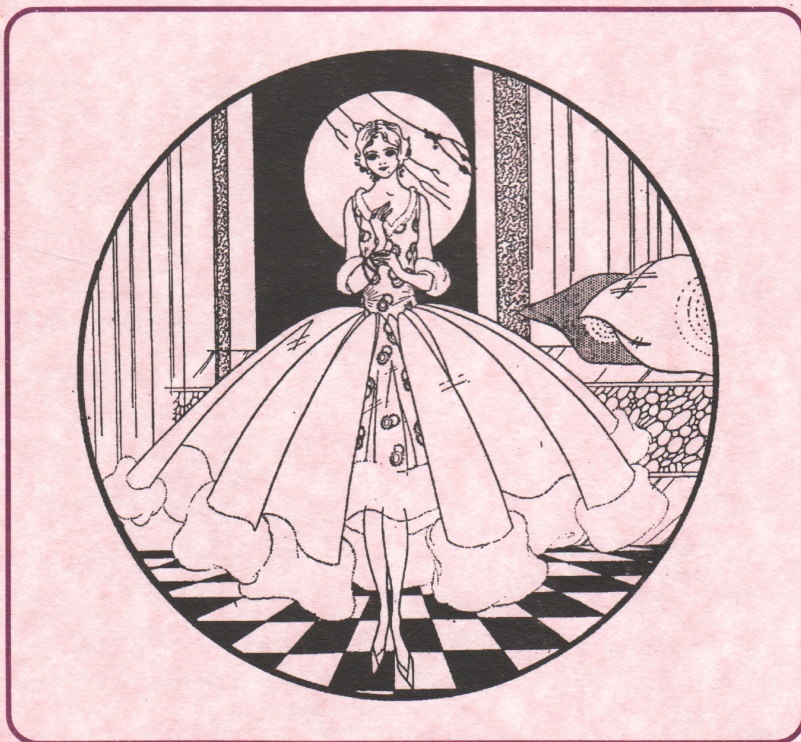


TV  
**SERIALS**  
MAGAZINE

**PUNISHED IN  
PINK**

VOLUME ONE



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

BOOK ONE

PUNISHED IN PINK -- 1

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**TV FICTION SERIALS**  
**MAGAZINE**

**"PUNISHED IN PINK"**

**BOOK ONE**

**by Alice Trail**

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# "PUNISHED IN PINK"

## BOOK ONE

### FORWARD

While rummaging through the Sandy Thomas archives of unpublished TV literature a while back, I came across a wonderful old manuscript called GALE'S ADVENTURES IN PETTICOATS. This story was very long, and I could hardly put it down until I had read it completely. Then, I read it over and over again! From my perspective, this excellent manuscript had only two faults. First, it was written several decades ago, and I didn't relate to many of the clothes it described, and second, it didn't have an ending. Because I enjoyed this marvelous story so much, I started playing around with it and updating it without, I hope, destroying its integrity. I also gave it an ending. . .several in fact because in this magnificent novel, numerous males are forced into skirts by a group of conniving women. To give credit where it is due, I would love to pay tribute to the original author of this great narrative, but to my great sorrow, no name was listed on the pages I found. Take it from a lifelong reader, lover, and occasional author of TV fiction. This is a very long story, as long as four normal Sandy Thomas books, and it is a definite CLASSIC you don't dare miss!



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# PUNISHED IN PINK

(Based upon GALE'S ADVENTURES IN PETTICOATS)

## Total rewrite by Alice Trail

My last two years of high school were spent living with Helen, my father's extremely rich sister, as she was my legal guardian. We weren't very close, but we ignored each other enough to get by. The major cause of most of our disputes was my crass attitude, the practical jokes I played on her staff, and my sexual advances toward her maids. . . especially my amorous encounters with the very sexy upstairs maid Susie!

Helen had never been married and was accustomed to living alone and having servants abide her every wish, no matter how trivial. Thus, in accordance with her desires, everyone behaved in a proper, sedate manner in her presence. . . that is until I arrived on the scene.

As a normal healthy boy, I talked loudly and dashed about at will, and as one can imagine, these natural masculine antics caused many disputes between us. Our differences reached a higher plateau; however, a couple of months after my high school graduation. During that time, I lived a grand, carefree, yet defiant life as I cavorted about in a rather unbridled manner with my friends, both male and female, paying little heed to Helen's criticisms. To my great disappointment, this adventure began to fade into oblivion as my companions migrated to college, got married, or became involved in regular jobs.

For myself, I had no such plans. I had no desire to go to college, and I certainly didn't want a job! Along with my friend Carol Johnson, I was offered a football scholarship at a small college, but I didn't even want that! Carol was small, but he could fake out the defensive backs, get open, and catch anything he could reach. Because of his size, the big colleges didn't want to take a chance on him, but he was glad for the opportunity to continue playing football, even at a small school. My logic in rejecting a scholarship was that Helen had plenty of money, and I saw no reason why I shouldn't live the life of a playboy

and help her spend it. So, in early August, Carol went off to summer football practice without me.

As with Carol, my other friends began to depart, and I found myself more and more without companionship. The absence of my friends gave me an abundance of time on my hands, and I became very bored. That's when I really turned toward Helen's staff for amusement. For example, I wired smoke bombs to the spark plugs of her limousine and let air out of the tires just to annoy James, the chauffeur. Inside the house, where two of the maids quit because of my antics, things were even worse. Thus, as one can imagine, Helen's staff held me in very low esteem. That is, except for Susie who was proving to be an excellent tutor in the sexual arts.

Helen kept pressuring me to make a decision about my future, but I continued to put her off with one promise after another. I guess she finally reached her breaking point because one morning in early August, she said, "Gale, as my brother's only child, I love you dearly, but since your arrival in my home, you have been a thorn in my side and totally disruptive to my household. You seemingly go out of your way to infuriate me by disregarding my wishes, and my staff is on the verge of revolt because of your insolence. In addition to all that, you have made it abundantly clear that you have no interest whatsoever in pursuing worthwhile goals such as higher education or a rewarding career. For some reason, you enjoy harassing my staff, bounding about the house as if on a trampoline, and you have let your hair grow down onto your neck. All these things are contrary to my expressed wishes, a fact of which you are fully aware."

"But Helen. . .," I began, sensing a determination in her voice that I had not heard before. "I. . ."

"However," she continued as if I hadn't spoken. "I have found a course of action that I believe will improve your attitude and curtail your rude behavior at the same time. My plan will not be easy on either of us because it will mean a somewhat drastic change in your lifestyle. . . as well as your mode of dress. This retribution will last until you have shown me a serious desire to mend your ways and seriously pursue a worthwhile future."

"What do you mean Helen?" I asked, having no notion of what she was talking about, yet somehow fearing her determined voice. New clothes? I was used to wearing comfortable things like jeans, tee shirts, and sneakers.

"Do you mean I'll have to start wearing suits, blazers, ties, slacks, and fancy things like that?"

"Fancy things, yes, but not like that," she answered, rising from her chair. "Come up to the celebrity guest room, and I'll show you."

Upon entering the elaborately decorated guest room, we were greeted by a maid I had never seen before. She was about thirty, trim, athletic, well built, and quite attractive. Her uniform was a short sleeved black dress with a tight fitting bodice and a flaring skirt to three inches above her knees, revealing very attractive legs. Maybe this new domestic could teach me some things Susie didn't know about!



"Gale," Helen said sweetly, bringing me out of my reverie, "this is Marie. She will be your personal maid as we endeavor to alter your lifestyle and mold you into a socially acceptable being. As such, she will lend you every possible assistance to prepare you for your new and exciting life."

"My own personal maid? WOW!" I gasped while wondering just how personal. At any rate, if she was to be my very own personal maid, I would be able to corner her in my room for sexual encounters whenever I wished.

"Yes dear," Helen answered with a shrewd smile while indicating an array of feminine things on the bed. "Marie and I purchased some clothing for you based on the sizes of your current things, and I'm sure you'll come to love them."

"How do you like your pretty new things Miss Gale?" Marie asked, putting special emphasis on the Miss.

"What's going on here?" I demanded as I stared at the clothes. "What do you mean Miss Gale!"

"This is part of the new wardrobe that you will need for your new life," Helen answered. "Don't you remember? I explained it to you downstairs."

"This can't be, Helen!" I screamed. "These are girl's clothes, for Christ sake!"

"Nevertheless," Helen stated, "these are the clothes you will wear for the foreseeable future."

"These are girl's clothes!" I shouted again in case she hadn't heard me. "I won't wear them, and you can't make me! I'm a boy, and I won't stand for it!" Then, seeing the smiles on their faces, I spoke more calmly. "This is a joke, right? You're just saying this stuff to put a scare into me, aren't you?" I gasped, hoping against hope that it was true.

Marie dashed my hopes, saying, "Certainly not Miss Gale! These are the clothes you will wear as you begin your new life. Now, let's get started."

"Bring him down to the sitting room when you're finished Marie," Helen instructed calmly as she turned and left the room.

"You're out of your mind!" I shouted. "Those are girl's clothes! What kind of boy do you think I am anyway? I can't wear girl's clothes, and I won't!" That said, I headed for the door only to find myself flying headlong across the room into a lamp, sending it crashing to the floor in pieces.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way Miss Gale," I heard Marie say as I struggled to my feet in a daze, trying to fathom what had happened. "It's all up to you, but in the end, you will wear these pretty clothes."

"This is insane!" I bellowed and charged her like a bull only to have her easily side step out of my way, and I crashed into an easy chair. The force of the impact drove the chair into the wall, shattering the plaster and jarring several pictures from the wall.

After several more charges, all ending in much the same way. I was puffing and sweating while she remained calm. Without my laying a finger on Marie, she said, "I can do this all day if you wish to break more furniture Miss Gale, but don't you think we should get on with your aunt's wishes before you break a bone or two? Your bones, not mine!"

"How can you do this to me?" I gasped. "You're just a . . . a woman! I was the star quarterback on the football team and one of the best athletes in my high school. "



"I may be only a woman, but I have a black belt in karate and a brown belt in judo," she stated calmly. "You don't have a chance against me. . .really. Now, why don't you be a good boy and take off your clothes while I draw your bath? You will have to sooner or later, you know."

"But Marie I. . ." I started to protest, but never finished as I saw her advancing on me. What she said made perfect sense because she had proven without a doubt that I could never defeat her. "I always take showers," I sighed, lowering my head in resignation.

"Showers are a thing of the past for you," she stated in a no nonsense tone. "Pretty young ladies, like you are soon to become, adore the luxury of soaking in a nice warm sudsy tub." Then, seeing my imminent protest, she spat, "Not a word! If I hear one word of objection, I'll turn you over my knee and give you a sound spanking! So, don't tempt me!"

After the demonstration she had just put on, I had no doubt that she could and would carry out her threat. Having no alternative, I undressed down to my jockey shorts and walked toward the bathroom.

"Those too, Miss Gale," Marie ordered more sweetly than I thought necessary.

"Please Marie, I. . .I. . .can't! Not in front of you. It. . .it wouldn't be decent!" By then, I was crimson from head to foot. As one might imagine, the thought of appearing nude before this fully dressed attractive woman was quite terrifying.

"Don't be so bashful," she insisted. "I've seen naked little boys before. Anyway, as your personal maid, my seeing you nude will become a matter of routine. Quickly now, off with those briefs! We haven't all day!"

There was no escape, no refuge from Marie's piercing eyes as I slowly lowered my shorts and kicked them off. When I was completely naked, she held out a flimsy pink negligee for me to slip into. As I pulled this soft feminine garment about me, I took solace in the fact that at least I was covered from her peering eyes.

"Always remember to wear your negligee to and from your bath Miss Gale," Marie instructed. "A proper young lady doesn't parade around in the nude. . .not even in the sanctity of her own bedroom. Now, into the bath with you!"

"I'm not a proper young lady," I muttered as I padded out of the room, thoroughly shamed and crushed in spirit.

"Oh, you soon will be," Marie teased. "You soon will be!"

Before I could wonder how my strange situation could possibly get worse, it did. I detected a delicate fragrance emanating from the bath water, and I shuddered to think what my friends would say if they knew I was about to

bathe in femininely scented water. Oh, what a horrible thought! Still, somehow the tepid liquid soothed my jangled nerves, and I began to relax as I soaped myself with the perfumed suds. The thought that this would leave me with a feminine odor; however, quickly brought me back to the realization of my strange plight.

"When you've finished bathing, call me before you get out of the tub," Marie said with a gay laugh. "I have to shave your legs."

"Shave my legs?!!!! You're not going to shave my legs!" I shouted and started to rise to my feet. "I won't stand for it!"

"Oh yes I am!" she exclaimed while simultaneously giving me a stinging slap to my face. "Maybe not before I give you a sound spanking, but I have every intention of shaving those pretty legs in accordance with your aunt's instructions. Now, if I were you Miss Gale, I would just relax and follow instructions!"

"Don't call me that!" I protested as she left the room, slamming the door behind her. Apparently, I was not only to be insulted by being called Miss and made to bathe in scented water, I had to suffer the utter indignity of having my legs shaved like a girl! To make matters worse, I dared not protest too much for fear that Marie would carry out her threat of a spanking! Finally, in almost a whisper, I called out, "Okay Marie, I'm ready."

Entering the bathroom with a ladies razor and a can of lather, Marie had me stand and hold on to the towel bar while she lathered my legs and removed the dark hair that had only recently grown. As I stood naked before her, she gave me instructions on shaving my legs and pointed out trouble areas because, as she said, I would be responsible for performing that feminine task for myself in the future.

"The future?" I asked. "How long is this to last?"

"The duration of your punishment is not my concern," she answered in an indifferent tone. "That subject can only be discussed with your aunt. My only function is to carry out her instructions and dress you as a pretty young lady."

Her answer left me in a virtual stupor! I could only stand idly by while my masculine leg hair was removed. When she finished her task, she motioned for me to step onto the floor and dried me thoroughly with a fluffy pink towel. Then, taking a large gaily colored box of powder and a huge puff, she began to cover my entire body with

fragrant powder. I hastily covered my genitals with my hands to salve a modicum of modesty, but my action was to no avail.

“Turn around!” she ordered as she dipped the puff into the box. “And for goodness sake, hold your hands at your sides. I’ve been looking at that silly little thing for the past half hour while I shaved your legs! It’s not as though I haven’t seen it before. Besides, how do you expect me to powder you properly if you’re all crouched over like that?”

To make matters worse, she took a small perfume atomizer and sprayed me here and there. . . even on my pubic area. I really smelled feminine as I slipped back into the folds of my soft negligee.

