir set. Joe's had a hot pink nylon gown with black trim. It had a fitted lace bra top with spaghetti straps and black ribbon trim at the bust and hem. The peignoir had an alluring scoop neck with three-quarter sleeves and six-inch wide lace trim at the hem.

Susan's was a very sexy black nylon two piece set with a floor length gown with a sheer scooped neck. The peignoir had balloon sleeves with black feathers at the cuffs.

Joe's mother felt they had done enough shopping for one day, so they finished at the lingerie store and got into the car to head back to the lake. She watched her son climb into his seat, swinging his smooth legs in primly like any girl.

"My goodness," she said, "I guess turning a boy into a girl can either be the easiest or toughest thing to do in the world. But once you get it figured out, it's a cinch!"

That evening was spent with some sewing lessons. Joe decided he would wear his new baby doll outfit to bed that night.

The next day his mother woke him up with, "Wake up, dear. It's going to be a great day for being a girl."

Joe put on his new dress. Susan and his mother gave him some cooking lessons.

The afternoon was warm, so Susan suggested they go swimming. Joe readily agreed and when he went to get his trunks, Susan said, "You're not thinking of going as a boy, are you?"

Joe replied, "Well...I thought...I really don't have any other kind of suit."

"Well, I don't want to break up your frame of mind," Susan said, "Wait here while I go home and get a couple of my swim suits."

She returned quickly and handed him a one-piece swimsuit with a flare skirt. He went to his room to change. He easily got into the suit. He left his falsies on as there was no danger of them coming off because of the adhesive. He admired his shape in the mirror and admitted he didn't look too bad.

When he met Susan in the living room, she handed him a bathing cap. He removed the wig, slipped on the cap and was ready to go. As they left, Susan said, "You're a regular bathing beauty, aren't you?"

At the beach they really enjoyed themselves. They laid blankets on the sand and tanned, enjoying massaging each other with sun tan lotion. They had fun in the water too, splashing and romping about. Nobody paid Joe any attention except to admire the two good-looking girls enjoying themselves at the beach.

That evening upon returning home, Susan was having a slumber party with a couple of friends and invited Joe to come along. Joe said hesitantly, "I don't think that would be wise."

His mother didn't help him much, "Don't be silly. It would be a great experience. Besides, I'm sure Susan would be disappointed if her newest girlfriend didn't come. Wouldn't you, Susan?"

Susan smiled at Joe's defeat, "I sure would. I've already told some of my friends about Debbie, and they can hardly wait to meet her."

So it was settled. They helped Joe pack an overnight bag, and off Susan and her girlfriend went to her slumber party. Joe was wearing the same dress he had on shopping and he hoped he wasn't overdressed.

When they arrived at Susan's house, her friends had already arrived. She hurriedly introduced her friends, "Debbie, I want you to meet Pam, Cindy, and Peggy."

They all started to speak at Debbie all at once, "Nice to meet you, Debbie. Where are you from?"

Trying to remain cool he replied, "I, I'm from St. Louis."

That seemed to break the ice and Joe started to relax. They spent the evening gossiping like all girls do. Joe joined in only after gentle prodding from Susan, and all was fine.

Of course, Susan couldn't wait until bedtime to see Joe's reaction. Joe was amused, but self-conscience and very careful, as the girls got ready for bed. They spent a lot of time running around in panties and bra.

Susan enjoyed watching Joe watching them, and also watching him be very nervous and careful so as not to reveal his secret.

Once in their baby dolls, they laid around listening to music and talking about their boyfriends. Joe had nothing to say, but couldn't believe girls talked about boys as boys talk about girls.

Soon they picked sleeping partners. Joe panicked until Susan latched onto him. Joe was definitely relieved, as he didn't know what the consequences would have been if he had slept with another good-looking girl. After much giggling and chatting they all went to sleep.

Joe had been asleep about an hour when he felt a hand on his thigh that was slowly moving up toward his bikini panties. He pretended to be asleep and the hand started to move in and out of the panties. Then Susan began to pull on the panties, slowly maneuvering them down his thighs. Finally he wiggled around enough to help her and soon she had them off. She started to work on his bikini girdle when he embraced her, and they made love to each other.

