

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES



Steve stood in humiliation before his
jeering classmates in a dress that
formerly belonged to his mother.

VOLUME 56

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

Contemporary TV Fiction
VOLUME 56

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES

By Kate Hart
Alice Trail

Illustrations by
Puyal

For lulu.com

Published by
Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 2002 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

“Pretty Little Panties”

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
No part of this book may be
Reproduced in any form
Without the express prior written
Permission of the publisher

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 02624-0309

Reward!

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:
Sandythomas@home.com

DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:
‘LOVE EDITING’

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

QUOTE BOARD: “God gave man a brain and a penis,
but not enough blood to run both at the same time.
Robin Williams”

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES

By Kate Hart

Alice Trail

“*THE SISSY MISTER*” the elaborate script of the sign held Anne Foster, and her fifteen-year-old daughter, Jane spellbound as they stood outside the storefront in the posh mall. Gazing at the ultra-feminine outfits in the immaculate display windows, the two simultaneously realized that the pretty smiling mannequins arrayed in elaborate dresses and fancy feminine undies were *boys!*

Both mother and daughter smiled in unbridled delight as they quickly acted on an unspoken agreement to investigate further. They were both enthralled as their eyes landed on a plump middle aged matron scolding a teenage boy as she laced him into a wicked looking corset that was done in antebellum frills. Seeing he was also wearing pink nylon panties, Jane couldn't suppress a smile as she listened to the woman scold her charge.

“Maybe this will teach you not to cheat on your diet, you little fairy. Haven't I told you time and again that a sissy must keep his figure neat, trim, and dainty so the boys will take notice?”

“Please, Mommy!” the boy grimaced in pain as the woman pulled the laces tighter. Don't make me wear this terrible thing “I'm not a sissy, and I don't want boys to notice me.”

“Of course you're a sissy!” she proclaimed. “I knew it the minute your father introduced us. What kind of boy, other than a sissy wears silky girl's panties under his jeans to school and sleeps in frilly babydoll nighties?”

“You make me wear those awful things,” the boy wailed. “You know you do!”

“Now, you'll wear your corset as well!” the woman declared harshly. “Maybe that will teach you to avoid fatty, high calorie foods until you develop an attractive sissy figure!”

"I only ate one French fry and a bite of a hamburger! I'm sick of bland cottage cheese and tasteless rice cakes!"

"Now, you're paying the penalty like I promised you would if I caught you cheating on your diet! Jump up, grab that bar, and hold on while I tighten these laces."

"Oh," the boy moaned as the woman drew in the laces on the cruel garment.

Initially, Jane was embarrassed at her pleasure from hearing the boy's pitiful cries, but as the scene unfolded, she found herself secretly cheering the woman on. For some unknown reason, she was delighted at the idea of a boy being forced to wear such an uncomfortable feminine garment. Moreover, she found herself wanting to join in humiliating him. A glance at her mother made it evident that she shared the same feelings. Like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car, neither could divert her eyes from the exhilarating scene.

So engrossed were they that they didn't see the severely dressed woman position herself next to them. "Hello, I'm Doris Gladstone, the owner of this unique store," she introduced herself. "Don't you just love to see sissy boys put in their place?"

"Oh yes!" Anne gushed. "I never knew a place like this existed."

"Come, I'll show you around."

Jane's imagination ran rampant as Ms. Gladstone led them around the luxurious boutique. A sinister expression crossed her features as she, along with a group of other females observed a stern looking woman fussing with the sheer pink party dress and billowing petticoats of a teary-eyed teenage boy.

Jane couldn't resist being drawn near this bizarre scene, nor could she resist sneering in disgust at the sissy appearance of the distraught lad.



“What a pansy!” Jane laughed inwardly as she viewed the bizarre scene before her. “Only a sissy would let his mother put him in such a juvenile party dress!”

A woman, observing the scene with a young girl, asked, "Does that remind you of the first time I brought you here, Donnie?"

"Yes, Mommy, it was just over a year ago," the *girl* blushed. "I was a seventeen year old boy then. I was *so* embarrassed when you bought me clothes appropriate for a thirteen year old girl."

"It's so much nicer having a sweet girl about the house instead of a rowdy teenage boy," the woman sighed as she directed her son toward the makeup counter. "You're fourteen now, and it is time for you to start wearing light makeup, lipstick, and nail polish."

Ignoring the pair, Ms. Gladstone explained, "Young Master Robert is being fitted for a dress to wear to the all girl birthday party of a neighboring girl. He constantly teased her and flipped up her skirt, so his mother is sending him to the party in a frilly dress and silky undies that the girl herself picked out. Isn't that sweet?"

"That's an old fashioned dress for a girl much younger than him," Jane gasped. Y...you mean, he'll have to wear that sissy dress to a party of girls?"

"Yes, and his wardrobe will become increasingly feminine in the future," Ms. Gladstone advised. "In a few weeks, you would be hard pressed to believe he was ever a normal boy who loved to run, play, and participate in rough sports. To help accomplish that goal, he's scheduled to come back next week for a supply of dresses, skirts, blouses, bras, oodles of silky girlish panties, slips, and nighties of his very own. Before he leaves here today, his ears will be pierced, and he'll have an ultra-femmy hairstyle. Here, I'll show you our salon."

Upon entering, the elaborate beauty parlor, they heard tearful pleas from a boy in one of the salon chairs, "Please, Aunt Margaret, don't tell her to give me a girl's hairdo! I have to sing the national anthem at the football game tonight."

"Yes, I know! I also know you used your position as teacher's pet to get the Choral Director to let you sing instead

of your cousin who deserved the honor. Since you were so devious, I want my favorite sissy nephew to have a darling new girlish *do*. After all, you need pretty hair and makeup to go along with the exquisite evening gown, makeup, high heels, and jewelry Megan was planning to wear. Since we already bought all that stuff, we might as well get some use out of it. Besides, I'm sure your classmates will just *love* you in sequins."

Continuing with the tour, the Fosters spied a young boy at the cosmetic counter getting an immaculate makeover with heavy evening makeup while a group of girls watched and laughed uproariously. "You look so precious, brother dear," one girl chided. "I'll bet you can't wait for your girlfriend to see you looking so sweet and feminine. Don't worry, we'll see her at the mall after we get you into some silky undies, a sexy dress, and some heels."

"You sure have lots of sissy customers," Jane declared with a rush. "I had no idea there were so many."

"You should be here on a Saturday," Ms. Gladstone smiled as she led the pair to her office. "The place is so full of the little darlings, you can hardly walk about."

While the trio sat and talked, Anne related the Foster family's story to their hostess. She explained that her domineering, chauvinistic husband, who was president of an automotive empire, led their home, and his arrogant, boastful fifteen-year-old son was a chip off the old block. "Then, there are Jane and myself, and we are exasperated by his insistence that we dress and behave as if it was still 1950."

The two listened in rapt attention as Ms. Gladstone described in great detail about the *Sissy Mister* and its mission to provide the ultimate in feminine apparel and beauty services for sissy boys. Turning to Jane with a wicked smile, she asked, "Tell me, dear, what would you think if your brother was the one in your family to wear stylish dresses and act like a perfect little lady?"

"Steve in dresses? Jane giggled. "A little lady? I would love nothing better than to see him swishing about in pretty dresses like those boys over there, but he's not a sissy."

"In the beginning, neither are most of our customers," Ms. Gladstone smiled. "To our credit, we have a way of bringing out the true sissy nature in boys, even if they don't have a sissy bone in their bodies. We have made quite a few very manly, macho boys into simpering pantywaist sissies. I'm sure we could do the same for your nasty brother." Turning to Anne, she asked, "How would you and your daughter like to live full exciting lives free from the domination of your husband and your son's bullying taunts?"

"You could do that to Steve and Bill and get them off our backs?" Anne gasped, too excited to even hope for such a miracle. "How?"

Jane stared in disbelief; almost afraid to believe she could be free of masculine tyranny. Even so, the idea of her assertive brother flitting about in frilly dresses, silky undies, and feminine makeup thrilled her so that she was trembling with excitement.

"Well!" Ms. Gladstone clapped her hands conspiratorially as she turned to Anne with a sinister smile. "It's all a matter of timing and leverage. Tell me more about your husband and son."

A few weeks later, the Foster family gathered in an ornate courtroom. A nervous and cowed Steve was appearing before Judge Nora Stern after reaching a plea bargain on a drug possession charge.

"Please don't send him to jail, Your Honor," Bill pleaded. "This is all a mistake."

Turning to Steve, Judge Stern asked, "Do you want to go to jail, young man?"

"N...no, ma'am," Steve sniffed, near tears.

“Very well, since this is your first offense, I hereby remand you to the custody of your parents for the period of two years. However, if I see you in my courtroom again, rest assured that you *would* receive the maximum sentence allowable. I’m giving you this one final chance, so don’t blow it!” Steve and his father didn’t notice the slight smile the judge directed at Anne.

Later, at dinner, the mood was tense. “Honest, Dad!” Steve slumped in frustration. “I’m telling you the truth. I don’t know how those drugs got in my locker.”

Bill retorted angrily, “Save it, Steve. The combinations are new, so no one else had the combination. I am so pissed at you. Did you hear the lecture that that damn judge gave me about parental responsibility? The nerve of that bitch!”

Jane could hardly contain herself. She and her mother exchanged mirthful glances as dinner progressed in usual fashion. Despite their exasperating day, her husband and son were eating like pigs and ordering them around as usual.

“Anne, get me a slice of that pie and some coffee,” Bill barked. “Geez, do I have to tell you everything to do around here?”

Steve quickly joined in, “Yeah, me too! Princess Jane can get it. She’s been a pain in the butt all day.”

“Get it yourself!” his mother ordered. “You’re the one on probation around here!”

Jane suppressed a giggle as she heard her mother’s firm, reply. The dumbfounded look on her father’s face was priceless. “W-hat did you say?” Steve stammered.

“I said get it yourself, and bring Jane a slice while you’re at it!” Anne replied calmly, but adamantly. “Speaking for Jane and me, our days as servants in our own home have ended. The fifties are over boys, welcome to the 21st Century. You should both know that we will be making some changes around here.”

Jane listened with glee as her mother laid it all out. "I know the drugs weren't yours. However, I do know where they came from, and there are plenty more in stock. What do you say, Steve? Would you like me to arrange another visit to Judge Stern? Doing so would be remarkably easy."

Steve sat mute with his mouth open in disbelief. "Y...you planted those drugs?" he gasped. "You did that to me, your own *son*?"

"Yes, but I'll never admit it outside this house. That goes for you too, Bill. I could play the same game in your car or office. You know, just enough drugs to get you a stiff jail term."

Now it was Bill's turn to shudder. "Y-you wouldn't. I'm your husband, for Gawd's sake!"

"Only for as long as it pleases me!" his smug wife declared as she and her daughter exchanged triumphant grins. "You two have treated us like maidservants who exist only to obey your every whim. Well, in the future, *we* will be giving the orders, and you ex-macho bastards will be taking them!"

"Dad, do something!" Steve exclaimed. "You can't let her get away with this! She's just a woman! Tell her!"

Bill turned his anger about his current predicament to his son. "Shut up," he exploded. "Do you want to go to jail?" Steve recoiled, unaccustomed to being rebuked by his father.

Anne chuckled at the pair's discomfort and continued, "First of all, I have enrolled Jane at the Gloria Steinham School for Young Women where she'll have the opportunity to develop into a future leader of this country. She is a tremendous athlete, and her new school has lots of great sports teams. Furthermore, you both will attend every one of her games."

Anne then directed her attention to Steve. "As for you, dearie. Your father has allowed, even encouraged, you to become the biggest male chauvinist possible, and you seem to have a natural talent for it. Therefore, since you love to tease and berate girls so much, it's only fitting for you to see how it

feels! With that in mind, I've decided that you will be the new *girl* in our family. Won't that be fun?"

"Mom! What are you talking about? I'm a boy. I can't be a girl. This is stupid!"

"No, what is stupid is the attitude you have toward females. Not all women are girly-girls who care only about their appearance and catching a man, as you seem to think. So, with Jane's help, I intend to show you first hand what it's like to have a role forced on you by others. But don't worry. Your father is an expert at bossing women around and telling them how to dress. Since he's largely responsible for letting you get away with murder all these years, it's appropriate that he help with your little transformation. I know how close you two are, so consider him your *fairy* godfather."

As Steve sat open-mouthed at his mother's words, she addressed her forlorn husband, "By the way, Bill. You both have a pretty good incentive to keep Jane and me happy. If Steve doesn't project the girlish image we want, I'll see to it that a substantial supply of drugs turn up in your possession."

"Now then." she continued brightly. "It would be sweet if Steve cleared the table and did the dishes while Jane and I relax. Bill, you supervise and make sure he does a good job." As she and Jane stood up to leave, she turned to her husband. "Bill, we wouldn't want the new girl to do the dishes without being properly attired. Why don't you put him in that apron you gave Jane as a birthday gift? You know the one. What a thoughtful present! And have him wear a pair of rubber gloves to keep his hands nice and soft."

While Steve sputtered in frustration, his father encased him in the apron his mother indicated. Bill bought the apron when he was mad at Jane for being too much of a tomboy, and now he examined it closely for the first time. It was ridiculous with a sheer white body and row upon row of lace. The tails were huge and made a large fluffy bow in the back when tied. At his wife's instruction, Bill tied the bow extra tight and fluffed it up to make it more prominent.

Jane giggled uncontrollably all the while, and when she saw her brother's red face, she thought she might explode. "Now, doesn't your son look sweet in his pretty apron, Bill?" Not satisfied with his mumbled agreement, Anne pressed him sharply, "Then tell him! Now!"

"Uh, you look sweet in your, uh, pretty apron." Bill couldn't look at his son as he spoke the humiliating words.

Anne broke in, "Well, Steve? What do you say?"

Steve, almost in tears, got out a choked, "Thank you, Dad."

Still, Anne wasn't satisfied. "That will never do! When a man pays you a compliment, you should curtsy sweetly and thank him, even if he is your father. Oh, I forgot! You don't know how to curtsy. Well, we'll fix that right now! After a quick demonstration from Jane, Anne forced her hapless son to practice over and over until he could execute a reasonable facsimile of a polite curtsy. Bill looked on, disgusted at the display, but unable and unwilling to come to the aid of his heir in light of recent developments.

