

# TITILLATING TV TALES

**"PRACTICALLY A GIRL"**



**SOMETIMES LIFE JUST ISN'T FAIR. WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT A BOY TO MODEL BRAS WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY GIRLS? IS THAT THE POINT?**

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS**

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# TITILLATING TV TALES

VOLUME 7

## Practically a Girl!

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## “Practically a Girl!”

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### QUOTE BOARD

“Ever noticed that no one, girls, women, cross dressers, nor boys forced to dress as girls and wear makeup, can apply mascara with their mouth closed?”

# **PRACTICALLY A GIRL**

**By Alice Trail and Sandy Thomas**

It was a boring Friday afternoon, and as usual, Terry didn't have a date. He and his sister, Katie, were rather close for siblings, so he went to her room to see what she was doing. At fifteen, she was a year younger than him, and both were in the same high school. Although she was beginning to develop a cute figure, neither was very popular. Finding her working on her fingernails, he asked, "How about a game of Madden football?"

"I can't right now," she smiled excitedly. "I'm scheduled to be a model for Uncle Dwight tomorrow, and I have to get ready. Didn't Mom tell you?"

Their Uncle Dwight owned a small clothing boutique and distributorship of girl's and women's clothes that hadn't done well of late because he didn't have a contract with any of the mega outlets. Knowing his uncle wouldn't use his sister if he had the money to hire a real model, Terry smiled, "This must be his last ditch effort to make a go of it."

"I guess," she sighed. "There's lots of competition out there, and he's trying to make merchandise appeal to the public and mass retailers. He hired this marketing consultant to help him publicize a new line of fashions to a savvier crowd on the Internet. He has long weird looking hair for a man."

"Hey! I have long hair! Does that mean I'm weird?"

Katie teased, "You're too normal to be interesting, much less weird!"

"Thanks a lot!" he laughed, throwing a pillow her way. He and Katie teased a lot, but it was all in fun.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, turning serious. "How about going with me tomorrow, moral support and all?"

"Sure, why not? I'm not doing anything."

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When the Robbins family arrived at the boutique, Hans Grubber, Dwight's new marketing guru, greeted them. After exchanging pleasantries, their parents went off with Dwight to discuss his dilemma. When Katie and Terry were alone with Hans, he smiled at Katie and said, "It's time to get dressed. Come this way." When they were in the dressing room, he added with a smile, "I'm looking forward to seeing you model our revolutionary new bra."

"No way!" Katie spat. "I'm not doing a bra ad!"

Hearing his sister's raised voice, Terry rushed into the dressing area and asked, "What's going on?"

"What are you doing here?" Hans snapped in an irritable demanding sort of way.

"Katie asked me to come!" he retorted angrily.

"Well, your sister is trying to ruin your uncle's business, and I'm here to save it!" Hans mocked sarcastically. "We have this chic bra with a new design for under developed girls, and she's too stubborn to even try it on."

"It's for flat chested women!" Katie snapped. "I'm almost a B cup, and I won't wear a bra that makes me appear flat chested!"

"Your uncle has no money to run newspaper or television ads, so no one will see it except a few

strangers on the Internet," Hans retorted. "A web site is cheaper, and it has the potential to reach more perspective buyers. That's the modern way to market merchandise. He has to get to it before his business is history."

"Come on, Katie!" Terry encouraged. "Model the bra. Uncle Dwight is a good guy, and he needs help."

Katie turned red and scoffed, "If you want someone to model this wonder bra, you do it! You'd look really flat in those before shots. If that innovative new design gives you a cute figure, girls will buy them by the zillion!"

"Oh my! I think she has something there!" Hans exclaimed, his eyes lighting up. "Wait here while I talk with your uncle!"

"I'm sure not doing a bra ad for underdeveloped girls!" Katie fumed while Hans scurried away. "I thought I was here to model clothes, not bras! You can model them if you like, but not me!"

Hans returned with a devious smile and asked, "How about it, Terry? I just talked to your uncle, and he gave me the green light. You and Katie look a lot alike, and since she won't do the shoot, how about you giving it a try?"

"Green light?" he huffed in an indignant tone. "I'm not a girl, and I don't care how many green lights you have. I'm not modeling a bra! If any of my friends saw the ad and put the word out, my ass would be grass!"

"Desperate measures for desperate times," Hans insisted. "Let us make you the spokesperson for the Entice Bra. Besides saving your uncle's business, you get twenty five cents from every sale as a royalty."

"No!" he flatly refused. "I wouldn't do it if you paid me twenty five *dollars* for every bra sold!"

"Chill and think, Terry," Katie teased. "If your skinny body sells four bras, you'd get a whole dollar!"

"You shut up!" he snapped irritably. "Boys don't model bras!"

"Oh, come on!" she taunted. "You're really flat! If that thing works like they claim, a before and after ad with you as the model would be a blessing to every under endowed girl around the globe. Talk about sales, you wouldn't be able to carry the quarters!"

"Perhaps not, but you could carry a check with lots of zeros," Hans countered in a soft voice. "Joke all you want, but this is serious. If we fail, your uncle is out of business and in debt big time. I've cut my staff to the bone. There's only a clothing coordinator, a makeup specialist, and a photographer who doubles as director. I'm the lighting technician!"

"I can't," Terry sighed. He was sad to hear of his uncle's financial plight, but his masculine pride wouldn't allow him to pose for photographs in a bra.

Hans went on, "I know this sounds crazy, but my instincts tell me we've stumbled onto something that just might work. Look, we get you all spiffed up in a regular bra for a few *before* photos, and then change you into an Entice bra for some *after* shots. The ad would read, 'If we can do this for a boy, imagine what we could do for you!' It will be a smashing campaign, and we'll sell millions of bras! How about it?"

Catching the spirit, Katie encouraged, "Don't be chicken. Who knows, you might have fun, and you're almost assured to make a few bucks."

"Uncle Dwight going broke or not, I'm not wearing a bra!"

"I'm calling Mom!" Katie said, leaving Terry alone with Hans.

While she was gone, Hans tried to make Terry feel guilty by saying this was the only chance to save his uncle's business. Dwight joined in and begged him to do the shoot, and Katie joined as well. It was three against one, but Terry stood his ground. That's the way things stood when his mother and father arrived. Everyone tried to explain the situation, talking at once.

Finally, Patsy turned to Terry with a hard glare and demanded to know, "What's wrong with you? Dwight is my brother! Do you want to see him on welfare? This is family, so swallow your false masculine pride, and do whatever is necessary to bail him out! Wear the bra, and do it now!"

"I'll help, Mom!" Katie gushed while grabbing Terry's arm and pulling him toward a makeshift dressing room at the rear of the store.

"Don't let them do this to me, Dad!" Terry beseeched while pulling away from Katie and rushing to his father for support.

"Don't you dare take his side, *Connie!*" his wife snapped in a harsh tone. His name was Conrad, but she seemed to have a strange affect on him whenever she called him, *Connie*. "With Dwight's future on the line, this is no time for masculine pride!"

"But, Patsy," he protested. "Terry will be shamed if he has to..."

"*Connie!*" she snapped, giving him a tenacious glare.

Lowering his eyes with an obvious blush, a subdued, defeated expression covered Conrad's face, and he sighed, "Go ahead, Terry. Your mother knows best. Wearing a bra for a few photographs won't do you any harm. Do as she says."

Terry whole-heartedly disagreed, but what could he do? Turning red, he dejectedly followed Katie to the dressing area like a condemned prisoner on his way to the gallows.

A smile crossed Hans' face as he gushed, "Okay, let's have some fun with this!" Laughs were heard as he gave orders to the scant crew, and they scurried about getting ready.

As soon as Katie and Terry entered the dressing area, Midge, a middle age no nonsense woman ordered him to undress. "Here, in front of you and Katie?" he gasped in disbelief. "There's no privacy!"

"As your mother said, this is not the place for false modesty," she insisted. "What you have is not unique. Your sister and I have seen little boys in the buff. If you like, you can turn your back to us."

"I'm not taking my clothes off with you and Katie watching, and that's that!" he fumed adamantly.

"I'll get, Mom," Katie tittered as she hurried away.

A few moments later, Patsy stormed into the dressing area and fumed, "What's this about you refusing to get undressed, young man? Studio time costs lots of money, and you're holding up the shoot!"

"But Mom, they want me to undress in front of them!" he wailed with tears forming in his eyes. "Besides, why do I have to take off my pants and boxers to model a bra?"

"Never you mind!" she spat. "Just do as they say! Strip out of those clothes this minute or I'll call your father and Dwight to rip them off!"

With tears of frustration and embarrassment filling his eyes, he began to slowly unbutton his shirt. When he

was naked and under the gaze of Katie, Midge, and his mother, he blushed and tried to hide his privates with his hands. Even that small gesture of modesty was denied him when Midge ordered him to hold his hands over his head and turn slowly before them.

After what seemed an eternity, Midge thoughtfully and unemotionally mused, "We have a bare bones crew today, and this isn't my field of expertise." Turning to Katie, she instructed, "Bring Hans in here to have a look."

Katie giggled gleefully as she scurried away, and Terry blushed even brighter at the prospect of that weirdo seeing him naked with his hands in the air.

After looking over the embarrassed boy's defenseless form with the same undaunted eye as Midge, Hans put his hand on his chin and reflected in a nonchalant tone, "I see what you mean. We can deal with his hair, but cover his legs with dark pantyhose until we get some before shots to prove he's a boy. Of course, you'll have to shave his chest and underarms before he models the bra."

Terry was afraid he might have grabbed too eagerly for the panties when Midge handed them to him, but he was desperate for anything to cover his nudity. As he pulled the garment up his legs, he was quick to notice that they were silky nylon and had no fly like he was accustomed to wearing.

Next, Midge gave him a pair of dark, pantyhose and instructed him how to put them on without snagging or damaging them. He heard Katie snicker again when he was given a mid thigh length half-slip of the same silky material as his panties. Needless to say, he was blushing bright red when he was led before his father, Dwight, and Derek, the photographer in his feminine underclothes!

"Look," Hans said in a soft voice. "I'm not here to humiliate or degrade you. My purpose is to show that, using the innovative Entice bra, we can take an ordinary boy and create a sweater girl image. To that end, I want to document your transformation in a frame-by-frame series of photographs. Please try to concentrate and follow my directions.

Terry was given a pair of black pumps with two-inch heels and told to walk about to get used to them so he wouldn't stumble or fall during the shoot. When he felt slightly assured in his feminine footwear, he walked out to the lighted area with short mincing, non-masculine steps.

The camera rapidly clicked images of his profile to show his boyish flat chest. He was acutely aware of the lacy hem of his unfamiliar slip tickling his thighs, creating concern that this feminine garment would be seen in photos that would be posted on the Internet. To his chagrin, he was directed to assume many positions, including one where he was facing the camera flexing his biceps to clearly show his boyish chest to remove any doubt that he was male. At last, he was directed to follow Midge to the dressing area where she shaved his chest and underarms while his mother watched to make sure he cooperated. Katie watched for the fun of it!

"This is nice," Katie giggled as she felt the soft material of Terry's silky half-slip. Reveling in his embarrassment, she teased, "You're so lucky! I wish I had a slip with intricate lace at the hem like yours!"

"Shut up!" he spat while blushing brighter.



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN  
24 HOURS!**

**We appreciate your business!**

**Sandy Thomas**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**



***“You want me to wear a bra?”***

***“Wearing a bra to help you uncle won’t hurt you.”***

***“But why panties? Only sissies wear panties.”***

***“Then you will be a sissy for your uncle.”***

"Some people can't accept a compliment," she grinned mischievously.

When Terry returned to the spotlight wearing his feminine scanties and with his body void of what little hair he formerly possessed on his upper body, he noticed that a pink vanity with a large lighted mirror had been placed 'center stage'. With no explanation, he was told to insert my arms into the straps of a bra and guide them onto his shoulders.

Off camera, Katie fastened the strap behind Terry's back. The cups were empty, and he was encouraged when he noted that this wonder bra didn't add a hint of a curve. "Since this thing doesn't work, maybe now I can change back into my clothes and get the hell out of here," he thought hopefully.

His hopes were dashed when Derek said, "I know your bra is fastened, but I want you to reach back as though you were fastening it yourself. After I get a few shots, lean forward so that your body hides your chest, and pretend to be adjusting the cups. Let's go through a couple of dry runs before we start." When that sequence was "in the can", he said, "Okay Midge, do your stuff."

With Terry leaning forward, Midge pushed, prodded, and kneaded his flesh into the bra cups until, if he hadn't known better, he would have sworn he had breasts!

The next series of photographs started with him *adjusting* his breasts into the cups of the bra where he left off before. He then straightened up to make it appear as if he had created this miracle right before the camera. Totally embarrassed, he moved about so his image could be captured on film from frontal and both profiles. To the viewer, he would appear to have amazingly sprouted breasts. Quite a feat for a boy!



