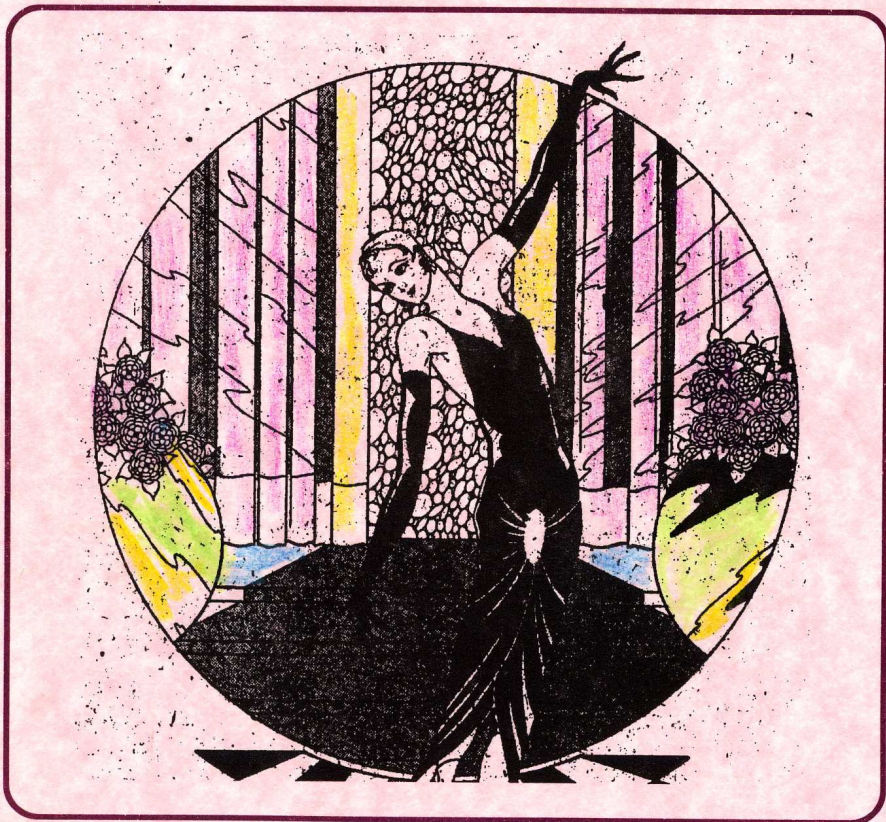


# TV SERIALS

MAGAZINE

## PUNISHED IN PINK

VOLUME THREE



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

# TV FICTION SERIALS

**MAGAZINE**

## "PUNISHED IN PINK"

**BOOK THREE**

**by Alice Trail**

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# "PUNISHED IN PINK"

## BOOK THREE

**Gale, a rebellious boy is being dressed as a girl until he learns to respect and obey his aunt.**

Gale's aunt 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?"

I should have known! Since I began wearing dresses more than four months ago, every occasion, no matter how trivial, was an excuse to buy at least one new dress. And although I routinely went to the beauty parlor at least once a week, I was now to make an additional visit. I further knew the futility of mentioning that several perfect dresses for the occasion were hanging in my closet.

"His corset should be removed for this fitting," Aunt Helen informed Genevieve at La Flaire that afternoon. "He won't be wearing it when he is with Jo through Christmas even though his waist will be an inch or so larger without it."

"But Miss Robbins, surely you don't want to waste months of hard earned progress!" Genevieve protested.

"We won't waste anything!" Aunt Helen rebutted. "He can wear it at night and when he isn't with Jo. I want her to think his neat waist is natural from his obvious weight loss, not artificially created."

"Only a woman could think of something so devious and deceiving," I thought silently while my corset was removed.

Although my corset and the dress I had worn into the boutique had been replaced, I left with a substantial addition to my already more than adequate feminine wardrobe. For instance, there was a dark green wool dress with mid calf length swirling skirt that looked good over several rustling petticoats, a navy suit with a straight knee length skirt, a tight red cashmere sweater that accentuated my apparent breasts, and short black pleated skirt that ended four inches above my knees.

Apparently Aunt Helen wanted to show off my feminine form to its fullest to Jo, for on my trip to greet her, I wore the red sweater to show off my larger falsies and the short black skirt to reveal my smooth trim legs. Now that my weight loss had melted my sinewy muscles, I had to admit that, with my four inch pumps, my legs were quite attractive. . .for girl's legs, that is! There it was again! Every time I was reminded that I was, after all, only a boy in girl's clothing, a feeling of remorse swept over me, and my happy mood changed to gloom.

In spite of the dejection brought about by these constant reminders of my true gender, I was very anxious to see Jo. I didn't know why, but, from her letters and phone conversations, I knew she wanted me to appear at my feminine best. With this in mind, I went all out in dressing for her arrival, and even the selection of my lingerie was a long tedious process. Finally, I chose my frilliest black silk panties, bra, garter belt, slip, and my sheerest nylons.

Stepping into soft sexy panties, fastening the back clasp of a bra, filling the cups with jelled falsies, and securing a garter belt about one's waist were strange activities for a boy, but all these things were now routine for me. Without a second thought, I was quickly dressed in these items. Being amazed by how well I could bend without my restricting corset, I found kneading the flimsy nylons over my legs to be no trouble at all.

"My, aren't we anxious this morning!" Marie exclaimed, entering the room without knocking, as I pulled the delicate black mini slip over my head.

"Oh Marie!" I responded, no longer being ashamed to be seen by her in my feminine clothes. "I'm glad you're here to help with my makeup and hair. Jo's arrival has me so nervous, and I do so want to look my best for her. In my state of anxiety, I just know I could never get them right."

"Don't worry your pretty head, Miss Gale," Marie answered calmly. "Just relax, and when I'm finished, you'll look like you just stepped out of a fashion magazine." Her composure had a soothing effect on me, and I managed to relax a bit as she performed her task to perfection.

Walking through the concourse with my short pleated skirt swirling about my thighs, I received many glances, smiles, and outright stares from both men and women.

In the past, I would have been terrified of being recognized as a boy in feminine finery, but past success in carrying out this strange deception had taught me that unless Aunt Helen or one of her friends purposely revealed my secret, I was safe from discovery. With that in mind, I accepted their scrutiny as a compliment to my ability to portray a member of the opposite sex. I was; however, concerned that I had become so proficient in these skills that my worries were virtually nonexistent. I wondered if I would be half as convincing as a boy, if I were wearing pants.

Jo got off the plane in a grey pants suit, white blouse, and flats. Even though she was wearing light makeup and diamond stud earrings, I was quick to notice that she was definitely the more masculine appearing as she rushed over to greet me.

After a bone crushing hug and a hard lingering kiss on the lips that I knew was inappropriate between two girls, Jo held me back at arms length and said, "Gale, you adorable darling, let me look at you. Oh, this has been the longest school session I've ever endured because I missed you so badly." As she carried on, a thrill coursed through my veins and aroused a painful excitement within my tight device. "You're just too, too sweet!" she raved on, kissing me again.

She greeted Aunt Helen and her mother with much lesser hugs and kisses than she had bestowed on me, and off we went to collect her baggage.

All the way back through the concourse, Jo kept her arm around my reduced waist and guided me along as if she were my escort. At first, I was hesitant to follow her lead, but her pants and flat shoes allowed her to take long strides that I was denied by my skirt and heels. She altered her pace to match mine, and as I became comfortable in my acquiescent role, I naturally fell in with her adjusted strides. She also kept me aroused and in a passive disposition by whispering things like, "Oh Gale, I can hardly wait to get my pretty girlfriend alone!"

"But Jo, I'm not really a girl," I protested. "I'm only a poor imitation of a female."

"Don't be silly!" she rebutted while encircling my slim waist with her arm and drawing me close. "There's nothing boyish about you, and you should thank Helen for all she's done for you!"

As I stood quietly by while the Parker's chauffeur directed the porter loading the suitcases into the car, a

strange thought entered my mind. "A few months ago, I would have been expected to help with the heavy lifting, but now, I can only stand idly by on skyscraper heels and watch while 'real men' do the work. Oh, will this awful punishment ever end?"

Jo was unable, or unwilling to take her eyes off me as we rode along. Looking me over lovingly, she said, "Oh Helen, I didn't think it possible, but Gale is even more beautiful than when I left for school. He's just so precious, and his every gesture is decidedly feminine!"

As she carried on, a girlish flush darkened my cheeks in the knowledge that she was right. Wearing nothing but exquisitely feminine things for months, while constantly being drilled in feminine mannerisms, had instilled many feminine habits in me. On top of that, I was happy in my pretty dresses and soft lingerie most of the time. Despite all my efforts to the contrary, the gentle caress of silk, satin, and nylon against my body aroused exciting sensations within me. Still, I knew I could never allow myself to reveal these humiliating facts to this group of women.

"Jo is really a lovely girl, and she's obviously in love with you," Aunt Helen said as we ascended the steps to the house after exiting the Parker's limousine. "If you think she's enthralled with you in your pretty clothes, just wait until she sees Carol and Pamela."

"Will Jo like Carol and Pamela better than me?" I wondered in a mild panic. "She professes to like me better the more feminine I become, and since Pamela has been wearing girl's clothes for ten years, he's both prettier and more feminine than me."

My worries; however, were dispelled in the weeks to come. Jo was thrilled to learn of my two masculine friends who, like me, were forced to dress as girls, but that in no way diminished her affection for me. Just as she had promised in her letters, we did everything together. We shopped, ate at the club and other fancy restaurants, went to movies, and visited with Carol and Pamela. Most importantly, we made love often and passionately in her bedroom as well as my own.

While Jo and I spent considerable time together, Carol and Pamela became close friends. To the delight of their mothers, they did everything together, even frequently sleeping over at each others house.

This association, to the heed of everyone, had a profound effect on Carol. His actions and appearance rapidly become more feminine, and he seemed to grow fond of his dresses, heels, makeup, and jewelry. For example, at an afternoon party at Pamela's just before Christmas, I asked why he often wore short skirts that rode high on his thighs or long skirts with splits to mid thigh that constantly put his legs on display.

At my question, he broke into a bright smile. His cherry red lips framed his white teeth as he said, "I have nice legs, so why not show them?"

"But Carol, you're a boy! Don't you think you're enjoying this girl business a little too much?" I gasped, unable to comprehend his change of attitude. This was, after all, the same Carol who boldly stood up to his mother only a few weeks before and ripped a pretty dress from his body.

"Don't be such a prude Gale!" he scolded. "If we have to wear these clothes, we might as well have some fun."

"Can you believe this?" I thought. Carol was chiding me! He had only been dressing as a girl for a short time, and here he was scolding me! I had been dressing this way for months, and I just couldn't let that moment pass. "But Carol, these are girl's clothes!" I countered. "We shouldn't be wearing them, much less enjoying them!"

"Think about it rationally, Gale," he answered calmly. "You have been wearing dresses since last summer, and you have fought every minute to get out of them. Now, think! Where has your defiance gotten you? You're still wearing what your aunt wants, with no end in sight. As for me and my enjoying these frilly clothes, Mother has agreed that I can go back to boy's clothes at the end of January if my attitude continues to improve. I'll bet your aunt would let you have your pants back in no time if she saw you relaxing and having fun."

I had thought about what Carol was saying many times, but every time I tried to enter into the spirit of my punishment and enjoy my dresses, something, or someone, would remind me of my status, and rebellion would consume my mind. Somehow, Carol had found the secret to enduring, and even openly enjoying, his enforced feminine lifestyle. Maybe I could get him to share it so I could finally get back to being a boy. "What should I do, Carol?" I asked with genuine curiosity.

"You could start by letting your hair down and enjoying yourself," he said after looking me over. "Why don't

you unbutton that long skirt and show some sexy thigh like Pamela and me!" he ended with the girlish giggle he used when he and Pamela were together.

Carol was referring to my long straight red dress that fastened with large buttons down the front. His comment that loosening the buttons to mid-thigh would stylishly reveal my nylon covered legs, but I had never dared to be so brazen. . . or so feminine! "Nothing would show if I did because I'm wearing a long slip," I answered, holding out my calf length skirt for emphasis and a convenient excuse.

"Then, go in the bathroom and take it off, silly!" Carol laughed. "Go ahead! You'll have a lot more fun. You'll see!"

I followed Carol's advice and discovered that he was right. After removing my slip and unbuttoning my skirt to reveal my nylon covered thighs, I seemed to relax and have fun. In fact, I even found myself giggling along with Carol and Pamela over the slightest things.

Aunt Helen only smiled and gave me a nod of approval upon seeing how I had my altered dress to conform to the style of my friends. However, when we were preparing to leave, she reminded me to button my skirt and retrieve my slip.

The Christmas season was indeed a busy time for me. I accompanied Aunt Helen on numerous shopping trips to purchase new dresses and gowns for each of the numerous parties that were arranged for the three of us boys in girl's clothes. I also had to buy gifts for Jo, Carol, Pamela, Marie, Susie, and even James. In addition to all that, there also were almost daily shopping trips with Jo and my routine weekly visits to the beauty parlor for new hairstyles, facials, and manicures.

For these excursions, Aunt Helen opened accounts in my name at all the most exclusive shops. After that, all I had to do was identify myself as Gale Robbins to receive prompt, courteous assistance. If the clerks at these shops, other than La Flaire, were aware that I was a boy underneath my feminine finery, they gave no indication. I was referred to as "Miss Robbins" and treated with utmost respect. This was a welcome relief after my many past exposures as a boy in dresses.

All the shopping aside, Jo and I found ample time for our lovemaking. On these occasions; however, she quickly and firmly took the initiative. Since her return from school, she mainly wore slacks, plain cotton panties,

athletic bras that compressed her already small breasts, cut her light brown hair short, and when we made love, she would brush it into a masculine style. She further insisted on being the sole aggressor, seducing me with kisses and caresses, and teaching me to only respond as she slowly divesting me of my feminine apparel. Further, during the act itself, she would always assume the top position.

On other occasions, Jo would encourage me to wear dresses that enhanced my padded figure, hairstyles that softened my facial features, light makeup with heavy red lipstick, and matching nail polish. Sensing that compliance with her wishes would intensify our sessions in the bedroom, I found myself striving to be my feminine prettiest, eagerly spending more time selecting my ensembles, applying my makeup, and styling my hair. In this way, I gradually became subjugated to her much as I was to Aunt Helen, only I was a lot more willing because of the sexual aspects. My change of attitude was further motivated by her masculine style of dress and her assertive, overbearing demeanor.