Finally, Anne stopped laughing long enough to catch her breath. Slapping her forehead, she turned to Jane and gushed, "We simply must get some pictures. Get the camera."

When Jane returned with the expensive digital camera Bill had given his son for his birthday, the two females kept posing Steve and snapping pictures until they had several they were happy with. Jane looked over her mother's shoulder at the last picture, which showed her brother in a deep curtsy, a forced smile on his face, and his smiling father looking on. As they retreated from the room, leaving a tearful Steve to do the dishes, they could hear him whining that it wasn't fair and his father telling him to shut up and get busy with the dishes.

Anne got up bright and early the next morning. Her husband had apologized, pleaded, and in the end, even begged her for her forgiveness, all to no avail. If anything, she

seemed even more resolved to put the pair in their place. After awaking Steve, she soon had him ensconced in *his* apron, and despite his protests, was showing him how to make breakfast for the family.

Jane thrilled at the sight as her formerly arrogant brother served her eggs, toast, and juice he had prepared himself. As he flitted about in his frilly apron, she finally dared to believe things were really about to change.

When an exhausted Steve had finally served everyone and sat at the table, his mother reached over and fluffed up the ruffles on the bib of his apron. "Isn't this apron just so sweet? Bill, you have such excellent taste. You got this at Stella's Style Shoppe, didn't you?" Hearing a grunt in the affirmative, she continued brightly, "Well, Stevie should really have more than one apron since he'll be busy around the house now. Plus, you really didn't buy this especially for him. After school, I want you take your sissy son over to Stella's and help him buy a half dozen pretty aprons of his very own."

"I'm not a sissy!" Steve insisted as his shoulders slumped in despair.

"We'll see about that," Anne declared as she took his chin in her hand and forced him to look at her. "At least, everyone will think you are. To begin to accomplish that image, Stevie dear, make sure you tell the saleslady whom the aprons are for. Get her card so I can check to make sure that you were a polite sissy while shopping."

Steve seethed at the continued insults, and he began to get worried about the insinuations that he was a sissy. Aprons? Stella's Style Shoppe? What if someone saw him? He broke out in a cold sweat just thinking about it. His life would be ruined.

At school, he was in a surly mood. Bill, and now Steve attended the Oakdale School where, according to modern females, antiquated notions and attitudes toward the sexes are taught. While the boys are afforded a full range of college prep courses, the girls are forced into a glorified home economics curriculum, designed to ensure that they are perfect

little housewives and hostesses. The school had been abuzz with the news of Jane's sudden enrollment at the *Lezbo School*, and Steve felt his position as a big man on campus start to erode. By the end of the day, he was miserable.

After school, Steve saw his father's large black Cadillac in the parking lot. Hurling himself inside, he began instantly to whine, "You're not going to make me do it, are you, Dad? I mean, you're going to tell Mom off, right? Come on! She's bluffing! I'm not going to wear any damn aprons, and if Mom thinks so, she's full of..."

"Shut up!" Bill barked. "You don't get it, do you? Until I figure a way out of this, you and I are going to do exactly what your mother says! Besides," he said softening a bit, "maybe she's only trying to make a point. We'll just play along for a few days, and then everything should be back to normal."

Steve cringed, crestfallen and annoyed that his dad wasn't catering to his wishes like usual. "Just do as she says. Buy the aprons, and meet me in the coffee shop in the food court. Remember, no fooling around!" Bill couldn't bear the thought of witnessing his son's humiliation, and quickly retreated.

In no time, Steve was shuffling slowly through the exclusive women's store and eventually came to the *Pretty Hostess* department. He was virtually apoplectic with fear, his mouth dry as a bone.

"Well, hello there." Steve jumped in surprise at the loud greeting. He was desperate not to attract attention. He prayed for the pretty blonde to lower her voice, but it was no use. "You must be lost. This is the hostess section. Can I help you find another department?"

Mournfully, Steve answered, "No, I'm in the right place."

Instantly, the salesgirl's face lit up. "Say," she exclaimed. "I know you! I've seen those television ads. You're Steve Foster, the 'Son' in 'Foster and Son Automotive'. Your dad is the guy with all the cars, right?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"I'm Lisa Smith. How may I help you?" she asked as she looked at Steve expectantly.

Wishing the ground would open up and swallow him whole, Steve stammered, "Uh, I uh, need to buy some aprons."

"Well, you've certainly come to the right place. We just have oodles. Are they a gift for your mother or maybe a sister?"

Reddening, Steve murmured, "Not exactly. They're for me."

Lisa's demeanor changed in a moment. Since her boyfriend dumped her for another guy, she harbored a deep loathing for sexual minorities. "Wait until I tell the girls!" Lisa, who often traded stories about her *special* customers with her fellow clerks thought. She stiffened as she regarded Steve with a look of pure disgust. "I see. Something to look pretty in while you keep house? Well, don't you worry, dearie, we've got some aprons you'll go ga-ga over." Steve was horrified as he saw a group of shoppers, who had heard the whole thing, laughing as Lisa led him to a display rack.

Without hesitation, Lisa selected a pink apron and held it up to the blushing boy. "This is a very popular item, particularly with our busy homemakers," she grinned. "The pink gingham fabric is very feminine, and the eyelet lace on the pockets and hem is heavenly. Let's slip it on." In no time she had Steve trapped in the garment, viewing his effeminate image in a full-length mirror. "Stevie, don't you love the detailing? It really adds a feminine touch when you've got your grungies on and your hair up in curlers. You will just love it."

Steve weakly nodded, determined to get the experience over as quickly as possible. However, his level of humiliation only got worse as Lisa made him try on apron after apron. There was a sheer organdy number that would be *perfectly lovely* when he had the *girls* over for tea. There were chiffon monstrosities and feminine floral numbers for the kitchen.

With every apron, Lisa ensured that there was a dainty matching cap, scarf, or in some cases, a hair-bow. She insisted

that he walk back and forth across the department under the excuse that she wanted to see how the garment *moved*. In reality, she was ensuring that as many people as possible saw the boy buying sissy aprons. To humiliate him further, she kept a steady patter about how boys *loved* domestic sissies.

Steve was exhausted from humiliation when they were finally done. As he paid for his new aprons, Lisa complied with his request for her card. "Of course. Please ask for me when you return. I'm familiar with all the ladies' departments, and I just love helping little fairy boys." Leaning over to Steve's ear she whispered, "When you're ready to wear dresses and skirts, just let me know, you little faggot. I'll have you looking like the queen you really are in no time flat."

The humiliation was too much, and he exploded. "Listen, you *bitch!* I'm not a sissy. I'm a real guy, and you'll never see me in here again!"

Lisa just smirked derisively, but as he retreated with his aprons, she shouted, "Ta-ta, sweetie. Enjoy your new aprons." Her laughter rang in his ears as he fled to find his father. As father and son rode home in silence, Steve seethed as he recalled his hateful treatment by the salesgirl. The nerve of that bitch, suggesting that he was some kind of fairy.

When they got home, both Anne and Jane were absolutely giddy with excitement. They insisted that Steve model each apron along with its appropriate head wear. They howled with laughter, and Jane snapped picture after picture.

As he appeared before them in the last apron, a sheer, dotted Swiss number with a bib and *butterfly wings*, his younger sister approached him with a wide grin on her face and her hands behind her back. "Stevie," she said trying to seem serious. "Just to show there are no hard feelings, I want to give you a present, something you'll use a lot. Trying to keep a straight face, she handed him a pink feather duster. Seeing the look of utter despair on his face, both females erupted in laughter.

"Well, Stevie. What do you say to your sister?"

Steve simply scowled. Thwack! The sound got his attention before the stinging on his bottom. Before he could react, his mother delivered two more vicious blows to his buttocks. "How do you like my little behavior modification device?" she asked sweetly. "It's called the *Sissy Maker*. It has a crop on one end for getting a boy's attention. The handle looks an awful lot like a...well let's just say it would be comfortable in your hand. Except of course, it's way bigger than your puny little thing." Steve blushed furiously at the mention of the size of his maleness, a continuing source of embarrassment and insecurity.

"Honestly, yours is like a baby's. I'll bet all the other boys in your class are much bigger, aren't they?" she asked with mock innocence. Her point made, she continued. "Anyhoo, I can think of a lot of uses for the handle. Can't you? I can tell you're excited thinking about them. Now, thank your sister properly, with a smile and a pretty curtsy."

After Steve tearfully obeyed his mother, Jane pinched his cheek and smiled fiendishly, "You're welcome, sissy. Now that you have all these pretty aprons, you should wear them whenever you're home, right?" Glancing at his mother, Steve answered in the affirmative.

"Good," Jane chided. "Now, clean my room and make my bed, then you can dust the house with your little duster. You had better do a good job unless you want another session with the *Sissy Maker*. Mom says I can use it when you're not sweet and obedient." Taking the instrument of torture from her mother, she gave him a vigorous whack that sent him scurrying.

The next day, an angry Anne angrily strode past Bill's secretary into his office. Slamming the door behind her, she walked up to her shocked husband and slapped him hard. "Did you think I was kidding, asshole?" she demanded.

"W-what was that for?"

"I just had a little chat with Lisa, the saleslady from Stella's Style Shoppe. You didn't accompany Steve to select his aprons, and he was very rude, calling her a derogatory name. I warned you! Both of you may as well start packing for prison!"

"Please don't!" Bill pleaded, near panic. "I should have gone with him. I'm sorry! I won't disobey you again. I swear."

"Well, you better see to it! I've had it with both of you. As punishment for your defiance, you and your precious son are going back to the store and apologize to Lisa. Then you will ask her to help each of you to select a dozen pair of panties for yourselves. Your new panties must be either silk, satin, or nylon, and there better not be any screw-ups this time!"

"Panties? Women's panties? You can't be serious!" Seeing the fury in his wife's eyes, Bill quickly backed down. "Okay, okay, whatever you say."

"Furthermore, I want you and your sissy son to be wearing matching *Father and Son* panties when you return home!" Anne flashed Bill's secretary a huge grin as she left, knowing that she must have heard at least some of the puzzling exchange. The secretary grinned back.

After school, Steve was dismayed to once again see his father's car in the parking lot. Piling in, he seethed, "What is it now?"

Bill grabbed his son by the shoulder, and growled, "Listen to me, you little twerp! Your mother talked to the saleslady who sold you those aprons. You said something to piss her off, and now we've got to go back to apologize and buy ourselves a supply of panties from her! Satisfied?"

Steve fell back in the seat recalling his angry outburst when he left. "Damn that Lisa *bitch*," he thought.

Shortly, Steve and his father were standing shamefacedly before Lisa who had a haughty smirk on her face. She had been looking forward to this all day. She listened amusedly as Steve pled for forgiveness, prodded by his father whom he introduced to Lisa.

"I guess I can let it go this once, but really, Steve, you need to learn to control that potty mouth of yours. Pretty is as pretty does," she laughed. "Now, if that is all, I have got to return to work."

Steve couldn't bear to answer, but seeing Lisa start to leave, Bill blurted, "Steve and I want to buy some panties for ourselves,"

Lisa tried to look shocked. "*Panties!*" she exclaimed for emphasis. "For *yourselves*? Well, I guess sissy behavior runs in the family. Right this way, *girlies!*"

A cowed father and son sullenly followed Lisa to the lingerie department where they were forced to listen as Lisa told the attractive salesgirls about her customers who wanted to purchase some darling panties...for *themselves*. After the girls exploded in laughter, one of them snickered, "Father and son sissies, huh? That's a first! Well, let's get you started."

In no time, the women had the two males in separate areas of the more expensive lace embellished styles where Lisa had them hold pair after pair of panties against their bodies to check the *fit*. As the humiliated pair did so, she and the other salesgirls entertained themselves. "Stevie, what do you think of these pretty panties? Don't you just love the lace panel in front? Bill, black is definitely your color! Aren't those darling, Steve? You really have a taste for the silky feminine fabrics. Bill, that silky satin will feel delicious under your business suits." In no time, a crowd of thoroughly amused women gathered to enjoy the father and son panty shopping show.

At last, Lisa hustled them to the dressing rooms to try on their *selections*. From his cubicle, Bill could hear Steve whimper. He knew just how his son felt. After dressing as Lisa instructed, he stepped out of the cubicle wearing nothing but a very feminine pair of pink nylon panties. Simultaneously, Steve forced himself out of his dressing room, wearing an identical pair. Having never been so thoroughly humiliated, they both recoiled with bright blushes at the laughter of

the salesgirls and assembled shoppers as they were blinded by flash after flash from a camera.

“Smile pretty, dearies. That’s it. Now hold hands with big sissy smiles. Marvelous.” As Lisa snapped picture after picture, she could almost feel the heat from their red faces. After being forced to try on and model each and every pair of panties *selected*, Lisa followed them back to their dressing rooms. “I’m sure you *sissies* can’t wait to wear your new panties.” After forcing an affirmative response out of them, she laughed, “Then you simply *must* pick matching styles to wear home.”

After they were dressed, Lisa made them carry their *chosen* treasure of women’s underwear to the register. They watched red-faced as the giggling salesgirls held up each pair of panties before carefully folding them, wrapping them in scented tissue, and placing them in a shopping bag.

As they started to leave, Lisa said, “I know you both bought quite a few panties, but you’ll be amazed at how often you’ll want to buy new ones for special occasions or a dreamy date with a hunky guy when you want to feel especially pretty underneath. I’ve enrolled you in our bra and panty club. After you purchase two-dozen, you get a free pair. Isn’t that marvelous? I’ve entered today’s selections into our computer database, so we have a record of your sizes and the designs and colors you each adore. Here are your membership cards. Put them in your wallets and never leave home without them.”

Bill and Steve morosely signed the pink cards and placed them in their wallets as instructed. “Excellent!” she maliciously stared at the two. “I expect to see you two every couple of weeks. I know how you sissies love to shop for pretty feminine things.”

“Sure, Lisa, and thanks for everything.” Bill hesitantly agreed.

“That will never do! Give me a hug! I consider all my customers my friends.” Lisa gave the cringing males each a girlish hug and an *air kiss*. “Toodles, *sissies*! Give my regards to

Anne." The other salesgirls giggled their goodbyes as the embarrassed duo made their humiliated retreat.



Neither Bill nor Steve had ever been so humiliated as when they stood before the jeering women in silky pink

nylon panties while Lisa's camera flashed again and again!

