

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"SISTERS FOREVER!"

TWO BROTHERS ARE FORCED TO BE GIRLS
TO HELP A SICKLY AUNT.

VOLUME #43



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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 43

SISTERS FOREVER

by Kelly Anne

Illustrations by Puyal

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING



P.O. Box 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624

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

© 1999 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
"SUMMER SISTERS"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express prior written permission of the publisher.

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION.

Names, characters, places and incidents are



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

**either the product of the author's imagination
or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to ac-
tual events or persons, living or dead is
entirely coincidental.**

QUOTE BOARD

Subject: Beer Test

Female Hormones detected in Beer!!

Science marches on

Yesterday scientists revealed that beer must contain fe-
male hormones.

To prove their theory, the scientists fed 100 men 12 pints
of beer and observed that 100% of them:

- * gained weight,
- * talked excessively without making sense,
- * became emotional,
- * couldn't drive, and
- * refused to apologize when wrong.

... No further testing is planned.

SISTERS FOREVER

By Kelly Anne

With editorial support from
Kristi Love & Sandy Thomas

“Boys! Boys! Boys everywhere!” I hear mother yell. “Just once I’d like to find the lid down!”

I was the second youngest of four boys. Although mom loved us each very much, we were all a disappointment to her from the day we were born. It wasn’t anything we had done. What could we have done? We were barely seconds out of her womb when she became disappointed with us.

All Mom ever wanted since she and dad met was to marry him and have a family just like in the lyrics to the old “Tea for Two” song - “a boy for you, a girl for me”. She had grown up in a family with only two girls. Her sister Judy had moved to Australia when she was young and they hadn’t seen each other much since. Mother traveled to Australia every few years but my Aunt couldn’t get away to visit us.

Unfortunately and to mom’s disappointment, with each new try, she had nothing but boys! Each time one of us was born, dad promised mom that the next one would be a girl, and each time he was wrong. Mom never mistreated us, but still it was perfectly clear at times that she just wasn’t happy with only boys around.

Mom always made a big fuss over the neighborhood girls, baby sitting them when they were little, offering them lemonade and cookies during the summer as they grew up.

The only woman in mom’s life was my aunt. She and my Aunt Judy wrote every week and packages from Australia arrived almost weekly too.

To the neighborhood girls, mom was a friend they could talk to about boys and a shoulder to cry on when later the boys broke their hearts.

Mom was there for my brothers and me too, but it was different. She kissed our scratches and scrapes to make the pain go away and she was always there to cheer us on in little league. But at our basketball games, she could always be found talking to one or more of the cheerleaders when it was time to leave.

My older brothers David and Ken didn’t seem to mind

mom's little quirk, but my younger brother Patrick and I thought we should get more attention. Dave was a great football player and Ken was fantastic on a basketball court, but Patrick and I were the quiet ones in the family. I was decent at baseball and Patrick was okay at Soccer, but we didn't have any adoring fans making a fuss over us. We could have used a lot more of mom's attention!

One day after I just turned sixteen and Patrick had recently turned twelve, mom and dad called us all together for a family meeting. We had expected a big announcement, but we were amazed when dad announced that he was selling his company and we would be taking a three-month long summer vacation!

"Hurray!" we all yelled.

Mother had tears in her eyes, "Your Aunt Judy is sick and we are going to take care of her."

"To Australia?" I asked.

"No honey, she's being flown to a special clinic about two hours from here. Her husband died last year and she was left with a lot of money so she can afford the best care."

I didn't know Aunt Judy at all but a long summer vacation away from here sounded great.

"There is one other surprise in store for this family," dad announced looking carefully at us all. "There's a problem."

"What?"

"We have to make an addition to our family."

"You mean mom's gonna have another kid?" my brother Dave asked in amazement. "I thought you said she couldn't?"

"That's not the problem," dad continued. "Ever since Patrick and Robert were born, your Aunt thought we'd had girls."

"That was pretty stupid," Patrick said. "What gave her that idea?"

"Your mother. She decided that it was time for her to have the daughters she always wanted. So she just wrote to Aunt Judy and sent her pictures of girls in the neighborhood."

"What's she going to do when she finds out?" I asked.

"Maybe die," he said. Mother broke into tears.

"You are adopting a couple a girls?" I asked, feeling confused by dad's statements.

Dad stared at mom for a few long seconds, then turned back to my brothers and me. "This isn't easy to explain," he said cautiously, "but there won't be any adoption or anything like that. But we need two girls."

Before he could continue, I chimed in, "You can't just kidnap a couple of girls off the street?"

"Robert, will you please let your father finish before you say anything more," mom stated nervously.

"First of all, we are not going to do anything illegal but your Aunt Judy's only request is to be near her nieces. Finding out now that she doesn't have any would kill her."

"Why?"

