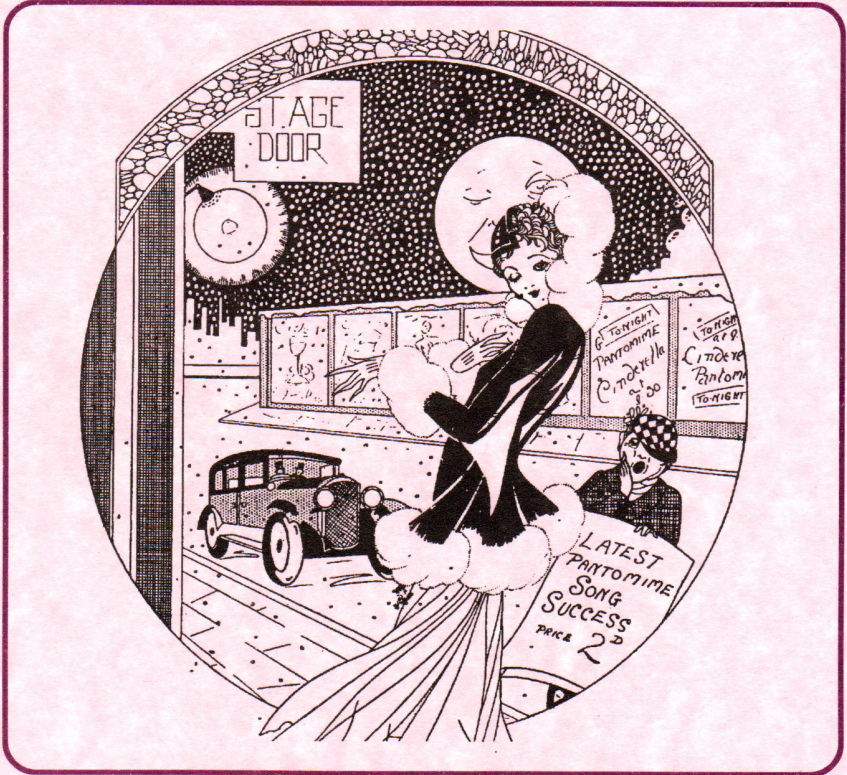


TV SERIALS

MAGAZINE

PUNISHED IN PINK

VOLUME TWO



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

TV FICTION SERIALS

MAGAZINE

"PUNISHED IN PINK"

BOOK TWO

by Alice Trail

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"PUNISHED IN PINK"

BOOK TWO

In book one, we meet Gale. A rebellious young boy who has been forced to dress in frilly girl's clothes until he learns respect and will obey his rich aunt.

Aunt Helen was waiting for me when I pranced into her study. I was dumbfounded by her elegant appearance. She was wearing a charming, ballerina length, royal blue satin gown, exquisite makeup, a short mink jacket, extremely high heels, and carried a white fox cape stole over her arm. With a smile of obvious satisfaction, she came forward, draped the stole over my shoulders, stood back to survey me with a critical eye, and told me to walk across the room. I followed her instructions, and when my skirt swirled about me as I turned around, she gushed, "Oh my darling Gale, you are truly lovely, and I will be extremely to present you as my charming nephew at the reception!"

There it was again. . .an embarrassing reference to my true sex!

As we walked out to the car, my knees were shaking underneath my skirt. I didn't know whether it was from the excitement of wearing the beautiful clothes, or fear from the knowledge that I was to be presented to a group of women who knew I was a boy in makeup, luxurious fur, stylish dress, and stilt heels. Oh, what humiliations lay ahead for me?

"If you weren't my charming nephew, Gale, you wouldn't have the opportunity or the thrill of wearing these enchanting clothes, you know," Aunt Helen whispered as our heels clicked on the steps on our way to the waiting limousine.

I caught a glimpse of admiration on James' face as he helped me into the car, and as I settled back on the cushions and carefully adjusted my skirt.

Our destination again took us past the football practice field. I didn't know if the field was on our way or just reinforcement for Aunt Helen's earlier threats. As if

sensing my thoughts, she patted my hand and said, "Don't fret my darling. I told my friends about you from the beginning, and they are just dying to meet you. You look so very beautiful tonight, so don't ruin it all by acting like a spoiled child. You will be on your best behavior, won't you?"

Her unspoken threat and the drive by the practice field had worked to perfection! I couldn't risk the alternative. "Yes, Aunt Helen," I whispered meekly and lowered my eyes demurely.

"Of course, you will! I'm just an old silly to even think of such a thing," she said, giving my hand another gentle squeeze.

As for my true feelings, my heart skipped a beat, and I found my courage rapidly evaporating at the thought of my pending ordeal. If not for the peril of attending football practice in a skirt, I think I would have rebelled then and there! Oh why did I have to appear before a bunch of women in these feminine clothes? I wanted to cry, but after all the time and effort Marie had spent on my makeup, I knew tears would make my mascara run and only serve to antagonize Aunt Helen. Somehow, I avoided crying.

"What's to become of me?" I thought as we rode along. "I mean, what's really to become of me?" Nervously, I fidgeted with my red tipped hands in my skirted lap and caressed my soft fur. "With the passing of time, Aunt Helen is exposing me to more and more people and informing them of my feminine ordeal. Will my friends find out? Do any of them know? If so, the others will surely find out because people talk! When I'm finally permitted to return to my boy's life, someone will probably say something, and I'll be the object of total ridicule. Oh, I'm only a mere doll for Aunt Helen to dress up and show off to her friends, and there's nothing I can do about it!"

Shortly, we entered the gates of the Parker estate, and I knew the trip by the football field was indeed a detour for my benefit. Mrs. Parker was a widow friend of Aunt Helen's, and now, I was being forced to appear before her and the other members of her bridge club! She had a very pretty daughter three years my elder who attended an exclusive girl's school back east, but I hadn't seen her for quite some time. I could only pray that she didn't see me because we had many of the same friends who she might tell about my bizarre situation.

When the car stopped, James was promptly at the door, assisting us to alight. I felt him give my arm a little squeeze of silent support as he helped me to the sidewalk. Was he pleased with my transformation, or did he feel I had been punished enough?

At the door, we were greeted by a rather large maid in a black satin uniform with lacy white collar, cuffs, and apron. She took our wraps and directed us to the drawing room.

"Hello ladies," Aunt Helen greeted as we entered the room where about a dozen expensively dressed women sat with their eyes glued to me.

Mrs. Parker came rushing over and exclaimed with doubt in her tone, "But Helen! Surely this lovely creature is not him! Not Gale!"

Aunt Helen took my hand and drew me to her side, and eagerly saying, "Oh, but it is! Doesn't he make a lovely girl?"

"Why darling, it's simply unbelievable!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, my football buddy's mother. "Even with his short hair, he looks like a real girl! Oh dear, it's so difficult to believe this lovely girl is really Gale who played football with my Carol!"

"And girls," Mrs. Hendrix, my former understudy's mother, gushed. "Just look at those precious heels he's wearing. Why, they're so exquisitely slender and so terribly high! Goodness Helen, how can he ever manage them?"

"Oh, how could you ever have imagined that he would make such a lovely girl?" cried another.

Others called attention to my dress. . .my jewelry. . .my hair style. I was learning that a group of fiendish women toying with a doll like boy can shatter his spirit. I was totally humiliated by their comments because I was not a girl. . .not a sissy! Oh, why was I being subjected to this horror?

Mrs. Parker spoke up. "Oh Helen, I'm sure the ladies would adore having him model his pretty clothes for us. It would be loads of fun, and we could all see everything better, you know!"

"I'm sure he would love to, wouldn't you Gale dear?" There was finality in her tone.

"Yes, Aunt Helen" I whispered, gluing my eyes to the floor before me as my cheeks burned with shame over being treated in this fashion. Oh, how I hated those clothes at that moment! I would have loved to tear them

off. . .yes. . .even my device. . .and shout, "I'm a male! A male do you hear?" Instead, with the threat of attending football practice in a skirt, I meekly minced across the room and back, turned and raised the hem of my dress, to reveal my silk covered knees and the hem of my lace edged slip.

Their cries of delight beat as cymbals against my ears. There was deep humiliation at every turn!

As I lifted my skirt in back to display my dark silk hosiery with their neatly straight seams, I heard a girl's voice from behind me. "What's going on Mother, a fashion show?" she asked.

I quivered from head to toe, as I recognized the voice as that of Jo Parker.

"Oh, come in darling!" Mrs. Parker said, inviting her daughter, who was wearing a short pleated tennis dress, to join us. "No, it's not actually a fashion show. Helen just brought Gale over to model his new dress for us."

"This is Gale? Gale Robbins. . .the football quarterback?" she asked excitedly. "Why, I can't believe it!" Then after a closer inspection while observing my embarrassment, she cried, "Oh, it is! It really is Gale, and what a perfect dream of a dress!" With that, she put her hands to her cheeks and burst into peals of merry laughter. She finally got control of herself and said, "Why Helen, he's simply beautiful! And, those heels! Oh tell me, is this the rig for some kind of masquerade party?"

"Oh no, Jo!" Aunt Helen exclaimed. "These are Gale's regular clothes now, aren't they dear?"

Why was she humiliating me so? "Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered at the point of tears.

"Your own clothes? What do you mean by that?" Jo asked, turning toward me.

She looked so formidable standing there in her short white sleeveless dress with her hands on her hips and her feet apart. Her stance and attire reminded me somehow of a roman warrior, and her demeanor was intimidating like Aunt Helen, Marie, and Genevieve. I wanted urgently to evade her question, but with Aunt Helen behind me, I couldn't find the strength to defy her. "W..well Jo," I stammered, shuffling my feet and fidgeting with my skirt. "Th. . .the. . .these are my very own clothes now, and I must wear them as punishment until. . .until. . .Aunt Helen says I can return to boy's clothes."

"Well! If I were Helen, I would never let you wear boy's clothes again! You look much too sweet and precious as you are!" Jo declared emphatically.

Only because of my supreme efforts to the contrary did I not cry while making this shameful confession about the feminine lifestyle that had been forced upon me, and when all the ladies cried out in agreement, I knew that if the decision were left to them, I would remain a pseudo-female forever! With that in mind, I buried my face in my hands, and as I lost my resolve not to cry in the presence of these women, a torrent of tears was loosed.

"Look Helen!" someone squealed. "He even cries like a girl!"

In a moment of rare compassion, Aunt Helen put her arms around me and dabbed at my tears. "Go ahead and have your cry dear," she cooed. "You'll feel better afterward. You're just upset from meeting these nice ladies for the first time in a dress, and that is to be expected. You need not worry your pretty head further because the worst is over. Let's just dry those tears away and enjoy ourselves."

"I . . . I'll try, Aunt Helen, but I feel so ashamed. . . so . . . humiliated!" I sniffed. "Oh, it's . . . it's just awful to be seen in these . . . these sissy clothes."

"Don't worry," she purred. "Everyone loves you this way. They just had to tease you a bit as a sort of an initiation ritual. . . a rite of passage. It's all over now, and you're a certified member of the gang! Come, let's have some refreshments. No, on second thought, sit here on the sofa where you can chat with the nice ladies, and I'll have the maid serve your tea and cookies."

I became more relaxed as I sat sipping tea while, one by one, the ladies came by to chat. They sat, talked a bit, and walked away as if on a schedule.

When Mrs. Johnson sat beside me I inquired about Carol and how he liked playing college football.

"Oh, he hates it!" she exclaimed. "He never gets in the games because of his small size. He thinks the coaches never intended for him to actually play because they only use him to run the plays of the next opponent at practice. The other players are so big, and they beat up on him something awful! As a result, he's very disheartened. He hasn't made any close friends, and he's disappointed that you didn't accept your scholarship and join him. With everything that's happening, I wouldn't be at all surprised if he quits and returns home."

"I'm sorry to hear he isn't happy," I offered before moving to a subject more prevalent on my mind. "You won't tell him about my dressing as a girl will you, Mrs. Johnson?" I inquired. "Oh, please say you won't!"

"If you remain as sweet and lovely as you are tonight," she answered in a teasing voice as she got up to leave, "I see no reason to tell him. Anyway, you really do look much lovelier in that pretty dress, makeup, and heels than you ever did in boy's things. Truthfully, don't you enjoying wearing them?"

Deep inside, I knew she was at least partially right, but I couldn't admit that embarrassing truth. Not even to myself. I looked down and blushed but didn't answer.

Then turning serious, Mrs. Johnson added, "On the other hand, if Carol quits the team and drops out of school, there's a strong possibility he would find out about your glamorous new life whether I told him or not. You two are lifelong friends, and I'm certain he would insist on seeing you upon his return."

Her words about Carol's possible return had given me additional cause to worry, and I fidgeted nervously as she walked away. The question, "Would Aunt Helen let Carol see me dressed like this?" bombarded my mind. After all, she had purposely put me on display before these women and Jo, hadn't she?

I didn't have long to reflect on this new crisis because Mrs. Hendrix sat beside me diverted my attention saying, "I'm sorry for teasing you earlier Gale, but you do make a perfectly sweet young lady in those clothes. Why, I never would have dreamed you could become such a beautiful girl when only a year ago, you were a vigorous athlete who was leading his football team to victory after victory. You were Tracy's hero, you know."

"How does Tracy like being the starting quarterback," I asked, shifting uneasily and adjusting my now familiar skirt with my red tipped fingers.

"Oh, he's enjoying it enormously!" she exclaimed. "A bit too much for his own good though, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The whole thing has gone to his head," she answered. "He seems to think he's God's gift all of a sudden. Girls are always hanging around, and I'm afraid he's not paying attention to the really important things. In fact, he got so arrogant that his sister Shannon refused to attend the same high school with him and enrolled in an exclusive girl's school upstate. The worst part is that she has to live

in a dormitory, and I only get to see her during long weekends and vacations.”