To their mortification, more humiliations awaited them at home as Anne and Jane made them show them all the *adorable* panties. With a sneer, Anne ordered them to bag up all their male underwear and replace it with their new panties. After ensuring that her order had been obeyed, Anne handed them a lace trimmed satin heart.

"What's this," Steve asked. "It reeks."

"It's a *sachet*. Girls and sissies put them in their lingerie drawer to make their dainties smell pretty. Now, you each have one for *your* own panty drawer," she laughed.

The days that followed were miserable for Bill and Steve as Anne and Jane incessantly teased them about their new undies. School and work were anxiety filled as they struggled to keep their embarrassing panties hidden. Both were convinced that anyone with a nose could smell the perfumed scent of his panties. The girl in front of Steve turned and looked inquisitively several times. Then at lunch, she was laughing with a group of girls, and they were looking right at him. He was *miserable*.

The following weekend, Steve was arrayed in his gingham apron; a matching hair bow perched ridiculously on his head while doing his housework. Anne and Jane had given him a monstrous list of chores for which they were formerly responsible. With a new *girl* in the family, they were free to enjoy their Saturday. Jane was out playing tennis with friends. Anne was reading some of the feminist literature he had seen so much of around the house lately and supervising his work. He was just starting to dust the living room when the front doorbell rang. At the thought of someone seeing him in his humiliating sissy attire, he began to furiously untie his apron, his heart in his throat.

"What do you think you're doing," his mother intoned coldly.

"I'm taking this sissy thing off. Someone might see me."

"Of course, someone will see you because you're going to answer the door. Re-tie that apron nice and tight, straighten your hair bow, put a happy smile on that somber face of yours, and get the door before I really get angry!"

Horrified, Steve did as his mother commanded, as he didn't want another encounter with that damn *Sissy Maker* crop thing, especially not in the presence of guests! Like a zombie, he made his way into the huge foyer and peeked out the sidelight to see the visitor. "Shit!" he thought when he saw Ms. Overton from next door who was notorious for being the biggest gossip in the neighborhood. She was the divorced mother of a girl in his class who was loud and overweight like her mother. Steve loathed her, and only after an angry yell from his mother did he open the door.

"Steve? Is that you?" Ms. Overton gushed. "My goodness! Look at that adorable apron and matching hair bow! They're just *so* precious!"

"What do we do when someone pays us a compliment?" his mother asked in a commanding tone.

Dying inside and blushing outwardly, Steve grasped the sides of his apron in his fingertips, dropped into a girlish curtsy, and sighed in a barely audible whisper, "Thank you, Ms. Overton."

"Hi, Gladys, how are you?" Anne greeted.

"Just fine, Anne, and I must say Steve is simply darling in that cute apron. I haven't seen a curtsy in years!"

"I know, isn't he sweet? Come in, please. Can I offer you something to drink?"

"Oh, no. I'm fine."

As the two women sat in the living room, Anne asked, "Steve was just starting to dust in here. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, dear. Don't let me interrupt." In truth, Gladys was secretly delighted for the opportunity to see more of the neighborhood terror in his girlish outfit. Determined to get

the scoop, she probed, "I can't get over Steve's apron and matching hair bow! They're simply darling. The full skirt is neat, and gingham is just *so* pretty. Why, with those shorts, it's almost like he's wearing a skirt. I wish my Marge would wear pretty things, but she wouldn't be caught dead in anything that dainty."

"Oh, Steve just loves it. He has a whole collection of pretty aprons that he picked out for himself. He wears them whenever he's home, and he absolutely refuses to do his housework without them. Don't you, Stevie?"

Steve continued dusting as he answered shamefully, "Yes, Ma'am."

Ms. Overton was beside herself with the juicy tidbit that had fallen into her lap. This would command plenty of attention on the neighborhood cocktail circuit. "He has more? Oh, I'd just *love* to see them!"

"I'm sure Stevie would love to model his precious aprons for you," Anne volunteered without asking her son's opinion.

To his chagrin, Steve was soon repeating his humiliating apron fashion show for their gossipy neighbor. Ms. Overton squealed in delight and made careful mental notes so she could repeat as much detail as possible. "My mother was never without an apron around the house. Steve, you remind me so much of her, especially in that exquisite organdy number because she had one almost exactly like it."

"What did she wear with it?" Anne asked.

"A sheath dress or a frilly blouse and straight skirt most of the time. Of course, she always wore pearls and slight heels. As a little girl, I thought her look was the pinnacle of elegance and femininity. Too bad Steve doesn't have a pretty dress to wear with his," she teased. "Don't you think he would look just precious in a neat housedress, especially with a little makeup and a dab of lipstick? Oh dear, look at the time! I have to pick up Marge at the softball field and take her to hockey practice. These modern girls and their rough games

are so different from sissy boys who like to wear pretty aprons and saucy hair ribbons to do their housework. Ta-ta!"

Knowing his life would never be the same after Ms. Overton spread the word about his sissy apron all over the neighborhood, Steve blushed brightly as she left. His humiliation deepened when his mother chirped, "You know, Gladys had a good idea about the makeup and lipstick. When Jane returns, borrow some from her and ask her to teach you to apply them properly. Then, you can wear pretty feminine makeup with your aprons to add a nice sissy touch to your appearance around the house."

"This feminine crap is getting worse instead of better," Steve sighed to himself. "It all started with aprons and housework. They added panties, and now, I have to wear *lipstick*! I sure hope Mom doesn't make me wear dresses like that old biddy suggested!"

In the days that followed, Steve could hear the snickers and laughter of his neighbors. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw them whispering and pointing, some less conspicuous than others. At the checkout line at the market, a lady he hardly knew put a copy of Cosmopolitan magazine in his basket. "I'm sure you'll devour this. It has an article on removing makeup without leaving embarrassing traces of blush, lipstick, and eyeliner. Better look in the mirror, dearie." Steve blushed for all he was worth as he secretly vowed to read the article and learn how to avoid the same mistake in the future.

At home, Steve often saw people on neighboring lots and the sidewalk trying to catch glimpses of him through the windows. Seeing the same thing, Jane decided that he shouldn't be kept away from his *adoring* public. She started making him get the mail and take out the trash in his hated aprons and embarrassing makeup. He tried to time it so it was less likely that anyone he knew would be in the vicinity. Even if he went undetected, the experience always left him on edge.

His luck ran out one day when he heard a sickeningly sweet voice call out, "Yoo hoo, Steve! Mom said you were

wearing aprons. I've seen you through the windows a few times. Hold up, and let me get a closer look." Steve knew immediately that his tormentor was Marge Overton, the large athletic girl from next door who had been the butt of numerous taunts and practical jokes at his hands. Now, damn his luck, the tables had turned!

"Oh, that pinafore apron with the lace edging is so swish, and that matching scarf in your blonde curls is totally *boss!*" Marge gushed in a teasing tone. Looking him over with a critical eye, she taunted, "Mom didn't say you were wearing makeup, but it's the crowning touch for a sissy. That dark red lipstick is simply *you!* What is going on and why are you dressed this way?"

Unable to make eye contact with his jeering neighbor, Steve blushed brightly, shuffled his feet, and sighed, "Since my trouble with the law, Mom is punishing me by making me dress this way and do housework. I'm not a sissy, so please don't tease me or tell the kids at school what I have to wear."

"Maybe I will, and maybe I won't!" Marge laughed uproariously as she skipped across the lawn.

Since Steve had to come directly home from school to do his hated housework, his social life had dropped to nothing. Formerly a regular in the after school crowd that hung out at the Pizza joint in the ritzy strip mall near the school, he had suddenly become missing in action. Naturally, his friends were curious. His best friend, Jeff Smith, thought he was cool, especially the way he teased his sister and the other girls at school. He also liked the attention that came from hanging out with the richest kid in school, but lately, he worried because Steve seemed so out of sorts. Something was definitely wrong, and he was determined to find out what it was and cheer up his friend.

After he rang the doorbell at the massive front door of the Foster residence, it swung open, and he found himself face to face with Jane. An amused smile on her face, she invited him into the house saying, "Stevie and I are hanging out in the utility room."



Steve wanted to crawl into a hole when his vindictive sister brought Jeff in to see him ironing clothes in his sissy outfit and bright red lipstick. His greatest hope

was that she didn't make him reveal his embarrassing panties to his friend!

Having been a visitor to the Foster home on numerous occasions, Jeff was familiar with the room, which served as the kid's recreation area. Following Jane inside, he expected to see his buddy playing pinball or video games, but the scene that greeted him floored him!

His buddy, Steve, was wearing a billowy white apron and a woman's floral scarf knotted at the front of his head like a World War II female factory worker! His lips were painted a crimson cupid's bow, and circles of rouge gave him an unnatural doll-like appearance. Even worse, he was busy ironing a silky nylon blouse, and on nearby hangers were several other exclusively feminine items he had already finished ironing.

Jeff's jaw went slack at the sissy sight of his buddy. Steve on the other hand, was shocked and embarrassed almost beyond speech to be seen by his buddy in his exaggerated feminine attire and makeup. After several moments of extreme trauma, he managed to mumble weakly, "Hi, Jeff."

"Uh, hi, Steve. I just...came by to see if you wanted to hang out or do something."

Steve looked hopeful and excited until Jane avowed in a mocking tone, "I'm afraid Stevie hasn't finished his ironing, and after that he has to start supper. A sissy's work is never done, you know."

Jeff was flabbergasted when the inevitable didn't follow Jane's taunt. Instead, Steve simply cringed, and he thought he saw a tear in the corner of his friend's eye. "What's going on?" he wondered while becoming angry. "No way would the Steve I know put up with this kind of crap from his sister or any other girl. Could I have been *that* wrong about him? He looks like a damn maid doing the family's ironing, and what's with the lipstick, girlish scarf, and frilly apron? He looks like some kind of fairy! Has he been all talk?"

"I...I guess I had better stay here," Steve stammered with a blush.

"Okay," Jeff said as he turned and quickly retreated toward the front door. "I wouldn't want to keep you from your ironing."

"I think that went well, don't you?" Jane tittered after Jeff left.

"How could you bring Jeff in here to see me like this?" Steve sniffed near tears.

"What a sissy!" Jane sneered with a menacing smile. "You wear silky nylon panties, frilly aprons, and girlish makeup. Now, you're even crying like a girl!" All Steve could do was swallow his diminishing masculine pride and continue his ironing.

Steve spent the rest of the week desperately apologizing to Jeff, explaining vigorously that he was being punished for the drugs, and it was all just a big joke. Because of Steve's subtle *Barbie Boy* makeup, curly blonde hair, and feminine pants, Jeff was skeptical but willing to give his friend the benefit of the doubt. "I guess everyone deserves another chance," he thought. Steve was relieved, but he could feel the serious doubt on the part of his best friend.

Adding to Steve's agitation was Marge's attention to him at school. One day, as he was entering the lunchroom, she approached him and said, "Eat with me. You and I have a few things to discuss." Her tone seemed more like an order than a request, and he followed her to a vacant table. "Everybody says I'm fat and ugly and can't get a boyfriend," she announced to Steve's surprise. "If I agree to keep quiet about how you dress at home, will you be my beau?"

Steve was repulsed at the thought of being friends with Marge, much less being her boyfriend, but he was trapped. Unwilling to risk her revealing his secret, he swallowed hard and stammered, "You're athletic, not fat, and quite attractive for a large girl. Of course, I'll be your boyfriend."

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she gushed with a bright smile. Looking him over critically, she said, "You know, I think we should

do something to illustrate that we're going steady. "Let me have your hand."

Reluctantly, Steve offered her his hand and allowed her to paint his nails hot pink to match her own. Needless to say, he blushed profusely as his fellow classmates laughed at seeing the ugliest girl in school applying feminine polish to his nails. "Why are you doing this?" he asked in a small voice as she returned the bottle to her purse.

"How will people know we're a couple if we aren't wearing matching nail polish and lipstick," she replied as she opened a tube of lipstick that matched his freshly applied nail polish. "You put it on," she added while handing him a small mirror. Without realizing that he was displaying much more skill at this feminine task than any boy should possess, Steve adeptly smoothed the pink cosmetic to his lips and blotted them on his napkin.

"Now, let's seal our bargain with a kiss!" Marge declared as she took Steve in her arms and planted a deep kiss on his freshly painted lips. He almost gagged when she thrust her tongue into his mouth, but with great effort, he managed to maintain his composure and return her kiss. "It's almost time for class, so let's freshen our lipstick," she said after a few affectionate pecks on his lips. When that was done, she added, "You can carry my purse so you can repair your makeup during the afternoon. I'll see you after school and walk you home. Won't that be *fun*?"

That afternoon, Steve took all kinds of teasing about his new *girlfriend* and for wearing her nail polish and lipstick. Marge humiliated him further while walking him home, by carrying his books in one hand and holding his hand in the other. All he had to carry was *his* clutch purse, making him feel like a totally dominated *sissy*!

"Add two more coats of polish to your nails tonight, and don't forget to wear your lipstick tomorrow," Marge cautioned Steve after a passionate kiss at his door.

If there was any consolation to Steve, it was that he was not the only Foster male whose appearance and behavior were receiving attention. Leaving work one evening, Bill found a package of a white powdery substance on the seat of his car in plain view. Emptying the contents into the wind, he read the note that accompanied it.

“Whew! That was a close one, huh Bill? Next time, an anonymous informant might just call the police. I’ll bet you’d just love being trussed up by those hunky policemen and thrown into a cell where the inmates would discover your silky panties. Anyway, Lisa says she misses you, so why don’t you pay her a visit? After she helps you select a swishy wardrobe to wear with your sissy panties, she’ll tell you where to go next.”

Later that night, a very humbled and subdued Bill sulked through the door and was greeted by his smiling wife and daughter. “Hi, Dad. Been shopping? Look, Mom! His right ear has been pierced, and he’s wearing a *boss* diamond stud in it! Say, doesn’t that mean you like boys? Anyway, that silky shirt and those black satin pants certainly go with the *look!*”

“Your hair is so chic, darling,” his wife taunted in a sarcastic tone. “Besides selecting a curly feminine style, you had it frosted as well! They’ll be shocked at the office.”

“I didn’t know they were doing all *this!*” Bill scowled. “Ms. Gladstone said they were just adding body to my hair.”

“Did they give you lessons on how to care for your new do?”

“You know they did,” he blushed. “I have to roll it every night and sleep with curlers in my hair. Besides that, I have to go there two nights a week for hair styling lessons.”