"All those boxes that came from her all these years?"

"You mean those dresses and stuff for the neighbor girls?" Dave asked.

"They were for Robert and Patrick." The four of us looked at each other wondering what all this meant to us. We slowly shook our heads in agreement.

"Your mom and I were thinking that maybe we could have a balanced family for the summer."

Mom said, "Two boys for Dad, two girls for me and Aunt Judy."

We were all confused as Dad went on, "Mom loves all of you boys but we have to temporarily give mom and Aunt Judy the daughter's she's always wanted. Since there's Aunt Judy's estate and her health at stake here, I'm selling the business and we were all going on a three-month vacation to be close to your Aunt Judy."

"What are you saying?" Dave asked.

"During that vacation, Bobby and Patrick are going to be the daughters mom always hoped for!"

I heard dad say my name and I thought I heard him say something about being daughters, but I was confused, "What are you talking about, dad?"

Mother said, "You both have long hair. You both are small and haven't developed any muscles..."

"IN ENGLISH, Mom!" I yelled.

"Your dad means that you and Patrick are going to be girls for the summer," mom spit it out. "Starting today, I'm going to treat the two of you as girls so that you'll be ready when summer comes."

Dave and Ken immediately broke up laughing. "I can't wait to see my pretty little sisters," Ken gasped as he held his sides, "This is going to be so funny. I..."

"Shut up!" dad roared and silence reigned. None of us ever dared to question dad; none of us were in a hurry to die!

"Pay attention," he ordered, shooting a stern look at my brothers. "This could work. Robert's and Patrick's youthful features will make it a lot simpler."

"This is a joke, right? I can't be a girl!" I wailed, "I like being a guy." At five foot six inches and one hundred thirty pounds, I was the smallest of the older boys. I wouldn't be in this mess if I only had a few more inches and a few more pounds.

"I'm sure you do," mom soothed, "but a summer in dresses won't kill you and it will either make Aunt Judy better or she'll die happy."

"And she'll leave her money to her nieces," Dad added.

"Run that by me again," I stammered, "How much money?"

"We are doing this to make her well!" Mother stated. "Forget the money."

"Now calm down, everyone," dad injected, "This is a lot to ask but your mother deserves a good try. You will be giving your Aunt happiness, maybe her last. In turn, you will learn about being a girl, which will help you better understand women when you are dating and after you get married."

There didn't seem to be any more discussion. I looked over at my little brother.

What was Patrick thinking? He always looked up to my brothers. I knew he wanted to grow up to be just like them. He was the shortest boy in his class, no taller than the tallest girl was. He looked sad and confused.

I felt pretty confused myself. What could we have done to make mom and dad think that they could just change us into girls? Even if it was a good cause. Hadn't we done everything they asked us to do? Didn't they love us anymore?

"Why us, mom?" I asked tearfully.

Mom replied as she hugged Patrick and me, "You're not being punished. You're being given a chance to help yourselves and your Aunt. I know you have never met her but she's always loved you two. She just couldn't leave her husband and their business."

"She loved them as girls!" Dave replied with a smirk.

Dad turned suddenly. "I don't ever want to hear anything like that again. Do you understand?" he stated, suddenly seeming ten feet tall. "You two will treat your new sisters as you were raised to treat all other girls. You'll be polite and respectful or you'll answer to me!"

"Yes dad," my brothers answered in unison.

"Good! Now that we have that settled, why don't you men go cut the grass while I get these young ladies ready for their debut?" mom said with a smile as she shoed dad and the older boys out of the house. Patrick and I were alone with her

and our fears.

"Not now?" I pleaded.

"No time like the present," she said as gently guided us towards her room, "let's get you two girls into something pretty!"

When she called us "girls," I got strange feeling.

Mom became very business-like once we got to her room. It was obvious that she had this all planned out and nothing was going to get in her way.

"Where'd you get all this stuff?" I asked.

"You aunt has been sending you girls stuff for all your lives. I gave away some but I kept the good stuff. Good thing, eh?"

Several outfits were laid out on her bed just waiting for Patrick and me to try on.

"Now Robert," mom said, as she handed me a bottle of hair remover, "go into my bathroom and run water for a nice hot bath. While you're waiting, spread this over your legs from top to bottom, then give it a few minutes before you get into the tub."

I held the bottle in my trembling hands as I tried to read the directions through my tears. "Take these things with you to wear when you're done." I almost dropped the bottle from my hands when mom handed me a pair of silky white girl's underwear and a pink robe.

"Don't just stand there," she said, as she gently pushed me towards the bathroom, "I've got to help your new sister 'Patti' get dressed. I want to be ready to help you when you're done."

"What if this doesn't work?" I cried, "I won't have any hair on my body."