“That’s too bad,” I empathized, then pleaded, “Mrs. Hendrix, you won’t tell Tracy about me, will you? I would be devastated if he learned how Aunt Helen makes me dress and act.”

“Oh no, darling,” she giggled. “I won’t tell him. Besides I doubt if he would believe me anyway since you were his hero. Just remember, I think you make a precious young lady, and I only wish Tracy was half as sweet.”

When all the ladies had spent some time with me, Jo pulled me aside and asked Aunt Helen if she could take me up to see her room. “It’s a very nice room, and I would like to show Gale all my pretty clothes!”

“Of course you may, dear,” Aunt Helen answered with a smile. “He needs to spend time with girls his own age, and this is an excellent opportunity! Attending dances and parties wouldn’t do him any harm either, if you could arrange a few. Behave yourself now sweetheart,” she added.

Yet another decision had been made for me in which I had no voice. A feeling of inferiority swept over me as I heard them planning my life, yet I dared not protest.

As Jo took me by the hand and led me up the stairs like a little girl, the shrill sound of cheerful feminine voices and gay laughter, followed after us.

I observed that Jo’s room was femininely decorated, but wasn’t as large or as elaborate as my own. Looking around, I felt out of place, but as I looked into the full length mirror and realized that the pretty young lady staring back at me was totally in her element. Would I never get accustomed to seeing myself as a girl, even after being so dressed every minute of every day for so long?

“You look very chic in that stylish dress, and you walk really well in those sexy heels,” Jo said with a teasing smile.

“Oh Jo,” I pleaded. “Please don’t tease me. I’m so ashamed, so . . .so humiliated and embarrassed to be seen like this!” I glanced down and brushed my hand across my skirt for emphasis. My actions made my slip caress my legs enticingly, causing a stirring beneath my tight device. “It’s bad enough that Aunt Helen makes me wear these things, to say nothing of having people see me in them. . .especially those who know me as a boy. . .like you!”

"Alright," she said thoughtfully. "I won't tease you any more if you'll promise to be my special girlfriend. Deal?"

I wasn't exactly sure what she meant, but sensing that agreeing to her terms was the only way to avoid her mockery, I hesitantly nodded in agreement.

She came over, put her arms around my neck, kissed me lightly on the cheek, and said, "I really don't mean to laugh at you Gale darling, but you do look so feminine and sweet in that dress. Just remember that girlfriends are always totally honest with each other and never keep secrets. I can see your trendy hairdo, your subtle makeup, shaved legs, and sexy nylons, but tell me, how do you achieve such a trim, neat figure?"

I looked over my feminine appearing physique. . .my padded bosom and nipped waist. Did she really expect me to tell her what kind of undies I wore? "What do you mean?" I stammered.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" she exclaimed, her voice becoming hard. "And unless you want me to really tease you and tell all your friends about your new lifestyle, you'll start sharing your secrets with your special friend like a girl is supposed to! For starters, how did you get those realistic looking breasts?"

Turning red to my hair roots, I looked down in shame. Was she, a girl only slightly older than me, really going to blackmail me into discussing my feminine foundations? When I hesitated further, she placed her hands on her hips and spread her feet in a confrontational stance, and I knew I had to obey or face the consequences. . .dire as they might be! "F..falsies," I stuttered. "I wear falsies like women who have had their breasts removed."

"Then, you're wearing a bra to contain and support them."

"Yes," I answered meekly, unable to meet her questioning gaze.

"And panties? Do you wear pretty soft panties as well?"

"Yes."

"See how girlfriends can be honest with each other, and don't you feel better having shared that with me?" When I continued to look down without responding, she continued, "How did you get that neat waist?"

"Please don't make me do this Jo," I begged. "I'm so embarrassed to talk about my. . ."

"Undies? Foundations?"

"Yes."

"If you don't tell me, you'll be keeping secrets, and you know the consequences of that, don't you?"

"I . . . I'm laced into a horribly tight corset," I responded, not wanting to undergo her scorn nor the possibility of her telling my friends about the way I was forced to dress. "If I eat very much, it crushes me unmercifully, and Aunt Helen won't allow the laces to be loosened. As a result, I've lost a lot of weight and muscle tone."

"How does she force you to wear these pretty clothes?" Jo asked sincerely. "You're a rugged macho athlete and should be able to overpower her by sheer force."

"I guess I could have, at least at first. . . maybe," I answered. "But Aunt Helen hired a maid for me who is very adept at the martial arts, and I can't overcome her. If I disobey, she turns me across her lap and sp..spanks me like a little girl. Even with all my athletic training, I'm helpless against her." My words brought back memories I had just as soon forget, and feelings of despair engulfed me. Completely defeated, I raised my hands to my face and burst into tears.

"There, there," Jo exclaimed as she rushed over to embrace me. "Don't cry. You'll ruin your makeup. Uh oh, it's too late! Come over to my vanity and put everything back in order. You can apply your own makeup, can't you?"

"Yes," I answered as I wiped the ruined mascara and eyeshadow from my eyes. "I've had lots of practice."

Jo watched intently as I replaced my makeup and added a fresh coat of lipstick, and as I blotted my lips with a tissue and stood up, she said, "You do that too well to be a boy. I guess that's why you make such a special girlfriend." Then, realizing what she had said, she added, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to tease you. Just remember that, and we'll keep everything that's happened here today as our little secret."

When we were ready to leave, Jo again took my hand and led me out of the room like a child. Upon reaching the staircase, she bounced down gingerly in her short dress and sneakers while I held back, firmly grasping the bannister and descending primly in my mid length skirt and slender four inch spikes. When Jo reached the landing, she looked up and smiled knowingly at me.

"Oh Helen, you simply must invite me over soon!" Jo beseeched as Aunt Helen placed my luxurious stole

around my shoulders in preparation for our exit. "I'm just dying to see Gale's room, his beautiful new clothes, and spend some time with him!"

"That would be wonderful, Jo," Aunt Helen responded. "Say, why don't you and your mother come over for lunch tomorrow? We can have a nice meal and spend a lovely afternoon together."

"I'll be there!" Jo declared. Then after a pause, "Oh could we, Mother?"

"I don't see why not, dear," Mrs. Parker answered, kissing Jo on the cheek. "Until tomorrow then dear," she directed toward Aunt Helen.

We waved goodbye, and I saw Jo smile as my heels clicked on the flagstones.

Aunt Helen was jubilant on our way home, telling me of the many compliments I had received from the ladies. "You made me very proud tonight darling," she purred as she took me in her arms and kissed me tenderly on the cheek. "Your behavior was very feminine and sweet."

I was certain all this ceremony over how I looked and acted was binding me tighter in my silken chains. I wanted to scream that boys weren't supposed to act feminine and sweet, but with the awareness that my horrible situation could quickly worsen, I declined to protest. Another thing that weighed heavily on my mind was the knowledge that far too many people knew of my predicament, and the more people who knew a secret, the less secure it became. What if my friends learned of my life in dresses!!! Oh, what a horrible thought!

Marie was waiting up for me when we got home, and her deft fingers quickly removed my clothes. In almost no time, she draped a flimsy long pink nightgown over my head, held back the satin covers, and tucked me in for the night.

When I was alone, I lay between my soft sheets and stared up at the lacy frills of the canopy in the dim light. The softness of my nightie, the gentle caress of the silken sheets, and the image of Jo in her short sexy tennis dress all added to the state of euphoria that enveloped me as I reached down into the folds of my panties. I was almost beginning to believe that I was not a boy at all, but my hands soon convinced me differently. Had any other boy been forced to submit to such a shameful existence? I finally dozed off to sleep. . . the question still unanswered.

The next morning, I was awakened by Aunt Helen throwing back the drapes, a very unusual happening indeed! As I stretched, yawned, and rubbed the sleep from my eyes, I wondered about the reason for her rare presence in my bedroom.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” she said brightly while coming over to kiss my cheek. “As a special treat for your charming behavior last evening, you are having breakfast in bed. Marie will be bringing it in presently, so hurry out of the bathroom and put on your makeup.” She was holding my matching negligee for me to slip into as I crawled out of bed.

Following her instructions, I stepped into my pink bedroom slippers and padded off to the bathroom. When I returned, I obediently smoothed my negligee beneath me at my feminine vanity and applied light morning makeup to my face. Aunt Helen helped me back into bed and arranged the soft covers about me while I adjusted my gown and negligee, just as Marie made her entrance with my tray.

While I ate my meager portion, Aunt Helen went through my closet and selected a mint green silk dress that fell to just above my knees.

“That’s a bit dressy for morning, isn’t it Aunt Helen?” I asked as I got out of bed.

“Usually yes, but today, you are dressing for lunch and a lovely afternoon with Jo,” she answered. “She and her mother are dining with us, remember? Go ahead and take a leisurely bath, and we’ll have your complete ensemble, including undies and accessories picked out when you’re finished.”

As I put on my matching pale green nylon panties, slip, and bra, I wondered what Jo would be wearing. I was fairly sure it wouldn’t be a short tennis dress like the night before, but I could dream and wish!

Not surprisingly, my entire morning was spent getting ready for the luncheon. To begin with, my nail color was wrong for my dress, so I had to remove it and apply two coats of the correct shade to my fingers and toes. That took a lot of time even though I had gotten quite proficient at this feminine task. While I sat at my vanity putting on my makeup, I longed for my boyish days when I could get ready to go in less than thirty minutes, and that included my shower!

I was sitting in the sun room with Aunt Helen when the doorbell rang, signaling the arrival of Jo and Mrs. Parker. "Remember dear," she said while waited for our guests to be escorted in, "I expect you to conduct yourself in a very ladylike manner like you did last night."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I replied demurely. "I'll try very hard to behave as I should. I just hope Jo doesn't tease or embarrass me."

As the Parkers entered, and I saw that Jo was wearing a linen knee length dress with narrow vertical stripes, I was disappointed. I had hoped that she would be wearing something short. . . a miniskirt maybe. I had enjoyed the thrill of looking at her legs in her short tennis dress, and I wanted an encore. But alas, it was not to be.

Everyone exchanged greetings while Jo hurried over and kissed me gently on the mouth. I was stunned for a moment until the elder women broke into light-hearted laughter.

"Why Gale!" Aunt Helen tittered, "I declare, you're blushing! Don't you know that all young ladies greet their friends with a tender kiss?"

I was more confused than ever, and I kept my eyes on the hem of my skirt, my fingers toying with the soft fabric.

"Oh, darling!" Jo gushed. "I didn't mean to embarrass you, but I couldn't help myself. You're so beautiful. . .so precious!"

After a leisurely lunch that I found very uncomfortable, I accompanied Jo up to my room. As I ascended the stairs along side of her, my entire masculinity seemed to have fled from me. I enjoyed the caress of my soft slip, my skirts swirling about me, and even the support of my spiked heels. What had happened to me? Why didn't I have the power to resist this insidious femininity that Aunt Helen was imposing on me?

"Oh Gale, what a lovely room!" Jo gushed as we entered my boudoir. "It's so big, and so delightfully feminine!" With that, she dropped carelessly into a chair.

If I had plopped down like that, I would have been soundly scolded, but after all, I was a boy!

Jo prattled on. "Gee Gale, it's wonderful to have you for my special girlfriend because you are really much prettier than most of the girls I know. Would you believe that?"

"Oh Jo, please," I said in a hesitant tone. "That's silly! You know perfectly well it is. I couldn't possibly be called pretty. Boys aren't pretty! To be quite honest, I feel I'm

nothing but a sissy for allowing Aunt Helen to do this to me. I truly can't see why you wish to associate with me."

Jo giggled happily and said, "As far as I'm concerned, you're the prettiest girl I know, even if you are a boy. In fact, Gale my sweet, I was serious last night when I said that if I were Helen, I would never let you wear boy's clothes again. You really are much more attractive this way, yes truly pretty! Come now! I simply must see all your lovely clothes!"

"Go ahead and look for yourself," I said in a half hearted voice. "I really don't care what's in there."

"Oh, you silly goose!" she teased as she grabbed my wrist and pulled me over to my spacious walk in closet. "Why, everything is gorgeous!" she squealed, seeing the wealth of feminine attire hanging in the storage space. "Are you trying to tell me you don't like these lovely clothes? Why, you must be out of your mind! I only wish I had only half as many for myself!"

It was true. I had noticed that she didn't have nearly as many lovely clothes as me. Imagine! A boy with more pretty dresses than a girl!

"Oh Gale," she exclaimed. "How do you like being able to wear pretty skirts, high heels, jewelry, furs, and all those lovely intimate garments that are supposed to be only for ladies? You can be honest with me. I'm your girlfriend, and you must share your secrets!"

For a moment, I was lost in thought. . . fully aware of my extremely feminine clothes, the soft caress of my nylon undies, the firmness of my bra, corset, and device, my soft skirt swirling about my nylon covered legs, and the elevation of my four inch pumps. As I pondered my existence, I experienced a strange combination of sensations including shame and delight. My life was an ambiguous state of love and hate. Love of the marvelous sensations produced by these lovely garments and hate for being forced to wear them.

Jo's angry voice brought me suddenly back to reality. "Gale! I asked you a question, and as your girlfriend, I'm entitled to an answer!"

"I'm sorry, Jo," I responded humbly. "I was just thinking how I could respond."

"Surely, you don't have to think of an answer," she argued. "Either you like to wear these pretty clothes, or you don't. It's that simple!"

If only it were that simple, but it wasn't, not by any stretch of the imagination. I was at a loss for a way to

explain my feelings to her. Finally, I said, "It's like this, Jo. Sometimes, these clothes feel nice, and after I got used to wearing high heels, I began to like them a little. But, when I'm reminded that I'm really a boy, I feel ashamed of myself for being seen in them. I even start to hate myself for thinking I liked them. Oh Jo, it's a terrible experience for a boy to have to dress as a girl!"