As I came under Jo's spell, I found myself wanting to make her happy and please her in every way. I would see that her food was prepared to please her or, instead of ordering one of the servants to do so, bring her a drink myself. If we were alone when I pleased her, she would sometimes slip her hand under my skirt and fondly caress my nylon covered buttocks and genitals.

At night, lying between satin sheets in my soft nylon gown, I would hug a lacy perfumed pillow to my breast and envision ways to please my lover. Before drifting off, I would find myself speculating if she would like me in a particular dress or hairstyle as I planned my ensemble for the following day. Imagine a boy having such thoughts even though I hadn't been much of a boy these past five months. Still, given my strange circumstance and my limited contact with girls my own age while being forced to dress and act like one myself, there is small wonder that I fell in love with Jo.

Spending time with Jo, shopping, exchanging gifts, and attending the many parties Aunt Helen, Lady Stanley, and Mrs. Johnson gave for Carol, Pamela, and myself, the holiday season passed quickly.

As one gala event ran into the next, I found myself getting ready for the country club Christmas dance. For

this occasion I was to wear a sleek red satin gown with spaghetti straps and a straight ankle length skirt. With the knowledge that the tiniest bulge in my smooth tight skirt would betray my secret, before stepping into my red silk panties, I made certain that everything was secure beneath my ever present device. Finally satisfied, I fastened my matching red strapless bra behind me, expertly popped my jelled falsies into place, secured my red waist cinch garter belt, carefully threaded my silk hosiery over my smooth legs, and after pulling the dangling garters beneath my panties, attached them to the tops of my sheer stockings. My red four and a half inch pumps, although taller than my usual four inch heels, gave me no trouble since I had worn heels for so many months. Not wanting to wrinkle my dress while pulling it over my head, I summoned Marie for assistance.

When I was finally dressed and made up, I sauntered over to my dressing mirrors to scrutinize my overall appearance. As I gazed at my reflection, I saw that all traces of masculinity had been erased. With that knowledge, I could discount the odds of being discovered even though, as Aunt Helen had predicted, several of the men would probably ask me to dance. She also warned that I was not to refuse any invitations to be whirled about the floor in the arms of another male, and that thought did cause me some concern.

Shortly after entering the ballroom, we located Carol and Pamela. Like me, they were wearing lovely long gowns, although theirs had high slits to reveal their thighs. Aunt Helen and I joined them and their mothers and seated ourselves at a nice table, and just as we were ordering our drinks, Jo and her mother joined us.

Jo was had on a black knee length cocktail dress that was pretty but not nearly as elaborate as the ones we three boys were wearing. Taking the chair beside me, she whispered softly, "Gale, you look absolutely scrumptious! I wish I could take you in my arms and keep you all to myself. But, I guess that will have to wait," she ended with a sigh.

True to Aunt Helen's prediction, along with Jo, Carol, and Pamela, I was asked to dance several times. At first, I was a bit tense, but as I allowed myself to relax, I found that following the masculine lead was easy and also fun.

While we enjoyed ourselves, I noticed that a particular man was paying a lot of attention to Aunt Helen, dancing

with her at every opportunity. He appeared to be in his upper twenties, several years younger than she. After several dances, she invited him over to our table and introduced him around. His name was Lauren Flowers, a successful broker and investor. He was in town on business, but his office was in the city where he lived.

When I was introduced to him as Aunt Helen's niece, he took a heightened interest in me and asked me to dance. As we moved slowly about the floor, he paid little attention to me, spending his conversation on subjects relating to Aunt Helen. He wanted to know her likes, dislikes, hobbies, and so forth. That he was romantically interested in her was an understatement!

During the days that followed, Lauren found excuses to remain in town and invited Aunt Helen to nightly dates for dinner, the theater, and many other activities. With the attentions of a suitor, Aunt Helen began wearing more elaborate dresses than usual and constantly checked her hair, makeup, and overall appearance in the mirror like a teenager in love. She also paid less attention to me, a fact for which I was grateful! To tell the truth, I was amazed that she could generate such affection for a male, especially after what she had done to me. My main concern throughout this torrid courtship, as one might imagine, was whether she would reveal to this man that I was really a boy beneath my feminine finery.

Constant activity made the holiday season pass quickly, and once again Jo was off to college, leaving me alone. Given our steamy relationship, I now missed her more than ever.

By that time, I had become very adept at portraying a girl and no longer needed lessons in feminine deportment, dress, or makeup. With my growing confidence in these feminine arts, I seldom feared discovery when I was forced to appear in public in a dress. Still, my most distressing moments came when I was reminded that I was a boy in feminine clothes. Also, with my increasing skills and total obedience to Aunt Helen's wishes, my spankings and other punishments were mostly a thing of the past. This being the case, after I was bathed, dressed, and made up for the day, I had precious little to do most of the time. My only alternative to total boredom was to write letters to Jo, read the feminine novels and magazines Aunt Helen provided, or spend time with Carol and Pamela.

During my visits with them; however, I felt like an outsider, as the two of them had become almost inseparable. While their friendship grew, Carol appeared to become more and more accepting, if not actually fond of his dresses. Still, despite these appearances, he made no secret that he was counting the days to the end of January when he could return to pants. He maintained that he had lived up to his end of the bargain and that his mother fully intended to honor her promise even though she had grown extremely fond of her pretend daughter. With the end of his enforced dresses in sight, Carol's happiness understandably increased with each passing day.

On the last Saturday night before Carol's happy reclamation of his trousers, not surprisingly, Mrs. Johnson gave him a party, and Pamela and I were expected to attend.

For me, this meant a visit to La Flaire for a new dress. I had long ago learned that every "special occasion" called for an elegant ensemble, even though I would usually wear it only once, or twice at the most. Because of my prolonged exposure in dresses and my growing confidence in my mandated feminine role, these shopping excursions had ceased to cause me alarm as they had in the past.

I had now developed a preference for certain styles of dresses, fabrics, and colors, and I was allowed to participate in the selection of the dresses I would try on. Once they were chosen, I found I was no longer self-conscious about undressing to my bra and panties in front of Genevieve, nor did I have to be told to do so. In fact, although I would never admit it, I enjoyed slipping on and prancing around in these luxurious gowns. Yet, by their knowing smiles, I knew my feelings were obvious to the onlooking women. Their expressions would once again make me aware of my true status, and I would blush as brightly as when I was first required to dress as a girl months before.

As I stated before, Carol and Pamela referred extremely short or long split skirts, and Aunt Helen suggested I join them by putting my legs similarly on display for Carol's last feminine party. With that in mind, I finally chose a dark green silk dress with a high neckline, long sleeves, and a straight ankle length skirt with a front slit to mid thigh. Walking about the room in my ever present four inch heels, I studied my reflection in the many mirrors and had to admit that I did look pretty in this stylish dress. "As long as I have to dress as a girl," I

thought, "it's nice to be attractive and have pretty clothes to wear." A glance at Aunt Helen showed that she had not missed my pleased expression.

On the way home, I couldn't help thinking how lucky Carol was to be regaining his pants. Due to past embarrassments, I had been hesitant to ask about the duration of my own punishment for some time, but now, with Carol returning to pants and Aunt Helen's preoccupation with Lauren, I decided to take a risk. "Aunt Helen," I asked sheepishly, "as you know, Carol has been dressing as a girl for a much shorter time than me, and now his mother is allowing him to return to boy's clothes. Since I have tried really hard to please you of late, I was wondering if I might have my pants back as well."

Instantly, her whole attitude changed, and her cheerful smile became a dark frown. "So!" she spat in the grim voice I had learned to dread. "After all I have done to show you how much nicer it is to be a pretty girl and wear lovely clothes, you. . .you have the audacity to suggest that I should let you change back to trousers! The very idea! What has come over you?"

Her harsh response had almost turned me to jelly, but since I had mustered the courage to bring up the subject of pants, I couldn't let it drop. . .not now! "But Aunt Helen, I'm really a boy!" I insisted with much more bravado than I felt.

"Silence!" she shouted, the anger in her tone making me cringe with fear. "In your misguided logic, you point out that Carol hasn't been wearing dresses very long, but you fail to note that Pamela has been in dresses for ten years. Ten years! Now, I'll hear no more of this absurdity, and you, my pretty Gale, will regret bringing up the subject! Of that, you can be certain!"

"I'm in for it now," I thought, knowing from her tone that I would be severely punished. "Oh, why did I have to upset her by asking for my pants? But then, how was I to know she would go ballistic over such a simple question?"

Upon returning home, Aunt Helen told Marie of our dispute, and she promptly grabbed my wrist and forcefully led me up to my bedroom. After roughly removing my clothes and slipping my soft nightgown over my head, she admonished me saying, "By now, you should know better than to ask for your silly pants, Miss Gale!"

Feeling the need to explain, I said, "Look Marie, I only asked her. . ."

"Don't waste your breath!" she chastised. "The very idea of you returning to pants is reprehensible! You should be very happy to have such beautiful clothes. Why, any girl would be envious of you."

"But Marie! I'm a boy. . .not a girl!"

"Perhaps!" he chided. "But, real boys don't enjoy the feel of soft lingerie on their person, nor do they find the swish of skirts about their legs fascinating." I opened my mouth to disavow her embarrassing accusation, only to have her laughingly say, "Don't try to deny it, Miss Gale! I've seen you twisting, twirling, and lifting your skirts to admire your pretty legs and frilly lingerie before the mirrors many times."

A crimson flush rose to my cheeks, and I cast my eyes downward at the realization that I had been observed. It was true, I had come to find certain aspects of my feminine existence to be exciting and enjoyable, even though being forced to wear them was terribly humiliating.

Nothing more was said until I was ready for bed. Then, to my surprise, Marie quickly and ruthlessly pulled me across her lap and applied my first painful spanking in weeks.

"Now Miss Gale," Marie announced when she was finished, "you will remain in bed and contemplate your indiscretion for the remainder of the day. Also, you will do without dinner!" With that, she left me alone in misery and uncertainty over how long I would have to remain in dresses and pretend to be a girl.

The next morning, I entered the breakfast room in my long silky nightgown and negligee, kissed Aunt Helen on the cheek, and even though I considered myself to have done nothing wrong, I asked pardon for my rude misbehavior of the day before. Further, I pledged to refrain from such disruptive conduct in the future. To my relief, all was forgiven, and nothing more was said about the incident.

Carol's "going away" party was a resounding success, as we three boys fluttered about in our stylish dresses and heels with the grace and delicacy of debutantes. Still, I was puzzled. Here was Carol, a boy who had fought with all his strength to keep from being dressed as a girl, but now, he was acting as though he loved dresses. Would he

miss his soft feminine clothes and life when he is allowed to return to pants? I wondered. . .

In contradiction to my suspicions, while we were having refreshments, Carol nervously toyed with his silk skirt, pursed his red lips, and said, "I'm so happy to be getting my pants back." Then trying to conceal the eagerness in his voice, he added, "I really am getting them back, aren't I Mother?"

Mrs. Johnson stared thoughtfully at her son who looked so pretty and sweet in his dress and makeup. A tear formed in her eye and a catch rose to her throat as she replied sadly, "Yes Carol, you are getting your pants back. You have fulfilled your agreement, and even though I will dreadfully miss my pretty daughter, I will keep my promise."

Over the next few days, I often thought of Carol and how he must be enjoying his wild and free life as a boy in pants. I didn't expect to hear from him, as seeing me in dresses would be too vivid a reminder of his own girlish life. Therefore, you can imagine my surprise when I received a phone call from him several days after his party. "How does it feel to be a boy again?" I asked eagerly after we exchanged greetings.

"I. . .I'm not actually wearing pants yet," he stammered sadly. "Mother keeps coming up with reasons to delay me, and as a result, I'm still wearing dresses."

"But, I thought. . .!" I began, only to be cut off.

"The latest is," he began, "Mother says before I can have my pants back, I have to demonstrate that I'm a real boy by convincing you to be my date for the Sweetheart dance at the club on Valentine's Day. I've been trying to get up my nerve to call you every since my party because I knew it would be embarrassing for both of us. Oh Gale, please go with me. It's my only way out of these awful skirts."

Accompanying another boy to a ball and having to dance with him would indeed be humiliating, especially since we both knew I was a boy underneath my dress. My first inclination was to refuse, but sensing Aunt Helen's devious hand in this shameful endeavor, I informed Carol that I would have to ask her permission and call him back.

My suspicions about Aunt Helen's involvement in this cunning scheme were confirmed by her cheerful response to my request. "Of course you may go to the dance with Carol dear. I'm sure you will make a lovely couple," she

answered excitedly. "I'll be attending with Lauren, and I was wondering what to do with you that evening since Jo is away at school. Now, we can double date and have fun together, can't we?"

Her words sealed my fate, as I knew there was no escape. I would have to go to the dance with Carol, who knew I was just another boy in girl's clothes. "Yes, Aunt Helen," I answered dejectedly. "I'll call Carol as he is anxious for my answer."

A maid at the Johnson residence answered the phone, and after I asked to speak with Carol, I heard her say, "It's for you, Miss Carol." Her statement confirmed that, like he said, he was still wearing a dress.

Before accepting his proposal, I made him promise not to tease or make fun of me. Upon hearing my conditions, he anxiously agreed saying, "Thank you, Gale! Thank you very much! And don't worry! I won't tease you. How could I, after all we've been through together?"

My gown for the evening was a form fitting, long sleeved pink silk, sequined design with a long straight split skirt, and an off the shoulder sweetheart neckline. I really blushed at the boutique when I saw the vast expanse of my chest that was visible above my simulated breasts. For the occasion, Aunt Helen also insisted on purchasing a pair of exquisite pink silk panties, a matching pink bustier, waist cinching garter belt, and pink satin five inch pumps with tiny stiletto heels that I surprisingly found myself managing quite easily.

I knew wearing such a revealing gown to a dance in public would be terribly embarrassing, but also knowing objections from me wouldn't change Aunt Helen's mind, so I kept silent. If she wished me to wear this stylish gown, wear it I would, before or after a series of painful and humiliating punishments.

On the day of the dance, I spent several hours at the beauty parlor for a new hair set, facial, manicure, and even a pedicure. When I dressed as a boy, I never paid any attention to my toenails other than to trim them occasionally, but now that I wore girl's clothes, I had to keep them perfectly shaped and polished to match my fingernails at all times.