“Aren’t you excited to be learning some new skills?” Jane giggled, “Oh, this is so much fun!”

“Bill, with your appearance, I don’t think we’ll be sleeping in the same bed,” Anne said, joining in the humiliation. “After all, I’m not one of those...what do they call them...*fag hags.*”

As Bill turned to carry his new wardrobe to the guest room, Jane exclaimed with a hearty laugh, "Look Mom, those silky black pants show off his panty lines!"

The next day was Saturday, and Steve was aghast to see his father appear for breakfast in a long yellow nylon nightgown and an almost transparent negligee. His frosted hair was curly, and he was wearing light makeup, blush, eyeliner, mascara, and light red lipstick.

"Doesn't your father look nice in his new bedroom finery?" Anne chided her blushing son.

"I...I guess so," he stammered. In truth, he was just getting accustomed to the shame of wearing makeup and frilly aprons to do the housework and being the new *girl* in the family. Now, his father turned up looking like *this!* Where would it all end?

Unknown to him, his mother and sister had decided to increase his embarrassment and stress level as well. As he was clearing the table, Anne announced, "Bill, I want you to take Stevie shopping as a reward for being such a good *girl* around the house."

Steve instantly feared the worst. "Um, that's awful nice, but I really don't need anything. Besides I, uh, I have plenty work to keep me busy around here."

"Nonsense. You can finish your chores after lunch. For now, I think it's time your father started working with you on a more appropriate wardrobe. How about it, Bill?"

"I...uh...guess. What do you have in mind?"

"Frankly, given the way you hounded Jane and me about our clothes, I'm more than a little disappointed in your lack of initiative in guiding Stevie to dress as a proper young lady," she goaded while glaring at Bill knowingly. "After all, he is new to being a girl, so how is he to know how to dress properly unless you tell him? You don't want to disappoint him or *me*, do you?"

Knowing what his wife expected, he began, "No...you're right, it's time Steve started wearing prettier, more feminine things."

"Well, isn't it time for you to introduce your sissy son to Doris Gladstone?"

His eyes betraying his true feelings on the subject, Bill nodded submissively and sighed, "Whatever you say."

"Remember what I told you about cooperation. I'll hear about it if you aren't docile and obedient."

Convinced that his wife would make good on her threats at the slightest provocation, Bill steeled himself to do whatever it took to keep her happy. For today, that meant buying his son a prissy, girlish wardrobe. "Yes dear," he sighed.

"Then, hurry and get dressed. I think your pink silk blouse and black satin pants along with your black three-inch pumps with the open toes. You *have* been practicing walking in heels like I instructed, haven't you?" When Bill's blushing face told her what she wanted to know, she continued, "Be sure that the polish on your toes matches your fingernails and lipstick. Your nylons won't hide them in those shoes."

As Bill propelled his son inside the Sissy Mister, Ms. Gladstone approached them and gushed, "I love your new look, Bill darling! Anne said you would be dropping by."

"T...thank you, Ms. Gladstone," Bill stammered with a blush. "This is my son, Steve."

Turning her attention to Steve, Ms. Gladstone pasted a sickening smile on her face and took his hands in hers and purred, "Well, well. We meet at last, Stevie. I've heard so much about you. I understand from your sister that you're just the cock of the roost at Oakdale School and that you have a special girlfriend who lets you wear her lipstick and nail polish. Are you wearing it now?"

"N...no, Jane wanted me to wear red today?"

"Well, what can we do for you?"

"We need to purchase a few things to make Steve look more girlish," Bill said meekly.

Ms. Gladstone smiled amusedly, enjoying the embarrassment on the part of the two formerly macho males. "Well, Bill, as you know, our clothing and services are designed especially for girly boys. Are you saying that Steve is a *sissy*?"

Bill thought back to the surprise packages he and his son had recently received. "Yes, he wears girl's panties all the time and pretty aprons and makeup to do his housework."

"Please, Ms. Gladstone!" Steve begged. "I'm not a sissy. I don't like wearing girl's clothes, but Mom makes me!"

"Yes, I know," she smiled. "I just got a call from her, and she said she and Jane were feeling badly. They just want to teach you a lesson to get you back on the right track. Instead of purchasing a new wardrobe of dresses, skirts, and blouses for you, she has decided to try the *Alternative Therapy* we use sometimes here at the Sissy Mister. Would you like to try it?"

"How does it work?" Steve asked suspiciously.

"It's a form of role-playing to help you get a different perspective on things. It almost always works, and you will be better off for the experience. You have to pretend to be a sissy who likes being overtly feminine and who wants to purchase a feminine wardrobe. Of course, you have to be totally cooperative, and I must be one hundred percent satisfied with your performance in the role-playing exercise for your sissy treatment to end. If I am truly convinced, your life, as well as your clothes, will return to normal for you and your father."

"Mom won't make me wear panties or do housework if I act like a prissy girl who loves frilly, silky dresses and skirts?" Steve asked suspiciously. "I can return to being a normal boy?"

"Absolutely, and the same goes for your father."

Steve and his father shared an excited look as they began planning their return to normalcy. "Let's go for it!" Steve exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Okay, but to keep make me happy, you two will have to put on quite a show," she continued. "Steve, who is the prissiest, most girly girl in your class at school?"

"Courtney Jacobs."

"Okay, I want you use her as your role model. Think about what Courtney would say and do, how she would move, what she would like, and turn it up to the hilt. As Courtney, you love clothes and shopping, and your dream is to be a mother and housewife. You hope to attract a boyfriend, and you feel badly that you don't have one. You talk in a cute, girlish voice, almost a falsetto with lots of giggles and girlish squeals. Keep your wrists relaxed at all times, and wave them around. Always keep your elbows at waist level. That's what I'll be looking for when we start shopping. But if I am the least bit displeased with your performance, it's into dresses for you both."

"Let's get on with it!" Steve declared emphatically while smiling brightly at his nodding father.

Ms. Gladstone grinned widely, turned to Steve, and said, "I just *know* you'll just adore our things. Of course, all our clothes are exquisitely chic, designed and sewn by the finest houses in Europe. The *Sissy Mister* label in a garment stands for the ultimate in quality and style, and our boys expect nothing less." As she led the submissive father to a rack of frilly panties, bras, slips, and nighties, she said, "Bill, look through that dainty underwear and see if you can find some you think is suitable for your sissy son and you."

While Bill looked over the girlish lingerie, Ms. Gladstone led Steve to an informal modeling area with a raised round platform surrounded by mirrors. In front of the *stage* was a group of comfortable chairs. A walkway led from the stage disappearing into a dressing room hidden by a velvet drape.

"Max, we'd like to see this sissy boy in some pretty undies," Ms. Gladstone said to a large woman who was obvi-

ously a clerk in the boutique. "Can you assist us, please?" Steve didn't see the massive figure of Maxine until she appeared behind him, and he marveled at her size as she led him away.

Bill took a seat beside Ms. Gladstone after selecting several extremely feminine sets of undies for Steve and a couple for himself. When the curtain parted, he was totally unprepared for what he saw. He gasped in disbelief before remembering that Steve was *role-playing*.

On the stage before him, his son was wearing white satin bloomers with a pink lace trim. Very full, the panties were secured on his thigh with a wide elasticized ribbon and bow on the front of each leg. He wore a matching camisole, and on his head was a huge pink satin bow, secured by a headband running from the nape of his neck to the top of his forehead. Completing the sissy ensemble were white stockings ending at mid-thigh with a pink bow identical to that adorning the bloomers. On his feet were dainty pink slippers with a low heel and a beribboned toe. In one hand, he daintily held a white lace hankie, like a distressed damsel of old.

"These undies are from our *I Enjoy Being A Girl* collection. They're perfect for those occasions when a sissy boy wants to feel especially femmy. What about it Steve, you do enjoy being a girl, don't you?"

A forced smile appeared on Steve's face as he lied, "Oh yes, Ms. Gladstone! These undies are just dreamy!"

Bill also acted out his role. "Oh, Steve, you are just too precious in those sweet panties and that dreamy camisole."

Ms. Gladstone, pleased at how things were developing said, "Max, please help Stevie into some of our other outfits."

Minutes later, Steve stood on the platform as Ms. Gladstone narrated, "Steve is now attired in one of our signature pieces, our *Pansy Panties*. He will just love how it gives him the flat, girlish front so essential under tight skirts and dresses. Until he's on an appropriate diet, he'll appreciate the waist control and the padded hip features. Doesn't he look

sweet in our own *Boobsie Boy* training bra? Also, notice the perky little cone-shaped breasts it creates, just enough to give his classmates cause to wonder. When our Stevie finds the right boy, he can pair this bra with a darling little sweater and be guaranteed to have his beau eating out of his hand. Of course, these items are no substitute for the real thing, but they will allow him to project a feminine image, even if he has to wear nasty boy clothes. What do you think, Bill?"

Bill was mortified, imagining Steve at school in the prissy panty girdle and bra under his attire. It would be an impossible struggle for him to keep anyone from noticing. As he watched, his son stage posed model-style, a fake smile frozen on his face, his eyes betraying his true emotions. He also looked to be in a fair amount of pain. "That panty girdle must hurt!" he commiserated.

"What else has Stevie always dreamed of wearing, but has been too embarrassed to admit?" Ms. Gladstone pressed.

"Well, he's become quite the budding little homemaker. I know he'd love something more suitable to wear when he's doing housework or working in the kitchen."

"Well, your little girly boy is in luck! We have a line of sweet little dresses he will just love to wear around the house from our exclusive *Housewife Wannabe* line. The dresses are styled closely to designs from the fifties, and the bodices are very tight to emphasize the bust line. Most of them even have matching collars and cuffs for a dainty, yet polished touch. Short or three-quarter length sleeves and severely nipped waists with self-petticoated, calf-length skirts complete the picture."

"That sounds *perfect!*" Bill lied.

"Of course, accessories such as earrings, necklaces, and bracelets are a must. Pearls are a sissy's best friend, and in these dresses, heels are essential. If Stevie needs to step out to the market to get something special for dinner, or if he has a mid-afternoon cut and set at the salon, he can slip a delicate sweater around his shoulders, pin on a darling hat, clutch his purse, and out he goes."

As Max paraded Steve before him in dress after dress from the line, Bill was astonished at how effeminate and prissy they made his son appear. He looked like June Cleaver taken to a higher, more feminine level, and he was struggling to keep from crying.

As Steve posed, hands on hips, one leg in front of the other, fixed smile in place, Bill turned to Ms. Gladstone and said, "It's like you could read his mind. This is the exactly the image he has in mind. We'll take everything, the dresses, the heels, the jewelry, and the pretty undies!" Steve cringed inwardly at his father's words. "You had better include several of those pretty little sweaters, hats, gloves, and purses," Bill continued. "I have a feeling that, once Steve gets all prettied up in his new things, he'll want to show off his look at every opportunity."

With a gleam in her eye, Ms. Gladstone inquired, "What does Steve normally wear to school?"

"It's almost always the same day after day, jeans and a tee-shirt." Bill had a horrible feeling about where Ms. Gladstone was going, but he was powerless to stop her.

The purpose of the question became clear when she said, "Max, see what you can put together from our *Pretend Boy* collection."

Soon, Max had Steve in a pair of stretch chinos without pockets, cut full in the hips, with a back zip. The shirt was also clearly feminine with darts that nipped in the waist, showing off the wearer's figure. Black knee high stockings and girl's black loafers with a stacked heel completed the picture. Although from a distance he looked masculine, the ensemble was composed entirely of feminine items. In no time, a collection of similar outfits had been assembled, and he had a new school wardrobe.

As the session continued, Steve had never believed such humiliation possible. Imagine, a teenage boy parading around in girl's underwear and dresses while having to pretend he likes doing so! Even worse, he began to resent the way his father was making him out to be some sort of fairy.

With a hateful smirk on her face, Max led Steve back to the dressing room and said, "You'll be *so* popular with the boys in your pretty new things."

Although he wanted desperately to tell her off, Steve tried his best to go along, "Ooh, I hope so. I'll just die if I don't have a date for the homecoming dance!"

Wearing only panties, bra, garter belt, and nylons beneath his silky knee-length nylon slip, Steve was about to put on another dress when Max was called to help another clerk with a "*difficult sissy*". Instead of leaving him alone or allowing him to cover his embarrassing feminine undies, she led him back to the modeling platform.

"Oh, there you are, Stevie," Ms. Gladstone purred. "Your sissy father and I were wondering if it was difficult coming out as a sissy-boy?"

Looking at Bill in his silky blouse, satin pants, heels, makeup, lipstick, and feminine hairstyle, Steve knew this was part of the role-playing exercise. Knowing they were both helpless to stop the increasing femininity being forced on them by this diabolical woman, he forced a smile and gushed, "It was embarrassing at first, but I feel so much better now. I've lived a lie for so long that I can hardly believe I can finally let my true femininity emerge." Even though Steve was nauseated by his words, he was actually able to cry real tears.

Ms. Gladstone clucked in fake sympathy as she stood beside him and stroked his hair. Taking his hand in hers, she soothed, "There, there, darling. You don't have to hide in the closet any longer. I know it has been quite a struggle to hide your girlish side all these years, but now, you're free!"

Steve gave his head a slight nod. "Oh it *has* been horrible! Pretending I was interested in sports, cars, and girls; and trying to be friends with boys I really wanted to ask me out; and the horrid coarse clothes I had to wear! Mom's clothes were the only things that saved me. I would have killed myself if I hadn't been able to sneak and put on a pretty panty and bra set under one of her darling dresses occasionally!"

"You poor thing. But what about your body?"

"Oh, I just hate it! Everything is wrong! I have these horrible things between my legs. I'm so fat, I have no hips, and no boy will ever want me without breasts!" he dissolved into fake tears, burying his face in the hankie Ms. Gladstone gave him.

"Well, you don't have to suffer anymore. *This*," she said, holding up a bottle, "contains our *Feminizer* product for boys who want to feminize and sissify their bodies completely in the shortest possible time. It will give you girlish breasts up to a B-cup, and make your nipples and areola unmistakably feminine."

"How big is a B-cup?" Steve gasped in horror.

