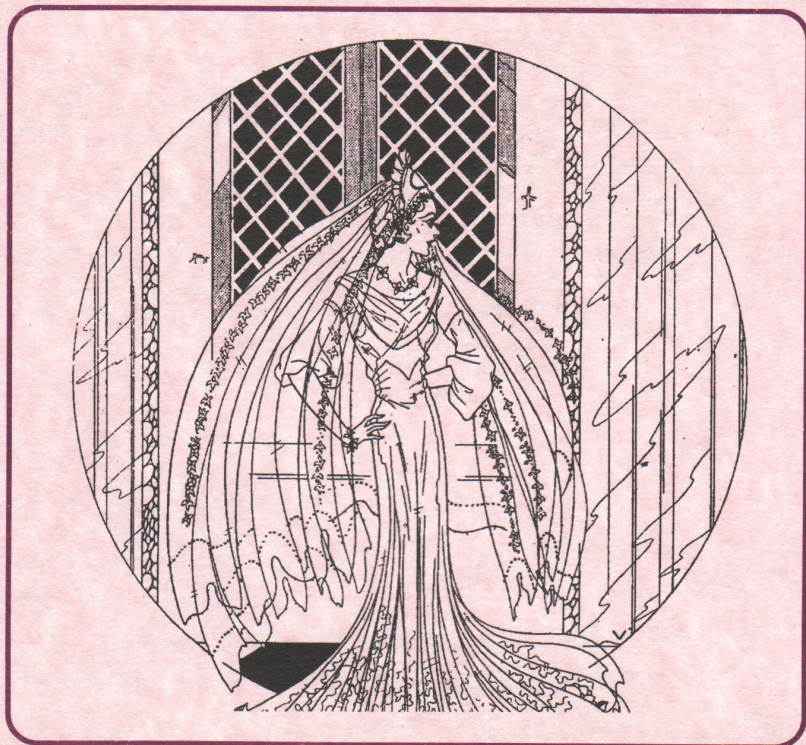


TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

PUNISHED IN PINK

VOLUME FOUR



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

TV FICTION SERIALS

MAGAZINE

"PUNISHED IN PINK"

BOOK FOUR

by Alice Trail

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**Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309**

"PUNISHED IN PINK"

BOOK FOUR

Gale is being forced to dress like a girl until he learns to respect and obey his aunt.

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

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

Carol and I ate our lunch and looked out the window at the tennis courts and viewed the couples playing merrily. I noticed that most of the girls and women wore short tennis skirts in white or bright colors while only a few wore shorts. To pass the time, we discussed a variety of feminine topics like clothes, skirt lengths, makeup, and hair styles but nothing we wouldn't want overheard. Looking around, I saw how much more the men ate and how much louder they talked. Why did I think of them as men? What were WE, Carol and I? Despite the way we were dressed, we were men. . . males. . . weren't we? Oh, the mental anguish was overwhelming!

Arnold and his client were completely oblivious to everyone and everything around them as they discussed legal tactics, tax strategies, politics, and sports. From what I could overhear, their conversation was very interesting except for the fact that I didn't understand a thing they were talking about. . . even the sports! Less than a year away from masculinity, and I didn't know many of the players they mentioned or who was involved in the championship races! "Is this how girls and women feel during masculine conversations?" I thought. "Am I becoming a girl despite the masculine appendages in my panties?" I was learning that even after all these months, I was still very uncomfortable around men and boys, even if they didn't know I was a male beneath my feminine finery!

To my relief, I wasn't known at the fashionable boutique where Carol and I went shopping for Pamela's gifts, but I did have an account there. While we were looking

around, I told Carol about Tracy and Dana being put into skirts until the end of summer, and to say the least, his response astounded me.

"Wearing pretty dresses and soft lingerie for a while may be just what they need to straighten them out." Carol stated flatly. "Look at me. There's no telling where I would have ended up if Mother hadn't put me in skirts because of my drinking and the rough crowd I was running with when she took me in hand. I didn't agree in the beginning, but I now believe it was the best thing for me in the long run! As you know, I now love my soft feminine clothes, and I'm looking forward to the development of my body. Maybe Tracy and Dana will see the error of their ways and become better persons from the experience as well."

"I don't agree!" I declared. "Not in the least! I don't like wearing dresses, and I never will! Maybe because of our behavior, we deserved to be punished, but boys aren't supposed to wear girl's clothes! I just wish Aunt Helen and those other women would find a more conventional way to punish us and let us have our pants back!"

"Oh poo, Gale!" Carol argued, scoffing at my statements. "If you were allowed to wear pants, you'd be begging for your pretty dresses and soft undies within a week. . .like I did!"

"No way!" I countered while holding up an elaborate full length pink nightgown and negligee. "Do you think Pamela would like this? He. . .ah she has I was thinking Pamela has to lie around a lot for a while. Do you think he. . .ah. . .she would like this? They have the matching slippers as well."

"Oh, that's perfectly darling, Gale! I'm sure she'll dearly love it and wear it often as she convalesces in the coming weeks!" Carol gushed with a sincere smile.

Because of a beautiful nightgown and negligee that neither of us would have dared touch in a ladies boutique a year earlier, our previous quarrel was totally forgotten in seconds. Such a drastic change from when we lived and dressed as boys! Back then, all arguments involved harsh words, hard feelings, and many ended in fisticuffs. With everything that was happening, I could not even pretend that my style of dress was the only thing about me that had changed since Aunt Helen took away my masculine pants and forced me into a life of frilly femininity!

When we carried our gifts to the counter, the girl said, "I'm sorry to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help overhearing

that you're purchasing gifts for a sick friend. We offer free wrapping for purchases over a certain amount, and since yours easily qualify, I just wondered if you would like to take advantage of our special?"

Carol and I stared blankly at each other with both of us thinking, "Gift wrapping?" As boys, we would think nothing of giving a friend an unwrapped gift, but we both instantly realized that no girl would dare do such a thing! "Of..of course, if it's free!" Carol managed to utter. "Th..that's a great idea, and it will save us from having to wrap them ourselves."

Needless to say, neither of us knew a thing about the feminine art of gift wrapping, and despite the way we were dressed, we knew we still had a lot to learn as girls!

Although Pamela was still in much discomfort from her operation, she appeared happy with our visit. After greeting us with affectionate kisses, she said, "You two look great, and it's so good to see you! And Gale, you look so radiant, so stylish! For once, you're dressed more flamboyantly than Carol. What's come over you?"

We shared a gay laugh as I answered, "Just a misunderstanding really. I was dressing up for Carol, he was dressing down for me, and this is what happened!"

"That's right," Carol agreed as we laughed some more. "I guess we're learning that when girls don't coordinate their ensembles, anything can happen!"

"Enough about us!" I exclaimed. "Tell us about you! We want to hear every detail."

"That's right!" agreed Carol. "We know you've undergone a very traumatic experience, and as your friends, we want to hear all about it. Tell us how you feel." Then the ultimate question, "Would you do it again?"

"It was quite an ordeal, and I'm glad it's finally over," Pamela stated. "As for whether I would do it again, I can only say that given my life so far, I guess it was inevitable that I become a female. I feel okay for the most part, but I have to lie around a lot because I'm still terribly weak from the loss of blood. In addition to the surgery, I've just completed my first menstrual cycle, you know."

"And, I've just completed my first simulated cycle!" Carol exclaimed with a teasing smile. "From now on, I have to wear sanitary pads in my panties for a few days each month. Maybe we'll have our periods at the same time from now on."

"On that subject, will you go under the knife like I did?" Pamela inquired.

"I haven't decided yet, but I don't think so," Carol stammered as he looked down and nervously fussed with his skirt. He was obviously caught off guard by Pamela's question and didn't want to admit his true feelings.

"Not even if you could land Arnold by doing so?" Pamela prodded with a giggle.

"Well, maybe!" Carol jokingly admitted. "He's quite a hunk, you know!"

About that time, Pamela's maids began bringing in the flowers and gifts Carol and I had purchased, taking Carol off the hook. When Pamela saw these presents, tears of happiness began flowing down her soft cheeks. "Oh, it's so wonderful to have such loyal and thoughtful friends," she cried. "I'll miss you both terribly when I return home!"

Pamela slowly opened my gift to avoid tearing the paper or damaging the ribbon, and when she saw what it was, she squealed, "Oh Gale, it's so lovely! I'll wear it often, even after I return home, and think of you every time!" With that, she hugged me tightly and gave me a juicy kiss on the lips.

"By the way, when are you returning to England," I asked.

"The doctor says I'll probably be over most of my soreness and feel well enough to travel after my next cycle, so I guess we'll be leaving in about a month."

When I returned home, I told Aunt Helen about Pamela's progress. I also informed her about meeting Arnold and his invitation to play tennis and that I wanted to very much. What I didn't tell her was that my reason for wanting to play was to begin to tone my body and be ready for the day I was allowed to return to trousers.

"Certainly you can play tennis with Arnold and the other nice boys at the club darling. . .and some of the girls too, if you wish!" she gushed. "Of course, we'll have to buy you some nice tennis outfits first."

The feminine tennis shorts I observed on the girls could never be considered masculine, but after many months of wearing nothing but dresses and skirts, the prospect of wearing pants, any pants, was overwhelming! I was fully aware of Aunt Helen's displeasure whenever I had asked for pants in the past, but being unable to let such an opportunity pass, I nervously adjusted my skirt about my nylon covered thighs and, with great trepidation, asked, "I..I noticed many of the girls wearing shorts

to play tennis, and I was wondering if. . .if instead of. . .of skirts. . .I..I could. . .uh. . .you know. . .wear. . .uh. . .”

“Wear ugly shorts instead of pretty skirts to play tennis?” Aunt Helen rebuked. “Don’t be absurd! Why, I’m appalled that you would suggest such a thing after all these months! Now Gale, we’ve been through this many times, and I thought this issue had been put to rest long ago! That you’ll wear skirts goes without saying. . .whether you’re playing tennis or not!”

“But Aunt Helen, I would be terribly embarrassed to play tennis in front of Arnold and the other boys in those short skirts! After all, despite the way you make me dress, I’m a boy myself, and I’d rather die than have anyone find out! Please, oh please, let me wear shorts for tennis!” I begged.

“Not on your life! You’ll wear skirts to play tennis just as you wear them in your everyday life, and that’s final!” she declared. Then, softening her attitude somewhat, she continued, “You know, I saw some lovely tennis dresses and skirts in a window just the other day, and come to think of it, I’m sure you would look very charming in them. You know full well that skirts are prettier and more stylish than those ridiculous shorts, and now that you’re taking up tennis, you’ll be wearing them on the courts! Isn’t it exciting?”

“Yes, Aunt Helen,” I mumbled while looking down in defeat. “I’m sure you’re right.”

“Of course I’m right!” she exclaimed. “Why, you can visit some of the shops tomorrow and purchase several nice tennis outfits. Perhaps, you could get Carol to go with you. I understand he has several fashionable tennis dresses and skirts of his own, so he’ll know just what you need and where it can be found. Of course, I would love to accompany you myself, but unfortunately, I’ll be working on the many details concerning my wedding. Oh, there’s so much to do and so little time!”

“Yes Aunt Helen, I understand,” I sighed.

“Oh yes, speaking of my wedding, you didn’t know that Tracy and Dana are to be my flower girls!” she declared excitedly, changing the subject. “Come and look at the pictures of the pretty dress I’m thinking of having them wear!”

“More boys participating in her wedding as girls!” I thought as she handed me a group of photos. “Where will it all end, and why doesn’t Lauren put his foot down over this?”

The photographs showed girls who appeared to be about twelve or thirteen wearing very feminine high waisted, short sleeved, mid calf length dresses in pink with elaborate lace embossed at the flat bodice, the sleeves, and at the hem. As I looked at these dresses from different angles and in the models' different poses, Aunt Helen asked, "You don't think this dress is too old for them do you, sweetheart?"

"Oh no Aunt Helen!" I declared. "Dana is my age, and Tracy is only two years younger. That dress is certainly lovely, but if anything, it's too young for them."

"Don't be impertinent Gale!" she admonished. "You know that as part of their punishment, they're to re-live their early teen years as girls because they wasted those years as boys! Now, with that in mind, do you think this dress is too old for them?"

"Oh no, Aunt Helen. I think that dress is just perfect for adolescents like Tracy and Dana," I answered in a desperate effort to avoid additional wrath. As had become habit since my incarceration in dresses, I swallowed my pride and tried to imagine the delinquent Dana and the athletic Tracy mincing down the aisle in those juvenile dresses before a large assembly of onlookers who knew they were boys.

"Oh, I'm pleased that you love their dress as much as I do darling," Aunt Helen gushed in victory. "Now, why don't you call Carol and ask him to go shopping for tennis dresses and skirts tomorrow."

I recognized her statement as an order instead of the suggestion it seemed to be and picked up the telephone.

"Oh, I would love to go shopping for tennis dresses with you!" Carol bubbled upon hearing my request. "I know just the place to get everything you need, but I won't go unless you agree to wear something stylish. I absolutely refuse to dress like a prude two days in succession! I'll only go if I can wear something short, tight, and revealing, and you to do likewise!"

"Wh..whatever you say Carol," I hesitantly agreed while dreading to go out in public dressed in such a manner. "I'll wear whatever you say."

"Great!" he exclaimed. "When I get through with you, you'll be the hottest thing at the club. . .except for me, that is!"

In accordance with Carol's insistence that I wear something risqué for our shopping trip, I wore a tight pink

front buttoning mid thigh length dress that I seldom wore because it was so revealing. Because this dress was sure to ride up and expose several inches of thigh that I wasn't accustomed to baring, with it, I wore bikini panties, thigh high sheer to the waist nylons, and my usual four inch pumps. For jewelry I wore large hoop earrings, a triple strand gold necklace, and a single matching bracelet on my left wrist.

Upon seeing my less than modest costume, Aunt Helen raised a brow but didn't verbally disapprove as I feared she might. However, she did warn, "Remaining modest and ladylike in that brief skirt will require constant vigilance darling. Just be careful not to embarrass yourself in public."

"Yes Aunt Helen," I answered. "I'll try very hard to remain discreet."

"I'm sure you'll behave properly as you have been taught sweetheart," she proclaimed.

"How many tennis skirts should I buy, and how much should I spend?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll leave that up to you and Carol," she responded cheerfully. "Purchase whatever you need to be fashionable and stylish on the tennis courts. I'm sure you'll need several combinations you can mix and match because young ladies don't to be seen in the same thing too often. Anyway, you know I've never pinched pennies where your clothes and beauty are concerned."