"It'll work," she said it as if asking a boy to put Nair on his legs and wearing girl's underwear was normal. There was no getting out if it; mom had carefully planned everything. Once mom made plans, she never, ever abandoned them. So off for my bath I went!

I carefully read the directions on the bottle as I ran the water, then I applied a thick coat of the goo to my legs from my hips to my toes. I studied the underwear mom gave me as I waited for the stuff to work. This was so silly but I could help but admire how silky and light as a feather they were. They had a waistband that was only about a third the thickness of my boy's underwear.

Just looking at the girl's panties made me feel naughty and I wondered how they would feel on. A mischievous

sensation overwhelmed me as I thought about wearing them. Would I instantly start to feel like a girl? Would I want to go shopping at the mall and play with dolls? I had a million questions and just as many fears!

The water was ready and I slowly sat down in the tub of hot water. I noticed that I didn't feel different other than the weight pressing against my legs from the coating of Nair. I noticed once I rinsed off the Nair that my legs were as smooth and silky as the underwear mom had given me. I never had much hair on my legs, but I was very proud of what was there. It was a sign of growing up male; I wasn't a little boy anymore. Little signs I was becoming a man. Now it was gone and I was on my way to becoming a chick.

I finished my bath, then washed my hair with the special shampoo mom had set out for me. The label on the shampoo promised that it would 'dramatically increase the volume and rate of growth' while leaving it shiny and manageable. I thought it was a strange combination, one product to take away my hair and another to give me more. "Just one more confusing part of a confusing experience," I thought as I finished rinsing my hair and stepped out of the tub.

I took my time drying off, feeling very confused over the loss of the hair on my legs. I was in no hurry to dress like a girl but I wanted to touch the undies...even wear them.

Mom was finished, and it wasn't long before she was calling for me to hurry out of the bathroom. My hands were shaking badly as I picked up the dainty underwear and stepped into them. I managed to make them comfortable about my hips just as mom opened the bathroom door.

I screamed, "Can't I have a little privacy?"

"We're all girls," mom said with a smile, "Nothing to be ashamed of. Now let's get you dressed!"

As I stepped out of the bathroom, I saw a young girl staring at herself in mom's full-length mirror. She looked vaguely familiar. She was my brother! Patrick, or I suppose I should say my sister, Patti was standing with a confused look on his face. Mother had dressed him in a dark green patterned party dress. The dress had puffed sleeves, was tight about his upper body, but flared out to end two inches above his dimpled knees. His hair was parted in the middle, curled under in the back and on the sides, then brushed onto his forehead in bangs that ended just above his eyebrows.

His legs were bare, and his feet he wore dainty slippers with 1" heels.

I knew the person in front of the mirror was my brother but I didn't know the young unfamiliar girl gazing into the mirror. I didn't want to upset him by saying that I thought he made a cute girl!

"Don't worry Robert, you're going to be just as pretty as he is," mom told me. "Hold up your arms, please."

I was so shocked and amazed at Patrick's appearance that I stretched my arms out without thinking. The shock wore off immediately when mom placed a silky white bra against my chest and fastened it tight.

"Always put it against your chest backward to fasten it, turn it around, then put your arms into the straps," mom advised, "You'll find it much easier to get on that way."

"Why do I have to wear one of these?" I whined pointing to the bra as if it were a snake.

"I started wearing them when I was thirteen," mom answered, "I can't imagine a girl your age who doesn't WANT one!"

My face was bright red. I was so embarrassed and ashamed to be in girl's clothes, but there was nothing I could do. "You're going to love the way these feel, son," mom told me as she led me to her bed and handed me a pair of pantyhose. "I bought some really sheer and silky ones for you!"

I looked at the package and the words 'Sheer and Silky' were prominently displayed in large pink letters against a white background. The style of the letters and the colors gave a very feminine look to the package, making me want to throw it into the trash and run out of the room.

"Don't just sit there," mom urged as I stared at the package, "take them out. I'll show you how to get them on without putting a run into them."

I had never even felt nylons on a girl's legs and now I was going to be wearing them.

I carefully opened the package and took out the delicate looking stockings. They were light like a feather. They were practically transparent even though they were bunched up.

I numbly sat as mom showed me how to carefully roll the stockings over one foot and partially up my leg before starting on the other leg. I followed her step by step directions until I finally had the pantyhose pulled snugly over my hips. I then smoothed them out from the ankles up to my crotch.

Mother said, "I don't want you two showing your lingerie to your brothers. Boys get 'going' by this stuff."

I tried to not think about the sensations flowing through

my body.

"You have such pretty legs dear. I knew this was going to work," mom gushed as she examined me. "Now drop this slip over your head and down your body, then I'll get one last thing before you put on your dress. We'll do your hair after you have your dress on, okay?"