“Just a minute,” she said as I turned toward the bedroom, “we have to install this first.”

“This” turned out to be a flesh colored strap of some sort, the like of which I had never seen. “What’s that?” I questioned.

“This is a strap not too unlike the supporters you wore while participating in sports,” Marie offered as I stared at the article dangling limply in the air from her finger. “Its purpose is to pull back and hold those masculine genitals back between your legs. You know, out of sight, out of mind, so to speak. Now, open your negligee, and step into it.”

I reluctantly opened my gown to bare myself before her once again and followed her instructions. She worked the tight object up my legs to my hips, and before I realized what she was doing, she brazenly took my masculine attributes in hand and confined them in a small pouch that was a part of that awful doohickey.

“What is that thing?” I gasped. “The pain. . . I can’t stand it!”

“I told you what it is,” she answered a bit tersely, “and you’ll get used to the discomfort. Okay, I’ll tell you again, but you must learn to listen. This is a garment whose purpose is to pull back and hide your male equipment so a bulge won’t show in your tight dresses and skirts, especially if you get excited. In the future, we will simply refer to it as your ‘device’. So remember, as long as you wear girl’s clothes, you must wear one of these to save yourself a lot of embarrassment. Come along now, and let’s get you dressed.”

When we arrived at the bed, Marie picked up a pair of yellow nylon panties with wide bands of lace at the waist

and leg openings. "Step into these and take off your negligee so we can put on your bra."

Having never worn panties, I was surprised how soft and smooth they were as I adjusted them about my hips. As I ran my hands across my buttocks to smooth the silky fabric, a pleasant sensation shot through my groin, only to quickly subside under the relentless pressure of my 'device'. Marie noticed my blank expression and responded with a knowing smile while I burned with humiliation.

My bra, as Marie cleverly proclaimed, was a perfect match for my panties. It was the exact color and the cups and straps were covered with matching lace. After fastening the strap behind me, she produced two life like replicas of a girl's breasts and deftly inserted them into the lacy cups.

"These little beauties are the latest technology," Marie stated. "They not only have the appearance of the real thing, but the feel, weight, and action as well. And believe me, they are not cheap! You see, your aunt loves you very much, and she wants you to have the very best. Now, you have your own pretty breasts just like a real girl." She further informed me that I wore a B cup and would not appear to be overly endowed.

As I stared at the strange mounds on my chest, Marie produced another curious looking flesh colored garment, saying, "This is the modern version of the Victorian corset. It accomplishes the same thing, but it is very light and soft, like the panties you so lovingly caressed a moment ago."

I blushed again as she encased my middle in that innocent looking bit of fluff and tightened the laces. I was astounded by how quickly this entity became an instrument of torture. At Marie's able hands, my already trim athletic waist was swiftly compressed to twenty eight inches, four less than normal. Placing my hands at my nipped waist, I couldn't comprehend how such soft fabric could hold me like steel. I gasped, "Marie. . .please. . .loosen the laces. I. . .I can't. . .breathe!"

"Nonsense Miss Gale," she responded, making light of my request. "In no time at all, you'll be pleased with your nice figure. All pretty girls love a trim waist. Quit complaining now! We still have a lot to do to before we present you to your aunt!"

"Present me to Helen?" I thought. "Yes, that's it!" Marie's comment brought the reality of my situation into

focus. My genitals were tightly strapped back between my legs, my sides crushed as if in a vise, and despite my wishes to the contrary, I was to wear the remainder of the feminine clothes on the bed. Helen wanted to shame me into making a decision about my future, and she planned to frighten me with the prospect of wearing girl's clothes unless I got on with it. "Okay!" I thought. "Since I have no alternative, I'll pretend to go along with Marie and let Helen have her fun and end this craziness!"

In accordance with my plan, I made few complaints as Marie went about her task of dressing me in girl's clothes. While she kneaded smooth, sheer nylons over my freshly shaved legs, I obediently fastened on a matching garter belt and threaded the straps underneath my panties. As she showed me how to tautly fasten the suspenders to the tops of my nylons, I thought with disgust, "Yeah! As if I'll be dressing like this again!"

After stepping into white pumps with slender two inch heels and walking around the room trying to get my balance in the tortuous stilts, I obediently held out my arms while Marie draped a matching yellow nylon slip over my head. I was astounded at the softness of this feminine garment as it drifted down over my body. It was the silkiest thing I had ever touched, and with my every movement, some part of my body was caressed by its sensuous material. The reaction deep within my device was neither unexpected nor unpleasant.

At long last, a pretty yellow silk dress was the only item remaining on the bed. "Your first dress is very special, Miss Gale," Marie explained as she held it up before me.

"Don't carry on about it so!" I objected with an irritated lilt to my voice. Despite my resolve to let Marie have her way, I was helpless to stop her. "Just get on with it if you must!" Pain and discomfort assailed me on several fronts. . .my device was crushing my masculinity. . .my corset was compressing my sides. . .my feet were cramped in unfamiliar shoes. . .my bra straps were digging into my shoulders from the weight of the inserts. . .not to mention the humiliation of being dressed as a girl by a maid. No small wonder my emotions got the best of me!

Her palm struck my cheek a stinging blow, and her face turned menacing as she spat, "Now, you listen to me! Young ladies take pride in knowing every detail of their ensembles, and since you are to be dressed as one, you will

listen attentively as I describe your clothing and accessories. Later, I will expect you know every detail!"

I lowered my gaze as she described the dress as an elegant short sleeved silk design with a keyhole neckline, a fitted bodice with a back zip, and a sweeping knee length skirt. Imagine how I felt having to listen to all that in embarrassing detail before Marie finally lowered the humiliating garment over my head and zipped it up my back.

"There you go!" she announced.

I walked around the room to accustom myself to the feel of my strange new clothes, and as Marie said, to assure that my . . .ug. . .skirt hung properly. As I stumbled about in my unaccustomed heels, one thought prevailed in my mind, "Covering that soft slip with a dress certainly did nothing to lessen its sensuality because it sure causes an arousal in my device as it caresses my freshly shaved, nylon clad legs."

"Alright doll," Marie said, bringing me out of my dream like disposition. "Come over to the vanity so I can do your makeup. We don't have all day, you know."

"Don't tell me I have to wear makeup too!!!" I spat in disgust.

"Of course!" Marie insisted. "No pretty girl would dare to be seen without her makeup."

"I'm not a girl!"

"For all practical purposes, you are for as long as your aunt chooses to dress you as one, so you'd better get used to it!"

"How long will that be?"

"I told you, that's not my business!" she admonished. "My only concern is to see that you dress and behave properly. Now, get over to you vanity like I instructed before I get angry and give you a sound spanking like I promised!"

Totally defeated, I sat at the vanity and let Marie have her way once more. As she expertly applied different liquids, creams, and powders to my face, she chattered on about moisturizers, base, blush, mascara, lipstick, matching nail polish, perfume, daytime makeup, nighttime makeup, and on, and on. She said I would have to learn to do all this for myself, but in my confused state, I couldn't remember the names of the stuff, much less how to put it on. Despite my apathy, when she was finished, I saw a pretty miss with perfect makeup staring back at me.

As Helen had said, my hair was long for a boy, but I was now learning that it was short for a girl. No matter though! Marie had expertly created curled bangs across my forehead and framed the remaining hair about my face. I was amazed at how girlish I looked. . .me. . .a football hero! How could I become this dainty feminine being that stared back through wide eyes? How?

"I agree that you are very pretty Miss Gale," Marie complimented, "but you simply can't sit there all day admiring your beauty. Your aunt is waiting, so let's go!"

I blushed at her statement because I was in total awe of the feminine image she had created.

As Marie took my hand and propelled me into the hall, several of the maids, who I had made advances toward, saw me and laughed out loud at my degradation. Apparently, they knew what was being done to me and were waiting to see the finished product. My face was on fire as they observed my humiliation.

"Be careful with your heels, and don't trip on your skirt as you descend the stairs, Miss Gale," Marie advised as I trod along in my misery.

"Why Gale, you make a lovely girl!" Helen exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight. "Doesn't he Marie?"

"Very pretty for a start, Miss Robbins," Marie answered.

"A start?" I thought in horror. "What did she mean by that?" I pulled away from Marie, ran to where Helen sat and fell to my knees. "Helen!" I begged. "Please don't do this terrible thing to me. I'm sorry for my past behavior, and I promise never to displease you again. Please! Let me out of these awful girl's clothes. Just this one time!" I tried for all I was worth to make my voice sound sincere and full of remorse.

She put her hand on my head and whispered, "There, there my pretty Gale. Don't carry on so. When you prove to me that you mean all this, I shall let you have your trousers back. . .but not a minute sooner. Come now, stand in front of me so I can see what a gorgeous niece I have!"

As I stood, mortified to the point of death, she had me turn this way and that so she could inspect my. . .oh how horrible. . .my dress! After I was totally humiliated, I was told to walk about the room to further display my shameful clothes. With my every movement, I was aware of that damnable soft slip caressing my legs. At least that part

wasn't unpleasant, I had to admit to myself, but I dared not reveal that embarrassing fact to Helen or Marie.

"By the way Gale," Helen asked, "did you happen to look in your closet at the pretty clothes you will be wearing in the days to come?"

"Days to come?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean I'll have to wear these awful clothes for days!"

"Oh no," she answered calmly, momentarily relieving my anxiety. "I believe we are talking weeks at a minimum. . . perhaps even months."

"Weeks. . . Months!!!" I shouted. "Helen I can't dress like a girl for weeks! And, certainly not for months!"

"Of course you can dear, and you shall! In fact, you'll dress as a girl until you show by actions, not words, that you really intend to reform. Also, for your information, while you were dressing in these lovely things, all the clothes in your room were removed and stored away. There they will stay until you demonstrate a willingness to mend your ways. If you are clear on this, let's eat, as I believe lunch is ready."

I was very dejected as I sat at the table. Being unable to concentrate on the food, my only thought was how horrible I would feel having to wear dresses for the next several weeks, or even months! There had to be some way to get Helen to change her mind. There just had to be! What if my friends found out!!!

"We will now return to the sitting room and discuss your future, Gale sweetheart," Helen said after lunch. Further humiliating me, she slipped her arm around my painfully nipped waist and guided me from the room.

"Helen, can't we talk about this?" I asked anxiously when we were seated side by side on the sofa.



"Oh yes, my pretty Gale, we will discuss this. . .and in detail!" she answered with a satirical inflection in her voice. "Only, I will talk, and you will listen!"

"Oh Helen, why are you doing this awful thing to me?" I sobbed.

"That's a fair question," she answered calmly. "For the past several weeks, I have been conducting research into possible cures for headstrong, rebellious young men like you. In my investigation, I came across a book on the subject that was written in England more than a century ago. This fascinating text suggests that the most effective way to reform impetuous boys such as you was to force them to dress as girls for a time. This practice, called petticoat punishment, was so effective that it became very widely used in England, and in fact, continues today. Without exception, the book states, every boy subjected to this penalty became polite, obedient, and cooperative while so dressed and continued to behave correctly when he was finally allowed to return to his pants. The book went on to state that no matter how difficult these boys were when first required to dress as girls, many of them actually grew fond of their frillies and continued to wear them openly or in secret for the rest of their lives."

"Not me! I won't wear these hateful things one minute longer than you make me!" I declared. Then, thinking that I had already enjoyed the caress of my soft slip, I blushed brightly.

"We'll see about that," Helen responded with a teasing smile. "Anyway, that's where I got the idea to dress you as a girl."

"But Helen, I'm a boy, and, you have no right to make me wear girl's clothes," I protested.

"As your guardian, I have every right!" she declared, her eyes glowing with intensity. "And since I am very wealthy, I also have the power! Therefore, you will wear whatever I decide is best for you whether you like it or not, and the sooner you accept that fact, the easier your life in skirts will be. Also, in the future, you will refer to me as Aunt Helen. Your habit of addressing me by my first name is impolite and doesn't bestow the proper respect to which I am entitled. Failure to comply with this or my other directives will only serve to prolong your tenure in dresses. Now, run along and tell Marie you're ready for your lessons."

My afternoon was spent in a way that would disgust and humiliate any red-bloodied male! Under Marie's tutelage, I was taught to walk by placing one foot directly in front of the other with my wrists limp and hips swinging, not an easy task in my unaccustomed high heels. She also showed me how to smooth my skirt beneath me when I sat and warned me to keep my knees together. Learning to walk and sit like a girl was very embarrassing, and I felt like a complete sissy the entire time. Only with the threat of another painful spanking did I make an honest effort to please her.

Finally, seeming somewhat satisfied with my progress, Marie showed me how to remove my makeup. This was one lesson I was eager to learn, but sad to say, it was only the beginning. When my face was clean, she again told the names and purposes of the many cosmetics on the vanity and showed me how to apply them. This time, after I cleansed my face, she suggested that I apply the makeup myself.

I was hesitant to try, but she insisted practice was the only way to learn. Needless to say, I was extremely embarrassed to cover my face with these feminine cosmetics, but when I had to add lipstick, I was totally humiliated. Imagine, a normal boy having to put on lipstick! I made a complete mess of the entire project, but Marie was patient and corrected my many mistakes. Under her direction, I repeated the process several times, and despite my reluctance to learn these feminine techniques, I got better with each try. At last, Marie put it on for me, naturally doing a much neater job, and said we should join Helen for dinner.

Dinner! Ah, what a welcome sound. Since I had eaten little at lunch, I was starved! At the table, I attacked my food with the vigor of any normal hungry boy, even taking seconds. The food was good, and only after wolfing down a large portion of desert did I realize the folly of my actions. You see, my sides expanded from the influx of food, but the unyielding fabric of my corset did not!

"Oh Helen!" I cried. "Tell Marie to loosen my. . .my corset. It's way too tight!"

"I'll do no such thing!" she declared in a stern voice. "You must learn to eat meager portions to attain a neat figure. Maybe a little discomfort is just the thing to teach you, so let's hear no more complaints! Besides, you addressed me rudely without my title of respect as you were instructed."

"I'm sorry Aunt Helen," I quickly added. "I'll try to remember in the future."

"See that you do!" The unspoken threat of a longer sojourn in dresses was more than sufficient to quiet me despite the severe pain in my sides.

After dinner, my walking, sitting, and makeup practice continued until bedtime. When my makeup was finally removed for the last time, Marie taught me how to cream my face for the night. Smoothing this lightly scented cream on my face to make it soft like a girl's was humiliating to say the least, but it was certainly in line with my experiences of that awful day.