*“This has gone beyond just modeling a bra, momma.”*

*“Oh, don’t be such a sissy, Terry. You can’t model a bra without the rest of the clothes. Your bra just wouldn’t look right.”*

Terry was directed to the vanity and told to smooth his slip beneath him as he sat on the padded bench. Midge then loaded his hair with rollers. When a few were secured with pins, she had him hold the next curler to make it appear as if he was rolling his own hair. After a few shots, she secured all but the last roller and told him to hold it while more photos were taken. This was repeated until he appeared to have applied his own base, powder, rouge, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick, and nail polish.

While the camera clicked away, Terry removed the rollers from his hair. Then, with a brush, comb and spray can, Midge teased, sprayed, combed, and brushed his tresses until he sported a very feminine style that he appeared to have created himself. Coordinated earrings were attached before he was distracted by a burst of hair spray.

When Midge held out a silky camisole that matched Terry's half-slip, Hans stopped her saying, "Hold it, we're selling bras here, not lingerie! Start with his skirt, and keep his bra showing as long as possible."

Laying the camisole aside, she handed him a dark gray skirt that was only slightly longer than his slip and instructed him to step into it. While she tugged his slip into place under his skirt, he looked in the mirror and was struck speechless.

As the crew raved over Terry's appearance, Hans exclaimed, "He looks great! I feel it in my bones. This is going to work and work *big!*" A long look at the skirted boy confirmed his opinion.

Terry saw that, with his clothes, makeup, and bra, he really did look like a well-endowed girl. "I'm even prettier and better built than Katie!" he thought dejectedly. "She should have done this!"

In turn, Katie, who was obviously having second thoughts about her decision not to do the ad, sneered, "I could look that good if I was wearing a padded bra and a ton of makeup!"

"That's the beauty of this innovative bra!" Hans beamed. "We used no padding, and he's wearing precious little makeup. Everything you see is all him, and as such, the benefits to lesser endowed girls can be astounding!"

"See?" Katie laughed, changing tactics to better enjoy herself at her brother's expense. "Big tits garner lots of attention!"

"That's why having a boy model our new bra is the ideal way to market it!" Hans explained. "Don't you see the genius in the concept? With a little luck, word of mouth, and if enough people visit our web site, your uncle should be out of debt and on sound financial ground in six months or so!"

Terry's break over, he moved before the camera in his bra, skirt, and feminine makeup for numerous shots, and he was becoming quite tired. "Being a model is definitely not the glamorous job I thought," he mused. "It's hot under the lights, you have to sit in twisted positions, and someone is always fooling with your hair or your clothes."

Hans showed him how to sit and hold his shoulders while displaying the effects of the Entice Bra. He slowly became accustomed to the feeling of the strange band about his chest. He was surprised when Hans and Derek talked to him as if he was a girl. As planned, their complements helped overcome his embarrassment from his unfamiliar clothes.

When Terry was finally allowed to put on a blouse to cover his bra, he blushed brightly when he saw it was cropped to show a large expanse of his mid-section. As

instructed, he pulled the strap of a small black purse over his shoulder and sauntered about for a few shots before walking off the set as if he was a girl stepping out for a fun time. The last photo was finally taken, and Hans yelled, "That's a wrap!"

Looking at his family while reflecting on the ordeal he had just endured, Terry noticed his mother and uncle smiling brightly, but his father appeared to be confused. Staring at his son's curled hair, makeup, padded bosom, skimpy skirt, and exposed nylon clad legs; he turned to his wife and asked, "Why did you make him to do such a thing before all these people? He's a boy, for Gawd's sake!"

"He's beautiful!" she gushed. "If I hadn't seen his transformation with my own eyes, I would never have believed he would make such a cute girl!"

Seeing Conrad's sour expression, Terry thought he was ashamed of him. He looked anxiously about for a place to hide, but seeing none, all he could do was stand and blush, ashamed of his girlish attire.

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart, Terry," Dwight gushed as he rushed to his nephew's side. With tears in his eyes, he blubbered, "Hans told me this was all your idea, and you've done a masterful job for your family. If this ad campaign doesn't gain attention for my line of clothes and innovative new products, at least we gave it our best shot."

Blushing brightly, Terry glanced down at his feminine ensemble and sighed, "Thanks, Uncle Dwight, but wearing this girlish stuff wasn't my idea. I tried to get out of doing the shoot, but Mom made me go through with it. Now, excuse me. I have to change clothes so we can go home."

"There isn't time!" Dwight exclaimed. "I have dinner reservations at the Country Club. The shoot ran longer than I figured, so we have to hurry. You can change when you get home and bring those clothes back tomorrow. On second thought, keep them clothes as a souvenir to remind you of your thoughtful deed."

"I can't go out looking like this, and I don't want these clothes for any kind of remembrance!" Terry protested. "And, what if some of my friends see me like this at the club?"

"Don't worry!" Dwight beamed, pointing out the obvious. "Everyone will see you soon, at least, I hope so! Our web page will be up in a few days and news of our revolutionary new bra should spread like wildfire. Thanks to you, I'm looking forward to the greatest sales weekend in the history of my business!"

Just then, Midge took him by the hand and said, "That crop top isn't appropriate for dinner. Let's pop you into a dressy blouse to keep you from drawing undue attention at the restaurant."

Before Terry could object, his top was off, and he was wearing a camisole tented out by a bra filled with his own flesh. While he stood blushing, Midge held up a white nylon blouse with lace at the collar and cuffs and said, "Slip this on, and I'll button the back."

"I can't wear this girly stuff in public!" Terry wailed as he looked down in horror at the straps of his bra and camisole showing through his sheer blouse.

"You look very nice, so there's no reason to be ashamed," Patsy instructed as if he were her daughter. "Now, tuck your blouse into the waistband of your skirt, and you'll look perfect."

"But, Mom!" he protested. "Modeling girl's clothes in a studio is bad enough. Wearing them out in public is

something else. Please don't make me do this! I'll be embarrassed beyond words if any of my friends see me in this skirt and makeup. I would never live down the stigma of being a sissy!"

"Put these cosmetics in your purse so you can freshen up after you eat," Midge said while he applied a fresh coat of lipstick under her direction. As if this was all perfectly normal, she sprayed him with a pleasant feminine perfume and added, "If only we had time to shave your legs and polish your nails, you would look perfect!"

"He's right," Conrad said, standing up to his wife, a rare occurrence. "Terry did Dwight a favor by modeling the new bra like you wanted, so don't humiliate him this way. Give him time to change."

An angry expression covered Patsy's face, and she spat, "Do you want to spoil Dwight's day? He's desperately trying to save his business, and you're worried about Terry being embarrassed in his skirt. Important things like marketing strategies, web sites, databases, and media blitzes have to be discussed and thrashed out, so get real!" When Conrad lowered his head in defeat, she spat with an angry glare, "We'll finish this conversation at home!"

Turning to Terry, Hans smiled brightly and said, "You do look nice, and you have done a great service for your family!"

"Maybe so, but I wish I didn't have to wear this stuff in public," he sighed as his mother fairly pushed him out the door in his skirt and heels.

Terry was very tired, and yet his heart was racing as he walked into the restaurant in his girlish ensemble. With his legs exposed, he felt as though he was naked

and on display when the maître d' led them to their table. He was especially uncomfortable when the handsome young man smiled at him, as he didn't know how to react to the attention. To compensate, he merely blushed and lidded his eyes.

Seeing his quandary, Katie giggled, "What's the matter, *sister dear*?"

"The maître d' keeps staring at my, my," he lowered his gaze and blushed brightly at the thought that he almost admitted to having feminine breasts. "This silky blouse shows everything I'm wearing underneath."

"Nothing attracts a guy's attention like big tits and a lacy bra showing under a see-through blouse except maybe a low cut top," she smiled. "If you don't want him looking, stop flirting!"

"I wasn't flirting! I was just..."

"Well, stop it! Ignore him, and stop making eye contact. You have a lot to learn about guys. They take anything as encouragement. Just relax and do as I say. I'll help you through this ordeal if you work with me. If you don't, you're on your own, girly boy."

Even with Katie's promise to help, Terry was still nervous. He was conscious of his protruding bosom and how his skirt moved about his thighs and restricted his stride. Most of all, he wondered if any of his friends would show up!

As they sat at the table, his mother made little comments about his makeup and bust line before asking, "Did Midge cut your hair?"

"A little," he nodded with a blush.

"Great cut," Katie gushed as she fingered his curls. "If my hair was short, I might have mine styled that way. Then, we'd really look like sisters!"

Dwight and Hans talked of the web page and how it should bring in business quickly, and Terry was relieved when Conrad ordered for his *daughters*. He didn't have to talk, but he received only a dinner salad instead of the steak he really wanted. He was amazed the way everyone seemed to take him for a girl. The only comment being from the hostess who gushed about how much she loved his blouse and wanted to know where he bought it.

When Dwight eagerly directed her to his store while scribbling Free Entice Bra on one of his cards, handing it to her, and saying, "This is Terry, the model for a revolutionary new bra we've designed. Try one on the house, and tell your friends about it."

"I will, oh I will!" she squealed as she walked away in a jovial mood while staring happily at the card. "This is the best tip I've had all week!"

"This is going to work, I know it is!" Hans enthused with a bright smile. "She didn't have a clue that our sexy bra model is a boy!"

"Don't count your cash receipts yet," Patsy cautioned. "Any flat-chested woman would be excited to get a free bra, especially one that promises to give her a fuller figure."

While Dwight and Hans talked business, Conrad sat by silently looking bored. Terry tried to follow their conversation, but his mother and sister involved him in their chatter about dresses, skirt lengths, makeup, and hairstyles.

"Come on, Terry," Katie said when they finished eating. "Let's go to the ladies' room and powder our noses."

"I can't go in *there*!" he whispered.

"Had you rather go to the men's room in your skirt?" his mother smirked. "Look, Katie is just trying to help you before you make a miscue and everyone here learns your secret. Your friends may not be around, but I'll wager some of their parents are. A discussion about seeing you at the club in a skirt, heels, and makeup with boobies tenting out a frilly blouse would make a fascinating topic at the dinner table of your chums. Unless that's what you want, I suggest you accept her offer."

While Terry stared blankly ahead, obviously considering his mother's words about his plight, a devious smile crossed Katie's face as she said, "Be sure to fluff out your skirt when you stand, and be careful not to stumble in your heels along the way."

"W...what'll I do?" he stammered, trying to stall long enough to think of a way out of his humiliating predicament.

"Just act natural, and follow my lead," Katie smirked.

Needless to say, Terry was greatly relieved when dinner was over and his family left the club without him being recognized as a boy in a skirt!

When they arrived back home, Conrad looked Terry over with a critical eye and whistled softly. "You know, honey," he said to his wife. "Our son makes a darn good looking girl."

"Of course, he does!" she agreed. "That's why he did so well in the shoot and why no one recognized him at the club."

Turning to Terry, he praised, "I can't tell you what this means to Dwight. Even if it doesn't work out, at least you were there for him. Thank you, son."

Tears almost came to Terry's eyes when his father gave him the first hug he could remember since grade

school. The two hadn't been getting along too well of late. Seemed to Terry like he was always being picked on to clean the garage, mow the lawn, or some other chore.

Just then, Katie said, "Okay kid, off with my dress!"

"It's your brother's dress," Patsy defended. "He stepped in to save the day when you refused to help."

Do *you* approve of this, Dad?" Katie asked.

"Terry came through for the family in time of need, and I must admit that having two daughters for the evening was fun. I see no harm in your brother wearing a skirt, and if Dwight needs him again, I won't object."

"*Again?*" Terry gasped. "Once was enough for me, more than enough!"

Patsy mused, "Nevertheless, your father is right. If Hans' scheme succeeds, this might not be your last time in a dress, young man. Come upstairs and I'll help you undress and put your things away."

Terry's heart was pounding as his mother showed him how to take care of his dress and lingerie. He felt light headed as she made room in his drawer for the panties, bra, slip, camisole, and pantyhose. As he watched, her fold and store them away, he hesitantly asked, "Do you really think I might have to wear this stuff again?"

"Would you like to?"

"No!" he answered emphatically.

"Well, in case you change your mind, you have your very own, bra, slip, panties, camisole, blouse, skirt, pantyhose, and heels," she grinned. "I'll tell Katie to keep her hands off of your nice things in case you do need them again."

He blushed at the thought of Katie knowing he was keeping the feminine lingerie and clothes... for whatever reason.

As he was washing the makeup off of his face, Katie came in and said, "I know I teased you a bit, but you were wonderful today. I was really proud of you for helping Uncle Dwight, and the way you handled yourself at the club was great!"

"Thanks, Katie."

She then handed him a silky pale pink garment and said, "This is my prettiest nightgown and matching panties. Mom said you should sleep in them to make your day as a girl complete."

"I can't sleep in that silky stuff!" he protested.

"Take it up with Mom," she replied with a teasing smile. "It was her idea."

"I'll do just that!" he fumed as he stormed out the door.

When he was within earshot of his parent's room, he was shocked to hear his mother yell, "How dare you challenge my authority in public! If not for the children being present, I would have taken your pants down and given you a spanking then and there! Now, get over here and take your medicine!"

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," he replied in a tiny quivering apologetic voice. "I was thinking of Terry. Didn't you see how humiliated he was during the shoot wearing lingerie and makeup? He almost swooned when you insisted on him wearing his skirt and heels to the club! Just think how embarrassed he would have been if anyone he knew had seen him dressed like that."