The next morning when Joe awoke, he smiled as he thought of the events of the previous evening. After breakfast, the girls went swimming and then home.

Thus started a summer of discovery. There didn't seem to be much reason to switch back to boy mode. His mother said, "It's safer if you just continue thinking as a girl. If anyone asks, we'll just say that Joe went back to the city for the summer. Do you think you can handle it for the rest of the summer?"

"Oh, mom," Joe gushed girlishly, "I'll really try. Do you think I should avoid other young people?"

"Don't be silly," his mother said. "Take it slow, but in a few weeks, I think you'll feel perfectly normal in your skirts."

Joe began spending full time in feminine attire, doing work for his mother and new girl friend. Many times at Susan's he tried on her clothes, including a tennis outfit. He loved to play tennis with Susan because his fast movement would show off his white lace panties. She seemed to enjoy that sight too.

Of course, Joe had to be careful around boys and did have a few close calls when he was on double dates with Susan, but he got to the point where he didn't really

mind the "close calls." either. Boys seemed to validate his ability to be feminine.

Joe's mother shook her head in disbelief when he first begged her for a new dress to wear on a date with a boy. But it was too late to change things now. All she could do was help her son prepare and understand the dating ritual, the way any mother would with a young inexperienced daughter. Joe had not dated many girls, so his mother told him what to expect. "Girls like boys that are taller than themselves and have a sense of humor..."

Joe blushed, "He's a water polo player."

"Then he has good hygiene," his mother said, unsure what help she was actually giving. She was glad Susan would be there to watch over her son.

She could tell that her son was both embarrassed and thrilled about being asked out on a date. Being a boy all of his life, and now talking to his mother about a guy taking interest in him, was odd but both were working through it.

He wanted his mother's help with clothes, his makeup, and getting his hairstyles right, and she was glad to help. The two chatted about fashion as Joe slipped on his robe, put a few hot rollers in his hair, and picked out a pink lace bra and panties set. His date would probably not get a peek at them, but they made Joe feel so girlish.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

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Joe was both embarrassed and thrilled about being asked out on a date. A little dress did wonders to show off his unmuscular form.

Joe's mother didn't know how to begin except that she should tell Joe what she'd tell a daughter. She stated, "A boy should treat you the way your father treats me...respectful and honored. Girls your age tend to crave affection and the boys know it. Combine this with the increased sexual drive of teenage boys and you have a recipe for potential disaster."

"I'll be really careful, mom," Joe said.

"If you expect to be treated courteously by men, you need to dress properly with modesty. You need to understand and appreciate that teenage boys are experiencing a highly increased sex drive, and are therefore often easily aroused by stimulus that you don't have the experience to understand. For instance, men are much more visual."

"What dress should I wear?" Joe asked, even though he'd already picked out one.

"I'd like you to try my new pale pink dress. It's not as tight and clingy as some of yours, but will show off your trim figure well."

His mother picked out a warm-pink lipstick, smoke eye makeup. A pearl chain about his neck completed 'his look'.

That dress wasn't Joe's choice, but wearing his mother's clothes was unexpectedly exciting. The dress' skirt was longer than his favorite, flared, and came to about three inches above his knees. The pink color was so girlish. Adding sheer stockings, belt, and a beige leather handbag finished the outfit.

His mother's dress made him feel so grown up. The tailoring was fabulous with a full curvy bust, a tapered waist, and wiggle straight skirt. The more he looked at himself in this dress the more he adored wearing it.

"Be careful, dear. You understand how a boy seeing a lot of leg in a skirt or a flash of your lingerie can strongly arouse him?"

Joe was naive about this aspect. He said, picking out a pair of his highest heels, "The guys have seen more on the beach, and so far they don't seem to be too bothered by it." But Joe knew it was not something boys tended to discuss with their mothers, but as a boy, they talked about girls among themselves.