Marie helped me out of my dress and slip and told me to remove my nylons and garter belt. While I was following her instructions, she took long pink nylon nightgown from a drawer and held it out to me. Knowing better than to refuse, I held out my hands, and allowed her to guide it over my head.

As the smooth garment slid over my body, I thought, "This is a lot like the slip. It's soft, and it caresses my body with every movement." The matching negligee, that she slipped over my arms and fastened around my waist with a sash, was so sheer that nothing of my gown was concealed. I didn't ask, but as I stepped into matching bedroom slippers, I wondered about its purpose. Other than covering my bare arms and shoulders, I could see no function that it served.

Finally, Marie pulled back the cover and allowed me to slide between soft satin sheets. With an amused snicker that made my blood boil, she said, "Goodnight Miss Gale. Be a good girl now." With that, she turned and left me alone in my misery.

I wanted to scream my protests, to jump up and rip off my flimsy gown! Instead, I meekly allowed her to tuck me into bed as one would a six year old.

Marie awakened me the following morning by pulling back the drapes. When she drew back my covers, I was embarrassed to see that my gown had crept up during the night, but to my relief, my tight device controled the arousal in my panties. Still, I hastily adjusted the gown to cover myself, and to my relief, Marie paid no heed to my antics.

"Come Miss Gale, it's time to get up," she said, holding up my negligee.

My cheeks burned with embarrassment as I reluctantly offered my arms for her to slip the diaphanous garment over my arms, stepped into my slippers, and plodded off to the bathroom. To my further distress, I found that I was to go to breakfast dressed as I was, although Marie added a bit of makeup, pink lipstick, and brushed my hair first.

On our way downstairs, all of the maids we encountered laughed heartily and offered the polite greeting, "Good morning Miss Gale."

I was mortified to be seen mincing along in my extremely feminine bedroom costume by these domestics, but I was helpless to alter my situation. The only bright spot of my humiliating destiny was the pleasant caresses of my soft gown as I walked, but of course, I couldn't admit that embarrassing fact to anyone!

"Gale, you look positively ravishing this morning!" Helen. . .uh. . .Aunt Helen proclaimed as I entered the breakfast nook where she was seated drinking coffee. "Did you sleep well dear?"

"I. . .I guess so," I mumbled as I took my seat.

Remembering the painful ordeal with my corset the night before, and being mindful of its current pressure, I only nibbled at my food, even though I was quite hungry.

After breakfast, I was sent back upstairs to bathe and dress. At first, I was reluctant to immerse myself in the tub that Marie had prepared, but once I did, the warm scented water had a very relaxing effect, giving me a sense of peace. What was happening to me? Imagine! A boy who had always enjoyed showers in the morning, relaxing in a warm perfumed bath like a girl!

Marie dried me off and again covered my body with fragrant powder. After spraying me with perfume, she slapped my bottom, and with a sly smile, said, "Time to get you dressed for the day Miss Gale."

Standing before my closet, I found that Aunt Helen had indeed been truthful. Hanging there before my eyes, I saw two dresses and a skirt and blouse that I hadn't seen before. "I. . .I have to. . .to wear these?" I asked hesitantly while dreading the inevitable answer.

"Don't be silly Miss Gale!" Marie chastised in a peaches and cream voice. "Of course, you will wear these pretty dresses and skirts! But since you can't wear them all at once, why don't you select the one you would like to

wear today?" When I hesitated, she added, "It's a tough choice, isn't it? Oh well, go ahead, I'm sure you'll look lovely in them all."

I delayed my decision as long as possible, but when Marie put her hands on her hips and exhaled in a show of impatience, I slowly, and with much embarrassment, raised my hand and pointed to the one nearest me. It was a pastel print silk sarong dress with a mock wrap skirt and a side tie at the waist. The skirt was more narrow and, as it only fell to the top of my knees, was shorter than the dress I had worn the day before.

"Notice that this dress isn't lined," Marie explained. "That means you'll always have to wear a slip with it even on the hottest days. You see, in clothing of delicate materials like silk, the absence of a lining renders it transparent in bright light or the sun, and a slip will prevent a very unladylike and embarrassing display."

Blushing intensely as I pictured the scene she described, I merely nodded.

"Now that you have selected your dress, replace your device, and choose matching panties, bra, slip, and garter belt," she instructed. "A lady is always mindful that her undies match her dress."

I was amazed at the array of lingerie in the chest as I stared into the drawers with awe. "Why are there so many, and how long does Aunt Helen intend to make me dress like this?" was the question that flooded my confused mind. Fearful to do otherwise, I hesitantly reached into the drawer and picked up a pair of very soft white lace covered tap panties simply because they were the first that my hand touched.

"A very nice selection Miss Gale!" Marie complimented as I stepped into them. "Now, make certain everything else matches your pretty panties."

Over the next few minutes, I found myself taking soft bits of fluff out to check color and lace patterns to see that they matched. When everything was finally on the bed, I removed my negligee and threaded the bra straps over my arms.

After several failed attempts to fasten the clasp behind me, Marie did it for me and offered, "Be sure to lean forward when you adjust your breasts in the cups Miss Gale. They will situate better that way. Now, back into your corset!"

The corset was still unbearably tight, but somehow, I wasn't as embarrassed putting on my nylons, garter belt,

slip, dress, and two inch pumps as I was the day before. Although Marie had insisted that I dress myself, thankfully, she put on my makeup and arranged my hair. Even though I had practiced the day before, I could never have done it correctly. For jewelry, I wore a double chain necklace, clip on hoop earrings, and matching bracelet, all in gold. Finally, with a spray of perfume, Marie pronounced me ready to go downstairs.

“Oh Marie, he looks so lovely in that dress!” Aunt Helen exclaimed. “We did a perfect job of determining his feminine sizes and in selecting fabrics and colors that would enhance his beauty.”

“Yes Miss Robbins, he looks very nice,” Marie answered politely. “but he still has a lot to learn.”

“Oh well,” Aunt Helen responded, dismissing Marie’s misgivings, “there’s plenty time for that. Besides, teaching him to behave as a lady is your responsibility, so see that you do a thorough job.” With a wave of her hand, Marie was dismissed.

When Marie was gone, I jumped to my feet and shouted at Aunt Helen, “I won’t! I won’t dress like a girl! I won’t act like a girl! Do you hear? I won’t! I won’t! I won’t!”

Aunt Helen clasped her hand to her breast, and gasped at my outburst. Her eyes were sparks of fire that seemed to dart out at me, and her expression was one of rage. Struggling to control her voice, she spat, “Gale! How dare you speak to me like that? How dare you!!!” Then, turning toward the door, she shrieked, “MARIE!”

A few seconds later, Marie charged into the room and looked around as if expecting a tragedy.

“Marie!” Aunt Helen declared in a firm tone, “Gale has just displayed the most unladylike behavior I have ever witnessed, and I wish you to punish him in a fitting and proper manner.”

Hearing her harsh demands turned my knees to jelly.

“Certainly Miss Robbins!” Marie answered with a steel voice. “I’ll be back momentarily,” she added while turning to leave.

When she returned, Marie walked up to me with a wooden hairbrush in her hand, looked into my eyes with a stalwart expression, and demanded, “What has come over you Miss Gale? In our recent conversation, you promised to behave in accordance with your aunt’s instructions. What happened to that promise?”

My earlier bravado had vanished, for a boy in a dress, makeup, and heels, can't remain courageous very long. Knowing what the hairbrush symbolized, and wanting desperately to avoid a most humiliating experience, my attitude quickly turned to one of repentance. "I'm sorry Aunt Helen!" I declared. "I don't know what came over me. Honest, I don't. Please forgive me. I promise never to do it again."

"Nothing doing young lady," she stated with finality. "You must learn that you can't throw a tantrum and get away with it like you did in the past. That kind of behavior as has no place in this household, and it will not go unpunished now or in the future! Marie, do your duty!"

"Come along Miss Gale," Marie said, gently taking my hand and leading me to a straight backed chair, where she took a seat. "Let's do this the easy way. Raise your skirt to your waist, and lie across my lap like a good boy."

"Boys don't wear skirts!!!" I wanted to shout, "And, you're horrible to make me do it!!!" But, since that type of behavior got me into my current dilemma, I knew another outburst would only increase my punishment. My options? What were my options? I had to think fast! I couldn't defeat Marie in a fight. She had proven that with ease. To try to escape or overcome her would doubtlessly result in bruises in addition to my inevitable spanking. I had no options! I could only obey! With that realization, I slowly raised my skirt and slip to my waist, exposing my panties, and assumed the humiliating position.

Marie raised the brush and stinging blows began descending on my posterior, each seemingly worse than the last. I don't know how many there were as I lost count amid my screams. When Marie was finished, she kept me in place and read me the riot act. She scolded me for my outburst and told of many other offenses punishable in like manner. Finally, after being ordered to apologize to Aunt Helen and to promise to never . . . never show such malice and disrespect toward her in the future, was I allowed to regain my feet.

I literally flew to Aunt Helen's feet sobbing on my knees, "Oh, I'm so sorry Aunt Helen. Please forgive me! I'll never show such disrespect again! I promise!!!"

She pulled me up beside her on the sofa, looked deep into my eyes, and said in a tender, yet unwavering, voice. "Alright darling, I'll forgive you this time, but if you ever



direct such willful scorn toward me again, the punishment you have just received will seem like a Sunday picnic. You must understand that I love you very much, and that I only want the best for you. Whether you can accept the notion or not, I am doing this for your own good, and as your guardian, I am due at least a modicum of respect. Now, look at you! Your makeup is all ruined. Ask Marie sweetly to help you repair it, and when you return, I expect to see a sweet, demure niece."

"What would Dad say if he could see me now?" I asked myself as Marie took my hand and led me up these steps like a small child. Following meekly along, I knew that the spanking had not only crushed my rebellion but my spirit as well.

"Your pretty dress is all wrinkled from your ordeal, Miss Gale," Marie announced as we entered my new room. "Take it off, and I'll have it pressed while we re-do your makeup."

I removed my dress while Marie summoned Susie. I really didn't want my former lover to see me in my embarrassing feminine underwear, but my buttocks were still on fire, and didn't dare risk a repeat performance. "Oh well, there's nothing I can do about it now," I thought as I smoothed my slip beneath me and sat at my vanity to remove my ruined makeup. I did notice that the caress of my hands felt very soothing on my burning buttocks through the dual layers of nylon.

"Miss Gale has wrinkled his dress," Marie informed Susie. "See that it is pressed and promptly returned. He needs it for lunch."

Susie, more so than the other maids, teased me and emphasized the Miss whenever she saw me in my nightgown and negligee on my way to and from breakfast or in my dresses during the day. And now, her face was beaming with glee as she eyed me willingly, no anxiously plying my face with cosmetics! "Yes Marie," she replied, barely suppressing laughter. "I'll see to his pretty dress right away."

Marie never had a more diligent or attentive pupil as I attempted to learn to correctly apply makeup. For the first time, I really took a sincere interest in my task and tried to get it right. Of course, the results weren't nearly up to Marie's exacting standards, but to my relief, she praised me for my efforts and told me to cleanse my face. Afterward, she re-did everything, and when she was finished, I had to admit that I really did look like a girl. Even Susie was amazed to such an extent that she didn't tease me when she returned with my dress.

When we came down for lunch, Aunt Helen was bright and cheery, as if the ordeal of the morning had never happened. She chatted on as if I were really her pretty niece and that all this was perfectly normal.

Quickly learning that hunger pangs were less painful than the unrelenting pressure of my corset, I again ate a meager portion.

After lunch, Marie led me back upstairs for the continuation of my feminization. That afternoon, the lessons were on nail polishing. She showed me how to remove my

old polish and replace it with a fresh shiny coat. When I tried; however, the results were not so appealing.

After several failed attempts to reach her meticulous standards, Marie applied two coats of flaming red polish and said I would improve with practice. "Now, remove your makeup, it's time for your nap," she announced when the polish was finally dry.

"But I don't need a nap," I protested. "I'm a grown boy!

"Boy indeed!" she snapped. "For now, you're a girl, and as such, you need your beauty rest. So, don't argue unless you want another spanking! You have been sweet all afternoon, so don't spoil it with hostility. Come, I'll help you undress."

"If I'm asleep, at least I won't have to pretend to cooperate while they make a girl out of me," I thought as I crawled between the satin sheets in my slip and undies.

Marie woke me some time later and helped me back into my dress. "We'll work on eye makeup this afternoon, Miss Gale," she stated without emotion. "Pull your negligee over your slip, and sit at the vanity. I think we'll start by cleaning up your brows a bit."

I quickly learned that 'cleaning up my brows' meant sitting passively for half an hour while Marie yanked most of them out, leaving only a bare, thin, arched line. I never imagined there was so much to feminine eye makeup, but to my dismay, I was learning. . .fast! Marie made up my eyes first, telling me the names of all the cosmetics, explaining their effect and purposes before demonstrating the correct application techniques.

"Alright, Miss Gale, take it all off, and we'll see what you've learned," she finally stated.

Afraid to do otherwise, I followed her instructions as best I could, but the final result was a terrible mess! I feared Marie's wrath for my inept efforts, but she eased my nerves saying it turned out about as she expected and that there was plenty of time to practice and improve. She further assured me that she would not punish failed attempts if I was diligent in my efforts. On the other hand, inattentive, half hearted endeavors, or defiant behavior would be dealt with quickly and severely.

After several failed attempts on my part, Marie did my full makeup and hair, patiently explaining each step along the way. Finally satisfied with my appearance, she helped me dress and led me down to dinner.

As we descended the stairs and as my soft slip caressed my thighs with every movement, I experienced a pleasant arousal within my device. Relishing the moment, the alarming thought that wearing soft silky things was somehow rather nice, flashed through my mind. "Goodness! What's happening to me?" I asked myself and quickly dismissed that insane notion.

"I must say you look very pretty this evening Gale darling," Aunt Helen beamed upon my entrance. "You have made splendid progress since our unfortunate little incident this morning."

"Thank you Aunt Helen," I answered, lowering my eyes in shame.

All through dinner, I was subjected to a continuation of Aunt Helen's guidelines for my feminine future. "Always conduct yourself as a lady. . . a lady does this. . . a lady does that. . . smooth your skirt when you sit. . . keep your knees modestly together. . . and on. . . and on. . ."

I was miserable through the whole lecture as her words constantly reminded me that I was a boy who was being forced to dress and act like a girl. Silently pledging to be ever on lookout for any possible escape from this silken prison, I somehow endured my sparse meal.