"What's the big deal? His picture will be posted all over the Internet in a few days. Who's skirts is he going

to hide behind then? Yours? Now, are you coming over here, or do I have to come get you?"

After a short pause, Terry heard an onslaught of slapping sounds. One after another, they followed in rapid succession. During the process, he heard his father plead in a panic filled voice that sounded as if it was near breaking, "Please, darling, not so hard! I promise not to question your decisions again, ever! Please! The children might hear!"

"Then keep quiet and take your punishment like the man you pretend to be."

"What's going on?" Terry wondered. "Is Mom spanking Dad? How could that be? He's a lot bigger and stronger than her!"

"What about *Terry*?" Conrad gasped as the blows continued to fall.

"He did Dwight a favor, and if he's needed again, he'll strap on his bra and strut before the cameras like he did today. If he rebels against my wishes, he'll get the same as you!"

Terry had considered not wearing the nightgown, but fearing his mother might come in to check to see if he was following her instructions, he hurried back to his room and slipped it over his head. After stepping into the matching panties, adjusting them at his waist, he lowered his skirt and climbed into bed. He was aroused because the gown felt so silky and luxurious about his body. Reaching down into his panties, he toyed with his turgid member for a moment, but he was so tired from his modeling session that he went right to sleep.

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The next morning, Patsy came into Terry's room and woke him. When he got out of bed without thinking, she saw him in his shimmering nightgown and exclaimed, "What are you wearing?"

"Katie's nightgown. She said you wanted me to sleep in it to make my day as a girl complete, or some such nonsense."

"That's nonsense alright," she chuckled. "I'm afraid you've been taken in by one of your sister's pranks, not that it hurt you to sleep in a soft gown after a hard day in skirts."

"Why, that little b...uh...witch!" he scowled as he scurried off to the bathroom with the soft sensuous gown caressing his body. "I should have known she'd pull something like that!"

After a relaxing shower, Terry dressed in his normal jockey shorts, tee shirt, jeans, and sneakers. Looking in the mirror, the only after effect of his feminine ordeal that he could see was his hair. The curls wouldn't stay down in back.

As was usual on a Sunday morning, Conrad was cooking breakfast for his family while wearing a new apron with a frill on the skirt and shoulder straps. He usually wore an apron for this chore, but never one this frilly. Terry was quick to notice that his father's eyes were red and puffy as if he had been crying. He was also very respectful toward his wife and quick to carry out her requests. Had she really spanked him?

"Sleep well in your silky nightgown, sister dear?" Katie grinned when her brother joined her and their mother at the table.

"Go to hell!" he spat angrily, his mind now completely off his browbeaten father. "I'll get you for that. Just you wait!"

"Whatever you do, it'll be worth it. I'll never let you forget the night I tricked you into sleeping in my silky pink nightgown."

Every time Terry looked at his sister after that, she was grinning at him like a Cheshire cat. Unable to think of a comeback to counter her taunt or diminish her glee, he could only blush in shame.

Just before lunch, Katie answered the phone, and after a brief conversation, she ended by saying, "Okay, I'll tell them." Approaching her mother, she said, "Uncle Dwight and Hans have been going through the photos from yesterday, and they found a few gaps. They want Terry to come by for some shots to complete the package." Looking at her distressed brother with a devious smile, she added, "To save studio time, he's to be dressed and made up with his nails polished to match his lipstick when he arrives."

"Oh no!" Terry spat. "I'm not going back there in those stupid girl's clothes!"

"I'm afraid you must," his mother confirmed in a soft, yet firm, voice. "This is a family matter, and your uncle's livelihood is at stake. I'll help you dress, style your hair, and apply your makeup."

"Please, Dad!" he wailed. "Don't let them do this to me, not again!"

Being unwilling to confront his wife and risk a reprimand or, even worse, a spanking in the presence of his children, Conrad lowered his gaze, nervously wiped his hands on his frilly apron skirt, and sighed, "Go with your mother, and do as she says. Dwight is her brother, and he needs your help."

Katie couldn't help giggling as she watched Terry dejectedly follow their mother with the demeanor of a man being led to the gallows.

In Terry's room, Patsy retrieved the panties, half-slip, and pantyhose from his drawer where she had placed them the night before and directed him to the bathroom to undress and change into them. His pleas falling on deaf ears, he had no choice but to comply. He was blushing for all he was worth when he returned in his silky lingerie and saw his mother holding his bra for him to slip his arms into!

While Patsy fastened the bra clasp in back, she instructed him to push his flesh into the cups like Midge had done the day before. To his surprise, kneading his *breasts* into the cups was easier this time. He wondered if the procedure was getting easier because he was more familiar with the process or would his flesh become more malleable each time he wore this bra? He had no idea, and he sure didn't want to find out!

After she made several adjustments to the straps of his bra, Patsy was satisfied with the fit and instructed him to put on his camisole. He blushed anew when he felt the soft silky blouse on his arms and saw the image of his bra and camisole through the translucent material.

When his skirt was in place, they went into Katie's room where he was told to sit at her vanity. "We'll do your nails first," his mother said. "The polish can be drying while we do your makeup."

His nails glistening with the pink varnish, he sat trancelike while his liquid foundation, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, blush, and lipstick were applied. Walking back downstairs with his skirt swirling about his nylon clad thighs; he felt more comfortable in his

heels and was walking more confidently than the day before.

At the studio, Dwight looked up in surprise when his nephew walked into the makeshift studio in his skirt, blouse, heels, and makeup. "Why are you dressed like that?" he curiously inquired. "We aren't taking photos. I just wanted you to come by to review the campaign ad before we download it on the Internet. Didn't Katie tell you?"

"She...she said dress like I was yesterday," he stammered while looking down at his feminine ensemble. Seeing his breasts pushing out his silky blouse, he glared angrily at Katie and scowled, "Why I oughta...!"

"Gotcha again!" she giggled.

Terry gasped when he saw the pictures. Barely recognizing himself, he looked like an adolescent boy with curly hair and makeup in the before shots and a delightfully curvy girl in the after photos. Every time he moved his hands, he noticed the sheen of his pink nails, and his skirt was a constant bother, causing him to fidget nervously. All in all, he had a most anxious afternoon, and upon arriving home, he couldn't wait to rid himself of his feminine clothes, makeup, and nail polish.

-----

A few days later, Terry was surfing the web on his computer when his father entered after knocking at his door and waiting to be invited in, something he never did before. Holding out a stack of silky garments to his son, he asked, "Where do you want these things?"

"What are they?" Terry gasped in astonishment as he stared at the stack of silky items.

"The panties, bra, slip, camisole, and pantyhose you wore in the photo shoot, and the nightgown Katie gave you. I hand washed your delicate things and ran a warm iron over them to eliminate wrinkles. I'll pick up your skirt and blouse from the cleaners tomorrow and hang them in your closet."

"I don't want that stuff! Throw it out for all I care!"

"Your mother said I should store them in your room in case you need them again. Now, where do you want them?"

Terry had noticed that his father was almost constantly doing housework of late. On top of that, he always wore his frilly apron and did whatever his wife suggested. Still, he hadn't thought much of it until now. Apparently, he hesitated too long. "Where do you want these things?" his father insisted in an irate tone. "You had better tell me because I'm not getting in trouble because of your stubbornness!"

"Uh...in the second drawer, I guess," Terry stammered. Was his father afraid of his mother? Had she really spanked him? Was she making him do housework as some type punishment? Feeling a need to find the answers, he asked, "Why are you always doing housework and wearing that sissy apron?"

"I get tense from all the stress on my job," Conrad replied with a grimace and a blush. "Doing housework relaxes me. I wear the apron to protect my clothes. You should give it a try."

"No thanks. I'll stick with computer games," he blushed as he watched his father store the silky feminine lingerie in his drawer. "I just hope none of my friends see that sissy looking stuff in there."

"If I were you, I'd be praying that no one you know sees the website with you wearing it," Conrad sighed as he fluffed out his apron and made his exit.

-----

At school, Terry was on pins and needles with fear that someone would talk about seeing the humiliating website with the photos of him in girl's clothes. To his relief; no one even looked at him suspiciously, so he figured they hadn't seen it. On the other hand, Hans and Dwight were greatly concerned because their ad was getting very few hits, and they were selling precious few bras.

After two weeks, just as Terry dared to relax and assume his venture would go unnoticed, Brandi Jones, a senior cheerleader and easily the most desirable girl in school, approached him with a smile and asked, "Is it true?"

"Is what true?" he replied.

"*This!*" she said, holding a newspaper before his eyes.

Terry's heart nose-dived into his stomach as he read the headlines, "MODEL FOR REVOLUTIONARY NEW BRA REPORTED TO BE A LOCAL BOY!" Even worse, the article described his role in the innovative ad and showed two photographs of him, one before, showing him in his slip with a flat chest, and one after, showing him in profile with an apparent bosom.

Under the pictures was the caption, "IF THE ENTICE BRA CAN DO THIS FOR A BOY, THINK WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU!"

The article even gave the web address, and the story told the details of his participation!

"Is this article true or not?" Brandi insisted. "Is this you in these photos?"

"Yes, it's me," he admitted with a blush while stealing himself for an onslaught of ridicule.

Instead of the expected mockery, she asked curiously, "What kind of padding did you use?"

"No padding, it was all me," he admitted while turning even redder.

"Where can I get one of these bras?"

"At the Chic Chick Boutique on Market Street. My uncle is the owner. I did the ad for him."

"Thanks," she smiled. "If you're telling the truth about no padding, you're a doll! I'll talk to you tomorrow and tell you how it works for me."

Terry strongly suspected that Hans had given the story to the paper for the publicity, but what could he do? His greatest fear was realized. The cat was out of the bag, and he would have to live with the consequences. "My life is over!" he groaned. "I'll be branded a sissy or *worse!*"

As expected, the boys taunted him with quip like, "Hey, Bra Boy! Were you wearing panties under that sexy slip?" "Are you wearing panties now!" "What does your boyfriend think of you showing off the merchandise on the Internet?" "Why don't you wear that sexy skirt and see-through blouse to school?" and "You're better built than most of the girls around here!"

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To Terry's surprise, he received only questions about the bra from the girls, most of them concerning whether he thought they would look *larger*, more *developed*, or *sexier* in an Entice bra. Since he was to receive a

commission for every bra sold, he told them, "Of course! Buy one and see."

He got really excited when Brandi approached him with a bright smile the next morning. Bubbling with excitement, she leaned forward to give him an unobstructed view of her abundant assets and gushed, "Look what your new bra did for me!"

Terry couldn't help noticing that she was wearing a tight low cut blouse that displayed an ample view of cleavage and left little to the imagination. Her outfit was probably way outside school regulations, but who cared? She was proudly showing her vivacious and ample assets to him, so who cared about rules?

"I always thought my legs were my best feature, but now, I'm not so sure," she bubbled with a smile as she raised her skirt high enough for him to see her entire thighs and a glimpse of her silky pink panties. "What do you think?"

Never had anything so sexy or exciting happened to Terry. After staring open mouthed longer than he probably should have, he stammered, "You've got it all, Brandi, the prettiest face, the most perfect boobs, the sexiest legs, and the friendliest personality of any girl in school. You're the perfect teen queen."

"Thanks, Terry," she beamed as she lowered her skirt and brushed it into place. To show her appreciation for his compliment, she kissed him on the cheek and gushed happily, "You're a doll!"



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*"I always thought my legs were my best features," Brandi sighed, "but I'm not sure now that I'm wearing your fantastic bra. Now my best assets may be my breasts, all thanks to you, Terry."*

"Brandi Jones actually kissed me!" he reveled while trying to hide the bulge in his jeans. "Wow! Nothing like that ever happened to me before!"

The incident with Brandi proved to be only the beginning. Girl after girl rushed up to Terry, showing him what *his* new bra had done for them. Before long, he was the most popular boy in school.

He got more views of breasts up close and personal, more kisses on the cheek, and more whiffs of perfume than he could have dreamed! A few girls even insisted that he *feel* their proud new possessions the Entice bra produced for them. Talk about *heaven!*

When the other boys saw this happening, they let up on the teasing. Many asked him to get them dates with certain girls! He agreed to do so if they would stop teasing him about modeling the bras.

The boys agreed, and so began his dating service. The tactic actually worked well for both boys and girls, and his hazing stopped. The only failure was when he tried getting dates for himself. Every time he asked a girl out, he was met with lame excuses like, "I have a date." "I'm busy." "I'm going with my family on a trip." "I have to wax my legs." "I have a boyfriend." Or "I have to baby sit." All that popularity, and not one date, not *one!*

Only days after the website opened, the wire services picked up the story of the "BOY BRA MODEL", and the word spread like wildfire. As a result, the "*right*" was outraged, and the women's groups were divided. The men's movement remained mostly silent on the issue.

No matter, the Entice bras were selling like blankets at the North Pole. Orders came in from all around the world, and the innovative new bras virtually flew off the shelves! Dwight and Hans added more workers in the

factory, went to three shifts, and still, they could barely keep up with demand!