By her answer and her tone, I knew I was to purchase numerous stylish tennis skirts, that cost was no object, and that I should at least appear grateful. "Thank you, Aunt Helen," I replied in an appreciative voice. With Carol's help, I'm sure we can find some lovely outfits."

"I'm sure you can, darling," she acknowledged with a smile as she turned to the intercom and said, "James, Miss Gale is ready to leave on his shopping trip. Bring the bring the car around, and remember! You are to drive him wherever he wishes, and don't forget to help with his parcels. Young ladies like him aren't cut out for heavy lifting, you know."

As always when she mixed gender pronouns, I winced at her words.

"Yes, Miss Robbins," came the polite reply as if nothing were unusual in referring to a boy as "him", and "young lady" in the same breath. "I'll take very good care of him."

"A beautiful day for shopping Miss Gale. Where would you like to go?" James asked as he helped me into the limo with no mockery or other inference that I was dressed in an unusual manner. Neither did he look to see if something that a boy shouldn't be wearing would show from beneath my short skirt.

"We have to pick up Carol Johnson first," I replied. "After we discuss our plans, we'll let you know our itinerary."

"Very good Miss."

Not surprisingly for him, Carol was wearing a tight white minidress with a low cut bodice that somehow made it appear that his breasts were larger than their actual size. His skirt was several inches shorter than my own, and as we sat side by side in the limousine he said, "Gale, you look a bit less prudish than I imagined you might, but you should loosen the last two buttons on your skirt to look just right."

"You're as bad as Aunt Helen and those women who want to make us look and act like girls!" I accused.

"No, I'm not!" he giggled. "I just want you to look good and have fun when we're out together. Come on, do it! Loosen the buttons. . .or do you want me to do it for you?" he asked, reaching for the hem of my skirt.

"How about if I loosen just one?" I asked, blocking his hand.

"That's a start!" he laughed and tossed his golden blonde tresses back with a turn of his head. His former crew cut had now grown out sufficiently to be styled into a neat pageboy, and he no longer wore his wig.

"Marjorie, this is Gale Robbins," Carol introduced me in the upscale boutique that specialized in exercise and sports apparel for girls and women. "She's taking up tennis and needs the works!"

"Met some nice gentleman who's into the sport, and you want to look seductive for him, do you Miss Robbins?" Marjorie accused teasingly. "Well, if you're a friend of Miss Johnson here and no more of an athlete than she is, I have just the short sexy styles to catch any young man's eye! Just let me check your size."

I was always apprehensive when alluded to in the feminine gender, but given the way I was dressed, I knew better than to raise the issue. Anyway, I was more piqued by her observation that Carol and I weren't athletic.

Why, we had both been offered college scholarships in football! Still, in her favor, those two masculine athletes were now wearing sexy dresses and shopping for fashionable feminine tennis outfits! What a reversal!!!

Seeing my anguish, Carol put his hand on my arm, and when Marjorie stepped away to get her tape measure, he whispered, "Don't worry! That's the image we have to project if we're to remain undetected. If we show off our skills or abilities, we would be recognized as boys and exposed in a flash."

Realizing Carol was right, I gave him an apprehensive smile and uttered, "Thanks for the warning."

I never knew there were so many different kinds of tennis dresses and skirts nor that there was so much to learn about them! Some were pleated while others were gathered, straight, or A-line in design, and all were short in fact! Some would flip up to reveal my panties when I imitated a serve, while others would flip up a little or hardly at all. All of them would ride if I bent from the waist or sat improperly. At Carol's direction, I spent over three hours trying on, modeling, and taking off outfit after outfit! As I did so, he expertly explained that if I looked good on the court, everything else would take care of itself.

If I thought buying tennis dresses and skirts was all we came for, was I ever wrong! In the end, I wound up with three white skirts, two each in red, yellow, navy, and lavender, and even one in black! All were in varying styles, cuts and weaves, and I had matching panties, knit shirts, head and wrist bands, shoes, and because it should match my outfit, several equipment bags. Last, but not least, I even bought a designer tennis racquet, and to my surprise Carol even threw in several balls as if they were secondary to everything else!

"Whew," whistled Carol as I signed a very hefty charge slip. "We shopped right through lunch, and I'm starving! Let's go by the club for a sandwich before returning home."

"I..I don't know Carol," I stammered. I remembered the embarrassment I endured meeting Arnold the last time I let him drag me there.

"Oh, come on!" he exclaimed in a slightly irritated voice. "You need a break! All you'll do when you get home is model these things all over again for your aunt!"

"Carol is right! I deserve to have some fun!" I thought before agreeing, "Okay Carol! You're right. We need a break after all that intense shopping. Let's go!"

"W..will we..we meet b..boys?" I stammered.

"After all the trouble I gone through to look this ravishing, I should hope!" Carol declared.

"Are we going to..to play tennis, I asked uneasily, the thought of playing tennis with boys in the short skirts I had just purchased suddenly becoming very distressing.

"Oh no!" Carol declared. "You're not ready for that! We need to play a few games on our private courts, so I can to give you a few pointers first."

"Give me pointers???" I implored almost in anger. "Don't you remember the close matches we used to play? I don't need pointers from you!"

"That was then silly," Carol answered calmly. "There are some things you need to know to play as a girl, and I can teach you. Anyway, girls play a different game, and to survive, you must learn the rules."

At the club, like Carol promised, we met several young men who were quite taken with us. We even had several invitations to play tennis, but Carol fended them off by coyly saying, "We would love to play with you, but we have hot dates tonight, and we have to go home and get ready. Making ourselves beautiful and seductive takes time, you know."

"Why waste time," a guy named Roger whispered into my ear. "You already look beautiful and seductive."

"I'm. . .I'm sorry," I stammered, trying to think of a viable excuse. "I'm. . .I'm. . .,"

"Seeing someone!" he injected to my relief. "I should have known that a beautiful chick like you would be seeing someone. What's the lucky stiff's name?"

"J..Jo," I answered, thankful for Jo's ambiguous name. Not daring to mention Jo's real gender, I added, "Jo Parker."

"And where is this Joe Parker?" Roger asked teasingly. "Why isn't he here protecting the love of his life from wolves like me?"

"Away at college finishing the last semester before graduation," I answered without revealing that Jo was a female.

"Well!" Roger exclaimed. "Haven't you heard? When the cat's away, the mice will play!"

"If I were your girl, would you want me falling all over some guy's line that easily?" I asked, beginning to feel a lot more confident.

"No, I guess you got me there," he answered, losing some of his exuberance. So, tell this Joe Parker that he's a lucky man to have such a beautiful and loyal fiance,"

"Thank you," I replied with a slight blush.

"And promise, when you find out about his girlfriend at college, you'll look me up."

"Okay," I laughed. "I promise."

As Roger and I talked, I realized that, although we were both males, we were very different from each other. But then, he had never had the misfortune to be forced to wear skirts and pretend to be a girl!

"You were having quite an enjoyable time with Roger, weren't you?" Carol asked on our way home.

"He's nice enough, I guess," I admitted. "But if he ever found out about me, I would die. I know I would!"

"If you do as I tell you and try to have fun like you did just now, you won't have to worry about that," Carol advised. "Tell you what. Put on one of your new outfits and come over to my house about ten tomorrow morning. At time of day, we'll have the court to ourselves, and I'll start teaching you how a girl plays tennis. I'll even give you an advance tip. Remember this! To a girl, what she wears and how she looks is much more important than how she plays!"

With the knowledge that Aunt Helen would make me play tennis at the club sooner or later after spending all that money on my clothes and equipment, I agreed to meet Carol as he suggested.

Upon my return home, as expected, Aunt Helen insisted that I model everything I had purchased for her perusal. She even sent both Marie and Susie to unwrap my parcels and help me in and out of the many ensembles.

As I strutted out in one expensive tennis outfit after the other, Aunt Helen insisted that I lift my skirt to expose my elaborate panties. After seeing how many pretty outfits I had bought and how much money I had spent, I expected her to complain that I had gone way overboard and should take a lot of it back. Instead, she smiled brightly and glowed with pleasure at the sight of me in my short sexy skirts. "Oh Gale," she sighed, "I'm so pleased with your progress in becoming my pretty niece! I admit I was a bit apprehensive about your going shop-

ping without me, but you have done wonderfully. . .at least as good as I could have! Without a doubt, you have developed an exquisite taste where your lovely clothes are concerned, and you couldn't have done it unless you had come to love them despite your occasional objections to your feminine lifestyle."

"Thank you for allowing me to buy all these pretty things Aunt Helen," I answered with a blush at having bought clothes for myself at least as stylish and feminine as my determined aunt would have selected if she had been along. What a terrible accomplishment for a boy. . .to be able to select and wear sexy stylish tennis dresses!!! Yet, I dared not protest for fear of having my girlish life extended.

"Think nothing of it sweetheart, and if you think of anything you've forgotten or if you need additional supplies, don't hesitate to purchase them as well," she responded merrily. "You have your own charge accounts, you know!"

I couldn't believe it! Instead of getting upset at me for spending so much money, Aunt Helen was praising my extravagance and encouraging me to spend more if I wished! "Y..you mean if I get tired of wearing these things or if I see something else I want, I can buy more? You wouldn't be angry?"

"Of course not darling! Your beauty is paramount with me, and I won't allow it to be cheapened by a price tag!" she insisted.

When I came out in my next outfit, a flippy little yellow number that Carol insisted I buy. It was sure to bounce up and reveal my panties with my every movement on the tennis court, but to my immediate concern and my great shame, Lauren was there!

"Lauren is here to help me pare down the invitation list to our wedding dear," Aunt Helen informed me as I stared at him in total astonishment.

"Hello Gale," Lauren announced with a curious expression as he looked me over carefully. "You look very nice in that stylish tennis outfit. Are you thinking of taking up the game?"

"Y..yes," I hesitantly answered. Not only was I apprehensive about a man who knew I was a boy in spite of my feminine finery, I knew I would have to suffer the shame of modeling the remainder of my new ensembles before him! "Carol and I are planning some matches at the club."

“Good!” he stated. “I was telling Helen the other day that you. . .you needed to get out more with kids your own age.”

“Why doesn’t he say what he’s thinking?” I wondered. “Why doesn’t he tease me? He thinks I’m a sissy for wearing these clothes. I know he does! I can see it in his eyes!”

However, Lauren never raised any question about why I had so many new tennis clothes even when Aunt Helen said, “Gale went shopping on his own and bought all these pretty things for himself! Don’t you think he has good taste?”

“He certainly has,” is all Lauren would say.

I didn’t think I could endure having to strut before Lauren in my short tennis skirts, but the embarrassing ordeal finally ended, and somehow, I survived the humiliation.

The next morning, as I dressed for tennis at Carol’s, I remembered his advice that I should make every attempt to look good above all else. With that in mind, I decided to wear the pleated navy skirt, knit white top with navy piping on the sleeves and bodice, navy and white headband, and white wrist bands. “At least for tennis I get to wear flats instead of my usual stilt heels,” I thought as I tied the laces of my white sneakers. I knew that my perspiration from my strenuous activity and the warming temperatures would cause heavy makeup to run and streak, so I wore little makeup, moderate eyeliner and eyeshadow, and light red lipstick. To keep my dark tresses from flying all over, I brushed them back into a neat ponytail and tied it with a navy band. Upon viewing myself in my full length mirror at the completion of my dressing, I had to admit that I did look good. . .as a girl!

Aunt Helen praised my appearance saying how pleased she was to

have me as her beautiful niece and sent me on my way.

I thanked her for her kind words while thinking that I was much more gratified that Lauren was gone!

“You look great this morning Miss Gale!” James praised in a sincere tone as he helped me into the car and handed me my equipment bag. “Is that one of the pretty outfits you bought yesterday?”

“Thank you James, and yes, I did purchase it yesterday,” I replied while thinking, “Why does he have to help me in and out of the car? I never needed assistance when

I dressed as a boy. Why should I need assistance just because I'm wearing a skirt? Maybe I would need help if I was wearing heels, but I can get in and out of the car quite well in these sneakers!"

True to his word that a girl should look good to play tennis, Carol was drop dead gorgeous in a pristine white sleeveless tennis dress as he greeted me. In keeping with his proclamation, his makeup was applied so expertly that he didn't appear to be wearing any, and his bright red lipstick and golden blonde locks spelled G-I-R-L! A year previous, I never would have believed a boy could look so good, so believable, as a girl. Especially not me or a boy I played football with!

"Alright!" Carol exclaimed when we met. "I see you took me seriously on one point because you look great!"

"One point?" I asked.

"Yeah!" he laughed and flipped his short skirt in the air to expose his frilly panties. "The other point is that you should have fun. So! Let's get on with your tennis lessons, and before you know it, you'll be on the courts at the club having as much fun as any girl there."

From the beginning, I found the bouncing of my artificial breasts to be the greatest impediment to my hitting the ball as I had in the past. Although I had grown accustomed to my ever present falsie filled bra over the preceding months, I found this bouncing weight very distracting as well as restrictive where my swing was concerned!

"You'll get used to it like all the rest!" Carol laughed.

"Will the humiliations never end?" I wondered dejectedly as I attempted a powerful serve. "Playing tennis in a short skirt is embarrassing enough without having to concern myself with jiggling breasts!"

"No! No! No!" Carol shouted as the ball shot past him. "If you clobber the ball like that, you may as well hang a sign on your back that says 'I'm a boy'! If you want to prevent suspicions about you from even starting, you had better learn to swing more awkwardly and miss a lot of shots."

Finally understanding what Carol had been driving at all day, I began trying harder to follow his instructions. Still, at the end of the day, I was a long way from being ready to play tennis at the club under the scrutiny of spectators who enjoyed watching girls play in their short skirts.

“Just give it time,” Carol advised. “Until you can do it right, plan on coming back every day until you get it right. You learned to do everything else as a girl, didn’t you? Well, this is no different.”

A few days later as Aunt Helen and I were finishing breakfast in our customary nightgowns and negligees, she said, “Wear something nice today dearest, I’m meeting with Tracy and Dana to inform them of their role in my upcoming wedding and show them the photos of the lovely dress they’ll be wearing. You always seem to have such a calming effect on them, so I want you along in case they throw a beastly tantrum.”

“Yes Aunt Helen,” I answered meekly while thinking that I couldn’t blame them if they violently objected to wearing elaborate dresses to a public event like a wedding before people who knew they were boys. What could be more embarrassing?

In accordance with Aunt Helen’s instructions to wear something nice, I chose a nice above the knee length red and green plaid skirt and a white silk blouse. Along with moderate jewelry, modest makeup, dark mascara and eyeliner, red lipstick, and my customary four inch pumps, I appeared to be an attractive young woman despite the fact that I was a male!