When Marie finished helping me dress and repair my hair and makeup that evening, she produced a diamond choker necklace, a matching bracelet, several pretty

rings, and diamond pendant screw on earrings. I knew instantly that this expensive jewelry belonged to Aunt Helen and that any objection to wearing it would be fruitless. Anyway, the jewelry was so beautiful and elegant, I didn't feel like protesting except to whimper, "That's too tight, Marie!" when she tightened the screws on my earrings.

"Oh no, Miss Gale," she countered. "These earrings are quite heavy in addition to being very expensive, and they must be fastened tightly to protect against losing them. Besides, a girl sometimes has to abide a little discomfort to make herself beautiful and desirable. You, of all people, should know that by now." As she draped my white stole over my shoulders, she added, "Go over to your full length mirrors and see how pretty you are."

As I gazed into the depths of the mirrors, I gasped at the vision of dainty femininity that stared back at me. No one, absolutely no one, could possibly suspect that I was not a genuine girl!

Just then, Aunt Helen swept into the room, looking very lovely herself. When she saw me, she hurried to my side, took me in her arms, and kissed me in a frenzy of delight. "Oh Gale!" she cried. "You are perfectly gorgeous tonight. Surely, you will be the Belle of the Ball! Goodness, not a male there will be able to resist your charms."

"Oh Aunt Helen," I sighed in a whisper, "that's what worries me. I feel so . . .so . . .ashamed. . .and. . .and. . .humiliated. Oh, I wish I didn't have to go, not with Carol!" Tears filled in my eyes as I spoke.

Aunt Helen hastily dabbed them away with a lace hankie. "There, there darling," she said in a soothing voice. "If you only knew how happy you make me when you are so lovely, you would always strive to look your feminine best. Now for tonight, I expect you to be on your best behavior."

"I'll try, Aunt Helen, really I will," I promised, seeing her sincerity. "I do so want to please you. It. . .it's just that pretending to be a girl is so shameful for me!"

With that, she rose to her feet and gathered me in her arms and said, "Don't worry. I'm sure you'll do fine, dear. Just stop fretting about what other people think and be true to yourself. You really are beautiful, and I'm sure Carol will be pleased to be your escort." Then, in an effort to console me further, she added, "Say, how would you

like to wear my black mink jacket tonight? It would be gorgeous with your lovely pink gown!"

The thought of that elegant soft fur about my bare shoulders and neck dispelled my fears. "Oh Aunt Helen, I would love to!" I exclaimed as a smile of anticipation formed on my lips, betraying thoughts and feelings I had rather have kept private. Further imparting my true sentiments, I hugged the delicious garment about me in total ecstasy. About that time, Susie informed us that Carol and Mrs. Johnson had arrived, and we made our way out of the room hand in hand.

"Just wait until Carol sees you, dear," Aunt Helen gushed as we descended the steps. "Why, I'll bet he's thoroughly envious of your pretty gown and wish he was wearing it."

That thought had never entered my mind! I had been busy pitying myself for having to wear these clothes, and the suggestion that Carol might want to wear them stunned me. "Personally, Aunt Helen, I rather think he would be grateful to his mother for letting him have his trousers back," I replied meekly. "I believe he'll be very embarrassed to see me like this, as it will remind him of when he had to wear girl's clothes!" As I spoke, I felt impotent rebellion flaring inside me.

I felt a tightening of her hand on mine, and a quick glance showed a hardening of her expression. Lucky for me, we reached the foot of the stairs to find Carol and Mrs. Johnson waiting in the foyer.

"Gale darling, how precious you look tonight!" Mrs. Johnson exclaimed as we approached. Then, turning to Aunt Helen, she said. "You know, Helen, because of Gale's beauty, I'm jealous of you tonight. Oh, how I do wish Carol had stayed in his pretty dresses. Seeing him fluttering about in pretty frocks was so nice, and I didn't have to worry if he was out drinking with that bunch of unsavory characters he ran with. But, I did promise!"

I cringed at the thought that I still had to wear girl's clothes and turned my attention to Carol, who was wearing a tuxedo, black bow tie and cummerbund, and an immaculate white shirt. Since fall, I had only seen him in his shoulder length wig, but now, I saw his natural blonde hair had grown quite a bit from his former crew cut and was brushed into a neat masculine style. Despite his costume; however, a close inspection divulged a slightly effeminate appearance. For example, he had made a valiant attempt to pencil in his still thin arched

brows, and he stood in an ambiguous pose with limp wrists. Still, I would have given anything to exchange places with him at that moment!

"You are very lovely tonight, Gale," Carol said, blushing brightly and handing me a beautiful wrist corsage. "Your gown, jewelry, and mink are positively stunning, and I love your hair with those precious little ringlets!"

"Thank you Carol," I replied, while mentally noting that boys didn't usually compliment girls in such detail. Not being familiar with the intricacies of feminine clothes and makeup, most of them would blush and mutter something about his date being pretty and drop the subject. Also his phrasing, using feminine terms like lovely, stunning, gown, precious, and love were suspect for a boy to use. I knew he had better watch himself when he was around people who didn't know what he had been through, and I resolved to warn him when I got the chance.

Aunt Helen was waiting for Lauren, who would be her escort. "Remember, Gale," she whispered in my ear as she kissed me goodbye, "You are a very lovely bit of femininity tonight. Conduct yourself accordingly, and I'm sure you will have a very enjoyable evening."

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

As Carol, Mrs. Johnson, and I descended the front steps to their waiting limousine, I felt the cold wind blowing against my silk covered legs as it whipped my soft split skirt hither and yon. Feeling the chill, I clutched my luxurious fur tightly about my otherwise bare shoulders and wondered why my thighs had to be exposed in such cold weather.

Carol, seeing my quandary, politely took my hand to steady me. He was walking much easier in his heavy flat shoes than I was in my stilt heels, and his firm grasp was welcome.

The chauffeur helped Mrs. Johnson into the car first, and as he was offering me the same polite assistance, I saw him wink at Carol and lightly tap him with his elbow. From my past experience as a boy, I knew this was a gesture of approval from one male to another.

When we were on our way, Mrs. Johnson said, "Now Carol, you must remember that Gale is your date for the evening, and you must take good care of him. It will be totally your responsibility to see that he enjoys himself."



"I'll try my best Mother," Carol answered humbly, while blushing brightly. "But. . ."

"There can be no buts!" she rebutted sharply. "You should consider yourself fortunate to have such a lovely girl as Gale on your arm! You will be gracious, attentive, and treat him like the lady he is for the entire evening, and you had better remember that!"

"Yes Mother," Carol answered, recognizing the obvious threat in her voice.

Feeling unnerved from Mrs. Johnson's pointed references to me as a male despite my exquisite feminine dress, I sank back into the plush seat with my thoughts. As I tried to mentally prepare for my coming escapade, I noticed the passing lights reflecting off the sequins on my dress and my exposed thighs as the split of my skirt rode high. The delicate scent of my perfume invaded my nostrils, and my long pendant earrings gently caressed my cheeks with every movement, adding to my bewilderment. At that moment, I found myself wishing I was a real girl instead of only a make believe replica.

Carol was fidgeting nervously beside me, obviously not relishing the ordeal that lay ahead of him. He apparently realized that if I was recognized and he was exposed to be dating a boy in a dress, his reputation would be devastated along with my own. As he sat commiserating, I observed that he was unconsciously sitting erect like a girl with his knees together and his hands folded demurely in his lap!

To advise him of his mental lapse, I punched him lightly with my elbow and whispered in his ear, "If you are going to be a boy, you had better learn to sit like one!"

Quickly realizing his error, he spread his legs and laced his fingers together in a masculine manner but said nothing.

Upon our arrival at the luxurious clubhouse, the chauffeur got an eye full of my legs as he helped me from the car. His smile and illuminated eyes showed that he enjoyed the view.

I held my fur tightly against me for protection from the cold wind, and Carol dutifully took my other arm and led me slowly up the steps. I don't know which of us was more nervous, but at least he had the advantage of wearing trousers instead of silken panties, hampering skirts, and stilt heels. In the bright lights, exposed to everyone in my feminine costume, I felt weak, and my pulse beat furiously in anticipation of the coming events.

"Carol dear, please wait for us while we put our wraps away," Mrs. Johnson instructed as she guided me toward the ladies' lounge. Sensing my natural hesitation to entering this feminine 'holy of hollies', she maintained a firm hand on my back and propelled me forward.

Once inside, I was relieved to find only a few girls, and none that I knew. After hesitantly removing my fur and handing it to the maid, I followed Mrs. Johnson's lead and freshened my lipstick in one of the large lighted mirrors.

I was happy when we finally left that feminine realm and rejoined Carol. He appeared a bit disconsolate as he nervously waited for us and was a bit hesitant and unsure as we made our way toward the ballroom. His quandary; however, bothered me very little as long as we stayed out of sight.

We approached the maitre d', and Mrs. Johnson asked for Miss Robbins' table. Goodness! Had Aunt Helen reserved a table, or was she referring to me as Miss Robbins? That question was soon answered as we were led to a large table surrounded by eight chairs. This seating arrangement had obviously been planned in advance, and I wondered who would be joining us.

Soon after we were seated, a waiter came by and took our drink orders. Mrs. Johnson ordered a glass of punch for us and white wine for herself.

As we waited, I glanced about the room at the other guests. The men were dressed in immaculate tuxedos, all very much alike, while every female was wearing a gown of a different style, fabric, and color. Looking down at my silk encased legs and my pink satin high heeled slippers, I felt a thrill course through my being. But why. . . why should a boy be excited to wear the dainty garments of a girl and appear so feminine in public? Perhaps, as Aunt Helen had said over and over, I was lucky for the opportunity to wear these pretty clothes. . . as long as I was not humiliated by being reminded that I was really a boy.

Not surprisingly, we were soon joined by Lady Stanley and Pamela. The astonishing part was that Pamela, like me, had a date with a boy! He was Dana Howell, a spoiled brat, who lived not far from Aunt Helen's estate. He had been in and out of trouble for years, and if not for his mother's influence, he would have been labeled a juvenile delinquent and sent away. In an act of defiance, he let his light brown hair grow down onto his collar, and I wondered how Pamela had come to know him!

Dana did not play football, as had Carol and I, but he still knew us well, as boys! My heart leapt into my throat with fear that he would recognize me as everyone was introduced. To my relief, he appeared intrigued with my feminine appearance but did not show any signs of recognition. Still, I knew the night was long, and he would have other opportunities to see through my disguise. My only consolation was his deep infatuation with Pamela, who drew most of his attention.

We were shortly joined by Aunt Helen and Lauren, completing our party. While we chatted and got acquainted, the band played a slow tune for openers. Hearing the music, Dana grabbed Pamela's hand and pulled him toward the dance floor, and when Carol was hesitant to follow suit, Mrs. Johnson exclaimed in a stern voice, "Carol dear, don't sit there like a log, ask your lovely date for to dance!"

"Yes Mother," he obediently replied, getting up to pull my chair back.

Looking for a reprieve, I cast a quick glance at Aunt Helen, but her expression spoke volumes. Despite my reservations, I had to go out on the floor and dance before all those people, many who knew me as a boy.

"Oh Carol, I'm terrified!" I cried as he took me in his arms.

"I know exactly how you feel," he whispered, squeezing my hand. "But don't worry, I have as much to lose as you. Just think what I would go through if anyone found out I was out with a boy in a dress. You can be assured that I won't give you away!"

"Thanks Carol," I answered. "By the way, how does it feel to be wearing pants again?"

"It's great for the most part," he responded hesitantly. "But I have to concentrate to act like a boy now. As you saw in the car, I'll walk, sit, or stand like a girl if I'm not careful. I also have to be alert not to use some feminine expression that I was encouraged to use while I was forced to wear dresses. I sure didn't realize that stuff could become habit so quickly. Anyhow, thanks for reminding me about the way I was sitting. Oh yeah, now that the hair on my legs is growing back, they're awfully prickly, and the clothes and shoes are awfully heavy and uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable!" I exclaimed. "I must say, you've quickly forgotten the meaning of uncomfortable! You aren't corseted to the limit, your genitals aren't packed

into one of those horrible devices, and you aren't perched on five inch spikes! Don't talk to me about uncomfortable!"

"Yeah. . .," he sighed, a far away expression covering his face. "I guess you're right."

Before the evening was over, I danced with Carol, Lauren, and Dana several times as well as a few others. To my relief, although most of them knew me as a boy, none showed any signs of recognition. Neither did anyone voice a suspicion about any of the feminine gestures I saw Carol make.

As the evening progressed, I was amazed at how light I could be on my feet in my skyscraper heels as I was swept about the floor in the arms of these men and boys.

The dance finally ended without either Carol or myself being suspected of anything embarrassing. After picking up our wraps, we headed home.

Carol escorted me to the door, and as we traipsed up the steps, he said, "Despite all this, I really did have a nice time this evening Gale."

"So did I Carol," I answered with a slight smile.

At the door, Carol surprised me by taking me in his arms, kissing me on the cheek, and saying goodnight. His actions caught me off guard, and before I could respond, he had disappeared back to the waiting limousine. When he was dressed as girl like me, we kissed on the lips whenever we met, but now that he was back in pants, his actions amazed me more than a little.

"Gale dear, we're having lunch at the Johnson's today," Aunt Helen informed me as I sat in my nightgown and negligee at breakfast one morning about two weeks after the Sweetheart dance.

"But, Aunt Helen, I'll be embarrassed for Carol to see me in a dress now that he's back in pants," I complained. "Do we really have to go?"

"Of course we have to go, silly," she answered. "I've already accepted Mrs. Johnson's invitation, and she is expecting us. You know how she loves to see you looking sweet and feminine. And, don't worry about Carol. Not only has he seen you in a dress since regaining his pants, he held you close and danced with you in your lovely gown at the ball. Now, run along and select a nice dress that he is sure to admire, and put all that foolishness about not going out of your pretty head."

"Yes Aunt Helen," I answered with meek resignation, knowing further protests would be futile.

As so often was the case since Aunt Helen forced me to wear dresses and assume the guise of a girl, I began to relax and accept the reality of my unusual predicament as I lounged in my bath. The warm scented water somehow made my punishment seem less severe, if not less bizarre.

