

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION**
MAGAZINE
"SISSY'S HISSY FIT"



**WHAT COULD SHE DO TO GET EVEN WITH
AN OVER BEARING FATHER...MAYBE
PUT HIS SON IN A CUTE DRESS AND HEELS!?**

VOLUME 68

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Volume 68

“SISSY’S HISSY FIT”

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“SISSY’S HISSY FIT”



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“The problem with wife swapping is that you still end up with a wife!”

SISSY'S HISSY FIT

By Trudi

What's a boy to do when his father calls him a 'sissy'? It doesn't help that his mother says he's too pretty to be a boy and his favorite aunt says he should have been born a girl. What's a boy to do?

Chapter 1

Today topped them all. He is never satisfied, never. He's always screaming at me, and embarrassing me. We won today's game easily. Still, he had no happiness in his face, and any pleasure or enjoyment for a fine effort on our part.

"You could have picked that one up with your skirt" "You throw like a girl" "Maybe dolls are more in your line" "Put on an apron if you're going to field like that" were all he could say all the way home. Every game I heard the same derogatory remarks.

When I got home, and he had me alone, then he really blistered my ears. "You have no more power than Barbie. Go and play with your dolls."

He was always loud, and seemed to be getting worse. My teammates resent him, and tell me so. "How can you put up with him, every game, season after season? If he was my dad, I'd tell him not to come to my games."

I explained that I told him I didn't want him at any game I played in. He got mad and abusive, and if anything, his behavior worsened. "A real man would fight back. You just take it like the sissy you are. What's a matter, can't take a little constructive criticism? You girls are all like that."

Game after game his voice assaulted me from the stands. My mother was no help. I asked for her help in shutting him up, but she said that it's his way of showing he cared. I wish he would care a whole lot quieter.

Today, I tripped going after a fly ball. I caught the ball, but that wasn't good enough for him. "Get out of the high heels, and you'll run a lot better."

I hit a hard ground ball to the third baseman. He made a great play and threw me out by half a step. "Next time don't stop to check your makeup. Run all the way."

I ran down a ball that got by our left fielder and threw the runner out at the plate. "You could have caught it on the fly if you weren't carrying such a large purse." That one wasn't even my play and he laid into me.

The game was called at the end of five innings because we were leading 16 to 2. I batted four times and had three hits - a single and two doubles. I scored three runs, one on a steal of home, and drove in four runs. In the field I played errorless ball and pitched the last inning, striking out two. All in all, a pretty good game I'd say.

He was relentless. "You'd be a good ballplayer if you didn't spend so much time trying to look pretty."

Most of his jibes would lead you to believe I spend a lot of my time trying to be a girl. Not true. I never worn a dress as a costume - Halloween, masquerade, or otherwise. I don't own a purse, or high heels. I never wore or carried either. Still, he rails and berates me day after day, game after game - always the same innuendos, the same accusations. "What's the matter? Get some mascara in your eye?" I made a head-first slide into second base. A tag, a late one, caught me in the face kicking dirt into my eye.

The drive home was usually unbearable, and tonight promised to be as bad as any before. "You're soft, a sissy. You could have taken that second baseman out with cleats up slide, but no you didn't want to muss up your dress. You're weak too. Any girl in the stands could have hammered that pitcher's stuff out of the park, but not you. All you got was an out and a couple of weak balls that found their way past the fielder's gloves."



“What the heck?” Dad roared.

“What’s wrong, Dad?” Richard questioned. “Isn’t this what you accuse me of ALL the time?”

“Get out of that stupid dress!” Dad demanded.

“Come with me, Richard, dear,” Mom encouraged.

It was like this after every game. I learned long ago that to argue with him, to point out where he was in error, was the wrong thing to do. Normally he is just verbally abusive. Dare to question him and he could become physically abusive - not very often, but often enough for me to want to avoid any physical confrontation. I'm growing, but will never be big, so I know I can't match his strength or his meanness. I sit and listen, offering no responses, and he seems to get angrier.

"What's the matter, little girl, afraid of the big, bad man? Don't worry. I won't hurt you. I don't pick on sissies."

Our arrival home didn't stop the abuse, but tonight I had plans. I'd get even with him. I'd shut him up. I rushed from the car, through the living room, and on to my bedroom. I climbed out of my uniform and into the shower. I'd show him.

Mom was surprised as I bolted past her without saying 'hi'. "What have you done now, Dave?" She knew how Dad treated me. She might not be able, or willing, to stop him and his mouth, but she was sympathetic to my situation.

"Nothing! He's weak and played a weak game. And he gets upset when I try to offer constructive criticism."

"You are too hard on the boy. He plays for the fun. He's not as competitive as you, and doesn't want to be."

"Marsha, there's a right way and a wrong way to play the game, any game. The fun comes when your play approaches perfection. He doesn't appreciate how I'm trying to help him."

"Dave, you played professionally. Rich doesn't aspire to that level. He plays for the fun of the game, the opportunity to be with his friends, friends he is losing because of your verbal abuse."

"Pride should force you to play hard to win, even when you play just for the fun of the game. I'll continue to be his conscience until he learns that."

I heard most of his last statement, but all conversation stopped the instant I entered the living room. They both stared. I stood before them in a berry colored dress with scooped neck and long sleeves.

Dad got his voice back first. "What the hell? Get out of that ridiculous outfit, right now."

Mom was a little slower on the uptake, but she told dad to back off. "I'll take care of this, Dave. Leave it to me."

She rose from the couch and approached me. "Come with me, Richard." She led me toward her bedroom with my hand held firmly in hers. "This might take a little while, Dave," she announced over her shoulder as we left the room.

"Take off my dress and sit down," she indicated I should sit on the bed next to her. "Whatever were you thinking?"

"Mom, he's always yelling at me, calling me a girl, telling me to get my skirt down, and get out of my high heels. You've heard him. He's vicious and cruel. I figured since he's always comparing me to a girl, that I'd dress like that girl."

"And you thought wearing a dress would show him?" My lack of an answer confirmed her thought. "Richard, I knew you'd fight back someday. I hoped you would use a way I could help you with, and you have." She winked at me, and then continued, "But just putting on a dress is not enough. We need to make you as girlish as we can. Are you game?"

Mom was on my side. She wasn't upset with me. Together we'd show him. "What are we going to do?"

"Why, my dear, we're going to make you the most beautiful girl we can. You're going to strut your stuff in front of him, and I'm going to be there supporting you."

She made it sound as a solid team effort. "OK. When do we start?"

"Let's start right now. First, let me explain that women's clothes are different than men's. Each article is designed to be worn with other feminine garments. Your boxers throw off the whole line of that dress so you shouldn't wear your underwear with my dresses."

"What do I wear underneath then if I'm not to wear my underwear?" I hoped I knew what her answer would be.

"Dresses must be worn over women's sheer undergarments. To do otherwise ruins the desired look. Our first step

is to replace your undershirt and boxers with the appropriate garments.”

She searched through her drawer until she found what she said would be perfect for me. The panties were pink satin with lace around the waist and the leg openings. “Take off your boxers and put these on.”

“Mom, do you really think I should?” I was now hesitant to carry through with this charade.

Mom was ready for my momentary weakness. “Of course you should. How else are you going to show him? I've dreamed of when you'd finally try to stick it to your father. He deserves it, and I'm going to help you. Now, put on the panties.”

I did as I was told, but was unprepared for the tingly feeling the cool satin caused in me. I began to rise. “Uh-oh, you can't have that unladylike bulge.” She returned to her drawer and came out with a girdle. “Better wear this to hide your manliness.”

When I managed to draw the girdle up where it could do its work, she instructed me to place my genitals between my legs and out of the way. “Mom, that hurts. Maybe this is not such a good idea. Let's forget it.”

“Absolutely not! You made a stand, and I want to help you. The abuse will go on until you show him you can't be pushed around anymore. If you back off in any way, especially now when you've started to fight him, he will become even more unbearable.”

I wonder now, as I look back, how it ever crossed my mind to attack my father by dressing as a girl. Why did I think the best way to get even was to dress as a girl? Boys just don't do that. Boys don't wear dresses and makeup, and don't parade around in feminine finery.

I was weakening and about to back out, to continue to take his abuse. To put an end to my attempts to back out, mom sprayed her perfume behind my knees, between my nipples, and beneath each ear. “There, now you'll smell like a girl anyway. Shall we continue?”

Not waiting for my response, she presented me with a padded bra. "I bought this for you along with the panties you are wearing. I kept them hidden until you were ready to wear them. It's your very own first bra. Put your arms out."

Sliding the bra over my arms, she stepped behind me and fastened it. My bra was pink satin, like the panties, with soft quilting in the cups and a tiny bow between them.

"That's too tight."

"Richard, how many bras have you worn in your life?"

"None."

"Right! So you don't know what's too tight and what's not, do you?"

"Uh...I guess not."

"I guess you'll agree that I'm the expert on women's clothes in this house, at least for now."

"Yes."

"No more arguments, then."

My next piece of clothing was a slip, pink also, and lavish in lace. The entire bodice was composed of lace and the hem boasted a full five inches of lace. "The slip is yours too. I bought all three articles weeks ago in the hope you'd get to wear them. The girdle is mine, but we'll have to get you one."

"Mom, I'm only going to dress this one time. I don't need these clothes."

"Who knows, we might find a feminine side to you that you'll want to explore."

"I doubt that," but I was less sure than I tried to sound.

Mom moved to her vanity and covered the mirror with her robe. "Have a seat. Do you trust me?" Of course I trusted my mother. "We're going to make you such a pretty girl that your father will have to back away from his abusive behavior. I'm going to do your nails, fix you face and hair, and then dress you in the prettiest dress you own. Then we're going to confront your father. You watch; he'll back off."

I wasn't sure how my being the most girlish girl I could be would change my father's behavior toward me, but I had tried

many other approaches, and nothing had worked. Mom said this would work, and I trusted her, but the array of cosmetics displayed before me did raise a little concern.

Mom decided my hair should come first. She sprayed a setting gel into my hair, combed it through, and then sprayed it again. “Normally one spraying is enough, but we have a reason to want a quick set, so I’m making sure the set will take.” While she talked she rolled my hair onto curlers, then sprayed one more time.

The hot air of Mom’s portable hairdryer distracted me for a moment, but my attention returned when I noticed mom pushing back the cuticles on my fingers and toes. With me in a spectator mode, she covered each with a clear coat of polish. “A basecoat always helps your nails look smoother” she explained, although I couldn’t hear too clearly over the noise of the dryer. Two coats of pink polish followed, topped off by another clear coat.

While she worked, I thought. What did I do? I’m sitting with my mother, while wearing panties, bra and slip, as she painted my nails. Boys don’t do these things. Why was mother so intent on making me the prettiest girl she could?

“I think your hair is dry. We’ll leave your hair on the rollers while I apply your makeup.”

“Do we have to do all this?”

“Of course we do. We’re going to fix your father, you’ll see.”

Getting the look she wanted for me was an involved production. She used a moisturizer ‘to smooth your skin and provide a base for your makeup.’ A creamy foundation applied lightly, first small dots at the cheeks, chin, and forehead, and then blended skillfully with cosmetic wedges. It had a unique aroma, unlike anything I’ experienced before. Not unpleasing, not at all. The foundation would have brought the problem up if my earlier rise had not been solved by the girdle.

A soft, gentle fragrance accompanied the blush that was now applied just below my cheekbones. “You have gorgeous lashes, Rich. It’s going to be easy to highlight your eyes. Dark lashes, blue eyes. Perfect.”

She applied black liner above and below each eye, then a muted shade of blue eyeshadow. "I'm going to curl your lashes so your eyes will look even bigger."

She gently encased my lashes in her eyelash curler, and squeezed. Each eye, twice, three times. "There. Now they're ready for mascara." Upper lashes, right eye, left eye, then both again. Lower lashes once each, "To define and separate," she said.

The tube of lipstick looked very feminine in her hand. She removed the top and wound the lipstick up. "This lipstick is yours, too." My lips quivered as she approached them with the tube of delicious pink color. Upper lip, center to corner, repeated on the other side. Lower lip colored from side to side. "Look at me. Fold your lips together like this." I did as she demonstrated. "Good, now blot." She handed me a tissue and I did as instructed. My pink lip prints graced the tissue.

"You are going to like what I see. Turn around and let's finish your hair." I could feel her remove bobby pins and unroll my hair from the curlers, followed by brushing and combing, combing and brushing. She continued until I heard a "That's got it." I could feel my hair being held behind my ears with bobby pins, and a ribbon of pink encircling my hair, from back of my neck, up behind the ears, to the top of my head where she tied it into a bow, allowing the ends of the ribbon to hang down.

I was getting anxious. I want to see how I looked. Will I look like a girl or like a boy in makeup? We spent the better part of an hour painting my nails, fixing my hair, and putting makeup on my face. I felt the results, and now I wanted to see them. She must have read my anxiousness.

"Be patient. We're almost done. All that's left is to dress you. While I get your skirt and sweater, you pull on these pantyhose," and she handed me a pair of navy hose. I followed her instructions to the letter, rolling the hose down so I could insert each foot before rolling the hose up my legs.

From her closet came a lined, navy blue, rayon skirt showered with pink and blue blossoms. The skirt was an A-line with side zipper. As per her directions, I put the skirt on

over my head, slid it into place, then buttoned the one button and zipped the zipper. The skirt was of mid-calf length, and felt so soft, and exciting.

"This sweater goes with the skirt." Mom helped me slide the cotton, tunic length sweater over my head. The gently scooped neckline and padded shoulders gave me a feeling of femininity I couldn't explain. The sweater was designed to be worn outside the skirt, as evidenced by the side slits.

"You're too beautiful to have ever been a boy. Just a little jewelry, then you can see yourself."

A long silver chain with a turquoise pendant, and clip earrings, also turquoise, came from her jewelry box. Mom put the necklace around my neck and attached the earrings to the lobes of my ears.

Navy blue pumps with two inch heels were at my feet. "While you put on your heels, I'll uncover the mirrors so you can see yourself."

The girl looking back at me was flat-out gorgeous. I moved and she moved, so she must be me. "Are you surprised?"

"Uh-huh," I was fascinated. I was beautiful. I turned this way and that, wondering if I was truly as attractive as I thought I looked.

Reading my mind, mom said, "Yes, you make a very pretty girl; too pretty to be a boy."

Walking in the heels wasn't as hard as I thought it was going to be. I just had to remember to swing at the hip, keep my shoulders squared, and grab with the toes, all directions mom gave me. I walked toward and away from the mirror, developing a cute little hip swing, a lot like moms'.

"I can't call a girl as nice looking as you by Richard. You need to choose a girl name. Do you have favorite girl's name?"

"Any name will do."

"You have the chance to pick your own name."

"I always liked...uh..." Mom waited while I hesitated. "I like Amy."

“Great, Amy it is. Now, come on, Amy, We have to introduce you to your father.”

“What? Wait. I can't go out there like this. He'll laugh at me; he'll lie the 'I told you so on real thick. I can't. I just can't” I was really scared. His abuse with no reason had been harsh. How would he react with me dressed completely as a girl?