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After about a month, Hans said to Dwight, "We're on a fantastic roll with our campaign, but it will all end if we don't expand our line. Other manufacturers are knocking off our technology, and if we don't stay ahead of them, your sales could become almost nonexistent like before."

"What can we do to stay on top?"

"Since all women aren't built alike, I've come up with three new bra styles that I want to add to our line on the Internet. Of course, we'll need new pictures to post on the web."

"Are you suggesting what I think?"

"Come on! You know damn well that Terry is the only candidate to be our model. It worked so well in the beginning because it was an ingenious idea whose time had come, and it'll work again. Besides, if he models the new bras, we can continue to use our motto, 'If we can make a boy look this good, imagine what we can do for you!'"

"He was awfully upset last time. I don't think he'll go for it again."

"Explain the situation to your sister and ask for her help. She was the driving force behind Terry's cooperation last time, plus she seems happy with the royalty checks that keep rolling in and getting bigger. Anyway, it wouldn't hurt to ask."

Dwight was very nervous when he rang the bell at his sister's house. He was about to ask if she would allow him to photograph her son in the new bras Hans designed, and he was unsure of her reaction. "Oh well,"

he thought. "The worst that can happen is for her to say once is enough and throw me out."

"Come in, Dwight!" Patsy enthused upon seeing her brother at the door. "What brings you here?"

"I need to have a talk with you and Conrad in private, and I came by to avoid putting you out," he sighed uncertainly.

"Stop standing on formalities!" she scoffed. "You're family, for Gawd's sake. Have a seat." Turning toward the kitchen, she called out, "Connie, Dwight's here for a visit. Bring us a cup of coffee and some of those muffins you baked this morning."

As he made small talk with Patsy, Dwight was astonished when Conrad entered the living room carrying a tray containing the refreshments and wearing his frilly apron. He watched in awe, as his brother-in-law placed a cup of coffee and a small plate containing a freshly baked raisin muffin on the table beside each of them with practiced skill. After sampling the wares, he looked up in surprise and asked, "You did this? Man, it's great! Thanks."

Glaring at her beaming, self-satisfied husband, Patsy snarled, "Don't you have something to do in the kitchen?"

Nervously fidgeting with the frill on his apron skirt, Conrad blushed and replied just above a whisper, "Yes, dear."

"Then, get to it!"

"What was that about?" Dwight asked as he watched his brother in law scurry back into the kitchen with his apron fluttering in the breeze.

"Just a husband and wife thing," Patsy shrugged. "Trust me, you don't want to get involved."

"Okay, but I have a proposal to discuss with both of you, and I know how headstrong he can be."

"You know how headstrong he used to be. He's become the total pantywaist wimp you just saw. That wuss wouldn't dare defy me. He'll go along with whatever I decide, so state your case and don't worry about what he thinks."

"Hard to believe a macho stud skirt chaser like him could become so completely pussy whipped," Dwight mused. "Okay, for starters, here's Terry's latest royalty check. It covers a hundred gross of product to the west coast, the east, the mid west, the south, and the southwest. That's five hundred gross at \$36 per, for a total of \$18,000. There'll be a lot more checks when the overseas orders are filled. Not bad for starters, huh?"

"Not bad at all. Now, what's that proposal you want to discuss?"

"Well, Hans has come up with a few new bra designs to keep us ahead of the competition, and since sales went so well the first time, I was wondering if you would agree for Terry model them. I know how traumatic it must be for a boy to model bras and have his picture plastered all over the Internet, but damn it, this is business."

"You want to talk business, okay, let's talk business. You freely admit that the reason for your success is because of Terry, and that's why you want him to model your new line. If this campaign is as successful as the first, and there's no reason to suspect that it won't be, you stand to make a fortune. Since Terry is the prime reason for your windfall, he should reap the benefits along with you. So, here's the deal. He'll pose for your ads, but his royalty increases to \$100 per gross. Deal?"

Dwight hadn't anticipated his sister agreeing so quickly or asking for a royalty increase. He agreed that Terry should participate in the profits, but \$100 per? Taking a small calculator out of his pocket, he punched a few buttons, looked up and said, "Kind of steep, don't you think?"

"Simply raise the price of each bra by a buck, and we'll both realize a nice profit. You have the market cornered, and flat-chested women all over the world will pay whatever it costs to purchase your bras."

"You have a point there," Dwight grinned. "Okay, it's a deal. Are you sure Conrad is okay with this. Hans plans a much more extensive campaign than before."

"Watch this!" Patsy declared while turning toward the kitchen. "Connie," she called out. "Come hear the great news!" When he joined them, she gushed, "Guess what! Terry is scheduled for another advertising campaign, and he's getting a raise to \$100 per gross."

"But, sweetheart," he protested mildly. "Terry doesn't want to model any more bras. I don't think..."

"You don't think, is right!" she snapped. "The royalties from Terry's ads are much more than you ever brought into this house! Thanks to him, we live on easy street and have everything we want. He doesn't want to model bras, my Aunt Sarah! He'll do as I say, and so will you! We'll finish this later! Now, go get our son!"

"But, Mom, I don't want to model any more bras!" Terry wailed when he was told of the new ads and his expected role in marketing them. "I can't get a date now because all the girls think I'm a sissy!" His protest falling on deaf ears, and he returned to his room with tear filled eyes.

When Katie found out Terry was scheduled to model more bras, she went to his room and taunted, "I hear you'll be posing for new photos to be posted on the web, brother dear. Why don't you sleep in your nightgown and wear panties and camisoles under your clothes to help you get used to silky fabrics against your skin before you strut down the runway in them for all the world to see."

"Go to hell!" he snarled.

Later that evening, Terry heard a commotion coming from his parent's room, and he stepped out into the hall so he could hear what they were arguing about. He heard his mother angrily screech, "What is it now? You're pleased with your sissy duties and the way you look in your frilly apron, aren't you?"

Terry couldn't hear his father's response, but his mother continued, "You preened with pride when Dwight complimented the food you prepared! You were turning your body this way and that, fidgeting with your apron skirt, and blushing like a schoolgirl. I had to remind you to return to your household duties to stop your silly flirting!"

Again, Terry could hear only his mother, "Then what did you do? You tried to countermand my decision to have Terry model the latest bras! How many times must I remind you that I make the decisions where this family is concerned? Enough of your sniveling! Get over here and take your punishment like a man, that is, if you still call yourself one!"

This time, there was no doubt that she was giving him a spanking, and a sound one at that! He was making every effort to keep quiet, but he was crying and pleading for her to stop. Terry couldn't understand much of what his father was saying through his tears, but he was obviously promising to be obedient in the future.

At long last, he heard his mother say something, but he couldn't distinguish her words. He did; however, hear his father plead, "Not that! Please, not that! What will the children think?" His mother said something else in a determined tone, and his father seemed to promise, "No! Don't do that! I'll do it, I'll do it!"

"You had better be properly dressed in the morning!" Terry heard his mother shout. "Now, get your sissy butt out of here!"

Upon hearing that, Terry scrambled for his room to avoid being seen. He did leave his door open a crack so he could peep out and see if anything else happened. He was surprised when he saw a figure in a long yellow nightgown run down the hall, and he was doubly taken aback when he saw it was his father! The manly man he had always looked up to as a role model was wearing a silky feminine nightgown and fleeing from his wife who had just given him a severe spanking! What was going on?

The next morning, when Terry went down to breakfast, he received the greatest shock of all! His father was preparing breakfast as usual, but this time, he was wearing a dress, nylon stockings, and high heels! Even more surprising, his hair was brushed into a wavy feminine style, and he wore makeup that included foundation, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, lipstick, and matching nail polish! "Dad," he gasped. "Why are you dressed like *that*?"

"Since you're making all the money we need as a family, your father has graciously consented to quit his job and become our full-time housekeeper, maid, if you will," his mother replied.

"Why would you agree to do such a thing, Dad?" Terry gasped in disbelief.

Patsy answered for her blushing husband once again. "Because he was untrue to me time and again! Every time I caught him, he promised to reform, but before long, he was in bed with some hussy all over again. Now, he's paying the price for his infidelity."

"What's infidelity got to do with wearing dresses?"

"Since he was repeatedly trying to get in some bimbo's panties, I thought it appropriate that he have a supply of his own to wear. After purchasing a supply of silky panties in various styles and colors a while back, I insisted that he start wearing them under his trousers."

"Wow, what did he do?"

"Saying I was a crazy bitch, he refused, of course. That's when I threatened to divorce him on the grounds of adultery, making it easy to gain custody of you and Katie, take the house, and be awarded huge alimony and child support payments. With that potential disaster hanging over his head, he reluctantly agreed to wear panties full time if I promised not to tell anyone about his silky undies."

"Why did you want him to wear panties?"

"To keep him faithful, of course."

"How would wearing panties keep him faithful?"

"What better way to keep his zipper closed? After all, what proud macho man would allow a potential lover to know he wears women's underwear? I think that's quite the fitting punishment for an unfaithful womanizer."

"Maybe, but that doesn't explain why he's wearing a dress!"

"Whenever I saw him looking lustfully or smiling at another woman, I gradually tightened the screws. Before long, he was wearing camisoles and nylons in addition to his panties. His punishments gradually increased until

he was sleeping in women's nighties," she smiled at her blushing husband. "As you know, he's been doing the domestic chores around here for quite some time. Now, he will wear dresses and skirts exclusively while he cooks and cleans for the family."

"What do we call him?" Katie asked. "I'd feel funny referring to him as Dad when he's dressed like *that*."

"Good point," Patsy agreed. "Just call him Connie like I do. First names are good enough for maids. And Connie, you can address the children as Master Terry and Miss Katie. Understood?"

"Yes, Ms. Bradberry," her red-faced husband replied while executing a polite curtsy.

"Why did he call you Ms. Bradberry?"

"He's not fit to be a husband, so I reverted to my maiden name. What's the big deal?"

While Terry and Katie considered the new pecking order in their household, Conrad blushed in deep shame while continuing his domestic duties.

"Another thing, if either of you want a snack, a drink, a particular skirt freshly pressed, or any other mundane chore performed, just order Connie to take care of it like you would any other maid. If he doesn't do it to your satisfaction, tell me. I'll make him lie across my lap so I can flip up his skirt and give him the sound spanking he deserves."

Thinking of the way his modeling career was escalating of late, Terry knew the possibility of him needing a skirt pressed to wear to the studio was becoming more real. Why did his mother want men and boys to model bras and wear dresses?

Since Dwight was making money at last, Hans had a larger budget for the ad campaign. This allowed him to hire skilled people and produce a more professional ad. For Terry, that meant having a wardrobe mistress, a hair stylist, and a makeup technician. At times, usually just before the camera started rolling, they all seemed to be working on him at once.

Like before, he modeled bras while wearing panties, slips, camisoles, nylons, and high heels, along with varying stages of makeup, lipstick, and nail polish. To his great humiliation, each sequence ended with him wearing a stylish dress or blouse that emphasized the cleavage created by his bra and an ultra feminine hairstyle.

Not only was this shoot more elaborate, it lasted three days. No matter what Terry wore to the studio, he was always sent home in a dress or skirt and a full compliment of feminine lingerie. When the shoot finally ended, it seemed as though half of his closet was filled with dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters. The floor underneath was covered with feminine footwear from flats to three-inch heels, and he had a drawer filled with bras, panties, slips, camisoles, and that damned nightgown of Katie's!

Knowing about her brother's increasing collection of dresses, skirts, and silky feminine lingerie, Katie continually tried to get him to wear panties under his jeans and sleep in the nightgown. Blushing like a virgin bride, he refused, saying he only wore that silky *stuff* for the advertising photos.

At school, word of Terry modeling bras of a new design spread like wildfire. The boys, remembering how he got them dates, refrained from teasing him, that is, for the most part. Stacy Bates being the most obvious exception to this rule. Even though Stacy had a small

frame and stood only 5' 8", he was the handsomest and most popular boy in school with the girls. He was never without a date. In fact, the girls asked him out often as he asked them.

Feeling no obligation to Terry, Stacy teased him unmercifully about his *super* bra. He flitted about with limp wrists, holding his shirt out to appear like as if he had breasts, walked with an exaggerated hip sway, called Terry names like queer, sissy, fairy, bra boy, and the like. He even taped a printout of Terry modeling bras to his locker.

The girls were different altogether, as Terry was assailed by virtually every one of them. Without shame, embarrassment, or timidity, they wanted to know intimate details about size, shape, and uplift, but most of all they asked, "Will your new style bras do anything for *me*?" And "Will they make *me* look bigger, prettier, or sexier?"

Terry heard no such derogatory comments about the bras, silky feminine lingerie, dresses, heels, or makeup he wore during the shoot from the girls. Therefore, he always smiled, answered in the affirmative, and used the catch phrases devised by Hans to sell bras. He soon realized the girls considered him to be, at best, a non-male. As such, they saw nothing wrong with him wearing bras or other girl's clothes. "Oh no!" he thought dejectedly. "I might make lots of money from commissions, but I'll *never* get another date!"