"Honey," his mother said softly, "Those stiletto heels may look sexy, and you walk in them so well, but you don't want the dogs barking this soon. Try your leg-lengthening wedges instead or those pretty white sandals that lace at the ankle. I want you to be aware of the stimulating effect that you, as a eye-catching female, can have upon boys..."

"Okay, mom," Joe moaned. Susan had already warned him that "mother's" have one view of dating, but flaunting one's femininity is natural, attractive, 'liberating', and just something a girl should do for male kind. Joe also knew that by accepting a date, he was required to show some physical affection for his date.

Joe's mother looked for words. "Basically you need to help your date behave properly by avoiding long embraces, extended caresses, and long or repeated kisses..."

"MOM!?" Joe moaned. "The four of us are just going to a movie! I'm not going to have his babies."

His mother blushed. Maybe she'd gone too far. She just wanted him to know that sexual feelings and desires are not necessarily evil in themselves, but self-control had to be exerted over any experimental passion. She felt like a conservative ole fuddie duddie, but this was her only son in her best pretty dress!

The boy was picking Joe up to take him to a movie with Susan and her date. The guy arrived on time and was very polite to Joe's mother. He even opened the car door for Joe when they left.

Joe's mother spent the evening worrying that she had made a big mistake encouraging all this. She waited up until Joe walked through the door. "You're awake?" he stammered seeing her sitting in the dark.

"How was it?" she asked.

He sat his purse down on the table and sat next to his mother. "Oh mother, at first I felt really out of place..." Joe said, tugging gently on his skirt. "I loved wearing your dress..."

"It looks very nice on you, dear. I have a few others that you'll like too...but how was your date? Was he nice to you?"

"Part way through the movie, he held my hand. It was very dry and rough. And large! The whole movie was like that, sort of uncomfortable." Joe's mother was glad it went well, but not too well.

Joe admitted, "When I started up the front steps of the house to the door, he grabbed my hands. I had already thanked him for a nice evening, so this meant only one thing, the goodnight kiss. As he kissed me, I tried not to shudder or pull away."

"You poor little dear," his mother teased, relieved that nothing bad had happened. "But my guess is...by the end of summer, you'll be kissing them back and enjoying the attention."



“MOM!?” Joe moaned. “The four of us are just going to a movie! I’m not going to have his babies.”

His mother shook her head. What an illusion! This is a total bombshell of a girl was her son!

Joe laughed, “You think so? Maybe I should try it again. Maybe it’s like spinach? You have to learn to like it.” Joe played down the significance of the evening. He had fallen in love with his new feminine life style. Do you have another dress I can wear?

His mother giggled, and pulled one out for him to try on. The body of the dress was simple – it was short sleeved with a tapered waist and skirt that fit closely against the top of Joe’s hips. A small cluster of pleats at the front and center of the skirt give it some swing and fullness, but still allows the fabric to drape gracefully against the curves of her son’s hips and legs.

“WOW!” he said, “I’ll make another date just to wear this dress!”

One day, he and Susan were talking about how far he’d come since that first day. He said, “Do you think other boys would like this too? I wish we could find another guy who likes girl’s clothes. It doesn’t seem right that I’m the only boy who enjoys this?”

Susan laughed, “Oh so you want to emasculate another guy? I though you were just beginning to understand why girls like ‘boys being boys’?”

Joe blushed. She was referring to their last double date together and how Joe had gushed on and on about his date’s manly physique. “I just wondered if any other boy could make an acceptable girl?”

“Maybe? How about your friend, Gary? He is a little smaller than you, with soft facial features. I bet he would make a real pretty girl.”

“Yeah, Gary! He’s slender with not many muscles.”

"I would love to sissify a boy the way Ellen did you. I missed out on a lot of the fun."

Joe wondered out loud, "How could we get him started?"

"We could trick him?" Susan thought, "Maybe we could talk him into disguising himself as a girl to go to a party...a slumber party. While we're getting him ready, we could take some pictures. Then we would have him."

Joe asked anxiously, "Do you think we can sell him on it?"