That evening, my feminine lessons were on dressing and undressing in those hated clothes. Being sorely afraid of the consequences of rebellion or refusal, I learned. Boy, did I learn!

As the days passed, I settled into a regular routine. I would join Aunt Helen for breakfast in my nightgown and negligee. Afterward, I would bathe, dress in one feminine outfit or another, put on my makeup, style my hair, and practice my other girlish exercises until lunch. In the afternoon, the lessons continued for a couple of hours until I time for my 'beauty' nap. I was awakened to more lessons that lasted until dinner. When I had eaten, my lessons resumed until time to get ready for bed. Even that entailed more lessons. . . removing my makeup, rolling my hair, and creaming my face and body for the night.

No wonder I grew accustomed to dressing and acting like a girl! The hours and hours of practice made me very proficient at dressing myself, applying my own makeup, walking in heels, swinging my hips, carrying my arms relaxed and wrists limp, learning the correct articles to be packed in a purse, carrying a purse, and eating small

portions so as not to suffer torture from my corset. During those times, my boyish instincts did raise themselves from time to time, but all my rebellions were promptly squelched by painful episodes across Marie's lap. These sessions were much less severe than my initial humiliation in the sitting room, and I came to believe that they were more to gain my attention and cooperation than to punish me. In that way, I even reached the point that constantly wearing dresses and the maid's snickers bothered me to a lesser extent.

One thing that did disturb me; however, was the flurry of activity in my old room. There were workers hammering, sawing, and carrying building materials, carpet, paint, and even furniture into my former sanctuary. These men worked diligently and paid me little or no heed, giving no indication that they thought of me as other than a teenage girl. Whenever I asked Marie or Aunt Helen what was going on, I was always told that I should concern myself with my lessons and not worry about things that did not concern me.

"Gale darling, you look very attractive in your dresses, but do you ever find yourself wanting something different to wear?" Aunt Helen asked during breakfast one morning about two weeks after my punishment began.

"Oh boy!" I thought. "She's finally going to release me from this feminine hell! A broad grin encompassed my face as I exclaimed, "Oh yes, Aunt Helen! I would like nothing better than to have. . ."

"Very well!" she exclaimed, cutting me off. "Then you shall have them! But first, go upstairs, dress yourself nicely, do your hair and makeup, and come back here. In deference to this occasion, don't ask for Marie's help. I want to see what you've learned before making any new purchases."

"Aunt Helen wants to see me in girl's clothes one more time before she lets me have my pants back!" I thought happily as I bounced up the stairs one step at a time, not two as in the old days. "Well, I'll show her! I'll do everything. . .dressing, hairstyling, and makeup better than any boy ever. . .even real sissies! That way, she'll be certain that I really intend to change, and she won't have any doubts about forgetting this stupid girl business."

Upon entering my room, I quickly slipped off my filmy negligee, pulled my soft nightgown over my head, and stepped out of my panties. Wearing only my device and

corset, I determinedly bounced into the bathroom where Marie was preparing my bath and asked her to unlace my corset. "Aunt Helen wants me to dress by myself," I said, "but I'll need you to lace my corset after my bath." Referring to all these ultra feminine articles as mine was perplexing, but with the thought that my ordeal was almost over, I dismissed my aversions.

"Very well Miss Gale," Marie replied with a sly grin. "But, are you sure you won't need my help with your hair, your makeup, . . . or anything?"

"Oh no, Marie," I bubbled happily. "I can do it myself. Not as well as you, but I can do it." Happily, I thought to myself, "I won't be Miss Gale much longer, and that will make it all worthwhile!"

After drying off and powdering myself, I hurriedly stepped into a pair of soft white nylon panties with red roses embossed on them, strapped a bra about my chest, inserted the falsies into the cups, pulled on my sheerest nylons, attached them to my garters, and threw a soft nylon mini slip over my head. Deciding to wear my skirt and blouse, I took them from my closet. The blouse was soft ivory silk, had a cowl neck, back buttons, and was almost transparent, leaving my bra and slip, prominently on display. That fact had caused me extreme concern in the past, but today, I paid it no mind. I buttoned the back with ease, not surprising with my hours of practice. The red pleated skirt fell to four inches above my knees and was my shortest garment. As I tucked in my blouse and raised my skirt to pull my slip down, I thought, "This is the last time for this silly girlishness!"

Eagerly, I slid my feet into my red two inch pumps, and sat at my vanity to do my makeup. My nail polish was pink, and since I needed red to match my skirt, I quickly removed the old and replaced it with two coats of bright shiny red. As I did so, I realized that my toe nails were pink as well, so I removed my nylons and polished them red to match. "Oh, why is this taking so long?" I asked myself. "I'm as nervous as a girl getting ready for a special date!"

While waiting for the polish to dry, I thought about how quickly feminine clothing and activities had become routine. I no longer had to think to smooth my skirt when I sat, to sit with my knees together, or to walk with my wrists limp and hips swinging. I had even gotten used to the tightness of a bra about my chest and the jiggling weight of my protruding falsies. I had learned to walk

naturally in two inch heels, and I looked often into the mirror to check my hair and makeup. I would have to reverse these habits and ideas now that I was returning to pants and the life of a boy!

These thoughts plagued me as I applied blush, mascara, eyeliner, eye shadow, and bright red lipstick to match my nails. Looking in the mirror, I decided I had done everything credibly and set upon my hair. It didn't look nearly as well as when Marie did it, but after I pinned in a red satin bow with long streamers, I was satisfied that I had done my best.

I clipped gold hoops to my ears, fastened on a gold choker necklace, slid three gold bangles over my wrist, sprayed myself with a pleasant perfume, checked my image in the mirror, and slung the straps of a white leather purse over my shoulder. Fairly pleased with my appearance, I pronounced myself ready for Aunt Helen's final inspection of me as a girl.

"You look very pretty this morning, Miss Gale," Susie said with a polite, yet teasing, smile when I met her in the hallway.

"Thank you, Susie, I answered, returning her smile. As I descended the stairs, I realized that I had become much less apprehensive about appearing before the maids in my girlish clothes. "Oh well," I thought. "This will soon be over and forgotten."

As my nylon covered thighs moved against my skirt, my soft slip caressed my body, and the seductive scent of sweet perfume levitated around me, I had a moment to reflect on my situation. Doing so, I realized that I would miss some aspects of my feminine life. For instance, the soft nylon panties, gowns, and slips were nice, as were the satin pillows and sheets. On the other hand, I truly hated my tight corset and the crushing device that pinned my maleness between my legs. Most of all, I detested the painful and humiliating spankings that ended my rebellions and crushed my masculine spirit.

"Oh, you did beautifully with your hair and makeup dear, and you never looked lovelier in that pretty skirt and blouse!" Aunt Helen gushed as I entered the sun room where she was waiting. "Come, let me have a look at you!"

I couldn't hide my happiness at being allowed to return to my boy's life, and I smiled brightly as I walked and turned to display my skills, even if I did learn them under duress.

“Darling, that smile gives you an air of absolute radiance!” she purred. “If you only knew how much prettier it makes you look, you would smile more often! I can assure you that shopping with such an enchanting creature as you will truly be a delight.” With that, she pushed a button on the intercom and said, “James, bring the car around. We are ready to leave.”

As the reply came back, “Right away Miss Robbins,” I was in a stupor! What did she mean shopping with me and that we were ready to go????? Slowly her meaning began to sink in. She intended to take me shopping. . .dressed as I was. . .to buy what??? More girl’s clothes????? A feeling of great despair permeated my mind. . .no. . .my very soul, as I grasped the meaning of her words. Since my punishment in dresses began, I had been seen only by the women of the household, not any men! If Aunt Helen was serious about her intent, I would be seen by, and shamed before, James. . .and God knows who else while we were shopping! “A. . .Aunt Helen,” I managed to stammer, “I can’t go out dressed like this! People will see me and know I’m a boy! Please don’t embarrass me this way!”

“Don’t be silly, Gale!” she admonished, her eyes turning hard. “You are very pretty, and no one will know you’re a boy if you conduct yourself in the ladylike manner you have been taught. Besides, this was your idea, you know.”

“My idea?” I gasp in total disbelief. “How on earth was this my idea?”

“Why Gale, I’m surprised at you,” she gasped, placing hand on her breast in a gesture of astonishment. “You said you were growing tired of wearing the same old things and wanted some pretty new clothes. That’s why you made yourself so lovely. . .to go shopping! Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten already!”

“But Aunt Helen,” I mumbled, suppressing a combination of emotions, “you said different clothes, not pretty ones! I..I thought you meant I could have my pants back.”

“I don’t know what could have given you that idea.” she sighed. “It’s true that you’ve been more cooperative lately, but you haven’t given sufficient indication that you intend to permanently alter the behavior that landed you in this situation. As we have discussed time and again, that’s the only way to earn your silly pants back. Now, let’s go! James is waiting.”

"Oh Aunt Helen, please don't do this terrible thing to me!" I begged. "I'm truly sorry for all the trouble I caused, and I promise faithfully to reform. Just don't make me go out in public dressed like this! I'll die of shame. I know I will!"

"Nonsense Gale!" she insisted. "I've explained that your punishment will end only when actions, not words, demonstrate your desire to reform. Now, let's go, or do I have to summon Marie?"

Her words carried a definite threat, and recent experience had taught me not to challenge her. If she wanted me to accompany her on a shopping trip, that's what I would do, protest or no protest, willing or unwilling, before or after a painful spanking. With the knowledge that I could not win, I softened my voice and said, "That won't be necessary, Aunt Helen."

"Very well, let's go," she said with a devilish smile, knowing that she had won yet again. "And when we get home, I have a wonderful surprise for you!"

Suspecting that her 'wonderful surprise' was something that would only enhance my feminine lifestyle, I couldn't muster the enthusiasm to ask what it might be. Totally defeated, I lowered my eyes and meekly replied, "Thank you, Aunt Helen."

James was waiting by the car as I meekly followed Aunt Helen down the front steps, and from under my mascara covered lids, I saw him staring at me with astonishment. I assumed he had heard about my wearing dresses from the maids, and now his curiosity as to whether I was dressed as a girl from the skin out would be answered when he observed my bra and slip through my translucent blouse.

Seeing my humiliating costume for the first time, he said nothing, but assuming I had gotten my just due, the amusement in his eyes spoke volumes!

"Good morning, James," Aunt Helen said in a cheery voice. "A beautiful day for shopping, isn't it."

"Yes, Miss Robbins, a very beautiful day," he answered.

When Aunt Helen noticed that I remained silent, she scolded, "Gale, speak to James! One must be courteous to the servants, you know."

"Go..od m..orning," I stammered, keeping my eyes on the ground.

“Good morning, Miss Gale!” he replied, barely suppressing a snicker. “My, don’t you look lovely.”

I could have choked him for that! Imagine, calling me Miss Gale and saying that I was lovely! Boys aren’t lovely. He should know that!

As James assisted Aunt Helen into the car, the thought that this was my chance to escape flashed through my mind. However, quick thinking told me I wouldn’t get far because I couldn’t run very fast in my skirt and heels. Besides, Aunt Helen was sure to send James after me, and when he caught me, I would really be in hot water. The mental picture of myself lying across Marie’s lap with my skirt at my waist while the amused chauffeur looked on, changed my mind. With this resolve, I meekly offered my arm to be helped into the car like my aunt.

I wasn’t nervous about being seen and recognized during the ride because the windows of the limo were darkened, and no one could see inside. But, when James helped me out of the car into the parking lot of La Flaire, the exclusive ladies’ shop where Aunt Helen and her friends bought most of their clothes, I was petrified! I just knew all eyes were on me! I could feel them! If only I dared to run, to try and escape, I would have fled this humiliating scene with all my energy. Still, if I did manage to get away, where could I go dressed like. . .like this??? I could only beg, “Please take me home, Aunt Helen. Everyone is staring at me. They all know I’m a boy!”

“Gale, you are blowing this way out of proportion,” she answered calmly. “If anyone is looking at you, I’m certain they’re only admiring you as the attractive girl you have become, not as a boy in a skirt. Stop being silly and let’s get on with our plans, or I’ll announce the fact to everyone and remove any uncertainty that might exist!”

With her warning ringing in my ears and having no doubt that she would carry out her threat, I hurried along beside her. From my perspective, nothing could be more mortifying than to be identified in public as Gale Robbins, the football hero, wearing a skirt!

As we entered the boutique, a wave of delicate perfume assailed my nostrils, and I blushed for all I was worth. Unable to look up into this feminine bastion, I saw a pair

of shiny black slippers with high, thin heels approaching.

"May I help you ladies?" a pleasant voice asked.

"Yes," Aunt Helen answered nonchalantly. "I am Helen Robbins, and this is my nephew, Gale. We have an appointment with Genevieve. Please advise her of our arrival."

"Certainly Miss Robbins," came the congenial reply. "She's in the imperial dressing room preparing for your visit."

Aunt Helen's referral to me as her nephew, a boy after all. . . a boy wearing a silk blouse, short pleated skirt, makeup, nylons, and heels confirmed her threat to reveal my true sex to one and all if I wasn't totally obedient. Yet, to my great surprise, this clerk showed no surprise or concern over the revelation of my disguised gender.

Had Aunt Helen told them about me in advance? Blushing had become common with me over the past two weeks. But now, with the announcement that I was a boy in a skirt. . . in a ladies' clothing store for everyone to see, most of my blood surely must have rushed to my cheeks. I had never been so mortified in my life, and I was helpless to rectify the situation. I could only implore, "Aunt Helen! How could you do this to me? I did everything you said! Why did you tell her I'm a boy?"

"I did it to teach you a lesson!" she stated emphatically. "This morning, you complained and caused quite a scene when I advised you of my plans to take you shopping. I will not abide such behavior, and you must learn to be gracious when I do something nice for you. Else, I will make your life quite difficult, as well as embarrassing. I am, after all, going to all this trouble and expense for your own good. Now, come along or I'll really embarrass you!"

"My own good, indeed!" I thought as a wave of rebellion swept over me. However, the feeling quickly passed as I contemplated my situation, where I was, and the way I was dressed. My face remained the color of my scarlet skirt as we walked along the aisle between racks of fragile lingerie, frilly blouses, and dainty dresses. Surely Aunt Helen didn't expect me to wear these. . . these dainty bits of sissy feminine fluff! A feeling deep inside told me that I was in for quite a harrowing experience!