Jo turned up her nose at my answer and sniffed in disgust. "You are just being silly! When you're dressed that way, you look like a very beautiful girl, and if I were in your place, I would enjoy myself to the utmost. Just imagine if you had only drab, ill-fitting clothes like some girls. Why Gale darling, you don't know how really fortunate you are. Helen has bought you the prettiest, most elegant, and most expensive clothes in town. You should be proud to wear them. . .even if they are girl's things!"

With that, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. I mean, she really kissed me. . .tongue and all! As we embraced, she reached behind me and caressed my buttocks through my dress and soft lingerie. "Let's get you out of this dress so I can see those lovely panties," she said, lowering my back zipper.

That's how I experienced my first sexual encounter dressed as a girl. The act was consummated with Jo as the aggressor, me on the bottom, and our lingerie and dresses strewn hither and yon about the room. Anyone not familiar with our ensembles, would have been hard pressed to distinguish the girl's frillies from the boy's!

"Now, do you believe I love you and think you're beautiful and desirable in your pretty dresses?" Jo asked as we lay cuddled closely on my bed.

"Oh yes. . .!" I gasped, still in a state of euphoria. "But why? Why do you want me to wear sissy dresses and look like a girl? I..I thought girls liked rugged he-man athletes like. . .like I was before. . .before. . ."

"Oh, you sill thing," she cooed, interrupting my stammering. "I loved you from the moment I saw you in your lovely gown and heels last night, and, I'll continue to love you as long as you remain sweet, gentle, and feminine."

"But why?" I questioned. I don't understand.

"Let's see if I can explain," she answered earnestly. "In my youth, I was attracted to macho, muscular athletes. Even though I was several years older, I even had a crush on you in your glory days. To make a long story short, my first few encounters were with this type guy, but unfortunately, I discovered too late that they were as

rough and tough in bed as they were on the playing field. I also learned that they cared only about themselves and gave no thought or regard to my gratification or fulfillment. I guess that's why I gradually gravitated to the more gentle, more caring types. Nerds, I guess you could call them. Still, something was missing, and I had no idea what it was until I saw you in that precious dress with your makeup and heels looking so completely feminine."

"Y..you mean you really like me this way?"

"Like you?" she asked. "Like you? No! I LOVE you silly! Haven't you been listening?"

"Y..yes, b..but I'm not sure what you mean," I stammered with a blush, feeling content in her arms. "I'm not sure what you want me to do."

"I want you to be gentle, loving, and caring and to consider my wants and needs above all else, even your own."

"I..I don't know how to do that. Will you teach me?" I asked.

"With pleasure, my love," she responded before kissing me lovingly. "First of all, you must accept the fact that I love you in your feminine dresses, but I want you to remain completely masculine underneath. Secondly, in every relationship, there is a dominant and a passive partner. In ours, I will be the aggressor, and you must learn to respond. To be assertive is a natural characteristic of males, but in our lovemaking, I wish you to remain passive and responsive."

"I..I'll try," I answered, not fully understanding her meaning.

"Don't worry your pretty head!" Jo declared. "I'll teach you everything you need to know! Come now, we must put ourselves and your lovely room back in order and get back downstairs before Mother and Helen come looking for us."

We quickly dressed, repaired our makeup, remade the bed, and went downstairs to join the adults in a cup of tea.

"Did you and Jo have a nice visit Gale darling?" Aunt Helen asked with a bright smile as we traipsed into the room hand in hand.

"Oh yes, Aunt Helen," I responded with a blush. "Very nice!"

"Yes Helen!" Jo gushed. "And, Gale has agreed to be my special girlfriend! My only regret is that I have to

leave for my senior year at college in three days, and I want to spend every possible moment with him."

"We would love to have you dear," Aunt Helen said.

I looked forward to spending time with Jo, especially since our little rendezvous in my bedroom.

"That would be wonderful, wouldn't it Gale darling?" Jo asked. Then, not waiting for an answer, "Maybe we could even go to the movies or out to eat!"

"I don't see why not, sweetheart," Aunt Helen beamed. "I'm sure Gale would enjoy getting out with you very much."

"And, oh yes!" Jo cried. "We simply must have his photograph made! I can't go away without a large color portrait of my lovely girlfriend to keep by my bedside!"

As they departed, I thought Jo kissed me a bit too passionately, but Aunt Helen said nothing.

The next morning at breakfast as I sat in my usual nightgown and negligee, Aunt Helen said, "You have an appointment at the photographers at three o'clock this afternoon, darling. Hurry and get ready because we have to pick up Jo, shop for your gown, go by the hairdressers for an emergency appointment, and get you dressed and made up. I'm afraid we have a very hectic day ahead of us!"

I knew better than to suggest that I could wear something from my current wardrobe, having learned that every 'event' was a made to order excuse to buy a new dress or gown. "Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered, hurrying away without finishing my breakfast.

"I'll send Marie up to help you dear!" I heard her call out as I hurried along with my gown and negligee fluttering softly about my body. I was excited about having my photograph made for Jo, even if I did have to buy a new dress and have my hair done.

After my bath, I told Marie that I wanted to select my dress for the day, and that I wanted her to make me as pretty as possible.

Her eyes lit up brightly as though she were thinking, "So, you have come to like being a pretty girl. I declare, I never expected to see the day!"

For one of the few times since I had been put in dresses, I shuffled through the racks of dresses and skirts hanging in my closet. I eventually chose a knee length, lavender, silk crepe sarong dress that I had not worn before. "Except for the sleeves, this dress is fully lined so

I won't have to wear a slip with it," I said. "I've found that whatever slip I wear into the boutique is either too long, too short, too full, or too slim for whatever pretty dress I happen to be trying on, and since Genevieve can provide the perfect undies, the less I wear the less I'll have to take off to put them on."

"Very wise, Miss Gale!" Marie beamed. "You really are learning about dressing as a girl!"

She watched approvingly as I selected a very frilly pale lavender bra and teddy that would perfectly match my dress. After I pulled on a pair of ultra sheer nylons, I stepped into white pumps with my usual four inch heels and pointed toes. For jewelry, I chose a gold chain necklace, hoop earrings, and matching bracelets.

When I put the dress on, I was shocked to see that the light wrap skirt separated to mid thigh when I walked and even more so when I sat. I didn't remember that from when I tried this dress on at the boutique. I guess I wasn't paying much attention that day, just wanting to end the whole embarrassing episode and go home!

"Don't worry about your skirt, Miss Gale," Marie advised when she saw my concern. "It's supposed to separate that way and show off your pretty legs. Also, it gives you another reason for not wearing a slip." she ended with a wink. After applying my makeup, brushing my hair back into a ponytail, and tying it back with a large satin bow, she added, "No use spending a lot of time on your hair since you have an appointment at the hairdressers. Besides, you're very beautiful as you are."

Despite myself, I beamed with pride at her compliment as I swished over to the mirror for a final look. As I twisted and turned to review my reflection, I brushed a tiny wrinkle from my skirt, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw Marie beam with pride at that feminine gesture. I was acting a part, but for some strange reason, I found a subtle pleasure at my appearance in these pretty feminine clothes I was forced to wear.

James got an eye full of my nylon covered thighs when I took my seat in the car. I was having trouble adjusting my flimsy split skirt, and there was nothing I could do to prevent his appreciative, yet amused, observation.

All the way over to the Parker house where we were to pick up Jo, Aunt Helen was high in her praise of my behavior.

"My plan to quickly get back into trousers is working to perfection, and I can be with Jo too!" I thought happily.

Like Aunt Helen and Marie, Jo praised my appearance as she calmly greeted me with a kiss on the lips.

Along the way, Aunt Helen and Jo excitedly gabbed on and on about my appearance and the events to come that day. As for me, thoughts of the previous day, with Jo in my bed, kept occupying my mind, and a pleasant smile crept over my features.

"Oh, you're such a good influence for Gale, my dear," Aunt Helen exclaimed, giving Jo's hand an affectionate squeeze. "Since he met you, his attitude toward his dresses has improved immensely!"

Was my strategy to make her think I was beginning to fall in love with my enforced frillies working? I could only wait and hope!

Genevieve was busy when we arrived at La Flaire, so the three of us ambled over toward a rack of chic dresses to browse. On the way, I glanced into a huge mirror, and upon reviewing my reflection, I thought, "Golly! No matter how I feel, I have to admit that I really do look like a girl. A pretty one too!"

While Jo and Aunt Helen perused the inventory, I happened to notice one of the clerks staring at me. I hastily lowered my eyes under her scrutiny, and when I peeked through my mascara covered lashes, I saw her whispering to another clerk while indicating me with a smile on her lips. She knew my secret and was confiding the awful truth to her friend. My cheeks inflamed as I hastily turned back toward Aunt Helen.

"How do you think this would look on him, Helen?" Jo asked, holding a gorgeous long black dress up to me.

"I beg your pardon, but did I hear you say that this lovely young lady is actually a boy?" an elegantly dressed woman, who was shopping nearby with a young girl asked in a strange accent.

Hearing her words, my temples began throbbing, and my heart beat wildly. Oh why, why did terribly humiliating situations always arise when I was in public? Despite my secret vow to convince Aunt Helen that I had come to enjoy my dresses, my shame was almost too much to bear! Only by a supreme effort did I resist weeping in absolute shame.

My misery was complete as I heard Aunt Helen reply in a somewhat deliberate voice, "Why yes! This is my

nephew, and he is wearing girl's clothes to teach him respect and obedience." Her cool demeanor seemed to say, "So what!" or "What business is it of yours?"

"How perfectly delightful!" the woman exclaimed, obviously enjoying the spectacle. "Oh, dear me! Please allow me to introduce myself and apologize for the intrusion. I am Lady Stanley, and this is my son, who I now call, 'Pamela'," she said, indicating the blushing young girl with her. "We are visiting from England where, as you may have heard, this type of discipline is quite common for arrogant boys. It is called 'Petticoat Punishment' over there."

Hearing her words, Aunt Helen immediately softened and appeared eager to hear more. She introduced us before turning to Pamela saying, "You make a very attractive girl. Are all English boys as pretty as you?"

A rosy hue shaded Pamela's pretty cheeks, but he didn't reply.

Lady Stanley put her arm around her pretty son and said, "Really, you must excuse Pamela's shyness. You see, even after ten years in pretty frocks, he is still embarrassed when he is identified as a boy to strangers."

The implication of this remark made us all exchange glances, then scrutinized the feminine Pamela who stood beside his mother. His eyes were downcast, and he had a pretty rose flush on his face. He was a picture of demure femininity in a pretty red minidress that revealed long slim legs, and his long straight blonde hair was cascading to well below his shoulders. Further, I noticed that his ears had been double pierced as both sported diamond studs supporting attractive pendants that caressed his cheeks with every movement.

Aunt Helen was the first to recover her voice. "My dear! Do you mean to imply that she is a boy too?"

"Yes," replied Lady Stanley proudly, smiling at Pamela. "You are a boy, aren't you dear?"

"Yes Mother," Pamela answered in a soft, sweet girlish voice, turning even redder.

The shock of this revelation was almost too much for me. Here I was, a boy attired completely in the exquisite clothes of a girl, and we meet an English lady who has kept her son in girl's clothes for ten years.

TEN YEARS!!! The impact of those two words struck me a stunning blow. What if Aunt Helen was guided by this chance meeting and decided to keep me in dresses for ten long years. Why, I would be twenty eight years old!!!



Aunt Helen, Lady Stanley, and Jo were a flurry of excited females as they exchanged addresses and telephone numbers. Lady Stanley's suggestion that we meet for a conversation over tea very soon was graciously accepted by Aunt Helen.

"This has been a lovely meeting," Lady Stanley said, "but really, we must hurry along." As she extended her hand to me, she purred, "You make a very pretty girl, Gale, and I look forward to meeting you again."

I managed to stammer, "Thank you Lady Stanley."

Pamela then gave me his dainty hand, smiled prettily, and spoke in a small voice, "I do hope we can have a chat soon, Gale."

"Oh dear," I thought. "If Aunt Helen makes me wear dresses for ten years, would I become as completely feminine as this pretty darling? I shuddered at the thought! As these questions flitted through my mind, I watched in total fascination as Lady Stanley and Pamela departed. At the door, Pamela turned his pretty head, smiled, and waved his manicured fingers at me in a very feminine manner.

"Come now Gale!" Aunt Helen declared sharply. "We have a lot to do, and time is short. Let's hurry to the dressing room and try on this charming dress.

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I replied meekly and docilely followed her toward the rear. As we approached that fateful room where I had tried on and purchased my extensive feminine wardrobe, my steps faltered. Once again, I became very much aware of the fact that I was merely a boy in a dress, even though the other customers only gave me a cursory glance.

In the dressing room, the dress Aunt Helen selected that brought on our encounter with Lady Stanley and Pamela proved to be a romantic, black, velvet ensemble with an off-shoulder, embarrassingly low cut sweetheart neckline, fitted bodice, slim waist, and an ankle length, sweeping, full skirt.

"At least, long skirts no longer cause me trouble," I thought as I moved about the dressing room.

"We'll have to get him a strapless bra to wear with this lovely creation," Jo said as she adjusted the bodice. "See how the straps of his teddy and bra are exposed?"

"May I suggest a bustier instead!" Genevieve, who entered without knocking, suggested. "It will give him a more pronounced bosom and add to the control of his corset."

"An excellent suggestion!" Aunt Helen agreed. "Have some brought in while we help him out of his dress."

When Genevieve returned, the dress, as well as my bra and falsies, had been removed, and I stood in only my panties, garter belt, corset, nylons, and four inch pumps. For some reason I didn't understand, I was embarrassed to be seen without my accustomed bra even though I had no natural assets in that area.

"He doesn't fill out the front of that dress well enough," Jo said. "Do you suppose we could increase his bust size, Helen?"

"I suppose a one size enlargement wouldn't be too crass," Aunt Helen mused thoughtfully. "After all, he's been wearing this size since he started wearing dresses, and girls do grow, you know. Genevieve dear, bring in a bustier with a larger cup and the appropriate sized prosthesis."