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As far as Terry was concerned, this was a good place for his modeling bras and other feminine clothes to come to an abrupt halt. However, just as his schoolmates began to treat him as a normal boy who got caught up in an unfortunate situation, Hans and designers came out

with a complete line of teen fashions that included dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, and a complete line of lingerie that featured panties, slips, camisoles, teddies, nightgowns, and nylon stockings in many styles and shades.

To Terry's chagrin, Hans and his uncle wanted him to model this new line, and even worse, to wear them full time to attract attention and boost sales. He refused, but his mother negotiated higher fees and commissions for him. Upon having her demands met, she insisted that he go along with the program.

"What is this, Mom?" he demanded. "You have Dad wearing dresses and performing as our maid, and now, you want me to dress as a girl full time. Well, I won't do it, I *won't!*"

To Terry's sorrow, when his mother made up her mind, she became a very determined woman with a single-minded purpose. She was constantly harping at him about saving Dwight's business and that there would be no shame in him wearing dresses for that purpose. Receiving no support from his father, all was lost from his perspective, and he was soon on his way to the studio.

First, the Wardrobe Mistress gave Terry a pair of three-inch heels so he could practice walking while he got dressed. As he expected, there were numerous dresses and skirts in various styles and lengths for him to model. So many, in fact, six, twelve-hour days were required to feature them all on film.

The first day, he arrived with shaved legs and changed into nylons, panties, a slip, heels, and a robe. While he was seated at a lighted vanity, a Stylist went to work on his hair. First, she trimmed off his sideburns and combed his hair evenly down both sides before

cutting the ends to make it even all around. He was then given a thorough shampoo.

As rollers and hair setting lotion were added to his tresses, he sat still as if he were in a trance. She worked with the rollers and lotion until every hair was set before putting him under the drier. While his hair dried, a beautician plucked his eyebrows until he thought she had pulled them all out, but the thinly arched brows that remained served to add a girlish softness to his face.

His nails were next. A Nail Technician trimmed his cuticles and pushed them back to make his nails appear longer. After filing them into an oval girlish shape, she applied two coats of bronze polish. When his hair was dry, the Stylist removed the drier and brushed his tresses into a modern girlish style.

As soon as she was finished, the Beautician applied his makeup, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, blush, and lipstick. This took hours, as did getting dressed and photo graphics.

It seemed to Terry that he barely had time to go home, take off whatever dress he'd been wearing last, and climb into bed. As if in a trance, he was back at the studio the next morning in jeans and tee shirt ready for makeup and hair. The final day was easiest because he had fallen into a routine.

When the wardrobe mistress looked him over carefully and said, "You're wasting your talents as a boy," he blushed like a virgin bride.

Katie surprised him when she asked, "Can I borrow your lipstick. I love that color."

"Of course," he curtly replied while digging prissily into *his* purse. "Anything else?"

Taking the lipstick, Katie said, "Having a brother to share makeup and dresses with is neat. Just stay away from my boyfriends!"

-----

Later at home, Terry's true plight began to sink in when his mother told him he would be dressing as a girl full time to advertise the Entice line of clothing. On top of that, he would be working in the boutique after school and on weekends. "Oh, Mom! I can't wear girl's clothes full time!" he moaned.

"Sure you can. Your sister does it, I do, and so does half the population."

"But that's too much to ask! I would never live down the humiliation!"

"I know it will be difficult at first, but you'll soon get into the routine," his mother soothed. "Katie and I can show you all the little tricks of doing hair and makeup quickly, so don't you worry your pretty head about small details." When he moaned, she added, "You do like making all that money, right? You couldn't make a fraction of that dressing as a boy. Could wearing dresses really be that bad?"

"Yes! Boys don't wear dresses! This is too much to ask of me, way too much!"

"No matter, it's a done deal! You'd look funny in a pretty dress strutting around like some sailor with long gangly steps, so tomorrow, you start grace, carriage, and comportment lessons."

"I can't do it. What will my friends think when they see me in a dress?"

"They already know about you modeling bras, so what's the big deal? Connie! Come here!" When her feminized husband rushed to her side in his saucy

maid's dress and heels, she addressed him in the non-emotional tone commonly used with servants. "Remove the masculine clothes from Master Terry's room, and store them in the attic. He'll wearing dresses for the foreseeable future to draw attention to the new Entice line of fashions."

"Yes, Ms. Bradberry," he replied with a polite curtsy. "Right away, madam."

"And, Connie," Katie giggled. "You should address him as *Miss Terry* from now on."

"Yes, Miss," he replied with a curtsy to his grinning daughter.

Still not willing to give in and wear dresses full time, Terry declared, "What about school? Boys can't wear dresses to school! Mr. Arthur wouldn't allow it!"

"That's where you're wrong," his mother smiled. "Dwight has already received permission for you to wear his line of dresses and skirts to school. He arranged it through the Career Council and received approval from the School Board."

"I wonder how much that cost Uncle Dwight," Katie giggled.

"Katie!" her mother chastised. "What a callous thing to say!"

"He gave Terry more money to get him to model the new line when you said he should receive a larger share of the profits, didn't he?" Katie reasoned. "What makes you think he's above giving Mr. Arthur and the Board a bribe... uh, I mean, a share of the receipts as well?"

Patsy smiled but didn't reply.

Terry's fate was sealed, and the depth of his plight just began to sink in as he watched his father flit about

removing the boy's clothes from his room. The dresses, skirts, and blouses hanging in his closet and the silky undies stored in his drawers were now *his*, and he had no choice but to wear them full time! After removing his dress, he put on the nightgown and matching panties Katie tricked him into wearing that first night.

He quickly found that there was so much to learn, how to walk, stand, sit, put his hair up on rollers, take it down and comb it out, apply makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and on and on! Patsy seemed to take special delight in her son's girlish education, as she constantly drilled him on a thousand tiny details.

When Katie teased him, he felt like dropping the whole thing, but his mother always defended him saying, "Leave your brother alone, or I'll tell him not to share his pretty dresses, skirts, and makeup with you!" Fortunately, that usually shut her up.

-----

After Patsy agreed for Terry to wear dresses full time to draw attention to the new Entice fashions, she had his room redecorated in a feminine motif. The first things to go were his treasured pinups, posters of sports figures and movie stars, and all of his balls, bats, gloves, and other athletic paraphernalia. Using his own money, no less, his carpet was replaced with plush virginal white pile, and all new furniture was purchased!

There was a canopy bed, a matching chest and dresser with a lighted vanity, and a comfortable love seat he could lounge or entertain guests. She even had a full-length tri-fold mirror built in beside the door to his large walk-in closet. To give his room a definite feminine flair, pink and white checked lace-edged curtains, that matched the frill on his bed canopy and vanity seat, adorned his windows.

-----

Terry was understandably nervous as he examined his appearance in the mirror prior to his first day of school in a dress. Wearing a pale lavender dress with a mid-thigh length skirt, he checked to see if his panty line was obvious in his tight skirt and to make sure his slip wasn't showing. To assure that his *look* was sufficiently feminine, he returned to his vanity to add a fresh coat of lipstick and a spritz of perfume.

When he neared the bottom of the stairs, Terry saw his father dusting furniture while wearing his usual maid's dress, makeup, and high heels.

As the two looked at one another in regret for the femininity that had befallen them, Terry burst into tears and sobbed, "Oh Dad! I wish I didn't have to go to school in a dress. I'll be branded a sissy, and I'll never be able to live down the shame!"

Taking his sobbing son into his arms, Conrad comforted him saying, "I know how you feel, but don't cry. You'll only ruin your makeup."

"Please... *Dad!*" Terry pleaded, his voice quivering in fear and shame. "Don't let Mom do this awful thing to me!"

Conrad considered how his wife had taken over his life and intimidated him into becoming the family maid in dresses. With that in mind, he knew he couldn't challenge her on Terry's behalf, or any other issue. Knowing the only avenue open to him to help his distraught son was to console him.



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*Like father like son!*

*“How did we get like this, dad?” Terry moaned. “But you are really getting good at this housekeeping job. I hope I don’t end up in a maid’s uniform.”*

Taking the sobbing boy into his arms, he caressed his curly tresses and sighed, "Ignore the taunts of your schoolmates, and concentrate on the money you're making just by wearing a few dresses. Adopt the attitude you had when they first saw pictures of you in that first bra, and everything will work out. You'll see."

"Thanks, Dad," Terry sniffed, kissing his father on the cheek when he stepped back. "Oh, why did I do *that*?" he grimaced while taking a tissue from the purse that dangled from his shoulder and tried to wipe away the slight stain of his lipstick that remained.

"Don't worry about that," Conrad smiled while affectionately touching his feminine appearing son on the cheek. "I'll take care of it when you're gone. Now, get out of here, or you'll be late for school."

-----

Terry had worn dresses, skirts, blouses, silky lingerie, and makeup for the photo shoots over the past several months, but this was different! When he walked through the entrance to the school in a dress for the first time, he was filled with dread, and he was near tears. "I've had it now!" he winced when he saw Brandi hurrying toward him.

Imagine his surprise when this gorgeous girl, the goddess of his dreams and fantasies, smiled brightly and gave him a slight hug. Ignoring the fact that he was a boy, she gushed, "Oh, Terry, you look absolutely delicious in that boss dress! Is it one of your new designs?"

When he nodded yes, she had him turn and *model*.

Upon seeing the lacy hem of Terry's slip showing through the back slit of his skirt, as was the intent of the designer, Stacy scowled, "I can see that you're wearing

one of your super bras under that sexy little dress. I'll bet you're wearing panties too, aren't you, pretty boy?"

Terry was understandably embarrassed by Stacy's insult, but he was bolstered by Brandi's enthusiasm. His wit and his retaliatory skills had sharpened from numerous comments casting doubts as to his sexual preferences in the past.

To counter Stacy's attempted insult, he smiled, smoothed his hands over his tight fitting dress, pushed his bra-enhanced chest forward, and asked sweetly, "Why? Do you like panties? I think it's neat when wimps like you want to wear silky girl's panties. Would you like a few skirts as well?"

"Wimp, my ass!" Stacy declared with a blush at the thought of wearing panties while stepping into Terry's face with his fists coiled for attack. "I'll show you *wimp!*"

"What's the matter, Stacy?" giggled Jane, a former girlfriend the irate boy recently put down. "Is wearing panties the only way you can get into them?"

As the gathered crowd laughed, Stacy blushed in embarrassment from the sting of the cutting retorts and fled the taunting scene.

A scowl covered Brandi's pretty face as she declared, "He's a jerk, and he'll pay for that callous remark, trust me. Now, tell me all about your new line of teen fashions. If everything is as chic as this dress, I want to hear every detail!"

"Don't just tell her, tell us all!" insisted a girl's voice from the crowd.

The drop of a pin could be heard as Terry described the new bras, panties, slips, teddies, dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters available from the new Entice line.

"When and where can we get them?" was the resounding cry from the clamoring girls as they crowded ever closer to Terry?

"They're available on the web, and I'll be working at the store after school and on weekends," he smiled, hawking his line. "You can go by anytime, but if I'm there, I'll be glad to help you find the perfect bra, panties, dress, skirt, blouse, or whatever for a hot date or any other special occasion."

Between every class and during lunch break, girls rushed up to Terry with bright happy curious smiles. They complimented him on his dress, hair, and makeup, and quizzed him about the new Entice fashions.

To his surprise, one girl wanted to know about the slip that flashed into view with his every step. Seeing she was serious and not taunting him, he discretely raised his skirt, showed her the narrow band of lace at the hem, and described how it served as a liner for dresses and skirts of light fabrics. The girl thanked him with a kiss on the cheek and a promise to visit him at the store.

After school in the days that followed, the Chic Chick Boutique was abuzz with activity. In fact, so many anxious and excited teenage girls descended upon the store that Dwight had to limit the number of customers inside at any one time to allow his staff room to move about. Even so, he eventually had to post an off duty policeman at the door to enforce the limit and manage the overflow. This was a problem he previously only imagined in his dreams.

Like at school, Terry was extremely nervous to be selling girl's clothes at the Chick, as it was called affectionately. However; to his relief, from day one, he was inundated with questions about styles and requests

for help from girls who previously didn't know he existed. That helped him relax, and he soon became more comfortable and less anxious in his dresses, skirts, heels, and makeup.

As he went about his duties, he learned that the girls he fitted with bras, dresses, skirts, and blouses were completely relaxed and at ease in his presence. They apparently viewed him as the spokesperson for the Entice line, and if they mentally assigned him a gender role, it was, at best, non-male.

The plus side was that, while making huge commissions, he got to see these girls in their bras, panties, and other sexy lingerie while he fitted them with bras and helped them try on the latest fashions. The down side was that, as he gazed upon their sexy, scantily clad bodies, he got very excited in his panties. When they showed no sexual interest in him, he became terribly frustrated.

-----

A few months after Terry's confrontation with Stacy, he was surprised when his old adversary approached him in the hallway. With an almost desperate expression on his handsome face, he pleaded, "Oh, Terry, I'm so sorry I teased you about wearing dresses. You look really nice, really."

"What brought that on?" Terry asked curiously as he glanced down at his dress.

"Please, Terry," Stacy appealed in a contrite tone. "You're the only one I can turn to! Will you help me, please?"