When Aunt Helen and I walked into the Howell residence, I received another terrific shock. As I had expected, Dana and Tracy were looking much more like fourteen year old girls than when I had last seen them, and to enhance that image, they were wearing look alike bright yellow pleated miniskirts, white long sleeved nylon blouses, turn down socks, and white Mary Jane shoes. Their hair was tied into angel wings with matching yellow ribbons with the back neatly brushed down onto their necks. On top of that, they were playing with dolls on the floor with their skirts arranged neatly about them while Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Hendrix, and Shannon watched!

Leaving no doubt that they had been trained to do so, when they saw us, Tracy and Dana excitedly jumped up and hurried over to us. They quickly stood side by side before Aunt Helen and in unison, dipped into a deep well practiced curtsy saying, “Good morning Miss Robbins! So nice of you and Gale to visit.”

As they stood before us delivering this embarrassing feminine greeting, I had an opportunity to look them over



more closely. I knew their small trim waists were due to tight corseting, but there was more! Their faces were thinner, and Tracy's legs were smoother and less angular as substantial weight loss had caused his muscles to deteriorate.

"Good morning boys," Aunt Helen replied with a cunning smile. "My! Don't you look radiant in those pretty matching skirts and sissy blouses!"

They winced noticeably and blushed brightly at her reference to them as boys and sissies in the same breath while I stood by in my dress and heels looking on. Still, regardless of their great shame, they politely dipped into a deep curtsy, forced a respectful smile, and meekly replied, "Thank you Miss Robbins."

When Aunt Helen turned her attention to the others with a triumphant leer, Tracy and Dana greeted me with our customary kiss. When Tracy embraced me, he whispered in my ear, "Please don't tease me Gale! Shannon will punish us if we don't do all this yucky girl stuff!"

From fear of being overheard, I remained silent and thought, "How could I possibly tease a boy for wearing

girl's clothes given the way I'm dressed and after all the feminine things I've worn and done over the past months?"

"Enough chit chat boys!" Shannon announced with a voice of authority that I had never heard from her. "You've greeted your girlfriend sufficiently! Now, come over here and let's show these ladies what we've learned. Okay, what do we have here?" she asked, holding up a Barbie doll.

"That's a Playtime doll," Dana answered hesitantly.

"And, what would Playtime doll wear?"

Dana glanced at Shannon with apprehension before reluctantly admitting, "If..if the weather was warm, he..he might wear designer shorts, a colorful blouse, and sneakers. For undies, he would need only a bra and matching panties. His hair could be worn in a ponytail and tied with a ribbon that matched his blouse. Since he would be outside a lot, he would need only light makeup, pink lipstick, and very little if any jewelry."

"Very good, Dana!" Shannon praised to his obvious delight. "What else might Playtime Barbie wear Tracy?"

Tracy was obviously reluctant to reveal his knowledge of feminine clothes and what a fashion conscious girl might wear for different occasions. He looked nervously at me, then at Shannon, before answering. Apparently, he had gained a healthy respect for his younger sister since I had last seen him, and his fear of her was more powerful than his shame before me. After all, I was wearing a very feminine costume like himself.

"If..if the weather was warm like Dana said, a . . .and he wanted to look a bit dressier for a party or a date, he might choose a floral sundress," Tracy began hesitantly, "With a pretty dress like that, he would want to wear lacy panties, a garter belt, and a matching strapless bra or bustier. To show off his legs he would wear very sheer nylons and slippers with at least three inch heels. His hair would be worn with bangs low on his forehead, loose about his face, and flowing gently down onto his shoulders."

"Excellent!" Shannon commended. "Both of you are learning quickly and thoroughly. Now, sit on the floor and play with your dolls while the grownups talk."

While Dana and Tracy obediently sat on the floor and carefully arranged their skirts about them as instructed, I sat in awe at the scene I had just witnessed. I was totally astounded by how quickly these boys had been to describe

the feminine clothes Barbie would wear in different settings, how knowledgeable they were on the subject, and that they referred this Barbie in the masculine gender!

"Aren't our darlings sweet sitting there playing with their dollies?" Mrs. Hendrix purred.

"Sweet maybe, but certainly not very ladylike!" Shannon snapped. "The hem of Dana's slip is immodestly showing in complete deference to his lessons!"

At her words, I looked down to see Dana quickly cover a wisp of white lace with his skirt while Tracy anxiously checked for a like faux pas on his own part.

"Bring me the ruler and be quick about it!" Shannon demanded. "You know that kind of brazen display of your undies deserves an immediate reprimand!"

"I..I'm sorry Shannon," Dana apologized as he hurried to do her bidding. "I didn't mean for my. . .my slip to show! I. . .I was having so much fun playing with my Showgirl Barbie that I kind of forgot for a minute."

"That's well and good!" Shannon asserted as she accepted the ruler. "I'm very pleased that you enjoy playing with your dolls so much, but you see, a true lady never forgets to remain prim, proper, and modest. Maybe this will help you be mindful of that in the future. Now, assume the position!"

I was amazed by how quickly this former delinquent raised his skirt to his waist to expose his pale yellow nylon panties to this girl three years his junior. He had obviously done this before because he bent forward at her right side so she didn't even have to arise from her chair to apply the ruler to his protruding buttocks.

"Hands!" Shannon demanded after four stinging blows.

Silently, but with tears filling his eyes Dana quickly dropped his skirt and raised his hands before her.

Then, as a teacher might punish a disobedient girl, Shannon administered two painful swats to each palm and said, "Let this be a lesson to you!"

"Yes Shannon!" he promised with a breaking voice while curtsying demurely before her. "I'll remember to remain modest and discreet. I promise!"

"Very well," Shannon commanded the shaking Dana. "If you can do so modestly, go ahead, sit on the floor, and play quietly with the dolls you love so much."

"See!" Mrs. Howell exclaimed as her distraught son took his seat and very carefully, adjusted his skirt about his thighs, making sure no hint of lace was exposed. "Like

I told you! Since I gave Shannon authority over my Dana, and she started teaching him about feminine clothes and ladylike behavior along side Tracy, he's become much more obedient and cooperative! She's a natural born teacher and disciplinarian, I tell you."

"I have to agree that he's very much improved from the last time I saw him even if he did deserve a corrective spanking just now!" agreed Aunt Helen. "With boys like him who have only recently been put into skirts, rebellions and mistakes are to be expected from time to time. However, that's not why I'm here."

"How rude of us!" exclaimed Mrs. Hendrix. "You are our guest, and we have been concerned only with our own interests and completely ignored you. Please dear, forgive our discourtesy, and tell us the purpose of your visit."

"There is nothing to forgive," Aunt Helen stated. "When Gale was making dramatic progress in becoming a charming young lady, I'm afraid I was as at least as delirious with his every improvement. Believe me, I completely understand your enthusiasm."

Aunt Helen's discussion of me when I was learning to dress, act, and comport myself as a girl brought all eyes to bear on me, making me very self conscious. With the knowledge that everything she said was true, I writhed uncomfortably under the unwanted scrutiny. As I nervously adjusted my plaid skirt over my smooth nylon covered thighs, I could almost hear Tracy and Dana speculating if their destiny was to become as obediently feminine as myself. After all, like Tracy, I had been an athlete and a fierce competitor before I came under the iron rule of the petticoat.

"As you have previously agreed, Dana and Tracy are to be flower girls in my upcoming wedding, and I wanted to get your opinion on the dress I have selected for them to wear," Aunt Helen informed the group in deference to my discomfort. "I have some photos that show it from different angles and poses. . ."

"A flower girl?" Tracy shrieked, cutting Aunt Helen off, and jumping to his feet. In his anxiety, he momentarily forgot Shannon's mandate to remain quiet and play with his dolls. "I can't be a flower girl and wear a dress in her wedding! Most of the guests know me as a boy!"

"Tracy!!!!" Shannon screamed, jumping to her feet to face him. "How dare you so rudely interrupt our guest!!!"

Upon hearing the harsh words from his angry sister, Tracy's face clouded with mixed emotions. He realized

his social error in interrupting Aunt Helen, but he was still very much opposed to the idea of wearing a little girl's dress and performing the duties of a flower girl in a public wedding. Fear was also prominent on his features as he had developed a healthy respect for Shannon during his past weeks in skirts under her authority. Fidgeting with his skirt, he was still somehow able to offer a defense. In a much less certain voice than before, he muttered, "Shannon please! I..I can't wear a dress in front of all those people who have seen me play football as a boy. I would rather die!"

Paying no attention to his impassioned plea, Shannon roared, "That's no excuse for such disrespect to our guest, and I can't let it go unpunished! Apologize to Miss Robbins this instant and get over here with the hairbrush before I really get angry!"

Afraid to do otherwise, in spite of his aversion to being a flower girl, Tracy rushed over to Aunt Helen, and with a fearful expression, he dipped into a deep curtsy and mumbled, "I'm sorry for my discourteous interruption, Miss Robbins."

"You're forgiven this time dear. Just see that it doesn't happen again," Aunt Helen responded in a superior tone. "Now, run along and obey your sister. She knows what's best, you know."

Tracy glanced at his mother, hoping to find an ally, but seeing no move to come to his defense, he grabbed the hairbrush, handed it to Shannon and pleaded, "M..Shannon, please, don't make me wear a dress and be a flower girl in front of all those people." When she made no reply, Tracy slowly raised his skirt to his waist, revealing a pair of pretty yellow nylon panties that matched Dana's, and hesitantly lay across his sister's lap to receive his painful and humiliating punishment.

After delivering about a dozen savage swats on her distraught brother's posterior, Shannon declared, "You must learn that nothing is more important to a woman than the details of her wedding, and you should be honored to have Miss Robbins ask you to participate her happiest event. Now, get back over there and play with your dolls while she tells us about the pretty dress she has selected for you and Dana to wear."

Tracy hurried to join Dana on the floor, carefully arranging his skirt as he sat on his smarting buttocks. Both boys sat quietly and pretended to play with their dolls while Aunt Helen described the dress and passed her

photographs around to the other women. They did; however, wince when they viewed the juvenile dress they were to wear, but this time, neither offered a protest.

After the photographs had been put away and Aunt Helen moved on to other details of her wedding, Dana got up, approached Shannon, and curtsied before her.

"Yes?" she asked.

"I..I was wondering, could I take Tracy up to my room and show him my new bed with the lacy canopy and my pretty new pink curtains?" he asked shyly.

Shannon glanced over at Mrs. Howell who nodded her consent before saying, "Alright, but we have to leave soon, so don't be long."

Dana turned to Tracy, signaled with a wink that no one but me was in a position to see, and reached out his hand. As he had apparently been tutored to do, Tracy took Dana's hand and the two boys who would never have been friends otherwise, walked hand in hand up the steps with their matching skirts swinging prettily about their smooth hairless thighs.

"Eeeekkk!!!" I heard a woman shriek from upstairs when Dana and Tracy had been gone for a short while. "Oh, Mrs. Howell! It's Miss Dana and his friend! They're wearing pants and sneaking down the back stairs!"

Upon hearing the screams, Hilda, who had been hovering in the background, rushed to the foot of the stairs to cut off the escaping boys. Arriving just ahead of them, she demanded, "Where do you two young ladies think you're going?"

I was amazed to see them dressed as the maid had inferred in jeans, tee shirts, and boy's sneakers. But in utter contrast, their hair was still in its feminine style with the ribbons intact, and they were still wearing their makeup and nail polish. In all honesty, instead of femininely dressed boys, they looked much more like masculinely dressed girls!

"We were just. . . just," Dana began.

"Just nothing!" Hilda demanded harshly. "Just march back upstairs and get out of those awful clothes! Where did you get them anyway?"

"I..I remembered that they were in my backpack. When I saw that little girl style dress Miss Robbins wanted us to wear in her wedding, I told Tracy about the clothes, and we decided to run away."

Upon hearing Dana's honest admission, Hilda herded the boys back up the steps with Shannon close behind.

"Oh Gale, Dana and Tracy are being so terribly rebellious and defiant," Mrs. Howell sighed, as we sat listening to the painful screams and promises of obedience from above us. "When they get like this, you're the only one who can calm them. Will you please be a dear and have a talk with them when they return?"

I answered, "Of course Mrs. Howell."

"Oh, you're such a darling!" Mrs. Hendrix exclaimed. "I just knew you would be a perfect young lady the night I first saw you in that lovely gown at your coming out party at the Parker's."

Shortly, Hilda and Shannon escorted two subdued, teary eyed boys who were once again wearing their sissy blouses, matching yellow skirts, and girlish slippers back into the room and instructed them to once again sit on the floor where their dolls awaited.

"I don't know where you two thought you were going!" Aunt Helen admonished. "With no money for food or lodging and no honest way of obtaining any, you were sure to turn up sooner or later and been returned to your skirts."

"Probably not without a lot of humiliation on their part because of their real gender being discovered," Shannon added with a smirk. "Out there on their own, we can't protect their secret from outsiders. Also, they were still wearing the panties, bras, and corsets they love so much underneath those manly pants. If their pretty hairstyles and makeup didn't give them away, their neat figures surely would have. Then, word about them being sissies and wearing skirts and frilly lingerie would have been all over town! After that got around, all their friends would surely come around to tease and ridicule them!

Dana and Tracy blushed brightly and looked down in humiliation at the mere thought of such a horrible occurrence.

"You're both probably right, but for now, let's leave them alone with Gale," Mrs. Howell declared. "He has graciously agreed to have a talk with our runaways and offer them the benefit of his knowledge and experience."

"Why did you two do such a stupid thing?" I asked when we were alone. "I thought you had agreed to go along with their program to hasten the return of your pants. Making them think you love your pretty dresses and skirts is the only way to get out of them, you know."

Anyway, if you were planning to escape, you should have waited until you had a decent chance of getting away!"

"When we heard they wanted us to be flower girls in your aunt's wedding, we just had to do something!" Tracy apologized. "This girly stuff is so icky!"

"That's right," Dana agreed. "Pretending to like all these frilly clothes is repulsive!"

"I know, but if you are to ever get your pants back, you'll have to learn to do it," I explained.

"What did Shannon mean when she said they couldn't protect us if we ran away?" Tracy asked.

"This is speculation, but despite what they say, I don't think these women want anyone outside of a select circle to know how they make us dress and act," I answered. "They seem to enjoy embarrassing us by introducing us as boys in places like boutiques and beauty parlors, but after a certain point, the size of the group doesn't increase."

"Do you really think the only way out of these awful clothes is to make believe we like them?" Tracy asked.

"Since it's the only thing I've ever seen succeed, yes I do," I honestly replied.