"But, Aunt Helen, I don't need to be bigger up here!" I exclaimed, raising my hands to my bare chest as Genevieve departed. "Besides, Marie said those. . .those things are very expensive!"

"Don't worry your pretty head about money, darling," she answered. "No expense is too great where your beauty is concerned."

With the larger cups and falsies, I did fill out the dress much better, but with the low cut top, I was concerned that their being false could be detected.

"That won't be a problem," Jo assured me. "Professional photographers are experts in creating the illusion of larger breasts with the clever use of makeup and padding. It's their job to present their subjects in their best light. When he's through, no one who sees your photograph will be the wiser, believe me!"

"That's right, sweetheart," Aunt Helen assured. "Now let's get you some matching shoes. What do you have, Genevieve?"

"I recently received a supply of darling black suede pumps that will be perfect!" she said. "Just a minute, and I'll get a pair in his size."

"Why do I need new shoes for a photograph?" I wondered silently as I slid my feet into the elegant pumps. Even I had to admit that these slippers were a perfect match for my new dress, and I had no trouble at all walking on the four inch spikes. When I looked up, I had a faint smile on my lips, and Aunt Helen exclaimed as if reading my thoughts. "They are very glamorous, aren't they, dear, and of course, you may have them."

After taking off my new dress, I had to try on and purchase several bras that fit my larger falsies because Aunt Helen had decided that I looked so good with them that my breast size should be permanently increased. This meant I would have to come back for more bras in a few days when we had more time. Would this feminine ordeal never end?

“Hurry and dress, dear,” Aunt Helen prodded. “We’re due at the hairdressers in ten minutes, and you don’t want to be late after Liz went to so much trouble to rearrange her schedule for your emergency appointment.”

At the beauty salon, Liz was gracious and didn’t tease me as much as usual, although, she did make several comments about the way my sarong skirt separated when I lay back in her chair. Somehow, she incorporated a fall with my hair to give me the appearance of having shoulder length hair. I had to marvel at the finished product, and I could not deny that I now appeared to be a very attractive girl!

When we returned home, I was rushed up to my room without lunch to get ready for my visit with the photographer. Marie recognized my larger breast size immediately upon removing my dress, as I was still wearing my bustier. “Oh Miss Gale!” she gushed. “You’re so much more glamorous. . .so much more mature!”

She quickly helped me into the black panties, garter belt, and slip that I had worn to the bridge reception at the Parker’s. My head was spinning as I sat at my vanity while she did my nails and makeup. I noticed she was applying heavier nighttime shades, and when I asked why, she answered, “The lights in the studio will be more like night lights, and you will look more glamorous in your photographs.” She also added a bit of shadow at my bodice to give the illusion of cleavage. If all girls and women were expert at this deception, what chance did men have?

“You are very beautiful, Miss Gale,” James gasped in disbelief as he helped me into the car for our trip to the studio. I didn’t blame him, I couldn’t believe the changes that had been forced on me over the past two months myself.

The photographer was very professional as he went about his task. From comments made by Aunt Helen and Jo, he was aware of my true gender, but he made no derisive remarks or comments. He had me in various poses in several different settings, and after an hour of exhaustive gyrations, the session was over.

“I need to see the proofs tomorrow and have the prints the day after,” Jo explained at the door.

“I’m sorry Miss,” he explained. “That’s quite impossible.”

"After that time, I will be away for three months, and I must have them before I leave!" Jo stated in a firm tone I had not heard from her before.

"But that kind of overtime would cost. . ." he began.

"Hang the cost!" Jo spat, cutting him off, clearly agitated by then. "I'm trying to tell you that TIME, not cost is the critical factor here. If you meet my schedule, I'll gladly meet your price without question! In fact, I'll add a bonus if you'll shut up and get to work!"

"Very well, Miss," he said, clearly shaken for the first time since we arrived. "I'll gear my people up to meet your needs. The proofs will be available for your perusal by noon tomorrow."

"Good!" Jo stated with finality. "I'll see you at noon. Sharp!"

The next afternoon, Jo brought the prints by for us to see. She even had some extras we could keep. There were several poses, but the centerpiece, the one she had enlarged for her bedside table, was. . .was. . .breathtaking!

I didn't realize I could be so beautiful, and tears of dismay filled my eyes as I viewed this photo. . .this indisputable proof of my femininity. The pose showed me sitting on a bed with my voluminous long black skirt encircled about me, my red tipped hands folded in my lap, and my suede pumps protruding from under my skirt. My head was tilted back to allow my long dark tresses to caress my bare shoulder, my made up brown eyes looked softly into the camera, and my dark red lips appeared delicious and inviting. This feminine creature couldn't be me, captain of the football team. Oh, what had they done to me?

"I'll treasure this always, Gale darling," Jo exclaimed and kissed me full on the lips.

Aunt Helen was holding an 8 x 10 print and crying softly. "Oh Gale," she sobbed. "You are so beautiful! You've made me very proud to have you for my nephew."

There she went again, reminding me that I was a boy! How could she be so mean, especially at a time like this?

Jo and I spent our last afternoon together, spending quite a bit of time, in my room making love, promising to write every day, and to remain true to each other until we met again in December.

The next day, Aunt Helen, Mrs. Parker, and I accompanied Jo to the airport for her departure for college. After several kisses, that I felt were not appropriate

between girls in front of so many witnesses, and many tears, Jo boarded her airplane.

With Jo gone back to school, I hoped my punishment in dresses would be ending, but Aunt Helen showed no inclination toward that end. As a result, I constantly found myself wearing one feminine ensemble after another while continuing to practice feminine arts which included, but were not limited to, selecting my dresses, coordinating them with my undies and accessories, dressing and undressing myself, makeup application, hair-dressing, walking, talking, and sitting like a girl. For me. . . a boy. . . an athlete. . . this was all so exasperating!

As time passed, I gradually became accustomed to my feminine apparel and no longer thought of it all the time. For the most part, I gradually learned to ignore the weight and jiggle of my simulated breasts, the tightness of my bra about my chest, the pull of my shoulder straps, and the unrelenting pressure of my corset. Still, despite my growing familiarity with feminine clothing, whenever I was reminded of my predicament by a glance at my dress or skirt, a view of my long polished and manicured nails, a whiff of my delicate perfume, or the caress of my soft slip on my nylon sheathed thighs, I would blush and feel both resentment and embarrassment over my circumstance. Despite all efforts to the contrary, during these times, I would experience uncontrollable excitement in my panties. Was I beginning to enjoy my enforced feminine lifestyle in spite of my aversions? If so, I could never make that admission to myself, let alone Aunt Helen or Marie!

About a week after Jo's return to school, my routine was interrupted by a call from Lady Stanley, who invited us to tea the following afternoon. "This will give you an excellent opportunity to talk with Pamela," Aunt Helen purred as she informed me of the invitation. "He really is very sweet, isn't he?"

"Yes Aunt Helen," I answered obediently, while thinking that he should be after ten years of petticoating. Again, I was finding myself in an ambiguous situation. Seeing Pamela mincing about in a pretty dress would be fascinating on the one hand, while on the other, I would be humiliated to have to parade around on stilts before these strangers while dressed like an overstuffed doll.

Yet, I knew I would do it because I had no say in the matter, as Aunt Helen made all the decisions for me.

When the next morning arrived, I lay between my soft satin sheets with my head nestled in the mass of perfumed silk and lace pillows, thinking of the events of the upcoming day. I realized that two months had passed since I had been stripped of my trousers and had them replaced with the soft frilly panties I had worn since. Aunt Helen was thorough in her undertaking, and nothing that pertained to my past happy boyish life remained. Gone were my clothes, books, trophies, and posters. In fact, everything having the faintest hint of my past masculinity had disappeared. In their place were exquisitely feminine things such as stylish dresses, soft lingerie, high heels, makeup, jewelry, and even a fur stole.

My eyes ran around the room and saw only silks and satins, frail furnishings, a cosmetic covered vanity. Also, I was clothed in a pretty feminine nightie and lying between satin sheets. Yet, my hand told me that I was still a boy and that I had to fight this insidious exploitation of my true sex. Already, at times, my thoughts were completely feminine and out of character.

I got out of bed, eased into my negligee and bedroom slippers and made my way to the bathroom. "I had no difficulty tying that pretty satin ribbon on my negligee," I thought. "Even my fingers have responded to training and are no longer all thumbs when dealing with delicate fabrics. Oh, what sort of life is this for a boy?"

Marie came in with my breakfast while I was sitting at my vanity in my nightgown and negligee putting on my light morning makeup and brushing my hair. "You are to eat in your room and relax in your bed until noon, Miss Gale," she informed me.

Having a morning's respite from my usual feminine routine might sound enjoyable, but I recognized the gesture as part of Aunt Helen's plan to feminize me further. You see, the inactivity of lying sedately in bed, plus my weight loss from low food intake because of my tight corsets would melt away the hard muscles I had developed as an athlete and make me soft like a girl. I knew I would have to eat heartily and exercise vigorously when finally allowed to return to my active boy's life.

At noon, Marie brought me a small salad with a lemon dressing and a glass of grapefruit juice. "Not much of a

lunch for a growing boy," I thought, daring not voice my objections, lest I find myself across Marie's lap with my skirt at my waist, at football practice in a skirt and heels, or sentenced to ten years in dresses like Pamela!

When I returned to my bedroom after my bath, with a sigh of resignation, I thought, "As long as there is no escape, I may as well get some pleasure from this pretending to be a girl!" With that in mind, I was very cooperative as Marie helped me dress for my outing at the Stanley residence.

My change of attitude was immediately noticed as I saw a quizzical expression in Marie's eyes. I could tell she wasn't quite sure if I was coming to enjoy my feminine life or if I was pretending. I was amused by her confusion.

Quickly and with a smile, I stepped into my pink nylon panties, expertly fastened my matching bra, filled the cups with my realistic falsies, clasped my garter belt about my waist, and attached my sheer nylons to the dainty suspenders. Marie's face was a mass of bewilderment as I held out my arms for her to envelop me in my soft pink nylon slip. When my head emerged from the softness, I saw I was to wear three flouncy lace and net petticoats to make my skirt stand out, which was very unusual. "Why so many petticoats, Marie? I usually don't wear more than one, if I wear them at all." I asked as she adjusted them about my waist.

"Miss Robbins' instructions," she answered, holding up a soft, pink silk dress with a fitted bodice that would show my enlarged 'breasts' to advantage and a very full flowing skirt. After slipping the dress over my head and encasing my waist in a wide white leather belt, I stepped into matching white four inch pumps, and Marie guided me over to my vanity.

"Since you're wearing a pink dress, we'll have to change your nail polish, Miss Gale," Marie informed. "We'll use pinks for your makeup as well."

I don't know why she was going into her detailed accounting of the makeup ritual because I was thoroughly versed in the procedure after two months, but again, I didn't protest.

When Marie was satisfied with my hair and makeup, she adorned me with pearl cluster earrings, a triple strand pearl necklace, and a matching bracelet. Handing me a divine white leather clutch purse, she sent me downstairs.

As I descended the stairs, I thought of my tall fragile heels, my soft undies, my pleasant perfume, and my pretty

dress. I became quite excited underneath my device, but I didn't worry because from past experience, I knew my masculinity would be kept under strict control. Still, I knew my excitement had extended to the limit the tight device would permit, and I felt as though I would faint from the pressure. My thoughts turned to Pamela prancing around in his frilly dresses for the last ten years, and the tension became quite painful! Despite all the fuss and frills, I knew I was a boy after all!

Aunt Helen, seeing my exotic smile, misjudged the stimulus, and in more statement than question, said, "You are beginning to enjoy your pretty things, aren't you dear?"

I blushed and looked demurely downward but didn't answer.

We were admitted into the Stanley's residence by a stately, very correct English butler wearing a kilt. "Madam is receiving in the library," he announced in a heavy accent. "Follow me please."

When we entered a spacious living room, Lady Stanley and Pamela rose to greet us. "Helen! I'm so pleased you could come and bring pretty Gale with you," she gushed while eying me from head to foot. "He is simply stunning today!" She extended a hand to me saying, "And, how are you my darling?"

"Very well, thank you, Lady Stanley," I replied in a respectful tone.

She ran her eyes briefly over me again, and for a moment, I was very nervous, thinking something might be amiss. I was relieved to hear her say, "Indeed you are very beautiful, and my dear, your dress is simply divine. You are a very lucky boy indeed to be allowed to wear such lovely dresses and exquisitely high heels."

Her compliments brought a rose flush to my cheeks. I longed to tell her that I much preferred coarse boy's clothes and heavy shoes, but I knew better than to induce a discussion on that subject at this time!

At that point, Pamela rushed over, and before I realized what was happening, he kissed me lightly on the lips, saying, "Hello Gale. I'm really quite thrilled that you could join us this afternoon.

I jumped back, my eyes wide in horror!

"Don't act so surprised darling," Aunt Helen laughed. "Don't you remember my telling you that young ladies greet each other with a polite kiss?"

"But. . .but. . .I'm not a young lady and. . .he. . .he's a boy like me. . .even. . .even if he is wearing a. . .a dress!" I stammered with disgust filling my voice.

"You'll just have to get used to it because that's the way girl's meet," Lady Stanley mused. "But all that aside, come have a seat. Tea will be served presently."

I still didn't like what had happened, but I knew nothing I said or did would do to change my situation. Resigned to my fate, I obediently followed them to a long sofa and sat beside Pamela, arranging my skirt as I did so.

At that time, I had the opportunity to examine Pamela's attire more closely and saw that he was wearing a loose fitting skirt and blouse decorated with fall colors. His long sleeved blouse was a mass of gold, red, orange, and yellow, while his skirt was a swirl of rust colored suede that covered a mass of petticoats like mine. Did I detect Aunt Helen's devious hand in this? Two boys undergoing petticoat punishment, wearing these seldom worn items at the same time. The coincidence was just too fantastic to accept!