Susan did hesitate, "I don't know. We girls can usually make a boy do anything..."

She jumped up and ran to the phone. Joe gave her Gary's phone number and she called him, "Gary? Hi, this is Susan. Debbie and I are listening to music. Why don't you come over and play with us? Great! See you in a few minutes."

Susan said excitedly, "He's coming over right now. Just follow my lead when he gets here, and he'll never know what hit him."

Joe was surprisingly breathless at the notion of feminizing another boy. Soon Gary was there. For a half hour they played records and talked. Finally Susan said, "Say Gary, Debbie and I want to play a joke on some of our girlfriends, but we need your help."

Gary said, "No one likes a joke better than me, you both know that. What gives?"

Susan answered right away, "Well, we're having a slumber party next week. Debbie and I thought it would be a gas if we dressed a boy up in our clothes and introduced him to everyone as a girlfriend. He could stay all

night because we wouldn't tell anyone until the next morning. Wouldn't they be embarrassed?"

Gary became fascinated, "Hey, that is real funny, but what would I do?"

"Well, you're about the same size as Debbie," Susan explained, "We need somebody that will fit in our clothes."

Gary was astonished, "You mean you want me to dress in your clothes and go to a slumber party? That is really funny, but I don't think I could."

"What's the matter, Gary?" Debbie teased, "Don't you think you could pass as a girl?"

Gary replied, "I don't think I would pass at all. They would know me as soon as they saw me."

Susan looked at Joe. "What do you think, Debbie?"

"I think he's afraid to find out. I wouldn't be afraid to put down 20 bucks that if we dressed him up, and took him to the grocery store, no one would know him."

"Okay, that did it. Put your money where your mouth is. This will be the easiest 20 bucks I ever made."

"Okay, Gary, it's a bet. But if you lose, I don't want twenty dollars."

"What do you want?"

"Okay, here's the bet. I'll bet you twenty dollars that Debbie and I can dress you up like a girl and go to the grocery store and back and no one will recognize you. Now you have to do everything we tell you. If you lose, you have to come to our slumber party next dressed as a girl. Is it a deal?"

"Some deal," he said.

"Okay, take off your clothes and put this bikini girdle on, and then we'll be back." Joe and Susan left the room.

"Boy, he sure fell for that, didn't he?" Susan giggled. "We'll teach him a lesson."

"What? Like you girls taught me?" Joe was feeling confused.

When they went back in the room, Gary was stripped down with only the girdle on. "First of all, you need pantyhose. Put these on. Joe helped him put them on. He made sure that he brushed his legs with his hand, as he knew it would excite him. Susan handed him black lace panties.

"These should fit you."

"What do I need these for? Nobody will see them."

"Don't fuss, you agreed to do as we said."

Gary reluctantly pulled on the panties, and then the matching black bra. Then came the mini-slip. "Boy this stuff sure feels cool and soft."

Susan smiled. "You like?"

"It seems like a big fuss for nothing."

"Debbie, pick out a dress for Geraldine from the closet."

This of course made Gary blush. "Knock it off."

All the time he was getting dressed, Joe was snapping Polaroid black and white pictures. Joe picked out a dress that he wished he could wear and always liked on Susan; a flowing knit only 30 inches long that looked like tweed. It was navy blue with cute three quarter length sleeves.

"That's too short," Gary commented.

"The better to see your pretty legs, my dear," Debbie said. "Now you know why we insisted you wear panties."

Gary grumbled, "I didn't think we would have to go to this much trouble." He put on his high heels, and then sat at the dresser while they applied his makeup and slipped on a wig.

"Okay, you're finished. Walk around the room and we'll take a look at you," Susan ordered. "What do you think, Debbie?"

Joe didn't hesitate, "He's a cinch."

Gary looked in the mirror. "Hmmm, I might have lost my bet. I wouldn't have believed it."

"Oh, by the way, Gary," Debbie cautioned, "if you deliberately give yourself away, we have some pictures of you that would look real good for the high school year-book."

"Don't worry," Gary replied still lost in the figure in the mirror, "I'll play it straight."