"Then, that's what we'll do!" Tracy declared. "No matter how hard it is to pretend to like these clothes and do as Shannon says, we'll do it! I've reached difficult goals on the football field, and if I make a strong commitment, I can achieve this one as well! I know I can!"

"Me too!" Dana concurred with conviction. "Let's do it!"

"I'm very pleased with the way you handled that unpleasant situation back there Gale," Aunt Helen praised on our way home in her limousine. "If you continue to make this kind of progress and help these other boys adjust to their new life, we may be able to negotiate an end to your skirted existence some day soon," she added with a bright smile.

"Oh, I do try to please you Aunt Helen," I purred with as much sincerity as I could muster while thinking what a traitor I was to others of my gender, trying to free myself from skirts at their expense.

In the days that followed, Carol taught me the art of playing tennis as a girl. That art mostly involved awkwardly missing shots and pretending to find having done so amusing. "Boys don't expect girls to be very good at

sports, and playing this way will make us beyond suspicion," he explained. "In reality, you and I are better at tennis than most of the men, but if we played to our ability, we would quickly be recognized as boys. Therefore, if our secret is to remain secure, we must play like most of the girls in the club and try to look good instead of playing good. When you learn to play that way, you will soon understand that the outcome of the tennis match is secondary to the real game being played."

As practice makes perfect and I learned to in an uncoordinated, unskilled manner, I soon began to join Carol on the courts at the club in my stylish feminine tennis attire. No sooner had I stepped onto the courts before I was approached by one man after the other wanting to join me in a game. "This is nothing but a meat market!" I thought as I accepted a game with a muscular guy named Doug. As I was to learn, like all the other men who approached me, Doug was only after one thing, but unknown to him, I didn't have it!

When the matches were over, we would always end up in the lounge in pairs or small groups. Sometimes the men would make a move, but with me having the best incentive to stop them, I quickly learned to fend them off. After being effectively repelled, their conversations would turn to work related events, politics, or sports. During those chats, in which I seldom understood what they were talking about, I saw how different I was from these virile educated men, and I doubted if I could be like them if I could discard my skirts in favor of pants.

"Now, you're beginning to understand the game!" Carol laughed merrily. "Now, you're learning!"

The next few weeks were a whirlwind to the point of almost becoming a blur. Pamela's doctors determined that she was well enough to travel, and after a tearful bon voyage party, we put her and Lady Stanley on a plane to England.

I saw Tracy and Dana at least once a week and was amazed at their rapid transition into obedient fourteen year old girls, and they were progressively afraid of Shannon. They were always femininely dressed and with a wary eye on their younger tutor, never made a rebellious or unruly move. Considering the way they treated me and solicited my advice and the way we were dressed, I began to feel like their big sister!

During this time, Jo graduated from college, and after a two week hiatus in which we had a grand time, she went to work. During her absence, I envisioned spending a lot of time with her, building our relationship, and occupying her bed. However, that was not to be! As with many college graduates in a new career, Jo had to work long hours, including nights and weekends, effectively limiting our time together. I guess that's when I really began to think like a female! Knowing Jo preferred me to look and act as feminine as possible, I would dress very seductively, cross my legs that certain way that allowed my skirt to drift up my nylon clad legs, bring her a drink or snack while she was working, and a number of other tricks I had observed from real girls to gain her attention!

Most of the time the clever use of my developing wiles worked to the point that we would engage in foreplay and make love. However, sometimes when she was particularly preoccupied, I would end up in a very frustrated state.

Aunt Helen was on pins and needles with her wedding just around the corner, and like Jo, she had little time for me. Also, with Pamela's departure, Carol was very lonely, and as misery loves company, we became closer. For diversions, we shopped and played tennis at the club almost every day.

Finally, the day of Aunt Helen's wedding arrived! As a bride should be, she was very beautiful as she walked down the aisle, but that is not unusual for a bride on her most important day! For my part, I had never heard of a wedding with four boys participating in lovely dresses, but that's what happened! In fact, Aunt Helen was the only female in the entire ceremony!

I half expected Lauren to put a stop to this bizarre situation, but he somehow ignored our presence and made the best of the strange circumstance.

For the occasion, I sauntered down the aisle in a beautiful pale pink lace covered creation with a form fitting bodice, sweetheart neckline, and a long flowing skirt that was held out by three full petticoats. Carol wore a similar dress in pale yellow but wasn't quite as elaborate. Tracy and Dana were dressed alike in the dress Aunt Helen had originally selected, and besides looking very juvenile, they looked totally feminine to the point that nobody questioned their gender!

When Aunt Helen and Lauren returned from their honeymoon, I slipped into a comfortable silk dress with a fitted bodice and flowing knee length skirt and joined the newlyweds for a welcome home tea to hear all about their trip.

When Aunt Helen saw me, she complimented me on my feminine appearance and demeanor while Lauren only nodded a greeting. Aunt Helen happily bubbled on and on about the luxurious hotels where they had stayed, the wonderful restaurants where they had eaten, the beautiful scenery they had seen, and the merriment they had shared. However, to her obvious annoyance Lauren was completely oblivious to us as he deeply deliberated over a financial report.

I could see that Lauren's deep devotion to his money making ventures was a growing point of contention between the two newlyweds, but from past experience in dealing with Aunt Helen when she was disturbed or distressed, I knew enough to keep silent. Anyway, I was occupied with a different subject! That being, now that Aunt Helen was married and had other things on her mind, would she finally relent and allow me return to my rightful pants and masculine lifestyle? Still, fearing painful and embarrassing reprisals, I remained silent except to comment on or ask questions about the honeymoon tour.

The next morning, I was disappointed to learn that nothing regarding my feminine status had changed. I was expected to join Aunt Helen and Lauren for breakfast in my nightgown and negligee as in the past. Although Lauren had seen me wearing dresses many times. . .at the Valentine's Ball, the country club, the wedding, and around the house, I didn't know what Aunt Helen had told him about why I dressed as a girl, and I was terribly embarrassed as I entered the breakfast nook in my intimate bedroom clothing.

"You look very beautiful this morning darling," Aunt Helen gushed as I kissed her on the cheek and bade her good morning.

"Yes, you certainly do!" Lauren added as he looked me over with a sparkle in his eye and kissed me lightly on the cheek. After that, he quickly turned his attention to the stock quotations lying on the table before him.

"One might wait until after breakfast before ignoring those you love to earn money!" Aunt Helen declared coldly.

"Oh, I would love to sweetheart," he answered, noting the discontent in her voice. "But you see, the market opens in a couple of hours, and I have to be ready. I've been away for three weeks, and I have a lot of catching up to do!"

For the next few days, every time I saw Lauren, he was pouring over some stock report, quotation, or portfolio, much to the growing and increasing aggravation of Aunt Helen. However, when he would see me in my stylish dresses, makeup, and heels, he would pause in his deliberations and look me over with great interest.

I wasn't completely sure of Lauren's motives until one afternoon, I was sitting in the solarium looking over a fashion catalog when he came in with a stock portfolio and sat opposite me. I was wearing a short white skirt that really showed my tanned legs to advantage, and although I was sitting correctly from habit, he would get a good view from his strategic position. "If he's looking at me like that, Aunt Helen had better keep a close eye on him around the real girls! Oh well, as long as I have to be a girl, I may as well have some fun!" I thought with amusement as I seductively crossed my legs to excite him further.

Lauren appeared very uneasy as he thumbed through his brochure. For several minutes, he tried to nonchalantly look me over without my knowledge, but I was fully aware of his interest. Finally, he spoke nervously. "Gale, there's no telling what wearing girl's clothes is doing to you. I..I mean to the masculine you. D..don't you think you should start dressing as a boy before all this feminine stuff affects you permanently?"

There it was. . .the TRUTH! Just as I feared, Aunt Helen had led Lauren to believe that I wore girl's clothes by choice! She hadn't told him how she had forced me to dress this way for so many months!

"Well Gale, don't you?" Lauren asked while I was deep in thought and didn't respond. "Helen said you were the quarterback on the conference championship team. Wouldn't you rather be an athletic boy like you used to be than a sissy in dresses?"

"I..I would like nothing better than to wear pants and return to being a boy Lauren, b..but if I even mention it, Aunt Helen punishes me in the most painful and humiliating ways," I stammered while nervously adjusting my skirt. "Y..you don't know what I've been through! I..I

have to dress and act this way or suffer the consequences. I don't have a choice. Y..you've got to believe me!"

"**BULL SHIT!**" he bellowed. "How could a puny woman like Helen force an athletic male to wear dresses and all that other stuff?"

"Marie is a karate expert, and if I don't do as Aunt Helen says, she subdues me with her skilled moves and sp. . .spansks me until I do. Then, Aunt Helen takes me out among the shops and her friends and reveals my real sex. It's terribly embarrassing for people to know I'm a boy in a dress, and after a while I found it was easier to be obedient and pretend to be a girl than to suffer the resulting humiliations!"

"Another thing I don't understand," he stated. "Why do you always appear to be so happy and cheerful if you hate the way you have to dress?"

"I know it sounds weird," I answered honestly, "But I'm convinced that the only way I'll ever be allowed to return to my rightful pants is if I appear to be content in my dresses. At least, it worked for Carol."

"But why does Helen want you to dress and act like a girl?"

I nervously adjusted my skirt and pressed my nylon covered thighs tightly together before uneasily answering, "I was disobedient, lazy, and rebellious after graduating from high school. W..while Aunt Helen was looking for a way to rehabilitate me, she found this book that was written in England a long time ago. . ."

Lauren's face was a study of perplexity, and disbelief when he had heard the entire story. "T..that's the most incredible. . .unbelievable. . .ridiculous story I've ever heard!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "Yet, it has to be true because I see the results right before my eyes! H..how could Helen do such a horrible thing to. . .a boy????!! Surely she could have found some other fitting punishment! How. . .how long has this been going on?"

"In three weeks it'll be a year." I replied, blushing deeply at my admission.

"Do you really want to wear pants again?" Lauren asked after a thoughtful pause.

"Yes!" I answered truthfully. "More than anything in the world!"

"Alright!" he stated firmly. "I have to go to the city tomorrow. Don't say anything to Helen or any of the maids, and when I leave, I'll take you with me. Once there, I can get you some clothes and a place to live. After

you get used to being a boy again, I'll help you get a job so you can support yourself."

"Oh, thank you Lauren!" I gushed a bit too girlishly.

"Think nothing of it! It's the least a man can do for a brother in distress."

I was happy for a moment, eagerly anticipating the return of my boy's life in pants when suddenly my heart leapt into my throat in horror.

Aunt Helen came charging into the room screeching, "What's the meaning of this Lauren? Didn't Gale tell you he is dressed this way because it is my wish that he do so? Where do you get off offering to help him escape my care and get back into pants. I am his legal guardian, and as such, I have full authority over him until he reaches twenty one, over two years from now!"

"H..how did you hear us?" Lauren asked in astonishment at her knowledge of our conversation. "W..we were alone!"

"You don't think I'm so naive as not to have a few well placed listening devices to keep tabs on those in my household do you?" she bellowed. "Now, answer my question! Why are you conspiring to assist Gale to escape his dresses when you knew he is dressed in accordance with my expressed wishes?"

"Y..you see P..pet. . .h..he's a..a boy and. . .and. . .," Lauren stuttered, unsure of himself and clearly on the defensive.

"Your problem is that you have no conception of the many rewards that can be gained from a life in soft lingerie and pretty dresses!" she shrieked angrily, cutting him off as Marie stepped up beside her. "Well, we'll soon remedy that!"

"W..what do you mean?" he asked suspiciously and rising to his feet.

"You'll find out soon enough!" she shouted furiously. "Marie!"

"You're not putting me in dresses! You may have gotten your way with this boy, but I'm a man! You've met your match this time!" Lauren exclaimed as he charged Marie.

Man or boy made no difference to Marie, and in minutes, she had him totally defeated as she had defeated me many months before. As she shoved him from the room with his arm painfully up behind his back, he pleaded, "Please Helen! Don't put me in dresses like you did Gale

and those other boys! How can I conduct business and earn a living? What will my friends think?"

"You should have thought of that before you so blatantly defied me!" Aunt Helen rebutted sharply. "Anyway, business will take care of itself, and since most of your friends are in the city, that won't pose a problem! Now, hurry along, and do as Marie tells you." When they were out of sight, she turned to me and declared, "Gale, I'm very disappointed in you. Imagine, conspiring against me like that!"

"I'm sorry Aunt Helen," I stammered, hoping that I could regain her favor. "Please forgive me. I don't know what came over me."

She casually looked me over. . .my feminine hairstyle. . .my perfect makeup. . .my girlish costume with its short skirt tickling my nylon covered thighs. . .my four inch pumps, and said, "I'll think about it, but you had better be on your best behavior while we teach Lauren a lesson in humility!" With that, she turned and followed after Marie and Lauren.

With Lauren's plight heavy on my mind, I dejectedly ascended the stairs to my own room. I wondered if Aunt Helen could make her husband as feminine in appearance as she had made me. In my deliberation, I looked at my reflection in the mirror and saw how she had purposely and systematically changed me from a virile masculine athlete into a sniveling effeminate sissy who wore only silks and satins, dresses and skirts! Staring at this feminine image that was myself, I knew that if Aunt Helen wished, she not only could, she would put her husband in dresses! I also knew, as with myself, Lauren would be helpless to stop her. My only chance to escape that horrible fate was to behave as a perfect lady and hope it would be enough!

Throughout the evening, I heard Lauren's defiant shouts, painful screams, and tearful promises of obedience penetrating the walls. The sounds of his pain, embarrassment, and humiliation brought back memories of my own such experience so many months before, but knowing I could do nothing to help, I only passively empathized with him. . .another male forcibly going under the iron rule of the petticoat. As I listened to the sounds of his screams, I was beset with questions. "Why would Aunt Helen put her husband in skirts? How will he look dressed and made up as a woman? How long will she insist that he wear women's clothes? How can he conduct

business in a dress, and like he asked, what will his friends think?"

When I prepared for bed, Susie came in and smilingly said, "Marie is working with Miss Lauren, and Mrs. Flowers sent me to help you get ready for bed Miss Gale. In fact, I'm to be your personal maid from now on!"

"Oh no!" I thought. "When I was a boy. . .when I dressed as a boy. . .I used to make love to Susie, and Aunt Helen knows all about it! How could she be so cruel as to send her to help me dress and undress in my feminine clothes? When we're alone, I just know she'll tease me unmercifully!"