"Oh Miss Robbins, you've arrived!" exclaimed a stately woman as she hurried over to greet us. "I've had the loveliest time selecting these gorgeous things for your

nephew." My eyes dropped under Genevieve's flashing blue eyes as she clapped her hands in feminine delight, turned to me, and said, "This lovely creature must be Gale! Why dear, how sweet you look! I see we weren't too far off in determining the sizes for your current things, and today, we will enhance your wardrobe as distinctively befits an adorable young lady such as you have become."

There was a teasing lilt to Aunt Helen's voice, as she said, "Yes, Genevieve, I'm sure Gale will be thrilled with the lovely things we will purchase today, won't you dear?"

Despite my earlier humiliation and chastisement, I summoned all my courage in defiance. "I'm a boy, and you have no right to make me wear these hateful girl's clothes!"

"Gale!!!" Aunt Helen rebuked sternly. "The idea of speaking to me in that tone! Apologize this instant for that rude outburst, or I shall send James home for Marie. After a session across her lap, we'll see your attitude change, that's for sure!"

That threat was more than enough to scatter my courage to the winds, and I sheepishly lowered my head and asked her pardon.

"When you see how lovely you look in these pretty clothes, I'm sure you'll change your mind, and thank your aunt for making it possible for you to wear them," Genevieve said.

"That's what you think!" I snapped, forgetting my resolve of only moments before to be obedient.

"That's quite enough Gale!" Aunt Helen ordered sharply. "I wish to hear no more disrespectful talk! Now, hurry and undress!"

"Undress? Here? In front of her?" I gasped.

"Of course silly!" she ordered. "How else can Genevieve help you select your new things and assure a proper fit if you don't try them on?" Then, turning to Genevieve, she added, "I'll bet you'd be surprised to learn that Gale completely dressed himself, put on his makeup, and styled his hair this morning."

"You don't say!" Genevieve exclaimed. "And, you did beautifully too, Gale! I never would have thought that a macho athlete like you could learn about being a girl so quickly. Why, you must truly love your new clothes to be able to do that."

Silently, yet full of dejection and humiliation, I reached back and began unbuttoning my blouse, a feat I couldn't have accomplished a few weeks before. I looked

to Aunt Helen for a reprieve from thus humiliation, but she only gave me a warning stare and motioned upward with her thumb, indicating that I should remove my slip. Oh, how shamed I felt, standing there in only the padded bra, lacy panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels of a girl. I would have screamed that I was a boy and hated these things, if not for the threat of Marie's harsh discipline.

"Remove everything except your garter belt, nylons, and your modesty device!" Aunt Helen ordered sharply.

My humiliation continued as I stood before these hateful women, naked except for these few feminine items that covered, yet added to my shame.

"He needs a smaller corset," Genevieve remarked.

"This one is positively loose."

"Smaller corset?" I exclaimed. "Oh no! I'm just getting used to this one!"

"Exactly my point!" she stated. Then, addressing Aunt Helen, "I would suggest a size twenty six, two inches smaller, and he should be fitted immediately to insure that his new fashions adhere to those measurements. I anticipated his probable need, and I have one here if you would like me to lace him into it."

"No, Aunt Helen, NO!" I begged. "I've had to starve myself to keep this one from crushing my sides. I'll wear this one without any more complaints! Please don't let her put a smaller corset on me! I couldn't stand it!"

"Don't be such a ninny Gale," she answered curtly. "Surely a strong boy like you can withstand a little discomfort to attain a cute figure. All the girls do!" Then to Genevieve, "Go ahead dear, I'm sure you know best."

As I grimaced in anticipation and futility, the haughty Genevieve wasted no time unlacing the once tortuous garment that I was now begging to wear. Within minutes, I was gasping for breath and writhing about in agony just as I had two weeks before when Marie laced me into my old corset.

Through my misery, I heard Aunt Helen say, "I've decided that he should start wearing three inch heels. The ones he has been wearing are positively too low for a girl his age. Do you have a pair he can wear to try on his new things?"

"Most definitely," Genevieve answered, turning toward the door. "I'll be right back."

"Your feet aren't small and dainty like a girl's," Aunt Helen offered, "but, you will find the higher heels will

make them appear smaller and your ankles seem more trim.”

“But Aunt Helen,” I protested. “I could never walk in higher heels! Besides, I’m just getting used to these.”

“Don’t be silly!” she scolded. “All pretty girls like to wear high heels. It makes them feel grown up. You’ll see!”

My objections were of no use as Aunt Helen was set on buying new feminine clothes and higher heels for me. No matter of my wishes to the contrary!

Shortly, Genevieve, and a rather plain young girl not much older than myself came back into the room. Each was carrying six or eight shoe boxes, which was quite a load. “We brought several styles for you to select from, Miss Gale,” Genevieve said with a sly smile. “And Mary, why don’t you stay? I’m sure I will need your help when Miss Gale starts trying on his new frocks.”

“His frocks?” she asked in confusion as an astonishing expression covered her face. At first, she was disbelieving, but as she looked me over, her frown turned into a smile, and she started to giggle.

I silently prayed that the floor would open and swallow me up as Mary opened one of the boxes and took out a pair of pink satin pumps with pointed toes and pencil thin three inch heels. When she knelt to fit the shoes onto my feet, her short skirt rode up to reveal the tops of her nylons, a fact she didn’t seem to mind.

As I stood alone in these dainty slippers, my weight crushed my toes into the pointed tips. I felt as though I was wearing stilts as I wobbled back and forth about the room trying to get my balance. I wanted to scream that I could never, never walk in them, but a glance at Aunt Helen’s foreboding face told me that further protests would be useless. On the positive side, the shoes did make my feet look smaller. . .like she said.

In turn, I tried on every pair, and as fate would have it, Aunt Helen couldn’t make up her mind. I ended up with eight pairs of new three inch heels in different styles and colors. Just what I needed!

For more than an hour, I was forced to stand in those painful slippers while my poor toes screamed in agony at this unaccustomed constriction. . .my arches stretched to their limit. . .my calf muscles near cramping. There was no way any girl would enjoy high heels!

During this tortuous time, Genevieve and Mary tried garment after humiliating garment on me. There were

frilly, silky panties, slips, half slips, camisoles, teddies, and bouffant petticoats. . . long and short nylon and polyester nightgowns, babydoll nightgowns, and satin sleeping shirts, all with matching three inch slippers. . . bras, bustiers, and garter belts. . . fancy blouses, swishing skirts, straight skirts, pleated skirts, skirts with side, back and front slits, and suits with skirts. . . house dresses, dresses for street wear, school dresses, sun dresses, party dresses, before five dresses, after five dresses, and on and on. . .!!!

Those garments we (Aunt Helen) selected were laid to one side, and Mary returned the others to the floor. At long last, she looked at the heap of chosen clothes and sighed, "I suppose this will give him enough variety to prevent him from getting bored with his wardrobe for a while Genevieve, but darling, do keep his measurements on file in case he should need something in a hurry."

"I certainly shall, Miss Robbins," Genevieve answered. "I certainly shall! Oh, it will be such a pleasure to assist Miss Gale with his purchases at any time, won't it Mary?"

"Oh yes," Mary answered, a far away look filling her eyes. "Oh yes, indeed!"

When Aunt Helen and Genevieve left the room, Mary dutifully helped me back into the things I had worn into the store, except that I now had a smaller corset and wore a pair of my new three inch pumps. When I fastened my skirt about my waist; however, it way too loose.

"Here, Miss Gale," Mary offered. "Wear this belt from your new things. It matches your ensemble and will make your skirt fit better."

"Thank you, Mary," I responded, as I fit the belt around my waist. I found myself pleased with my look and even managed to give her a slight smile in return for her kindness.

"That's better, Miss Gale," she said without sarcasm. "You're much prettier when you smile. I mean that," she added. "I'm not teasing. When you smile, you're prettier than most of the girls who come in here. If you would only relax, I'll bet you could enjoy yourself until you're allowed to be a boy again. Anyway, I find you very attractive in or out of your dresses."

Sensing her sincerity, I told her she was nice and thanked her. Then, knowing it would be expected, I freshened my makeup and brushed my hair before leaving the dressing room.

As I approached Aunt Helen who was gabbing away with Genevieve, she smiled and said, "Oh, there you are dear, and look, you're already walking confidently in your new heels, aren't you?"

"They still hurt my feet, and I have to concentrate to walk without stumbling," I confessed.

"Oh, you'll grow accustomed to them in no time now that you'll be wearing them all the time," she said, shrugging off my concern.

Unable to withstand more, I begged once more, "Aunt Helen, I feel so awfully silly in these clothes. Please, can't we forget all this. I promise not to bother you again, honest I won't. I've really learned my lesson. After all, I am a boy, and it's horrid to make me wear all these feminine things."

She only shook her head. "I'm sorry Gale, but you should thought of that long ago. It's too late now for promises, and I have no assurance of your keeping them. Anyway, with you dressed so prettily, I don't have to worry." She gave me an affectionate pat on the cheek and concluded, "Besides, I can already see a lot of improvement in your behavior since I put you in dresses"

"You are absolutely right Miss Robbins," Genevieve stated. "He looks quite lovely now. How clever of you to see what a pretty young lady he would make."

"But Aunt. . .!" I started to protest, only to have her place a finger over my red lips.

"As I said," she continued, "I've noticed quite an improvement in your ways, even in the short time you've worn dresses. Perhaps, in a while, you'll even wish to remain in them always. Come now, fess up! You do adore the caress of soft lingerie about your body, don't you?"

I hung my head in shame, for at times, that distressing thought had flashed across my mind.

Before I could deny her accusation, she looked at her watch and said, "My goodness, how the time has flown! Why, it's almost time for Gale's appointment at the hairdresser!"

"Hairdresser?!" I cried in shock. "I can't go to a hairdresser! People would see me like. . .like. . .," I was shaking so with fright, I couldn't complete the sentence.

"Of course you can go to a hairdresser, dear. Your brows need attention, and although Marie has done beautifully with your hair, they have equipment and techniques at a salon that are not available at home. I must say, sweetheart, judging by your actions of late, I thought

you had come to love your pretty clothes like the boys in the book I told you about. At any rate, you really seem to have tried very hard to please me lately! Why are you being so obstinate now?"

There was a trace of a threat in her tone, and it was quite enough to quiet my protests. I hoped my outburst hadn't spoiled everything I had been trying to accomplish with my demure attitude, but still, I wanted to avoid a trip to the hairdresser's at any cost. . .almost!

Hoping to salvage the situation, I toyed with my skirt and implored, "I don't mean to be insolent Aunt Helen. It's just that everybody will see me in these clothes, and. . .and that stuff they do to your hair in those places lasts so long. I..I was hoping to get my pants back soon."

"Now darling, don't worry your pretty head about nasty old pants. Aunty knows what's best for her lovely niece."

"Whether she knows what's best or not, I have no say in the matter, and after buying me all those new feminine clothes and now getting my hair done, she's obviously planning to keep me in dresses for some time to come," I thought dejectedly as I once again swallowed my pride and minced along behind her toward the car.

When James helped me from the car at the beauty parlor, to my great embarrassment, I was greeted by the admiring glances and cat calls of several boys who were passing by. Fearing they would recognize me as a boy despite my feminine clothes and makeup, I made a desperate attempt to jump back into the sanctuary of the car behind its darkened windows.

Seeing my distress, Aunt Helen blocked my way and with a stern glare, took my arm and propelled me into the salon away from the boy's stares and antics. However, once inside, instead of being relieved, I found anguish from a different direction. Not only was I in another exclusively feminine bastion, I was suitably dressed for the occasion!

"Liz, this is my nephew Gale," I heard Aunt Helen say to the woman who approached us as we entered the salon. "The appointment I made is for him, and the reason I asked for so much time is because, as you can see, he really needs the works."

"This is a boy?" Liz gasped, looking me over. "Why, I would never have guessed that this lovely creature could

be a boy! Oh my, doesn't he blush prettily? Just like a girl, in fact!"

"He is being punished and will remain in girl's clothes until he learns respect and decorum," Aunt Helen explained. "But enough of that. For now, he needs a permanent, manicure, facial, his brows need attention, and those unsightly hairs that have appeared on his face should be tended to as well."

"Oh, this will be fun! Do you want color added to his hair?" Liz asked.

"I don't think so, although you might consider adding some highlights. His black hair is very attractive and will become even more so as it grows, I'm sure. Anyway, I'll leave it to you. You're the professional," Aunt Helen answered, sealing my doom. "Gale dear, Liz is my personal hairdresser, and she has graciously agreed to attend to your beauty regimen. So, remember to be a lady while I am gone," she said, making her exit.

"Oh no!" I thought. "She's leaving me alone with this person."

My nerves were tingling with anxiety as Liz placed me in a chair, drew a sheet over my clothes, fastened it around my neck, and leaned the chair back until my hair was over a sink. My feet ended up higher than my head, and I noticed that my skirt was creeping up to reveal my embarrassing undies.

"Don't worry about that, dearie," Liz teased as I tried in vain to push the wayward fabric back into place. "Only we girls are present! Just relax and I'll make you more lovely than you ever imagined."

She must of assumed that I liked all this?

Three hours later when she was finished, I was indeed prettier and more feminine than ever! Even I had to admit that! My brows were shaped into nicely arched almost invisible lines, my hair had been curled and softly surrounded my face in a pretty feminine style, my makeup had been redone, and the nails on both my fingers and toes sported cherry red polish that matched my dark red lipstick. It was horrible!

"Why Gale darling," I heard Aunt Helen exclaim from behind me as I observed my reflection, "you're perfectly lovely!" She turned to Liz and praised, "Oh, I just knew you could improve his looks, and you have done a terrific job. I'm simply delighted!" Then, turning to me, she said, "Darling, thank Liz for making you so beautiful!"

Knowing better than to refuse, I looked down and mumbled, "Thank you."

"Thank you, Miss Gale!" Liz exclaimed, "Working on someone so lovely is always a pleasure." To Aunt Helen, she continued. "He needs to come in at least once a week until his hair grows to a proper length, and those coarse hairs on his face will only get worse without further treatment. How about the same time every week for a two hour appointment until we correct these problems?"

"Wonderful, Liz!" Aunt Helen exclaimed. "See you next week."

"Oh Aunt Helen, I'm so ashamed! "How could you do this to me?" I implored as we approached the car. It was all I could do to keep from hiding my flaming cheeks in my hands and bursting into tears.

"I didn't do anything to you darling, everything I did was for you!" she cooed. "And don't forget, I have a wonderful surprise waiting for you at home."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I mumbled, wondering what new humiliation awaited me.