Finally, I dried myself on a fluffy towel, lightly powdered my body, reinstalled my device, slipped into my filmy negligee, and went back into my room to dress for my outing at Carol's. Since the weather was still very cold and blustery and not wanting Carol to see me in anything too feminine, I chose a rather simple long sleeved black wool dress with a straight knee length skirt, as if any kind of dress or skirt wouldn't be feminine. Still, my choice was limited by the fact that, despite my reservations, these were the only clothes I possessed.

My dress chosen, I moved to my chest to select my undies. In the past, when I wore boy's clothes, I would simply reach into a drawer and take out the first pair of jockey shorts I reached, as they were all very much alike. But now that I was forced to dress as a girl, there were many different styles, fabrics, and colors, and everything was expected to match. Oh, how my life, as well as my manner of dress, had changed!

With that in mind, I chose matching black nylon panties, slip, bra, and garter belt. Not wanting too much black, I added a scarf and chose flesh colored nylons and black pumps with my usual four inch heels and gold blazes on the sides. Since I had plenty of time before I needed to get dressed, I decided to replace the polish on my fingers and toes with a darker red to further subdue the black of my dress.

I had finished my fingernails and was curled up on my bed blowing warm air on my toes with the hair dryer when Marie came in to help me dress and said, "Even with that pretty scarf, all that black is a bit severe for a luncheon with friends, Miss Gale." she asked.

"Oh, I thought so at first, Marie," I answered, no longer bothered by being called 'Miss Gale'. "But, nobody can see my undies, and my dark red nail polish and lipstick along with a triple strand gold necklace, hoop earrings, several bracelets, and a gold satin hair band should suffi-

ciently soften my appearance. Also, I plan to take my gold clutch purse."

"I suppose you're right," she answered thoughtfully. "Anyway, you've put a lot of thought into your ensemble, as is natural for a girl."

Her words referring to me as a girl snapped me out of the feminine reverie I had assumed while planning my attire for the day. Once again, I was abruptly reminded that I was a boy who had to wear girl's clothes, even though I had no desire to do so, or for Carol to see me dressed in such a manner. At that moment, I was tempted to rip my flimsy negligee from my body and demand to be allowed to return to a normal boy's life. But, months of wearing dresses and soft lingerie along with the harsh and embarrassing punishments that insured my cooperation quickly combined to soften my resolve, and I remained silent. Would this torture ever end?

After Marie's comments, I remained on edge the whole time she helped me dress, put on my makeup, and style my hair. I was glad when I left her presence.

"My, don't we look charming this morning!" Aunt Helen exclaimed with a devious smile that added to my uneasiness when I joined her in preparation for our outing. "Darling, your dress is positively simple, but your choice of makeup and accessories combine to give you a positively enchanting appearance! Come, let me look at you."

As I approached her, she took my hands in hers and gazed deep into my eyes. However, due to the many punishments and humiliations she had imposed on me for attempting to assert my will or confront her, I was unable to maintain eye contact, and I sheepishly lowered my lashes. With my gesture of submissiveness, she gave off a triumphant chuckle. From past experience, I knew her victorious display was shrewdly designed to remind me how she had methodically transformed me from a headstrong aggressive masculine athlete into a pantywaist sissy crybaby who wore only girl's clothes and was afraid to ask for the return of his pants. To make matters worse, most of the time, I was quite fond of my feminine existence unless I was reminded of my true gender. The very thought of what I had allowed her to do to me turned my cheeks bright red.

Understandably, I was still filled with apprehension and dread as my heels clicked on the steps to the Johnson residence, my tight skirt restricting my strides. The prospect of meeting Carol in pants again, while I was still wearing dresses, was deeply disconcerting. He didn't tease me at the dance because I was doing him a favor, but now that he had regained his masculine clothes and had been wearing them for several weeks, he would probably harass me unmercifully because of my continuing feminine status. Oh, why hadn't I been allowed to return to pants along with him?

As Aunt Helen and I were escorted into the drawing room where Mrs. Johnson and Carol were waiting, I received a terrific shock! I had expected to see Carol in a sports jacket and slacks, but there he was. . . dressed as radiantly feminine as myself! To my great astonishment, he was wearing an above the knee royal blue silk cocktail dress with a revealing sweetheart neckline, matching four inch satin pumps, elaborate makeup, and his shoulder length blonde wig. But why? Why?

Before I could find my voice to inquire, Carol rose and hurried over to greet me with a hug and kiss as we had been taught to do when we were dressed as girls. "Gale darling!" he purred as if he really meant it. "It's so wonderful to see you again."

As we embraced, I wondered what he had done to be put back in dresses and how he felt about it. When we parted, I thought I saw a slight smile cross his red lips, further adding to my confusion. Finally catching my breath, I asked, "Carol! Why are you back in dresses, and when did it happen? I was so envious of your boy's life in pants!"

"I. . . I guess I did for a few days, but as time passed, I realized that I missed my dresses and soft lingerie," he stammered, blushing and lowering his mascara covered lashes. "To begin with, whenever I would see a prettily dressed girl, I would try to imagine how I would look in her dress or how I would wear it differently. A few days later, I even found myself unconsciously wishing I could wear dresses again. Believe me, I fought those feelings with every ounce of my energy, and I held my own in suppressing my emotions until I saw you looking so feminine in that lovely pink gown and black stole at the dance. You were so lovely, and when I held you close, led you about the dance floor, smelled your enticing perfume, and fondled your delicate dress behind your back, all was lost.



For the next few days, all I did was brood in my room, crying and feeling sorry for myself. I just had to figure a way to get my dresses back. . .at least on a part time basis."

I was filled with astonishment and disbelief as I listened to Carol explain that he missed his feminine clothes and desired to wear them again! Was he telling me that he had dressed this way by his own choice? Why any boy, with the opportunity to wear pants, would choose dresses was beyond my scope of understanding!

"After days of agonizing. . .unable to think of little else, I finally accepted that, like many of those boys in England that Pamela knew, I could never be content without

the opportunity to wear girl's clothing from time to time," he admitted, growing more at ease with his confession. "Since Mother had obviously enjoyed having a daughter for the past three months, I summed up all my courage, admitted my obsession with feminine clothes, and asked if I could wear dresses on a part time basis at home. I was honestly expecting her to eagerly accept my suggestion, but to my surprise, she adamantly refused! She said the emotion involved in my changing back and forth between the sexes would be too disconcerting for both of us, not to mention the problems involved in keeping it secret. Fur-

ther, she declared that I must decide if I wanted to dress as a male or a female and do so full time."

"Did that statement from Carol's mother make him decide to wear dresses full time from now on like Pamela?" I asked myself. "They were good friends before Carol got his pants back a month ago. Had Pamela convinced him to do this? Why else would he be dressed so prettily and making this embarrassing confession?" I was totally confused!

Carol shifted, adjusted his short skirt over his trim nylon covered thighs, and for the first time, looked at me before continuing his embarrassing narrative. "During the days of agonizing over my dilemma, I hadn't considered wearing dresses full time, and not surprisingly, Mother's ultimatum caught me by total surprise. True, I wanted to wear my pretty clothes, but not all the time. Over the next several days, I pleaded with her to change her mind and allow me to wear dresses on a part time basis, but she refused."

Carol's story had a mesmerizing effect on me. I couldn't imagine a boy actually wanting or asking to wear girl's clothes. Yet, for some reason, beyond my mental anguish, I found his confession sexually exciting as I experienced tremendous pressure inside my tight device. Being unsure of how to react, I nervously looked down into my lap where I was nervously wringing my red tipped fingers. As had become habit from months of wearing skirts and dresses, I habitually held my nylon covered knees primly together while hoping against hope that my impassioned state would go undetected. "If Aunt Helen took my feminine things away, would I miss them as much as Carol?" As the question plagued my mind, I longed for the opportunity to find out.

"As the days passed, the desire to dress as a girl and wear pretty soft clothes increased until it became unbearable to the point that I could think of nothing else," Carol continued. "Finally, I gave in and asked Mother if I could wear dresses full time in the belief that since she had enjoyed having a daughter, I thought she would welcome her return. But again, she said no! She reminded me of the times I ripped fragile dresses from my person and said she needed assurances that I wouldn't return to pants whenever I pleased. When I asked what kind of assurances she would require, she suggested I have my ears pierced."

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "Did you do it?"

"I was hesitant at first, but after considering the alternative, being denied the opportunity to wear dresses and soft lingerie forever, I tearfully agreed. To insure the magnitude of my commitment, Mother insisted that I go to the jewelers alone and in boy's clothes to ask for the piercing. Entering the store, I was a nervous wreck, but as I looked at the array of earrings and pendants available, I anticipated the thrill of wearing them and calmed down. All the clerks and customers looked at me strangely when I asked for both my ears to be pierced, but with the thought of wearing those lovely adornments every day, I kind of drifted into a sort of euphoria and ignored them. At the last moment, I decided to show Mother the full depth of my commitment and had them double pierced. Look!" With that, he pulled his hair back to revealed diamond studs above lovely pendants dangling from his obviously pierced ears!

"Then, you plan to dress as a girl full time like Pamela?" I asked in an unbelieving voice.

"Oh yes, Gale!" he gushed. "That's what I've been telling you!"

"Do you also intend to have th..the surgery?" I gasped.

"I don't know yet," he answered, losing some of his enthusiasm and looking down into his lap. "I..I have plenty of time to make that decision although I've started taking mild doses of female hormones to help round me out a bit. I had my first shot three days ago, and I take these little purple pills every day."

"Wow!" I exclaimed while trying to comprehend why any boy who had the chance to wear pants would choose to wear dresses and through drugs have his body assume the shape of a girl. Especially an athletic boy like Carol!

On the way home, Carol's decision was foremost on my mind, and I wondered if Aunt Helen planned to induct me into a regimen of hormones. She had certainly never mentioned such a thing! Also, I had been in dresses for almost seven months, and I still didn't know how long my punishment was to continue. I just had to know, and once again, I summed up all my courage. "Aunt Helen, please let me return to my pants," I begged. "I promise to behave as you wish. I won't play tricks on the servants, make advances on the maids, dash wildly about the house, bound up and down the stairs two at a time, or do any of those other things that used to upset you so."

"You don't do any of those things now," she answered coldly. "From what you're saying, nothing would be

change by your return to trousers except that I would lose my pretty niece and miss seeing you flit about like a pretty butterfly in your colorful dresses. Since I have fallen in love with that vision, your proposal would be a poor bargain on my part, so let's hear no more about drab boy's clothes until you have more to offer!"

With a sigh of submission, I dejectedly lowered my eyes and meekly adjusted my skirt. Aunt Helen's decree ended all discussion on the subject, and I knew my life in dresses and the caress of soft silks and satins on my body would continue until I could somehow convince her of the sincerity of my desire to change and respect her wishes. Oh, what could I do. . . what could I say to persuade her?

Over the next few weeks, Aunt Helen's romance with Lauren heated up considerably, and they were almost constantly together. When she was not with him, she frolicked happily about the house in stylish frocks, singing merrily, and checking her appearance in every mirror she happened to pass. Although her thoughts were obviously elsewhere, she still required me to join her for breakfast in my nightgown and negligee, constantly wear feminine clothes, and made no mention of my returning to pants.

As an aunt might describe her romantic encounters to a niece, she would tell me all about her dates, including how she felt when Lauren took her in his arms to caress and kiss her. I don't know if she was trying to teach me how a girl would feel in the arms of her lover or if she just needed someone to confide in. At any rate, I hoped against hope that with her attention so focused on her love affair, she would forget about all this feminine stuff and allow me to return to my rightful boy's life before Lauren learned of my real gender. On the other hand, how would he react if I suddenly turned up in pants after he had seen me wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl so many times? Oh, the mental trauma was unrelenting!

One side effect of Aunt Helen's courtship; however, was her absence from the house. Rather than leave me at home with Marie and the other servants on these frequent occasions, like as not, she would shuffle me off to spend time with Carol. This gave me a chance to see Carol quite often and observe the considerable changes in him due to his regimen of feminine hormones.

Whenever I saw Carol, he was always smiling and appeared to be very happy with his full time feminine

circumstance. His skirts were usually on the short side because, as he put it, his slim nylon clad legs were his best feature since his breasts hadn't developed yet, an event he was eagerly anticipating he needed something to show off! His hair had grown considerably but was still quite short for a girl since he had a football crew cut when he began wearing dresses. To disguise that fact, he always wore a shoulder length blonde wig. I was fascinated as I watched his face, hips, and breasts round into feminine shapes while continuing to wish for the return of my pants and masculine lifestyle.

Whenever we were together, Carol was anxious to talk about his advancing femininity, saying things like, "I was nauseous for a few days after I began taking testosterone retardants and estrogen supplements, but now, they don't bother me anymore. My main problem now is that my chest is tender and itches a lot."

These topics, along with related subjects such as feminine clothes and activities, were the theme of most of our conversations. Even though we were dressed as girls, I found these discussions strange for a couple of boys, but Carol was content with his femininity and merely shrugged off my objections.

"Wake up, Gale darling! I have the most wonderful news for you!" Aunt Helen gushed excitedly while shaking me out of a deep sleep.

"What time is it?" I mumbled sleepily, peering up from my silken pillows while trying to adjust my eyes to the light. Oh, why did she have to wake me at that moment? I was having the most delightful dream that I was in the arms of Jo. She was wearing plain cotton pajamas while I wore an elaborate full length satin nightgown while I responded to her loving kisses and caresses. As I sat up in bed, I carefully arranged my covers to hide the embarrassing bulge in my panties brought on by my arousing dream.

"It's after three o'clock," she answered, momentarily appearing a bit perturbed by my groggy distracted state. "But, that's not important. Not now! You see sweetheart, Lauren asked me to marry him tonight, and that is important! Extremely important!!"

"Did you accept?" I asked, suddenly coming alert.

"Why, of course dear, and I feel like a schoolgirl again!" she exclaimed with delight. "As you know, I've never been married, and I plan to have the most lovely

wedding with you as my maiden of honor. Isn't that thrilling?"

For a moment, I was caught up in her exuberance as I pictured myself in a lovely gown and stilt heels mincing down the aisle to the wedding march while a hoard of guests looked on. Then, just as quickly, the vision faded with the thought that she had designated me to be her maiden of honor without asking my wishes and despite the fact that I wasn't a girl. . .much less a maiden! Also, if I fulfilled that traditionally feminine role, Lauren was sure to discover my true gender in the process!