“You certainly can, and will. Remember that it was your idea. I'll do this much for you. I'll prepare him. You have five minutes to come out or I'll bring him in here. If I bring him in here, I'll tell him everything you have on is yours, bought especially for you.” Changing to a softer tone, she said, “It is all yours, by the way, and it was bought just for you, but I'll make it sound like you asked for it. Do you want that?”

“NO...No, I don't want that.”

She softened visibly. “Be a good girl, give me a couple of minutes, and then make your entrance. It won't be that bad. I'll be there for support.”

When mom left, I spent a couple of minutes in front of the mirror, talking to myself. ‘What was I doing? I was a boy, not a girl. Boys didn't wear makeup or skirts and sweaters, not to mention the soft lingerie under my clothes.’

Then I screwed up my courage and walked into the living room. Mom was in earnest conversation with dad, and him doing a lot of listening. I don't know what she had said to him, but the couch with blankets and pillows for many nights was mentioned as his sleeping place. Still, the shock registered on his face and an involuntary gasp escaped when he saw me. “What have you done to my son?”

“What have I done to him? You and your mouth caused it, and you'll be sorry if you are not careful.” Mom seldom spoke back to dad, so when she did, he took notice. “Amy, say hello to your dad.”

An embarrassed “Hello, dad,” was all I could mutter.

“Dave, where are you manners? Say hello to your daughter.”

“He's not my daug...”

A scathing look from mom ended dad's violent outburst. "Uh...hello, Amy."

"You two sit and get acquainted. I have a phone call to make. Keep your knees together, young lady."

Dad and I sat in the same room, watching the same television show, but neither of us watched the show. "Why?" he finally gasped.

"Dad, you are always calling me a girl, and embarrassing me to death, so I decided to be one for you. Mom helped, but it was my idea." I don't know where I found the courage to talk to him like that, but I'm glad I said what was on my mind.

In the other room, mom was completing her phone call. "Nina, you should see him. He's absolutely gorgeous. The outfit we bought earlier this summer is perfect. Are you still coming tomorrow? Good. Yes, I'll see that he is still a girl. I'll talk Dave into a week vacation, just the two of us, and you can take Richard in tow. Oh, he chose to be called 'Amy' when he's a girl. See you tomorrow. Be prepared to be surprised. Good-bye."

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“What? Now he looks like a sissy!” Dad growled.

“No he doesn’t, dear. He looks like a girl, just like you have been accusing him of being.”

“But I was just trying to motivate him,” Dad said.

“And look how successful you were,” Mom said as I shyly bowed my head as I stood between them.

Mom sat next to me on the couch, modeling how I should sit. "Shoulders back to show off your bustline," she said. Even though my skirt was mid-calf length, I still had to keep my knees together. Either that, or cross them at the knees. When I crossed them, one nylon-clad leg rubbed against the other, causing another attempted rise.

Mom wanted me to keep my finger tips visible. "Let him know you went all the way, and even polished your nails a delicate and feminine pink," she whispered in my ear.

Commercials for lipsticks and mascaras gave her limitless possibilities to needle Dad by saying to me, "Have you tried that brand, Amy? You should. Next time we go shopping, we'll find a color you like. It's very long wearing, you know."

Why do they advertise sanitary napkins on television? Mom continued, "Do you prefer a pad or a tampon, Amy?" How was I to answer that question?

The night dragged on, and yet passed all too quickly. I was uncomfortable with dad, but excited to be wearing such beautiful and feminine clothes. I would have felt a lot more comfortable if it were just mom and me. She seemed to enjoy both my girlishness and dad's discomfort.

"It's time for me to introduce you to your nightly beauty routine, Amy," Mom finally stated. Then to dad, she asked, "You'll excuse us, won't you?"

Without waiting for a reply, she led me to my bedroom. "Remove your jewelry and put it in your jewelry box." I started to say I didn't have a jewelry box when I saw a new one resting on top of my dresser. Earrings and pendant were removed and placed in the box.

"They look lonely in there all by themselves. We must get you more jewelry."

"Mom, this is a one-time deal. I don't need any more jewelry. I don't even need what's in the box now."

"We'll see," she answered. "I prefer to fold my sweaters rather than hang them. Do you have a preference?" I told her I didn't care one way or the other. "We'll make this drawer

your sweater drawer,” and she promptly dumped my T-shirts onto the floor, clearing the way for the sweater.

“The skirt is only dry cleaned, so you must wear it three or four times between cleanings. The cleaning won't wear the skirt out, but it will bankrupt us if it is cleaned every time you wear it.”

I let that one pass. I enjoyed tonight's little dress-up session, and not only because I was fighting back against dad. Something about wearing the extremely feminine apparel appealed to me. I was never dressing up again, though.

A startling array of new cleansers was in my bathroom. “Deep cleansers, moisturizers, body lotions. Every thing you need to cleanse and soften. First...” mom started. I was led through a cleansing ritual that took almost fifteen minutes more than my usual wash, rinse, and dry.

“You'll see results within the first week if you follow this routine every night. Your skin will stay softer and moister.”

I let that one pass, too. I was standing beside my mother, dressed in a slip, panties and bra. I hadn't removed the high heels or pantyhose yet, either. Dressed like that, I decided to wait before proclaiming my decision not to dress again. Still, this was a night to remember.

The heels went into my closet with all my other shoes. I stood naked before my mom after removing my pantyhose, slip, bra, and panties. Mom reached beneath my pillow and drew forth a gorgeous nightgown, pink again, which seemed to be the dominant color tonight. She lifted it above my head and let it settle down my body.

“You're going to find this gown to be the dreamiest thing you've ever worn to bed. Now, sit on the chair,” indicating the one chair in my room.

With me sitting, she moved behind me and began to brush my hair using long, strong strokes, from front to back. The brushing almost put me into a trance, so sensual was each stroke. “I love to have my hair brushed, and thought you might to. Feel good?”

I told her it did and she kept brushing. Then she began to comb my hair. Soon she separated my hair into thirds and began to braid them. I started to protest, and then decided I didn't want to.

Placing an elastic hair band around the braid, and a ribbon around the band, she leaned over my shoulder and kissed me on the cheek. "Good night, Amy. Did you enjoy being a girl?"

"A little bit. Good night, mommy." I hadn't called her 'mommy' in years. Why did I do it now?

After mom left, I lay awake for a long time. I liked the feel of the nightgown against my body. What was wrong with me? While the evening began with me putting on a dress to show dad I didn't like the way he treated me, I ended up being the person he's always accused me of being, and I liked it.

Chapter 2

"Amy. Wake up, darling."

Amy? Who is that? Then, as I awoke, sensed the caress of the nightgown about my body, and memories of last night flooded my mind, and a smile caressed my lips. "Hello, Mommy. What time is it?" I asked as I rubbed my eyes.

"It's early yet. We have to get an early start if you are to look as pretty as you did last night."

"Mom, as much as I enjoyed last night, I'm not going to wear girl's clothes again." Secretly, I was hoping she had a convincing argument. Before I went to sleep last night, influenced by the caress of the nightgown, I decided I wouldn't seek another dress up night, but I would accept one if she would talk me into it.

"Amy, we almost have your father defeated. He admitted last night that he didn't think you had the courage you showed. You fought fire with fire and made an impression. We have to keep after him while he's staggering from last night's blow. Today ought to do him in. Do you still want to show him? Still want to teach him a lesson? Still want to quiet his insults? Now is the time to go for the victory."

Not many high school athletic coaches have ever delivered a more moving and convincing motivational speech. I was energized; I was ready to do whatever she wanted.

“I knew you would. Before you climb in the tub, spread this cream over your legs and body. It'll let the bath soften your skin. I've drawn a bath for you. All you have to do is lie in the suds and soak.”

Yes, the bath she prepared for me was a bubble bath, scented, of course. After spreading the skin softening lotion, I luxuriated in the foam, watching my pink nails appear and disappear in the bubbles.

My skin was a lot softer when I climbed from the tub, the removal of all body hair will do that. “Mom!” I gave a distressed shout. “What have you done to me?”

“Only what had to be done, dear. Dust yourself and come here.” A lightly scented floral dusting powder was in my bathroom. I dusted myself and joined mom in my bedroom.

“You can't wrap a towel around yourself like that, young lady. Pull it up under your arms. It covers both your breasts and a woman's magic triangle.”

My towel was more strategically placed as I sat on my bed. I kept my knees tightly together to keep from exposing more than was 'ladylike'.

Today's lingerie was Champaign colored. The panties had lace at the waist and side inserts. My bra was a smooth cup, with lace at the top of each cup, padded to a full A-cup, like last night. The color matched my panties. A dainty flower decorated where the cups came together. My maleness began to swell, but mom was ready with her girdle. I again tucked between my legs so no bulge was evident. I still felt pressure, but my front was smooth.

“It's important to have a smooth front in case we decide to wear tight skirts.” As far as I was concerned, there probably would be no 'later on', but last night I didn't think there would be a today.

Beige pantyhose covered my legs and helped the girdle do its job. The bodice of the slip was again mostly lacework, and the hem had its share of lace too.

“You should learn to put on your own makeup. I'm not always going to be there to help you.” She sat by my side and gave me step-by-step instructions.

“Very good, now smooth the foundation. You catch on fast. Blush, a little more, that's right. The eyes are tricky. We'll bypass shadow today, just liner and mascara. Smooth it gently. Curl the lashes. You don't have to squeeze with all your might. That's it, gentle but steady. Apply mascara from the base of the lashes out. Apply another coat. What the heck, go for ultra-long, another coat. Wow. Now apply a little on the lower lashes. Here is your lipstick. Very good! Look at yourself. What a beautiful makeup job. You are a natural born girl.”

I looked at myself, and was satisfied with my first attempt at self makeup. What am I saying? To call this my first time making myself up indicated there'd be other times. Well, maybe there would be.

I was to wear a skirt and turtleneck sweater today. The sweater was tan, lightly ribbed cotton, and long sleeved. My skirt was a straight-lined cotton twill skirt with a back zipper and a deep back slit. It was navy blue, like last night's skirt, but had a tapestry of leaves and flowers in shades of gray and ecru. I pulled the wide belt as tight as I could to shrink my waist a couple of inches.

Mom released my hair from the braid, and it fell to my shoulders in waves. A decorative comb held one side behind my ear while the other side fell over my ear. A necklace of silver to match the buckle on my belt graced my neck. Tan, sling back pumps with two-inch heels and I was ready to face the day.

“We have to do some grocery shopping this morning. I like to get it done early, so we can go now if you're ready.”

Shopping? Not me. Dressing twice at home was one thing, going out was something else. “Fine then, be ready for your

father to be a bear when he wakes up. He had a little to drink after you went to bed and won't be feeling too good. See ya!"

I didn't want to be alone with dad when he awakened. "Wait, mom. I want to come with you."

"I thought you would."

I was handed a purse to carry, and instructed how to put the strap over my shoulder and how to walk with a purse swinging at my side.

Mom directed our shopping expedition. First we went to the grocery store. We were relatively early and the store was not crowded. "I'm almost out of tampons, dear. Would you get some while I hit the soap aisle?"

Luckily, I have been with mom before when she bought tampons, so I was quickly able to find the ones she usually bought. I had to carry them clear across the store, since she was now in produce.

"Thank you, Amy. Didn't you get yourself some? You are almost out, too."

"Mom..." I whined. Why would she say that? I could tell her that boys don't need tampons, but the other shoppers around her, all women, were within hearing distance.

"Don't be embarrassed, dear. We all need them," one lady volunteered. Then, to mom, she added "My daughters were just the same. Afraid some schoolboy would see them with a box of tampons or napkins."

"Yes, I know," said mom. "Now go ahead, Amy. We might as well buy yours now to save us a trip later in the month."

Reluctantly, I returned to the dreaded aisle. A young lady was choosing hers from the shelf. Not knowing how to pick my own (like I would ever need them), I decided to choose what she chose, then back to mom carrying my selection.

Somehow I survived the grocery store, then the bakery, and finally the cleaners. I didn't experience jitters about being recognized as a boy. The mirrors at home had convinced me, along with mom's confidence boosters that I truly looked the part of a teenage girl. The tightness of my skirt and the heels, moderate as they were in height, altered my step to one of an

emerging young lady. If I didn't make some major gaff, no one would know, except for mom and I, and we weren't telling.

Lunch with mom was always an event I looked forward to. We had done this often, especially when I was younger, but never before as mother and daughter.

"A light repast is a refreshing break in a busy day," she sighed. Lunch was sandwiches made on bagels in a trendy little shop downtown.

Removing her compact and lipstick from her purse, mother repaired her face. "Amy? You should freshen your lipstick, too."

I gave her a look that said 'you gotta be kidding'. She wasn't. I opened my purse to find a compact and the lipstick I was wearing. I proceeded with a quick touch up of powder, then a reapplication of my lipstick.

The drive home was pleasant. I'd passed as a girl while in public, and was ready to go home and face my father. If mom was right, we were about to defeat him, and show him I could fight back.

"Oh, no!"

"What's the matter, dear?"

Parked in front of our house was Aunt Nina's new BMW. "Mom, I can't let Aunt Nina see me dressed as a girl."

"Why not? I thought she was your favorite aunt."

Nina wasn't really an aunt, except honorary. She and mom had modeled together years ago and formed a fast friendship. She was mom's maid-of-honor, and mom had returned the favor. When I was born, she naturally became my 'aunt'. Like mom, she was still a beauty, even after medical school and the years it took to establish her gynecology practice. The death of her husband last year affected us all. Nina lived an hour's drive away, and it was the rare month when the trip wasn't made at least once in each direction.

"She's anxious to see you. She's always said you should have been a girl, that you had too delicate features to be a boy."

“She's anxious to see me? Did you tell her?”

“Of course I did. She is your aunt.” I didn't see the logic. “Help me carry in these bags. I'll send your father out after the others.” With no escape, I steeled myself to meeting my aunt.

“Oh, Amy, you are absolutely delicious. Isn't she, Dave?” Rather than answer, dad made his way to the car to bring in our purchases. “Come to the other room with me, Amy. I want to take a good look at you.”

Obviously she was not the least bit upset to see her favorite nephew dressed like her niece. “You were right, Marsha, she is lovely.” Turning to me, she continued. “So, Amy, how do like being a girl?”

That was a tough question to answer. Do you lie and say you hate it. Or, do you tell her the truth that you've come to enjoy being a girl very much. If you tell the truth, will mom and aunt think less of you? My quandary kept me quiet. That allowed the two friends to bring each other up to date.

“The practice keeps me pretty busy, though I am taking the next week off. I accepted my first date since the funeral. Enough about me, how did you get Richard into his first dress?” She looked at me and beamed. “You should have been in a dress earlier. You are absolutely gorgeous.” Both she and mom have told me how I should have been a girl. They seemed to take great delight in my appearance.

I blushed at the compliment, and mom explained how I was fighting back against the constant barbs tossed my way by dad. She made it sound heroic.

“I've heard him more than once,” Aunt Nina said. “I don't understand how a grown man can belittle his own child that way. Good for you for fighting back. How's the battle going?” Mom said she thought we were winning. A little more pressure and dad would break.