However, as it turned out, my fears were unfounded because before Susie had a chance to intimidate me, Aunt Helen entered my room without knocking. Her no nonsense manner was even more abrupt than usual as she stated, "Gale, as you have probably surmised, Marie will be busy helping Lauren for a while, and she won't have time to serve you as in the past. Therefore, Susie will serve as your maid."

I started to protest that I could tend to my dressing, makeup, and hairstyling by myself, therefore I didn't need a maid, especially Susie! Just in time; however, I remembered my resolve to conduct myself in a ladylike manner in hopes of regaining my pants. Quickly suppressing my desires, I merely smiled and said, "Thank you Aunt Helen."

"As for you Susie, you will tend Miss Gale as you would any young lady who is a member of my family," Aunt Helen continued in her businesslike tone. "You will show him every courtesy, help him dress and undress, take care of his clothes, assist with his hair, makeup, and even his bath if he desires. I know the two of you were intimate in the past, but while you are his maid, you will treat him with respect and never tease or shame him. If he reports that you have done otherwise, you will be dismissed from my service. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Flowers," Susie answered politely. "I understand."

With that, Aunt Helen turned and left us alone as abruptly as she had arrived.

As I requested the next morning, Susie obediently helped me with my hair and makeup, and I made my way down to breakfast in my gown and negligee.

When I entered the room where Aunt Helen and Lauren were tensely sipping their coffee, I was filled with anxiety because, there before me sat a very embarrassed, humiliated, and intimidated Lauren. He was wearing light morning makeup, dark eyeliner, light mascara, and a medium coat of pink lipstick. Also, he was dressed very much the same as myself in a long nylon nightgown and matching negligee!

As I kissed Aunt Helen and offered my usual polite greeting, she said, "Kiss Lauren on the lips, sweetheart. You're both girls now, you know."

Out of habit, I turned to obey her instructions, but Lauren turned away and started to rise from his seat and flee. Then, seeing the formidable Marie step up to intercept him, he dejectedly sank back into his chair and submissively offered his lips up to meet mine.

"Doesn't Lauren look nice this morning?" Aunt Helen asked as I took my seat at the table with a very red face.

"Yes Aunt Helen," I answered while thinking he looked just the opposite. "He looks very nice."

"For information to you both, I have advised the staff to address Lauren as Miss Lauren in the future and to return to calling me Miss Robbins," Aunt Helen informed us smugly, apparently very pleased with her efforts in transforming her husband and nephew into the image of obscure females. "I'm sure you can understand that I can't adopt the name of a man who wears dresses and sleeps in a woman's nightgown! Therefore, he will adopt mine and become Lauren Robbins. . .Mrs. Helen Robbins. Has a nice ring, doesn't it?" She ended with a deceitful laugh.

"But dear!" Lauren complained. "This feminine business is going too far! Can't we talk it over?"

"We have many things to talk over, my darling, but this isn't the time nor the place," Aunt Helen declared in a stern tone. "Let's enjoy our breakfast for now, and we'll discuss your future later in private."

I had great sympathy for Lauren, and I understood his humiliation at being femininely dressed, especially in the presence of people who knew him as a man. I also recognized that his arguments and pleas weren't too different from my own when I was first required to wear dresses. When he had learned that I was living the life of a girl at the decree of Aunt Helen, he had tried to help me, but with hopes of ending my feminine lifestyle, I took the

coward's way out, outwardly accepted his situation as normal, and remained silent on the subject.

The days passed with Aunt Helen and Marie spending all their time training Lauren in feminine dress, makeup, and mannerisms. As I watched him put his lessons into practice, I was amazed at how fast he became proficient at them. He now walked confidently in two inch heels with limp wrists and hips swinging naturally below his narrowed waist. By habit, he sat with his knees together and his hands with their painted nails folded in his skirted lap. Also, he had developed an intense fear of Aunt Helen and Marie and did their bidding without question or delay. Imagine a man being afraid of his own wife! Had I lost my masculine identity and courage as quickly? Afraid of the answer, I diverted my mind to other subjects.

In the absence of Aunt Helen and Marie and with Jo working busily most of the time, I once again found myself spending my days with Carol at his home, shopping for feminine clothes and accessories, or at the club flirting with the boys in our short tennis skirts.

One morning as Lauren and I ate breakfast with Aunt Helen in our usual nighties and negligees, she casually stated the news I had been longing to hear! "Gale darling, in two weeks, you'll have completed a full year in skirts as my niece. With that, and your recent exemplary behavior as primary factors, I've decided to allow you to return to your masculine clothes. That is," she added with a pause for effect, but only succeeded in raising my anxiety, "if you remain sweet and obedient until then!"

"Congratulations on regaining your pants, Gale," Lauren conveyed in a voice that sounded sincere. With the knowledge that he was to remain in dresses while I would be allowed to return to pants, he squirmed about in his soft gown, adjusted his hands with their lengthening polished nails, and blushed bright red beneath his makeup. He was probably thinking that his attempt to help me escape from my feminine bonds had landed him in his current situation, and now with him wearing dresses, I was being released without his help.

"Thank you, oh thank you, Aunt Helen!" I squealed girlishly while ignoring Lauren and his kind comment completely. Aunt Helen had given me the news I had longed to hear for so long, and she was the one to thank! Hearing her heavenly words, I happily jumped from my

chair, and with my soft skirts swirling about me, I rushed over to give her a feminine hug and kiss.

"Careful! Careful!" Aunt Helen cautioned. "Don't upset the table! You haven't returned to being a boisterous boy yet, and you might not if this is the way you intend to behave!"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Helen," I hesitantly apologized. "I just got carried away for a moment. I'm so happy, I could...!!!"

"Excited or not, see that your behavior doesn't regress so quickly, or I might have to reconsider my decision!" she reprimanded in a harsh voice, although a slight smile crossed her lips. "Assuming that you don't cause me to change my mind about allowing you to return to pants, I'm giving a party in your honor to commemorate the completion of your year in skirts."

"A..a party would be nice," I stuttered, "but couldn't I just return to pants now and forget the party?"

"After everything I've taught you over the last year, how could you even think of such a thing Gale?" she inquired in an indignant tone. "Of course, we'll have a party! Besides being lots of fun, it will give your friends a last chance to see you in a beautiful feminine gown!"

"The..thank you, Aunt Helen," I uttered, not wanting to upset her. . .not at this late date in my feminine life. "Now that you mention it, a party with all my friends would be very nice!"

"That's my sweet Gale!" she gushed happily. "Now for your dress! You should wear a lovely gown from the latest fashions that will enhance your figure and add to your charm. For my part, I would like nothing better than to help you to select and purchase a beautiful gown for your party, but alas, since I'm devoting so much time and energy to Lauren's feminine lessons, I can't."

I suspected the real reason Aunt Helen was releasing me from my feminine punishment was because she couldn't find time for both Lauren and myself. Also, since I had become so feminine in actions and appearance of late, I surmised that I no longer posed a significant challenge. I didn't relish the thought of wearing an elegant gown before a group of people who knew I was a boy, but since this was to be my last venture in clothing of the opposite sex, I vowed to cooperate with Aunt Helen's every wish and do nothing to delay my return to pants. Not daring to upset my eccentric aunt and have her extend my feminine life, without mentioning that I

wouldn't need dresses or gowns after that night two weeks hence, I meekly answered, "Oh, that's alright Aunt Helen, I'm sure I have several gowns in my closet that are perfect for the occasion."

"Don't be absurd!" she admonished. "Of course you'll have an elegant new gown for your party. Any girl would want one for such a special occasion! I was merely informing you that since it's Saturday and Jo doesn't have to work, she has graciously agreed to accompany you and help with the selection. Isn't that sweet of her?"

"Yes, Aunt Helen. Very sweet," I meekly answered, knowing my fate was sealed. A year of wearing stylish dresses, soft lingerie, colorful makeup, delicate perfumes, elaborate jewelry, luxurious furs, and stilt heels is more than enough for any boy. Especially ME!

Having had ample experience in shopping for and trying on feminine clothing over the past year, I knew how to dress for the occasion. Thus, I had little trouble selecting and putting on my feminine ensemble the following morning. The August weather was quite warm and because I knew I would have to take off a slip and lower my bra straps to try on the many lovely fashions, I decided to wear a camisole and a strapless bra. Also, with the knowledge that I should wear undies of a neutral color to avoid clashing with these beautiful creations, I chose all my undies in white. For outer wear, I slipped into a floral sundress with spaghetti straps that tied at my shoulders and my usual four inch heels. Since my legs had become quite tan from the hours on the tennis courts in a short skirt, I omitted my hot insulating nylons.

When Jo greeted me with a kiss and embrace, I could see that her eyes were red and swollen from crying, and I noticed that she was extremely tense as we greeted each other with an embrace. Something was obviously wrong, but not wanting to pry, I remained silent on the subject, especially when I saw her putting on a happy face and pretending nothing was amiss. My biggest distraction; however, was her attire. To my chagrin, she was wearing linen slacks, a short sleeved pastel shirt, and flat shoes. . .making me appear much more feminine than herself.

She continued to act withdrawn and complacent as we descended the steps to the limousine where James was patiently waiting.

"Good morning Miss Gale. . .Miss Jo!" James greeted us cordially as he held the door and assisted us into the car.

"Not such a good morning James," Jo responded. "Gale is getting his pants back in a couple of weeks, and I'll be losing my special girlfriend forever!"

"Get. . .getting her pants back, you say? M..miss Gale? Well, that. . .that's too bad. . .I guess," James stammered with a curious blank expression covering his ruddy features.

"Is that what's bothering Jo? My returning to pants? And James, has he forgotten that I used to be a boy??!!!"

"Gale, you're beautiful, and you know I love you in your pretty dresses," Jo sniffed as we sped along toward the exclusive boutiques where we would be shopping for my last gown. "You also know that our relationship won't be the same after you resume wearing pants."

"I know Jo, but surely you can't fault me for wanting to wear pants like other men and boys," I defended. "I..I've yearned for nothing like I have to be allowed to return to my pants and my masculine life. Surely, you can't fault me for wanting to be what nature made me!"

"But I can, and I do!" she exclaimed as she turned to me and took my hands in her own. "I love you as I've never loved anyone, and I don't to lose you."

"You won't lose me just because I wear pants! We can be together after I return to pants!"

"Oh but I will!" she insisted as tears streamed down her cheeks. "Once you're in pants, you'll become like all those other muscle bound macho types, and my sweet submissive sweetheart lover will be gone. . .forever!"

"No, I won't, Jo! I promise!"

"Then promise me this," she said, moving to one knee between the seats. Looking deep within my eyes, "Gale, please marry me, continue to wear pretty feminine clothes as my wife, and make me the happiest girl on earth. With my education, I make a good living, and it'll only get better. As a woman filling quotas, my star is on the rise, and Mother has plenty of money if we need a loan. In return, I promise to love you, look after you, and spoil you. I'll buy you candy and flowers, and you'll have the most beautiful, the most stylish, and the most expensive wardrobe of anyone we know. Please say yes, my darling," she begged, bursting into tears. "Please say yes!"

By then, I was crying too. I did love Jo. I loved her very much, and I wanted to spend my life with her as her

mate! I just didn't want to do it in feminine clothes and be a wife! To my great regret, I muttered, "I can't, Jo! Dresses are for girls and women! I want to wear pants like a boy. . .like a man! In a way, I have to! If you'll allow me to wear pants, I'll marry you in an instant. I just can't continue to wear dresses and act like a girl. . .like a sissy! Please try to see my point of view!"

With my answer, Jo's eyes turned hard and without responding to me, she pushed the intercom button and instructed James to take us to an alternate location.

"But Jo, that's a rough section of town!" I protested. "We might get mugged over there. . .or worse!" Then, the thought hit me that I wouldn't have been afraid a year ago, and I blushed in shame.

"Don't worry yourself so, sweetie! Jo answered. We'll be alright. The area is undergoing urban renewal and has been taken back from the criminals. You'll see!"

When we reached our destination and James helped us out onto the sidewalk, Jo gave him another location several blocks away and instructed him to meet us there. "It's such a nice day," she said. "I think we'll take a nice walk."

"But Jo, I don't think we should walk here!" I argued. "Besides this being a tough neighborhood, these spiked heels aren't made for long distance walking."

"On the contrary, Gale darling, this is a perfect place for a stroll, and after all the practice you've had, you can easily make it in your heels." Jo stated with the tone of finality I had heard so many times from Aunt Helen and Marie over the past year. "Now, come along nicely, or I'll have to report to Helen that you weren't cooperative! Given my current mood, I would do almost anything to have her extend your feminine life!"

That did it! Jo was playing on my fear that an unfavorable report on my behavior might extend my girlish lifestyle, I lowered my eyes in an act of resignation and said, "Please don't say anything to Aunt Helen. I'll walk with you, b..but I can't marry you and continue wearing dresses. I just can't!"

We hadn't walked very far when we came upon a construction crew demolishing the street with jackhammers and digging a ditch with picks and shovels. Even though I was a male like them, I was quick to notice the difference in our appearances. I looked very feminine in my airy dress with its swinging skirt, heels, makeup, and

hairdo, while these muscular men were all decked out in rugged jeans, tight tee shirts, heavy boots, and hard hats.

Upon seeing us, several of them stopped what they were doing and began whistling and calling out to us. The others, noticing these antics, rapidly joined in. I was wearing a short low cut dress while Jo was in slacks, and being a male like them, I knew their attention was mostly directed towards me!

"Let's get out of here Jo!" I pleaded nervously.

"Just keep walking," she advised with a sheepish grin. "Pretty girls have to get used to being admired by aggressive, boisterous men. You'll find that most of them are harmless enough. Just try not to notice the sweat glistening on their tanned muscular bodies! Anyway, we'll be past them shortly, and you can relax again."

Being a nervous wreck, I couldn't relax, but as Jo promised, we were soon out of earshot of that vocal mob. However, to my great alarm, we just as quickly came upon another crew erecting a building on an adjacent lot. If possible, this bunch was even louder and more vulgar than the first. Showing no respect whatsoever for the presence of women, they filled the air with vulgar obscenities and implicit sexual innuendo.

To escape these indignities, I found myself walking faster in my heels than Jo was strolling along in her flats. Seeming to enjoy my anguish and the attention of these rowdy men, she refused to be hurried.

As we ambled along at Jo's purposeful slow pace, each passing incident brought another just beyond. One man with foreman stenciled on his hat even came over and rudely declared, "If you girls have no business here, you had best leave before somebody gets hurt!"

"This is a public street, and we have as much right to be here as anyone!" Jo angrily shot back. "On the other hand, if you can't keep your men alert enough to prevent accidents, maybe you shouldn't be in management!"