As a cloud of concern crept over my face, Aunt Helen admonished, "Why Gale, I thought you would be as delighted as I am!"

"Of course, I'm happy for you, Aunt Helen," I answered quickly, hoping she wouldn't get upset and punish me in some humiliating manner. "I was just wondering what Lauren will think of me if he learns that I'm not really a girl."

"You need not worry your pretty head about that, Gale darling," she answered with a gay laugh. "We will have no trouble on that score for I have already told him that you are a boy despite your pretty dresses."

"Aunt Helen!" I screamed, thinking of the many times Lauren had seen me wearing fashionable dresses and tripping about on high heels like a girl. He had even danced with me and told me what a lovely young lady I was! "Oh, what must he think of me?" I asked as my trickle of tears turned to a flood.

"There, there, darling," Aunt Helen cooed, taking me in her arms. "You're only upset because you won't let yourself believe that I know what's best for you. Besides, Aunty knows that you do love your pretties. . .at least most of the time."

"But. . ."

"He did have trouble believing that such a pretty girl as yourself could possibly be a boy," she admitted while holding me tight and stroking my hair. "In the end; however, he accepted the reality of your situation, although he never would have thought such a thing was possible."

My tears continued to flow, dampening the shoulder of Aunt Helen's dress. "Oh, I'm so embarrassed," I sobbed. "I wish I were dead! After what you told him, he. . .he'll think I. . .I'm a sissy who likes to wear girl's clothes! How can I ever face him again dressed this way? I hate

dressing and acting like a girl, and you know it's true! Please, oh please Aunt Helen, let me have my pants back!"

My impassioned plea had quite the opposite effect I hoped to convey, for she angrily pushed me away. Her face quickly took on a stern expression, and her voice assumed the harsh tone she always used when I crossed her as she spat, "Look here Gale! I'll not have you acting like a spoiled child! I have done everything possible to make you happy with your situation. You know I have!"

"Happy with my situation!?" I blurted out without thinking. "My situation??? The only way I can be happy is to be allowed to return to pants and the life of a normal boy!"

"Don't be impertinent Gale!" she reprimanded, her features hardening even more. "I'll not have it! Pants indeed! Goodness, I've provided you every advantage imaginable! You have the most beautiful wardrobe of any girl in town, a lovely feminine room, two wonderful friends in the same circumstance, and a charming girl-friend who loves you in your dresses. Now, I will not tolerate any more of this ridiculous talk about pants! At any rate, with my wedding on the horizon, this is one of the happiest moments of my life, and I'll not have it ruined by your insolence! Do I make myself clear, young lady?"

I knew she added the last part to demonstrate the futility of my predicament and her total control over me and my life. As she haughtily stood to leave, I lowered my eyes and meekly nodded in response as my sobs would not permit speech. Having thoroughly subdued me, she stormed from the room slamming the door behind her.

When Aunt Helen was gone, I curled up in my soft nylon gown and pulled the satin covers about me. This maneuver was in no way unpleasant, as I had secretly come to enjoy the caress of soft fabrics on my skin. "There she goes again, making decisions for me with no consideration for my feelings," I thought despairingly. "I may have deserved a harsh punishment in the beginning, but surely, I've served sufficient penance by now. One would certainly think requiring a boy to appear before a festive gathering in the dress of a bridesmaid would be extreme, especially if the groom and many others in attendance knew of his real gender. But no! She won't listen to reason. Oh, how long will I have to endure this terrible punishment?"

With those and other dismal thoughts of exasperation over the futility of my bizarre predicament, I cried myself back to sleep. So subdued had I become from my months of forced femininity that no other reaction or protest occurred to me.

The next morning, I arose with Lauren's knowledge of my true gender foremost on my mind. Even while flushing my eyes with eyewash to clear away the red brought on by my tears and adding strategic makeup to hide the puffiness, I could think of nothing else. The matter continued to plague me as I descended the stairs in my nightgown and negligee to join Aunt Helen for breakfast. As the soft skirt swirled about my smooth hairless legs, I wondered if she would make me dress this way for breakfast after she and Lauren were married. Following months of this ritual, I was no longer embarrassed to be seen this way by the maids, but the thought of a man, who knew I was a boy, seeing me in my ultra feminine bedroom costume was terribly disconcerting.

Upon entering the breakfast nook, I was pleasantly surprised to find Aunt Helen in a jubilant mood. I had expected her to still be upset over my asking for the return of my pants and impose some embarrassing or painful punishment upon me, but fortunately, she seemed to have forgotten that hostile scene. She was totally preoccupied with her upcoming nuptials and made no mention of our confrontation. Instead, she commented on how beautiful I would be in a lovely bridesmaid's gown and how fortunate she was to have such a sweet and pretty niece to participate in her wedding.

"And Gale!" she giggled. "I want you to wear something special today, and tell Marie to be extra careful with your hair and makeup. As punishment for the selfish and thoughtless attitude you demonstrated last night when I told you about my wedding, you'll be joining me for lunch with Lauren at the club. Now that he knows your secret, I'm sure he's anxious to observe you more closely, and I see no reason to delay the inevitable."

Her words put me into shock, and I didn't move or speak for several minutes. I could only think how horribly humiliated I would be to face Lauren in a dress. . .now that he knew! "Please don't make me go Aunt Helen!" I finally begged. "If Lauren sees me this way after what you told him, he'll think I'm a . . .a sissy who enjoys dressing like a girl!"

"Don't be silly Gale," she admonished. "Haven't I taught you that self image is more important than what others think? Just remember that you're a sissy only if you consider yourself to be one. As for Lauren, I'm sure he will only admire you as always and not ridicule you. Now, run along and get ready."

I flipped through the many dresses in my huge walk-in closet, but my heart wasn't into selecting a dress to wear for lunch with Lauren. Still, I knew I had to choose something elaborate and feminine or face Aunt Helen's wrath. Having learned to stay away from styles with full billowing skirts in the March winds, I finally opted for a long sleeved purple silk chemise dress with a knee length tapered skirt and back walking slit. The top was loose fitting, but below the matching sash that accentuated my reduced waist, the skirt was form fitting so I wouldn't have to struggle to keep it in place in the blustery weather. For undies, I chose pale lavender nylon panties, a slip with elaborate lace at the bodice and hem, matching bra and garter belt, and ultra-sheer nylons.

While leisurely soaking in warm scented water, I shaved my legs. Although embarrassing in the beginning, this task had become habit, and I now gave it little thought. After drying and powdering myself, I slipped back into my negligee, returned to my bedroom, and summoned Marie to help me dress, put on my makeup, and style my hair.

When she was finished, I chose pearl cluster earrings, a matching double strand pearl necklace, and a tiny gold watch. As stepped before my long mirrors in my customary four inch pumps, I exclaimed, "Oh Marie, my slip shows in the walking slit. Shouldn't I wear a shorter one?"

"Oh no, Miss Gale," she answered. "A lady sometimes delights in displaying a hint of her sexy undies. After all, what's the point of wearing beautiful lingerie if you can't discreetly show it off occasionally?"

"Perhaps she has a point," I thought, being amused but only slightly embarrassed at the idea of brazenly displaying my sexy lingerie with each step.

As we rode toward the club for my fateful luncheon with Lauren, I was a nervous wreck! Aunt Helen, paying no attention to my anxiety, babbled on and on about plans for her wedding. I never knew there were so many details to such a ceremony. Listening to her somehow calmed

my nerves a bit, but when James stopped at the entryway to the club, I became disturbed all over again. My only relief was that, except for a few admiring glances, no one paid special attention to us as we entered the dining room.

We found Lauren sitting at a table in the lounge beside a window that looked out onto the golf course reading a financial newspaper. When the tapping of our heels reached his ears, he put his paper down, turned about to face us, and the moment of truth was upon me! Would Lauren scoff and make loud derogatory comments about me and my manner of dress before everyone in the club, or would he accept my dilemma and greet me as he had in the past? As I prayed for the latter, I almost sighed audibly when I saw his face wreathed in a bright smile.

After greeting Aunt Helen with a kiss and an embrace, Lauren nervously turned to me, took my hands in his, felt their softness due to inactivity and soothing lotions, and turned them over to observe my long manicured nails. Making no reference to my true sex, he stammered, "Y..you're as pretty as ever Gale, and I..I'm pleased that you could join us."

"Thank you Lauren," I responded in a voice not much louder than a whisper as I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. "Boy!" I thought. "I'm glad he didn't kiss me like he did Aunt Helen! Anyway, he seems more uneasy than I am. . .if that's possible. Maybe that's why he didn't greet me with a kiss or mention his awareness of my disguised sex."

In gentlemanly fashion, Lauren helped seat Aunt Helen and me at the table, showing no difference between us. He tried to ignore me for the most part, but when I crossed my legs and my short skirt crept up to reveal several additional inches of smooth nylon encased thigh, I detected a slight flash of interest in his eyes.

From the corner of my eye, I saw a sly smile cross Aunt Helen's lips, and I knew she had noticed it too. When the waiter left to get our drinks, she made the situation more confusing for both Lauren and myself by saying, "Lauren dear, Gale is to be my Maiden of Honor. Don't you think he will be gorgeous in a pretty formal gown?"

Her comment laid the issue squarely on the table and no longer allowed Lauren to ignore it. He reddened brightly at that prospect and stammered, "H..he. . .uh. . .she. . .would be lovely judging by the way she. . .uh. . .he looked at the Sweetheart Ball. But darling, are. . .are you serious about this? I mean a..a boy as the maiden of honor in our wedding?"

"I couldn't be more serious!" she insisted in a hardened tone. "Gale is my nephew, my brother's only son, and just because he wears girl's clothes is no reason to exclude him from our wedding. Besides, weddings are supposed to be happy, family occasions. In addition, two of his friends, Carol and Pamela, who also dress as girls, will be my bridesmaids. Won't that be wonderful?"

"Three boys wearing dresses in our wedding?" He blurted. "Don't you think. . .?"

"I told you what I think, and if there's to be a wedding, I insist that Gale and his friends participate!" Aunt Helen proclaimed while rising to her feet in anger.

Her harsh tone took the argument out of Lauren, and he meekly lowered his eyes and replied, "Whatever you wish sweetheart. I just thought. . ." His voice trailed off, and dropped the subject.

"What is the date of the wedding," I asked while thinking, "Boy, Aunt Helen is definitely the dominant partner in that relationship! But knowing her as I do, what else could I expect?"

"The third weekend in June, and isn't it exciting?" she replied, changing her tone and answering sweetly. "Thank you for asking sweetie."

Other than that incident, we had a pleasant lunch, and although Lauren was extremely nervous and seldom took his eyes off me and my feminine clothing, he didn't broach the subject again. When we parted, I thought I noticed a strange light in his eyes, but perhaps it was only my imagination. I wondered. . .

After that meeting with Lauren, I saw him quite often when he came for visits or to pick up Aunt Helen for dates. On these occasions, he paid particularly close attention to me and my feminine clothes and looked me over skeptically, he but never made disparaging or degrading remarks like I feared he might.

To my surprise, Pamela called one morning and asked if I could come over for a visit. He said he was entering the hospital in a few days for the surgery that would change him into a real girl, and he very much wanted to spend some time with me beforehand. His request sounded reasonable, and I said I would ask Aunt Helen for permission.

"Of course, you may go!" Aunt Helen exclaimed when I informed her of Pamela's request. "You should get out with your friends more often, and this is a perfect oppor-

tunity! James can drive you over and bring you back afterward. Now, call Pamela, thank him for the invitation, and find out what you should wear."

As I sat before my mirror in my slip putting on my makeup and styling my hair, I was amazed at how my many hours of practice had made these feminine activities routine. I now did all these things for myself, expertly using cosmetics that I never even dreamed existed in the past.

When I came into the study, Aunt Helen smiled happily and exclaimed, "Darling, you look simply divine in that dress, and I am extremely proud to have you as my pretty niece."

"Thank you, Aunt Helen," I meekly replied, looking down at my lavender knee length tunic dress, white silk blouse with long loose sleeves, and matching four inch pumps. Taking in my feminine image, I knew all traces of masculinity had been erased from my features, and from past experience, I knew no one would suspect I was a boy. With that knowledge, a girlish flush rose to my cheeks.

"Where to Miss Gale?" James asked politely and without contempt or ridicule as he helped me into the car.

"To the Stanley's," I answered.

As I adjusted my skirt over my thighs in a girlish gesture, I thought, "Even in Aunt Helen's absence, James didn't tease or make fun of me. Does he think of me as a real girl now since I've worn these feminine clothes for so long?"

When I arrived, Pamela was looking very sexy in a white mini dress with a sweetheart neckline that showed a generous portion of hormone induced cleavage. Upon my arrival, he rushed over and greeted me with a kiss. "Oh Gale darling," he purred in a soft voice while taking my hand and leading me into the sun room, "I'm so happy you could come. Also, Dana called after I talked with you, and he'll be joining us shortly."

"What do you see in that Dana?" I asked with aversion. "He dropped out of school, and he's always getting into trouble."

"I agree that he's a spoiled brat, but he's nice enough most of the time," Pamela countered.

"But, what if he finds out about. . .you. . .about me!"

"Oh, I'm pretty careful when we fool around," Pamela laughed. "Anyway, after playing with my breasts, he won't suspect anything, and I don't let him go farther. Besides, he's a good kisser."

"You. . .you kiss him and let him play with your breasts?" I gasped in astonishment, not understanding the extent of their relationship.

Pamela's expression turned serious, as he said, "Think about my situation, Gale. I told you I went through puberty as a girl, remember? Well, with female hormones flooding my body for the last several years, I simply never developed an attraction for girls. Of all people, you should understand that this is not my fault. It is; however, my life, and my only chance for happiness is to accept my fate and find pleasure wherever I can."

"I..I hadn't thought about it that way, I guess," I stammered.

"That's not your fault, and I don't blame you," Pamela answered in a forgiving voice while giving my hand a squeeze. "Since you have Jo, your situation is quite different, and I just wanted you to understand."

I was about to inquire further, but just then, Dana was escorted into the room by one of the maids, and since he had known me as a boy, his presence put me on edge. He hadn't recognized me at the dance or any of the other times I had seen him, but I knew continued exposure to him would only increase the odds of his learning the truth.