"Let's just say you won't be able to go topless at the beach next summer, but you'll look great in a string bikini. This medicine will also give you full rounded hips that will look just darling under a clingy skirt. It rids the body of masculine muscle tissue, leaving you with the daintiest arms and legs. You'll be just ever so petite, a real little doll as unmistakably feminine as possible for a sissy boy. *But!*" she said, becoming very serious. "I want to be perfectly clear. If you take *Feminizer*, you must continue until the changes are complete. Do you understand?"

"I know what I have to do. I'll pretend to want them so I can return to my masculine lifestyle," thought Steve. With that in mind, he daintily clasped his hands over his bosom and pleaded, "Oh, they sound just perfect, Ms. Gladstone! Can I have the *Feminizer*? Please! It's sounds like my dream come true. If I can't have it, I'll just die!"

Even though he knew Steve was play-acting, Bill couldn't believe the words coming from his son's mouth. If these fiendish women could make his son wear dresses and pretend to like them, could they do the same to him? If they did, what would be worse, wearing dresses or being an obvious male in the sissy clothes he was forced to wear now?



*“Please, may I have a ‘feminizer’ pill? Pretty please?”
Stephen pretended desire before his astonished prissy
dressed father.*

He wanted to jump up and shout that this had gone far enough, but all he could do was cross his legs feminine style at the knee and watch in utter dismay as his son begged to be made more feminine.

“Are you absolutely sure?” Ms. Gladstone pressed Steve. “If you take the *Feminizer*, you’ll become an obvious sissy, and you’ll be outing yourself as a girl-boy to all your friends, neighbors, and schoolmates. There will be no going back, so if there is any real boy in you, don’t take this medicine.”

Steve knew that to escape a life in skirts, he had to lay it on thick. “Oh, no, Ms. Gladstone. I’m absolutely positive. Believe me, there isn’t an ounce of masculinity left in my body.”

“I’m almost beginning to believe you,” she smirked inwardly while grinning broadly as she offered a pink pill to the hapless boy. “Okay, the medical authorization papers have been signed by both your parents, but I wanted your consent as well.”

“Good thing this is just play acting!” Steve thought as he accepted the proffered pill and quickly washed it down.

Giving him a womanly hug that Steve returned, she gushed, “Oh, Stevie. I’m so glad you’ll finally be rid of the body that has tortured you all these years! Now, hurry! Your hair appointment starts in just a few minutes. We don’t want to be late. I had to beg Hazel to fit you in.”

Steve became slightly worried since he didn’t want anyone at that hateful place touching his hair. Nonetheless, he turned toward a nearby mirror and began to primp and fuss with his hair as he had seen his mother do when she was getting ready to go out. His hands were flopping back and forth in exaggerated fashion as he gushed, “Thank you sooo much. My hair is such a disaster. I don’t know what I was thinking when I had it cut. It looks so *butch*, and I can’t do anything pretty with it.”

“We’ll soon fix that. Hazel has you down for a coloring, a cut, and a set. Does that sound okay?”

“Oh, yes! That sounds *darling!*”

“Your Dad says you prefer to set your hair every night instead of getting a perm. Is he *serious*?”

“Oh yes, Ms. Gladstone. I just love setting my hair,” Steve giggled femininely while almost losing his lunch. “It makes me feel so girlish and reminds me of what a sissy I am.”

“You really are a glutton for punishment,” Ms. Gladstone teased as she looked at her watch. “While you’re waiting, you should pull a beauty smock over your slip. Remember that you are still in role while you are in the salon,” Ms. Gladstone cautioned as she left him with Hazel.

Despite his reservations, Steve soon found himself sitting in Hazel’s chair getting his hair *done*. He was a little unnerved that she was actually cutting it, but he relaxed when he saw it was very little. “Besides,” he thought. “I’m overdue for a haircut.”

As she worked, Hazel asked Steve about boyfriends, boy bands, and which male movie stars he thought were *dreamy*. Steve just made stuff up, trying to sound as feminine as possible. Ms. Gladstone had been right. Thinking about what Courtney would say really helped.

While he talked, Hazel soaked his hair with a smelly lotion. He knew Courtney would never make a face, so he tried to look like it was the most natural thing in the world. For added points, he smiled a huge, but sweet (he hoped) smile and kept it through a number of lotions and rinses. Finally, Hazel began to tug at his hair. “What in the hell is she doing?” he wondered until he realized that she was putting small curlers in his hair. “Wow, that hurts,” he thought, becoming somewhat concerned about the new activity.

He didn’t have time to think because Hazel oozed, “Oh, you’ll look *so* cute with the style your father selected! I’m *so* glad he chose it. Sure, the other styles are a lot easier to care for, but I agree with him that a sissy like you looks best with a fussy, high maintenance *do*. Plus, you can set this style in finger waves. I just know they’ll look adorable with this new color. You can simply set it, spray it, tease it, and *go*.”

Still smiling, Steve really began to worry. “*New color? Finger waves? Teasing?*” What was he getting into? He was about to jump out of the chair and head for the door when his eye caught his father through the entrance to the salon. Seeing him silently mouth, “Keep her happy.”

“Dad is right,” he sighed inwardly. “This stuff can be undone. I just have to keep playing the game.” He remembered the time he and his friends dyed their hair blue. It had washed right out. He was so relieved that he kept up a delightful stream of girlish prattle until Hazel finished rolling his hair. He was horrified when he saw his reflection in the mirror. His head was covered by row after neat row of curlers. The feminizing effect of the curlers was totally *dramatic*.

He was about to say something, but a woman took him by the arm and led him to a large bonnet dryer. “I’m Marion, and I’ll be doing your nails today,” she said. “I understand your father has asked for a full set of extensions. You must not play sports.”

“Heavens no,” Steve chirped, sounding appalled at the mere mention of physical activity.

“Then, we should give you a pretty pedicure like your father’s. If you’ll just pick a color, we will get started,” Marion said as she held a large tray of multi-hued polishes toward Steve. He saw that one of the bottles was slightly higher than the rest, and she was holding the tray so that bottle was right in front of him. The innuendo was clear.

“Oh, isn’t that pretty,” Steve twittered ala Courtney Jacobs as he picked the deep red bottle and handed it to Marion.

“What excellent taste you have, Steve. Most sissies stay away from the more dramatic and feminine reds, but you’re a boy-girl who knows what he wants, aren’t you? The boys will just love this on you, and it will go perfectly with your new hair color. Just your luck, we have a lipstick to match. Make sure you ask for it in cosmetics. The color is called *Sissified*,” she smirked as she lowered the bonnet on his head and started to work.

Relieved of his speaking role temporarily, Steve concentrated on smiling prettily. He thought a good strategy would be to think of something pleasurable, so he imagined that he was with his buddies, and they were shooting baskets and checking out the girls who walked by. A couple of times he saw Ms. Gladstone walk past the salon and wave. He imitated her actions, shrugging his shoulders femininely and waving his fingers only.

After what seemed an eternity, Hazel retrieved Steve and led him back to her chair. After removing the curlers, she picked up a rat-tail comb and a can of *Sissy Net* hairspray. Once again, he felt as though she was pulling his hair out. In no time; however, she was patting his hair and doing a final bit of arranging. She finally wheeled the chair around and he came face to face with his new hairstyle. It was horrible! His hair was a teased mass of platinum curls.

The color alone was feminine enough, but the style was straight off a Doris Day poster! "I might have gotten by with this style if they just made me a blonde, but no boy has hair this color!" Steve gasped as he brought his shiny red nails to his face.

Ms. Gladstone pulled him into her arms and hugged him girlishly. "Oh Stevie, don't you look precious!" she gushed. "I thought the color and the style would be too much, but your Dad was right. A real sissy can never be too girlish. And those nails! What is that darling color?"

Recovering a bit, Steve got out "*Sissified*."

Ms. Gladstone held his hands so he was displaying his nails in typical female fashion. His hands were extended in front of the bosom, wrists limp passively, and fingers extended girlishly with their bright red nails. In an effort to keep things moving, she quickly seated Steve at the extensive cosmetics counter.

To him, the vast array of feminine cosmetics seemed to go on forever, and the products looked very ornate and expensive. All were packaged in pink with a white profile image of a feminine looking boy powdering his nose. *Sissy Mister* in

white script was written underneath. As he waited for the lady behind the counter to approach, he nervously tried to remember his *role*. This was not easy since the horrible image of his femininely colored and styled hair dominated his thoughts. Nonetheless, he crossed his legs, sat up straight, placed his hands in his lap, and forced a smile. Definitely what Courtney would do!

Finally, the salesperson arrived with a flourish. "You must be Steve!" she smiled. "I'm Sheila, and your father has told me all about you. We are all just so happy that you've decided to come out of the closet and embrace your girlishness. I see you're well on your way. The hairstyle and color you insisted on just screams 'I'm a Sissy!' Why, I'll bet you just *adore* feminine makeup. Am I right?"

"Oh yes," Steve lied. "Makeup is a sissy boy's best friend. I feel just naked without it."

Sheila chuckled, "If you say so. Okay, I have the makeup evaluator your Dad filled out, so let's see. He wants two separate looks, a subtle *Barbie Boy* look for school with blush, lipstick, and eyeliner that won't be too obvious. Also, he wants a heavy fifties femme with heavy base, blush, lipstick, eyeliner, mascara, and eyeshadow for at home and when you go full time in dresses and skirts. Is that right?"

Steve had no clue what she was talking about, but he nodded vigorously. Remembering what the manicurist said, he went for the brownie points, "I'd like my lipstick to match my nail polish. It's *Sissified*."

"It certainly is, Steve," she laughed as she began applying layer after layer of perfume-sweet cosmetics to his face. "It certainly is!" When she was done, he felt as though he was wearing a clay mask on his face. Sheila packed a large shopping pack with everything he would need to create his different looks and observed, "You're on *Feminizer*, right?"

Steve had to think for a second before remembering the name of the pills Ms. Gladstone had given him. "Oh yes. I just had to have it."

“Well, I certainly admire your courage. Since you’re a full-fledged sissy, you must start taking care of your skin. After all, you don’t want your husband running away with a younger girl when you reach middle age because you have unsightly wrinkles. So, before bed it’s absolutely imperative that you follow the prescribed beauty regimen I’ve included with your makeup. Everything you need is here, moisturizer, perfumed night masque, skin cream, and all the rest.”

“But, I don’t know how to use all that stuff,” Steve whimpered.

“You’ll learn. Believe me, you’ll learn,” Sheila promised. “Also, you must remember to cover up in the sun so your skin will be a pale alabaster. Next summer, you must come here during swimsuit season because we not only have bikinis to kill for; we carry yummy little cover-ups and sun hats. Let’s see,” she said looking at a calendar. “You should be fully *blossomed* by then. I’ll bet you can’t wait until you have breasts to show off to the boys!”

Steve acknowledged her inference with a sigh as his enthusiasm for the game of pretend lagged. Looking about, he saw Ms. Gladstone within hearing range. She had a cross expression, and she was looking directly at him! “Shit!” he thought. “I can’t blow this now, not after all I’ve been through to get this far! Just a while longer and things will be back to normal.” With that in mind, he concentrated, “Courtney Jacobs, Courtney Jacobs.”

“Here’s a mirror,” Sheila beamed. “What you think of your makeup.”

Steve took the ornate hand mirror and cautiously peered into it. “Omigawd!” he shrieked out of shock and dismay upon seeing his face covered in a pale, almost white, foundation. Dark blush adorned his cheeks, and his lips were dainty cupid bows of shiny red. His eyes were surrounded by an array of heavy colors, while his lashes were enormous. He looked like a pretty, girlish china doll. Seeing Ms. Gladstone striding over, he quickly recovered and repeated his earlier “Omigawd,” with less panic and more feigned delight. “It’s perfect!

Just what I was looking for, Sheila! You're a true artist. How can I *ever* thank you?"

"That's sweet, Stevie, but my thanks is seeing that sissy boys like you get just the look they deserve."

By then Ms. Gladstone reached them, and Steve was relieved to see a smile on her face. She placed her arms around his shoulders in a sisterly fashion and asked, "Well, Stevie. Is your visit to the Sissy Mister meeting your expectations?"

"Oh, yes, Ms. Gladstone. It's a dream come true!"

"Well, there are still lots more to do, so let's get to it, Girlie! Your Dad is waiting." Arm in arm, Ms. Gladstone led Steve back to the dressing room to change out of his beauty smock. Once there, she suggested that Max bring in a number of additional outfits for him to model for his father.

Of course, Steve eagerly agreed. While he was waiting for Max, he examined his image in the dressing room mirror. Seeing his girlish hair and makeup was almost enough to make him throw up. He knew he was looking at the reflection of a sixteen-year-old boy, but where was he? His hair and makeup indicated an older, more sophisticated person, and his underwear confirmed the impression. Structured bra decorated with lace and bows, heavy panty girdle, nylon stockings attached to garters dangling from his girdle, and spike heeled pumps all suggested a woman out to snare a man.

As if he were watching a car wreck, Steve couldn't take his eyes from his image in the mirror. More out of morbid curiosity than anything else, he began to primp and preen. His hands were drawn like a magnet to the lacquered mass of curls, and as he patted and arranged his curls, he was shocked at how stiff they were. "This is nothing like the way the girls in my class wear their hair," he thought. Although his hair was almost as long, their hair was natural and reflected very little styling. On the other hand, his style was obviously *done* and would require lots of maintenance.

Steve thought back to the shopping bag of *must haves* that Hazel had given him. It was full of prickly curlers of all shapes and sizes, goopy setting gels, special curlers for something called finger waves, clips, barrettes, bows, and ribbons of every variety, can after tall can of hair spray, and even a soft bonnet hair dryer. The hair dryer box bore the horrible image of a boy about Steve's age, heavily made up, and dressed in a lace trimmed, pink quilted robe. In the picture, his smirking mother handed him a teen fashion magazine to read while he waited for his hair to dry under the huge inflated bonnet, which was drawn tight around his head. A framed picture of a masculine teen boy sat on the dressing table. The obvious implication was that the boy was the sissy's boyfriend, and he was getting ready for a date. As Steve imagined such a scenario, he was filled with absolute revulsion. How disgusting!

In the mirror, Steve's eyes traveled from his hair down to his china-doll face. In combination with his hair, the makeup feminized his appearance immensely. He couldn't help but flutter his lashes and purse his lips in a pretty pout to try out the novel sensations of wearing heavy makeup. How could women stand to wear this stuff all the time? He couldn't believe how much *gunk* it took to create his look. The pink quilted makeup bag Marion told him to carry in his purse was stuffed full of everything from lipstick to eyeliner.