My favorite aunt stayed for dinner. As the daughter of the house, I was told that the dinner dishes would be mine while the adults talked in the other room. I didn't mind. The dishes were my responsibility most of the time, anyway. Mom made

sure I wore an apron to protect my skirt and sweater, then joined dad and Nina in the other room.

“Thank you, Nina. We appreciate this. The opportunity only came up today and I was afraid we'd have to pass.” Dad said, seemingly very grateful to Nina for something.

Mom returned carrying a suitcase. “Let me thank you, too. He and I need this time together. I hoped you would agree.” They saw me coming into the room, and mom said, “Guess what? You're going to spend the week with Aunt Nina.”

Staying with Nina was fun. She had a pool, the beach was nearby, and she always found interesting things to do. One year we camped in the mountains for a week. Another time, she rented a boat and visited small marinas up and down the coast. Being her guest was always an adventure. “I'll change and pack,” I volunteered and started to go to my room.

“We won't have time, dear. I must be back within the hour. I've already stayed too long. Your mom packed a bag for you. We must leave now.” If Aunt Nina had to go now, then I was ready. I could change when we got to her house.

Chapter 3

Nina kept up a lively chatter during the drive. She mentioned how pretty I was, what a perfect girl I made, and didn't I wish I could always be a girl. Nothing required a response from me, so I sat and listened.

I liked being told I was pretty, attractive, and the perfect girl, but why did I like being told how attractive I was? I was a boy. Her putting the thought into my mind, I dreamed of being a full-time girl. With thoughts of boys flocking around me, flattering me with expressions of devotion, and showering me with gifts, I drifted off into a daydream.

“Amy, we're here.” I had become so caught up in my daydreams that I hadn't realized we were stopped.

“You really drifted off into a dream world, girl.” My blush was visible even in the dark. She said a knowing “Oh,” upon seeing my blush.

“Use the same room as always, Amy. Let me know if you need anything.”

I trooped off to my room, carrying the suitcase with me. I was in for a surprise when I put my clothes away. The only clothes mom packed were girl's clothes. “Aunt Nina,” I shouted. Mom packed panties, bras, slips, high heeled shoes and pantyhose, moisturizers, perfumes, makeup, hair combs, barrettes, ribbons, nightgowns, everything a young girl would need when visiting her favorite aunt.

“What's he matter, Amy?”

“What's the matter? Mom packed girl's clothes. No boy clothes.”

“I know.”

“You know?”

“Amy, sit down, please. Your mother and I planned this visit for a long time ago. We want you to enjoy being a girl without worrying about your father. You are going to be my niece for the entire visit.”

“But, I'm a boy,” I protested.

“Not for the next week you're not. I will do my best to make this a memorable visit for my new niece, maybe even more memorable than any other visit. I want you to be happy. Your mother and I believe you will be happiest if you spend your time here as a girl.” Before I could say anything, she added, “This was your mother's idea.”

“What?” My mother is sabotaging me, making me be a girl? This all started as a way to get even with my father. Now my mother was farming me out to be a girl.

“Aunt Nina, I'm not a girl. You know why I dressed this way - to get even with my father for all those things he said about me. I'm a boy. I want my boy clothes.”

“For the next few days you are a girl. You might as well get used to the idea. There are no male clothes in the house. Why are you arguing with me? You look great as a girl. I think you even like the feel of them and how they make you look. Admit that you like wearing dresses, lingerie, and

makeup.” She was right. I liked it, and I told her so. “Good, now put on a nightgown and meet me in my bedroom.”

In our nightgowns we cleansed together and brushed each other's hair. “I haven't had someone else brush my hair in ages. It feels delightful. Give me at least a hundred strokes,” Nina gushed.

I didn't count stroke-by-stroke, but her hair glistened when I was done. I know I gave more than a hundred strokes. She did the same for me. I could become used to this kind of treatment. It was so relaxing, calming. After brushing my hair, she braided it just as mom had done. I tried to braid hers, but I couldn't get hang of it. But she complimented me on the job I did, adding that I would improve with practice.

Back in my room, I climbed under the covers only to discover something new, satin sheets. With the silkiness of my nightgown rubbing across the smoothness of the sheets, my body found release for built up pressures of the day.

Sunday morning broke bright and beautiful. The sun was shining and the sky was a brilliant blue. Birds sang outside my window, waking me from my deep slumber. Disoriented at first, I didn't remember where I was. The nightgown against my smooth skin refreshed my memories. Aunt Nina said I was to spend the week as her niece, so I might as well relax and enjoy it. My bedroom had its own bathroom. Wrapping myself in a satin robe lying across the foot of the bed, I repaired to the bath to perform my toilet.

“I thought I heard you up,” Nina entered while I was brushing my teeth. “You have time for a nice hot bath before we go out for breakfast. A tour of an art gallery and an afternoon concert at the college should complete a full day.”

I was to spend another day as a girl out in public. Yesterday at the stores had prepared me for today. I was realizing how much planning mom and Nina had put into my metamorphosis. Clothes bought and stored away. I didn't believe for a minute the week away alone for mom and dad had just

happened. And Aunt Nina, a very busy gynecologist, came up with a free week exactly at the right time?

I soaked in my softly scented bath, allowing the warmth to soothe me and the oils to soften my skin. Mine was a fully stocked bathroom, so I dusted myself upon drying with a lightly floral scented powder.

“You even wear a towel like a girl. You are a natural,” Auntie greeted me as I emerged from my bath.

Undergarments awaited me which had not accompanied me from home. “Marsha and I stored a lot of the clothes we bought for you in my closets. You own many outfits, all the very most feminine of styles. We had so much fun buying for you, our daughter and niece.”

“How did you know I would fight dad this way?”

“If you had chosen a different path, we would have steered you toward dressing as our girl. You always impressed us as a potential girl, and we promised to give you the opportunity to experience girlhood. You aren't mad at us, are you?”

Aunt Nina seemed genuinely concerned. “No, I couldn't be mad at you and mom, especially now when I'm enjoying myself so much.”

“Oh, thank you, and I promise you'll enjoy in this week with me more than you have any other visit.” That was a tall order. Vacations with my aunt were always filled with excitement, learning, and new experiences.

Today's new lingerie was a deep wine color. Brassiere, panties, and slip were a set. All my undergarments were matching sets. “Your mother and I always buy complete, matching sets for ourselves. Could we do any less for you?” I guessed not. “Wine is the dominant color for your outfit, so a change in nail colors is needed.” She instructed me in the removal of my pink polish, and then had me soak my fingers in a softening fluid while she did my toes.

“Isn't that too dark for me?”

“Don't worry your pretty head. The color will compliment your clothes. Now let's do your hands.”

Saying that it was time to learn to take care of my own nails, she told me how to push the cuticles back to make my nails appear longer. "Polish on cuticles chips more easily, giving the hands an unkempt look."

With Aunt Nina's ever present assistance, I even shaped my nails. The rounded tips made them look very feminine. My only wish was for them to be longer. She seemed to read my mind as I looked at my nails. "They'll grow. Give them time."

Auntie allowed me to apply my base coat, and then she took over applying the wine tint to my nails, except for the little fingers. "You have to begin somewhere. You do the little fingers."

It took me almost as long to do a couple of small nails as it did for her to do the others. Blowing to aid the drying process gave me time to admire the deeper color. It made me look a lot more sophisticated.

Aunt Nina liked nylons over pantyhose, so she handed me a garter belt to match my other. "Lift your slip and fasten the belt above your waist. Now extend the garters beneath your panties." I followed her directions until my legs were encased in nude nylons tightly held by the garters.

"Nothing beats the sensual sensation of knowing one's thighs are bare above one's nylon's. It's almost like being unprotected. Wait and see. You will savor the sensation, too."

Out of the closet came a skirt and tunic similar to the first I wore, but in much richer colors. My skirt, mid-calf length, was dreamy georgette in two layers - one printed with dark wine tinted flowers over one of solid taupe. Reaching behind, I closed the zipper, and then settled the skirt in place. It felt so light that it seemed to float.

The deep, rich shade of the wine-colored tunic accentuated the vibrant tint of my nails. The slightly scooped neck and 3/4 length sleeves called for jewelry. Thin gold chains soon graced both my wrist and throat. Auntie gave me a thin gold watch to wear on my left wrist.

With Nina sitting beside me at the vanity (a new piece of furniture for this room), I applied my makeup - foundation,

blush, eyeliner and shadow, and mascara. A new lipstick in the wine color completed my look.

“Amy, you make a delightful niece. It's like you've always been a girl waiting to show yourself. Are you ready to eat?”

The restaurant was filling as we were shown to our table. Aunt Nina and I sat opposite each other, placing our purses on the table. Everything on the menu was appealing, but we each settled on a breakfast skillet. “So, Amy, how do you really like being a girl?”

I looked around to make sure no one could overhear. “Auntie, I was so scared when I decided to wear one of mom's dresses as a way to get back at dad. When mom took me into her bedroom and told me to remove the dress, I thought I was in a lot of trouble. She quickly supported my method of bringing dad's behavior to his attention.”

“I know all that, Amy. What I want to know is how you feel about being a girl?”

I lowered my head. “I don't know.” Then locking onto Nina's eyes, I confessed, “I feel so natural. Does that make any sense?”

“Yes. You are discovering what your mother and I knew for a long time, that you should have been a girl all along.”

“But I'm a boy. Even though wearing dresses feels normal, it shouldn't.” I paused, and then added, “I'm kind of mixed up.”

“This week is to help you realize your true gender. You are a beautiful girl and should be proud. The experiences we planned for you on this visit should convince you of your true role in life.”

What did she mean by ‘my true gender’? I was a boy - no, change that - I am a boy. But I do make a pretty girl. My reflection confirms what an attractive girl I make. I don't feel out of place wearing girl's clothes. They feel perfectly normal - and I've quickly taken to wearing makeup, even enjoying the time it takes to make myself look my best. What is wrong with me? I shouldn't be enjoying this.

My outfits were chosen by experts. Mom and Auntie both have a vast history of experiences to draw upon when putting a feminine wardrobe together. They went to great lengths to see that my first dressing is done with class and style.

I wasn't experiencing questions about my ability to pass as a girl. I must have been observing every action and movement of my mother, and my aunt when I visited her. I see a reflection of them in many of my movements. Have I subconsciously been preparing for my new role?

Meanwhile, we finished our meal. We each removed a compact from our purses and freshened our lipstick. Over the top of my mirror, I saw a boy - maybe ten years old - watching my every move. Did he wish that he was in my place, freshening his own lipstick? I closed my compact and blew him a kiss, bringing a quick blush to his face.

The art museum was within a couple of blocks, so we decided to walk. Twin clicks of high heeled shoes marked our progress. Window displays of feminine finery slowed our progress as we stopped to admire some of the newest fashions.

"Have you noticed that career women seem to be drifting from the feminine appeal of women's clothes?" Nina asked.

The mannish suits on display only served to reinforce what she was saying. Even with skirts, the goal appeared to be to hide any trace of femininity, as if it were a curse to be overcome. Why would any woman give up the freedom of soft fabrics and the lightness of feminine apparel to wear the heavy, uncomfortable attire made of materials which cried out as masculine?

Aunt Nina was a very successful career woman, but she was never considered to be masculine in any way or mom either. Mom gave up her career when I was born, but pictures in our family albums show her as always being very femininely clad.

The art museum's marble floors magnified the sound of our heels as we moved from exhibit to exhibit. I liked the sound. It made me feel especially womanly. Strange thing for a boy to say, but when dressed as I was, I thought of myself as a girl, a budding woman.

We were so deeply engrossed in the artwork, we almost missed the concert. To miss it would have been a terrible mistake. The college chamber orchestra was superb. Their music was from the works of Mozart. I closed my eyes and experienced their selections, not just listened to them. All too quickly, their performance ended, and it was time to go home.

A cab was necessary to get us to the concert on time, but a leisurely stroll home was in order. The music hall was part of the college campus and that allowed Nina to show me all the important features of the school grounds. The gardens were beautiful and well taken care of, and the buildings had a halls-of-ivy appearance, each made of brick and overrun with climbing plants.

Auntie removed her heels the instant we got home. "Your feet will thank you," she told me, indicating I should remove my high heels too. My feet were a little uncomfortable, but not enough for me to break up my ensemble.

"You even think like a girl. I'm pleased that we are giving you this chance to discover the real you." After a light repast of soup and salad, Auntie and I spent a quiet evening in front of the TV.

Monday turned out to be quite an eventful day. Another dreamy outfit awaited me as I exited my bath, scented as Auntie said a girl should always be.

The slip, panties, and bra were all in rose. A small, delicate rose was placed between the smooth, padded cups of my brassiere, and my panties and slip displayed a little less lace than my other lingerie had. A rose tinted garter belt held up my suntan colored hose.

A simple A-lined skirt in chocolate brown crinkle rayon crepe and covered with a splash of rose blossoms slipped into place, to have its back zipper slid closed. A collared sweater of a rose hue with one pearl button to close at the neck topped the skirt. Chocolate brown two-inch pumps adorned my feet.

Jewelry consisted of a long strand of freshwater seed pearls tied in a knot, and with sterling silver hearts calling

attention to the valley between to my breasts. Pushing the sweater sleeves up on my forearms allowed my watch and a small bracelet to be easily seen.

My instructions before entering the bath had been to remove my nail polish, which I did. "Auntie, don't I need to redo my nails?"

"Not right now, dear. We're going to get your hair cut, and you'll enjoy having your nails professionally done at the same time. Come, we mustn't be late."

I hadn't known that our plans for the day included a hair cut. Now that I think back, I hadn't known anything of our plans for the day. If I was getting my nails done at the same time, we must be headed for a beauty parlor.

"Evelyn, this is my favorite niece and she needs a new look. Ponytails are all right for little girls, but she's emerging into womanhood, and we feel she needs a different, slightly older, look. What do you suggest?"

Evelyn and Nina talked of hairstyles, finally agreeing a 'bob' would be just the right look for me. My hair length would allow for a longer 'bob' than many girls wore.

Carefully, so as not to spot my clothing, Evelyn wrapped a pink, plastic cloak around me, and then seated me in her chair. I wasn't ready for the chair being tipped back and gasped my surprise. "I'm sorry. I need to wash your hair. I didn't mean to frighten you."

"I was just surprised. It's OK."

Gently she washed my hair, and then gave it a fragrant rinse. Lifting the chair back to an upright position, she towel-dried my hair. Next thing, scissors began to do their work. I was facing away from the mirror, so saw little of her work as she worked her way around to the front. I watched as she combed a large section of hair across my eyes and gave it a square cut at eyebrow level.

"I always shampoo after cutting," Evelyn warned me prior to lowering me over her sink again. "It removes hair cuttings that eluded the smock. You're going to love your new cut. It's

easy to take care of, and you can do so much with it. The length is perfect for you. Wait until you see it.”

I wanted to see my new haircut, but she was so enthusiastic, I could hardly wait. “I’m going to towel dry it again, and then just blow it dry. Watch how neatly it dries. You don’t have to do a thing to it.”



“My niece needs a new look,” Auntie instructed. Little did I realize how new of a look she intended for me. I was waxed, shaved, lotioned, brushed, tweezed, colored, and polished until even I didn’t know who the pretty girl in the mirror was.