Upon seeing Dana, Pamela jumped to his feet and rushed to his lover's arms. After an affectionate kiss like the ones he had just described, Pamela took Dana by the hand, led him over to me saying, "You remember Gale Robbins, don't you?"

"Oh yes," he answered with a smile. "How are you Gale?" Then, as I had feared, when he reached out to greet me, a spark of recognition crept into his eyes, and a dark frown covered his face. "Gale Robbins? Gale Robbins. . .the quarterback ??? the football hero???"

The worst had happened! Dana had recognized me, and my life was over. Now, everyone. . .all my friends. . .would know about my life in dresses, and I would never be able to show my face again!

"Gale Robbins!!! The macho football hero, wearing a dress! You know, I always thought you were a hero, someone to be admired. But look! You're nothing but a sissy! You wore that pretty dress to the Sweetheart ball, and to make matters worse, I danced with you!" he spat

in total disgust. "Come to think of it, every time I've seen you lately, you've been in a dress!"

With the realization that he was right. . .I was just a boy wearing girl's clothes. . .a sissy, I burst into a flood of tears!"

Don't tease him so!" Pamela shouted, coming to my defense. "This isn't his fault, Dana! You just don't understand!"

"I understand alright!" he sneered. Then, assuming a limp wristed stance he mocked, "Is the pretty sissy wearing his frilly panties today?"

That was all I could stand! I covered my face with my hands and ran blindly from the house and down the steps. Not waiting for James to bring the car around, I raced out to where he was parked as fast as my tight skirt and heels would allow.

Upon seeing my distress, James inquired in a concerned tone, "Is something wrong, Miss Gale? Is there something I can do?"

"Take me home, James!" I screamed. "Just take me home!"

When the car stopped in front of the house, I opened the door, leapt outside without waiting for assistance from James and bolted up the steps as fast as possible in my skirt and heels. Once inside, I rushed up the stairs, hurried into my femininely appointed room, and collapsed in tears on my frilly bed.

Shortly, Marie entered my room, cautiously approached me and asked, "What happened, Miss Gale?"

"Just leave me alone!" I shouted. Then in a tone of quiet resignation, I added, "Just leave me alone."

"Your aunt is away with Mr. Flowers and won't return for quite some time," she stated softly. "Is there anything I can do for you. . .anything I can get you?"

"You can get out of here and leave me alone!" I shouted through my tears.

Marie hurried to the door and made a quiet exit as if she were afraid of me. "How can that be after the way she has manhandled and disciplined me over the past months?" I asked myself. Then, as the door closed behind her, I once again burst into tears and wished I were dead. "Aunt Helen has really done it now!" I mourned in self pity. "I thought I could hide the truth if I looked and acted enough like a girl, but she kept putting me in places and situations where I might be recognized. And now, the



inevitable has happened. From now on, no matter how feminine I look or act, everyone will know I'm a sissy. . . a boy in a dress and frilly panties. . . like Dana said!"

In my misery, I must have cried myself to sleep because the next thing I remember is Aunt Helen shaking me awake, and I saw it was dark outside. "Gale darling," she said in a soothing voice. "I'm so sorry that I wasn't here when you returned from your awful ordeal, but I'm here now. Don't worry your pretty head so. Everything will be alright, you'll see. Now tell me what could be so terribly wrong."

Through my tears, I relayed the whole tale to her, even the part about Dana kissing Pamela and playing with his breasts. "Oh Aunt Helen," I pleaded when I was through, "Please let me have my pants back! That's the only way I can save face. Dana will tell everybody that I wear dresses, but because of my athletic past, maybe they won't believe him if they see me wearing pants. Please, Aunt Helen? Please let me have my pants back!"

"Now, now," she cooed, hugging me tightly and caressing my dark tresses. "Let's don't do anything hasty. Besides, like all girls, I'm sure you'll feel better after a good cry and a sound night's sleep."

"Oh Aunt Helen, if Dana only knew what it's like for a boy to be forced to wear dresses, he wouldn't tease me so," I cried. "H..he's right about me being a sissy in girl's clothes, but he wouldn't make fun of me if he only knew."

"Sissy indeed!" she declared. "You're no sissy, and you have a girlfriend who loves you to prove it! Now, don't fret so. Get a good night's sleep, and we'll talk everything over in the morning when you feel better. I'll send Marie in to help you get ready for bed."

When I awoke the next morning, contrary to what Aunt Helen had promised, I was still full of fear and anxiety. I knew Dana was a real scoundrel, and I had little doubt that he would tell everyone that Gale Robbins, the football hero, was a full blown sissy who wore dresses and frilly panties like a girl. By the time I put on my light morning makeup and started down to breakfast in my nightgown and negligee, I was totally devastated.

"What's the matter, dear?" Aunt Helen asked as I neared the table. "I was sure you would feel better this morning."

"My life is ruined! That's what's the matter!" I shouted with tears streaming down my cheeks. "You made me wear these awful clothes, and now, that wimpy Dana will tell everybody. . .all my friends. . .if he hasn't already. Oh, what will I do when they find out?"

"We'll just have to face that if and when it happens," Aunt Helen answered calmly. "For now, just do as I have said. Be true to yourself, and don't worry what others are thinking."

Her words did nothing to relieve my fears! "Oh please, Aunt Helen," I begged. "Let me have my pants back. That's the only possible way I can save face."

In spite of my pleas, Aunt Helen shrugged off my appeals and showed no inclination that she was even remotely considering such a concession. As I thought over my predicament and the ridicule that was sure to come, I sunk into an extremely despondent mood. Being unable to shake my feeling of distress, I dressed, put on my makeup, and styled my hair almost as if in a trance. If not for prodding from Marie, I probably would have stared into the mirror and brooded all day, but with her assistance and encouragement, I finally completed my beauty ritual.

When I was ready to get dressed, I was surprised to see that Marie had laid out my white suit and a red silk blouse for the occasion. The reason for my astonishment was my knowledge that with this straight skirt that stopped three inches short of my knees and its back walking slit that revealed my lacy slip with every step, along with my four inch pumps, I would appear several years older than my years. I wondered why I was to be made to appear so, but in my despondent mood, I didn't ask.

"Wonderful news darling!" Aunt Helen exclaimed when I entered her presence. "While you were dressing, I had a long conversation with Dana's mother, and she assures me that he has not had a chance to divulge your little secret. He came directly home from the Stanley's in her limo, and after my call, she had a serious talk with him about you and your situation. According to her, Dana is now very sorry that he teased you because like you said, he really didn't understand why you wear dresses. He even wants to tell you personally how sorry he is for upsetting you. In an effort to make amends and to give Dana an opportunity to personally offer his apology and extend his promise never to tease you again, or betray you in the future, Mrs. Howell has invited us over for lunch. So you see my sweet, all your tears and fears of last evening were wasted. Everything will be fine like I promised. You'll see!"

"What caused his change of heart?" I gasped, feeling a wave of cautious relief sweep over me.

"Mrs. Howell only said that she had a serious talk with Dana about his behavior and a number of other subjects," she answered with a slight smile. "Oh well, we'll find out soon enough as it's almost lunchtime. In fact, we'd better hurry, or risk being late."

I didn't relish the thought of going to Dana's house in my skirted suit, frilly blouse, and stilt heels, especially now that he knew my secret. Even if he had promised to apologize, I felt sure he would tease me with knowing smiles and expressions when his mother wasn't looking, if not with words. But, having no say in the matter, I went back to my room to select a purse that matched my dress, made sure it was packed with the necessities, and checked my appearance in the mirror before joining Aunt Helen for our fateful trip to the Howell's.

Dana wasn't with Mrs. Howell when Aunt Helen and I were escorted into the room where she was waiting, and that was somewhat of a relief to me. "Maybe he isn't here to see me in this dress," I thought before remembering that he had promised to apologize in person.

After greeting us warmly and seating us in comfortable chairs, Mrs. Howell said, "As you know, the reason I asked you here was to allow Dana to apologize to Gale, ask forgiveness for his boorish behavior of yesterday, and vow never to reveal the secret of his feminine lifestyle to anyone. Since I believe promises made before witnesses are the best kept, I have invited several others, and they will be joining us shortly."

"Oh no!" I thought in near panic. "I came here so Dana could apologize and promise never to reveal that I wear girl's clothes, but now, Mrs. Howell says I'll be exposed to others! What's to assure that they won't tell?"

I didn't have long to worry as I heard someone in the hallway shout, "No! No! I won't go in there like this! You can't make me! I'll show you!"

The yell was quickly followed by the sounds of a scuffle and a loud slap as Dana was shoved into the room before us. As he stumbled to regain his balance, I was dumbstruck by his appearance! He was wearing a pink jumper style dress with a short pleated skirt over a white satin blouse, white turn down girl's socks with pink decorations, pink slippers with narrow two inch heels, light makeup, pink lipstick, and his longish brown hair had been brushed into neat angel wings, each tied with a pink ribbon. Not only was he dressed as a girl in her early teens, but Carol's maid Hilda was the one who thrust him forward!

"No wonder he had a change of heart about my wearing dresses and wanting to apologize," I thought in



astonishment. "If Hilda could handle the athletic Carol, that wimpy Dana doesn't stand a chance!"

Seeing me, Dana rushed over, and with fire in his eyes, screamed, "This is all your fault! Just because you like to wear girl's clothes doesn't give you the right to tell them to make me wear them too! What's the matter? Did the pretty sissy get lonesome and need someone to play dress up with?"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Hilda grabbed him, pulled him roughly across her lap, flipped up his short skirt and slip, and began smacking him briskly on a his

pink nylon panties. He jerked and tried to escape, but she held him tightly and quickly reduced him to tears. When she finally stopped, after more than a dozen swats, he was blubbering like a baby and promising to behave as she wished.

"Very well, Miss Dana, I'll release you," Hilda declared sternly, "but if you don't apologize nicely to Gale like we discussed, we will have a repeat of this little scene, and you can be sure that you won't get off so easily next time! Now, sit here, and let's dry those eyes while we await our other guests."

"Other guests!!??" Dana exclaimed. "Please Mom, I don't want anyone else to see me dressed like this!"

He quickly forgot his resolve to be happy and obedient, but I realized how easy that was for a boy in skirts when threatened with exposure.

"Don't be obstinate sweetie!" Mrs. Howell chided. "You're much nicer when you're dutiful and obedient. Now, do as I told you before I summon Hilda again!"

Having no doubt that his mother would carry out her threat, Dana dejectedly moved to her side, kissed her lightly on the lips, smoothed his skirt, and with a red face, nervously sat beside her as directed.

I wasn't enamored with the idea of meeting others in my skirts any more than Dana, but from bitter experience, I knew not to complain. Dana quickly and obediently sat beside Hilda while she dried his tears away with a lacy handkerchief, and I wondered what he had been talking about when he said I was responsible for his being dressed as a girl. Despite his inference, I hadn't suggested to anyone that they make him wear girl's clothes! Where had he gotten such an absurd idea? Truthfully, the idea was too abhorrent to even occur to me! Oh well, I guessed I would find out soon enough. Then, remembering when I was in the same boat. . .when painful spankings and other humiliations were used to make me obedient to Aunt Helen's wishes. . .I really sympathized with him. Even though he had ridiculed me by calling me a sissy, made fun of my feminine clothes, and was now accusing me of being responsible for his own dilemma, I wasn't happy to see him forced to dress and act like a girl. . .especially since I had to wear feminine clothes as well!

"Why are these women so intent on making boys dress as girls?" I wondered. "Is putting Dana in dresses the only way to make sure he keeps quiet about me? In that way, am I responsible for his plight?"

As I sat pondering these things, the doorbell rang, and one of the maids went to answer it while Dana cringed in horror. When the door opened, I heard shouts that diverted my attention.

"No! No! I can't go in there. . .not dressed like this! I can't let anyone see me in these awful clothes you make me wear!"

I looked up to see Mrs. Hendrix enter with her daughter Shannon who was shoving a very distraught Tracy into the room. To my shock, this athletic boy who had taken my place as the team quarterback was dressed as a girl like Dana and myself! He was wearing a sleeveless navy blue dress with a sailor collar and a mid thigh length pleated skirt, a long sleeved white nylon blouse, turned down socks, and blue shoes with two inch heels.



The barest hint of makeup, dark eyeliner, pale pink lipstick, and his long auburn hair tied up in angel wings with white ribbons gave him a juvenile appearance very much the same as Dana's.

"What's going on here?" I asked myself. "Are Aunt Helen and these women conspiring to turn all boys into girls. . . especially the athletes?"

"Why Tracy, what a lovely young girl you make," Mrs. Howell exclaimed as the trio entered the room.

A quick glance had Tracy believing he was in a room filled with girls and women, and he looked down, blushing for all he was

worth.

"Thank Mrs. Howell properly for her kind compliment Tracy, then greet everyone present in the same manner," Shannon instructed.

"No. . .no, I won't!" he exclaimed defiantly. "I shouldn't be dressed this way, and boys aren't lovely!"

"Tracy!" Shannon sharply scolded. "I warned you what would happen if you were naughty! If you don't obey me this instant and respectfully thank Mrs. Howell and greet the others like you've been taught, I'll to turn you over my knee and give you a sound spanking on your pretty panties right here in front of everyone!"

Seeing his sister's anger and determination, Tracy moved hesitantly before Dana's mother and executed a deep curtsy while gingerly holding the hem of his skirt in his fingertips. "Thank you very much Mrs. Howell," he whispered in a barely audible tone and turned bright red.

"Tracy has obviously been dressing as a girl for a while because one doesn't learn to curtsy like that overnight. I wonder how long has his mother had him in dresses and why is he and Dana are dressed to look so young? Is this part of some diabolical conspiracy by these women to feminize all boys?" I wondered as I viewed my friend's well practiced curtsy. As he spread his skirt and dipped before me; however, his eyes seemed to say, "Gale??? Not Gale Robbins!!! Oh Gale, you were my hero! How could you let these women turn you into a sissy like this?"

"Oh my, what a lovely curtsy!" Mrs. Howell gushed when he had greeted everyone. "You simply must teach it to my Dana! Stand facing Tracy dear, and let him show you how to curtsy nicely."

A fleeting glance at Shannon and the nod of her head told the humiliated Tracy that Mrs. Howell's request was now an order! In fearful obedience, he moved before the beet red Dana, took the hem of his skirt between his thumb and forefinger, and began demonstrating this ultra feminine gesture of respect.