The trip to the store and back was uneventful, so Gary knew he had a date the next week at a slumber party.

The night of the big slumber party finally arrived. Joe was amused at the plans Susan and he had devised to expose Gary. Just before it was time to go to bed, Susan would pull off his wig and expose him to the girls. Boy would they give him a bad time. Joe went to Susan's house early and got dressed.

Soon Gary was there, and they both worked on getting him properly attired. Gary again grumbled about

the short skirt. Of course, Susan got in her two cents about the trials and tribulations of being a girl. It wasn't long before the doorbell started ringing and Susan's five girlfriends arrived. By that time, Susan and Joe had taught Gary enough so that feminine movements had become second nature to him. Joe got a big kick out of Gary having to work at being so careful as to not to expose himself. Joe chuckled and admitted that Gary was certainly a quiet and well-mannered young lady.

The party had been going on for about an hour. Debbie and Geraldine were sitting on the couch engaged in girl talk. Slowly Susan eased up behind them and really pulled a double cross. She grabbed hold of both wigs at once and there sat two young ladies with short hairdos. Joe and Gary were as stunned as the other girls. Finally Peggy said, "What's going on here, Susan?"

"Well, I thought it was about time to introduce our mystery guests, Joe Rose and Gary Thompson."

"What gives?"

"These two wanted to see what a girl's slumber party was like, and I told them I would help them by dressing them for the part. They thought they would have a big laugh on the girls, but I pulled a fast one on them."

"This is too much," said Peggy.

"Aren't they darling?" Joyce said. "Do they have everything on from the skin out?"

Susan said, "Slip off your dresses, boys, and show the young ladies what today's men are wearing."

Gary stood up and said, "I'm not putting up with this humiliation. I'm leaving." Of course he was just as surprised to see Joe as anything else.

“Just a minute, big boy,” Susan said, “I wonder what your friends would say if they saw some pictures I have.”

Gary was stunned. “You-You wouldn't.”

“Don't push me,” Susan replied.

“Come on, we girls want to see what's under your dress,” Joyce said.

Gary looked helplessly at Joe and started to pull the dress over his head exposing the lace on his mini-slip. Joe did likewise while the girls laughed and giggled. “OK, off with the slips.”

Grudgingly they slipped the slips over their heads. Standing in front of the girls with lace panties, bra, and pantyhose on, they really gave the girls something to laugh about.

“Aren't they the sweetest things you ever saw?” Joyce yelled. Some of the girls started to whistle and both young men turned deep red.

Susan shouted, “I promised you entertainment tonight, and here it is. Our slave girls will do anything you request.”

“Let's start with a fashion show,” said Helen.

“A fashion show it will be. What do you want them to model?”

“How about our baby doll pajamas?”

“Great idea.” So Joe and Gary were rushed into the bedroom and took turns modeling the girl's baby doll pajamas.

After that, the girls put on their baby dolls and had the boys model their other clothes. They had to lift up their skirts and explain what color slips and panties they had on and were really humiliated.

Finally, it was time for bed. The boys were given nighties and told to sleep with each other. When they were alone, Gary said, "How could you do this to me? It will be all over the lake by tomorrow."

"I got tricked in the same way," Joe answered. "Maybe they won't tell anyone."

Gary thought out loud, "How could those gals ever keep a secret?"

"They did about me?"

"And I thought you were a girl," Gary moaned.

"I was starting to feel like one," Joe admitted.

Joe felt Gary's arm go over his waist and pull him aggressively towards him. "Good. I'll show you who is the girl here..."