True to her word, towel then blow dry, and I had an extremely feminine hairdo. My bangs ended slightly above my brow line while the sides and back tickled my neck at jaw level all around. Any movement of my head caused delicious corresponding movement of my hair.

While I admired myself in the mirror, Evelyn introduced me to the manicurist. As my hair had been transformed, now my hands would have their appearance changed remarkably.

I knew about cuticles, but multiple coatings of some liquid made my nails grow and grow with every application. By the time she finished and began reshaping the nails, they were a good quarter-inch beyond the ends of my fingers. She used a hardener to strengthen each nail, so they wouldn’t break.

A clear basecoat was followed by my choice of color. Rose was today’s color. Two coats quickly smoothed onto my nails were covered and protected by a tough top coat.

Throughout my transformation, Aunt Nina stayed in the shop catching up on her reading. My toenails didn’t match my fingernails, so she bought me a bottle of the nail polish.

Time passed quickly, and lunch time had come and gone. We decided on a snack with every intention of making up for our missed meal with a large evening repast.

“May I help you ladies?” I know he is supposed to say something similar whenever two people in skirts enters the restaurant. Still, I thrilled at being called a ‘lady’.

Finishing our fruit plates and muffins, we repaired to the lady’s room to relieve ourselves and touch up our makeup. “Toes outward, dear,” she reminded me. I didn’t need a reminder. Sitting to do my duty was the most natural thing in the world, and had been since my first skirt.

“We need to do some shopping. Marsha and I bought you a few outfits, but not enough. You need to have clothing you've picked out for yourself.” I tried to explain that I didn't have clothing sense she and mother had, and was more than happy to have them continue to choose my clothes. “Nonsense! You have an excellent eye for clothes. I'll help if needed, but I don't think you'll need much help.”

Shopping as a girl is different than shopping as a boy. Boys rush in, make a selection, and then quickly leave. That's not very exciting. Girls are different. I had no idea what I was looking for, so it took longer to find. We entered shop after shop, tried on many different outfits, set some aside to be re-looked at, and then tried on some more.

True to her word, Nina left the majority of the decisions up to me, volunteering her opinion only when asked directly. She appeared to agree with the choices I made. By the time we finished, I owned three new dresses, five skirts, three blouses, three sweaters, and four new pairs of shoes - two with heels and two flats. Nina needed to talk me into the flats. She rightly pointed out that most girls my age used them from time to time.

Nina also insisted I get a coat, which somehow ended up as two coats - a sporty parka and a dressy full-length black creation. While in the coat store, we discovered a cape and a shawl I couldn't be without.

Time constraints limited our buying spree as dinner approached. “Tomorrow is another day. We'll finish shopping then. We girls like to shop, so an extra day is not an imposition.”

At home we hung my new purchases, and then prepared to go out for dinner. “I have an idea. Trader Sam's is close to the Bijou Theater. Why don't we make a full night of it, and see a movie after dinner?”

For the first time I noticed people staring at me - male type people. “Auntie, why are those boys looking at me? Is something wrong? Can they tell I'm really a boy?”

“You haven't noticed before?” I shook my head, and she said, “Boys have been staring at you every time we go out. Didn't you stare at pretty girls when you were a boy?” I thought about it, and remembered that I did. “Does it make you uncomfortable, Amy dear?”

“They wouldn't look if I was ugly, so I feel good about them wanting to look. But, somehow I feel violated too. It's like I'm being undressed.”

“No girl does, Amy. Attractive girls put up with such rudeness. There's nothing you can do if a boy wants to look. You don't have to acknowledge him in any way though. Many times, ignoring him is your only defense.”

She went on to explain how one pretends not to see the stares or hear the comments. I hadn't heard any comments yet, so I listened intently so I would know how to react - or not react, as the case may be. She also told me how to encourage a young man, should I want to know him. I didn't expect to use this information, but I politely listened anyway.

While standing in line with my aunt at the movie theater, I applied my newfound knowledge. We were attractive ladies, and drew our share of attention. We passed the time in line expanding my database of girlish things, while I practiced not noticing the glances and stares directed our way.

The comments - my first experiences along this line - were harder to ignore. “Hey, girlie, wanta sit in the balcony with me? We could get acquainted quickly,” followed by loud laughter from him and his friends.

“I'll meet you inside, girlie. Wait for me.” There was more laughter. “She wants me; you all see that, don't you?”

“You bet she does, Big Eddie. I'll bet she even buys your ticket for you, won't you girlie?”

More rude and crude comments followed until I was ready to tell them off. “Relax, Amy. They are trying to get on your nerves, and they are succeeding.”

“But, Auntie,” I whined, “They say such gross things. How can I continue to ignore them?”

"You'll only encourage them if you don't." The logic escaped me, but I followed her advice. In just a few minutes we were inside the theater and away from them. We chose the love story - partly because Auntie wanted to see it, and partly because we couldn't envision my tormentors choosing it over the available action movies.

My hair brushing against my cheek, my longer nails accentuating the girlishness of my hands, the feel of the softer fabrics against my skin heightened my new found sense of femininity, making me ever more aware of how easily I had slipped into the role of a girl. For a boy, I made a darned good looking girl.

Mom had said I'd make a beautiful girl. Was she serious? Aunt Nina reinforced everything mom said, adding her thoughts that I had been meant to be a girl. Were they right? Was I destined from the start to be a girl, or had my father driven me to this extreme?

I watched the movie. The heroine fought valiantly against the strong masculine eminence of her co-star, but in the end, fell hopelessly in love with him. Her heart won out as she ignored the logical male suitor favored by her social-climbing mother to marry the poor and humble man who treated her as a queen. Auntie cried, and so did I.

The night was star-light bright so we decided to walk home. "I'm amazed how perfectly you've adjusted to being a girl, Amy," she told me again. "When did you first start to want to dress as a girl?"

"I never thought once about wearing any clothes but my own until I became so angered with dad."

"Not even once?"

"Honest, Auntie, the thought never occurred to me."

"Well it has now, and a beautiful niece is what you turned out to be. I think your subconscious has been working on turning you into a girl, and you were looking for the right moment to give into your secret desires - desires you may not have even known you harbored."

I didn't know what to think. I made a good looking girl. I even felt natural in the role. The clothes seemed to be made for me, and made me feel I was made for them. Had my subconscious been planning a new identity for me? The sweet softness of the clothing constantly reminded me of my female persona - a persona which appeared to be an extension of very innermost feelings. Why was I, a boy, finding it so easy to assume the role of a girl? After arriving home, we kissed good-night and went to our separate rooms. I must have been very tired as I fell asleep almost immediately.

Bathed and dusted, I once-again found my daily outfit awaiting me. With all the clothes we had bought yesterday, I expected to be wearing something from my new finery. Instead, I found another highly feminine array of clothing waiting for me. At breakfast Nina informed me today and tomorrow's outfits were the last of the clothing that she and mom had picked out for me until I was ready to assume my new role, a role they wanted me to embrace and enjoy.

I expected all my undies to match, and was once again not disappointed. A pastel blue panty, bra, and slip set - each with a generous helping of a similarly colored lace - made up my lingerie.

A berry-colored mock turtleneck slid over my head to serve as a background on which my denim blue chambray blouse would show. The skirt showed clusters of nuts and acorns on a cranberry red background. Fully lined with blue cotton chambray (to match the blouse), the wrap-around style closed with a softly knotted tie belt on the side.

I removed the polish from my nails and re-polished them in a cranberry red I found among the choices available on my vanity. Auntie watched me perform this girlish act, nodding her approval. A bracelet and watch, and dangling silver earrings were my only jewelry.

"I always thought nail color and lip color should blend with one's clothing, even if it does take an extra couple of minutes to properly match. I'm delighted to see my niece has the same inclinations."

A new mall had been built across town and Aunt Nina insisted we check the stores for more clothes. "I already have too many," I told her, only to be admonished that a girl never has enough clothes.

"But Auntie, I'll be going back to being Richard after this week with you. I won't need all the clothes I have now."

"Aren't you enjoying being Amy?"

Her hurt expression bothered me, and made me feel a little guilty. She was being so nice to give me a chance to play at being a girl. I decided to go shopping as a way to keep her happy. She seemed to want me to be her niece. "I'm sorry, Auntie, let's go shopping. I do so enjoy being your niece, and I do like the clothes."

I wasn't lying, I did enjoy my new-found role, and the clothing was a delight to wear. I didn't know how everything we already bought was going to get worn, and now we were ready to add to my female wardrobe.

Lingerie was the key word for the day. Panties, slips, brassieres, camisoles, girdles, and garter belts. Every item of feminine under apparel a girl could possibly desire was carefully chosen for me, including stockings, pantyhose, and anklets. They all became mine. Two jumpers and enough turtle-necks and blouses to vary the jumper look joined my growing wardrobe. And another dress and two more skirts.

I was numb by the time we entered the jewelry store. Most of the day was spent walking up and down the mall, going in and out of stores that might have that elusive 'perfect' piece of clothing. My arms were full of shopping bags, even though we'd made numerous trips to the car to leave other arm loads.

"Sit right here, miss." I did as I was told. The chair was a little high, but it felt so good to be able to sit down.

I rested while my aunt walked toward the earring section and conversed with the gentleman who had seated me. When they returned, she removed my earrings and he looked me straight on, then took a pen of some sort and marked each earlobe. "What are you doing?" I lazily asked.

"Shh, Amy, let the man do his work."

With my senses dulled by the full day we had spent, I never realized my ears were being pierced until it was too late. "What? What have you done?" I was over-tired and therefore near tears. "My ears, you've pierced my ears. Why?"

"Shhh.... Amy, it's alright. I told him to do it."

I turned to her, maybe even came on harsh to her, something I'd never done before. "Why? I didn't want my ears pierced. Why did you do it, Auntie?"

"It's for the best, dear. You needed to have them pierced. All girls your age have pierced ears and I didn't want my niece to be the only girl without them."

"But, Aunt Nina, I'm not a..." I almost blurted out that I wasn't a girl. Thank goodness I gained control of my senses before I told everyone in the store I was really a boy - even if I didn't look or feel much like one.

The mirror showed a young girl with pearl studs gracing each ear. They looked good, and the selection of jewelry for pierced ears was far more extensive than clip-ons. If I were truly a girl, I would welcome the permanent holes in my ears.

I had drastic changes in my appearance in just two days. First, a feminine hairdo, one I could easily take care of myself, then pierced ears. I shivered to think what else Nina had in store for her niece. She'd said this week would be full of excitement and memories. So far she was right. What next? I didn't dread anything she might spring on me; I just wondered what it might be. I didn't have to wait long.

"We haven't bought you a swimsuit. Let's take this load to the car, and then find you a proper swimsuit."

"A one-piece swimsuit is right for now. Maybe later we'll return for a bikini for her," Auntie said to the salesgirl. "But I want a lot of skin to show even in a one-piece. That is what you want, isn't it, Amy?"

I agreed with her. I couldn't wear a bikini, not now - not ever, but showing a lot of skin was my idea of a girl's swimsuit. I ended up with two, both with plunging necklines, high-cut legs, and a back that boasted visible skin almost all the

way to my hips. One had slim shoulder straps to hold it up and the other, my favorite, had a halter top.

At home with our purchases, Auntie helped me carry everything to my room, and then told me to put on my white swimsuit. "You have a tanning session in just twenty minutes, so you better hurry."

She handed me a small article that looked a little like a slingshot. "Put this on before you put on the swimsuit. It's called a gaff, and is designed to give the appearance of a smooth feminine front."

I struggled to step into it and pull it up. It felt too tight when I finally had it in place. "It hurts!" I cried as I tried to take it off.

"Now, dear, beauty hurts occasionally. Leave it in place and you'll become used to it. Look how it smoothes you." While she talked the pressure gradually eased, and my front was without an unsightly male bulge. "Hurry into the swimsuit or you will be late for your tanning appointment."

I admired my reflection in the mirror with my new swimsuit on. I truly had a feminine front, and the built in cups gave me a girlish bust-line.

Three of us lay beneath the rays of the tanning machines. The other two girls were obviously very close friends, so their conversation only included me in rare instances, allowing me to quietly rest as I tanned.

Thirty minutes of intense tanning rays left me with tingling skin. At home, Aunt Nina had me rub in a moisturizer as soon as I arrived. "Tanning is very drying unless you take precautions."

I intended to protect my skin, not allowing it to dry and crack. While moisturizing, I couldn't help but notice tan lines already appearing, lines that showed the outline of my swimsuit. For some reason, I wasn't upset. I even looked forward to my next appointment which would burn the lines in even deeper, making them more pronounced.

Chapter 4

"We have dates for tonight," was Nina's opening remark next morning.

"What?" I was just emerging from my bath when she told me. "What do you mean 'we have dates'?"

"I mean, I have a date for dinner and so do you. Two men are taking us out."

"Aunt Nina, I can't have a date. You can go out with a man, but I can't."

"And why can't you go out? Are you turning snobbish on me, ashamed to be seen with your aunt?"

"No, you know it's not that, auntie."

"What then? You don't like my friends?"

"Auntie, I don't even know your friends. I'm a boy. I can't date boys."

She took me by the hand and led me to the mirror. "What do you see?" she asked.

I still looked a girl even without makeup and clothes. I was amazed. The reflection in the mirror was of a girl, and she was me.

"Your mother and I want your time as a girl to be as complete as possible – and that includes boys and dating. Kenneth Higgins is my friend. We arranged this night out long ago. It is my first date since the death of my husband. Recently I realized that I need to get on with my life, but if you won't go, neither will I. Do you want me to call and cancel?"

I didn't. She needed to start dating again. I couldn't be the reason she canceled a night out with a man. "No, Auntie, I don't want you to cancel. I just think you would find it more enjoyable without me tagging along. I can stay home and watch TV."

"You will do no such thing. Either you go with us, or I call Ken right now and tell him tonight is off." I agreed to go with them. "Good. Ken's son is a freshman at the college. He is your date."

I learned a lot about Hal Higgins, my date, while waiting for our table at the restaurant. Aunt Nina spent much of our morning teaching me how to carry on a conversation with a date - mostly, I learned ways to ask him about himself.

“All men want to impress us,” she told me. “They feel a need to be recognized as successes, as people worthy of our admiration and adulation. Our job is to let them talk of themselves, their goals, and accomplishments. Keep him talking about himself and the conversation will flow.”

She was right, as usual. My concerns over my first date as a girl were quickly forgotten as soon as I realized how easily Hal fell into a pattern of self promotion.

He was a student of economics with a desire to continue onto law school. He was strikingly handsome, tall and well-built, with dark hair and deep blue eyes that seemed to search deep within me whenever he gazed my direction - which was often.

Auntie and I spent all afternoon making ourselves perfect for tonight. We each took a long bubble bath that left our skin soft and delicately scented. I liked my dusting powder and since it complemented the floral scent of the bath crystals, I was generous in its application.