"Why don't you two take a nice stroll in the garden," Lady Stanley suggested when we had finished our refreshments. "The autumn weather is quite nice, and you two lovely boys will have the opportunity to chat."

"How long have you been wearing dresses, Gale?" Pamela asked as we walked along, our petticoats whispering musically in the soft breeze.

"About two months, but I guess that doesn't sound like very long to someone who's been dressing this way for ten years."

"No, I guess not, but you have to start somewhere."

"How did you come to dress as a girl?" I asked.

"I guess I've kind of been doing it all my life," he answered. "Mum was disappointed that I was a boy, and she used to dress me in silk and satin dresses and let my hair grow long so she could attach ribbons and curl it."

"What did your father think about all that?"

"He didn't like it, not one bit! He and Mum would get in terrible arguments over the way she dressed me, but when he was away, and that was most of the time, she kept me in frills. When he came home, she would always have me in boy's clothes, but as soon as he left, back into my dresses I would go. As I got older, Papa would do boyish things with me to try and make me strong and masculine."



"What kind of things?"

"Oh, he would take me to cricket matches or football games, and if my hair was too long for his taste, he would take me to his barber to have my curls sheared. Mum would, of course, hate his actions, and violent arguments would ensue."

"But when he would go away, Lady Stanley would put you back in dresses?" I asked.

"Yes."

"When your father returned, why didn't you tell him what she was doing?"

"I did once," he answered, casting his eyes downward. "But when he went away again, Mum was very angry and made me wear girl's panties and a silk vest underneath my clothes to school. After that, I had to be really careful to keep the other chaps from finding out what I was wearing. I was afraid to run and play rough with them least something be revealed. As time passed, I was changed back and forth from girl's to boy's clothes, and my parent's arguments grew more violent. In fact, Papa died during one of those shouting matches. His last words before he had his fatal heart attack were 'I won't let you make a sissy out of my son!'"

"Wow!" I gasped.

"Yeah," he sighed. "That's when things really got weird! When Mum took me to the boutique to purchase my funeral clothes, I found I was to wear a black dress! I also ended up with my first black panties, slip, black garter belt, dark nylons, and two inch pumps. She bought me several black dresses to wear to the wake and for mourning. Also, because she deemed my hair too short, she purchased a shoulder length blonde wig."

"How old were you?"

"I was barely eight at the time, but that didn't stop Mum! To the funeral, she insisted I wear black undies, black dress with the short mid thigh length pleated skirt, and of course dark nylons and heels. I also wore the wig and makeup, including a generous coat of red lipstick. Since the funeral, I have worn nothing but girl's clothes."

"Even to school?" I asked, astounded his story.

"Oh yes, even to school!"

"What did your friends say?"

"Very little for the most part," he answered. "If you remember, in La Flaire, Mum said petticoat punishment was quite common in our country, and boys really have to watch themselves to avoid it. Sometimes, just teasing

another boy in a dress is sufficient to land one in the same situation. Therefore, most boys treat you the same as if you were wearing pants. They're just thankful the same thing isn't happening to them."

"How did you come to be called Pamela?"

"That was the name Mum had chosen if I had been born a girl," he admitted. "But when I turned out to be a boy, she had to yield to Papa, who named me Henry after his grandfather, the first Lord Stanley. After his death, Mum took me before a judge and had my name legally changed to Pamela. I guess the Lord Stanley line ends with me."

"A judge changed your name? How did she get him to do that?"

"Somehow, she found a judge who was kept under petticoat discipline by his wife, and under threat of exposure, they blackmailed him. Besides being very strong and determined, Mum is quite devious as well. So you see, I never had a chance from the very beginning to be much of a boy."

"The judge was kept under petticoat discipline by his wife, you say?" I inquired. "How on earth did she accomplish that? I would think a man could easily overpower his wife, instead of her controlling him."

"It seems that while the judge's wife was commiserating with his Mum over his adulterous affairs, the Mum told her daughter in law of her son's petticoat punishment in his youth. She even showed her his photo album. Saying the only time she could really control him was when he was in a dress, she suggested using the pictures as blackmail and reinstate the penalty for his recent indiscretions. After that, the wife not only made him wear dresses, heels, and makeup at home, she took it a step further by making him wear a slip, panties, garter belt, and nylons on his shaved legs underneath his robes instead of trousers. I know because she made him show me the day he signed the order changing my name."

I was aghast, yet amused as I said, "Wow! I'll bet that put an end to his affairs. Any man would surely be too embarrassed to let a woman see what he was wearing underneath those stately robes!"

"Not only that, his wife kept him locked in some kind of male chastity device to insure his devotion."

"That's all very interesting, but back to you, after dressing as a girl for ten years, how do you feel?"

He smiled as he replied, "As strange as it may seem to you at this point Gale, I have grown to enjoy these pretty soft clothes that, normally, only girls may wear. So much time has passed since I wore trousers, I think I would feel very awkward in them. At this point, the mere thought of wearing heavy men's boots and coarse tweeds makes me shudder. Still, you must understand that my life is not all sweetness and fluff by any means. While I dearly love to wear my pretty clothes and preen for hours before my mirror, I am frightfully embarrassed to be seen in dresses by people who know I'm a boy. Mum is well aware of my feelings, and if I have displeased her, she will purposely tell someone that I am merely a boy in petticoats. I think she really enjoys humiliating me at these times.

"Come in, darlings," Lady Stanley happily exclaimed when we came in after our walk. "I've been telling Helen about the many boys we have known in England who were undergoing petticoat punishment like you two. Pamela dear, why don't you tell them about Audrey? You do remember him, don't you?"

"Oh yes Mum," Pamela answered politely and even a bit eagerly. Then turning to me, he continued. "I was fourteen when we first met Audrey. He had come to our home for tea with his Mum, who was a friend of one of my Mum's acquaintances. Since I was always prettily frocked and had taken great pains with my makeup and jewelry, he naturally thought I was a real girl, and he treated me nicely. But, when he overheard Mum say I was a boy, he became horrid and nasty, and he made all sorts of fun of me. In fact, his taunts got so bad that I ran from the room in tears! Mum informed me the next day that his grotesque behavior had landed him in dresses to teach him a lesson."

I saw a tear forming in Pamela's eyes as he recollected that painful event.

"The next time I saw Audrey was two years later," Pamela continued with his story. "He came again to tea with his Mum, and to my surprise, he was dressed completely like a girl. I must say that he was a much more gracious boy than he had been the last time I saw him. His Mum said he was now a pleasure to have around the house and that she had decided he was to remain in girl's clothes for at least the rest of her life."

I was aghast upon hearing this story! "A...are all boys who are put into petticoat punishment. . .ah. . .made to

wear them for such long periods of time like you and . . . uh . . . this Audrey?" I asked in a wavering tone.

"Oh no! Pamela answered. "Most are allowed to return to their trousers after a time, but a few are required to remain in skirts much longer, some even remain so of their own choice."

I wasn't totally relieved by his answer, but at least, there was hope of a shorter duration of my enforced feminine lifestyle.

"By the way, Gale," Pamela asked cheerfully, "would you like to see my photo album."

"Why yes," I answered. "That would be nice."

As he moved daintily, yet expertly, over to the bureau in his heels, I wondered if there were other boys in this country besides the two of us who were being subjected to the subtle influence of the petticoat. My thoughts were interrupted; however, by Pamela inviting me to join him on the satin covered window seat.

The album contained pictures of Pamela from the time he was first put into petticoats until very recently. In the beginning, I saw an obvious boy in a dress, but as time passed, the boy's appearance became more and more feminine. The most recent snapshots showed only a very pretty young lady.

Over the next few weeks, I saw Pamela often. As we walked or sat in my spacious bedroom, he told me of his life in dresses in great detail. "When I was thirteen," he admitted, "Mum started me on female hormones, and I went through puberty as a girl in-



stead of a boy. In fact, my breasts are real.”

I was in disbelief as he actually removed his bra and showed me the soft, jellylike growths on his chest. I was shocked, scared, and excited. . . I had hadn't seen many women's breasts and his were tender, pert globes. He shyly admitted that they gave him a lot of pleasure.

As time passed and we got to know each other better, I told him about Jo, and our special relationship. “Do you, or have you ever had a girlfriend?” I asked one day.

He blushed and looked away, as he answered, “No, I've never had a girlfriend. In fact, I'm not really even attracted to them. You must remember that since I went through puberty on female hormones, I only think about boys that way.”

“You mean you THINK about boys!”

“Yes, but the good part is that I won't be a boy myself much longer. Then, it'll be alright.”

“Won't be a boy??? What so you mean?”

“That's what we're doing here,” Pamela admitted. “I'm undergoing massive hormone treatment, and in about three months, I'll have an operation that will permanently change me into a girl.”

I could only gasp, and pray that I would not remain in dresses so long that I would consider such a radical step.

The time I spent with Pamela helped fill the loneliness brought on by Jo's departure, although I wrote her and received a letter every day. At her insistence, my letters detailed the clothes I wore as well as my feminine activities. Jo was pleased that I had a friend to confide in. . . one who could understand my feelings and offer advice to help me over the rough spots. As such, the weeks passed.

One morning at breakfast during the middle of October, two and a half months after I started wearing dresses, Aunt Helen astounded me by asking, “Have you given any consideration to the costume you will wear to the Halloween ball at the club, sweetheart? It's only two weeks away, you know.”

“Halloween ball!!!?” I exclaimed. “Aunt Helen, I can't go to a ball at the club like this! Everyone there knows I'm a boy!!!”

“Don't be silly!” she admonished. “Of course you can go. Many of the boys will be dressed as girls for Halloween. You know that! Why should you be different?”



I could think of a whole list of reasons why I should be different, but I also knew listing them would be a waste of time. If she wanted me to wear a dress to a Halloween ball, no logic filled argument would prevent it. Looking down into my plate, I replied meekly, "Whatever you think is best, Aunt Helen."

"That's my girl!" she declared. "Let's go shopping this afternoon and get you a costume before they are too picked over!"

La Flaire had a wide and varied selection of costumes, but only after much commotion and many fittings did Aunt Helen select the "perfect" one for me. Despite any protests that I might have, I was to go as that popular late night television host-

ess who wears tight, black, sexy, cut away split costumes, heavy makeup, and extremely high heels. I knew I would be terribly embarrassed to be seen in this ultra feminine costume by my friends at the club, but I also knew that no amount of begging or confessed humiliation on my part would change Aunt Helen's mind. If she decreed, I would wear the shameful dress, and that was that!

Before my fitting with the seamstress who would make the alterations, I was laced into a new, smaller, twenty four inch corset which was to be my new size while I wondered, "How much smaller will Aunt Helen reduce my waist before all this is over?"

Along with the almost nothing dress, the costume came with a long straight black wig, and five inch heels. I was amazed at how easily I walked in them, but apparently, when one is used to four inch heels, another inch makes little difference.

"Oh Miss Gale!" Marie exclaimed upon seeing my disgraceful costume. "You'll be the belle of the ball!"

A few days later, Aunt Helen informed me that Carol Johnson had become very discouraged at college over his lack of playing time on the football team. His discontent affected his class work, and in hid dismay, he had quit school and returned home.

"Oh, Aunt Helen!" I exclaimed, my entire being filling with fear over her words. "Please don't tell him about the way you make me dress!" Then, after a moment's hesitation, I added, "I'll bet he'll be at the Halloween ball. Please don't make me go in that awful dress where Carol can see me!"

"Oh, don't worry your pretty head, Gale dear," she stated calmly. "I doubt that he'll even be there. His mother says since he came home, he stays out late and comes home intoxicated every night. She can't do a thing with him, and he won't associate with his former friends who respected him as a football player. Taking that into consideration, I seriously doubt if he'll attend the ball or show up here either, for that matter."

She was right about one thing. As the days passed, I heard nothing from Carol, not even a phone call! Aunt Helen said he was so distraught that he wouldn't associate with his former friends or teammates. Could I be so naive as to take that as a sign he wouldn't attend the ball either?

Aunt Helen employed a seamstress to take in all my dresses and skirts to compensate for my reduced waist, and I spent hour upon hour with fittings and trying on my altered feminine garments. This activity filled my time and took my mind off Carol, for the most part. For that small favor, I was thankful!

On the night of the ball, getting into my dress, what there was of it, heels, heavy makeup, which included three coats of dark red nail polish to match my lipstick, and my long black wig took over two hours. "Almost three months have passed since Aunt Helen made me start wearing dresses," I thought while watching my nail polish was dry. "I wonder how much longer she'll make me wear

them. I do wish she would set a date and end this awful uncertainty!"

"I was wrong the other day," Aunt Helen said in the car on our way to the ball. "Mrs. Johnson called and confirmed that Carol would indeed attend the ball. I'm sorry for my miscalculation sweetheart, but don't let that keep you from enjoying yourself."

"My life will be ruined when Carol sees me like this, Aunt Helen!" I cried. "And, you don't want it to spoil my evening!"

"Now, don't cry darling," she purred. "You'll ruin your makeup, and Marie spent so much time making you glamorous."

I bit my lip and summoned all my courage as I was reminded of the words of the poem, "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred!" Having become confident of appearing in public in a dress without giving away my secret, I wasn't worried about being recognized by most at the party, but Carol was a different story. He knew me well from our many hours of football practice. A quarterback and receiver must be able to virtually read each others minds. He and I were close to that as possible. If he was there, I knew he would surely recognize and humiliate me.

Aunt Helen and I arrived at the club, and upon seeing my skimpy costume, the boys, assuming I was a girl, swept me onto the dance floor. I wasn't proficient at dancing backward like a girl, so I used the excuse that I wasn't used to my extremely high spikes, although that was a lie. After about half an hour later, I spotted Mrs. Johnson, but I didn't see Carol. I prayed that he had decided not to come.