Unable to fathom how he could help the school's *heartthrob*, Terry asked sarcastically, "What can I do, give you a discount on a twelve pack of panties in assorted styles and colors?"

"Okay, I deserved that," Stacy sighed with a blush at the thought of receiving a discount on a supply of panties for himself.

"I'm the one wearing a dress here," Terry scoffed. "What can I do for you, and why should I?"

"Look, none of the girls, not even the plain looking ones who used to ask me for dates, will even talk to me. I haven't had a date in months!"

"Welcome to the club. I haven't been out with a girl since I modeled that first bra last summer!"

"But, you don't understand! Brandi has the girls organized. None of them will go out with me unless I ... unless I ... Oh, I can't say it!"

"Suit yourself!" Terry scoffed in a disinterested tone and started walking away.

"No wait!" Stacy called out in a voice filled with panic and desperation. "Okay, okay! I'll tell you." Turning red, once again, he whispered, "The girls say I have to wear a dress and go on a date with another guy before any of them will go out with me. I need you to fit me with one of your special bras and help me dress up to look like a girl. Will you do it, please?"

Terry couldn't believe his ears! The most popular boy in school was saying he wanted to dress as a girl, bra and all, for a date with another boy. This couldn't be real! Looking Stacy in the eye while idly fidgeting with his short skirt, he declared, "What's the joke?"

"No joke," Stacy insisted. "If I don't do this, I'll never get a date with any girl in this school. I have a date for Saturday night with a boy, but I need someone to help me get dressed. Will you help me?"

"He's begging!" Terry beamed inwardly. "The smug, arrogant son of a bitch is pleading with me to dress him up as a girl so he can date a boy!"

"Please, Terry," Stacy pleaded. "You're a boy, and you know what it's like to have to wear dresses."

After studying the quivering, red-faced boy before him Terry said, "Okay, I'll help you. Be at the Chick at three o'clock Saturday. If you're late or if you give me any guff about what you have to wear, you'll be out the door and on your own!"

"Thanks, Terry!" Stacy gushed with a nervous smile. "You're a doll!"

"That's what Brandi always says," Terry sighed to himself. "At least, he didn't kiss me!"

-----

To Terry's surprise, Brandi showed up at the boutique that Saturday morning looking very sexy in a white cutoffs and a red tank top. As usual, she greatly excited him. In fact, any red bloodied male would have been thrilled to see her looking so hot with her protruding bosom, long tan legs, and blonde hair cascading about her pretty face! Rushing up to him, she kissed him on the cheek and gasped, "Oh, Terry! I'm so glad you're here. I have this huge problem, and you're the perfect one bail me out!"

Terry was wearing a chic blouse and skirt from the latest Entice line. His makeup was perfect, his hairstyle was exquisitely feminine, his red toenails matched his fingernails and lipstick as they showed through the nylon of his stockings, and he walked easily in his matching sandals with three-inch heels.

Looking Brandi over, he felt overdressed by comparison. "What's your dilemma, and what can I do to help?" he asked in an effort to take his mind off the

gorgeous creature before him and reduce the growing pressure in his panties.

"I've been coming onto Drew Dimwittie, the star linebacker, for months. Well, it's taken him all this time to take the hint and ask me out. Now that he's taken the bait, I want this to be his dream date."

"Be careful. At 6' 4", 250 pounds, he's totally fierce. That's why they call him the 'Wrecking Crew'."

"He might be a wrecking crew on the football field, but with girls, he's a real pussy cat. Anyway, since the big lug is so slow on the uptake, I don't want to leave anything to chance. I need your help to find the perfect bra, dress, lingerie, and shoes. The works! I have an appointment for a new hairstyle, makeover, nail job, and leg waxing in a couple of hours."

"Okay," Terry smiled in anticipation of the fun he was about to have. "We'll start with your bra. Go to the dressing area, and take off your top. I'll be right there to take some measurements so we can fit you with that perfect bra." As he walked hurriedly away, his tight skirt stretched to the limit by his anxious strides, he thought, "I'm getting my dream shot here. Oh, how I wish I wasn't wearing a dress, and she was getting dressed up for me!"

To Terry's astonishment, when he joined Brandi, she had stripped to her panties and bra! Seeing the surprise written on his face, she smiled, "Don't make a big deal about seeing my panties and bra. You're wearing the same things, aren't you?"

"Please don't tease me, Brandi," he blushed.



*"I may have to dress in girl's clothes," Terry moaned as he helped Brandi undress, "but underneath these frills, I'm as straight as they come. I wear these clothes to display this bra."*

*"Sure you are," Brandi tittered.*

*"I am!" Terry insisted.*

"I'm stating a well-known fact, not teasing," Brandi insisted with a hint of irritation in her voice. "If I'm wrong, I apologize." When he continued to blush in silence, she snarled, "Okay, cut the crap, and let's get busy. I have a teen stud to seduce, and I want him to think the whole thing was his idea."

"That lucky dog!" Terry seethed. "Not only does the big oaf get to wear pants, he's going out with the hottest girl in school, and she's setting him up for a wild evening of sex!"

Producing a tape, he pulled it behind her back and across her breasts. "Relax and stand straight," he instructed while trying to keep his hands from shaking long enough to take the necessary measurements so close to her voluptuous scantily clad body.

"I can't wait to get my hands on that handsome hunk with his rippling muscles," Brandi fairly salivated with desire. "Just thinking about Drew makes me hot in my panties!"

Terry wanted to say; "Looking at you like this makes me hot in mine!" Instead, he continued with his task. He occasionally allowed a hand to *accidentally* touch her budding beauties, but she didn't appear to notice or care. "Thirty-six with a C minus cup and ultra lift," he finally announced. "I'll be right back with a few of our latest style bras for you to try."

When Terry was out of her sight, he hastily blotted the perspiration from his face and cautioned himself, "Calm down, lad! The last thing you want is for her to see you sweating with makeup running all over your face!"

When, after composing himself, gathering several bras, and rejoining her, he was awestruck once again.

The beautiful sexy wench had removed her bra and was waiting in only her panties!

“Steady, boy, steady!” he cautioned himself. “You have Brandi Jones where every boy in school would give his left nut to have her, stripped to her panties. Don’t let her see your excitement because she has no interest in boys who wear dresses, bras, and panties like her. Your only hope to be near this divine creature is to cultivate a platonic friendship. Just take it easy and win her confidence.”

With great difficulty, he maintained his composure and said, “Try these, and see which you like best.” After she tried each one, he ogled her bare breasts and asked, “Which is it to be?”

Brandi assumed a puzzled dumb blonde expression and sighed, “They all fit perfectly and make my tits look great, but I’m not sure which one will be right for what I have in mind. You used to be a boy, so you know what turns the darlings on. Which one do you think will excite Drew the most?”

“Used to be a boy?” he gasped.

“You know what I mean. Like before you started modeling bras and wearing dresses. None of the girls think of you as a boy now.”

“Is that why I can’t get a date, because I wear dresses?”

“Duhhh! Now, you’re acting dumb, and I’m the blonde here! No girl wants a guy who wears bras and looks better in a dress than her! Now, which bra do you think Drew will like best on, or off, me tonight?”

Swallowing his wounded masculine pride, Terry took the diplomatic approach and said, “Depends on your dress. What do you plan to wear?”

"Good thinking!" she declared while tapping his forehead with her finger. "I knew there was a girl in there somewhere. Okay, Mom and Dad will check me out before I leave home, so I can't wear anything too risqué. On the other hand, I want to mesmerize Drew, so I want to look as sexy as possible. What do you have that will get me out of the house and still keep his eyes, or even better, his hands on me all night?"

"I know just the outfit!" Terry gushed with a last look at her jiggling breasts before scurrying away. "I'll be right back." He returned shortly with a white sundress, a strapless bra, a pair of hip-hugger panties, a half-slip, and a pair of nude stay up nylons with lace at the top. "Wear this, and you'll have him eating out of your hands," he grinned devilishly.

"A *white* dress? Aw, come on, Terry! I want a little black dress or something with color. You know, something hot! Work with me here! I've got a stud puppy to seduce."

"Trust me," Terry insisted, pursing his red lips. "Start with the panties and try the other stuff. At least give me a chance to show you the allure of this outfit."

"Why do I have to change panties?" she asked. "If you wanted to see me naked, all you had to do was ask."

"Work with me. Silky girl's panties turn on boys almost as much as the girl inside them. These silky hip-huggers will give him more to drool over than your bikinis. Put them on, and let's get to it."

Without further argument, Brandi peeled off her panties with no regard to Terry's presence and replaced them with the hip-huggers. She then sat on a stool and kneaded the nylons over her trim tan legs. After she stepped into the slip, fastened the clasp of the bra

behind her, and positioned her luscious breasts into the cups, he helped her slide the dress over her head. As she looked at her image in the mirror, she asked sarcastically, "Okay, smarty. What's so great about this dress?"

"First, it's virginal white to convey the notion that you're pure, chaste, and innocent. The slip will serve as a liner; so your parents can't see through your thin skirt and make you change. You can remove it after you leave home, but I suggest you keep it on to maintain Drew's interest. The skirt is just flimsy enough so it'll *accidentally* slide up and reveal your thighs above your nylons whenever you wish. Also, if he's too clumsy to unfasten the clasp of your bra, it's strapless, so with a little help from you, he can simply push it down to your waist."

"What about this plain white dress?" she asked in an aggravated tone.

"The narrow straps tie with bows on top of your shoulders to support the dress, right?"

"So?"

"Don't go *too* blonde on me now," Terry mocked. "The entire top will fall away if you pull the strings to untie them like *this*!" He smiled as he watched the dress slide down her body and fall to the floor in a puddle at her ankles. "To add color, you can wear a red belt, a red satin hair ribbon, carry a red purse, and wear red shoes with stilt heels. Vivid red lipstick and nail polish will enhance your blonde tresses. The overall effect will give you the appearance of a pure and innocent next-door girl. Who knows, with a look like that, your virginity might even grow back."

A bright smile crept across Brandi's face at the thought of her virginity growing back. "No wonder you wear skirts," she beamed. "Genius like yours would be

wasted if you were allowed to wear pants. What a perfect solution! If I use that wonderfully shrewd scheme of yours, Mom and Dad won't have a clue, and Drew won't stand a chance! Terry, you're a doll, an absolute doll!"

"A word of caution," Terry offered with a blush from her feminizing compliment. "Carry a spare pair of nylons in your purse. This style is quite flimsy, so if they get torn or stretched out of shape in the back seat of Drew's car, simply change and throw the old ones away. Also, you might consider removing your dress to avoid wrinkles when things get hot. That way, your Mom won't suspect anything if she checks your clothes when you get home."

"Like I said, *genius!*"

"Let me know how your date turns out."

"You'll be the first to know!" she gushed as she kissed him on the cheek. "Not only that, I'll tell all the girls to come by and let you help them get ready for all their hot dates."

Watching Brandi walk away with her purchases, Terry blushed brightly while thinking, "I may never get to first base with her, but at least, I made a friend and earned a great sales commission."

-----

Not daring to be late for his appointment at the boutique, Stacy arrived ten minutes early. Seeing his former tormentor fidgeting nervously and glancing fretfully about the femininely appointed boutique, Terry tossed him a pair of silky black nylon panties, and instructed, "Go in the back dressing room, remove your clothes, and put these on. I'll be with you shortly."

When he entered the dressing room, Terry found a red-faced Stacy wearing the panties and sporting an obvious erection. In an effort to make light of this not too unexpected situation, he nonchalantly replied, "Tuck that between your legs. It's of no use here."

"I would enjoy this much more if I wasn't wearing a dress, heels, and makeup," Terry thought as he held out a black bra and said, "Okay, let's fit you with a bra. Notice the similar color and design of your panties and bra because matching undies are very important to girls. Remember that the next time you plan to wear a dress."

"I'm never wearing a dress again after tonight!" Stacy scowled, obviously not appreciating Terry's attempt at humor. "I don't care if I never get a date!"

"Okay, push the loose flesh of your chest up into the cups of your bra," Terry instructed as he began to enjoy the challenge of creating a feminine figure for another boy. When the bra was properly in place, he produced a pair of dark, stay up, nylons and told him how to put them on. Next came a sleeveless black dress covered with sequins that had a straight mid-thigh length skirt. Stacy's ensemble was finished off with black suede three-inch pumps that, combined with his tight skirt, made him take very short strides.

"Who's doing your hair and makeup?" Terry asked when Stacy had changed back into his boy's clothes and was paying for his purchases.

"My sister, Angie" he blushed. "She thinks it's cool that I have to wear a dress and go on a date with a boy."

"Who's the lucky guy?"

"I'm too embarrassed. Please don't make me tell."

"Have it your way, but don't forget to come to me for help the next time you decide to dress as a girl."

"There won't be a next time!" Stacy insisted with a blush. "You can bet on that!"

-----

That evening, Conrad entered the den where his children were watching television. Grasping the skirt of his maid's dress at the sides, he performed a polite curtsey and said, "Miss Terry, you have a visitor."

"Who is it?" Terry asked while rising to his feet and fluffing out the full skirt of his casual dress and made sure his slip wasn't showing.