To the sound of Jo's laughter, the man stormed off muttering something about smart-ass women, whores, and liberated bitches driving the country into ruin.

When we finally reached James and the waiting car, every nerve in my body was on end. Never had I been so thankful for the security and sanctuary of Aunt Helen's limousine! Trying desperately to hide from the threatening jibes I had heard, I adjusted my short skirt about my legs. At the same time, I found myself wishing I wasn't wearing a skirt and longing to be able to completely hide

beneath the one I wore! These two weeks couldn't end too soon for me!

Jo, on the other hand, appeared happy and amused as she kissed me and said, "Oh, that was a wonderfully refreshing walk, Gale darling. We must do it again soon."

I wanted to yell, "I never want to do anything like that again, and when I get out of these awful skirts, you won't be able to make me!" But with thoughts of how easily Jo had vindictively manipulated me into that highly embarrassing and potentially devastating situation after I refused her proposal of marriage, I remained silent on the subject.

The trauma of hearing the worker's jeers and cat calls ringing in my ears had me on edge even after we reached the boutique. I knew I was shopping for my last feminine gown, but still, I could hardly concentrate on the task.

Finally after I tried on more than a dozen lovely gowns, Jo found just the one. It was a beautiful red silk, full length strapless figure hugging sequin covered number with a deep front slit to allow walking and to show off my long slender legs with every movement whether standing, walking, or sitting. She also insisted I purchase a long line waist cinching bustier, red silk panties, matching garter belt, sheer seamed silken hosiery, and red satin covered pumps with five inch stiletto heels.

I wasn't too keen on wearing this ultra feminine costume for my party. . . any party for that matter, but since this one was to be my last in a dress. . . I could surely endure it after everything I had been through! I was regaining my rightful pants even if Jo wanted me to remain in skirts. Therefore, suspecting she had selected this exquisite gown to make me appear totally feminine for my last encounter as a girl, her special girlfriend as she often called me, I made no protest.

"Gale, you're absolutely stunning in that gorgeous gown!" Aunt Helen exclaimed as I modeled my new gown before her and Lauren that evening. "Why anyone who could exude so much feminine beauty as yourself would want to wear coarse ugly trousers is beyond me!"

"You do look very pretty, Gale," Lauren added as he nervously looked down and adjusted his skirt about his nylon clad thighs. "Y..your youthful beauty makes me feel so. . .so plain. . .so ugly!"

"Don't fret so, darling!" Aunt Helen appeased. "You have only been wearing dresses for a few weeks, while Gale has been in them for a full year! After you grow accustomed to your pretty clothes and when the feminine gestures Marie is teaching you become habit, I'm sure you'll look and feel more attractive.

A few days later, I had occasion to speak with Lauren alone, and after we exchanged pleasantries, I asked a question that had been on my mind since his introduction to skirts and the feminine lifestyle. "You've been spending a lot of time lately learning to handle skirts and other aspects of femininity, and I haven't seen you studying your financial reports. How have you been able to stay abreast of the current trends and conduct business without your associates finding out how Aunt Helen makes you dress?"

"The..they won't find out if I do what Helen says," he admitted with obvious embarrassment. "In exchange for her promise not to make my predicament known, not to expose me publicly in my dresses, I had to. . .to sign all my holdings over to her. Since I now have no property and can make no deals, there is no need to read the bulletins, portfolios, and newsletters. I guess that gives me more time to concentrate on my. . .my lessons. Oh Gale, I can't even walk out or run away because not only would I have to leave in a dress, I would be penniless! Oh, I'm now completely dependent on Helen for all my needs like. . .like a wife should be on her husband she says!"

The remaining time before my party were a time of agony and ecstasy for me. One minute, I found myself regretting the upcoming loss of my soft feminine clothes and lifestyle, and the next, eagerly anticipating a carefree life in coarse jeans, cotton shirts, and heavy flat shoes! During that time, my moods seemed to swing from happy and cheerful to sad and depressed on a moment's notice! Sometimes, I would even have ambiguous dreams! For instance, I might be wearing a man's shirt, tie, and blazer along with a narrow business skirt, sheer nylons, and heels!

During that time, Aunt Helen and her staff mostly left me alone. That left only my meager social life that involved shopping and daily tennis outings at the club with Carol. As for shopping, I looked and tried on, but refused to buy girl's clothes with the end of my feminine life only

days away, so I only looked while Carol bought. In tennis, I purposely played lousy to prevent detection, but with Carol as my tutor, I became quite good at flirting with Arnold, Roger, and the other men who constantly surrounded us.

Joining in my elation over being allowed to return to pants were Dana and Tracy. Their abilities to emulate the young teenage girls they appeared to be had accelerated at a breathtaking rate, and they now not only dressed the part but moved and spoke accordingly. They were now completely accustomed to wearing skirts, and because of their many painful and embarrassing punishments at Shannon's hand, they obeyed her without hesitation or defiance and never made an impulsive or unladylike move. Still, as autumn approached, they too were looking forward to the end of their girlish existence.

My only other diversion was frequent phone calls from Jo urging me to continue wearing feminine clothes, marry her, and become her wife. She usually began by trying to sway me with cunning and sweetness, but when that failed, she inevitably turned to coercion. When I still declined, our conversations usually became quite heated and ended in tears from one or both of us. I could only hope that she would change her mind and accept me as her masculine lover and eventual husband when I returned to pants in a few days!

Finally. . .excruciatingly. . .the day of the party heralding my year in skirts arrived! From experience with other parties over the year past that more time would be spent getting ready. . .making myself beautiful. . .than at the actual party!

"A lot of things will be happening for the last time today, and this is the first of them," I thought as I ate a leisurely breakfast with Aunt Helen and Lauren. "This is the last time I'll have to join them in a nightgown and negligee! From now on, Lauren will be the only one in clothes of the opposite sex, and I'm sure he'll be envious of my pants."

"Both of you should dress casually for the morning," Aunt Helen advised, bringing me back to reality. "Do as much as possible in preparation for this evening, but don't worry about your hair. Your appointments at the hair-dressers are for noon, and you can cover your head with a scarf for the trip over."

I would be returning to life as a boy the next day and getting a haircut as soon as possible, and I knew I the money spent on a fashionable feminine hairstyle for me would be wasted. I also knew mentioning that fact to my determined aunt would be futile and serve only to agitate her. So, in the spirit of harmony, I resigned myself to one last trip to the hairdressers where I was known as a boy who wore dresses.

Later that evening as I prepared to dress as a female for the last time, I was a nervous wreck. Taking an extra long soak in my perfumed bath, I knew I would miss certain aspects of my enforced feminine lifestyle, but returning to pants and living as a male were long awaited goals I couldn't delay or reject. After fastening myself into my customary modesty device and slipping into my soft fluffy bathrobe, I found myself too nervous to dress and apply my own makeup. Finally, in exasperation, I summoned Susie to help me.

"Oh Miss Gale!" she exclaimed. "With that beautiful gown, your lovely new hairdo, your mink stole, and these," she emphasized while holding out a jewelry box, "you will surely be the most gorgeous person at the party tonight!"

I anxiously took the velvet covered box from my excited maid, and upon opening it, I was astonished beyond belief! There before my eyes were Aunt Helen's most prized possession. . . her beloved diamond necklace, tiara, and pendant earrings! This set of elaborate jewels was worth tens of thousands of dollars, and she only wore them for very, very special occasions. At all other times, they were kept in the vault. Never, I mean never had I known her to loan them to anyone, and now, she wanted me to wear these exquisite treasures. What an tribute!!! "Aunt Helen really must love me as she says," I tenderly thought.

"Don't cry Miss Gale," Susie urged upon seeing my happiness. "I know any girl would delight in wearing such beautiful jewelry, but you don't want red eyes for your party. You're the guest of honor, you know."

What a scene! A year ago, I regularly made love with this sexy vixen of a maid, and after a year of wearing dresses, she was telling me how beautiful I was as a girl and pleading with me not to cry!

I was amazed by how heavy the ornate jewelry was that I would be wearing when Susie fastened the necklace

around my neck. The feel of this massive ornament on my bare chest above my enhanced bosom was also very strange, and because they were so heavy, the earrings had to be screwed on very tightly, giving my lobes the sensation that they were being slowly pierced.

When that was done, Marie came in to help fasten the elaborate tiara into my hair and correctly arrange my dark hair attractively about it. Upon seeing me otherwise fully dressed and made up, she clasped her hand to her breast and exclaimed, "Miss Gale, you are truly gorgeous beyond words!"

"Oh Aunt Helen, thank you for letting me wear your most cherished jewelry tonight!" I exclaimed when she came into my room when I was fully dressed.

"You are so very welcome my darling, and I must say that it was a superb idea! You are so beautiful in that dress and jewelry. Why, you look like a . . . a princess!" she gushed as tears of joy filled her eyes. As she dabbed the moisture away, she hugged me tightly and whispered, "I'll miss you more than I can say!"

I was a nervous wreck sitting in my room waiting for the party to begin, but I had no choice. Aunt Helen had instructed me to wait until all the guests arrived before making my "grand entrance", and I wasn't about to defy her at this late date even if we did share a tender embrace.

As I paced before my full length mirror on my five inch spikes with my silk covered thighs on display with every step, I saw that with my perfect makeup, dark red lipstick, blue eyeshadow, and recently styled hair, I really did make a beautiful girl. I further realized that I should purge all such thoughts from my mind because this was the last time I would be dressing and making myself up in a feminine style. . . ever!!!

Finally, after a seeming eternity, Susie draped my luxurious white fur about my bare shoulders and informed me that everyone was present and the time for my entrance had arrived.

As I walked into Aunt Helen's oversized parlor, I was full of distress because everyone. . . everyone was truly present! Looking about the room I saw the adult women, Aunt Helen, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Howell, and Mrs. Hendrix; the girls, Jo and Shannon, the males who were dressed as females, Lauren, Carol, Dana, and Tracy, and there was

even one male, Arnold, who was wearing a traditional tuxedo! But, before I could even begin to wonder what he knew about me and how long he had known it, the room burst into applause, and to my surprise, I was the recipient of a standing ovation! Not since my days on the football field had that happened, and now, I looked more like a pretty cheerleader than the winning quarterback.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my beautiful nephew Gale!" Aunt Helen announced when the applause died down, and another round of salvos filled the air. When the cheering subsided, she added, "With apologies to the other beautiful guests, I believe he has truly outdone himself and has transformed himself into the most charming person here tonight!" After another round of applause, she added, "I'll have a significant announcement about his future in a while, but for now, eat, drink, and have a merry time!"

"Oh Gale, I knew you would be gorgeous in that dress, but with that exquisite jewelry, you are ravishing!" Jo purred as she greeted me.

"Thank you Jo," I replied. "I tried to look my best for my last time in a dress."

My words seemed to hurt her, and as she hurried away, I noticed a sad, kind of forlorn expression in her eyes.

Before I could pursue her, Carol stepped up beside me in a pink strapless number that tightly hugged his bodice and displayed his developing breasts to advantage. With a bright smile, he said, "You're not fooling me! No boy who hates wearing dresses could make himself appear so ravishing!"

"Tease me all you like Carol," I responded. "After a year in dresses, I can take anything you dish out for a few hours. My concern is Arnold! Does he know about you, and how much does he know about me!"

"Everything!" Carol replied. "Arnold knows all about me, you, and every femininely dressed male here. Not only that, he has known for quite some time, and no matter how hard it is for you to accept in your prudish mind, he is very intrigued by the idea! Don't worry, he won't give any secrets away. I'll fill you in later. . . I promise!"

"Congratulations on getting out of skirts," Tracy declared as he rushed over to me in a bright yellow silk dress with his bright red hair streaming down onto his shoulders in ringlets.

"Thanks! It's been a long time coming," I answered while looking over his adolescent mid calf length dress, moderate two inch heels, and modest makeup.

"For us too!" Dana exclaimed as he joined us in a bright red ankle length dress with a high waistline that gave him a very youthful appearance. "We've learned that our Mommies are making an announcement about our future tonight."

"Really?" I asked, feeling a great deal of excitement for them.

"That's right!" Tracy agreed. "We think we're getting our pants back like you! I just hope we don't have to remain under Shannon's authority!"

"Yeah," Dana sighed in agreement. "That would be horrible!"

"Alright you two!" Shannon reprimanded. "You know children are to be seen and not heard." Although Shannon was three and two years younger than Dana and Tracy respectively, she was dressed to appear older, and she obviously enjoyed her role of authority.

"We..we were just congratulating Gale on getting his pants back," Dana stammered warily.

"Well, you've done it! Now, fade away and let others congratulate him!" she insisted harshly.

With fear in their eyes, the two subdued boys hurried away with their skirts and petticoats rustling enticingly.

I could see that they had gotten quite accustomed to their skirts, and because of Shannon's detailed lessons and harsh punishments, they even behaved convincingly as fourteen year old girls. To give you an idea of the extent that they had become adolescent girls, I noticed them look at each other, put their hands over their mouth, and giggle when they saw Arnold kiss Carol on the neck from behind when he thought no one was looking.

To my mind; however, of all the femininely dressed males in the room, Lauren was the most intriguing. As a man, he had been quite handsome, and as he began wearing dresses and assuming the guise of a woman, he had looked rather ambiguous. But tonight, he could actually be considered attractive as a female! He was wearing a virginal white, full length, satin evening gown with a straight skirt that restricted his stride, and transparent chiffon sleeves. His medium length platinum wig had been styled attractively about his face and down onto his neck, his makeup, mascara, eyeshadow, and red lipstick that blended perfectly with his lengthening oval

nails was heavier than I had previously seen. For jewelry, he wore an elaborate multi tiered pearl necklace with matching earrings along with his always present diamond engagement ring and gold wedding band. If his feminine image had a flaw, it was that he occasionally stumbled in the unaccustomed three inch heels of his satin slippers.

After everyone had gotten acquainted, Aunt Helen walked over to a position where she could be seen and heard all over the room, said she had an announcement, and asked everyone to take a seat.

As I sat on the sofa and tried adjusting my split skirt in a ladylike manner, Tracy and Dana anxiously sat on either side of me like I was their idol or something. "We never get to wear a pretty grownup dress like that Tracy complained enviously.

"That's right!" Dana agreed. "Even Shannon gets to wear more mature clothes than we do, and she's younger than us!"

"They sure don't sound like boys who are anxious to get their pants back after a stint in skirts," I thought. "Perhaps they have changed more than they realize!"

When everyone was seated, Aunt Helen began the speech I had waited an entire year to hear, "As you all know, I have required my nephew Gale to wear dresses and present himself as a young lady for the past year. Many of you are also aware that this is to be his coming out party, as he be coming out of dresses if he chooses. After tonight, I will put no dress restrictions or requirements on him, and he will be free to wear whatever he wishes."