The panty girdle and bra were next on Steve's visual examination. They left him with a shape that was unmistakably feminine. By the same token, most girls his age would have more developed breasts. Seeing the exotic underwear in the mirror, he found himself becoming aroused. He thought about Amber, one of the girls at school, and began running his hands over his *breasts* and hips, imagining they were hers. A dreamy faraway look overtook his face.

"Day dreaming about a boy, dearie?" Max's voice brought him back to reality. In his mind, Steve thought, "No. A *girl*, and not some bull-dyke like you!" But, his head simply nodded yes, while he smiled sweetly and shyly.

Max had brought in racks of sweaters, tight skirts, swingy coats, silky scarves, overdone hats, and even a few sophisticated cocktail dresses. For the next hour, Steve modeled every item, and in front of his father and Ms. Gladstone, he fawned over each item, squealing in girlish delight, and remarking how *adorable, precious, femmy, and darling* everything was. Recalling Courtney, he was careful to constantly ask his father's opinion, which was always favorable. He was also careful to pout and exclaim that a particular skirt made him *look fat*, or bemoan his lack of a bust line when he was wearing a clingy sweater.

When Steve had tried on and modeled all the outfits, Ms. Gladstone handed him a blouse and skirt his father *selected*. Soon, he was encased in a black wool pencil skirt that fit almost like a second skin as it extended to mid-calf. Having no kick pleat for ease in walking, he could only mince along. The blouse was an enormous white chiffon number with huge, sheer, billowy sleeves and an enormous mass of deep ruffles at the front.

As Ms. Gladstone merrily buttoned the blouse in back, Steve noted morosely that it was the most feminine thing he had ever seen. He observed that he certainly had the makeup and hair to match, but he decided to primp in the mirror for good measure.

"I just *love* that blouse on you." Ms. Gladstone observed.

"Isn't it scrumptious?" Steve gushed in his best Courtney Jacobs imitation. "It makes me feel so *girlish*." He actually smiled at the thought that the hateful Lisa woman at Stella's would love to see him now! He made a mental note to take a group of his buddies, follow her out of the store one night, and egg her silly. "We'll see who's laughing then," he thought bitterly. Sensing that the end of his ordeal was near, he went for a home run and *begged* to have his ears pierced. He knew from hearing the girls in class chatter that the holes would close in no time once he stopped wearing earrings, and he figured that would be in about an hour.

“Steve, darling, a couple of more things before you go home,” Ms Gladstone gushed. “Here’s the card of Ms. Tuttle, the deportment consultant your father asked for. You know, he is so right. A boy-girl’s mannerisms should be as femmy as his clothes, makeup, and hairdo, and she is simply the best at bringing that out in sissy boys like you. I just know you two will be the best of friends in no time.”

“I’ll also sign you up for the Sissy Mister Junior League if you like. It’s a delightful opportunity for sissies like you to meet in a social setting. All the sissies have a wonderful time doing what girly-boys love to do. You know, talk about boys, fashion, boys, makeup, boys, skirt lengths, boys, and so forth. You get the picture. The League holds dances, puts on fashion shows, and even does civic projects. Should I count you in?”

“Of course, Ms. Gladstone. It just sounds wonderful,” Steve gushed, while in reality, he thought hanging out with a bunch of sissies sounded like the worst nightmare imaginable. He didn’t realize that the other boys trying on femmy dresses, skirts, and lingerie in the boutique and having their hair set in the salon were as masculine as he was. Therefore, he thought about bringing some of his buddies to the hateful store to harass the *fairies* when he was finally allowed to once again dress as a boy.

By this time, Steve was crying out of relief that the horrible ordeal was over. Ms. Gladstone simply gave him a ladylike hug, and assured him that everything would work out just fine. She led him toward the front of the store where he assumed he would meet his father and get his pants back. His greatest hope was that she would let him wash that gunk off his face and change into pants before he left for home. Maybe he could even take a shower and wash the color and curl out of his hair!

As they passed an obscure room, Steve paused. That sound? Were those familiar voices? Seeing the door ajar, he looked in, and what he saw left him aghast! “Mom! Jane! Why are you here?” Confused, he looked beyond them and saw the room was a television control room, full of monitors and so-

phisticated recording equipment. In his confused daze, he didn't notice a grin spreading across Ms. Gladstone's face.

"Oh, Mom, look!" Jane gushed as she spun her brother around on his heels and fluffed the ruffles on his blouse. "He looks even prissier in person. What a pretty blouse you picked out, brother dear," she mocked girlishly. "***I just adore my blouse. It makes me feel so...girlish!***" Jane and her mother burst out laughing.

Anne joined in, "***And this hair and makeup! Isn't it just the femmiest thing you ever saw? I just love setting my hair. It reminds me of what a big sissy I am!***" she mimicked in an affected falsetto. The assemblage of females erupted into uproarious laughter.

Tears began to form in Steve's eyes as he struggled to comprehend his situation. "M-Ms. Gladstone? I completed the role-playing exercise like you said, and I did a good job, you know I did. Can I change now?"

Ms. Gladstone chuckled. "Yes, Stevie, you did a ***great*** job, and you ***are*** going to change. Your excellent performance has seen to that quite nicely."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, my dearie, I'm afraid your father and you are entirely too gullible. Did you really think your mother and Jane were willing to go back to the way things were? Oh, what a precious couple of gullible sissies!"

Steve stood frozen, horrified at the startling implications. "You mean I can't have my clothes back?"

Anne moved close to her son and started fussing with his blouse. "These are your clothes, sweetheart. When we get home, you'll pack all those horrid boy clothes away and store all the lovely things you purchased today in their place. Remember the clothes you told Ms. Gladstone you ***simply despised***. Well, sweetums, you'll never have to wear those nasty things again. You have a whole new feminine wardrobe, and to make room for it, we've already moved you into Jane's old room with the walk-in closet. She's even agreed to let you

keep all that French provincial furniture she found so disgusting. Isn't that marvy?"

Absolute horror was etched on Steve's face, and he was white as a sheet. "What about school? I need clothes for school!"

Jane giggled. "You have oodles of pretty school things. I saw your *Pretend Boy* ensembles. Cute, cute, cute! The girls will be furious that you get to wear pants and they don't, so you had better watch out. They can be really mean. Of course, if you like, you can wear the darling dresses and skirts you bought. They are perfect for Oakwood, and guess what? Mom is giving you all her dresses and girly-girl stuff. Just think about the stir you'll make when you show up for first period in a cute outfit the girls have seen Mom wear. It's strictly jeans and sweats for us from now on. We've been to the salon too."

Steve recovered his wits enough to see that both his sister and mother had cut their hair very short, and neither of them was wearing makeup. "You're kidding, right?" he choked. "Mr. Smith will never let me wear any of this stuff to school. I have to wear boy's clothes!"

"I'll leave that to your father," Anne proclaimed. "He can be very persuasive when he has to be. Besides, he knows what will happen if Mr. Smith says no." Looking at her husband with a leer, she added, "Don't worry. Once he shows the headmaster the DVD of you having your hair and makeup done and confessing the truth about your inner nature, I'm sure we won't have any problems."

Steve's mind reeled. "Show him *what* DVD?"

Ms. Gladstone chimed in, "Well, you see, Stevie. Our store has scores of hidden cameras and microphones, so we filmed your little role-playing exercise. Max was the producer, and she made sure we had the best camera angle and the closest mike to catch every sissy smile, every limp-wristed giggle, and every girlish confession you made. I must say, you are one of the most convincing boy-girls we've ever filmed. Why,

your entertaining little feature might be appropriately titled, *The Perils of Pansy*.”

“That’s right,” his mother confirmed. “We have you on video admiring yourself in pretty silky girlish undies, stylish dresses and skirts, makeup, and hairstyles. You were totally convincing as you expressed your desire to become a simpering sissy.”

“Y-you can’t show that DVD to anyone. Please! I-I beg you!” Steve cried tearfully. “Please, Mom, I can’t go around dressed like this! I really can’t!”

“I just love the way you begged for that *Feminizer* medicine, and how much you said you wanted little boobies of your very own,” Jane chided while ignoring his plea. “Headmaster Smith and the other teachers at school will croak when they hear that. I can’t wait until my friends see the DVD. They’ll *explode!*”

Ms. Gladstone spoke up. “Max, have Sheila repair Stevie’s makeup. If I’m not mistaken, the Fosters have dinner plans.”

“That’s right, Ms. Gladstone,” Anne confirmed. I have asked our extended family to meet us at the country club for dinner. All our parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins will be there for Bill and Steve’s confessions. I imagine the family will be as shocked as we are. We’ve arranged for a monitor and a DVD player, just in case Steve’s confession lacks enthusiasm, but I’m sure it will be all the incentive he needs. Jane, get that boxy little mink jacket and matching hat. I’m sure Steve wants to be pretty for his debut as a sissy, and they’ll be just perfect!”

For the Foster males, the family gathering at the country club was an unmitigated disaster! Determined not to let his extended family see the humiliating DVD, Steve *eagerly* confessed his life-long gender confusion and his steadfast desire to live as a sissy. His confession met with mixed results. The men were uniformly disgusted, but the women found his new status highly amusing.



Jane watched with amused satisfaction as her once arrogant father meekly rolled her brother's hair in row after row of tight curls. Knowing he would have a hard time sleeping on the uncomfortable curlers only added to her delight.

Steve's aunts and grandmothers asked him all sorts of embarrassing questions like; "Are you going to have your thingy cut off?" "Do you have a boyfriend?" "Is it true you've been dressing up in your mother's clothes since you were a little boy?" They also "Oohed" and "Aahed" over his outfit, hair, and makeup. One less than petite aunt even offered to let Steve have some dresses she could no longer fit into saying, "I have a darling off the shoulder number that will look just adorable on you."

Steve also had to listen as everyone, especially the men, talked about how they weren't surprised and that they had always figured him for a sissy. He was also forced to listen to his father *confess* his lifelong attraction to men and his new passion for hairdressing. Finally, he heard him announce that he was relinquishing his position at the business in favor of his wife. Anne would be taking over as President and Chief Executive Officer, and he would become a sissy file clerk and errand *girl* at a minimum wage salary. On weekends, he would be a trainee stylist, manicurist, and receptionist at the Sissy Mister Boutique.

At home, Anne and Jane watched gleefully as Steve boxed up his male clothes. With each pair of jeans and tee shirt he stored away, he felt his old life disappear piece by piece. When he thought of wearing only the garments that now packed his closet, armoire, and bureau of the room that was formerly Jane's, he shuddered in disgust.

That night, the humiliation continued. After forcing Steve to take a bubble bath and shave his legs and underarms, the females laughingly arrayed him in one of his silky peignoir sets. Sitting him at his new vanity with a towel around his shoulders, they sat on his bed and waited expectantly. Steve cringed as his father waltzed in, pushing a fully loaded beauty cart.

"Since we know how close you two are, and how much you have in common, we thought it would be delightful if your fa-

ther does your hair from now on," his mother informed him. "At night, he can roll your hair and help you get ready for your beauty sleep. It will be great practice for him, and you get to have a different hairstyle every day! Isn't that exciting!"

With a constant blush, Bill set his son's hair for the night and slathered his face with the nighttime moisturizing mask, bright green in color. "You really must take better care of your skin," he advised as he covered Steve's curlers in a ridiculous looking sleep cap decorated with in rows of lace. "This night cream will help keep your complexion looking young and feminine." Of course, Jane insisted on taking lots of pictures for the family scrapbook.

As Steve reluctantly prepared for his first day of school in his sissy clothes and *Barbie Boy* makeup, a call from his mother to get breakfast on the table interrupted his thoughts. While he finished serving, she commented on the significance of the day. "Just think, your first day of school as a full-fledged sissy boy. Aren't you excited?"

"Please, Mom," he whined. "Don't make me do this. My life will be over if the kids figure out that these are girl's clothes or if they see my makeup. Please don't make me go to school like this!"

"Not only will you go to school in your sissy ensemble today, you will do so every day until I decide otherwise," she snapped. "Now take off your apron and turn around so I can get a good look at you."

As Steve complied with her demands, Jane commented, "Doesn't he have the cutest figure? Those girlish hips, and you can just make out his little titties under his jacket. Don't you just love his hair and makeup? It's about time my sissy brother had a more fitting look. I wonder how long it will take for the kids to figure out what he's wearing."

When Bill picked his son up from school, Steve was aghast to see his dad driving a hot pink 10-year-old Volkswagen

Rabbit instead of his Cadillac. The fact that he was wearing pink satin pants, a white silk blouse, pink three-inch pumps, pink lipstick, and matching nail polish didn't bother him nearly as much. "What's going on, Dad?" he asked. "Where's your car?"

"This is my car now," Bill sighed. "It's been on the lot for a couple of years, and since it wasn't likely to sell, your mother bought it for me and had it painted pink in the body shop. Having to dress this way at work was bad enough, but now, *this!* How was your day?"

In response to his father's inquiry, Steve poured it out. "It was terrible. The kids made fun of my hair all day long, and I had to keep my jacket on so they wouldn't see that my pants zip in the rear. I told them I was just trying something *punk*, but they kept laughing anyway. One girl said her favorite aunt wore her hair like this, and the teachers kept staring at me. One even gave a lecture on how perverted it is for boys to wear girl's clothes. Everyone kept looking at me and giggling. On top of that, this girdle thing is killing me!"

Steve was so engrossed in telling his tale of woe that he didn't notice that they stopped in front of a building with a sign that read *Tuttle's Charm School*. He was definitely in no mood for a charm lesson, but knowing the consequences of refusal, he followed his father inside. "You're supposed to change into these," his father said mournfully as he handed Steve a dress bag. "And, don't forget your heavy fifties makeup."

When Steve went into the restroom and unzipped the bag, he found a white nylon slip, a light gray suit with a tight below the knee length skirt he had purchased at the Sissy Mister. He was utterly humiliated at the thought of wearing these girly things in public. Knowing he had no choice, he replaced his knee-highs with nylon stockings, and fastened them to the dangling garter straps from his girdle. When he exchanged his loafers for black four-inch pumps, he dejectedly, he found that his tight skirt and heels severely restricted his stride to short feminine steps.