"Good evening, Mrs. Johnson," I greeted politely. "Aunt Helen said Carol was coming, but I haven't seen him. Where is he?" I wanted to know where he was so I could avoid him at any and all cost!

"Oh, good evening, Gale," she responded cheerfully. "Might I say that you look lovely tonight, and your costume is divine. . . simply divine! I just know that absolutely no one will suspect that you're really a boy. But about Carol, he is here somewhere. Haven't you seen him?" Then, looking around, she exclaimed, "Oh there he is, sitting despondently in the corner. Why don't you go over there and cheer him up, dear?"

I was dumbfounded when I saw the figure she indicated! I couldn't believe my eyes as I looked him over. He was dressed as Little Bo Peep in a pretty sky blue dress tied tightly about his waist with a sash, a blonde wig with ringlet curls cascading over his shoulders, a bonnet that matched his dress, sheer white nylons that exposed obviously shaved legs, and black two inch pumps. He was wearing light makeup, pink lipstick, eyeliner, and dark mascara. In one hand, held a crooked staff and in the other a stuffed replica of a lamb. I would never have believed Carol could look so innocent and sweet if I hadn't seen him with my own eyes!

As I got closer; however, I noticed several bruises on his arms and that he had a black left eye. Makeup covered the bruise, but the swelling was undeniable. Football practice really had beat him up! "Hello, Carol, it's good to see you again," I said as I hesitantly approached him in my own ultra feminine costume.

"Go away!" he said without looking up. "I don't want to talk with anybody, especially a girl!" When I didn't leave, he gradually raised his eyes, looked me over suspiciously before saying, "Gale? Gale Robbins, is that you?"

"Yes, Carol," I answered.

"They got their hooks in you too, I see," he muttered.

"Yes, but never mind that, tell me about college football."

"Forget college football!" he spat. "That was a total loss. Just be glad you didn't go! By the way," he continued while becoming more interested in my costume, "How do you walk in those awful heels? I have a hard enough time in these." he finished by holding out his foot.

"Aunt Helen made me practice until I could do it," I answered truthfully, avoiding the awful details.

"I know the feeling," he answered dejectedly. "I'll sure be glad when this dreadful evening is over and I can get out of these horrible clothes! I don't know where Mother got the idea for this ridiculous costume anyway. I wanted to come as a gangster, if I had to come at all."

Eventually, the evening did end, and by some miracle, no one recognized me as a boy although I danced with a lot of different men. Still, I was a visibly shaken from the exposure as Marie helped me into my soft nylon nightgown, and I crawled into my sanctuary between the perfumed satin sheets of my canopied bed.

The next morning, as I swished down to breakfast in my nightgown, negligee, and fluffy bedroom slippers, I thought, "Boy, Carol was really embarrassed by his feminine costume last night! Oh well, at least he gets to return to being a boy this morning! I wonder when Aunt Helen will allow me to do the same."

After that embarrassing night at the Halloween party, I settled back into my girlish routine, wearing the softest, most elegant dresses and skirts available. My hair was growing and becoming more feminine as my weekly appointments at the hairdressers took their toll. My face got softer from the many applications of creams and lotions and the 'cleaning up', of my facial hair. My ever thinning waist was even growing accustomed to the twenty four inch corset as I continued to limit my food intake.

Even the maids had grown more accepting of my feminine status. Whenever they came upon me, they would smile and greet me, "Good morning Miss Gale!" with seldom an emphasis on the Miss, even if I was wearing my feminine bedroom costume.

"We're having tea at the Johnson's this afternoon, Gale Darling," Aunt Helen informed me one morning about two weeks after the Halloween party. "Have Marie pretty you up real nice."

The impact of her words filled me with apprehension! "I . . . I can't go over there dressed like this, Aunt Helen!" I cried. "Carol will see me and know I dress this way all the time, not just at Halloween parties. Please don't make me go over there! Nothing could be more humiliating!" With that, I burst into tears. Crying was the only protest I dared because past experience had taught me that objections would only worsen my predicament. Besides, a boy in a nightgown, negligee, and fluffy slippers can't put up much of a protest. . . especially if he's wearing makeup, nail polish, and has a feminine hair style.

"Don't be silly, Gale!" she admonished. "If Carol were to see you in your pretty dress and heels, I'm sure he wouldn't make fun of you. Not after looking so cute in that Bo Peep costume himself!"

"But Aunt Helen, he only dressed that way once!" I protested on the verge of tears. "I have to wear these clothes all the time!"

"Oh, you're being overly concerned judicious darling," she countered in a no nonsense tone. "Anyway, Carol

may not even be there. Now, run along and make yourself beautiful!"

I deliberated over the gowns and dresses in my large closet, trying to decide what to wear to Carol's house for tea. I knew by now that an invitation to tea was, in reality, an excuse for girls and women to wear an elegant dresses and exquisite makeup. However, with the very real prospect that I would run into my old football buddy, I wanted something as plain as possible. In the end, I chose a long sleeved, wool, knee length, navy blue wool dress that was decorated with rows of gold squares.

By that time putting on soft panties, nylons, garter belt, and even fastening my unnecessary bra and filling the cups with jelled falsies had become routine, and I no longer gave these activities a second thought. Normally, I wouldn't wear a slip with a lined dress like one I had chosen, but since the mid November wind had grown quite chilly, I decided I needed the added insulation.

In the same vein, makeup no longer posed a problem for me, but today, I was extra careful to appear not to be wearing any. I was also cautious not to brush my lengthening dark hair to look too feminine. For jewelry, again I stayed away from the ultra feminine styles and selected a single strand pearl necklace and pearl button earrings. In shoes, I had no choice and put on matching navy four inch pumps. In the end, my ensemble wasn't simple, plain, or masculine by any stretch of the imagination, especially after I wrapped my fox stole around my shoulders. Still, it was as modest as I dared!

When I was satisfied, Marie, who had stood by silently while I did all these feminine things for myself, handed me a navy blue leather purse with a long gold chain, and said, "You did very well, Miss Gale. Now hurry along, your aunt is waiting."

"Darling, how beautiful you are!" Aunt Helen exclaimed as we descended the steps toward the waiting car.

"Thank you, Aunt Helen," I answered meekly.

All the way to the Johnson's, Aunt Helen was high in her praise of my recent behavior and cautioned me to continue.

Of course, I planned to remain obedient! That was in total accordance with my plan to get my trousers back as soon as possible. Besides, resisting her efforts had gained

me nothing, that was for sure! My purpose; however, was to avoid being seen by Carol at all costs!

Commiserating as I was about my own misery, I wasn't prepared for the scene that awaited me. Upon entering the front hall in the Johnson home, I heard Carol shouting, "No! I won't let Gale see me like this! Tell him to go away!"

When Mrs. Johnson came to greet us, she seemed on the verge of tears. "Oh, Helen darling, I simply can't do a thing with Carol this afternoon," she mourned. "I do hope you will excuse his insolent behavior."

"Think nothing of it, my dear," Aunt Helen said. "I understand completely, believe me!"

When we entered the living room, I got the shock of my life! Carol was standing in the center of the room in a pretty pink silk dress, white two inch pumps, full makeup, and a shoulder length blonde wig! The only thing keeping from running out was the pretty maid who was standing beside him.

When he spied me, and saw how I was dressed, he must have thought he had a comrade in arms, because he yelled, "Gale! Let's show these crazy women that they can't make us wear these hateful girl's clothes!" With that, he grabbed the bodice of his dress and ripped it down the front.

Even I couldn't help gasping at his fortitude! When I was first put in dresses, I had often considered tearing them off, but I never had the nerve. At that moment, I was glad I hadn't!

Carol's expression was one of surprise and disbelief when I didn't come rushing to



his aid. He didn't realize how much respect I had amassed for these imposing women over the past three months. As it turned out, I couldn't have helped him anyway, for the maid quickly twisted his arm behind him, pulled him across her knees, pushed up his skirt, and began spanking his panty covered bottom with a wooden hairbrush similar to the one Marie used on me! As he jerked and twisted trying to escape his painful and embarrassing ordeal, his wig fell off, and his crew cut left no doubt that he was a boy in a dress. He was in tears of disgrace and promising everything under the sun when the determined maid finally released him.

I had never seen Carol so totally defeated as he wiped his tear streaked face. "Why didn't you help, Gale?" he sobbed. "Why didn't you? If we had worked together like on the football field, we could have beat them and rid ourselves of these hateful clothes. They're only women, you know!" With that, he buried his face in his hands and fled from the room.

Knowing I was incapable of making him understand my lack of action, I remained silent.

"Clean him up, put him in another pretty frock, and bring him back as soon as possible, Hilda," Mrs. Johnson instructed in a firm tone. "And hurry, we will be waiting tea on him."

Hilda was obviously trained in the martial arts, much the same as Marie. That explained Carol's black eye and bruises at the Halloween party. Also, with him having a forceful maid with the same qualifications as mine, this affair reeked of Aunt Helen's involvement. Was she a participant in some kind of conspiracy to control boys by forcing them into dresses? Would there be more?

My suspicions increased when Mrs. Johnson said, "Since Carol quit school and came home, Gale dear, he has been totally rebellious. He was running with an unsavory group, staying out all night, drinking, experimenting with drugs, carousing with loose women, and who knows what else. I had seen how ladylike you had become in your pretty dresses, so after much thought, I decided to try it on him. But as you can see, he has a long way to go to become as sweet and lovely as you."

Mrs. Johnson's words intimated that her son had fought much harder than I over being dressed as a girl, and that disturbed me greatly. Was I more of a sissy than Carol?

While we waited for his return, Aunt Helen and Mrs. Johnson made small talk, and I thumbed through a woman's magazine that was lying on the table beside me. The book was filled with pages and pages of beautiful models wearing lovely clothes, and in spite of myself, I pictured myself in many of the chic styles. As I sat quietly, thumbing through the fascinating pages, several times, I heard muffled screams of, "You can't!", "I won't wear that!", "Not in front of Gale!", and "Please!" coming from upstairs. Each time, a wave of fear swept over me. Goodness, what were they doing to poor Carol?

After what seemed like an eternity, Hilda led a meek, yet very embarrassed Carol back into the room. This time, he was wearing a long sleeved aqua silk dress with a knee length straight skirt, matching two inch pumps, attractive makeup, red lipstick, and his blonde wig had been brushed to fall about the tops of his shoulders. Except for his awkward manner and the tears that still filled his eyes, he looked very much like a pretty girl.

With prompting and warnings from Hilda, he walked dejectedly before his mother, Aunt Helen, and myself, and said, "Will you ladies please forgive me for my inconsiderate behavior? I will be on my best conduct, and I promise it won't happen again."

"Very well, Carol!" his mother admonished in a harsh tone. "Be warned that I will have more to say on that subject later, but for now, we have kept these ladies waiting long enough for their tea."

Carol took his seat, and though he sat properly with his knees together, his shoulders were slumped forward, his eyes downcast, and he was obviously in total dejection.

When Mrs. Johnson asked, "Carol, why can't you be as sweet and ladylike as Gale here?"

He glared at me with tears running down his cheeks and spat, "Because I'm not a sissy, and I hate these dreadful clothes!" His voice was filled with rage and his eyes were shooting flames. "I hate them, do you hear? I hate them! I'm a boy, and boys don't wear frilly things like these!" He fell back in his chair sobbing his heart out.

I knew life would be easier for him if only he would come to realize, as I had, that there was no escape from the clutches of these determined women.

When he looked up at me, he had to be thinking, "Gale, why didn't you help me? We could have beat them. I know we could. You used to be a fierce competitor, and

now, you're acting like a pantywaist sissy! Oh, what have they done to you to break your spirit so?"

After our tea and refreshments, Aunt Helen and I said our goodbyes and departed. As we took our seats on the soft cushions in the car, Aunt Helen smiled and said, "Darling, Carol did look sweet in his dress, didn't he? You know, I think he will come to love them quite as much as you love yours, don't you?"

"Yes, Aunt Helen, I'm sure he will," I replied with appropriate meekness, knowing that's what she would expect.

"Still, I would think after two weeks of wearing pretty dresses and things, he would be more reconciled to his fate," Aunt Helen huffed with disapproval. "Oh well, I must say dear, you conducted yourself in a ladylike manner for the most part. However, I was a bit disappointed that you didn't greet your friend properly with a ladylike kiss like with Pamela and Jo. On the other hand, I was very pleased that you didn't participate in his juvenile tantrum."

"Why does Aunt Helen insist on my kissing other boys?" I wondered. "Even if they are dressed as girls, kissing them is totally repulsive to me! What does she think I am anyway?"

As we rode along, I became lost in my own thoughts. I knew perfectly well I was a boy, yet I experienced strange sensations from time to time that thrilled, rather than shamed, me while arrayed in silk, satin, nylon, and lace. At those times, I would feel that all skirts were lovely. . .silk skirts that blew easily in the wind. . .pleated skirts that rippled so deliciously. . .sheath skirts that reduced my steps to a minimum. All these feminine things were coming to be more and more a part of me, day after day, binding me to Aunt Helen in the roll of her niece.

At times, I even found pleasure in the knowledge that her word was law for me and that I had no recourse or appeal. Yes, I found myself enjoying these things and this strange way of life. As long as I could sense the pleasures of these things in that certain region, I would be quite happy with my lot! Then, quicker than a flash, total disgust would engulf me for those repugnant thoughts and feelings!

"Gale darling, I have invited the Johnsons and the Stanleys to tea for the day after tomorrow," Aunt Helen

informed me a few days before Thanksgiving. "Since I know you will want to look your best when your friends visit, we must shop for a lovely new frock."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered politely, while secretly dreading for Carol to see me looking even more elegantly feminine.