James was patiently waiting for us when we returned to the car. I detected an amused smile as he helped me inside, but he said nothing.

My feet were killing me in those tight slippers, and as I dropped onto the soft cushions with a sigh of relief, I was quickly rebuked by Aunt Helen. "Gale! You must learn to conduct yourself properly. Brush your skirt beneath you, sit up straight, cross your pretty ankles, and fold your hands in your lap like you have been taught." As I complied with her mandate, she concluded, "There! That's much more ladylike."

Oh, how I hated her at that moment! I would have liked nothing better than to scream denunciations at her and rip those hateful clothes from my person. Instead, I only sat there, demure and meek, a picture of dainty femininity.

"That's a good girl!" Aunt Helen complimented, patting my hand. She must have been reading my mind, for she added, "You're learning to control yourself much better my dear, but the little tantrums and protests you have exhibited today must be eliminated. All in all though, I am quite pleased with your progress in becoming my niece!"

So far? What did she mean by that? Was she inferring that she intended to keep me in skirts for some time yet

to come? Why else had she spent so much on new clothes and hairstyle for me? I couldn't. . .no boy. . .could stand that! It would be just too. . .too horrible! I could keep silent no longer. I just had to know what the future held in store for me. Half in fear, I said, "Aunt Helen, I'm so ashamed in these clothes. How much longer will I have to wear them? Please tell me."

"I have told you dear," she answered sweetly. "You only have to wear your pretty things until you prove to me that you are sincere in your promise to reform."

"What do I have to do to convince you?" I asked.

"Behaving as you have today certainly won't do it!" she answered rather curtly. "You were disobedient before we left home, in the boutique, and at the hairdresser's as well!"

My mind was in a turmoil. Her statement gave me a lot to consider as we rode along. I was awakened from my reverie when James stopped the car in front of the house.

Aunt Helen eased herself gracefully outside with James' assistance saying, "Be careful not to trip on your pretty new heels, Gale darling!"

I followed her instructions as best I could, but as I slid across the seat, my short skirt slid up to give James a view of my slip and the tops of my nylons. The thought of doing such a thing was terribly disconcerting, but what could I do? James made no comment as he gave me the same polite assistance out of the car as he had Aunt Helen. However, to my great shame, his eyes lit up and his lips quivered with suppressed laughter.

"Is everything ready for Gale's surprise, Marie?" Aunt Helen asked as we entered the foyer.

"Oh yes, Miss Robbins," she answered pleasantly. "Everything is as you requested."

"Very well," Aunt Helen stated with a broad grin, while placing her arm around my shoulders. "Let's go upstairs!"

Expecting to be going to the guest room that had become my own, I headed in that direction at the head of the stairs. "Oh no, Miss Gale," Marie bubbled excitedly, leading me toward my old room. "Come this way!"

I entered my former room on dainty high heeled slippers, in a pretty skirt and blouse with my face covered with feminine makeup, and found it as changed as myself. I knew workers had been doing some refurbishing, but what I saw was overwhelming! My once masculine room

had been redecorated. No! It had been transformed into a lovely feminine boudoir that only the most fastidious of young ladies could imagine or desire.

The floor was covered with a thick rose colored carpet, the walls were papered to match with delicate forget-me-nots, adding to the femininity of the perfumed atmosphere. Lovely organdy curtains in sweeping, graceful folds hung at the windows, and navy blue velvet drapes tied back with huge pink satin bows added further adornment.

Within the room, a wall had been removed to double its size, and a new door had been added, converting a former storage area into a huge walk in closet. In the dressing area was a threefold lighted mirror for inspecting one's attire from all angles, a vanity with a large mirror, a daintily petticoated bench, a fragile love seat upholstered in tufted pink satin, several French Provincial chairs covered to match. And then, there was the bed! The bed I was to sleep in was a precious, canopied, four poster creation covered with pure sky blue silk laden with pink and white lace bows, the very essence of femininity!

"How do you like your new room, Gale?" I heard Aunt Helen ask from somewhere that seemed far away.

My mind was whirling at warp speed! If Aunt Helen planned to let me out of dresses any time soon, why had she spent a veritable fortune on new clothes, hairstyle, and this ultra feminine room? Undoubtedly, she intended to keep me dressing as a girl for some time! But, how long? Oh, the uncertainty was excruciating!

"Gale!" Aunt Helen snapped, bringing me back to my strange reality. "I asked how you liked your new room!"

"I **HATE** it!!!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. The fear, frustration, and anger from wearing girl's clothes, and the uncertainty over the duration of this horrible punishment was more than I could suppress. "I want my room back like it was, and I want my pants back! I've had it, and I won't stand for these sissy clothes any longer!"

Before I could rant further, I found myself face down on the floor with my arm pinned behind me in a painful position. "Apologize to your aunt this instant!" Marie scowled, applying more pressure.

"No! I won't!" I spat, gritting my teeth through the pain.

"Then, I'll break your arm!" she stormed back, pressing my arm to the limit and driving her knee into my back.

The unbearable pain quickly diminished my outrage, and as I realized the hopelessness of my situation, I blurted out, "I'm sorry, Aunt Helen! Oh, please tell her to release me. I'll do as you say, really I will!"

"Very well," Aunt Helen answered calmly, nodding to Marie. "But, your punishment is not over. Even though it is only mid afternoon, you will be put to bed where you will remain without food until morning. That will give you time to reflect on your little exhibition as well as your disrespect of the morning. Doing without dinner will do you no harm and will give you time to settle into your new corset. Also, I expect a proper and sincere apology in the morning. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered meekly, massaging my aching arm and looking down. All my rebellion was now gone, and I realized the futility of my situation.

"How dare you speak to your aunt that way after all she has done for you!" Marie admonished when Aunt Helen was gone. "And, what's this I hear about you causing trouble on your excursion?"

"I . . . I'm sorry, Marie," I tried to explain. "I was so ashamed and embarrassed to be in that place in these clothes. When I had to undress in front of those women, I just couldn't help myself."

"Well, you won't be embarrassed in those clothes anymore!" she scolded. "Your delicate silk blouse is all ripped, and judging from that attractive belt, your skirt is too large since you got your new corset. As for your not being able to refrain from your little outbursts, we'll see about that! But for now, remove your makeup and get yourself ready for bed. I've moved all your pretty things in here from the guest room. Look around, and you'll find everything you need. I'll be back shortly, and you had better be dressed for bed!" I could sense her resolve to make me conform to Aunt Helen's wishes as she stormed out of the room.

When I went into my bathroom, I received another shock! Like my room, it too had been renovated. And how! The floor and walls were now covered with pink and white tile, my beloved shower had been replaced by a pink sunken tub, and lacy pink and white curtains covered the window. Was there to be no respite from my feminine treatment?

Looking around, as Marie promised, I found everything I needed to get ready for bed. I chose to wear my long yellow nylon nightgown, panties, negligee, and bed-

room slippers. That's the way I felt for not fighting harder to rid myself of these silken chains of femininity. . .yellow! When Marie returned, I was wearing all these items and sitting at my vanity creaming my face for the night.

"Are you wearing your device?" she asked, catching me off guard.

"Y..yes Marie," I answered meekly, being suspicious of her motives for asking.

"Well, take it off," she flatly stated. "Your organs are trained enough that you won't have to wear it at night anymore. In the future, you will remove it when you put on your night clothes and slip into a fresh one after your morning bath."

Still not fully trusting her sincerity, I slowly raised my soft skirt, being sure to leave a fold in front for modesty as I hooked my thumbs in my device and panties, removing them both. I replaced my panties, and for the first time since I started wearing girl's clothes, my genitals were confined in soft nylon without restraint. This new feeling was rapidly bringing me into a state of bliss until I noticed that Marie had taken an aggressive stance before me.

"Alright, Miss Gale," she said in a firm tone, snapping me out of my euphoria. "Bring your hairbrush over here and let's get your spanking over with!"

"But Marie," I gasped. "I apologized to Aunt Helen and I got ready for bed nicely like you said. Please don't spank me! I'll do better, you'll see!"

"Miss Gale, you have made a nasty habit of arguing with your aunt, and now, you're doing it with me. That is a rude habit I intend to break!" she answered coldly. "As for myself, I don't plan to engage in a debate every time I give you a directive, and I'm sure your aunt doesn't either. That little argument, along with all others like it in the future, will cost you three additional swats with the hairbrush. Now, do you want to argue further and add to your punishment, or do you think you can follow instructions silently and obediently?"

The fight was gone from me as I handed her the brush, raised my skirt, and demurely took my humiliating position across her lap. To my chagrin, the ensuing spanking was far worse than most that I had received and was at least as severe as the one Aunt Helen witnessed two weeks before.

Finally, after my buttocks were searing with pain, Marie paused and said, "Except for your rebellion just now, your punishment would be over, but because of it, you will receive the additional penalty." With that, she delivered three of the hardest blows imaginable, and said, "Remember those the next time you feel inclined to misbehave!"

I was quivering from fear and pain and my cheeks were wet with my blubbering tears as Marie turned back the covers for me to crawl into bed. "Sleep tight, Miss Gale," she said, pulling the drapes to darken the room.

As I lay between the soft sheets, my tears flowed freely and soaked my satin pillows. Before the events of the past two weeks, I had never been one to cry, not even when I was in enormous pain. When I would get hurt on the football field, I would only grimace, jump up, shake it off, and return to the huddle. But now, after the events of the last two weeks, the recent spanking that still burned my buttocks, and my inability to vent my frustrations otherwise because of Marie's punishments, all my masculine barriers fell and tears gushed forth. "Surely, other boys have done worse things, and perhaps even bragged about them without being required to wear girl's clothes," I thought in my misery. "Oh why, is this horrible thing happening to me, only to me?"

"Hey, if I make Aunt Helen think I'm happy in these clothes, maybe she'll let me have my pants back," I thought. "Yes, that's it! I'll pretend I've come to love my clothes, like those boys in that awful book. Hey, why didn't I think of this before?"

I must have gotten some sleep in spite of these disturbing thoughts because I bolted upright in my bed at the sound of Marie drawing back the drapes. I had been put to bed in mid afternoon, and though it seemed only a short time, the morning sun was streaming through my windows.

"Did you sleep well, Miss Gale?" Marie asked as she helped me into my canary yellow negligee as if nothing unusual had happened the day before.

Oh, why did I have to wear these feminine things instead of my rightful trousers? "Yes Marie," I answered meekly as I stepped into my matching fluffy bedroom slippers and padded off to the bathroom. I was fully aware that my genitals weren't restrained by the tight modesty

device, and I could only hope that I didn't become excited in front of Marie and totally embarrass myself!

When I returned to my room, I sat at my vanity and adorned my face with light morning makeup and red lipstick to match my nails. After adding a slight spray of perfume, I was ready to meet Aunt Helen for breakfast.

"Don't forget that you owe your aunt a heart rendering apology this morning Miss Gale," Marie reminded me as I left the room in my feminine bedroom ensemble.

"Yes, Marie," I answered with a blush.

"My, don't we look sweet and dainty this morning!" Aunt Helen exclaimed as I entered the breakfast room.

Sweet and dainty. . . UGH. . . ! Me, a football hero, quarterback of our conference championship team. . . sweet and dainty! Even with full knowledge of the consequences, restraining myself was almost more than I could do. Then, remembering my resolve to pretend to like these feminine clothes I was forced to wear, I lowered my eyes. "Thank you Aunt Helen," I politely replied as I kissed her gently on the cheek as I had been taught. "Please forgive me for the disrespectful way I acted yesterday." I smoothed my skirt beneath my very tender buttocks and gently lowered myself into my chair. "I'm dreadfully sorry for my behavior, and I'll try very hard not to do it again."

"See that you do!" she answered sharply. "After all, I'm doing this for your own good, you know. Just remember, before I'll consider ending your punishment, you must learn to comport yourself more like a lady."

Knowing a reserved manner was expected at this juncture, I answered as submissively as possible, "I understand, Aunt Helen. I'll do my best to act like a lady in the future."

"A lady doesn't try or act, my precious Gale," she stated in a matter of fact tone. "You must learn that! One is either a lady, or one is not! You can only become a lady, you can not merely portray one. Marie and I will be teaching you, and if you wish to return to your pants any time soon, you must learn your lessons and comport yourself accordingly."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered as sweetly as possible despite my true feelings about becoming a lady in order to be allowed to return to pants. "I promise to try very hard."

"Very good, sweetheart! I must say that you're much more cooperative this morning, and that's a good start toward becoming a lady," she complimented. "However, you must assure that this demure and gracious behavior continues."

Her lecture took away my appetite, and I hadn't eaten for twenty four hours. "I merely nibbled at my toast and drank my juice.

"Run along to your room, but don't bother to get dressed," Aunt Helen said when she was finished eating. "Your new clothes will be arriving soon, and I'm sure you'll want to try some of them on. While you are waiting, tell Marie to give you a lesson in carriage and hand management. You still look like a fish out of water without pockets."

When I gave Marie Aunt Helen's instructions, she had me change from my bedroom sippers into a pair of my new three inch heels. "Practice without your new heel height would be wasted," she announced.

I spent the next hour and a half mincing about in my new heels with my wrists limp and a book on my head. I was still in my nightgown and negligee without my modesty device, since Aunt Helen had given instructions that I not change.

I found concentrating on my lessons hard as I pranced around the room in my flowing nightgown, apprehensively awaiting the delivery of my new feminine wardrobe. Despite my inattention to Marie's instructions; however, I was in a very cooperative mood, and she made no threats of retribution. My humbling encounter with the hairbrush and the long meditating period between my satin sheets had compelled me to not only realize, but to accept the futility of my situation. For the foreseeable future, I would be forced to dress and act like a girl regardless of my desires or my efforts to the contrary. My only avenue of escape from this feminine hell was to pretend to willingly go along with this insanity in hopes that Aunt Helen would rescind my punishment and allow me to return to my pants.

My feet were aching from so much walking in my new heels, when Susie entered my room and announced, "Miss Gale's new clothes are here, Marie. The delivery men are downstairs now. Where do you want them to put the parcels?"

"Tell them to bring everything in here, Susie," Marie instructed. Then, turning to me, she added, "Why don't you relax on your love seat while the strong men do their heavy work? We can put your pretty things away later."

"As you wish, Marie," Susie answered while struggling to conceal her amusement at the thought of my exposure to strange men while so femininely dressed.