For me, this series of events was a welcome change as I was usually the object of most of Aunt Helen's humiliating exercises or demonstrations. Knowing full what the two boys before us were experiencing, I remained still and silent while wondering, "Why is Tracy wearing a dress, and why is he so afraid of his sister?"

"That's very nice dear," Mrs Howell declared after Dana had received a full ten minutes of instruction and practice in the feminine art of the curtsy. "You can practice after your friend has departed. Now, thank Tracy sweetly, and give him a nice kiss."

Dana, obviously repulsed with the idea of kissing another boy. . .even though they were both dressed as girls. Despite his recent discipline, he screamed, "Kiss a boy? Me? You can't be serious!"

Even I was amazed with the speed and ease with which Hilda seized and draped the defiant Dana across her lap again. This time; however, when he screamed his pledge of obedience, she paused for a moment and spat, "Your promises mean nothing! You had your chance, but you chose to spite your mother before her friends instead. No!!! I'm not finished yet!" With that, she administered several more stinging blows to his nylon covered posterior.

When Hilda finally released Dana, she patiently went through the tedious process of wiping his tear filled eyes,

admonished him for his behavior, and sent him back to give Tracy a gratuitous kiss as previously instructed.

Both Tracy and Dana were repulsed by the notion of kissing each other even if they were dressed as girls, but both reluctantly obeyed, fearing more painful and embarrassing consequences.

"Now, apologize nicely to Gale for your rudeness of yesterday, Miss Dana," Hilda further instructed sternly.

Slowly and hesitantly, Dana moved before me, took his skirt in his finger tips, and executed a slow, deep curtsy. . . turning red and looking down as he did so. "I. . . I'm very sorry for the way I treated you yesterday, Gale," he stammered. I p..promise not to tell anyone that you like to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl. I also give you my word that I'll never tease you again."

"Of course he'll never do it again!" I thought, feeling safer in my feminine disguise. "For to do so, he would have to admit that he had worn the same things!"

"And for your little tantrum a moment ago?" Hilda prodded, embarrassing him further.

"And, I'm sorry for my outburst just now. It wasn't very. . .very. . .," he stuttered and hesitantly glanced at Hilda.

She silently raised her head in a gesture clearly indicating that he was to continue.

"I. . .it wasn't very. . .very. . .ladylike of me," he concluded, his face now beet red.

"Very nice sweetheart!" Mrs. Howell gushed. "Now if you darlings will kiss and make up, we'll get on with our lunch."

As I stood to comply, I could see that Dana was extremely repulsed to have to kiss yet another boy, but with the pain still burning his buttocks, he hesitantly offered his lips. After giving him a light peck, I embraced him and whispered in his ear, "You may as well do as they say the first time because you'll end up doing it anyway."

As he backed away, he eyed me suspiciously but said nothing.

"Very sweet!" Mrs. Howell exclaimed happily. "Now, let's have lunch. Hilda, inform the kitchen staff that we are ready."

While we ate, Mrs. Howell babbled on about how happy she was that Dana was now an adorable daughter instead of a disrespectful son. "I only wish he was as precious as your Gale," she cooed to Aunt Helen.

"All in good time, my dear," Aunt Helen injected with a knowing smile. "All in good time."

Her words carried a strong insinuation that Dana's sojourn in dresses would be lengthy, and Dana cringed upon hearing them. While we ate, he remained silent but shot me a contemptuous stare whenever his mother and Hilda weren't watching.

When everyone was finished eating, we adjourned to the sun room for coffee and dessert, but Tracy and Dana weren't allowed any. "Why don't you two children sit quietly on the love seat and hold hands while we grownups finish eating," Mrs. Howell instructed, obviously enjoying the situation.

Hoping the worst was over, the two red faced boys carefully arranged their skirts beneath them and gently grasped the other's hand while looking at his neatly polished nails.

"Aren't our darlings precious?" Mrs. Hendrix purred while the others tittered with glee.

"They certainly are!" Aunt Helen replied with a broad smile. "But tell me, why did you decide to put Tracy in petticoats? Wasn't he scheduled to be the team quarterback again this fall?"

"He was until he got these two girls in trouble and got kicked out of school! When that happened, he was declared ineligible to play football or any other sport! Most boys are content with one girl, but not him! He had to have two, and he had to get them both pregnant!" Mrs. Hendrix scowled disgustedly.

"But Mom. . .uh. . .Mommy!" Tracy cried in defense of his actions. "Th. . .they were trying to trap me! Th. . .they said they were on the pill!"

"Shannon!" Mrs. Hendrix exclaimed in a very irritated tone. "Can't you control your wayward brother any better than that?"

"I'm sorry Mom!" Shannon shouted, jumping to her feet. Then to Tracy, "How dare you interrupt your Mommy, or any woman for that matter? Now, apologize this instant and promise to sit quietly as you were told!"

With real fear in his eyes, Tracy jumped to his feet and hurried before his mother. Taking his skirt correctly and lowering his eyes demurely, he dipped into a perfect curtsy saying, "I'm sorry for interrupting you so rudely Mommy. If you'll please pardon me, I promise to sit quietly and listen while you talk."

"Very well dear, you're forgiven," she answered in a patronizing tone.

"Now, apologize to the others as well!" Shannon demanded harshly.

With a very red face, Tracy obediently curtsied to everyone in turn. . .including me and Dana and repeated his apology.

"Now, bring me the little hairbrush you carry in your purse for corrections and punishments when you're naughty, and arrange yourself across my lap," Shannon instructed calmly.

"Please Shannon, not here, not in front of Gale and Dana!" he begged while retrieving the brush as instructed and handing it to her. With tears streaming down his cheeks streaking his light makeup, he added, "I'll behave nicely as a girl from now on, really I will!"

"Gather your skirt about your waist carefully so as not to wrinkle it more than necessary," Shannon directed while coldly ignoring his tearful plea.

From experience, I knew exposure in dresses or skirts was terribly embarrassing for any boy, but for him to have to undergo a painful punishment with his feminine undies on public display was the pinnacle of humiliation!

With the knowledge that hesitation to obey his younger sister's orders would only increase the intensity of his shameful punishment, Tracy carefully raised his skirt to his waist to reveal a powder blue nylon slip with a narrow band of lace at the hem and a matching pair of panties. Then, with a fiery red face, he positioned himself across her lap to receive his inevitable spanking.

To my surprise, Shannon delivered the hairbrush powerfully and accurately to her brother's derriere as he howled promises of obedience. When she finally felt he had enough, she helped him up, gave him a lacy handkerchief to dry his eyes and scolded, "Now, sit quietly over there and hold hands with Dana like you were told, or you'll really get it!"

"When Tracy became a football hero, he started treating all girls and women, including Shannon and myself, with total contempt, and that little caper with those girls was the last straw!" Mrs. Hendrix continued. "After going to a lot of trouble and expense to protect him and especially our family name, I was at my wits end. Knowing he had to be taught a lesson, I remembered how sweet Gale was at the bridge reception, and I started formulating a plan. Since Gale had played quarterback and had

become so lovely and polite, with the proper training, why couldn't Tracy, I thought. I also recalled Lady Stanley's tale about the amazing rehabilitation that resulted when a certain bully was put in skirts and remanded to the authority of his younger sister, and I decided to give it a try. So far, I'm thrilled with the results because as you can see, except for a few impetuous incidents, his rehabilitation is working out quite well."

"Oh, it certainly is working well!" Aunt Helen exclaimed in agreement. "It's working extremely well! But tell me, why are you dressing him to appear so young?"

"As Tracy grew up, he was so preoccupied with sports and girls that he missed out on the adolescent portion of his life," Mrs. Hendrix sighed. "I just thought dressing him as a fourteen year old girl just entering puberty instead of a seventeen year old boy with raging hormones would help him recapture his lost youth. Perhaps he could even learn some desperately needed respect for girls and women in the process! Being under Shannon's authority and having to obey her implicitly should help in that regard as well. What do you think?"

"I wholeheartedly agree!" Mrs. Howell stated. "Your initial success with Tracy is why I decided to dress Dana to appear the same age.

"There it is!" I thought to myself. "Proof that these women are conspiring against us! If Mrs. Hendrix hadn't told Mrs. Howell about Tracy, how could she have known?"

"How long do you intend to keep them dressed that way?" Aunt Helen inquired. Her question broke my train of thought, because learning how long Tracy was to wear skirts might give me a clue to the length of my own sentence. . . a subject that weighed heavily on my mind!

"I was thinking at least until the end of summer," Mrs. Hendrix answered. "By that time, I'm sure I can find a suitable school for him to attend."

"That's a good idea," Mrs. Howell agreed. "If you find one, please let me know as I need the same for Dana."

"Sounds like a well thought out plan," Aunt Helen acknowledged.

"Well thought out plan, indeed!" I thought. "These women don't miss anything!" The big question though, as I saw it was, "Will Tracy become totally subservient to Shannon like the boy in Pamela's tale whose spirits were crushed under his sister's authority? Like him, will Tracy

become a simpering sissy slave to his sister and later to his wife? What a horrible thought!"

"It's such a nice day for this time of year," Mrs. Howell suggested after a while. "Why don't you three darlings go for a walk in the garden and get to know each other better while we adults talk. You shouldn't have to sit here and listen to us old windbags."

Having learned that such a 'suggestion' was in reality an order, I stood, straightened my skirt, and politely answered in my most feminine voice, "Thank you, Mrs. Howell, that would be quite refreshing."

As I voluntarily opened my compact and freshened my makeup and lipstick in preparation for our outing, Dana shot me a disdainful glance but remained silent while Hilda repaired his makeup and helped him into a white cashmere sweater.

Tracy, on the other hand, was still hurting from his recent spanking, and he remained silent as Shannon restored his light makeup and smoothed the wrinkles from his skirt.

"This is all your fault!" Dana spat at me when we were out of earshot of the others. "You have no right telling them to make me dress this way! Just because you like to wear dresses and pretty panties doesn't mean all boys do!"

"I don't know where you got the idea that I like to wear dresses or that I told them to make you wear them!" I countered. "I'll have you know, I wear these clothes because Aunt Helen makes me, not because I like to! You accused me landing you in dresses before, but I did no such thing! I would never do such a thing to another boy because I know first hand how horrible it is to have to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl!"

"Th..they told me you s..said that I should have to wear dresses t.to see what it was like," he stammered.

"I said no such thing!" I exclaimed. "I said if you knew how terrible it is to have to wear dresses, you wouldn't tease me so or tell my friends about me."

"Y..you mean they make you dress this way like. . .like Mommy and Hilda made m..me? he asked, trying to grasp the seriousness of the situation.

"That's exactly what I mean! Knowing my background as an athlete who dated cheerleaders, do you really think I would like to wear girl's clothes?"

"N..no, I guess not," Dana admitted sheepishly. "But, like you said, you're an athlete! How could a group of women make you wear dresses?"

"Like you, I have a maid who is a black belt in karate, and she punishes me if I'm not docile and obedient," I answered.

"But. . .you look and act so feminine. That's why I thought you loved girl's clothes."

If you remain in dresses very long, as I have, you'll learn how easily these women can turn a situation on you, make it look like your fault, and even punish you for it!"

"I can attest to that!" Tracy disclosed. "Sometimes Shannon punishes me for no reason. I don't know if it's revenge for the way I used to treat her or if she just wants to exercise her authority over me just because she can. I think she likes to see me cry! I complained to Mommy, but she said, 'Shannon has the last word in your training and discipline, sweetheart. I merely set the ground rules. If you have a problem, you'll have to take it up with her.' Shannon even spanked me for that, saying I shouldn't bother Mommy with my petty complaints."

"But, Gale looks so natural and so pretty as a girl!" Dana rebutted. "See how nice he looks in that short skirt. . .how sexy his legs are in those nylons. . .and how easily he walks in those high heels. No one, I mean no one would have the slightest suspicion that he was a boy! Gale, if you aren't a sissy, and if you don't like to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl, why do you look and act so much like one?"

"Before I answer that, let me ask this," I responded. "What do you think of having to wear girl's clothes Tracy?"

"I hate it!" he cried. "Why would you ask such a thing?"

"I noticed that you move a lot more like a girl in your skirt and heels and handle them better than Dana. Like Dana was curious about me, I just wondered if you liked wearing them."

"M..Shannon makes me practice all these feminine mannerisms and gestures, and she punishes me if I don't get them right," he admitted with a bright blush. "Once I learn, she says I must adopt these moves full time, and if I have a lapse and forget, she punishes me again. It's to make all that stuff become habit. . .like repeating plays in football practice she says. Since you can tell, I guess it's working. And now, Mommy says I have to dress this

way until the end of summer. If I do and all these feminine things become habit, I'll probably look and act like a total sissy by then!"

"That's exactly my point!" I exclaimed. "Tracy has only been wearing dresses for three weeks, and already he's exhibiting feminine traits. I've been undergoing the same training and dressing this way in private and in public for almost nine months! You saw how Aunt Helen made me dress at the Valentine Ball! How do you expect me to look and act after all that?"

Dana got my message and didn't answer, and we walked along in silence for a while considering the previous conversation. I noticed how Dana stumbled awkwardly in his unaccustomed heels while I strolled along poised and confident in my slender spikes. Tracy even moved with practiced agility.

"Gale is right," Tracy confirmed breaking the silence. "I've only been in skirts for three weeks, and I can easily believe what he says!"

"I..I'm sorry Gale," Dana apologized. "But when I saw you in that dress at Pamela's and remembered that you were always in one pretty outfit or another every time I saw you, I naturally assumed that you wore dresses by choice. I had never heard of boys being forced to wear girl's clothes, so what else was I to think? How could I have known differently? If I had any idea how horrible it is to be forced to dress this way, I swear, I wouldn't have teased you! You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Of course, I'll forgive you," I answered. "You're in the same boat and can't betray me now. My only concern was that you would tell everyone. . .all my friends. . .about me wearing dresses and make me an object of ridicule."

"Yeah, I probably would have too, but imagine me telling anyone about you while I'm dressed like this!" he decried, spreading his skirt in his finger tips for emphasis. "Everyone who sees me will know I'm a boy in girl's clothes, but no one would ever guess you're not a girl. You look and act so. . .so feminine! How do you do it?"