Upon entering La Flaire, I found that the clerks no longer made fun of me. I guess with Pamela, Carol and myself coming in so often, boys in dresses were no longer a novelty. As a result, I felt much more relaxed, and after trying on several nice frocks, I found myself staring in the mirror at myself in a pink satin knee length dress with a wide flowing skirt over several lacy petticoats.

Even though I detested wearing dresses, seeing myself in this stylish ensemble brought a slight smile of approval to my lips, and Aunt Helen was quick to seize the moment. "Yes, you do look very lovely in that dress, Gale darling. In fact, pink really becomes you. You really should wear it more often."

She had interpreted my expression of pleasure, and in effect, read my mind! Still, she was right! Despite the fact that I was a boy, I had to admit, even to myself, that I looked good in this pink dress. I was a boy who looked good in pink!!! "Thank you Aunt Helen. It is quite lovely. May I have it?" I answered demurely, knowing my compliant attitude would put me in good stead with her.

"Of course, you may have it, darling," she gushed happily at my request. Then, turning to Genevieve, she said, "Since this is Gale's choice, we'll take it."

A bright flush rose to my face as I shamefully added, "Thank you, Aunt Helen."

On the appointed day, Carol arrived in a lovely dark green satin dress with a full below the knee length skirt that was also filled out with several petticoats. His waist appeared smaller, he walked easily in three inch spiked heels, and he was much more subdued than when I last saw him. I was amazed that Carol, the boy I played football with, could look so much like a girl as his cherry red cupid's bow mouth, long curly wig that framed his face and fell onto his neck, and full makeup achieved that girlish image. Then, I remembered that the same transformation had been wrought on me, although even more so! Carol acted surprised and jerked away when I greeted him with a light kiss in accordance with Aunt Helen's

instructions, but he made no move to attack me as I had feared he might.

Aunt Helen quickly noticed the changes in Carol and made a comment that brought a blush to his face.

Pamela was his usual bubbly self, and he too was wearing a beautiful long lavender gown over several petticoats. When we kissed each other in greeting as had become our custom, Carol sighed as if to say, "Something else I'll have to put up with while wearing these awful dresses!"

"Oh Helen, aren't our darlings simply precious!" Mrs. Johnson gushed. "Who would ever dream of them being boys?"

As always, when reminded that I was a boy underneath my feminine finery, I blushed with embarrassment. Pamela, on the other hand, had grown accustomed to this kind of flattery over the years, and he smiled in appreciation, while poor Carol sat glumly staring at his feet, obviously unhappy with the whole situation.

While we were having our tea and cakes, Aunt Helen smiled brightly and said, "Ladies, I must admit that I find much pleasure in having Gale looking so pretty and mincing daintily around in his lovely dresses. Now that he has two boy friends who look equally pretty as girls, I am rather tempted to do as Lady Stanley has done."

"Oh no, Aunt Helen, you can't mean that!" I cried. "You promised that I would only have to dress this way until I was properly punished and made a commitment to



my future. In the meantime, I've been doing everything you asked! You know I have!"

"Have you now!!?" she huffed. "Well, I must say that little outburst wasn't very ladylike!"

"Immediately grasping her inference that, as bad as it was already, my situation could rapidly worsen. I quickly lowered my eyes and meekly apologized, "I'm sorry for my display Aunt Helen. I promise to be more ladylike in the future."

"See that you do!" she huffed.

As Aunt Helen reprimanded me, a shocked expression crossed Mrs. Johnson's face, and she exclaimed, "Do you mean you're thinking of keeping Gale in girl's clothing for an extended time like. . .Lady Stanley has dictated for Pamela?" The timbre of her voice was a perfect match for her expression of disbelief.

"Why Helen, I think that would be a wonderful idea!" Lady Stanley injected before Aunt Helen could answer. "I can assure you that Pamela isn't unhappy that he must wear pretty dresses. Also, he is much more delightful to be around than a boy in coarse attire running and shouting about the house, making a total nuisance of himself." Her expression was one of disgust at the very mention of the idea.

"I agree with you to a point, Lady Stanley, but I do have certain reservations." Aunt Helen remarked, shooting me a piercing stare of warning to keep silent. "If I should require him to wear his pretty dresses from now on, do you think he would become as sweet and gentle as Pamela?"

"Most certainly!" Lady Stanley answered. "I have seen many such cases, and I have no reason to suspect otherwise."

With only the greatest of efforts did I restrain myself from rushing over to Aunt Helen and begging on my knees for her not to do such a horrible thing to me. She had promised that I could return to my pants after refining my manners and ambitions, but now that she had met Lady Stanley and observed Pamela, was she thinking of keeping me as a girl for the rest of my life? Oh, that was just too awful to contemplate! I looked at Pamela with tears forming in my eyes, only to see him sitting quietly with a slight smile on his ruby red lips and his hands gracefully folded in the lap of his skirt. Could he truly be happy living a girl's life in dresses after ten years of being forced to do so?

"But, what about his life, his future, his happiness?" Aunt Helen asked in an uncertain tone.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Was she still undecided? Was there still a possibility. . . a chance that. . . ?

Lady Stanley's voice broke my meditations, "Really Helen, I see no reason why you should have doubts about the ramifications. Gale is a charming young lady, and in your own words, he is more enjoyable to have around. Why shouldn't you continue your methods? Take my word, the future has a way of taking care of itself. If there is sufficient money behind him so he can continue to live in the style of a beautiful young woman, all the other problems seem to resolve themselves. Believe me, I have seen many such cases from start to finish, and they invariably work out satisfactorily. No matter how difficult a boy might be when he is first introduced to dresses, without fail, he will come to love and enjoy them as much as any girl. Well, if not actually enjoy them, he will become so passive that he will endure his dainty existence without excessive complaints."

"Oh well," Aunt Helen sighed. "That decision shouldn't be made in haste. I'll give it more thought before finally making up my mind."

"As you wish, my dear," Lady Stanley rebuffed, obviously annoyed by Aunt Helen's procrastination.

Ignoring the slight, Aunt Helen turned to me and said, "Gale, why don't you take Carol and Pamela up to see your pretty room? I'm sure they are dying to see it. Besides, it will give you boys a chance to talk without us old folks around."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered politely while silently thinking, "Oh, why did she have to remind us that we are really boys underneath all this feminine finery they force us to wear!"

Petticoats whispered musically as we tripped up the stairs in our heels, three boys in skirts, each blushing brightly over Aunt Helen's gender betraying comment.

As we made our exit, on top of all else, I couldn't get the previous conversation out of my mind. Was Aunt Helen seriously considering keeping me in skirts like Lady Stanley had done with Pamela?

"Wow!" Carol exclaimed upon entering my room. "I thought my room looked like a girl's, b. . .but Gale, this is totally feminine! How do you stand all. . .all this? Or. . .or do you like it?"

"Heavens no! I don't like any of these frills, Carol!" I gushed forth. "What do you think I am? I've been going along with Aunt Helen so she would let me have my pants back, but now, I'm worried that she'll keep me this way. You heard what she said. Another thing, she's spent so much money on this room and my clothes. I don't mind telling you, I'm really scared!"

"I see what you mean!" Carol gasped. "But, you do look like a girl. How long have you been wearing these clothes, anyway?"

"Since you went away to play college football last summer, and believe me, I can't wait until it's over!"

"College football!" he wailed. "I should never have quit! Even the pounding I took on the field were better than having to wear this sissy stuff all the time."

"Well, I like being a girl and wearing pretty dresses and soft lingerie," Pamela declared before Carol could respond. "In fact, like Mum said, I really love it!"

"What?" Carol exclaimed in an unbelieving voice. "How could you. . . a boy like all this frilly stuff?"

"I know it's hard for you to comprehend Carol," Pamela answered. "But, I have worn girl's clothes most of my life, and continuously for the past ten years. I don't even remember how it feels to wear pants. I don't expect you to understand, I'm just telling you how I feel." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "Oh, I may as well tell you the rest. I'm to undergo sex change surgery in March, and after I recuperate, I'll return to England as a real girl."

"Ho. . .how do you feel about that?" I gasped.

"I'm apprehensive to say the least, but for the most part, I'm happy," he answered.

"N..no way!" Carol declared. "No way will I ever let them do that to me!

"Mum isn't forcing this on me Carol," Pamela answered sincerely. "You don't know what I've been through pretending to be a girl all these years, so tell me that after you've worn dresses as long as I have!"

"I won't have wear dresses that long!" Carol alleged. "Mother and I made a deal!"

"How so," I asked.

Mother said I should be dressed this way as punishment, but she wouldn't say for how long, only 'indefinitely'. I pressed for an end date, and to make my point, I fought for all I was worth. I tore dresses and had to be forced to put them on every day. When she asked how

long I would fight, I answered, 'indefinitely'. The next day, she approached me with a compromise. She said if I would agree to be her dutiful daughter and wear whatever she said for three months, until the end of January, that would be the end of it. Well, I figured I deserved some kind of punishment for my behavior after I quit football, and I knew you were going through the same thing Gale. To make a long story short, I agreed. Now do you see why I will never come to love this crazy stuff or want to become a real girl? I won't be doing it long enough!"

"I should have fought like that," I mused. "Then, maybe I would know when my punishment will end."

"So, you won't object when your Mum dresses you as a girl and insists act more and more like a girl every day?" Pamela asked.

"Oh, I do object," Carol answered. "I don't mean to. . .but some of that stuff is just. . .just too icky! That's where the sp. . .uh. . .the punishments come in," he confirmed with a blush. "If I refuse or hesitate to do something she wants, I get punished. Oh, you might as well know. Hilda makes me raise my skirt and lie across her lap so she can spank me on my panties."

"Sounds like Aunt Helen's tactics," I offered. "Do you think they could be in cahoots against us?"

"It's not only possible, it's probable!" Pamela surmised. "In fact, I've seen a band of women allied against an unsuspecting boy or group of boys, and before they even suspected anything was askew, they would be mincing about in dainty dresses and heels much the same as we three. I tell you, boys don't stand a chance against a group of conniving women!"

"I can believe that!" I gasped.

"By the way Pamela," Carol asked. "Was your mother serious about a lot of boys wearing girl's clothes in England?"

"Oh yes!" Pamela answered honestly. "This type of punishment is quite common there. In fact, I have seen the meanest, most robust bullies reduced to pantywaist sissies who run crying to their mommies at the slightest provocation."

"Wow!" Carol exclaimed in total understatement. "Tell us about some of them."

"Very well," Pamela answered. "This one particularly vicious bloke was taken in hand, forced into petticoats, and placed under the authority of his younger sister. He

had been very cruel toward her, and did she ever get her revenge and make him pay!"

"What did she do?" I gasped.

"First of all, she put him on a strict diet and saw that he was laced to the last breathless inch at all times," Pamela stated while Carol and I listened in open-mouthed astonishment. "She insisted that he wear only the frilliest dresses and wouldn't hesitate to make him show off his lacy undies to her friends, or his friends for that matter. In fact, he was in the garden jumping rope in a short pink dress that bounced up to show off several layers of elaborate petticoats when she invited his former friends in to watch. Upon seeing their former leader reduced to wearing such a feminine costume and having to obey his younger sister, they laughed, teased, and ridiculed him unmercifully. That was her way of separating him from his mates and his former life. Then, with him having no friends to return to, she easily trained him in a very demure and passive lifestyle."

"What else did she make him do?" Carol asked.

"Oh, she would put on fashion shows for her friends and make him model his dresses and lingerie for them. During these sessions, she allowed him no privacy before the onlookers and required him to strip to his panties, bra, and corset and change right in their presence. As you can imagine, this caused him much anguish. During other parties, she required him to perform humiliating tasks or put on shaming exhibitions. At one tea I attended, she made him give pedicures to more than a dozen of us. Another time, he gave a demonstration on the most efficient way to sew lace on the leg and waist openings of one's panties. At the end, he raised his skirt to his waist and displayed the finished process on his own frillies. On each of these occasions, he was required to tie on a frilly pinafore and serve tea and cakes to everyone present. Also, his sister always found an excuse to make him lie across her lap for a spanking before the giggling girls."

"Was he ever allowed his pants back?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" Pamela answered. "After about a year, he returned to boy's clothes, but by then, he was completely broken and was never the same. Also, while he lost weight due to his severe corseting and became soft because of inactivity and lack of exercise, his former victims were getting bigger and stronger. When they saw him in trousers, they started beating him up this time, but in-

stead of fighting back, the poor dear ran crying to his sister for protection."

For some reason, while wearing girl's clothes myself, I found the story of this boy being forced to wear dresses under the supervision and authority of his younger sister fascinating. Also, whether I wanted to admit it or not, I found the tale quite thrilling, as was evidenced by the stirring within my own panties. To conceal my excitement, I shifted positions, and primly adjusted my skirt over my thighs, and hoping for a clue to my own future, I tentatively asked, "What happened to him after he got his pants back?"

"Women who subject their sons to this kind of punishment know that making a boy wear dresses and putting him under the authority of a sister, especially a younger sister he has mistreated in the past, will have a lifelong effect on him. As she punishes him for real or imagined offenses, he will quickly come to dread his every word or gesture in her presence for fear that it will result in another painful or humiliating punishment. After an extended period of this treatment, no boy can find the strength to break away from the dominance of this sister, and one way or the other, he remains subservient to her for life if she wishes to maintain her authority. Most sisters; however, transfer their control to their unfortunate brother's wives after they are married. Thus, these lads remain under feminine control forever!"

"But, what happened to this particular boy?" I queried, hoping to get a clue to my own future.

"The last time I saw him, he was dating the president of the Young Feminists Club who sought him out for marriage," Pamela concluded. "She was obviously the dominant member of the pair, and she rules the roost by keeping him in panties and other frilly things beneath his trousers to guarantee his obedience and chastity."

"How would that assure his virtue?" Carol asked.

"Can you imagine how humiliated a man would be if he removed his clothes before a potential lover and revealed that he was wearing panties, a frilly camisole, nylons on smoothly shaved legs, and a lacy garter belt to support them?" Pamela concluded.