Black lace panties and bra awaited me as I returned to my bedroom. My gaff was a permanent part of my wardrobe so I no longer needed a girdle. While admiring my femininely smooth front, I donned my garter belt, making sure to run the suspenders beneath my panties. I slid black nylons with a subtle rose motif up my legs and attached them to the garters. Auntie was right; I really did feel sexier with bare legs between nylon tops and panty bottoms.

After slipping into my silky slip, I sat at my vanity and polished my nails a soft red. I took time while I relaxed in the bath to polish my toes, so now my toes and fingers matched. I enjoyed doing girlish things while seated in front of the vanity mirror dressed only in my under-things. I could admire myself and the clothes no one but me ever got to see.

Since I started dressing as a girl, I wondered why lingerie is so pretty if it's not supposed to be seen. Not only does it feel soft and sensuous, it looks that way, too. I guess I answered my own question - anything as sensual looking and feeling would lead to problems if visible.



I couldn't wait to put the dress on. It was absolutely gorgeous, and I knew I'd look gorgeous in it. I wasn't sure about going on a date with a boy, but I was sure that I'd look great!

Before donning my dress, I spent extra time on my makeup. A soft foundation and subtle blush served as the backdrop for dramatic eye and lip coloring. Black eyeliner and mascara set off the blue of my eyeshadow, which itself played up the blue of my own eyes. The soft red of my nail polish perfectly matched the red I put on my lips.

Sliding my feet into black patent pumps with three inch heels, I stood before my full length mirror and admired the girl gazing back at me. Almost reluctantly I pulled myself away from my reflection and turned to the closet to remove the black sheath dress hanging there.

Back zippers ceased to be a problem for me soon after my dressing habits changed. I raised my skirt to straighten my slip, as mom had shown me. Dropping the skirt, my hands ran down the delicate silk fabric of the dress, both arranging the dress properly and enjoying the soft sensual feel of the fabric against my body.

With a hemline a full four inches above my knees, I needed to be extremely aware every moment to keep my knees together. I didn't want to give the wrong the idea to a young man on our first date, my first date as a girl.

The pearl studs in my ears necessitated a strand of pearls around my neck. Checking in my black clutch purse to make sure I had everything I might need tonight, I made a last pilgrimage to the mirror, and, satisfied with the reflection beaming back at me, I pronounced myself ready to join Auntie in the living room.

"You are absolutely gorgeous, dear," she told me as I walked in. I felt gorgeous, but it was nice to have another person confirm what I felt. "Hal will be proud to be seen with you. The two of you will make a lovely couple."

The men had arrived right on time. Aunt Nina took great delight in introducing me to them. "Adults sometimes exaggerate the attractiveness of their relatives, Nina, but you understated how truly beautiful Amy is," Auntie's date, Ken, was effusive in his praise of my looks.

When Hal and I were introduced, his voice seemed to be lost for a moment. "I am glad to meet you, Hal." I stepped into the silence.

"I'm sorry, Amy. Dad has occasionally used me as a companion to client's kids, so I expected the same child-like person tonight. I was wrong. Can I start again?"

I agreed with a tinkling giggle. Hal began, "Hello, Amy, I am Hal Higgins, and I am VERY glad to make your acquaintance." He took my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Now we waited at the restaurant for our table. Hal carried the conversation between us, helped along by my gentle prodding - as instructed by my Aunt.

"I'm on scholarship so I'll make the team. We're in summer workouts now. Coach is getting the upperclassmen ready to go to Australia for three weeks, and he's letting me practice with them. Next year, or the year after, I'll be allowed to make the trip. Freshmen are never asked to go."

Hal had maneuvered us into a corner of the waiting area where we were almost totally isolated. "Economics is my path to law school. My father is a good corporation lawyer, and I want to follow him into his practice with the goal of eventually taking over the entire practice when he retires."

It was really quite easy to listen while Hal spoke. He had a deep resonate voice and a vitality that permeated his conversation. I looked him in the face while listening and realized he was very good looking.

Now, why would I, a boy, even if I was dressed in girl's clothes, notice how good looking another boy was? Could my clothing really affect how I saw the world and my role in it?

Auntie warned me ahead of time that the night might end with a kiss. "It's a small price to pay for a pleasant evening with enjoyable company."

"Aunt Nina, I'm still a boy, even if I am wearing a dress. I couldn't kiss another boy."

"Amy, you are my niece, and therefore a girl. I still believe you should always have been a girl. I'll leave it to your judgment, but if you have a pleasant evening, what harm could a little kiss cause?"

While I listened intently to Hal, Auntie's words played in my head. Truly, what harm could a little kiss cause? How would it feel to be kissed by such a good looking young man?

Hal was the gentleman to the hilt. He seated me and made sure I was comfortable before he seated himself, and he asked my permission to order for both of us. Throughout the meal, he was ever solicitous of my needs. He did not drink alcoholic beverages and was content with water with our meal - a decision I agreed with. Auntie and Mr. Higgins had a light wine with their meal.

Through the soup and salad courses, Hal and I talked of his school, and basketball. "Do you think you might be able to come watch some of our games this season? I may not get to play a whole lot, being only a freshman, but it would mean so much to me if you were there when I did get into a game."

He sounded so hopeful, so little boyish. I tried to explain I lived pretty far away, but Aunt Nina caught the drift of our conversation and assured Hal she was certain my parents would allow me to come up some weekends and stay with her. If they coincided with a scheduled game she was certain I would want to attend.

"I am right, aren't I, Amy?"

I should have felt trapped. Instead I thanked Aunt Nina for the invitations and turned and responded to Hal with, "I do so want to watch you play. I'll try to arrange a couple of weekends so I can stay with Auntie." He beamed, and I truly looked forward to those weekends. I had no question but they were going to happen.

During the main course, we discovered we both enjoyed folk music and wild animals. "I always wanted to go on a safari," he told me. "Maybe I'll go after I graduate, or possibly during one of my summer vacations." He sounded excited.

"Let's go to the zoo tomorrow." Out of nowhere, Hal proposed an outing to the wild animal park for the next day.

"That sounds like so much fun. Can I go, Auntie? Please?"

I pleaded with my eyes as I awaited her permission. She might not want me out on my own with a boy. I needn't have worried. "Of course you can. I hope you two have fun."

On a roll, Hal revealed he had two tickets to a folk recital for tomorrow night. "Would you go with me to the recital too?"

"That's going to make a pretty full day for you two. Aren't you afraid you'll get tired of each other during the day, and not want to see any more of one another for awhile?"

"I can't speak for Amy, but I'll never grow tired of being with her." He blushed, but kept his eyes locking with mine. I blushed and lowered my head.

"I'd like to go, Auntie," was all I managed to say.

"It's settled then, but Amy will need a little time for herself between the zoo visit and the concert. I'll give my permission if you two will agree to allow her that break." We both enthusiastically nodded our heads.

Before we left the restaurant, Aunt Nina and I excused ourselves to go to the powder room. While I reapplied my lipstick, Auntie gave me some advice. "With two couples at the table tonight it would not be appropriate for us to refresh our makeup, but should you be alone with your date, and need to freshen your face, feel free to do so, as long as you use compact and lipstick only. He'll be watching when you're putting on your lipstick. Maybe not overtly, but he will be watching. I think it's a form of Venus envy, they wish they could be the one wearing lipstick on their lips."

That was hard to believe. Men didn't want to wear lipstick; at least I didn't when I was a boy. "You watch," she told me. "Whenever we pull out our lipstick in front of a male, you

hear a quickening in his breathing and he'll become a little flushed. It happens every time."

On our way home, we decided to walk through the botanical gardens, which adjoined the restaurant. Hal's dad put his arm around Auntie's shoulders as they walked ahead. Hal shyly reached for my hand. Hand in hand we strolled through the beautiful gardens. We were both quiet, allowing our nearness to speak volumes. My mind wandered to the good night kiss, wondering how it would feel.

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I burst into tears once we were in the house. "What's the matter, Amy?" Deep concern showed on Nina's face. I wanted to tell her why I was crying, but every time I brought myself under enough control to speak I'd bust out into new fits of bawling and not be able to get the words out.

Aunt Nina held me, cuddling me close, gently rocking me back and forth, and consoling me as best she could. Finally I cried myself out. "There, there, now, nothing can be that bad. Relax and tell your aunt what's wrong."

I took a deep breath, sat up straight, and asked, "What's wrong with me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why doesn't Hal like me? What's wrong with me?"

This perplexed her no end. As far as she was concerned, and she's been watching us all night, she was sure Hal liked me very much. "No he doesn't!" I was adamant.

"How can you say that? He showed you every courtesy tonight, and gave you his entire attention."

"He doesn't like me; he can't stand me. He paid attention to me only because he had to, so his dad could have time with you," I snapped the last as an accusation.

"I don't know where you got that idea. Hal is infatuated with you, Amy dear. Any one could see that. I don't know how the idea he wasn't ever entered that pretty little head of yours. He made it clear he wanted to spend all day tomorrow

with you, and he invited you to watch him play during the basketball season.”

“But, Auntie,” I moaned, “he didn't kiss me goodnight. He only gave my hand a squeeze.”

The question never crossed my mind as to why I should be so upset because a boy didn't kiss me. I felt let down by Hal, deeply hurt, and I wanted assurances that he liked me and truly wanted to be with me. I needed reassuring of my attractiveness, of my desirability. Why? I have no idea, I just felt the need.

“That's what this is all about? He didn't kiss you?” she seemed dually amazed and upset. “A boy didn't kiss you on the first date, and you get this emotional about it?”

“Auntie, you said it was the way a girl shows her appreciation for a pleasant evening. You made it sound like a kiss is almost mandatory when you've enjoyed yourself. I had fun, and I want to see Hal again, and I want him to know it. But I didn't have the opportunity to show him how much I liked his company. He didn't kiss me. He didn't even try.”

My first date and I felt slighted. Auntie was fighting back laughter. She managed quite well, consoling me all the time. Explanations made it clear that many young men are brought up believing that kissing on the first date was too forward.

“Even when I want him to kiss me?”

“Yes, even when you want him to kiss you. Appreciate his hesitancy. It's a vanishing virtue. You'll be with him all day tomorrow, and again tomorrow night. I bet he and you will share more than one kiss, if that is what you want.”

“Do you really think so?” For some reason, I, a boy in girl's clothes, really wanted to be kissed by a boy, and not just any boy. I wanted Harold H. Higgins to give me my first kiss.

In bed, unable to fall asleep, I thought about my date. Visions of Hal danced in my head. I viewed all our time together, and came to a conclusion that I was dressed too mature for him. Maybe I scared him. I must have frightened him

with the high heels, dramatic makeup, and my sophisticated clothing.

His type of girlfriend should be younger acting, less threatening, not so sure of herself. I climbed out of bed and moved to my vanity. Tomorrow Hal would feel the need to protect me every moment we were together. I would be a younger version of myself, younger than I was tonight. I chose my clothing for both the zoo and the concert as I redid my toe and finger nails a soft pink.



I wanted to look perfectly girlish for Hal. I chose pink and white, and the colors suited me perfectly. After all, I was a girlie girl now.

Auntie made sure everything was perfect for my date, finishing off with two pink ribbons in my hair.

Chapter 5

I went into Nina's room dressed in white shorts and a pink top. "Auntie, would you put my hair up in angel wings?"

Without a moment's hesitation, or a single questioning look, her experienced hands soon transformed my hair into two pert little pigtails, bound with elastic bands.

"Do you have any small ribbons I could use?"

"Sure, dear. What color?"

"I prefer pink, but white will do." My shorts and shoes were white, my top and socks pink. Either color would make for a complete look.

Auntie found two pink ribbons and soon had them tied around the bands holding my hair. With my pink nails and matching lipstick, I thought I presented a much less threatening appearance than last night. If only Hal would see me in that light. For some reason it had become very important to be kissed by him.

We arrived at the zoo shortly before it opened. While waiting in line, Hal gently held my hand in his. Conversation was easy, but not necessary, between us. Most of the crowd hurried toward the panda bear exhibit to see the baby pandas. We strolled to the far end of the zoo and started our tour at the wildcat exhibit. The grace and strength of the cats intrigued us. Watching them lounge about could make one forget just how dangerous each was.

While admiring the cats, Hal dropped my hand to put his arm around my shoulders. I moved a little closer to him. He seemed so much taller than last night. I'd shrunk measurably, wearing my tennis shoes instead of heels.

I was properly squeamish in the snake house. Slithery animals are not my favorite. They never were, even when I was a boy. As a girl, I could give in to my revulsion for this life form. Hal squeezed my shoulders a couple of times to reassure me of his presence and protection.

From the snakes, we went to the primates. Every variety of monkey, gorilla, and ape shared this space. They swung high, begged across the moats separating them from the spectators, and played in the trees and on the equipment.

Sometime between the snakes or the primates, I'm not sure when, Hal's arm slipped down from my shoulders to around my waist. It was so natural, I didn't notice until he pulled me extremely close to him. I realized I barely came above his armpit, and I felt wrapped in a warm protective cocoon as he held me close.

A picnic area bordered the eating establishments. We bought our food, and then found a quiet spot in the picnic area. A secluded table hidden among tall grasses and flowering bushes beckoned us. Sitting side-by-side, we ate in silence, each lost in our thoughts.

Finished eating, I opened my purse to remove my compact and lipstick. I freshened my powder and deftly reapplied my lipstick, then returned both to the purse. Auntie was right. There was a noticeable increase in Hal's rate of breathing. I looked his way only to see him watching me perform this most feminine of acts. I may have imagined it, but I think he pursed his lips together as I pursed mine.

I swiveled on the bench until my back was to Hal, and then I leaned back against him, resting my head on his shoulder and closing my eyes. He sat rigid for a while, not moving a muscle, lest he disturb me. We stayed in that position until I turned a quarter turn more so I could face him, with my back to the table.

We were facing opposite directions on the bench, looking at each other. Smiling, I looked him straight in the eye. He returned my gaze for a moment, and then began to lean toward me. Closing my eyes, I reached toward him until our lips met. Our first kiss was short, a quick touching of the lips and then a retreat by him, not me.

Smiling still, I put his arms around me, and then drew myself as close to him as I could. With my ear on his broad

chest, I could hear his heart beat. It was pounding. I wrapped my arms around him and gave a squeeze. When I pulled away enough to see his face, he leaned down and gave me another kiss, a more lingering one.

“We better finish our tour, or I won’t get you home in time to get ready for tonight.” He sounded almost breathless.

I reached up and gently wiped my lipstick from his lips, then disentangled myself so we could both stand. With Hal’s arm holding me tightly to him, we proceeded to finish our outing. The polar bears, otters, seals and sea lions rivaled the monkeys with their clowning. Another time I would have laughed at their antics. Today I was enjoying the aftereffects of my first kiss.

Hal walked me to the door, gave me a quick kiss, and promised to be back in two hours to pick me up for the concert.

“You seem very happy,” remarked Auntie. “Did you enjoy your trip to the zoo?”

“He kissed me, Auntie, at lunch, in the bushes,” I said, excitedly. The news didn’t come out exactly as I wanted it to. Explanation followed question, and soon I had cleared up any misunderstanding.

“Was it as good as you wanted it to be?” It wasn’t a question whether a boy should kiss another boy, but whether I liked the experience.