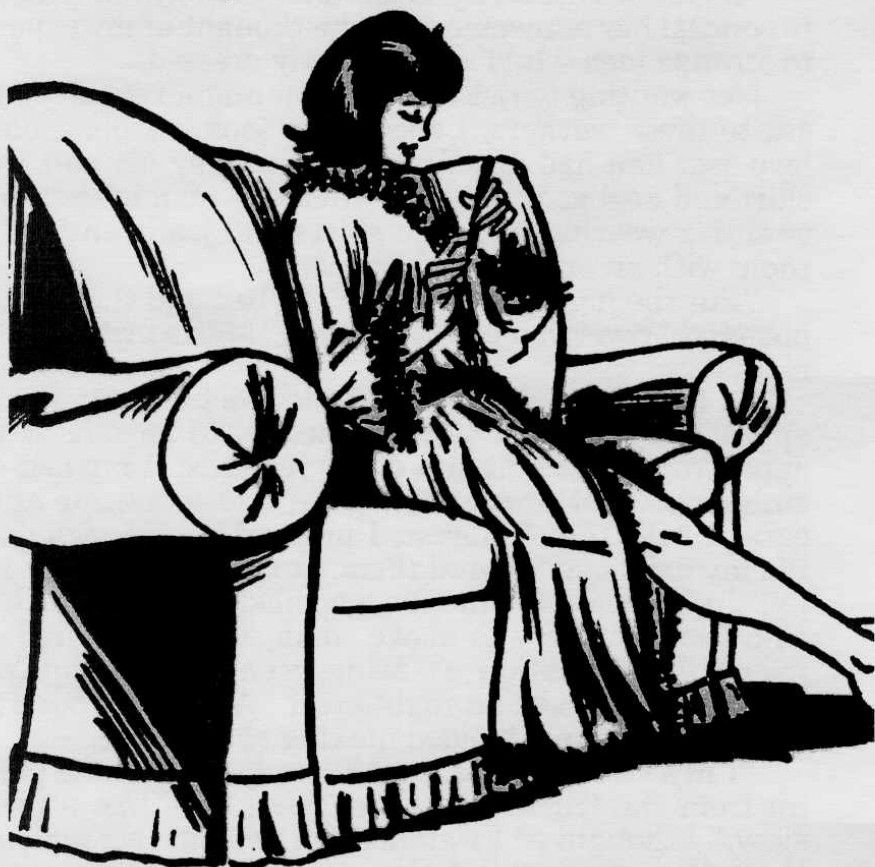
Not wanting to risk a scene that might reveal my true sex to these workers, I obediently took my place on the love seat and had just finished arranging my soft nylon skirt and negligee about me when two men in their early twenties wearing tight tee shirts and jeans entered my room with an arm load of parcels.

"Put the hanging things on the bed and the bags and boxes wherever you can find room," Marie instructed the men.

As they went about their task, the two men eyed me approvingly, but my secret appeared to be safe as they apparently had no notion of my true sex. I burned with embarrassment under their gaze, and to appear unconcerned with their interest, I pretended to nonchalantly file my nails and ignored them, at least outwardly. Hoping they would take me for a spoiled, stuck-up, rich girl who thought she was above them, I tried and hide my frightful humiliation at being seen in my exquisitely feminine negligee and nightgown. Also, I purposely remained silent and avoided making eye contact.

"I'm a strong boy and could easily carry those parcels up from the truck, instead of lying here like a useless sissy," I thought as I watched the two men struggle with the bulky cartons. "But since Aunt Helen started making me dress this way, I'm not as strong as I was. The considerable time I spend sitting around learning about feminine clothes, hairstyling, and makeup doesn't leave time for exercising. With my beauty naps, early bedtimes, sleeping late, and the weight I'm losing to keep my corset from killing me, I'm losing all my muscles. If I don't do something physical soon, my body will lose its tone. Hey! I'll bet that's part of Aunt Helen's plan. . .to make me soft like a girl!"

Instead of making me rebel as they would have only a few weeks before, those thoughts gave me even more resolve to be obedient and hasten the day I could return to my life as a boy. "Those men don't appear to have much ambition, or they wouldn't be working as delivery boys at their age, and they don't have to wear girl's clothes," I



reflected as I enviously eyed them from beneath my lidded eyes. "Oh, why is this terrible thing happening to me?"

"Susie," Marie announced when the men were gone. "Putting Miss Gale's pretty new things away will take quite some time beyond lunch. Please have a snack sent up to us."

"As you wish, Marie," Susie answered, leaving us alone.

"Alright, Miss Gale," Marie said, turning her attention to me, "you can get off your royal posterior now. Your flirtation interlude with those he-men is over. I know you enjoyed teasing them in your frillies, but now, we have a lot of work to do. Besides putting everything away, you must become familiar with every stitch of your



new wardrobe, it's purpose, when and how it is to be worn, and where it is stored."

As I put my new feminine things away, Marie proved to be as tough a taskmistress with this chore as with everything else. One by embarrassing one, I took bits of flimsy lingerie from their tissue wrappings and stored them away in the perfumed drawers of my bureau under her intense supervision. When I was finished, one drawer was filled with nylons and garter belts, one with panties and bras, one with slips, half slips, and camisoles, and another with nightgowns and negligees. Why did I need so many?

From time to time, Marie appeared to delight in prolonging the tedious process by saying something like, "Oh no, Miss Gale, you must fold that pretty nightie over

again. You don't wish to wrinkle it, do you?" or, "Bend from the knees, and be mindful of your skirt! A lady never bends from the waist, for that would allow her skirt to rise in back and cause her derriere to stick out in a very immodest display."

With my more than ample supply of lingerie finally put away, I draped my wealth of dresses, skirts, and blouses on velvet covered hangers and hung them in my spacious walk in closet.

"You have done very nicely for starters, Miss Gale," Marie stated when the last item was put away. "And, just in time for your beauty nap."

Since I was still wearing my nightgown, I merely had to crawl between the soft satin sheets while Marie drew the drapes. My day had been rather trying, to say the least, and even though I knew my body was growing softer from my inactivity, I welcomed the opportunity for sleep to interrupt my imposed femininity.

During the days that followed, in accordance with my plan, I behaved in the most feminine and docile manner imaginable. No matter how disgustingly I was required to dress or act, I obeyed without rebellion or defiance. In fact, I appeared so totally subdued, the only emotion I displayed was crying. Using tears to deceive Aunt Helen and Marie into believing that I was becoming the sissy creature they wished, I began to cry at the drop of a hat. As a result, tears began to come quickly and easily to the point of being habit. I even cried myself to sleep most nights, something I had never done in the past.

As an example of my impulsive crying jags, once I tripped and fell when I caught my heel in my petticoat because I failed to hold my long skirt up high enough as I neared the bottom of the stairs. The fall itself didn't hurt, but it totally vanquished my spirits. As I lay in a puddle of frills, helpless to alter my situation, I buried my face in my hands, and deep sobs racked my entire disguised body. Only a few weeks before, I would have leapt to my feet shouting oaths of defiance, but due to my many painful and embarrassing punishments and my plan to fool Aunt Helen, that course of action never entered my mind.



Seeing my distress, Aunt Helen rushed over, sat beside me, and took me lovingly in her arms. "There, there dear," she cooed. "Don't cry so. Everything will be alright, you'll see. You just tripped over your long skirt, and that could happen to anyone who isn't accustomed to wearing them. Come now, let me wipe away those tears."

Mixed emotions swept over me as I lifted my face and let her dab at my eyes with her lacy handkerchief. One moment, I thrilled to the loving care of her touch, and the next instant, resentment flooded over me for having to wear the exclusively feminine apparel that caused my fall. Yet, the two sensations somehow merged, and I realized that if I was to receive Aunt Helen's sweet gentle affection, I had to dress and act like a girl. Was I becoming soft like the clothes she was forcing me to wear?

As the days sped by with me constantly in one lovely feminine ensemble or another, I noticed that I was finding less and less embarrassment and disgust in wearing them. I even became enchanted by the charm my feet exuded in the high heels that no longer caused me discomfort or difficulty. Also, when I studied my reflection in the mirror, I began to feel a strange, peaceful sensation. If I had been a girl, I'm sure my smooth nylons, the caress of my slip, and the swirling of skirts about my legs would have

been delightful because even though I was a boy. . . all boy. . . I sometimes enjoyed wearing them despite myself! Certainly though, I was no sissy! I had proved my masculinity many times over the years, but whenever I realized that Aunt Helen and the servants knew I was a boy beneath my elegant skirts, dresses, and gowns, shame would engulf me, and like as not, I would begin crying once again. Oh, how long would this terrible punishment last?

One morning when just as I was slipping a sumptuous royal blue silk chemise dress over my head, Marie said, "Take extra pains with your makeup, dress, and accessories this morning Miss Gale. Your aunt informs me that she is taking you shopping today."

"What's the occasion?" I asked as if Aunt Helen needed a special reason to take me shopping for more feminine clothes.

"You'll have to ask her," Marie answered. "My only concern is to get you ready. Now, hurry!"

"When I asked Aunt Helen why we were going shopping, she answered, "I have a wonderful surprise for you this evening, and you simply must have a stylish new dress for the occasion."

Genevieve was all smiles as she rushed over to us when we entered the boutique. "Miss Robbins, so wonderful to see you and Miss Gale again!" she spouted. "That new hairdo is beautiful, and you look absolutely stunning in that blue dress Miss Gale! I declare, you get more lovely every time I see you. What can I do for you ladies today?"

"Gale needs a new party dress and perhaps a few other embellishments," Aunt Helen answered.

"Of course!" Genevieve exclaimed. "Come along, and we'll see what we can do." As we walked back through the racks of exquisitely feminine items, she beckoned to Mary to come over. "Mary, take Miss Gale into the imperial dressing room and help him out of his dress and slip while Miss Robbins and I select some suitable gowns for him to try on."

I was aghast to have my true gender revealed on the showroom floor where all the customers would learn my secret when I was so completely and convincingly dressed as a girl. That was my most dreaded event. I was so embarrassed, so humiliated, so shamed that I ran crying to the dressing room as fast as I could in my dress and heels.

"Don't cry Miss Gale, or you'll ruin your makeup," Mary cautioned as we entered the dressing room. "Everything will be alright, you'll see. Now, turn around, and I'll unzip your dress."

"Oh why do those women have to constantly point out that I'm a boy?" I commiserated as Mary pulled my dress over my head. "Aunt Helen made me work hard to learn to look and act like a girl, but when I do and no one suspects I'm a boy, she announces the fact. Having everyone know I'm a boy in dresses is so humiliating."

"I can imagine how you would be upset, Miss Gale," Mary empathized as she pulled my slip over my head and laid it with my dress. "But I think you're very nice in dresses. Try to make the best of it, and I'm sure your punishment will be over soon."

"Not soon enough for me!" I declared.

A few minutes later, Aunt Helen and Genevieve came in carrying several pretty dresses. Seeing me waiting in my panties, bra, corset, garter belt, nylons, and heels, Genevieve said, "You've done very well Mary. Put these gowns on the rack while I check his corset." After a bit of pulling and prodding, she added, "Oh yes, he's settling into it quite nicely!"

I was greatly relieved that no mention of a smaller one was made!

The next hour was especially harrowing for me as I tried on each of the dresses in turn, and as they wanted a second look, some more than once. While walking before the wall of mirrors for the second time in a pretty black, mid-calf length crepe dress with a tight bodice and a swirling skirt, I thought, "If I had a girlfriend, this is the way I would want her to look."

"This is the one!" Aunt Helen cried happily, seeing the slight smile that had crept onto my face. "This is definitely the one!"

"It is very lovely on him," Genevieve said, "But, don't you think a higher heel would make it appear more elegant?"

The idea had instant appeal to Aunt Helen. "Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "Bring in some shoes with a four inch heel, and let's have a look while he's still wearing his new dress."

Hearing these words, Genevieve motioned for Mary to follow her and made her exit. When they returned with several boxes each, Genevieve unfolded the tissue and produced a lovely pair of slippers with pencil thin four

inch spikes and said, "Have a seat Miss Gale, and we'll see how these look on your pretty feet."

I turned to Aunt Helen who was watching me with a fascinated expression and cried, "But Aunt Helen, surely these are not for me! I simply could never balance myself, to say nothing of walking in them! Anyway, those tiny fragile heels will probably break when I put my weight on them."

"Nonsense Gale!" she retorted with a hint of anger. "You'll never know until you try. Now hold out your foot!"

I was so shocked at the thought of tripping about on those heels that I almost forgot to arrange my skirt under me as I took my seat. Genevieve quickly slipped off my silver slippers and carefully replaced them with the new pumps.

To my surprise, the delicate shoes fit very nicely in spite of the higher heels. Also, they were not too tight, and had a slight arch support.

Aunt Helen stood by me and offered her hand for stability saying, "There we are Gale darling! Stand up so we can see how pretty they make your feet look."

For a moment, I rocked back and forth trying to gain my balance on those unaccustomed stilts while the three women watched. Aunt Helen was especially pleased with the effect, as she clapped her hands excitedly and cried, "Oh Genevieve, they're precious!"

"Oh yes, Miss Robbins, they give his feet such a dainty feminine appearance. So much so that I think you should have him wear this height heel all the time!"

Aunt Helen gushed, "I heartily agree! They do make his feet look perfectly lovely, and I just know that he'll be walking gracefully in them in no time despite the heels being an inch higher. And, of course, you're right, I must see that all his heels are this new height! Let us see some other styles."

Trying to put their words out of my mind, I felt as though I was actually standing on my toes as I struggled to gain my balance. I knew I could never walk in them, that was for certain! But strangely, when I took a few steps, I found myself handling them with relative ease. True, they shortened my gait, but somehow I experienced a sensation of pleasure that I could use my athletic skills master them. To demonstrate my newfound ability, I moved daintily across the room and back again, hesitating before them with a sheepish grin on my face.

"There!" Aunt Helen exclaimed with surprise. "Why, he's walking in them as though he has worn them always and loving it too! Oh darling, I'm so proud of you. I thought several days would be required before you could wear them with grace, but you're doing it already. Tell the truth, you do adore them, don't you?"

I lowered my eyes, blushed, but didn't answer, and thankfully, Aunt Helen didn't insist that I respond. I didn't know how to respond.

As with my previous visit to La Flaire, I tried on many feminine shoes, and Aunt Helen selected a half dozen pairs. "We'll get some more soon as well as some pretty frocks to go with them!" she declared.

While Mary was replacing all those petite shoes back into the boxes, Genevieve sent a new wave of terror through me by saying, "We have a very nice selection of fashionable miniskirts and low cut tops in stock if you would like to see how he would look in them."