"A very distraught young lady," his father replied while nervously fidgeting with his own skirt. "She's so upset that I could barely make out what she was saying."

Terry couldn't have been more surprised, for there in the entrance hall stood Brandi in her white dress with the red accessories he had suggested. She was crying her eyes out, and her makeup was completely ruined.

"Oh, Terry!" she sobbed while rushing into his arms. "That miserable son of a bitch dissed me off for a date with Stacy Bates!"

"Let's go to my room where we can talk," Terry whispered as he placed his arm around his dream girl and led her toward the stairs.

"Oh, Terry, this is awful," Brandi wept when they entered his room and sat on the sofa. "No boy ever blew me off before, especially not in favor of a boy in a *dress!*"

Her emphasis on the word dress showed apparent disdain for any boy who would wear one, but Terry tried to maintain his composure. "I can't imagine a boy turning down a date with you!" he gasped. "I sold Stacy a

dress, bra, panties, nylons, and heels, but I had no idea his date was with Drew!"

"Well, he really wrecked *my* crew, you know what I'm saying?" Brandi sniffed through her tears as she moved into Terry's arms for comfort. "I guess it's partly my fault, because to get even with Stacy for teasing you, I conspired with some of the girls to make him wear a dress and date a boy before any of us would go out with him again. I never dreamed he would ask Drew take him out or that the son of a bitch would blow me off to go out with Stacy! Oh, I'll never live down the shame!"

Terry looked down at Brandi as she shook with sobs in his arms. Except for the mascara-laden tears that streaked her pretty face, she looked exactly like he imagined when he selected her ensemble for the evening. As he held her in his skirted lap, he was overcome with passion, and he began kissing her tears away.

Slowly, she began to respond to his gentle touch and moved her lips to meet his. As their kisses gradually became more passionate, Terry began caressing her in places he had only fantasized about. He untied the bows at her shoulders and let the top of her dress fall to her waist and reached behind her back with one hand to expertly unsnap her bra. As he gently caressed her soft breasts, she responded by lowering the back zipper of his dress to expose his bra, and soon, the two were making passionate love in his bed.

When they were both spent, they cuddled closely in a puddle of nylon. Their dresses were thrown here and there, and his panties couldn't be distinguished from hers. Terry was still wearing his slip, but the straps were off his shoulders, and it was bunched at his waist. Only Brandi's nylons and half-slip survived the ordeal.

"You're not like other boys," Brandi purred as she cuddled close and nibbled on his ear.

"How so?"

"They snatch and grab, but you're gentle and compassionate like a girl," she smiled as she moved atop him and pressed her breasts against his bare chest.

"I'm not a girl even if I do wear dresses."

"Tell me about it! You're more man than those snatch and grab bozos. I never want to make love with anyone but you. Can you ever forgive me for the way I've treated you?"

"You don't mind if I wear dresses?"

"Mind? After tonight, I wouldn't have you any other way!"

"To have the girl of my dreams, I have to wear dresses, silky undies, makeup, and high heels," Terry thought. "Oh well, at least I have a good excuse to wear them now!"

-----

The next day, Terry felt very happy and chipper, so he decided to look extra nice at the boutique. To that end, he wore a dark green minidress to highlight his brilliant red tresses. For makeup, he chose dark mascara and eyeliner along with bronze lipstick and nail polish. In case Brandi dropped by he wanted to look his feminine best, so he chose green tinted nylons and dark green pumps.

About mid-morning, Terry received a definite shock when Stacy Bates and Drew Dimwittie entered the boutique together. To his astonishment, Stacy was wearing a fire engine red tunic dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt over a silky white long sleeved blouse. Also, he wore makeup that included liquid base, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, brilliant red lipstick and

matching nail polish. Nude nylons covered his obviously shaved legs, and he walked clumsily in red pumps with tiny stilt heels.

Taking the diplomatic approach until he could better access the situation, Terry smiled and chirped, "That's a pretty dress, Stacy, but it's not one of ours. Been shopping my competitors, have you?"

"No," he sniffed. "It belongs to Angie. She said my dress is too *dressy* to wear shopping, whatever that means. She loaned me this one."

"She's right, but why are you wearing a dress today? Wasn't your date last night?"

"I ... Drew ..." he stammered as tears flowed from his eyes once again. "Oh, I can't say it!"

"What's going on?" Terry asked, looking at Drew.

"Stacy has decided to start wearing girl's clothes like you," the big boy responded with a determined scowl. "He wants you to help him pick out some dresses, skirts, and other stuff he can wear to school, church, and on dates with me."

"I like girls!" Stacy insisted with red tear filled eyes. "This was supposed to be a one time thing! I don't want to wear dresses to school. Everyone will think I'm a ..."

"Unless you want me to pull you across my lap and give you another spanking on your silky panties, you'll do as I say!" Drew snapped. "Mr. Arthur said since Terry goes to school in dresses, you have his permission to wear them too."

"Mr. Arthur gave his okay, huh?" Terry asked.

"Drew told Coach Davis he would quit school if they didn't let him have the girlfriend he wanted," Stacy sniffed. "Coach called several influential athletic supporters, and they threatened Mr. Arthur's job if he

let the best athlete in school history get away. I don't guess he had a choice, but neither do I!"

"Stop yapping, and get over there with Terry so he can help you pick out some pretty dresses!" Drew snapped angrily. "You have to start wearing them to school tomorrow, you know."

"I suggest a couple of dresses, three or four skirts, and maybe a half dozen blouses and sweaters that can be mixed and matched," Terry offered while Stacy shook with sobs. "First though, we should select a reasonable supply of undies." Turning to Stacy, he instructed, "Go to one of the dressing rooms and strip to your bra and panties. I'll be with you presently."

When Stacy hesitated to do as Terry instructed, Drew gave him a hard swat across his buttocks with a huge calloused hand. "Ouch!" he yelped as he fairly ran toward the dressing area as fast as possible in his tight skirt and unfamiliar heels.

"I see you aren't wearing the bra and panties I sold you yesterday," Terry observed when he entered the dressing area. "What happened?"

"My p...panties kinda got messed up last night when Drew ... when Drew ... Anyway, Angie loaned me some of hers. Look Terry, I'm sorry for teasing you for modeling bras and wearing dresses. I didn't know how shameful that was for a boy. Now that I do, I swear, I'll never tease you again."

"What goes around comes around, huh?"

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*"Please don't make me wear girl's clothes," Stacy cried. "I don't want to be Dwight's girlfriend." "I'm afraid it is out of my hands," Terry tittered, seeing his nemesis being sissified.*

"I'm serious, Terry! Even when I'm back in pants, I'll never tease you again!" Stacy vowed.

"I think I know what you mean about how your panties got soiled," Terry changed the subject with a chuckle as he fitted his former nemesis with a new bra. "Just keep in mind that your other panties can be cleaned by a thorough, yet gentle, hand washing."

"I already did that," he sighed with a blush. "Angie showed me, and they're hanging on the shower rod to dry. For as long as Drew makes me wear dresses, I have to hand wash her under things along with my own every day."

"Welcome to the club. Now, out of all the boys in school, why did you ask Drew for a date?"

"I didn't! He asked me! I mean, he *told* me! He said he'd always had a crush on me, and when he heard I had to wear a dress and date another boy, he knew this was his chance. After what he made me do last night, there's no telling how long he'll make me wear skirts!"

"What do your parents think of you wearing dresses and having a boyfriend?"

"My parents are dead," Stacy admitted. "Angie is my guardian."

"Drew has her intimidated like he does everyone else, huh?"

"No, she's enjoying this. She was always critical of me dating so many girls, having my way with them, and blowing them off. She says I'm getting what I deserve, and she's looking forward to having a sister."

"Okay, let's find you a few neat dresses, skirts, and things for school."

"Oh Terry, I can't imagine going to school in a dress with make and my hair styled this way. My reputation as a lover will be ruined!"

"Your argument is with the Wrecking Crew over there, not with me."

"I can't argue with that big lummoX. In his mind, I'm the girl for him. Even though I'm a boy, and regardless of my feelings on the issue, he insists that I wear dresses."

"I'll help repair your makeup before you leave, " Terry offered. "I've seen your sister, and her coloring is close to yours. Ask for her help with colors, brands, and shades of makeup until you find the perfect products for the image you want to project."

"The image I want to project is that of a boy in pants!"

"As I said, take that up with your boyfriend over there. Otherwise, pay attention, and let me help you."

A pout crept over Stacy's face, but he listened attentively to Terry after that.

Back in his red dress, Stacy left the boutique an hour later with a sad face. To his sorrow, he now owned a large supply of bras, panties, camisoles, slips, dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, pantyhose, nylon stockings, and shoes in different colors, styles, and heel heights. Even worse, he knew he would soon be wearing these girlish things!

-----

When Angie stopped at the curb to let Stacy out for his first day of school in a dress, he pleaded near tears, "Please don't make me go in there like *this*."

"I'm not the one who's making you dress this way, sister dear," Angie smiled. "If you don't want to wear skirts to school, tell your boyfriend, not me."

"He's not my boyfriend. I like girls, not boys!"

"Is that why you blew off one girl after another, because you liked them so much?"

"I was like a bee going from flower to flower."

"Bull! I think you were looking for a special relationship, and when you didn't find it with one girl you moved to the next. Now, I think you've found what you were subconsciously seeking."

"Can the college psychology crap. I wasn't looking for a relationship with another boy!"

"You could have fooled me. I saw you two making out last night. Your skirt was bunched at your waist, and his face was smeared with your lipstick."

"That was after he spanked me!"

"That was nothing more than foreplay, sissy dear. Get used to it."

When Stacy entered the school in his short skirt and silky blouse that showed the outline of his bra and slip straps, both boys and girls laughed and teased him unmercifully. They taunted him about his clothes, his girlish hairstyle, his makeup, his shaved legs, and anything else they could imagine.

Having exchanged his lofty perch as heartthrob for that of school sissy, Stacy's eyes filled with tears of shame and humiliation. Finally, when he could take no more, he ran to Drew for protection.

Drew might have been dense, but as he held the quivering Stacy in his arms, he saw a way to tighten his

hold on his femininely dressed victim. With a stern look, he whispered, "I'll protect you if you let everyone know you're my girl."

"How do I do that?"

"Give me a deep French kiss like we exchanged in the back seat of my car, at your door after our date, and last night on the sofa. Do it, or I'll spank you on your silky panties and leave you to fend for yourself."

"Kiss you?" Stacy gasped in disbelief. "Here?"

"If you want my protection, let everybody know you're happy being my girl. Do it!"

As mascara-laden tears streaked his makeup, Stacy commiserated inwardly, "Everyone has seen me in a dress, and they know I went out with Drew. So what, if they see us kiss if that's what it takes to get them off my back?" With that in mind, he turned, put his arms around Drew's neck, and planted a lingering deep throat kiss on his lips.

When they parted, Stacy took a tissue from his purse and began blotting his tears. With a large group of students watching, Drew removed his letter jacket slipped it onto Stacy. Of course, the huge jacket swallowed him whole, and he had to push the sleeves up to free his hands.

Turning to the crowd, Drew held Stacy close and declared, "Stacy is my girl, and anybody who makes fun of him, will have to deal with me!" He then turned to Stacy, and said, "Let's seal it with a kiss."

Even though he felt safe and secure in Drew's arms while wearing his letter jacket, Stacy still preferred girls. "Oh, please don't make me do this!" he pleaded. "Isn't making me wear dresses and telling everyone I'm your girlfriend enough?"

"In the immortal words of Mr. Lombardi, nope!" Drew declared. When they came up for air the second time, he swatted Stacy on the rear of his short skirt, and ordered, "Go to the little girl's room, and fix your face. I want everybody to see you looking good now that you're officially my girl."

"Angie couldn't be right about me wanting this kind of relationship!" Stacy fumed inwardly as he hurried away to repair his makeup as ordered. "Okay, I did feel a hint of pride when Drew gave me his jacket and warned those geeks against harassing me. That doesn't mean I want to wear dresses and have a boyfriend, *does it?*"

After that, Stacy wore Drew's jacket with the bold number 69 at school every day, and he was no longer ridiculed for wearing his cute dresses and skirts. In fact, most of the boys avoided him for fear they would say something to bring Drew's wrath down on them.

Friday night, when the football game ended, Stacy rushed onto the field with the *other* girls. He was wearing Drew's jacket and his short pleated skirt was bouncing merrily about his smooth hairless thighs. Even though he was still confused by his new role and manner of dress, he ran into Drew's arms and gave him a passionate kiss that, to any onlooker would appear to be both voluntary and enthusiastic.

"We should call those two the Necking Crew!" a teammate echoed as the crowd milled happily about celebrating the hard fought victory.

"Okay by me," offered another. "Drew had twelve tackles and three quarterback sacks tonight. If Stacy keeps him happy, and he plays like that every game, we'll contend for the state championship."

At the Robbins house, things settled into a routine. Terry wore bras and dresses to advertise the Entice line, and the commission checks poured in. Conrad kept house in the short black dresses, makeup, and heels his wife insisted on him wearing, and he was quickly accepted as the family maid.