“I don’t know what I expected. I just wanted to be kissed, and I definitely liked it. I wanted him to do it again and again.” Worriedly, I asked her, “Is that wrong?” I wasn’t sure if it was acceptable to want to be kissed by another boy.

“If you were Richard, I suppose it would raise a few eyebrows, but you have ceased to be a boy. You are the girl your mother and I always knew you should be. We had to wait until you realized it. You do realize your role in life is to be a female, don’t you?” The intenseness of her stare caused me to pause and ponder before answering.

“I don't think I've ever been happier than I have been during this visit. I scare myself with how easily I've slipped into a new role. I've become a new person. Maybe I was meant to be a girl. I don't know. I do know I feel like a girl when I'm wearing girl's clothes, and I like that feeling, and want it to continue, even though I don't know how it can.”

“You leave the future to your mother and me. Meanwhile, enjoy being Amy, my beautiful niece.”

She was able to reassure me, allow me to face whatever was coming with the knowledge she and mother were going to work for my best interests, work to allow me to continue to be Amy.

I again chose not to wear heels. Black patent skimmers kept me as short at the concert as I was at the zoo. Hal continued to be very protective of his little date. An off-white mohair sweater over a black, full skirt gave me that school girl look. Delicately thin gold bracelet and necklace graced my wrist and neck. The pink on my nails and lips had done the job today, so I stayed with them for the night. A shampoo had removed the kinkiness caused by the pigtails, and a quick blow-dry restored the normal 'bob' to my hair. A barrette held it back off of one ear. Eyes adorned with mascara only looked back at Hal all evening.

Four folk groups took turns on the stage, sometimes each was alone, sometimes teamed with another group. The music was soft or lively, full of protest or love, sung solo or in large ensembles. Hal and I were not the only ones to enjoy the performances. Curtain call after curtain call extended the music for almost an hour beyond the scheduled ending.

“I hoped we would have time to drive up into the foothills and look at the stars,” moaned Hal. “Now, we'll be lucky to have time to grab a soda before I have to have you home.”

He was right. Auntie had given me a time to be home, and I couldn't disappoint her. We'd had a girl to girl talk while I prepared myself for my date, and I knew she wouldn't take kindly to my being even a slight bit late.

Nina said, “A girl must have standards, both too live by and to live up to. Since I'm the one with you now, you must

follow my direction. When you return home, you and your mother will establish your boundaries.”

The goodnight kiss at the door was more prolonged than any this afternoon. “Goodnight, Hal, thank you for a wonderful evening.” I fairly floated into the house, and then rushed to the front window where I could wave good-bye to him as he drove away.

“Another pleasant outing?”

Turning from the window after waving to Hal, I told her it was fantastic. “The music touched all areas of folk. One group did blue-grass, another was country and western, and they all did the old country standards.”

We strolled towards our bedrooms while I filled her in on the evening. I kept to myself my disappointment over not being able to view the stars from the foothills.

Chapter 6

Aunt Nina continued to surprise me. With all I had already experienced, I was not ready for the events of the next day. “Wear your black and tan outfit today, Amy,” counseled Nina as I awoke. “We have to accomplish a lot and it's important you look your best. Our first appointment isn't until ten, so you should have plenty of time to get ready.”

I decided black lingerie was called for with the outfit I was to wear. The black velour jewel neck bodice was soft and sensual. It created a smooth lined look tucked into the black and tan checked straight skirt with side slit.

My ears were almost healed, but the pearl studs needed to remain for a time. I chose a very long strand of faux pearls to wear as my necklace.

Pink was perfectly acceptable for nails and lips. I wanted a change though, so I replaced my pink polish with a ruby color I hadn't worn before. Both toes and fingers shone with the new shade, and a matching lipstick glistened on my lips.

Nude pantyhose allowed my toes to show through, as did the sling-back open-toe black sandals. I transferred every-

thing I needed from my purse to a black shoulder bag, and then went to let Auntie know I was ready.

“Oh, how beautiful you look. You'll be the center of attention at the Department of Motor Vehicles.”

“The Department of...? Why are we going there?” I could only think of one reason for a teenager to be seen at the DMV, being tested for a driver's license.

“We thought you might want to get your learner's permit so you can get your driver's license in six months.”

“I already have my learner's permit,” I informed her. I scored a near perfect score on the written test and had driven occasionally with mom or dad, usually mom. Dad was as unmerciful on my driving as he was on my baseball skills.

“No you don't. Richard got his permit, but that was before Amy appeared. Now it is Amy's turn.”

“But, you need a birth certificate to take the exam.” I was intrigued with the idea of getting a permit, then a license, as a girl. I wasn't fascinated with showing up at the DMV dressed as a girl, and then showing a boy's birth certificate.

“You needn't worry your pretty little head, Amy dear. Do you honestly think your mother and I wouldn't have forgotten about your birth certificate?”

She enjoyed showing me just how extensive their planning has been. The two women I most trusted have been scheming behind my back to make me a girl. As a boy, I should be upset, mad, and angry, but I'm not.

“I have a birth certificate showing me as a girl?”

“You better believe it. I had to call in a couple of debts, but it was worth it. According to Amy's records, she is now old enough to test for her learner's permit.”

I wasn't the only girl at the DMV, but I was the best dressed, and the only one who thought to wear makeup. So I was the center of attention. We waited patiently in line before our turn came. “May I help you, ladies?”

Ladies! He was addressing us, and we stepped forward. “My niece wants to apply for her learner's permit.”

"You've come to the right place. May I see a birth certificate, please?" He eyed me while Auntie pulled a copy of my new certificate from her purse. As she passed it across, I saw my middle name was Amy Louise. I liked it.

"Sign here, and then you can take the exam, Amy." I dutifully gave my signature. My new name flowed, and then I received my exam and moved to the testing area while Aunt Nina took a seat to wait for me.

"You did miss one, Amy. Be sure to review the driver's manual before returning for your license. Meanwhile, I have a permit for you. Good luck, and drive with care," the man behind the counter seemed to care about how well I did.

I had a learner's permit given to Amy Louise. She could now drive with a licensed adult, the same as Richard, only, not the same, as I quickly learned.

High heels are very feminine footwear. They call attention to a well-turned calf, and make the foot appear smaller and the legs appear longer. They were not meant for driving. All my previous driving had been wearing athletic shoes. Since Auntie insisted I drive away from the DMV, I had to make adjustments to my driving style immediately.

"You are doing well, Amy. Stay in the right lane. Our next stop is only a few blocks ahead."

Next, we entered the Social Security Office to obtain my social security card. Auntie gave them some story about why I hadn't received a card before, and I was soon issued my very own card, once again in the name of Amy Louise.

My new identity now had two pieces of identification. I didn't know how far Auntie and Mom planned on going with making a girl out of me, but I was beginning to get an inkling of how much thought they had poured into it.

At Morton's Department Store, a chain of high-end merchandise stores, I was added to Auntie's account as a co-cardholder, and issued a charge card in my own name, my new own name. The same at the Dewitt-Taylor store.

"We've been pretty productive this morning, haven't we? It's time for some lunch." Aunt Nina seemed very pleased

with herself at obtaining so many items of identification to show the world that Amy Louise really existed and wasn't just a figment of a couple of women's fertile imaginations.

Finishing our lunch, we chose to retreat to the lady's room to freshen our lipstick. I know, at least subconsciously, that a boy shouldn't be in the lady's room, not for any reason. And he certainly shouldn't be refreshing his makeup. I didn't consider myself a boy any longer though, and I had identification to prove it. Something had happened to me this week, leading me to discover a new me. I knew in my heart that the real me was Amy, not Richard.

"Let me see your ears. They look good. Do they still itch? No? It's time to buy you some new earrings, earrings you can begin wearing as soon as tomorrow, if you want."

She led the way, and I followed. We were in the same mall where we made so many clothing purchases earlier this week. We entered the same jewelry store where my ears were pierced. My initial shock of having such a permanent sign of my femininity had passed, and I was now exceedingly glad my ear lobes were marked for life. I was here to buy new earrings that would continue to mark me as feminine and female.

I wanted the longest dangling creations, and Auntie consented to a couple of pairs. She insisted on small and medium hoops of gold and silver. A set of diamond studs, and a set of gold studs included. An extremely beautiful cameo set included both earrings and a pendant on an intricate gold chain caught Auntie's eye, and she insisted I have it.

When we had purchased so many clothes, I wondered if I would ever wear them all. Now, as we were picking out jewelry, my only concern was what outfits I could wear each new item with. I knew Amy was here for a long time. I didn't know how, especially when I had to go home and face dad and his taunts, but I knew Amy would stay. Dad's taunts and put-downs didn't create the same fear in me they had last week.

After our very full day, we decided we'd earned a night of relaxation. I helped prepare dinner, after which we settled down to a restful night in front of the TV.

The phone interrupted the movie on the tube. "Hello. Oh, hello, Ken. How are you?" Obviously it was Kenneth Higgins on the line. I went back to watching the movie while I worked on my nails. I'd decided to change my color again to match the dress I thought I'd wear tomorrow.

"No, you aren't disturbing us. We had a very busy day and a night at home was in order. Tomorrow? I'd love to, but let me check with Amy."

"Amy, Ken and Hal have asked if we'd like to go dining and dancing tomorrow night. Are you game?" she asked as she partially covered the mouthpiece.

"I'd love to, Auntie. Can we go?"

"It was hard talking her into it, Ken," she said into the phone, "but I finally convinced her." The laughter in her voice gave the lie to her words. Still, I was worried. I hope he didn't believe her. Hal would think I didn't want to see him again.

"We'll be ready about six. How formal should we dress? I know the place. We'll be ready."

She hung up then pretended to busy herself in the other room. I followed closely behind her. "Where are we going? Is it formal?"

I pelted her with question after question. "Do I get to wear a formal? I don't have a formal. How can I wear what I don't have?"

She patiently waited me out before replying, "Obviously, we're going shopping in the morning. Ken wants this to be a very special occasion. Hal's basketball team leaves for Australia the next morning. This is Ken's way of saying good-bye. It will give you the opportunity to say your good-byes."

"Hal's going to Australia? He didn't tell me." I was hurt. You'd think a boy would tell his girl if he was leaving the country. What am I saying? How can I consider myself his girl after only a couple of dates? I wasn't concerned about my previous life as a boy negating calling myself Hal's girl.

"No freshman has ever been asked to accompany the team on the summer training tours. Ken says Hal worked hard

with the coaching staff, trying to improve his game, and they rewarded him with the trip. He only found out this morning.”

Relief flooded me. He hadn't failed to tell me. He hadn't known. I was so proud of him being asked to go on the trip. I would miss him so much, though. Still, we had tomorrow night. I would make myself as beautiful as I could for him. I wanted his mind on the memories of me, not on some Australian girls. If I couldn't go with him, my image would.

Chapter 7

Finding the perfect dress took forever. We searched through rack after rack - saw visions of loveliness in store windows and on mannequins. Still, the ideal dress eluded us. Morning became noon, then early afternoon. Panic best describes the emotion I was experiencing when finally we ventured into a little dressmakers shop just outside the mall. It awaited us there. We paused only because of our need to rest our weary feet in the little shop before pushing onward to another mall when I saw it. As I walked wearily through the shop door, a dress form standing alone spoke to me. “I have your dress,” it seemed to say, and it did.

It was brilliant white. It could have passed as a wedding dress if a veil was added, and the wearer carried a bouquet.

A trapeze slip dress with spaghetti straps, a lace overlay and short sleeves. Since I had continued with additional tanning sessions during the week, I thought the white of the dress would furnish a striking contrast to my deeply tanned skin. I would need a strapless bra, Auntie told me, showing as much excitement as I felt.

“You’ve made a sale if you have a size to fit my niece,” Nina told our sales person.

“It is a divine dress, isn't it? We can fit you. Wait for me in the dressing room. I'll only be a minute.”

By the time she returned with the dress, I was in my slip and anxious. What if she couldn't find the dress in my size? What if it made me look like I was wearing a tent?

The soft silkiness of the fabric as it slid down my body put me in a dreamlike state. A simple keyhole closing in the back, and I was wearing the stuff my dreams are made of.

Showroom mirrors allowed me to confirm what I felt, this dress and I were made for each other. "Can I have it, Auntie? It's exactly what I've been searching for."

"If you want it, you can have it. Get dressed, and I'll take care of the purchase."

I hesitated to take off my new dress, admiring myself with it still on me. Finally I returned to the dressing room and carefully removed it. Clothed again for the street, I met Auntie at the sales counter. While we waited for the credit card approval, Nina said, "We need to hurry. We need to buy a new bra, shoes to match, and then home to get ready. Time is running short."

I was amazed to find it was already after two o'clock. We were running desperately short on time. We had to be ready by six o'clock. That only gave us four more hours.

We managed to buy my strapless bra and new shoes, along with new panties and half slip, in record time. As we entered the house, we still had a little over three hours to get ready for our dates. Close, but not panic time.

Looking back at me from my mirror was a picture of beauty. To offset the whiteness of my dress, I chose to go dark with my nails and lips. A shade of red that approached brick-red adorned both. My eyes were mascara coated only, no liner or shadow, because I was afraid the dramatic eye makeup was what made Hal hesitate to kiss me that first date. I look older when I emphasize my eyes.

I was right; the white against my tan was striking. Gold hoop earrings, a delicate bracelet and necklace bands of gold and an anklet, also in gold, added to my femininity.

My high heels were the highest I had ever worn, a full four inches in height. Auntie loaned me her white shawl, and I was ready with ten or so minutes to spare.

“Do you think Hal will like my dress?” I so wanted him to like it, but more, I wanted him to still like me.

“You don't have to worry, dear. He'll be unable to keep his mind on anything but you all night.” I blushed, but secretly was very pleased. I wanted to be the only thing on his mind.

Dancing in the stately heels was not a problem for me. Like every other thing about being a girl, movements in my date's arms came easy, almost naturally. Was I always destined to be a girl and needed only a gentle nudge in the direction of girliness.

Slow dances were best. Hal held me very close and tight. I could smell of his aftershave and bodily maleness. I felt so small and feminine in his arms. I longed for his arms to enfold me, his lips to caress mine.

The heat of the hall became overbearing, so we walked outside for a refreshing breath of air. Hal's arm encircled my waist as we sought a secluded spot. Alone, we stood side by side, as close together as we could get. Hal looked down at me and pulled me around until we faced each other. Holding so tightly, our bodies almost merged into one, Hal gently, and then ever more eagerly, pressed his lips to mine. His manliness grew while we kissed, grew against the constraints of his pants, making its presence known to me. I rubbed against him, causing Hal to utter a small groan.

Reluctantly our lips separated, and our bodies pulled apart. Hal's manliness made a valiant effort to escape its bonds by outgrowing their confines. Fortunately, it failed and gradually shrunk in size. I was fascinated. I had caused a terrific erection. What power I possessed.

We needed to return to the dance before Auntie sent out a search party, but we were reluctant to break the intimacy of the moment. “We really should be getting back,” I began.

“I know. I just want another moment alone with you.”

I nodded, and then snuggled close to him, being rewarded with a quick squeeze and a buss to my forehead. “Amy, I'll miss you while I'm in Australia.”