After applying his makeup and bright red lipstick, he fastened a pearl necklace around his neck and inserted matching pearl studs into his pierced ears. The finishing touch was a darling white hat, and he winced as he pinned it into his hair with the bobby pins his mother had thoughtfully included. When he stepped hesitantly out of the restroom, he saw his father nervously talking to a large woman.

"Ah, here's our fairy princess," the lady smiled as she extended her hand and eyed Steve as if sizing him up for her next meal. "I'm Ms. Tuttle, and it's so nice to finally meet you. Our mutual friend Ms. Gladstone asked me to set aside some time for you." Steve took her greeting suspiciously, as he was fearful of anyone who claimed to be a friend of Ms. Gladstone.

"Well, that certainly wasn't a sissy handshake, but we'll work on that," Ms. Tuttle exclaimed. "I knew you were a true sissy when I saw your little film production, but still, this won't be easy. Brava on your performance, but your girlishness had an unnatural *feel*. Since sissy girlish attitudes must come from your heart, we will be working to break down your psychological barriers until you come to grips with the fact that you are a sissy girly-boy pantywaist, and accept your status, your comportment will never be as girlish as it should be."

Steve inwardly resolved never to *admit* any such thing to himself, let alone anyone else. "It's not true," he declared bitterly as tears filled his eyes. "I'm not a sissy. This is just my mother's idea of a sick joke!"

"Now see? That's exactly the kind of attitude we have to correct, but don't worry. I have got lots of good ideas on how to bring you to terms with the secret *you*, the real *you* that you've been so embarrassed to reveal. It's a matter of breaking your foolish male pride, but that's what makes my job so fulfilling." That said, Ms. Tuttle took Steve by the arm and led him to a fancy room that was surrounded by mirrored walls. Wherever he looked, he was confronted by his own feminine reflection.

“Hold your elbows in, arms parallel to the floor, wrists loose, shoulders back and walk about for me,” Ms. Tuttle instructed. When he hesitated, she gave him a wicked blow to his bottom with a *Sissy Maker* like the one his mother’s, only bigger. “Walk!” she spat in a harsh tone.

Yelping in pain, Steve began walking rapidly about the room in an effort to escape this evil woman, if for no other reason. “See?” Ms. Tuttle crowed triumphantly as she observed his efforts. “You just needed a little incentive! That’s it; roll those hips. Show those pathetic little breasts of yours to the world, and give me a girlish giggle.” When he hesitated, she gave him another severe swat to his bottom and spat, “I said, *giggle!*” Without further hesitation, Steve giggled as girlishly as he could through his tears.

“Look at yourself in the mirrors as you walk, and keep giggling! See what you’ve become. You’re a sissy, a pantywaist boy who sets his hair in rollers every night, a fairy boy who wears his mother’s hand me down skirts, sweaters, panties, bras, slips, and nighties. You’re a pansy who wears makeup like a girl, a little queen who wears girl’s clothes to school and prays no one finds out. You really want to be a girl, but because you have that pathetic little thing between your legs, you can’t be. Perhaps, we should just cut it off. A real girl would just laugh at it anyway.”

“Please, Ms. Tuttle. Stop!” he pleaded.

What’s wrong? Are you ashamed and embarrassed? Well, you should be! Go ahead, have a good cry. It’s just more evidence that you’re a big sissy! That’s it. I didn’t say you could stop walking! Here, take this purse. A pansy like you should always carry a purse. Where else would you keep your pretty makeup, lipstick, perfume, and hairspray? You always want to look pretty for the real boys, don’t you? Okay, reach into your purse and take out your little lace hanky and dab your eyes. That’s right, real dainty like a little girl or a big sissy!”



“The sooner you accept your status as a pantywaist sissy and learn to walk with short mincing steps and swaying hips, the happier you’ll be in your new role!” Ms. Tuttle instructed.

Ms. Tuttle tormented Steve for the next hour before finally announcing that they were done for the week and ordered him to fix his makeup. "None of that *Barbie Boy* stuff you wore to school!" she snapped. "You love the real thing, and we both know it. Furthermore, you are to practice the walk you learned today no matter how you are dressed or where you are. If I don't see significant progress by next week, I'll give you a dose of my *Sissy Maker* on your pretty panties that you won't soon forget!"

Still wearing the tight skirt and heels he had worn at Ms. Tuttle's, Steve was in full turmoil and near tears as his father drove toward the home field at the Gloria Steinham School for Young Women. Anne was already in the stands, and she watched her husband and son approach. "Steve is walking like a fifties ingénue in his skirt and heels," she thought mirthfully. "That Ms. Tuttle is a miracle worker. After only one lesson, he's mincing adorably and carrying that purse like he's done so all his life."

Not surprisingly, due to his restricting skirt and unfamiliar heels, Steve had difficulty climbing the steps. In desperation, he had to lift the hem of his skirt to just above his knees to negotiate them, but to his embarrassment, he revealed several inches of nylon and lace of pristine white slip. As they sat on either side of Anne, in a demonstration to his wife that he had accepted her authority, Bill admonished Steve to sit like a proper little lady.

Anne smiled with satisfaction at the sissy appearance of her husband and the feminine image of her son. With an inward smile, she relished the fact that she was no longer at their beck and call.

Steve sat sullenly, enduring the amused looks and laughter that the sight of a boy in a skirt and blouse with makeup, dark red lipstick, high heels, and a feminine hairstyle elicited. His only consolation being that no one knew him. He tried to watch the game, but that only made his situation seem worse. The girls on both teams were big, fast, and athletic. They ran

up and down the field with reckless abandon, but he could only mince slowly and seductively in his tight skirt and heels. Jane being one of the better players was icing on the cake.

After the game, the three went down to the field to greet Jane. "Hey, champ! Great game!" Anne gushed while hugging her daughter. "You were fantastic. I can't believe your father kept you in Oakwood all these years."

"Oh, Mom! I'm having so much fun, and I've made so many great friends! Motioning a couple of her teammates over, she gushed, "This is Jill and Lesley." After greetings were exchanged, she turned her attention to Steve, who was trying desperately to go unnoticed. Bursting his bubble, she enthused, "This is Steve, my sissy brother. Doesn't he look sweet in that skirt and blouse?" The girls exploded in laughter as Jane told them about her sissy brother and how he loved to wear dresses.

After his traumatic day, Steve was in no mood for being an object of derision for his sister and her new friends. Mustering as much bravado as he could, he glared at the larger of the two girls and snapped, "What are you looking at?"

Completely nonplussed, she replied evenly, "I'm looking at the biggest sissy I ever saw." As she took a threatening step forward, Steve fearfully took a step back, but unfortunately, his heel caught in the soft turf, sending him sprawling. He ended up on the ground with his skirt at mid-thigh, displaying the tops of his nylons and a large expanse of his lace edged nylon slip.

Jane and her friends laughed uproariously! Anne, however, was not amused, and when Bill saw her irate expression, he admonished, "Steve! What an unladylike display of your pretty undies! Get up this instant and properly adjust your skirt! Did you not just come from charm school? If this is the way you comport yourself, I'll call Ms. Tuttle and increase your sessions to twice a week." Relieved at the look of approval on his wife's face, he grabbed his tearful son by the arm, helped him to his feet, and marched him back to the car as fast as his mincing little steps would carry him.

The following few days were no better for Steve. School continued to be stressful, and when he used the restroom, he had to be extremely careful to prevent anyone from seeing his feminine undies. In homeroom, his teacher had made it a point to sarcastically tell him how much she liked his frosted pink lipstick and nail polish. "Thank you," he replied with a blush, not wanting to tell her that he wore them only at Marge's insistence.

Being, afraid of what the rumors might be, none of Steve's buddies would talk to him. The sole exception was Jeff, who after carefully checking to see that no one else was around, he admonished his former best friend, "What is with you? First, you're ironing your mother's clothes while your sister supervises, and now you're dressed like some kind of fag! I mean, come on! My sister has a jacket like that, and everyone is laughing at you behind your back about that stupid hairdo, man. There's even a rumor that you're wearing a bra, for heaven's sake! Besides that, Ms. Finster looks mad, and I think she's going to make trouble for you." Not wanting to further risk being seen with Steve, Jeff hurried off before his friend could try and explain.

At home, Jane was enjoying her position as her brother's keeper more and more. She knew Steve especially resented her new position of authority, accustomed as he had been with having her as his personal whipping horse. Now, however, the tables were turned, and she was determined to make the most of it. She especially loved to taunt her brother in his *June Cleaver* dresses, as she laughingly called them. One afternoon, Jane was feeling particularly puckish after field hockey practice. As she reveled in the afterglow of hard physical activity, she called, "Steve, get down here, *now!*"

Since Jane now had a Sissy Maker of her own, Steve hurried to do her bidding as quickly as possible in his skirt and heels, to avoid a harsh punishment. He found her draped languorously across the couch in front of the television, and he dropped into a polite curtsy as required by her new *rules*.

"I need you to run to the market to pick up some feminine hygiene products," she instructed.

Steve cringed. He hated leaving the house, even though it meant a reprieve from his bossy sister for a while, but knowing better than to refuse, he sighed, "I'll just go and change."

"You'll do no such thing. Get a sweet little sweater, your white cloche hat, gloves, purse, and come back for inspection. Hurry, or I'll warm your panties before you go!"

Steve sulkily donned the apparel mentioned by Jane. As he knew she would insist, the sweater was draped over his shoulders with the top button fastened. He knew he would create a scene wherever he went in his neat housedress with his makeup, red lipstick, and outdated hat and gloves, but he didn't dare refuse. Under his breath, he cursed his sister.

Satisfied with her brother's appearance, Jane sent him out into the sunny afternoon with a shopping list in his large purse. He looked every bit the pretty, if not way too young, fifties housewife. Keeping his head down to lessen the odds of being recognized, he walked to the market. Grabbing a shopping basket, he soon found the feminine products shelf. Retrieving the list, he saw several different kinds of pre-mixed douches, and he felt sick as he got in line to make his purchases.

That's when he heard, "Steve? Steve Foster? Is that you?"

He didn't have to look to see that it was Gladys Overton, his loudmouth neighbor and his girlfriend's mother. To his utter humiliation, she continued the scene she was creating with her loud voice. "It is you, Steve, darling! Marge didn't tell me you were wearing dresses, but don't you look sweet? And those pearls! Are they yours? Well they just look perfect with your yummy outfit!" By then, she was holding him at arm's length, and every person within hearing range was staring at the boy in the *pretty dress*. "And look at that waist! Dearie, I'd kill to be that trim." Steve wished lightning would strike him down.

"When I saw you in your pretty aprons, I suspected there was more to your little secret than you were letting on." Looking in his basket she continued. "Oh, we're definitely growing up, aren't we? Trying out different douches?" Although ostensibly whispering, it was still louder than normal conversational levels. "Let me show you the brand Marge uses. It's formulated especially for teens, and she just loves it. Here, it's called *Girlfriend*. She just loves the scent, and it always leaves her feeling fresh and clean." Gladys gushed as she shoved two boxes of the floral-packaged douche in his basket.

As Steve made his way through the checkout line, Gladys kept up an incessant stream of chatter. She blathered on and on, stopping only when they reached the checkout girl, a pretty young woman with a slightly hardened edge. "Love the look, *sir*. Your dress is simply *divine*, and don't the gloves make you look like the perfect little sissy. Come back when you need more douche or some tampons, *Mister Foster*." Steve was so anxious to get home that he accepted his neighbor's offer of a ride.

Later that week, Steve began to feel out of sorts. As his father set his hair one night, he complained, "Dad, I don't feel so good. I'm edgy and sick all over. I need to go to the doctor."

Jane, who was standing nearby, snickered, "Oh, brother dear, you don't look so well. What could it be? Feeling a little edgy like your skin is about to come off?"

"How do you know?" he asked. "Is something going around?"

"Oh, no, sweetie. You're just having withdrawal symptoms from not taking your Feminizer this morning."

"I only took that stuff once at Ms. Gladstone's."

"That's what you think. Mom and I have been lacing your food with it since you said you couldn't do without it at the Sissy Mister. That is, until this morning when we stopped. Ms. Gladstone says a surprising number of boys don't want to follow through on their commitment to girlishness after a

while, so she had her pharmacist add an extremely addictive substance as an incentive for them to reconsider. **So**, I'm afraid you'll be quite miserable unless you agree to take your daily dose."

Steve sat in horror as his father spoke up, "J-Jane, you can't be serious!"

"Oh yes, father dear. I'm entirely serious, and if you don't cooperate, who knows, maybe we'll dissolve some in your coffee when you're not looking."

Feeling sicker than ever, Steve asked meekly, "C...can I have some of that Feminizer? Please?"

"If you're a good sissy until morning, we'll see," Jane replied cruelly. "For now, I want you to learn that the penalty for unladylike behavior or disobedience, because in the future, denial of your precious Feminizer will be not one, but *two* days!"

Following an absolutely miserable night, Steve found himself on his knees before his sister. "Please, Jane. I've got to have my Feminizer. I can't possibly wait another day! I'm begging you."

Jane was thoroughly amused. "You mean you want to have the boobies, girlish hips, soft skin, and weight loss this powerful drug will produce? Do you really want to be a dainty little girly boy despite what your friends will say?"

"I don't want to be a sissy, but please Jane, I have to have that medicine you hooked me on! Please! I'll do anything!"

Jane slapped her brother hard, and sneered, "What a pantywaist! Okay, if you want your precious the pill, go change out of that shirt and jacket and into a nice dress for school. If you're going to be taking Feminizer to develop a feminine figure, you should come all the way out of the closet." Turning to her father, she smiled, "Put him in something pretty like you used to insist that Mom and I wear."

A pitiful and extremely sick Steve retreated to his bedroom. Bill opened the closet with a flourish and said, "Strip to

your panties, bra, and girdle.” After Steve pulled a lace-embellished pink nylon slip over his head, his father helped him into a silky cream-colored blouse with a large circle collar that buttoned in the back. Next, he wriggled into a mid-calf length, pencil skirt. When his son didn’t protest like in the past, Bill asked, “What’s wrong? Are you really a sissy?”

“I have to have that Feminizer drug, and I’ll do anything to get it, Dad!” Steve declared. “I can’t help myself!”

“Then you won’t mind this,” Bill announced as he arranged a huge black silk scarf in a feminine bow at his neck and following that with a dainty collarless jacket with three quarter length sleeves.

“N...no, anything,” Steve wailed. “Just hurry, so Jane will give me that pill!”