"Like I said, I've had months and months of practice! I haven't worn anything even slightly masculine since early August! I've begged and pleaded with Aunt Helen to let me return to pants, but she refuses to even discuss it and punishes me for bringing up the subject!"

Tracy asked a question that was obviously heavy on his mind. "Gale, is there anything I can do to make life easier until Mommy returns my pants?"

"Yes, but it won't be easy," I admitted. "If you pretend to like your feminine clothes, and happily do everything asked of you, no matter how feminine or disgusting it is, I'm sure your time in dresses will be shortened. Anyway, it worked for Carol. He did all kinds of feminine things like asking for miniskirts and the latest fashions. As a result, his mother was extremely pleased with his change of attitude and allowed him to return to pants after only three months."

"Carol?" Tracy asked. "Are there other boys besides us who have to wear dresses?"

"Oh yes, Carol Johnson," I confessed. "You know him."

"Carol Johnson, your wide receiver, has to wear dresses too?" Tracy asked with astonishment. "I thought he was away playing college football on scholarship!"

"He was, but he quit school and football," I admitted sheepishly, feeling a bit like a traitor for revealing Carol's secret. But then, I figured it wouldn't matter because Tracy was sure to see him in the dresses he now wore by choice. "When he got home just before Halloween, his mother put him in dresses. Like you, he hated it at first, but he developed the attitude that if he had to be a girl, he might as well have some fun! That's what he did, and in late January, his mother decided he had learned his lesson and gave him his pants back. My advice is the same to you. Make everyone think you love dressing as a girl, and you'll hasten your return to pants."

"But, you heard Mommy and Mrs. Howell," Tracy protested. "They said we could have our pants back at the end of summer when we'll return to school. I just hope I can hold out that long!"

I had learned to listen to Aunt Helen's exact words when the duration of my feminine life was concerned, and despite Tracy's zeal, his mother hadn't said he could have his pants back at summer's end. In actuality, she said he would wear dresses at least until the end of summer when she hoped to have found a suitable school for him. Having been in the same circumstance for many months myself, I could understand Tracy's enthusiasm to rid himself of skirts to the point that he would read meaning into statements that weren't said or meant. Not wanting to dash his hopes, and because I might be wrong, I merely restated my advice. "No matter the duration, your stay in dresses will be easier and you'll receive fewer punishments if you are obedient and pretend to like your clothes."

Believe me, I've tried everything, and that's the only thing that works."

"Do you ever get used to the silky clothes?" Tracy inquired.

"Yes," I replied. "After so many months of wearing nothing but girl's clothes, I've gotten used to them, and truthfully, I've even come to like some of them. "I swore I wouldn't, but they're so soft and smooth. I just couldn't help myself!"

A far away look came into Tracy's eyes as he sighed, "Yeah, I can believe that!"

"Thanks for the advice, Gale!" Dana uttered. "I know it will be hard, but I'll try to do everything Mommy and Hilda say and make them think I like wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl. At this point, I'll do anything to get my pants back!"

"Me too, but it won't be easy having to be my little sister's little sister," Tracy acknowledged with a shiver. "I hate doing everything Shannon says, and having her spank me if I don't! I thought I could beat them. . .get them to give up on this girl stuff if I was tough enough, held firm enough, but if they got you Gale. . .made you look and act so feminine, I don't have a chance. You were always stronger than me, so I may as well give in and obey them too."

To my surprise, these boys my own age were accepting me as their mentor. . .someone wiser and more experienced to advise them! Suddenly, I knew why I was dressed and made up to appear older than my years. Aunt Helen had known about Tracy and Dana before we arrived! She had to have known they would be wearing juvenile clothes, and she wanted me to talk with them and sell them on the notion that total surrender to femininity was their best option. . .their only option.

"I have to hand it to Aunt Helen because her plan is definitely working to perfection!" I thought as my heels clicked on the stone walkway and my tight skirt restricted my stride. "I'm certain any observer would mistake us for a young woman and two girls in their early teens. Instead, we're three boys in our late teens who have fallen victim to a diabolical scheme and found ourselves in a very clever and demeaning disguise. . .with no avenue of escape." Changing the subject, I curiously asked, "By the way, why do you both refer to your mothers as 'Mommy'?"

"That was Shannon's idea!" Tracy commiserated. "She said calling it would make me feel much younger. . .like a little girl."

"Then, that's where it came from!" Dana exclaimed. "Hilda did the same thing with me!"

"Did you darlings have a pleasant walk?" Mrs. Howell asked when we returned to the house.

"Oh yes Mommy!" Dana gushed, displaying the new compliant attitude he had resolved to adopt in hope of reducing the length of his girlish existence. "Gale gave me some advice to help me adjust to my life in skirts. . .as he has."

"Thank you, Gale," Mrs. Howell gushed. "You're very sweet and forgiving to try and help Dana after he was so rude to you yesterday. Only a true lady could be so gracious!"

"I'm happy to do whatever I can, Mrs. Howell," I replied sweetly while blushing as red as my blouse at her reference to my being a lady! "I know what they're going through, and I'm happy to do whatever I can to help relieve their tension and anxiety." My main hope; however, was that my cooperation had won favor with Aunt Helen and would hasten the day of my return to pants.

Pamela went into the hospital for his surgery on schedule, and after a few days, she returned home to rest and recuperate. To commemorate the occasion, Carol called and suggested, "Why don't we meet at the club for lunch, go shopping for a nice get well gift for Pamela, buy a beautiful array of flowers, and go over to cheer her up?"

I had always thought of Pamela as a boy, and now, referring to him ..er .. her with feminine pronouns was really strange. No matter, I guess, he was now a girl by his or her own wish, and I was dying to hear her story. "Hold on a minute, and let me ask Aunt Helen," I replied.

"Of course you may go see your friend darling," Aunt Helen replied excitedly. "Buy her lots of flowers and a really nice present, and don't concern yourself about the cost. You have your own accounts, and you are free to use them as you please!"

"She says I can go, but I'll have to get ready Carol," I announced into up the phone.

"Great! Pick you up in an hour!"

"You know how Carol always wears those ridiculously short skirts, so if you don't want to be out of trend, you

had better keep that in mind," Aunt Helen advised as I hung up the phone. "Not too short and revealing for a lady though!"

The length of Carol's skirts had been the subject of many conversations with Aunt Helen, and for my own modesty's sake, I was glad she didn't approve of them. "I don't own anything that short!" I exclaimed as I hurried away to bathe and dress.

"Catty, catty!" I heard her cry out with amusement from behind me.

For the occasion, I chose a bright yellow mid-thigh length pleated skirt and a white silk blouse with long billowing sleeves that was translucent enough to clearly show my lacy bra and slip. Knowing the ever flamboyant Carol loved wearing short trendy skirts that complimented his trim legs, I wore ultra sheer nylons and four inch pumps to draw attention to my own.

I was extra careful with my makeup, painting my lips very full using several coats of dark lipstick that matched my already red nails. I even pinned a matching band into my dark hair to hold it in place in the stiff winds. My jewelry consisted of gold hoop earrings, matching necklace, and a couple of wrist bangles.

"I don't think Carol will show me up too much in this little number even if his skirt is shorter!" I mused as I viewed my reflection. Then, all of a sudden, I turned red with embarrassment! "I know I look good as a girl, but imagine me, trying to look more feminine than another boy who will be similarly dressed!" I thought with alarm. "Oh, I've fallen so far from my once secure masculine perch! How much farther will I fall before I can be a boy again???" The question plagued me incessantly!

"You're very lovely, sweetheart!" Aunt Helen gushed as she looked me over. "The simplicity of that blouse and skirt combine to give you a simple, yet elegant appearance. No matter how smart Carol looks in the stylish dress he's sure to be wearing, I'm sure you'll be every bit as stunning!"

"Thank you Aunt Helen," I answered politely as conflicting emotions flooded my mind. I was truly pleased with her compliment of my feminine appearance, but my desire to return to pants was still of utmost importance to me!

However, when Carol arrived, I was stunned! Instead of his usual short dress or miniskirt, he was wearing a

very elegant lavender silk dress with a flowing below the knee length skirt! His makeup was almost nonexistent, his pierced ears sported fashionable diamond studs in place of his usual long dangling pendants, and instead of his normal four inch spikes, he wore what appeared to be comfortable two inch pumps.

"Why are you dressed that way, Carol?" I gasped when I finally regained my breath.

"Because you always dress like a prude, and I didn't want to embarrass you by wearing a leather mini or the like!" he laughed.

"I..I'll change!" I cried, turning to make my exit.

"Oh no!" Aunt Helen exclaimed, sealing my fate. "There's no need to change. You look fine. . .just fine!"

"At least let me change my shoes," I countered.

"Why change a thing?" she asked, her question being more of a statement. "You're perfect as you are."

Carol and I rode to the club in his pink convertible his mother bought him when he committed to become her daughter full time, but the weather was still too cold to put the top down. "Oh Gale, I'm so excited about Pamela, and just think, my breasts are beginning to grow like hers!" he exclaimed.

"Do you plan to have an operation like Pamela?" I asked. I was full of curiosity about this subject that was totally abhorrent for me personally.

"I don't know yet," he answered earnestly. "Before making that decision, I'd like to wait and see how much I like having breasts and so forth. Anyway, there's plenty of time yet."

With that, we arrived at the club. As we made our way toward the dining room, I could feel the eyes of both men and women on us. With my experience posing as a girl for so long, I wasn't worried about being recognized. The reason for my apprehension was because I was wearing an overtly alluring ensemble, as opposed to Carol's more serene clothing, and I didn't look forward to the attention my appearance was certain to attract.

Proving my qualms correct, no sooner were we seated when a handsome young man only a few years older than ourselves came over to our table. As he neared, I sensed a strange feeling inside and wondered if real girls felt this way when they were approached by handsome men.

"Hello Carol," he proclaimed in a pleasant voice. "So nice to see you."

"Hello Arnold," Carol returned with a sly smile.

"Who's your beautiful friend? I don't believe I've met her."

"Arnold, this is Gale, a lifelong friend, and Gale, this is Arnold. I met him here at the club, and I play tennis with him from time to time."

"Nice to meet you Arnold," I said offering my hand with a limp wrist as I had been taught to do as a female.

"The pleasure is all mine!" Arnold exclaimed. He took the back of my hand to his lips while perceptibly eying my exposed thighs and added, "Say, do you play tennis?"

"I..I used to, but I haven't played for quite some time," I answered hesitantly, not sure what he was implying.

"There's no better time to get back into it than the present!" Arnold declared with excitement in his eyes while he continued to eye my nylon covered thighs through the glass table top. "Come by the club sometime, and we can play a set or two. I'll be glad to teach you anything you've forgotten."

"A set or two and teach her what?" Carol asked with feigned suspicion but making it clear he knew Arnold's intentions.

"Oh, you know. . .tennis!" Arnold laughed in teasing response. "What else would I mean?"

"If you act so bold in my presence, Arnold darling, how must you behave when I'm not around?" Carol needed.

"Don't worry Carol doll!" Arnold said, continuing his flirting banter. "You know I'm just teasing and that you're the only one for me!"

"See that it stays that way!" Carol joked in return.

"I would like nothing better than to stay and continue this stimulating conversation, but unfortunately, I'm meeting a client for lunch," Arnold stated. As he prepared to leave, he added, "So nice to have met you Gale, and I'm serious about that tennis match."

As Arnold walked away in his business suit with its coat and tie while I sat in my skirt, blouse, heels, and makeup, I knew I wasn't like him. He was so strong, confident, aggressive, and masculine! Had I ever been like him? Surely I had! As a football player, I had been one of the most popular boys in school, and I was never at a loss for a date. Would I. . .could I ever be that way again? Oh, so much had happened since Aunt Helen had forced me to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl!

"Don't worry, he's like that with all the pretty girls, and usually, they're all over him," Carol tittered, sensing

my distress and trying to put me at ease. "He's considered the best catch around by all the girls, and they're usually hanging all over him! He's an associate in a very prestigious law firm, and the word is that he's on the fast track to becoming a partner. With that kind of future on top of being a total hunk, I'm sure you can understand why!"

"I..I guess so," I stammered while wondering if Carol really felt that way about this handsome man, or if he was just stretching his feminine wings. . .finding out how it felt to say such things that he had obviously heard from other girls. Oh, there I went again! Other girls? Why did I keep thinking of us as girls???

"He doesn't know it yet, but he's taking me to the Spring Fling dance here at the club," Carol stated in a matter of fact tone, interrupting my thoughts.

"But Carol," I asked with astonishment. "Why would you want to go to a formal dance with a . . .a man?"

"To calm down my hormones, Gale sweetheart, my *wonderful* feminine hormones!"

## THE END OF BOOK THREE



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# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

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

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

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

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

### **MODEL HUSBAND #3**

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

### **SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4**

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

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

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

### **CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

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

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

### **MAID UP #14**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **NEAR MISS #18**

In a small town, everyone knows

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

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

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

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

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

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

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

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

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

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

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

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

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

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

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

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

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

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

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

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

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

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

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

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

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

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

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

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

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

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

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

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

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

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

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

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

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

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

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

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

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

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

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

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

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

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

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

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

**GIRLIES #16**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

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

**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

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

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

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

**REDTOES #21**

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

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

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

**CLEAVAGE #31**

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

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

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

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

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

**FEMININE DESIRES #44**

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

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

**SON TO SISTER #48**

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

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

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

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

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

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

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

**BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

**HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

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

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

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

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

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

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

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

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

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

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

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

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

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

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

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **PRETTY FOREVER #73**

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

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

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

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

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

### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

## **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

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

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

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

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

### **TV VACATION #3**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

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

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

### **MANNEQUIN #15**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

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

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

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

This series has been the most expensive

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

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

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

## **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED**

### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

#### **#1 NORM:**

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

#### **#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

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

#### **#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

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

### **BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

### **HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

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

### **SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

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

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

### **BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

### **THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

### **BOUND TO BE A MAID**

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

### **NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

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

### **THE SARAH SCHOOL**

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

### **CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

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

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

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

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

##### **PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

## **POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

### **“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE**

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

### **FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1 LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2 BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

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

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

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

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

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

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

### **I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)**

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

### **I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

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

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

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

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

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

now a Princess!

### **I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

### **I BECAME MY TEACHER**

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

## **THE SISSY SERIES**

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

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

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A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she’s seeing everywhere. You’ll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman’s household.

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### **THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

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