“I'll miss you so much, Hal,” I nearly started to bawl.

"I know you have to go home this weekend. Promise me you'll return when I get back."

"I'll be here if you want me to," I volunteered.

His hug was so powerful that he nearly broke me in half. "Meet me when I get off the plane. Can you do that?"

"Give me your arrival date and time, and this girl will be the first to greet you as you depart."

Pent-up emotion fueled Hal's thankful kiss. "I was so worried. I thought maybe you wouldn't want to meet my plane. That you might forget about me. I couldn't stand that."

The rest of the evening seemed anticlimactic. Hal and I spent as much time sitting quietly together as we did dancing. Talk was so unnecessary between us. Every squeeze of my hand, each lingering look, spoke volumes.

We were at the airport with Mr. Higgins to see Hal off. He shook his dad's hand, gave Aunt Nina a squeeze, and then publicly kissed me good-bye. "I'll send post cards every chance I get. Don't forget, you promised to be here when I return."

"I'll be here," I promised again, waving as he walked onto the plane. Blowing him a kiss as he turned before entering, I could feel tears forming in my eyes.

Chapter 8

I was all packed and ready to return home, allowing us to leave right from the airport. "Are you anxious to go home?"

"I don't know, Auntie. I miss mom and dad, but I'm a little afraid of dad's reaction when he sees me dressed like this." Choosing today's clothing had taken me forever. I discarded many outfits as not feminine enough, before deciding on my ensemble.

Over panties, bra, and slip of beige, I wore an ivory knit sweater with cables that climbed a third of the way up the sleeves and torso of the sweater. The cable stitching held the sweater tightly to my waist, emphasizing my bustline. Beneath the sweater was a navy blue A-line skirt of soft rayon crepe. Cranberry blossoms and tawny leaves were scattered

prettily across my skirt. A side slit to my knee allowed a sexy view of my nylon encased calves, which were supported by navy pumps with moderate two inch heels.

I was very comfortable in my girlishness without the need to overemphasize my eyes, hence my curled lashes lengthened with mascara, but no liner or shadow. My lips and nails shone a cranberry hue to match the blossoms on my skirt.

My pierced ears were healed enough for me to replace my pearl studs with gold hoops that could clearly be seen and I chose to use pretty gold-tone barrettes to hold my hair back behind my ears. No necklace adorned my neck this day, but bangles of gold surrounded one wrist.

I looked my prettiest, but I worried what denunciations would spew forth from my father's lips. It was his fault this had happened. He wouldn't recognize it that way, though. He'd feel vindicated for his verbal attacks.

Steeling myself, I very femininely turned with my knees together until I could place both feet on the ground. Gracefully I emerged from the car.

“Oh, Amy, you are so beautiful. Welcome home.” I could count on mom. She embraced me with tears in her eyes.

“You've gone all the way, haven't you?” accused dad.

“Hello, dad, yes, I've gone all the way.”

“Aren't you embarrassed being dressed like that?”

I thought a moment before replying, “No, dad, I'm not embarrassed. I discovered I like dressing like this.”

“Get her luggage from the car, Dan,” directed mom as she led Nina and me into the house. She informed us we had to “fill me in on all the details.”

Nina began reciting the week's activities. “She blossomed faster than either of us expected. Amy even has a beau!”

“You're kidding.” Her unbelieving glance my direction caught me in a deep blush. “She's not kidding. You do have a boyfriend. Tell me all about him.”

Hesitantly, I introduced mother to Hal through verbal pictures. Through skillful questioning she got me to admit to liking Hal a lot. I blushed again when Aunt Nina told her how upset I was about not being kissed on our first date.

“Have you been kissed yet?”

My face grew redder, as I nodded. “Amy, you little vixen, we're going to have to watch you.” She laughed as she said it, but her look was serious.

Mom and Nina talked for a long while about me and my week. Mom asked pointed questions about my development into girlhood.

“Marsha, I've always said you had a girl on your hands, no matter what Richard professed. I think our Amy now sees that she was always meant to be a girl, and feels very natural in the role. Am I telling the truth, Amy?”

I admitted to enjoying being a girl and fitting into the new life quite easily. Mom's next question gave me pause. “Now that you are home, what do you want to do?”

“What do you mean?”

“You've said you like being a girl, feel natural as a girl. Do you want to remain as a girl, even here at home?”

My thoughts all the way home had centered on that very topic. Did I want to remain as a girl? The decision I'd reached was yes, most definitely yes. I wanted to be a girl, a daughter to my mother. I tried to put my thoughts and feelings into words. “Mom, I like being Amy. I even feel like Amy. I want to stay as a girl, but I'm afraid to.”

“Your father?”

“I'm scared of his reaction. Not so much so that I'll change my mind, but I am seriously concerned. I'm also concerned about my friends. Can they possibly understand?”

“You might be surprised at your father's reaction. He wants to talk to you later. Be honest with him about your desires. He can be very understanding.”

Nina said she had an early day tomorrow. Mom and I saw her off, and then returned to the house arm in arm. Not once

had dad made his presence felt since he brought my luggage in from the car. I guess you could say he made himself conspicuous by his absence.

“You make a very beautiful girl,” Dad caught me off guard. He wasn't yelling or spewing vindictiveness. “Did you spend the whole week dressed as a girl?”

I nodded, he questioned, “Do you like dressing as a girl?”

I wanted to use the best words possible. “I feel natural as a girl. The clothes feel right, like they were meant for me.”

“What are your plans now? Are you going to stay a girl? Be a daughter to your mother and me?” This was not at all what I expected. Where was the anger, the denunciations? Why wasn't he shouting at me? Sensing my inner turmoil, Dad said, “I'm not mad at you, Amy. I even understand what you are going through, at least a bit.”

I really was confused. I'm not seeing the father I've come to know and fear - love, too - but definitely fear. This was a different man sitting before me. “Let me explain some things. I need to tell you something about me you don't know about. It affects you very much. Are you willing to hear me out?”

He was imploring me to listen. I indicated my willingness. Slowly, almost painfully, his story emerged. His father had died while Dad was still a young boy. He was left the only male in a household full of females. His mother, my grandmother, worked to support her young family, so his care was left mostly to his sisters.

The girls were seven and nine years older than dad. At first, their resentment at the young boy took the form of neglect, but when grandmother found out, she laid down the law. From that day on, his sisters took very good care of him. “They even made me one of them.”

I didn't understand what he meant, so he explained. “The girls took away my boy clothes and began to dress me in their old clothes. I fought it early, only to find I didn't have the strength. They forced me to wear the most feminine of dresses, and the laciest of underthings. My hair always sported ribbons and they kept my nails polished. I don't know

what they told mom, but she refused my requests for help. She even bought me some new dresses.”

Dad didn't look at me once throughout his recitation. He stared at the floor and rung his hands as he talked. I sat stunned. “I was made to do everything a young girl might do. I learned to play with dolls, to skip to the park so I could swing on the swings, and to color in coloring books. When one of my sisters needed to go to the store, I was made to go along. Never was I allowed to wear pants, only dresses. They curled my hair, and made me sleep in curlers so my hair was suitably feminine. They even pierced my ears and forced me to wear earrings every day.”

Automatically, my hands went to my own pierced ears. He glanced up at my movement. Nodding, he acknowledged my ears. “Yes, I noticed your ears are pierced. You sure can wear a lot of different style earrings now.”

I wasn't sure how to answer him. My case wasn't like his. True, mine were pierced without my consent, but I didn't want them to close up. I wanted them to remain as they now are. “Yes, Dad, yes, I like the different earrings I can now wear.” He nodded, as if he knew what my answer would be.

“I lived as a girl, but was always reminded I was a boy. Every chance my sisters got, they called me by name, especially around other people.” He looked at me searchingly. “Do you have any idea how embarrassing it is to be dressed completely as a girl, and to be called 'Dave' in public, so everyone knew you were a boy in girl's clothes?”

His sisters, my real aunts, must have hated him very much. Now I knew why we never visit with them. “Oh, I was allowed to go to school in boy clothes, but only because school rules demanded it. I had to change into girl's clothes as soon as I returned home. Kids at school knew and continually called me 'sissy'. That was the name my schoolmates used.”

Looking at me now, he continued. “As I grew older, I realized my sisters would be leaving home before long. I ached for them to be gone and out of my life. They went out of their way to make me even more feminine during their final years at home. I was taken to the beauty shop and given a permanent,

and my eyebrows were plucked until only a thin arched line remained.

“It suddenly dawned on them I was old enough to wear makeup, so I was given a wide assortment of cosmetics and instruction in their use. I was expected to be properly made-up from then on, on fear of retaliation.

“On my birthdays I was given girlish items, perfumes, ribbons and lace, jewelry, girl’s clothes. My mother joined in with my sisters, also giving me girlish gifts. She helped my sisters enforce my girlishness. She was the one that came up with the idea of me wearing perfume to school. She reasoned, ‘You want your friends to know how sweet you smell.’”

Anger at his sisters and mother came out as he continued. No longer did he stare at the floor, but directly at me. “I wasn’t big and strong enough to fight the three of them, and every time I tried, they found some new humiliation for me. Eventually, I quit being open with my protestations.”

Dad took a deep breath, paused, and tried to muster his thoughts. I waited. His story was a complete surprise to me. “Before they were finished with me, I was more feminine, and prettier, than either of them. I think that angered them more, but what could they do. They had already done all they could to emasculate me. I wore makeup, kept my hair curled and in ribbons. My body was as hairless as if I had been born as the third girl in the family. I walked and talked like a girl, and had a girl’s mannerisms. For all intents and purposes, they had made me into their sister, and I was the pretty sister.”

“Finally, the day arrived for them to leave home. They left home together, moved out on the same day, one to work in the big city, the other to go to school. I haven’t seen either since, nor have I missed them. While my mother watched and cried, I took a pair of scissors and cut my own hair. I did an ugly job, but made it short. Next, I shredded all the dresses they had made me wear and threw the remains out. I trashed the makeup and perfumes; I tied the ribbons into hundreds - maybe thousands - of knots before tossing them in the trash. I left nothing to remind me of my enforced girlishness.”

“I don't believe my mother ever really understood I was being forced to dress as a girl. I think my sisters made her accept unquestionably the idea that I really wanted to be a girl, and they were only helping me be what I wanted. I can't excuse or forgive her though. She should have protected me.”

Mom came in with cookies and milk for the two of us. She went to Dad, gave his shoulders a quick squeeze, and then left us alone. Dad nibbled on a cookie, as I did too, and drank his milk. She had provided him with a short respite, a chance to gather his thoughts, before continuing.

“I became the opposite of all that my sisters had forced me to be. I dared kids to call me 'sissy' again, and then I beat the shit out of them. I became into the school bully. Without their feminizing influence, I tried every sport available. The grace they had forced on me through feminization became my ally. Coordination was my main strength, my main ability. I was agile, I was limber, and I was angry.”

“The coaches noticed and encourage me. With a vengeance, I learned sports skills to make people forget what my sisters had done to me. I blossomed over the next few years, earning letters in three sports, and All Conference and All-State honors in each sport.”

“I was fortunate enough to be able to go to the university on an athletic scholarship and to earn a living as a professional athlete after I left college. I met your mother while I was playing professionally, courted her, and married her. It was the best decision of my life.”

Mom had re-entered, and dad reached toward her, placing his arm about her waist and pulling her close. “But, with all my successes, a part of my life was empty. I missed something and had no idea what it was. I made smart investments, earning additional money beyond my salary, but I still felt I was missing something important. Then you were born. Your mother gave up her career, taking the time to properly prepare for the baby which would soon enter our lives. We thought parenthood was the missing ingredient, and for a while it seemed to be the solution to my problem.”

With knees crossed, nylon covered leg caressing nylon covered leg, I demurely sat with polished fingers showing as I held my hands in my lap. Gently, I tugged my skirt down, covering my knees. I flicked my head and felt my hair against the nape of my neck.

Dad watched me, and then continued, "Having a son and being a parent was not the answer. Your mother and I spent a lot of nights, after putting you to bed, discussing my past."

He looked to her, and she nodded her agreement. "Dave and I went through his life almost day-by-day trying to find the part of him he sensed was missing." Mom picked up the narrative, relieving dad of the telling.

"All I knew of your father was his successes. He graduated with honors from the same university where I struggled to earn my degree. His athleticism helped him through college and provided a healthy income when we were first married." She smiled at him, and then continued. "With skill beyond any training, your father's investments far outdid those of any financial adviser he could have hired." She spoke with pride of dad's accomplishments. "We are set for life."

"Which is fortunate," Dad picked up the storyline again, "because we found the part of my life that was missing."

He stopped. "Marsha, this is so hard. I don't know if I can finish." Dad looked all rung out. His forehead was beaded in sweat, attesting to how hard this confession, and that is what he was doing, was on him.

With a hug and a quick peck on the cheek, mom encouraged. "The hard part is over, Dave. Relax and finish your story."

A deep breath, a shake of his head, and he continued, "My sisters spent my formative years forcing me to dress like a girl. Somehow, the clothes became a part of me. With your mother's help, I discovered what was missing from my life - women's clothes. To feel complete, I found I needed to be able to express my feminine side, to be a woman."

The quiet room allowed for deep concentration. My father dressed in women's clothes. I couldn't see it, not with all the

comments I had to put up with. I looked at him. "You're wondering why I was so hard on you, aren't you."

He'd read my mind. "Yes! Every time you put me down, you called me a girl, and accused me of being a sissy. Why?"

"Isn't it obvious, Amy?" Mom injected

"No, Mom, it isn't obvious. Why did he have to be so hard on me?" I didn't have clue why my father picked on me so.

"Richard...uh...Amy, my sisters made me into a man that enjoyed wearing women's clothes."

"No, Dave, that's not right, and you know it." Turning to me, Mom continued. "Amy, every male has some aspect of the feminine in him, just as every female has a little of the masculine in her. Men who enjoy dressing as women are fortunate to be blessed with the ability to experience both sides of the gender experience. What we discovered, your father and I, is a woman hiding in his body. Not a full-time woman, but an occasional girlfriend for me."

"The whole world, especially the testosterone charged world of professional athletics, is not ready to accept a man who enjoys wearing women's clothes. We tried to keep the two aspects of his life separate, but found it too hard. An athlete - or any public figure, for that matter - is always on display. You never know when you'll be called upon to make an appearance. If your clothing doesn't fit the public persona that has been created for you, you will be held up to ridicule, and dismissed in disgrace."

"We tried to keep the disparate parts of your father's life going at the same time, but couldn't do it. The public person kept intruding upon the private person." She had her arm around his shoulders, still stood close enough to lean against him, although I think he was the one receiving the support.

"I finally had to make a decision, so I retired earlier than most people expected, and I've never regretted the decision. I can be who and what I want to be, whenever I want to be." I'd never seen him dressed as a woman. This whole life story was new to me, all of it.

“Your mother and aunt have said repeatedly how girlish you are. I see a feminine cast to your features. I know how cruel the world can be to anyone who doesn't fit society's vision of their place in it. I was determined to protect you from mockery because of the softness of your features.”

“That's why you yelled at me all the time?”