Enough said!!! Carol and I shuddered at the thought!!!

While Pamela related his story, I noticed Carol strolling about my room looking at the feminine decorations in detail. For instance, he turned back my lace covered spread to determine if I slept between satin sheets, and

while inspecting my lingerie filled chest, he took out a pair of ornate panties, held them up for a close inspection, folded them neatly, and replaced them without comment. I suspect that before he was required to wear these same items, he would have disgustedly thrown them down in a tousled heap, if he even had the nerve to pick them up to begin with. Obviously, he was trying to determine if my existence was as daintily feminine as his own.

"Wow!" he finally exclaimed. "You have so many pretty feminine things, Gale."

I blushed from his statement even though he was wearing the same things.

Not long after we went downstairs to join the others, Carol, Pamela, and their mothers departed, but not before we kissed each other goodbye as when we met.

"How much longer before I can have my pants back, Aunt Helen?" I asked when we were alone. "The uncertainty is very frustrating, and I really need to know. I can't bear the thought of wearing dresses permanently like Pamela, and I certainly don't want to become a real girl like him! I've really learned my lesson, and I won't cause you any more trouble. I promise. Just tell me when I can have my pants back!"

She turned to me with a determined expression and said, "Gale your outburst before our guests when we were trying to intelligently discuss your future was impolite as well as being contrary to my expressed wishes! And now, you're acting like a spoiled child. . .demanding your trousers back! How can you say you've learned your lesson after behaving so discourteously?"

"But Aunt Helen!" I insisted. "You were talking about keeping me in girl's clothes forever like. . .like Pamela!"

"So we were!" she spat. "Still, that doesn't give you license to disregard your training. That kind of behavior only proves that you should remain in skirts for a while longer."

"How much longer?" I asked. "I have to know!"

"At least until you learn to be polite and courteous in the presence of guests, that's for sure!" she proclaimed.

"But, not for ten years like Pamela!" I declared. "I couldn't stand that Aunt Helen! Please tell me how long this awful punishment in dresses will last!"

"Gale, I'm growing tired of this conversation," she responded with annoyance entering her voice. "You know your behavior is my only consideration in deciding

the duration of your punishment, and this demonstration is doing nothing to hasten that end."

So many of our conversations on this subject had ended on this note, and after hearing the earlier inference that I might be kept in dresses for an extended time like Pamela, I had to get an answer. I just had to! As I pondered the possibility of living the rest of my life in skirts, a rare torrent of courage sweep over me, and I demanded, "Aunt Helen, this has gone far enough! I insist on knowing how long my punishment in dresses is to continue! The uncertainty is so terribly distressing!" I stamped my foot for emphasis, but in all honesty, what kind of accent can a dainty four inch pump beneath a sea of frothy petticoats add to a firm ultimatum? In the end, I'm afraid my bravery came off as more girlish tantrum than masculine defiance.

"Gale, what has come over you?" Aunt Helen screeched.

Her harsh words, along with the realization that my protest had fallen far short of its intended impact, propelled me back to reality. From past experience, I knew I would be severely punished for my outrage. My only hope was to lessen its severity and to maintain any masculine pride that remained after my months in dresses. "I'm sorry, Aunt Helen," I quickly apologized. "I don't know what came over me."

"Neither do I!" she screamed. "For some time now, your demeanor has been in accordance with my wishes, and I thought my message was getting across to you, especially when you asked for that pretty pink dress you're wearing. I had even begun to consider granting your request for the return of your trousers, but this outrage only serves to prove that assumption to be premature. Also, after this disgraceful scene, I'm sure you realize that I cannot let you go unpunished! Therefore, not only will your tenure in dresses be extended for an indefinite period, I will require you to appear at the field tomorrow afternoon where the football team is practicing for the Thanksgiving Day championship game!"

"But Aunt Helen!" I pleaded. "Don't you understand? If the team sees me in these clothes, it won't matter how long I have to wear dresses. They'll all know and. . .and my life will be over!"

"That's too bad! You should have considered the consequences of your actions when you defied me. Now, not another word! Further quarreling will only worsen

your punishment!" She was boiling mad as she added, "For the occasion, might I suggest that you wear a white pullover sweater, your short red and white plaid skirt with the tiny pleats, and red pumps. Be sure to wear a red ribbon in your hair so it won't blow away, and of course, take a matching purse. That would be a cute outfit to wear to an outdoor event this time of year, especially since the school colors are red and white. Now, without another word young lady, go up to your room and get ready for bed!"

I almost in convulsions from sobbing as I entered my room. The most frightful thing imaginable had happened. I would have to go to football practice before my friends in a skirt, makeup and heels. What could be more deplorable? My whole world had come crashing down on me like the boy in Pamela's tale when his friends saw him jumping rope in his short dress. Oh, how could I withstand such a shameful ordeal?

The whole time Marie helped me into my nightgown and with my beauty ritual at my vanity, I cried uncontrollably and tears streamed from my eyes. She tried her best to console me, but even as she helped me between my satin sheets, I was unable to control my tears. I eventually cried myself to sleep, but I awoke several times during the night, noticed my pillow was wet from tears, switched to a dry one, and resumed crying.

When Marie woke me the next morning, my eyes were red, swollen, and irritated from my tearful night, and as I contemplated the approaching horror, I began crying anew. I tried to stop while Marie attempted to do my makeup, but I couldn't stop crying or shaking.

After several tries to perform her task, and being unable to do so because of my spasms, Marie left the room.

She returned shortly, accompanied with Aunt Helen who demanded that I dry up and behave properly, but her assertions only made me cry harder. No matter how hard she tried to quiet me or how much she threatened to keep me in dresses forever, my tears continued. I was shaking like a leaf when they finally left me alone in my misery.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke, I was lying on my bed, still in my nightgown and negligee with my head in Aunt Helen's lap. Before I could start crying again, she was wiping my face with a warm cloth and saying in a soothing voice, "Now, Gale darling, don't start

crying again until we've had a chance to talk out our little problem."

Bolting upright to face her, I shouted in a voice very uncharacteristic of me since I had been put into dresses, "Little problem! I'll never be able to face my friends again after today! In fact, I won't have any friends left! Do you call that a little problem? My life will be over! Don't you understand?"

"Please dear, listen to what I have to say before you get upset again," she said quietly. "If you'll only listen, I think we can reach a compromise. Will you please listen?"

As usual, I had trouble rejecting her when her manner was so affectionate, even though she was responsible for my current dilemma in dresses. I sniffed and nodded my head in assent.

"Very well," she said, her voice remaining soft and warm. "You know I love you very much and that I only want the best for you. As a result of my love, I probably over reacted last night and imposed too harsh a punishment for your outburst."

Her words were gaining my attention and raising my hopes. "You mean I don't have to go to football practice in a dress after all?" I blurted.

"You should know by now that interrupting me like that won't win my favor," she said a bit more tersely.

"I..I'm sorry Aunt Helen," I mumbled.

"As I said," she continued, "I may have overreacted last evening. On the other hand, you deserve to be disciplined for your insolence. You know you do. Therefore, in the interest of harmony, I have decided for this one time to give you a choice of punishments. If you wish, you can go to football practice and have this affair over and done with. If not, you may choose to visit La Flaire and request to be fitted with a smaller corset. Be properly dressed for the destination of your choice when you come downstairs. Remember, the choice is yours."

The choice was mine? There was no choice! My sides ached at the mere thought of being crushed in a twenty two inch corset. I knew from experience that the unrelenting pressure would be extremely painful and that the accompanying weight loss would further deteriorate what remained of my masculine muscles.

Still, there was no choice. Attending football practice in a sweater and skirt was definitely not an option! I could only gird myself for the humiliation of asking for a smaller corset and standing before a group of jeering women clad only in panties and bra as it was installed, and the pain and discomfort of wearing it for. . .for how long? I only wished I knew! My attempt to learn the duration of my life in dresses had only served to make me ask to become more feminine!

Before she left, Aunt Helen pulled my nylon covered body to her, hugged me tightly, and kissed me affectionately. Oh, how could I have let myself be transformed from a boisterous young male into this dainty bit of quivering femininity?

When she was gone, Marie came in to help me dress and suggested I thoroughly wash my face with cold water and use drops to help clear my tear swollen eyes before I got into my bath. The water and drops felt good, and I enjoyed a long soak in the scented bath I had come to love over the past months. Despite my restless night, I felt refreshed when I returned to my feminine bedroom, wearing only my confining device under my soft negligee.

"What do you wish to wear this morning, Miss Gale?" Marie asked.

From past experience, I knew Aunt Helen would expect me to wear something dressy to the exclusive La Flaire. With this in mind, I said, "The charcoal grey wool knit suit with the straight knee length skirt and back walking slit, a white silk blouse, the black suede pumps and matching handbag, I think."

"A very elegant selection, Miss Gale," she answered. "I'm sure your aunt will be pleased. Go ahead and select your lingerie while I get your outer things from the closet."

I quickly pulled a black bra, nylon panties, and garter belt from my lingerie drawer, and after looking out the window at the dark blustery weather, I also selected a matching slip even though my skirt was fully lined. When

I was dressed, Marie helped me with my makeup and, as usual, neatly styled my ever lengthening dark hair attractively. A quick look in the mirror confirmed that my eyes were still puffy, but otherwise, I appeared ready to go downstairs.

“Oh, Gale Darling,” Aunt Helen greeted me happily as I entered her study. She was acting as if we were meeting for the first time that morning and had not just had our very serious heart to heart discussion. “And where would you like to go this morning?”

I was trapped, and she knew it! In fact, she had set me up. I uneasily swallowed my pride and said, “If you don’t mind terribly, Aunt Helen, I would like to go to La Flaire and be fitted for a new corset. My old one has become dreadfully loose, and I do so want a neat waist.”

“Of course, I don’t mind when you ask so politely!” she exclaimed.

“All of my dresses and skirts will have to be taken in, and that will be terribly expensive, you know,” I stated, giving her an excuse to deny me the ‘pleasure’ of buying a new corset.

“Don’t worry your pretty head about the cost, sweetheart!” she exclaimed. “No expense is too great where my lovely nephew’s beauty is concerned. Now, come along.”

Horrors! Again, she had denied me the opportunity to lose myself in my feminine role by again reminding me that I was a boy.

As we descended the steps to the car, I caught a sparkle in James’ eyes as he waited by the rear door of the limousine. Was it admiration, or was he wondering how a real boy could allow himself to become so daintily feminine?

Aunt Helen took my hand in hers as we rode along. She told me how pretty I had become and how I delighted her by becoming so exquisitely feminine. Not once, during her entire oration, did she indicate the slightest concern of how I might feel about the feminization she had forced upon me.

I thought I had cried myself out during the night, but as I thought of the hopelessness of my situation, tears began to fill my eyes once again. I tried to salve my feelings by glancing out the window, only to see the football team hard at practice as we drove slowly by the field. Looking quickly back inside, my eyes moved across

my skirt, my nylon covered legs, and slender, delicate suede pumps. Seeing my feminine clothing, I realized that, for the most part, I had grown quite fond of them. Being identified as a boy or the prospect of meeting my friends while dressed this way, not the clothes themselves, were the things that now disturbed me the most.

"What can we do for you ladies this morning?" Genevieve asked as we entered the boutique.

While I was hesitant to make my disturbing request, Aunt Helen admonished, "Gale! We're waiting."

"I . . . I want to be fitted with a s..smaller corset," I managed to utter.

"Very good, Miss Gale!" Genevieve exclaimed happily. "I'm very happy that you take such pride in your girlish figure. Go right into the dressing room and disrobe. Mary and I will be with you presently."

Minutes later, when Genevieve tightened the strong laces, I felt as if the life was being squeezed out of me! "I..I'll need a new dress to wear home, Aunt Helen," I said thinking it would please her. "With my new figure, this one will be too loose at the waist, even with a belt."

"Of course you may have a new dress, my dear!" she exclaimed. "All you had to do was ask. What do you have in mind?"

"I was thinking of something dressy," I heard myself saying. "We will probably be seeing Pamela and Carol over the weekend, and I do so want to look nice."

"Something dressy that will fit my lovely nephew's new figure, Genevieve." Aunt Helen instructed.

There was that damnable reference to my real sex! Would these humiliations never end?

For the next hour, I tried on dress after dress while Aunt Helen looked on. Whenever I would ask for her opinion or advice, she would only say, "The choice is entirely yours dear. You're the one who made me so happy by asking for a new dress, you know."

Finally, I decided on a pale lavender knit dress with a fitted bodice to accentuate my supposed bosom and a straight, knee length skirt that wouldn't blow up in the cold stiff winds.

Although Aunt Helen had remained silent through the selection process, she appeared pleased with my choice as we departed.

“Jo is to return home from school this weekend, and she wants me to meet her at the airport,” I told Aunt Helen near the end of the first week in December.

“That’s wonderful, darling!” she answered happily. “You know what that means, don’t you?”

“Oh yes,” I replied. “She will be home until after New Year’s, and she says we can spend a lot of time together. You know, shopping and things like that.” I couldn’t tell her about the bedroom scenarios Jo had described in her letters. Knowing full well that I was a boy, while sitting there in feminine lingerie, a stylish dress, heels, and makeup, while admitting that my girlfriend was coming home was traumatic enough without revealing any intimate secrets.

“I know you’ll enjoy shopping and doing girlish things with Jo silly, but that’s not what I mean!” she said with a teasing smile. “Haven’t you been a girl long enough to know that special occasions, like greeting a dear friend, are a perfect excuse to buy a new dress and get a special hair style?”

THE END OF BOOK TWO



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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!

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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

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..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
SISSY'S SLIP	
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT	NEW 10.00
TOTAL ORDER _____	
STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	_____
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	_____
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate—up to 10 books)	_____
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:	
SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC _____	exp / _____
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	ST _____
	ZIP _____
..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08	