With Steve’s full cooperation, Bill fussily buttoned the jacket in front, pausing to fluff the bow so that it lay prettily at his throat. Next came patent leather pumps with two-inch heels, a large matching clutch purse, and as the final touch, he positioned a big hat, completing the outfit he used to insist that Anne wear to go shopping. When Steve had re-done his son makeup in a dark *Fifties Femme* mode, he led his son to a full-length mirror.

“There, don’t you look precious!” Bill said, satisfied that his work would appease Anne and Jane, concluding that both of them were completely mad. Having to dress and pretend to be a gay male was one thing, but having breasts was another! He wasn’t about to give those crazy females an excuse to do the same thing to him!

His son dressed as required, he led him down to where the dominant females were waiting with amused grins. Anne chortled, “Oh, Stevie! Don’t you look sweet like the perfect sissy? What a pretty picture you make. In fact, you look much prettier in that outfit than I ever did. It’s just you! This is a very nice selection, Bill! If you keep these things in mind, maybe you’ll work out as the housemaid and office sissy.”

Jane placed a single Feminizer pill on the table, and Steve dove at it, barely bothering to wash it down with water. The fog in his head began to clear within minutes, and he felt much better. As he fully realized what he had done and what he was wearing, he blushed for all he was worth.

On the way to school Steve panicked, "I can't go to school in a dress, heels, and makeup! Can't you change Mom's mind? My life will be ruined if I show up looking like *this!*"

"You know I can't do that, so don't be ridiculous! Look at me! I'm going to work in these sissy clothes in a pink car! Don't you realize how humiliated I am being laughed at and ridiculed by people I used to boss around? Look, an expert set us up. Your mother and sister would never have come up with this humiliation by themselves, but somehow they met Ms. Gladstone. She's the mastermind behind their scheme."

"What can we do?"

"At this point, our only choice is to do as they say. I'll go to work in my sissy clothes, and you'll go to school in your pretty dress. Remember your charm lessons, because if we go to jail now, we're dead meat. Besides, you have an addiction, remember? An hour ago, you would have done anything for your precious pill, and don't forget Jane's promise. If you aren't a perfectly obedient sissy, you'll go without your medicine for *two* days next time. Think how you'd feel then."

Steve shuddered at the thought as he and his sissified father exited the car and made their way to the Headmaster's office, their heels clicking on the sidewalk. A sea of chattering kids parted in wonder as Bill and Steve walked along, leaving a trail of raucous laughter in their wake.

"Is that Steve Foster? Why is he dressed like a girl? Did you get a load of that lipstick? Look at those earrings! Are his ears pierced? He's even wearing high heels and carrying a purse!"

"Mr. Foster, what is the meaning of this?" the angry headmaster demanded as the feminine appearing pair sat in

his office. "Why is Steve dressed like this, and what's that *you're* wearing?"

"Well, Mr. Smith, as you can see, things have changed at our house. At the insistence of my wife and daughter, Steve and I have decided to come out of the closet, so to speak."

"I can certainly see that! I've heard rumors, but this is quite a shock. Would you care to explain why you appear to be a flaming *faggot* and why Steve is dressed like a *girl*?"

"It will be easier just to show you," Bill sighed in resignation as he started a portable DVD player and placed it in front of the headmaster over Steve's whimpering protests.

From his chair, Steve could hear, but not see, the hateful *Gladstone Production*, so he shamefully watched the headmaster's face as it reflected amazement, anger, and disgust along with varying scenes.

When the tape finished, Mr. Smith turned to Steve with a steely look, and said, "Well, I must say this is definitely a side of you that is new to me, although I suppose it's not altogether unexpected. Ms. Finster has been telling me for weeks that you were some kind of deviant."

Steve could hardly listen as the two men discussed whether he could remain enrolled at Oakdale. After a heated argument, threats of lawsuits and promises of a substantial endowment, the headmaster finally agreed that Steve could stay, with conditions of course. First, he would transfer to the girl's curriculum, and second, his parents would cooperate fully in the educational program designed for him. With the details of Steve's continued enrollment worked out, Bill beat a hasty retreat before the headmaster changed his mind.

With Bill and his money gone, the headmaster's tone grew nastier. "Look at you! A sissy pantywaist, girly boy wearing a skirt, blouse, and makeup! You and your kind disgust me! I'll personally see to it that your life at this school is a living nightmare." With a glare, he pushed a button on the intercom and announced, "Ms. Finster to the office, please."



Having decided that wearing dresses to school and being taught to speak and move like a sissy was preferable to going without his Feminizer pills, Steve stood in humiliation before his jeering classmates in a dress that formerly belonged to his mother.

Steve cringed every time Ms. Finster glared at him with a knowing smirk as Mr. Smith showed her highlights from the DVD. When the video was over, he instructed her to see that he was accorded the treatment that a *sissy* like him deserved. Ms. Finster agreed and directed the hapless boy toward his homeroom.

The room was abuzz when they entered, as word of Steve's sissy attire had spread through the school like wildfire. "Why are you wearing a dress?" Marge demanded upon seeing the blushing Steve in his feminine ensemble. "We're through! You don't need me, you need a *boyfriend*!" Humiliated beyond belief, Steve could only stare at the floor as the room erupted in laughter.

"Quiet, please," Ms. Finster instructed. "We have a new girl in class, our own Steve Foster. He claims to be a sissy girl trapped in a boy's body, and he is trying to correct nature's mistake by assuming the girlish attire he so desperately loves. If I am to understand correctly, he is eagerly taking a special blend of hormones to feminize his body. As we look forward to watching our new girl blossom into womanhood, I think our young ladies should help Steve adjust to his new status. How about it, girls?"

The girls in class noisily laughed in agreement as Ms. Finster turned to the boys, "Are there any more of you who want to *come out* and reveal your feminine side? I know how close many of you are with Steve."

Needless to say, the boys universally scowled at the implication that they were like Steve, swearing that he would pay for betraying them this way. Not even Jeff had any sympathy for him, and to prove his rejection of his former friend, he chided, "Why don't you make him show us what he has on under that sexy dress, Ms. Finster?"

"This isn't a strip club, so I don't think he should undress," she pondered as if in deep thought. "Maybe he could just raise his skirt and give us a hint. How about it, Steve?"

Steve, taking her *suggestion* as an order, looked down and blushed before he gradually began raising his tight skirt.

As the hem rose above his knees, nylon and lace of his slip became visible. When it was high on his thighs, the dark tops of his nylons and the supporting garter straps from his girdle came into view. Just as he was about to salve whatever remained of his vanity and lower his skirt, he saw a bright flash and realized that his photograph had been taken. Looking up, he saw Courtney Jacobs, the girly-girl he mimicked in the *Sissy Mister*, smiling at him.

"Oh no!" he thought. "As editor of the student newspaper, she carries that camera wherever she goes. Now, my *cheese-cake* photo will be on the front page!"

Introductions over, Ms. Finster allowed Steve to lower his skirt before leading him to a seat in the girl's section, but not before having him curtsy as was often required of the girl students. Observing his expertise, she observed. "My, my! You really are a sissy. That's the daintiest curtsy I've seen in ages. You must practice a lot!"

As Steve assumed his seat, the girls couldn't wait to take shots at the former bully who was now at their mercy. "Nice outfit, faggot!" "That dress is your mother's isn't it? I've seen her wear it at the country club." "Don't you look precious?" "Love that makeup! It's so ---girly!" "I can't wait until you start developing. Imagine, our macho Steve with boobies!" "I guess you were *envious* instead of *interested* when you stared at mine! Poor thing, you just wanted a great big pair of femmy boobs of your own." "What a fairy!"

The rest of the day was no better as Steve reported to his new classes. Of course, the headmaster had advised the faculty of the *new* Steve, and the teachers went out of their way to put him on display and humiliate him. During lunch, he was forced to sit with the *other* girls to eat non-fat yogurt and drink diet soda. He noted ruefully that, due to the appetite suppressant in the Feminizer pills, he couldn't finish either.

Ms. Finster stopped by to insist that he freshen up his makeup like any other young lady. Steve thought he would die as he took the *Sissy Mister* cosmetics from his purse and girlishly touched up his face and hair.

A couple of the girls insisted on helping, adding more makeup, spraying his hair, and fluffing up his bow. All the while, they kept up a steady stream of taunts. The boys largely ignored him, although the disgust on their part was obvious.

Steve was exhausted from shame and embarrassment as he made his way home. As his father listened sympathetically, Anne and Jane made him recount the story, not allowing him to omit a single detail.

One month later on a Saturday morning, Steve was preparing breakfast, as had become his duty. He was wearing a neat linen housedress with a full, mid-calf length skirt over several crinoline petticoats, three-inch pumps, necklace, stud earrings, full feminine makeup, blush, dark red lipstick, nail polish, and he had the neat *fifties* hairstyle his father had given him the night before.

As usual, Jane came into the kitchen and gave him his morning Feminizer pill, which he eagerly consumed. She always gave him only one pill, thus denying him knowledge of where the supply was kept. "You look sad," she observed. "I think you should appear happy while you work, so in the future, I want you to smile brightly and hum a tune to show how content you are."

"What do I have to be happy about?" he scowled. "My friends all think I'm a sissy, and I have to wear girl's dresses, silky undies, makeup, and aprons to do housework."

"You're happy because I just gave you a Feminizer pill and because you know I'll give you another tomorrow if you're a sweet obedient sissy and hum a happy tune while you work." Steve, recognizing the threat of denying his pill if he didn't obey, forced a smile on his face and began humming a popular song.

"I think the reason he's unhappy is because he's been lonely since Marge dumped him," his mother observed. "Per-

haps we should ask Ms. Gladstone if she knows any hunky boys who prefer simpering sissies in dresses to real girls."

"I'll bet she does!" Jane exclaimed as she was struck by the vision of Steve trying to preserve his vanity, to say nothing of his chastity, by fighting off a strong handsome boy in the back seat of a car. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"No, please!" Steve panicked while wringing his hands on his crisp apron. "Please don't get me a boyfriend! I'm not really a sissy! You know I'm not!"

"We'll see," Anne mused while not making any promises.

After that, Steve served breakfast while humming a tune and walking as if on eggshells to avoid giving his mother and sister an excuse to get him a boyfriend.

When Bill entered the dining room, to the surprise of no one, he was wearing an inexpensive pink nylon dress that buttoned in front and had a just above the knee length skirt and pink pumps with three-inch heels. His makeup was overly done in a garish fashion, and the lacy hem of his white nylon slip conspicuously showed all around. No comments were made about his attire because everyone knew he was dressed as required by Hazel for his job at the Sissy Mister Salon.

"I wish I didn't have to work in that awful place and help turn those boys into sissies," he lamented as he gathered his purse and keys. "Most of them are no more sissies when they're first brought to the Sissy Mister than Steve and I were."

"Too bad," Anne said, feigning sympathy. "But on the other hand, I'll bet they harassed, tormented, or disgraced some female or group of females. Otherwise, they wouldn't be there to become the sissies they deserve to be, like you and Stevie here."

"Yeah, what goes around, comes around, and things have definitely turned for the better in this house," Jane giggled as her father minced out to his pink car in his heels to go to his sissy job. Watching Steve clear the dishes from the table, she

mused, "I had no idea life could be so good before we accidentally stumbled upon the Sissy Mister boutique."

"Yes," her mother agreed with a triumphant grin. "Ms. Gladstone and her friends are definitely miracle workers. We should do something for her in return."

"As a matter of fact, we are. In her upcoming television commercials, you and I are giving testimonials to the effectiveness of her program. We'll also be presenting your father and brother as examples of what can be done to reform obstinate males with the right incentive."

"Oh goody! Won't it be fun to watch their embarrassment as everyone sees them transition from arrogant father and son automobile salesmen to swishy effeminate *sissies* who wear dresses, skirts, silky undies, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish?"

"Yes, and just think of all the new potential sissies who will become customers at the Sissy Mister because of Ms. Gladstone's aggressive advertising campaign. I can't wait!"

"Neither can I," Jane agreed. "In the meantime, I think I'll ask Ms. Gladstone about a boyfriend for Stevie. The more I think about him cuddled in the arms of some strong boy with his skirt high on his nylon clad thighs, the more excited I become!"

Could this possibly be the end? If not, who will the next victim of Ms. Gladstone and her determined staff at the Sissy Mister Boutique? Watch out for vengeful women, or it could be *you!*

The End...for now



Before Ron, Tom, and Al visited the Sissy Mister boutique a year ago, they were star football players. Now they are star cheerleaders.

DAZZLE YOUR FRIENDS...



HEY FRANK!
I LOVE YOUR
TITS!

MY WIFE
GAVE THEM
TO ME!

**WITH BIG, BEAUTIFUL
PRETEND
BREASTS!**

They say, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend," but we all know what the real "best friend" is...

Guaranteed to make you the center of attention every time you wear them.

**A PERFECT
GIFT...
HARDLY ANY
MAN HAS
THEM!**

For this and many other stories of men getting unusual gifts, WRITE TO:

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
WRITE: SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!




VOLUME 46
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!	
..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
..... WHAT SHE WANTS	10.00
..... WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #4	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO Sissy #1	10.00
GIRLFRONTS TV FICTION	
..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics	
..... BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER GIRL #91	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #90	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... SWINGING L THING #88 NEW	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #18	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
..... GIRLS #87	10.00
..... PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
..... GIRLS GETAWAY #84	10.00
..... PRETTY AS A PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
..... CALL HIM "SIS" #77 & 78	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
..... TORS IN THE HOUSE #71	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
..... UNTRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
..... SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
..... MY SON, the DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
..... PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
..... TIF FOR TAT #19	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
..... DRESSED TO FANCY #16	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
..... MAID UP #14	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
..... ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
..... NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
..... SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
..... JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
..... LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
..... PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
..... CHERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00
Contemporary TV Fiction:	
..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
..... DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

..... Sissy's Hissy #17	10.00
..... PURSE STRAINES #67	10.00
..... BRINI BRINI #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOM #49 & 50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSLS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLEAVEGE #31	10.00
..... CASE of the MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED Sissy #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTILES #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
..... FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00
Transcendental Fiction Series:	
..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE PORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
#1842/ #18115:	
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY/WAITRESS NEW	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT NEW	10.00
TOTAL ORDER —	
..... STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only) _____	
..... USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	
..... (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate—up to 10 books) _____	
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:	
SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC _____	exp. / _____
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____	
..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08	