Patsy maintained control and enforced strict rules of conduct for her husband including his manner of dress and his duties. She even had him move into a small room that had previously been used for storage. It only had space for a single bed and a makeshift vanity. He had to use a bathroom down the hall.

When Patsy saw Brandi and Terry becoming very close, she suggested he invite her over for dinner to meet his family. "Aw, Mom," he protested. "What will she think when she sees Connie serving and doing housework in his dress and heels?"

"Don't worry about that," she countered. "She saw him that first night she stayed over so you could console her, remember?"

Terry blushed at his mother's inference that he had done more than console the sexy and vivacious Brandi. "I'm sure she was much too upset over being blown off by Drew to notice anything unusual around here that night."

"Aw, Mom."

"If you two are getting serious, she has to know about our sissy maid sooner or later. Anyway, she obviously has no problem with you wearing dresses. Invite her over for dinner, and we'll go from there." Having no choice, Terry did as instructed.

When Terry and Brandi entered the living room, Conrad was wearing his usual dress, apron, makeup,

and heels. Upon seeing Brandi at her best in a low-cut top and short skirt, her beauty astounded him. "How could Terry get such a beautiful girl while wearing dresses?" he gasped under his breath.

After introductions, Terry and Brandi sat side by side on the sofa while Patsy and Katie sat in easy chairs. As expected, Connie served tea and cookies he had baked for the occasion.

"You sure have an efficient maid," Brandi mused as she watched Connie scurry about doing his duties.

"He'd better be," Patsy quipped as she looked at her blushing husband with a determined glare.

"*He?*" Brandi gasped.

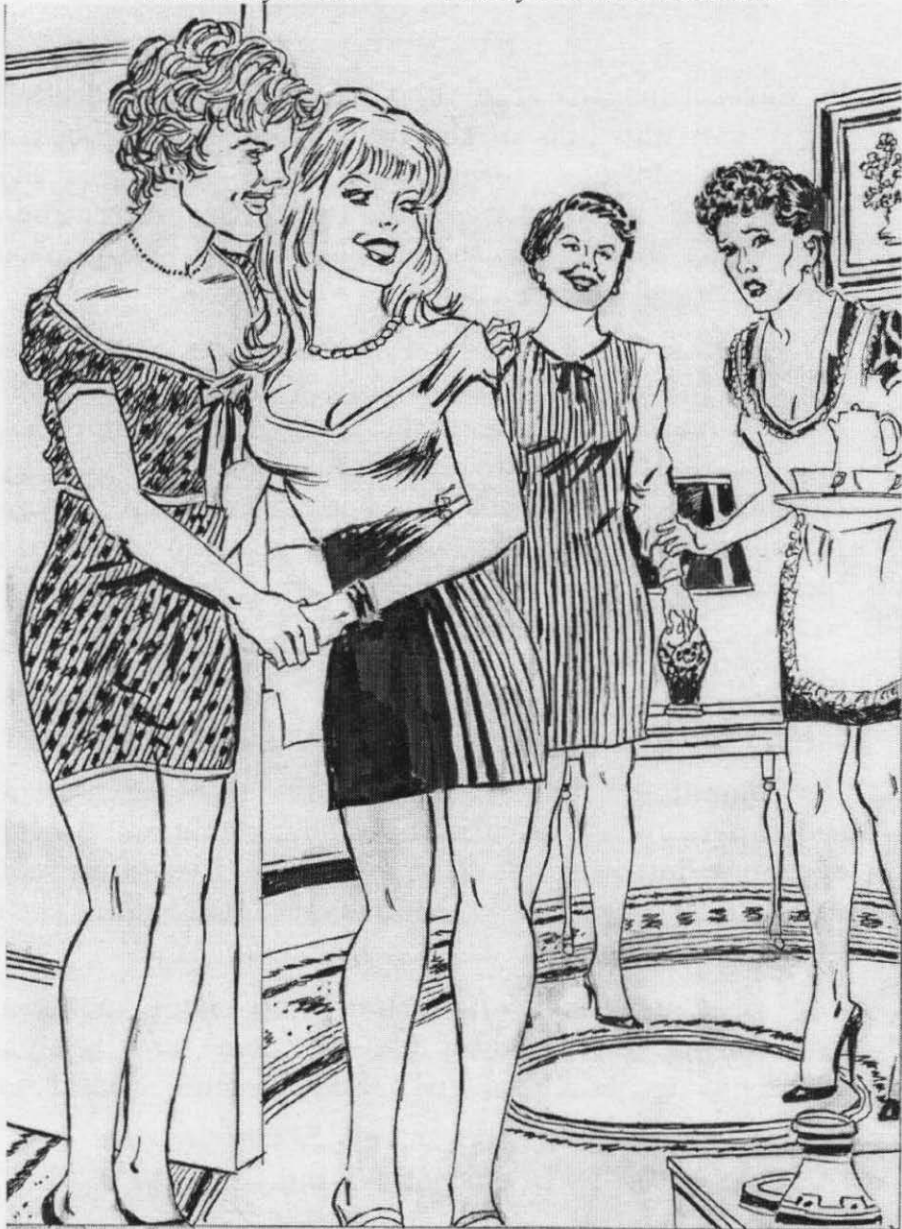
"He's our father, or at least, he used to be," Katie giggled. "When Terry started making all that money modeling clothes, Mom insisted on him being our maid. Now, all the males in our family wear dresses."

"Cool!" Brandi gushed. "I love Terry in dresses. In fact, I wouldn't have him any other way."

"I think all males ought to wear dresses like Terry and Stacy," Katie avowed. "My boyfriend's stepmother agrees. She and I have discussed putting him in skirts, but he thinks we're teasing. He'll find out differently when we take him to the Chick Saturday and have Terry deck him out in a few nice dresses."

"Sounds like we may be setting a trend or a new style," Brandi giggled.

Terry couldn't help but wonder if he really was setting a new style. While wondering if all men and boys would wear dresses, skirts, silky lingerie, heels, and makeup, in the future, he blushed and nervously adjusted his skirt across his thighs.



*And they lived happily ever after! Terry got his girl, although he had to wear girl's clothes to keep her, and Patti got her maid, even though she had to give up a husband to gain one. Fair enough!*

Several months after Stacy started wearing dresses, Terry ran into him in the hallway at school. Looking over his former tormentor's tight sweater that empathized the illusion created by his Entice bra and a short skirt that showcased shapely thighs. He praised, "WOW, Stacy! You look sexy!"

"Thanks, Terry," Stacy blushed as he lowered his mascara laden lashes. "Drew notices some things, but he doesn't appreciate the little things...no matter how much care I take with my clothes, hair, and makeup. He only looks at my chest and bottom. All it takes to get his attention is one of your special push up bras and a tight miniskirt."

"Guess I'm lucky! At least Brandi knows what it takes to look good in a dress."

"Do you ever think of returning to pants, Terry?"

"Sometimes, but I would lose my position as spokesperson for the Entice line. That would cost me lots of money, but worst of all, Brandi would leave me. She was so hurt when Drew stood her up, I don't think she'll ever trust anyone who wears pants again. You?"

"I was mortified when Drew first made me wear dresses, but I'm comfortable in them now because everybody treats like a girl. Besides Drew would not want me to wear anything but girl's clothes."

"Sounds like he DOES notice what you wear."

"I've been confused lately," Stacy sighed. "Angie thinks I should have been in skirts all along. She says the reason I blew off so many girls was because I was looking for a special relationship like I have with Drew."

"Maybe she's right? You've gotten really skillful at applying makeup and feminine dress."

"I hated having to wear dresses at first but I've grown fond of them. Who wouldn't like the feel of soft fabrics against their skin? I feel almost naked without a bra, and my face looks washed out without makeup."

"Having Drew has changed you?"

"You can't know how hard I fought against becoming Drew's girl," he almost cried, "But now, I feel protected in his strong arms. I would miss all that terribly and I can't visualize dating girls again."

"I guess getting into a girl's panties has a whole new meaning to you now. Sounds like Angie might have a point about you looking for a special romance when you were flitting from girl to girl like a butterfly. Now that you've found your groove, why not relax and enjoy?"

"Angie says that too," Stacy mused thoughtfully. "I can't believe that I'm interested in beauty tips to help me keep Drew's attention?"

"You might consider having your ears pierced a couple of times each. Entice is featuring a new line of jewelry, and they have some really neat hoops those new stiletto pendant earrings. Piercing is free with a purchase, and it hardly hurts."

Raising his curls above his ears and turning to show his hoops, Terry added, "You might also use darker eyeliner for a more mysterious look, use redder lipstick to make your lips appear full and kissable, and try some of our new alluring fragrances."

"Wow! Where did you learn all those cool tricks?"

"Mostly in the beauty, carriage, and comportment classes I have to take to create the 'if we can make a boy look this good, think of what we could do for you' image."

Anyway, the instructors have some really neat tips on how to dress, apply makeup, and style your hair in ways to keep the mark interested."

"Not Mark, Drew."

"Come on, you're not blonde!" Terry teased. "Work with me here. Your mark is Drew, and once you've had these classes, he won't stand a chance. Why not give them a try?"

"Thanks, you're a doll!" Stacy giggled as he kissed Terry on the cheek and walked slowly away with his hips swaying seductively in his tight miniskirt with only a hint of conscious exaggeration. "I'll do that."

-----

Feminine fashions and skirt lengths change very rapidly, but Hans and his designers were equal to the task. Working overtime to stay atop of the latest styles, he had a group of young women and girls serving as consultants. Since Terry wore dresses and skirts full time to publicize the line, he was naturally included in this assemblage of *experts*.

Terry's life was good, or was it? On one hand, he wanted to return his life as a boy, but he knew giving up dresses would mean an end to his huge modeling fees and his hot romance with Brandi, the girl of his dreams. Life sure is confusing for a boy in dresses!

**The End**

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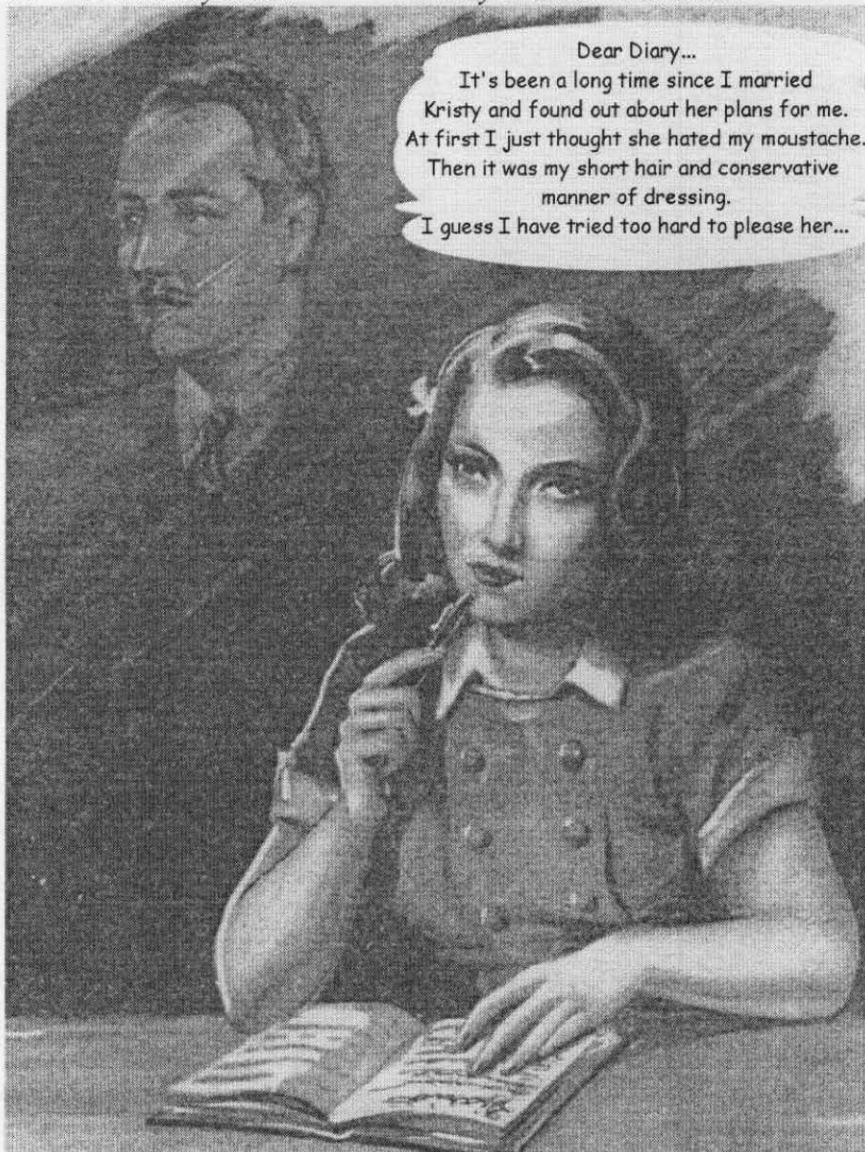
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Dear Diary...

It's been a long time since I married  
Kristy and found out about her plans for me.  
At first I just thought she hated my moustache.  
Then it was my short hair and conservative  
manner of dressing.  
I guess I have tried too hard to please her...



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