"Eeeee, Gale!!!!" Tracy squealed beside me. "You're so lucky!"

"Quiet please!" Aunt Helen demanded with an icy stare in our direction. When we resumed our reserved demeanor, she continued. "As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, after tonight Gale will be free to dress as he pleases. Whether he chooses to wear pants or continues to dress as my pretty niece will be his choice."

"Big choice!" Dana whispered while giving my hand an affectionate squeeze.

"He must chose one or the other, as he will not be allowed to switch back and forth from pants to dresses to pants and so on," Aunt Helen continued. "If he decides to remain in skirts, he will be welcome to remain in my home for as long as he wishes, but if he opts to return to

pants and the life of a boy, his presence as a boy will be disruptive to Lauren. Therefore I think you can understand why I would be forced to ask him to leave. In that event, I will of course give him a meager stipend for clothes and quarters until he can find a way to support himself, but otherwise he will be on his own."

I had always assumed that I would continue living with Aunt Helen after my return to pants, and understandably, I was a mass of confusion as tried to absorb her ultimatum. Also, the words of those about me did nothing to help my state of mind.

"She's kicking you out!" Tracy exclaimed.

"Yeah, but it'll be worth it to get out of skirts!" Dana induced.

"With an ultimatum like that, you had better stay in skirts!" Carol stated flatly. "If you leave and get a low paying job, you won't be able to afford the luxurious silks and satins you're used to wearing when you start missing them like I did when I returned to pants."

"That's right!" Shannon injected viciously. "You'll end up buying used cotton panties and torn dirty gingham dresses from the rag bag!"

Before this conversation could go farther, Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Hendrix assumed the vantage Aunt Helen had just vacated and again called the room to order with Mrs. Howell saying, "If you will please resume your seats, we have an announcement concerning our darlings as well."

When everyone was seated once again, Mrs. Hendrix began, "Since Helen was so gracious to share with us her plans for her precious Gale, we believe this is a good time to announce the destiny of Tracy and Dana."

"That's right," Mrs. Howell agreed. "As most of you know, Tracy and Dana squandered away their teen years by rebellious, abusive, and disruptive behavior, and that behavior landed them in their current life as adolescent girls. Shannon has been a Godsend in helping with their training and discipline as is evidenced by their conduct here today. As you can imagine, her role in their training was a major factor in our decision about their future."

Both Tracy and Dana squirmed nervously on the sofa beside me, each holding tightly to my hand with both of his own. Did Mrs. Howell's words about Shannon mean that they would remain under the younger girl's authority? Judging by the expression of the others around the room, this was the question on their mind.

"Although Tracy and Dana have made substantial progress over the past months in skirts, we do not feel they have sufficiently learned their lessons at this time," Mrs. Hendrix added. "With that in mind, we have decided to have them remain in their current circumstance as fourteen year old girls and send them to Shannon's school as sophomores. As Shannon will be a junior, she can offer them guidance and direction for the next two years, but they will be on their own when they become seniors."

"That's right," Mrs. Howell agreed. "We feel this is the only way for them to avoid losing the most important time of a young person's life, their teen years. Since our sons squandered those years as boys, we have decided to give them something most people never get, a second chance. Although for them, it will be as girls this time."

Hearing these words, Dana rushed to his mother's side and offered a heartfelt plea. "Oh Mommy! Please don't make me go to that awful school as a girl! Not for three years. Please!!!"

Mrs. Howell remained silent but looked over at Shannon who, with the realization that her authority over these older boys had been extended by two years, rushed over and confronted the distraught Dana. "Haven't you learned anything I've tried to teach you? Don't you know better than to disrupt your Mommy?" she harshly demanded. "Apologize this instant, or I'll turn you across my knee, flip up your skirt, and give you a sound spanking right here in front of these people!" When tears began to fill his eyes, she added, "You know tears will ruin your makeup!"

After months of having Shannon discipline him over the slightest infraction, her vicious words melted his affront to his mother's statement that he was to attend a girl's school in skirts for the next three years. Glancing at the determined Shannon and seeing her resolve, he heeded her bidding and dropped into a deep curtsy and said, "Please forgive my discourteous behavior Mommy. I promise it won't happen again."

"Of course you're forgiven sweetie, but you must remember to pay heed to Shannon," she cooed. "You know she knows what is best for you."

"Yes Mommy," he answered with another polite curtsy before returning to my side where I was attempting to console Tracy.

"Gale, I would like to speak with you in private," Jo declared interrupting my efforts.

"We have guests who need me, and I have a decision to make," I replied in a slightly irritated tone. "Besides, the party is in my honor, and I don't think Aunt Helen would approve if I abandon the event."

"Helen, do you mind if I have a brief conversation with Gale in private?" Jo asked across the room.

"I suppose a short talk wouldn't be too disruptive in light of my announcement dear," Aunt Helen replied. "Just don't monopolize him. He is the guest of honor, you know!"

"We won't be long!" Jo answered solemnly. "Come along Gale, let's go up to your room."

"What's this about Jo?" I asked as we entered my room. "I've told you time and again that I love you, but I don't want to wear dresses any longer than Aunt Helen makes me. Now, I have to figure how I'm going to live without her support."

"Please Gale," she begged as tears welled up in her eyes. "Allow me one last appeal. If you refuse me after this, I promise never to bother you again."

"Very well, I guess I owe you that," I answered with a sigh of exasperation. "Make your case, and let's get back to the party! As you can imagine, I'm very concerned about Tracy and Dana."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "Come over and stand before your full length mirror and look at yourself. It's important for what I want to show you."

I couldn't imagine what she was up to, but wanting to hurry back downstairs, I did as she asked in an effort to end her appeal as quickly as possible.

"Alright!" Jo continued when I was in place. "If you return to pants, you know you'll have to leave Helen's care and earn your own way. With your lack of education and training, what kind of job can you expect to secure? A construction laborer? Look at your reflection in the mirror. Can you imagine that person digging ditches, carrying heavy building materials, or yelling sexual innuendo at passing females like those hooligans who nearly accosted us? Well, can you?"

I stared at my image and knew she was right. I had become too soft and too reserved to emulate those rough vulgar workers.

When I didn't answer, Jo attacked on another front. "Can you imagine that person engaging in the more

lucrative enterprises of Arnold, Roger, and the other eligible males at the club?"

This time when I didn't reply, she answered for me. "Of course not! You have no education beyond high school, and much more is required to acquire those positions! What does that leave? Working at a fast food franchise or a convenience store for minimum wage? Face the facts Gale. . .be logical! With Helen's decree that you leave her home if you return to pants, your choices are down to two if you are to survive! You can either live with Helen as her niece in skirts or marry me and become my wife. Either way, your feminine lifestyle in dresses, skirts, and lingerie will continue."

As I stared at my feminine image, I knew Jo was right. I could not work and live as a rough macho male construction worker. In fact, I wouldn't be able to gain lucrative employment anywhere with my limited education, total lack of experience, and obvious feminine characteristics, both physically and mentally.

"With Helen, you know what your life would be like. You have lived that life for a year. However, as my wife, there would be many advantages. . .not the least of which would be sharing my bed! I have a good job with an excellent salary, and I'm on the fast track to upper management. I don't have nearly as much money as Helen, but I can support you very comfortably. Come on now! Make me the happiest girl on earth! Say you will marry me and become my wife." With that, she produced an engagement ring with a huge diamond and added, "Let me put my ring on your finger as a symbol to the world that you are taken. . .that you are mine!"

"What would it mean. . .being your wife. . .besides wearing dresses?" I asked trying to get a handle on her intent.

"We would be partners like in any other marriage!" she answered sincerely. "I thought you knew that. We would do things together. . .go places together. . .make love whenever we want. Of course, with me starting a career, I'll be working long hours, but I promise to always find time for you. We can be happy together! I know we can!"

"Damn her logic!" I thought.

"And, don't give me that macho line that you hate wearing dresses!" she demanded. "Despite your words to the contrary, you have come to enjoy wearing dresses and soft lingerie. I can see it in the pride you take in your

appearance, your clothes, and your demeanor when you wear certain things. From our romantic encounters, I also know you love sleeping in soft nightgowns between satin sheets with your head on delicate perfumed pillows. Come on Gale, say you'll marry me and be my wife!"

"Jo's right," I thought. "I do like some of my feminine things. Carol is also right. No matter what I've thought I wanted, if I return to pants, I'll surely miss wearing skirts. As long as Aunt Helen was forcing me to be feminine, it was easy to tell myself I wanted to be a boy again. But now that I'm facing life without dresses, I'm not so sure." Still, something else was bothering me. "Y..you're right about two things," I reluctantly acknowledged. "I love you very much, and in spite of myself, I've come enjoy certain aspects of wearing feminine clothes."

"But?"

Dressing as a girl is terribly traumatic for a boy, but if that was the worst of it, I'd marry you in a heartbeat," I admitted, bursting into tears as I thought over my quandary.

Seeing my distress, Jo quickly took me in her arms, held me tightly, and asked, "What is it my darling? Tell me what's bothering you. . .what's keeping us apart. Tell me how I can protect you. . .shield you from whatever is so terrible as to keep us apart!" She led me to my satin covered love seat, sat me down, took my hands in hers, and softly but firmly stated, "Now tell me, what can be so horrible as to threaten to keep us apart!"

As I sat facing her in my highly agitated state, my light, deeply split skirt fell indiscriminately away from my silk covered thighs, and despite my extensive training in feminine comportment, all pretense of modesty and decorum was forgotten. "A..a year ago, the thought of a boy being forced to dress and act like a girl was unthinkable!" I began as mascara laden tears streaked down my cheeks. "Since then however, I not only found myself in that very situation, I've met other boys in the same predicament. Without exception, they all agree that being identified as a boy in dresses is much more embarrassing than wearing the actual dresses. As much as I love you, I can't. . .I just can't face a lifetime of that kind of humiliation and ridicule!"

"If that's all you're worried about, you can have my word right now that I'll never expose you as a male in dresses."

"I know it's hard for you to understand, but exposure is more complicated and much more subtle than merely announcing that one is a boy in a dress," I replied. "Sometimes it's only a shrewd pronoun usage, like 'isn't his dress pretty', 'do you think that skirt is too short for him', or 'doesn't he walk gracefully in those stilt heels?' You wouldn't believe the terror those words strike in the heart of a boy who has to wear feminine clothes."

"I see what you mean, and I admit I never would have thought about it that way," she admitted. "Now that you mention it though, I can certainly understand how such a willful comment could be very traumatic. You have my word, I'll never expose you in that manner either. I can't speak for others who know of your deception, but I'll certainly discourage that practice among them as well! Now, will you marry me?"

"The..there's more," I admitted.

"More?"

"Yes, the threats. Sometimes threats of exposure are the worst of all."

"I don't understand."

"Remember when you first saw me in a dress at your mother's party? Well, Aunt Helen said if I didn't go and comport myself as a prim and proper young lady, she would take me to football practice in a skirt and expose me to the entire team."

"You don't mean it!" Jo gasped.

"She even used threats of taking me to practice at a later date to get me to become even more feminine and cooperative."

"I can only imagine your terror at the mere thought of such a possibility," Jo exclaimed. "I can only promise never to do such a horrible thing to you!"

"You. . .you wouldn't threaten me with exposure to get your way if we were having an argument. . .if you were angry. . .?"

"Certainly not!" she swore. "Oh, why can't you understand that I love you and want only to make you happy? I don't want a nervous wreck or a bundle of nerves on my hands."

My mind whirled as I considered Jo's pledge. "This might not be as awful as I imagined!" I thought. "If I marry Jo, I can continue wearing the clothes I've come to cherish, and I can do it with someone who loves me. . .someone I love." As if in a dream, I heard myself saying, "Alright Jo, I'll marry you."

With that, she rushed to take me into her arms and smother me with kisses, but as we slowly descended to the floor in our passionate embrace, I somehow pulled back and said, "As badly as I want to make love to you right now, we..we can't do this. We have guests downstairs."

"You're right," she agreed sadly. "Let's make the best of it anyway. Let me put my ring on your finger, and after we repair our makeup, go down announce our engagement!"

Hand in hand, Jo and I entered the room where the party was in full force and walked to the position where Aunt Helen, Mrs. Howell, and Mrs. Hendrix had addressed the group earlier. Above the chatter, Jo proclaimed, "If you will please listen up for a moment, Gale and I have an announcement."

Looking about the room, I saw Tracy and Dana sitting on the sofa crying their eyes out while Shannon stood by to prevent them from doing anything impulsive. Everyone else was standing or sitting about the room in small groups talking merrily and enjoying the expensive champagne Aunt Helen provided.

Having made the decision to become Jo's wife and continue to wear dresses had somehow calmed my nerves. To my surprise, after making such a profound resolution, I was calmer and more content than I could remember.

"As all of you are our dearest friends, Gale and I would like for you to be the first to know that he has made me the happiest woman on earth by consenting to become my wife and continue wearing feminine clothes!" Jo declared happily.

"How wonderful!" Aunt Helen shrieked in an excited high pitched voice as she rushed over to embrace us. "Oh Gale, I couldn't have wished for a better mate for you!"

"I want to hear it from Gale!" Carol insisted. "All I've heard is how badly he wanted to return to pants! I want to hear from his own lips that he wants to be a wife and continue to wear dresses!"

The others obviously felt the same as Carol because the room immediately became quiet, and all eyes fell on me. "After a full year of hearing me say my greatest desire was to return to pants, I guess I owe them that much," I thought. Turning bright red, I raised my left hand, displayed my diamond, and said, "You are all my friends, and I want you to share in my happiness. In spite of all my

words to the contrary, I have decided to continue wearing feminine clothes and become Jo's wife!"

"That's all I wanted to hear!" Carol proclaimed raising his glass in a toast. "Here's to the happy couple! May they be deliriously happy!" With a chorus of "Hear, hear," the others joined in.

After several other toasts, everyone except Tracy, Dana, and Lauren rushed over and offered their congratulations and best wishes. I was extremely jubilant as Jo and I accepted these accolades, but I was still concerned about the two despondent bundles of tears on the sofa. Finally, when I was able to slip away, I ambled over to try and comfort them. However, to my great surprise, I was met with total hostility!

"You betrayed us!" Tracy spat in a hushed tone Shannon wouldn't overhear. "You advised us to pretend to like our dresses and to obey Shannon in all that little girl stuff she made us do, and all the while, you were planning to become Jo's wife and wear dresses for the rest of your life! How could you do that to boys who, unlike you, don't like to be girls?"