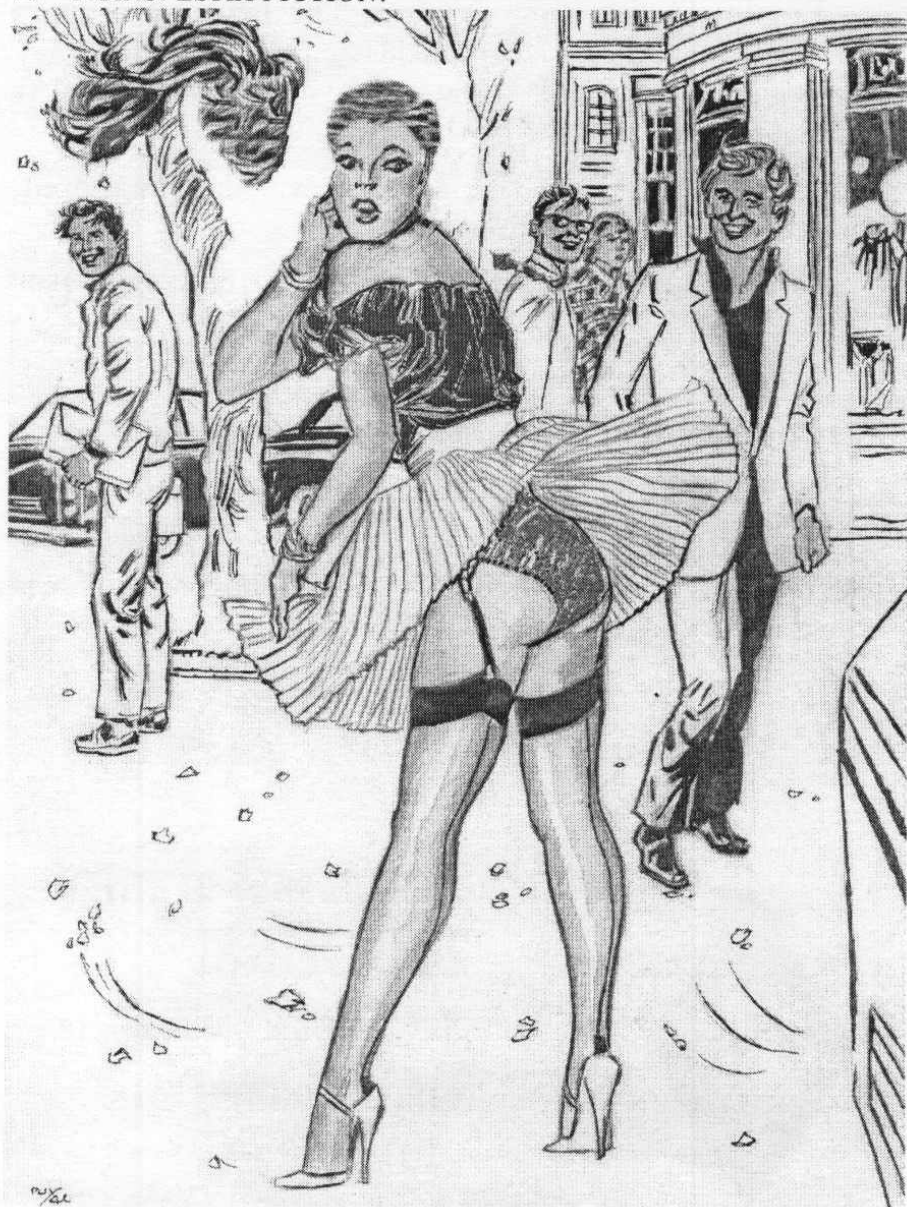
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The night of the slumber party was not the last time Joe lost his head. After this experience, he vowed to never cut his hair again!

In the morning, Susan woke them up early. She told them to get dressed, then make some breakfast and clean up the house. By the time the chores were completed, all the girls were up.

Susan called Gary and Joe into the living room where all the girls had assembled and said, "All the girls are members of our secret sorority. We just had a meeting and have voted to accept Debbie and Geraldine as members."

Joe questioned the girls, "What does that mean?"

Susan answered right away, "It means that as long as you two do as your told, none of us will expose you to other people. You will attend all meeting we have, dress as girls, and participate in all our activities. If you don't do as your told, we will notify your friends by sending a few interesting snapshots. You two have any questions?"

Joe and Gary answered no. Joe could see that many future girlish adventures lay ahead of them.

The End

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