"Maybe another day," Aunt Helen answered to my relief. "We're kind of rushed today."

After slipping back into my blue silk dress with Mary's assistance, I again left the boutique in higher heels than when I arrived. With a minimum of effort, I found myself walking in them well enough on the street, but if not for James' firm grasp, I would have fallen upon entering the car.

I don't know if it was by accident or one of Aunt Helen's devious plans, but on our way home we passed by the field where the football team was practicing.

As I looked out of the window, I saw Tracy Hendrix loft a perfect spiral down field. I recognized him by his short stature, quick release, and the long red tresses flowing down his back from beneath his helmet. The coach had encouraged Tracy to cut his hair, but since he was projected to be the team's quarterback for the next two years, he hadn't made hair an issue. As a sophomore, Tracy had been my understudy, and now he was stepping up to lead the team.

"I'll bet he wouldn't want to be my understudy and wear this soft dress and these stilt heels," I thought as my attention turned to the cheerleaders. They were practicing on the sidelines, and I couldn't help wondering how I would look in their cute outfits with the short pleated skirts.

"I'm sure you would look divine in those short outfits dear," Aunt Helen said as if reading my mind. "I'll buy you some if you like. Genevieve has a nice selection in stock, you know."

"That's okay, Aunt Helen," I stammered, not admitting that she was right about what I was thinking.

"I know how much you always enjoyed football dear," she offered. "Since you've been so cooperative with my wishes lately, would you like to go over and watch practice for a while?"

"On no!" I cried. "I can't go out there dressed like this!!! I would die of shame if the guys saw me in this dress and heels!"

"You're right dear," she answered sympathetically. "That dress is too nice and those heels are too high to go traipsing around in that grass and soft dirt, especially in this heat. Oh well, the football season has a long way to go, and we'll have plenty opportunities to come back."

"Please Aunt Helen," I begged. "Don't make me go out there in a dress! I would rather die! Really I would!"

"Then, you will mind your manners in the future and learn to be a perfect little lady, won't you sweetheart?" she answered with a definite threat in her voice.

"Oh yes, Aunt Helen," I answered sincerely. "I'll do whatever you say! Just don't send me out there in a dress! Please!!!" Tears were forming in my eyes as I spoke.

"I'm sure you'll be sweet and obedient dear," she purred while patting my hand and smiling triumphantly. "I'm sure you will."

Needless to say, I was full of anxiety for the remainder of the ride home as I realized that Aunt Helen now had much more than Marie's spankings to keep me in line. The thought of appearing before my former teammates in girl's clothes was just too horrible to contemplate!

While they had been running, exercising, and lifting weights to become bigger, tougher, stronger, and more masculine, I had been squeezed into tight corsets, dieting, avoiding exercise, covering my body with beauty creams, and lounging about in frilly silks and satins to make myself small, soft, and feminine. What could be more humiliating for a boy who had led his friends to the conference championship than for them to see him dressed as a girl? Why, they would think he was a complete sissy!

With the thought that exposure to these rugged boys in a dress and heels would be unbearable, I nervously

adjusted my skirt, gripped my purse tightly with my neatly manicured fingers, and silently resolved to be very obedient until Aunt Helen finally allowed me to return to my pants. What greater incentive could there be to insure my cooperation than the threat of taking me to football practice in a skirt, heels and makeup?

When we arrived home, Aunt Helen dropped a bomb on me. "You had better have some lunch and take your beauty nap dear. My bridge club is having a reception tonight, and you are to be the guest of honor! Isn't that thrilling?"

"Oh no!" I cried. "Please don't take me there in a dress! All those ladies know I'm a boy, and most of them have seen me play football."

"Very well, Miss Smarty Pants!" she sighed in exasperation. "I'll excuse you this time, but I want you to know that I'm sick of your grumbling every time I try to do something nice for you." As I was just beginning to experience relief from my reprieve, she added, "After your nap, you can put on a nice sweater and skirt, brush your hair into a saucy pony tail, and go to the late afternoon football practice instead!"

"Oh no!!!" I bellowed upon hearing her horrifying words. "Please, Aunt Helen, don't make me go to football practice in a skirt! I'll go to the reception in my pretty new dress and do whatever you say, but don't make me go to football practice in a skirt!!! Please!!!"

"You'll willingly go to my bridge reception in your new dress and behave as a perfect lady even though the women know you're a boy?" she asked pointedly.

I was faced with a no win situation. I had to think and act quickly. Faced with the choice of appearing before my former teammates or Aunt Helen's friends while dressed as a girl was devastating. But, the former was worse, much worse! Having my friends, who I had led to victories on the gridiron, see me in this feminine predicament was unthinkable! They would tease me unmercifully! "Oh yes, Aunt Helen, I would be very happy to accompany you to your bridge reception as your niece. Please allow me to go with you," I heard myself saying.

"Very well," she answered with determination filling her voice. "But, be forewarned! The next time you argue, make excuses, or procrastinate when I give you a directive, it's off to football practice with you, and no amount

of begging will dissuade me! The very next time!!! Do you understand?"

"Yes Aunt Helen," I mumbled, now totally conquered.

"If you cross me on this Gale," she declared, "so help me, I'll have you at football practice in a short skirt every day for the remainder of the season! Your antics have exasperated me no end, and I shan't abide them any longer!"

"Oh no. . . please, Aunt Helen" I begged, totally exasperated by her resolve. "I'll do whatever you say! Honest I will!"

"See that you do!" she demanded. "I can't impress on you how serious I am in this!"

Later, after a severe spanking at the hands of Marie, as I lay crying between my satin sheets in my long pink nylon gown, I knew I had been defeated. Aunt Helen had found the thing I feared the most. . . being seen by my friends in skirts and dresses. To make matters worse, she was using her knowledge to make me cooperate while she made me even more feminine. Oh, when would this shameful punishment end?

As I dozed off and slept, I found myself back on the football field running for a touchdown. Only, when the team ran into the end zone to congratulate me, I was wearing a pretty red and white, short skirted cheerleader's uniform. When the guys reached me and saw how I was dressed, instead of acclaim, I received only jeers and insults. In deep shame, I ran from the field in tears. This dream was all too real!

I was a nervous wreck as Marie helped me into my negligee and sent me off to my bath. Aunt Helen's threat to send me to football practice in a skirt, the horrible dream, and my thoughts of my pending trip to the bridge reception had taken their toll on my nerves.

While in the bath, I noticed some stubble on my legs and, knowing Aunt Helen would want my legs smooth for my debut, I shaved them before pulling on my device and returning to my room to dress. Marie had my undies lying on the bed, and I quickly noticed that everything was black to match my dress.

She and I had been through this ritual so many times before that very little was said as I stepped into my black, lace embellished tap panties and slipped out of my negligee and into my matching bra. I no longer had any trouble

hooking my bra behind me nor with filling the cups with the realistic jelled replicas. As I raised my arms above my head, Marie unceremoniously wrapped my corset around me and secured the laces. After fastening my garter belt and sitting to pull on my nylons, I noticed that my dark hosiery was a different texture and that they had seams in back.

"Those are real silk, Miss Gale," Marie informed me, when I looked questionably at her. "Your very first silk hosiery. You have to treat them daintily, as they are very fragile and will run easily. Also, you must learn to keep your seams straight."

The fabric was very soft and delicate, and I had to admit that they did make my legs look and feel sexy, especially after I stepped into my matching four inch pumps. As Marie warned, I didn't have trouble putting the stockings on, my problems came with the seams. Still, after several tries and Marie's advice, I could straighten them without too much difficulty.

My slip was a soft and also was made of silk. I had to admit that it felt soft and smooth as it caressed my legs underneath my skirt, and I did look like I would want my girlfriend to look. . .that is if. . .I was still a boy and had one.

Marie did my makeup a bit heavier than usual, brushed my newly permed curls into place, clipped on gold earrings, fastened a gold choker necklace around my neck, clasped on a matching gold bracelet, and sent me over to my full length mirror. I had to take smaller steps than usual due to my higher heels, but that did nothing to lessen the wonderful feeling of the soft frillies beneath my skirt.

"Isn't that dress lovely, Miss Gale?" Marie asked as she watched me mince about the room.

"Oh, it is lovely, Marie!" I answered, hoping my new cooperative mood hadn't revealed too much about my true feelings.

"You look so beautiful, Miss Gale!" she complimented. "I'm so happy that you have decided that you had rather be a charming young lady than a nasty boy. Don't worry, I can tell by the repentant attitude you have assumed since this afternoon."

The urge to correct her rose to my lips! I longed to tell her that I had decided no such thing. I wanted to say that I had to change my attitude for fear that Aunt Helen would carry out her threat to take me to football practice

in a skirt. Instead, I smiled at her and said, "Thank you Marie."

Disturbing thoughts flashed through my mind as I picked up my clutch purse in my red tipped fingers and minced daintily out of the room under Marie's approving eyes. Here I was, a boy dressed as a fashionable girl, and there was nothing I could do about it. When I reached the stairs, I lifted my long skirt and took the precaution of placing my hand on the banister for its support. I was not yet fully accustomed to my new heels, and I certainly did not wish to fall. As I descended the long winding staircase, I found the swish of my skirt about my legs and the lightness of my pretty slippers strangely exciting. Perhaps, after all, it was delightful to wear beautiful clothes.

THE END OF BOOK ONE!



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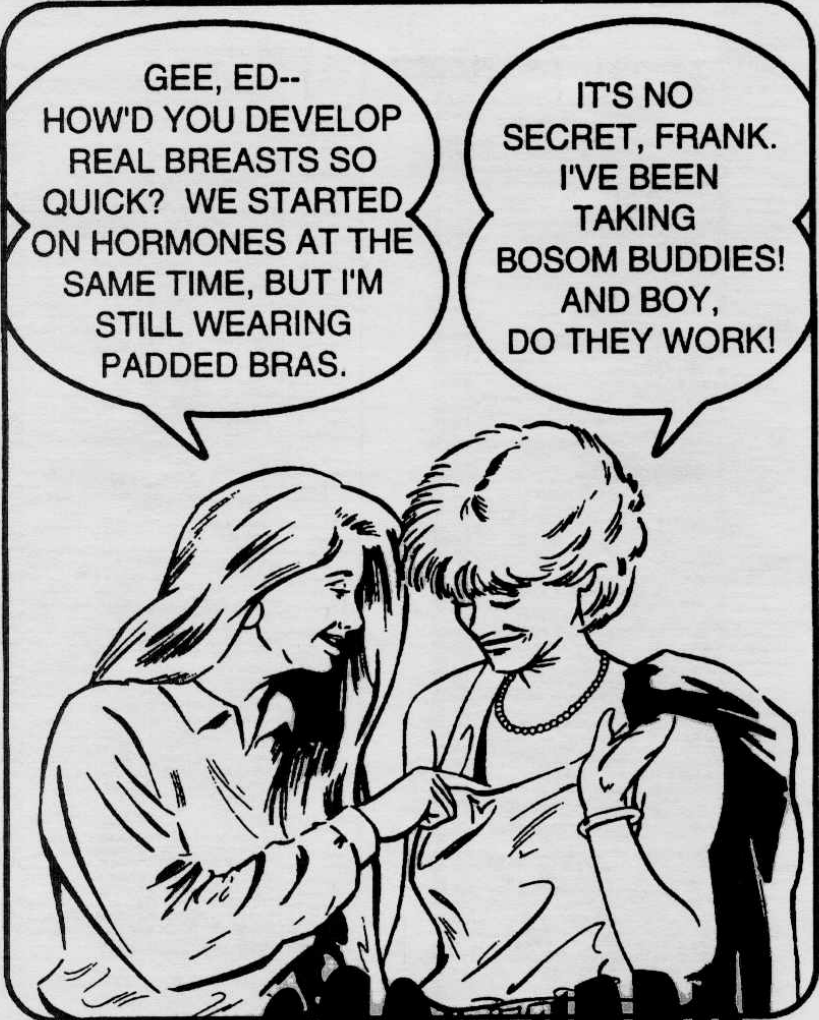
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SAME TIME, BUT I'M  
STILL WEARING  
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SECRET, FRANK.  
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# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### **FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II**

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

### **ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2**

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

### **MODEL HUSBAND #3**

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

### **SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4**

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

### **PAT GOES COED #5**

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

### **CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6**

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

### **PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7**

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

### **LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8**

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

### **JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9**

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

### **SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10**

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

### **NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11**

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

### **ALL DOLLED UP #12**

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### **ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13**

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

### **MAID UP #14**

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

### **FLIGHT OF FANCY #15**

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

### **DRESSED TO DANCE #16**

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

### **GOING A BROAD #17**

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

### **NEAR MISS #18**

In a small town, everyone knows

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

#### **TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

#### **THAT'A GIRL #20**

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

#### **WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

#### **MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

#### **PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

#### **HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

#### **ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

#### **WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

#### **WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

#### **HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

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

#### **LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

#### **MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

#### **MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

#### **PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

#### **FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

#### **HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

#### **DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

#### **SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

#### **CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

#### **BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

#### **WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

#### **GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

#### **LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

#### **COED CREATED #42**

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

#### **MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45**

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

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

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

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

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

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

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

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

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

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

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

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

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

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

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

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74**

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

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76**

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

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

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

**CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION****CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

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

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

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

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

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

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

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

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

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

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

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

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

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

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

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

**GIRLIES #16**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

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

**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

**REDTOES #21**

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

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

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

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'****COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

**FEMININE DESIRES #44**

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

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

**SON TO SISTER #48**

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

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

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

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

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

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

**BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

**HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

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

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

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

### **DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72**

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

### **PRETTY FOREVER #73**

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

## **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

### **TV VACATION #3**

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

### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

## **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

### **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7**

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

### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

#### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

## **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED**

### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

#### **#1 NORM:**

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

#### **#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

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

#### **#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

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

### **BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

### **HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

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

### **SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

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

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

### **BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

### **THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

### **BOUND TO BE A MAID**

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

### **NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

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

### **THE SARAH SCHOOL**

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

### **CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

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

### **TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

#### **AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

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

### **DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE**

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

### **MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

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

### **PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

## **POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

### **“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE**

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

### **FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1 LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2 BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

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

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

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

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

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

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

### **I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)**

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

### **I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

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

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

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

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Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

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### **I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

### **I BECAME MY TEACHER**

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

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

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

### **WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she’s seeing everywhere. You’ll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman’s household.

### **THE SLIP**

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

### **THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

### **CANDY, BOY WAITRESS**

Getting the right job can be tough...but with the right training anything is possible. A racy and wonderful story.

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

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

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