"That's right!" Dana whispered pointedly. "I was right about you when I first saw you at Pamela's! Only, you are a bigger sissy than I could have ever imagined! Because we trusted you, we're doomed to wearing dresses and attending a girl's school for the next three years!"

"Yeah, and we'll be under Shannon's authority the whole time!" Tracy agreed. "Can you imagine what that will be like. . .what we'll be like after two more years of that?"

"Look, it's not like that," I tried to explain. "I didn't know, what they were planning. . ."

"Get away from us!" Tracy demanded. "We don't want to hear any more of your lies! It's all your fault that we have to look and act like little girls!"

When I hesitated, Dana insisted, "You heard him. Go!"

As I walked slowly away, I wished there was something I could do. . .something I could say that would convince them that I wasn't responsible for their fate. Sadly, with their present beliefs, I knew that would have to wait for another day!

As bad as that scene was, it wasn't the end of my trauma, because a few minutes later, I was pushed into a corner by Lauren! "Look what you got me into!" he spat as he stood back and slowly lowered his red tipped fingers

to emphasize his feminine costume. "After you said you wanted out of skirts, I tried to help you, and look what happened to me! If you had been honest and told me you wanted to get married and become a wife in dresses, I could have accepted that! But no! You had to salve your ego by lying that you wanted to return to pants instead of telling me the truth, and look what's happened! All men aren't sissies like you who want to wear women's clothes and be a wife!"

With that, Lauren turned and tramped away as indignantly as possible in his unaccustomed heels without giving me an opportunity to respond to his accusations.

Just then, Carol called for order saying, "Since we have heard exciting news concerning other males who, for one reason or another, wear feminine clothes, Arnold and I would like to make an announcement as well. As most of you know, I have been receiving estrogen injections for some months. What you may not realize is that this treatment is in preparation for sexual reassignment surgery that will be performed next spring. This is all being done with the full support of Arnold who will become my husband upon my recuperation, probably next June."

Everyone was excited once again, and we had yet another round of congratulatory toasts.

"Isn't this exciting?" Aunt Helen asked as she, Mrs. Parker, Lauren (who was still looking daggers my way), Jo, and I sat discussing my upcoming wedding when everyone else had gone. "I'm barely home from my own honeymoon, and now, I'm privileged to help plan another wedding. Oh well, the details are fresh on my mind, and that should help!"

"It certainly should, although I've been planning my daughter's wedding for years!" agreed Mrs. Parker. "However, I must admit, this is not exactly what I had in mind."

"Maybe not, but it's still a wedding, and planning one appropriately, preparing the guest list, selecting dresses for the bridesmaids and maid of honor, making all the arrangements with the photographer, caterer, and other services take at least three months to plan and execute, and I haven't even started talking about the bridal gown!" Aunt Helen replied.

"Three months?" Mrs. Parker stated. "Let's see, it's early August, so September, October, November. . . early

November will be the earliest possible date. What do you think Jo?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jo sighed. "I've been too busy talking this gorgeous creature into marrying me to even think about a date. It's your wedding too Doll," she said to me. "What do you think about a date?"

I was astounded that she would ask me! For the past year, no one had asked me anything, and now only hours after agreeing to marry her, Jo wanted my thoughts on setting a date for our wedding. "I don't know, but early November seems like an odd time," I answered hesitantly. "How about around Thanksgiving? If Tracy and Dana are speaking to me by then, they could participate. . .if they wished."

"An excellent idea sweetheart!" Aunt Helen exclaimed as she exchanged glances with Mrs. Parker who obviously approved as well. "Thanksgiving weekend it is!"

With everyone in a jubilant mood and with both Aunt Helen and Jo present, I believed this as good a time as any to bring up a new subject. "After we're married, will I have to wear these extremely high heels and this dressy attire all the time like I do now? I'm used to them, but they're extremely uncomfortable, and very few women that type clothing and heels except for evenings and festive events."

"I've been meaning to speak with you about that," Jo injected. "In the future, I would prefer that you wear lower heels, dress more colorfully. . .more casually with shorter skirts and the like. That is, except when we go out socially or when you want to look good for me on other special occasions. . .if you know what I mean!"

Hearing Jo's answer, Aunt Helen stared at her intensely with Jo meeting her gaze with equal fervor. I had learned that Aunt Helen was very willful and had a habit of getting her way. She was obviously perturbed that Jo was changing my dress requirements, and I was afraid an ugly confrontation was brewing between them until a smile slowly began to creep onto Aunt Helen's stern features. "Of course you are right about how he should dress, darling!" she answered congenially. "How silly of me! He's to be your bride, and he should dress to please you and you alone! And, to show there are no hard feelings, I'll foot the entire bill to purchase his new wardrobe in the styles, fabrics, and colors of your choice."

"Everything?" Jo gasped.

"Everything. . .including lingerie if you like!"

"I like the sexy lingerie he wears, but. . .since you're being so generous, perhaps we could find a few things that intrigue us!" Jo replied with a wink to a chorus of merry laughter.

That's how my first year in skirts ended. . .with me planning my wedding and my future as Jo's wife. I say my first year because, as I write this, I've just completed my second! A lot of things happened that second year, but they weren't nearly as traumatic or memorable as the first, to say the least!

As planned, Jo and I got married, but at my request, our wedding was much smaller than Aunt Helen's. I would be wearing dresses and presenting myself as a woman in the future, but as in the past, I wanted to restrict the number of persons who knew the whole story to as few as possible. Even so, Aunt Helen and Mrs. Parker insisted that our ceremony be exceedingly gala and the dresses of all the participants be intricate, elaborate, and expensive. Suffice to say, my gown was the most beautiful and flamboyant, because as everyone kept saying, "The bride simply must be the most radiant and lovely person present on her wedding day!"

Over the months as we made preparations for the wedding, Lauren and I maintained a tenuous relationship at best with him continuing to blame me for his feminine existence. Still, while all this was going on, his training continued, and he became much more feminine in both actions and appearance. One day; however, as he was helping into my white satin lace embellished wedding gown for a fitting, he asked, ""Truthfully Gale, why did you go back on your word, choose to wear dresses and become Jo's wife?"

"I took an honest look at myself, and knew that despite all my efforts to the contrary, I had become too feminine to ever return to being a boy. . .a man," I honestly answered. "I have no education beyond high school, and I had become too soft, too delicate to earn a living as a laborer or some other unskilled job. To survive, I had no choice but to marry Jo, have her support me, and live my life as a woman in dresses. As for deceiving you, when I said I wanted to return to pants more than anything, I really meant it. At the time, I had no idea that events would unfold as they did."

He considered my words before saying, "I know what you mean about becoming soft and feminine because the

same thing is happening to me. I'm sorry that I didn't understand before and for blaming my misfortune on you. Anyway, over the past months, I've come to believe that Helen planned to put me in skirts before we got married. I think she chose our conversation that night to direct suspicion away from herself."

In time, Lauren actually became content in his role as Aunt Helen's wife and never mentioned stocks, bonds, sales, or real estate investments again!

When Tracy and Dana arrived to join the wedding rehearsal, they still believed I was responsible for their enrollment in the exclusive girl's school they had been attending, and with that belief, they were understandably malicious toward me. From my own like experiences, I couldn't blame them for their animosity. If anything, my greatest emotion was astonishment over how perfectly they mimicked the role of fourteen year old girls! They wore their short pleated skirts with the grace and decorum of the most fastidious of young ladies, always sitting properly with never a hint of lace showing. Their ankles would occasionally separate, but their knees constantly remained together as if glued!

Considering their belief about my role in their destiny, I understood why Tracy and Dana weren't very inclined to share their school experiences with me. Shannon; however, was a different story! She was delighted to describe the systematic conversion of these two boys on the brink of manhood into the perfect image of demure fourteen year old girls under her direction and authority. Upon my request, she offered the following account.

"When we arrived at the school, and Tracy and Dana were settled in their room, they sat on their beds and said no matter what I said or did, they would no longer behave as girls. With Mom, Mrs. Hendrix, and Hilda gone, for a moment, I thought they had won. . .that without adult support, I couldn't control them. After all they are both boys, and they are both older and stronger than me. Therefore, I knew if I was to win, I had to find a way to do it psychologically. Since they had protested loudest when they faced exposure as boys in their feminine clothes, I decided to try that tactic in my present crisis.

"Have it your way!" I spat. "The only clothes you have are skirts, dresses, and silky lingerie, and when you leave this room, that's what you'll have to wear. If you want to be exposed as boys before the entire student body and be

called sissies for the next three years, I'll be happy to make the announcement. On the other hand, if you had rather go to class with a thousand young girls without my advice, you're sure to be exposed as boys in a matter of days! However, now that we are here, my aim is to help you fit in, not to chastise or expose you. But now, after your little tantrum, if you want my help, you'll have to ask for it! I'll not attempt to force it on you!' With that, I stormed out of their room and slammed the door.

"My strategy worked, because less than an hour later, both of them were knocking at my door begging me to help them. Their main concern in this plea was that I not spank them at the school. They knew from experience that they couldn't keep silent, and they were afraid their screams would be heard by the other girls. At that point, I knew I had them, and I tightened the screws! 'Alright,' I agreed. 'I'll help you, but in exchange, you must promise to obey me in all things without question or dissent. If you forget yourselves and rebel like you have so many times in the past, I'll expose you to one of my friends instead of spanking you. After that, every time one of you is rebellious, I'll tell another friend! You had better encourage each other to quickly learn to follow instructions without hesitation or defiance because if either of you misbehaves, both of you will suffer the embarrassing consequences!'

"When they reluctantly agreed, I advised them to put their prior training into full practice and to observe the other girls for ways to improve their deception. I also told them to watch each other for masculine moves or actions because exposure for either would mean exposure for both. 'You should brush and style each other's hair for practice, learn about clothes, colors, fabrics, the latest styles, skirt lengths, and a variety of other feminine interests so you can discuss them intelligently and enthusiastically when the subject arises. Failure to be knowledgeable on these topics will quickly arouse suspicion and ultimate detection.

"After that, for the most part, they were obedient and intent on learning the necessary details to avoid discovery. With that kind of effort, they rapidly became very believable as fourteen year old girls. Along the way; however, Dana slipped up twice and Tracy once. So now, my three best friends know of the plight of our 'dollies', as we call them. To make matters worse, Tracy and Dana have to obey my friends as they do me. Unfortunately for

them, that means cleaning our rooms, hand washing our undies, and running errands for us. As you can see, this approach has worked wonders for them!"

I couldn't deny that! Even so, I was never able to get close to either of them through the rehearsals or the wedding itself.

After all the preparation, the actual wedding was kind of anticlimactic! As an unexpected surprise, Aunt Helen had her wedding gown altered to fit me, as she had no daughter. During the ceremony itself, I was a bit perturbed with my promise to honor and obey, but Jo eased my mind saying it was only a symbolic proclamation naming her as the head of our household. After that, I guess no one was surprised when, at the reception, Aunt Helen introduced us as Mr. and Mrs. Jo Parker!

As Jo threw herself into her work, I was left to furnish and decorate the moderate house we bought in a nice neighborhood in the suburbs. To say the least, I knew nothing of these activities in the beginning, but with reading, attending seminars, and the help of an interior decorator, I did a credible job. . .if I do say so myself.

Pamela and I corresponded regularly, and to my surprise, I received a letter stating that she was getting married to an older gentleman who was an elected member of the House of Lords! "He is quite wealthy, and easily able to support me in grand style, a fact Mum finds thrilling," she wrote. "In fact, Mum arranged the marriage in return for him changing his will to leave everything to me if we are still man and wife upon his death!"

Shortly after Christmas, Carol had his sexual reassignment surgery, and after a lengthy recuperation period, she and Arnold were married.

As my life as a housewife settled down, Jo and I were very happy, but one thing continued to trouble me. . .the fact that Tracy and Dana blamed me for their schoolgirl destiny. When school was out for the summer; however, that situation came to an end.

I was sitting under a shady umbrella at the club in a stylish tennis dress one afternoon when they came over to join me. In their short youthful skirts and with their adolescent hairstyles, realizing that they were very near my own age was hard to believe! While I had become a 'married woman', they had become high school coeds!

"Please forgive us for blaming our problems on you last year Gale," Tracy asked.

"Yes," Dana agreed. "We're truly sorry!"

"There is nothing to forgive," I confessed. "I'm just glad you don't hate me."

"We don't hate you," Tracy explained. "We did, but we don't now. At first, when you said you had become too feminine to return to a masculine life, we didn't understand. But, when we met and danced with boys at the spring dance, we realized that despite our former rugged lives, we were no longer like them and never could be again. That's when we understood what you meant when you agreed to marry Jo."

"That's right," Dana concurred. "Also, that's when we saw our classmates developing breasts above their formals! It just felt right that we had to do the same or face discovery at some time during the next two years. We knew about Carol's hormone injections, and we asked Shannon if we could receive them to make our bodies develop like the girls around us."

"After two months, it's working too!" Tracy exclaimed, pushing out his chest to display two tiny mounds. "I don't have to wear padding in my training bra any longer!"

"That's very nice!" I offered in an underhanded compliment while thinking, "I never would have thought Tracy could get excited over having breasts! Oh well, at least they aren't angry with me any longer, and if anyone should understand how wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl effects boys, it would be me!"

So went our lives, but questions remain. Were Aunt Helen and her cronies satisfied with what they had done to us, or did they get their devious hooks into other unsuspecting boys and force them into skirts and feminine lifestyles? Yes, there were others, many others, but that's a story for another time. . .another day!

THE END

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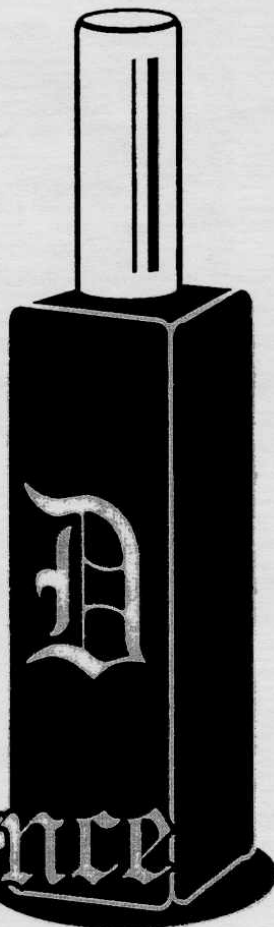
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When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

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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!

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

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

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

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

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

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

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

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

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

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

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

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

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

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

PRETTY FOREVER #73

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

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

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

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

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

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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"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.

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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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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!

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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

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Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it’s all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

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A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

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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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A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating reading.



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