“Partially, I needed to project a strong personality to protect myself too, at least, that's what I thought. Your mother has straightened me out, and no matter what you decide to do, I'm going to change that aspect of my behavior.”

“When..?”

“When did I dress?” he guessed my query. “Sometimes when you were at school, or maybe after you had gone to bed, I could sneak in an hour or so femme.”

“Our best times together, Vanessa and I, are when you visited Aunt Nina.”

“Who's Vanessa?”

“Vanessa is my best girlfriend, my soul mate.” Her loving look in father's direction allowed no question to be left in my mind about who Vanessa was.

“Now Amy, what are your plans?”

“My plans?”

“For the summer, maybe even after. You own a complete wardrobe and are a pretty girl. Do you remain a girl, and if so, for how long?” Mom was doing the asking, with Dad showing his agreement to all she asked.

“I...I don't know.” And I didn't. I didn't know what my options were or what I really wanted. I take that back, I knew what I wanted, but I just didn't know if it was right for a boy to want to be a girl, to like doing girl things, wearing girl's clothes. Boys weren't supposed to wear makeup, but I'd felt naked without it. My hands strayed to my pierced ears and the hoops hanging there.

“I've never had a daughter. Would you be willing to be my daughter for the rest of the summer, putting off any permanent decision until then?”

“I'd like that.”

“Good, then it is decided. Amy stays for the summer.”

Chapter 9

Mom made sure I had a full summer. She and I went shopping often, becoming closer than a mother and son can become. She treated me as her daughter, and so did dad.

At home, I inherited new chores. I learned to iron the clothes I also learned to wash. She took delight in how quickly I took to cooking, soon allowing me to prepare one or two meals each week.

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I still did much of the yard work, like mowing the lawn, watering the plants, and weeding the garden. Except I now wore skirts or girl's shorts and my chest showed definite mounds of my breasts.

I was mowing the lawn in a halter top over short shorts with a back zipper and oblivious to everything around me when mom called me. "Amy. Come in here, dear."

Coming into the house, I froze. Sitting in the living room were three members of my baseball team. "Amy, say hello to your friends."

I squeaked out a 'Hi', and tried to sink through the floor. "Rich, is that you?"

Ben, team captain and shortstop, along with Don and Dan, outfielders had been asked by the coach to find out why I had not returned to the team. With summer activities, players were leaving all the time, but Coach liked to know why.

"Yes, it's me."

"What are you doing dressed like a girl?" He made it sound like a dirty word, something to be avoided at all costs. Death was probably a better option in his eyes than being 'dressed like a girl'. His attitude made me angry.

"I decided to spend my summer as a girl." If he hadn't used that tone of voice, and hadn't made me angry, I don't know if I could have answered him.

"Why?" Even the one word question came out as an accusation, a disbelief that any guy in his right mind would opt to spend their summer as a girl, especially if they were lucky enough to be a boy. "What's with this 'Amy' stuff?"

"Amy is to be my daughter for the summer. She will not be playing baseball with you boys any longer. You can tell Coach Swale he can use the roster spot to find another player."

To me, she said, "Amy, maybe the boys would like some soft drinks. Would you get some for them?"

I retreated to the kitchen. Our refrigerator always held sodas for guests. I retrieved enough for all of us, got some ice and glasses, and then returned to my guests.

The boys were really checking me out on my return. My red fingernails and lips fell under their scrutiny, as did my bosom and bottom. The smooth hairlessness of my legs and arms contrasted with their hairy legs in their cutoffs.

With my glass in hand, I sat on the settee with my legs drawn under me in a girlish fashion, and asked, "So, how has the team been doing?"

Their demeanor changed slightly to that of all-knowing males condescending to talk sports with a girl. "We're doing OK." Ben's tone indicated long suffering, the difficulty of talking with a girl who couldn't have any idea of the complex nature of their game. A few weeks ago I was their teammate, now I wasn't expected to understand the game I'd excelled in.

If ever I was to question my decision, now was it. I had no qualms continuing as I was. I chose girlhood, and would again, a thousand times over. Realizing my contentment, I relaxed and talked with the boys. Soon, they said they had to get to practice, bade their goodbyes, and left.

"Well, Amy, the cat is out of the bag."

"I guess it is, but, I don't care. I am Amy, and want to remain so. They just reinforced my decision."

While I went to finish mowing the lawn, mom met the mailman to get our mail. "There's a letter from Australia for you," she called over the noise of the mower.

The lawn could wait. Hal's letter couldn't. "He's returning home on Thursday. He'll be back in two days. I can go meet the plane, can't I? I promised him that I'd be waiting when he disembarked."



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I was as nervous as a cat seeing my old baseball buddies. Would they see me as their best second baseman or would they see me as the girl I had become?

“Geez, Richard, you are wearing girl’s clothes, and makeup and stuff,” one greeted.

“That’s because I am a girl now,” I answered as I served them lemonade, “Call me Amy!”

“Ah! First love, how sweet it is,” her smile showed she wasn't making fun of me. “Of course you can go. I'll drive you myself. I want to meet the boy who has captured my daughter's heart.”

The next two days crawled by, moving so slowly I thought I'd scream. The hands on the clock seemed to move at half speed. I tried to make time speed up, but failed miserably. Consequently, I made everyone around me miserable.

Somehow, we survived, and the day of arrival dawned. Actually, we were well on the road before the day dawned as Hal's flight was due to arrive at 8:15 AM, causing us to leave before 6:00. If I had my way, we would have left the day before and stayed in a hotel just to make sure I was waiting when he disembarked.

“Mommy, can't we drive a little faster?” I must have urged, cajoled, begged for increased speed by the minute. Throughout it all, mom kept her temper, even smiling knowingly.

Finally, the airport came into view. The walk from the car park to the terminal seemed endless. Every time I looked, we seemed no closer. The arrival board showed Hal's plane to be ON TIME and listed concourse and gate number. Mom always seemed so full of energy, until now. I had to wait for her or I would have been at the gate an hour before arrival time.

“I'm going to get a coffee. Amy, do you want anything?”

“No, Mom, but thanks anyway. I'll sit and wait until the plane comes in.” A seat facing the window allowed me to watch for his plane. I sat and waited, not very patiently.

Even with our early start, I'd chosen my clothes very carefully. Though he'd never see them, my underclothes reflected my selective dressing. Panties, bra and slip were white, lacy, and lovely. Lace accentuated the bodice of the slip and the legs and waist of my panties.

Though I'd chosen to wear flats, skimmers in black patent leather, I still wore nylons in a nude shade, secured by my white garter belt. A white turtle neck sweater with long

sleeves topped a Scottish Kilt-styled short skirt in a blue-green plaid. The skirt hem ended just above my knee, showing more leg than my skirts usually did.

As a plane taxied into the gate where I waited, I reached into my purse and retrieved my compact and lipstick. Mirrored compact cradled in soft hands with nails of pink, I freshened my lipstick, creaming my lips with luscious color to match my nails.

“Hello, Amy. Hal will be glad to see you,” volunteered Mr. Higgins. I didn’t know how long he’d been waiting. My concentration was entirely on the incoming planes. “He’ll probably be happier to see you than he is to see me.”

“Mr. Higgins,” I gushed and blushed. “That isn’t true.” I secretly hoped it was true. Mom arose from a seat near me. “Mom, I’d like you to meet Hal’s dad, Mr. Higgins.”

She extended her hand while he reintroduced himself as Ken. My attention wandered to the plane as it began to disembark its passengers into the tunnel into the waiting area. I never knew an airplane could hold so many people. Hundreds filed past before I caught sight of a group of tall college age men. “There he is!” I exclaimed. “That’s him, mom, that’s Hal.” She had no idea which boy I was pointing at, but soon picked him out as the one looking around, and then coming our way.

“You came to meet me,” he sounded surprised. “I wasn’t sure you would.” The last was said as he hugged me, squeezing me ever so tightly. Reaching with one hand as he still held me closely with the other, he took one of his father’s hands. “Hi, Dad, it’s good to be back.”

I disentangled myself enough to introduce my mother. “Hal, I want you to meet my mother. Mom, this is Hal.”

With one arm tightly encompassing my waist, Hal took Mom’s hand. “I’m pleased to meet you.”

“And I’m glad to meet you, Hal. Amy talks glowingly of you, and I can see why.”

The four of us walked through the airport, stopping to pick up Hal’s baggage. Not once did Hal lose physical contact with

me. Either his arm was around my waist or he possessively clutched tightly to my hand.

“A welcome home, son, brunch is in order. Would you and Amy join us?” Mr. Higgins said.

Mom caught my quick glance. “Amy would be impossible to live with if I didn't say yes,” she laughed. Hal rode with us, ostensibly to direct us to the restaurant, but he still hadn't turned loose of me yet, and wasn't giving any indications he would do so anytime in the near future.

We sat side by side as we ate, and his being left-handed and my being right-handed allowed us to still hold hands as we ate. Mr. Higgins and Mom carried on a lively conversation around us, each giving us knowing smiles of indulgence.

We needed to return home after eating, so the two adults left Hal and me alone as they retrieved their respective cars. “I missed you so much, Amy. I dreamed about you every night. The guys made some fun of me, but mostly, I think they were jealous.”

“Why?”

“None of the other guys had a girl waiting for them to come back home like I did.”

Chapter 10

Summer passed at a too-quick a pace. Every day I learned how much I still had to learn about being a girl. I looked the part, but mom and Aunt Nina insisted I be as feminine as possible - both in appearance and demeanor.

I was allowed a couple of weekend visits with my aunt, and they, of course, included dates with Hal. He even came to meet my father and take me out here in my town. We were growing very close, a situation which bothered my parents. The obvious reason being my boy body encased in girl clothes. I'm sure they were worried lest he discover my secret.

Auntie made mention of a sidelight of her practice which sailed completely over my head. It caught mom and dad's attention, though. “You can do that?”

"You bet I can. I've had more than one young man who wished the physical attributes of a girl, and I can supply them." Hal and I were off to a show while this conversation progressed.

"So Amy could boast of her own breasts, if she wanted?"

"She certainly could, Dave. You could too, if you so desired." Aunt Nina was well aware of my father's alter ego, Vanessa. Unlike me, she'd even met Vanessa.

"Let's talk about Amy before we discuss my desires. If Amy wanted, how soon could she...?"

"We could use either of two approaches," auntie said. "Immediate results could be achieved through implants, or, we could take the longer route and begin her on a course of hormone therapy. Both will yield the desired results."

Mom was concerned about implants. "Haven't there been some severe side effects using the implants?"

"I want to be completely honest, so yes. The types I use are a little different and have caused no known problems, but, there are risks."

"We don't want to chance it. What do you think, Dave?"

Dad was in complete agreement. "Any chance of future health problems is not acceptable."

"That leaves us with the hormone therapy. It's not as fast, but it is natural. No foreign substances in the body."

"Aren't female hormones foreign to the male body?" Dad asked.

Aunt Nina was quick to answer. "Everybody has both estrogen and testosterone. In the male, the production of estrogen is greatly inhibited by the male hormones. With therapy, we overload the inhibitors with estrogen, allowing the female hormone to gain the upper hand in the body's development. As the estrogen ascends, the production of testosterone declines until it reaches a stage of almost total submission to the female hormones."

"How long are we looking at for Amy?"

“If started now, Amy would begin to blossom by Thanksgiving, and with your obvious physical endowments, she should have quite the figure by the time she graduates from high school.”

My parents thanked her and promised to get back with her. Aunt Nina pressed with, “The sooner we begin, the sooner we will see results.”

My summer was full. I was at Aunt Nina’s about every other weekend. Hal and I went to the movies, roller skating (he was amazingly graceful), to the beach or swimming pool, and sometimes just walking in the foothills. I enjoyed being with him and wanted more of his time.

At home I spent a lot of time with my mother, learning all the things I would have been learning all my life, had I been born a girl.

Twice I worked up enough courage to go watch my former team play. I sat in the stands quietly rooting for the team as it struggled in both games. I didn't miss it though.

I came down with a severe case of the flu early in my girlhood, awakening with severe cramps and the need to vomit. Needless to say, I ate little, drank a lot, and heaved it all. Mornings were the worst and I gradually improved as the days passed. Fortunately, Aunt Nina was visiting and was able to give me a shot which she said would alleviate the worst of the sickness.

“This is a terrible strain of flu. Hopefully we caught it in time,” she said as she delivered the shot into my rear. “You'll still have the early nausea for a few days, and then it will clear up.” And that's exactly what happened - two or three more days of sickness, then I felt great. “Keep taking those new vitamins I prescribed for you. They'll help,” Nina's admonished before returning home.

“Have you thought about school?” Mom asked. Summer was closing down and soon school would start again.

"No...I mean yes, but no." I tried not to think about school is what I meant. When I returned to classes, I'd have to do so as Richard, and I didn't want to be him. I liked being Amy. I wanted to be Amy. I am Amy.

"Well, you covered all the possibilities. Please explain."

"I don't want to think about school, so I put it off."

"Any particular reason?" she waited for my response.

"Can you picture the response I'll get when we write our English essay on 'How I Spent my Summer Vacation'? Mrs. Walker will have a fit when I begin it with 'I spent my summer as a girl.' She'll accuse me of making fun of the assignment, or have me prove that's what I did."

Mom smiled at that. "I've met Mrs. Walker. She is a formidable woman. I wouldn't want her thinking unkind thoughts of me, were I one of her students."

We finished cleaning the kitchen, and then sat across from each other at the breakfast nook. We spent this time as mother and daughter almost daily. If I had questions, or she felt the need to impart information needed by me as a girl, we took care of it during the quiet time in the morning.

"Are you frightened of returning to being Richard?"

"A little frightened? I'm scared to death." I shivered as I responded, and then added, "And, I don't want to be Richard. I am Amy. I want to remain as Amy. I am a girl, not a boy. You and Aunt Nina were right and now I realize it."

"Do you want to be our daughter, Amy, forever?"

Forever was a long time. I was looking only far enough in the future to encompass the beginning of school. Deep in thought, I left the breakfast table and mom, opting for the loneliness of the nearby park.

No more baseball, basketball or football. I'd have to learn to dance backwards, to be led and not lead. Assertiveness, taught to me since early childhood would have to be cloaked or eliminated. Most people don't like a pushy girl. The homemaker skills I'm currently learning would become my primary skills. The house runs only as well as the female in charge makes it run. If I'm talking of a house, do I really mean a

home with me as the wife? Yes, I believe so. I'm fairly knowledgeable. Am I ready for a large part of the population (read that as most of the male population) to accept my opinion less because I happen to be a girl?

The trees kept much of the sunshine off me and the bubbling of the brook served as a constant backdrop to my thoughts. I walked up and down the park, and sat at the edge of the running water. I realized I was at a crossroads of my life. Which road to take, femininity or masculinity forever?

When I returned from the park, I had made my choice. Mom's elation was obvious. Dad was happy too.

Working with Aunt Nina, I made all the necessary changes to be Amy Louise. My fiancée, soon to be my husband, will never know about Richard. Should we have a son, well, who knows? My whole life changed for the better because I got extremely 'Mad at Dad'.

The End

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IN THE PINK

WAIT? I thought Sue only had a brother?