"No, it wasn't okay," I thought. "I don't want to wear girl's underwear and stockings. I don't want my hair done. I sure as heck don't want to wear a dress!" Of course I didn't say anything. We were taught early not to talk back to our parents. I just meekly donned the slip as she instructed.

Soon mom was back with a small box. I wanted to die when she removed the contents! With a flourish and a big grin, she held out what looked like two breasts! "You'll be a prefect 34A with these!" mom announced proudly as she gently slipped them into my bra. She adjusted the straps to keep them tight against my chest. "Now let's get you into your dress and get your hair done!"

"Shouldn't I have a pair of those too?" Patrick asked.

"You are a little young but we'll see," Mother smiled.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Patrick watching me. He couldn't believe that mom was really doing this to us. Occasionally when he thought no one was looking, he'd lift his dress and stare at the slip and panties mom had made him wear, then quickly lower his dress and looked over at me. Mom didn't miss a thing though, "Leave you dress alone, dear. You look very pretty," she assured him. "I think you are going to may a wonderful 'Patti!'"

Turning her attention back to me, she had me raise my arms once again and slipped a dress over my head. Adding insult to injury, she made me work it down until it stopped a few inches above my knees. I wanted to look at myself after mom zipped it up and smoothed out the wrinkles, but she insisted that I wait until she was done.

Thirty minutes of brushing, curling, and combing were bad enough, then mom started on my face with makeup! Finally, my hair curled, my face made up, wearing a dress, stockings, and a pair of black slippers, mom led me to the mirror where Patrick stood open mouthed as he stared at me.

I saw a girl wearing a lovely pink dress with a two-section skirt, one ending at mid thigh and the other flaring out several inches lower. She had a cute hairstyle, feathering back from her pretty face. Her eyelashes were long and curled, and her eyes stood out from the smoky brown



*“You have such lovely legs for a boy, Jenny,”
mother sighed as I finished rolling the pantyhose
up my hairless legs.*

“You must learn to take care of them.”

eyeshadow that she wore. Her dark red lips looked very kissable and her smooth cheeks showed just a hint of blush for color. She was certainly pretty, a girl any guy my age could get worked up over, but she was me!

"Robert, you look like a chick!" Patrick shouted in amazement. "A foxy chick!"

"I feel stupid! And you're not going to win any 'he-man' awards yourself," I shot back, irritated that he was pointing out what I already knew.

"Behave yourselves, girls," mom stepped in quickly to keep things from getting out of hand. "I know this is odd but you'll get used to it," she exclaimed giddily, "Oh I just knew this was going to work. You girls are so cute!"

"Please, mom," I pleaded in desperation, "you can't do this to us! It's not fair. Everyone's going to laugh at us! AND if the guys at school find out! I'm dead!"

"I never thought it was fair that I had four sons," mom replied. "As for people laughing at you, tell me who?"

"Who will laugh?" I was surprised at her question. The answer was so obvious. "Everyone who sees us, that's who!"

"Patti, do you think you look like a boy?" mom asked Patrick.

"No I guess not, mom," he stammered. "I never even thought a dress would fit me.

"What about you? See any boy in that mirror?" mom turned to see me staring at my reflection. "Is that a boy or a girl that you're looking at?"

"That's not the point," I argued, even though I knew the answer. "Just putting me into a dress isn't going to make me a girl."

"I know that but with just a little work on your part, no one will laugh." Mom was being so calm it was spooky. I had never won an argument with mom, but this was too important to give up on.

"I don't know how to do anything like a girl!" I said trying to stay calm.

"That'll come," Mom said. "Do you think you look more like a boys or a girls now?"

"But..."

Mom smiled, feeling certain she had won. "Answer my question!"

I shuffled my feet and tried to ignore her. "I'm waiting for an answer. Do you think you look like a boy?" she repeated.

"No," I sighed, "I guess not."

"Well, since neither of you look like boys, then you must

look like girls. If you look like girls, then why would anyone laugh at you? And besides, your Aunt isn't all there anyway."

She had me there and we both knew it. She had this pretty well planned out. It had been months since Patrick or I had a haircut. Mom kept saying that we looked very nice with long hair, so there was no reason to get it cut. I would have gotten a buzz cut every week if I had known what was coming my way!

"Okay girls, you can admire yourselves later. Right now we have work to do before the boys get back."

Mom kept us very busy for the rest of the afternoon cleaning, making beds, and doing dishes. She had us save our own rooms for last, saying that she needed to take care of something. Something turned out to be moving Patrick out of the room he shared with David and replacing him with Ken. Patrick was to move in with me.

Once we had everything of Ken's out of my room, mom insisted that she check Patrick's and my stuff before we put it away. She went through our things and when she was done, there was only enough boys' clothes left to get us through school.

We were only allowed to keep one pair of boy's briefs for days when we had gym. Other than that, we had to wear panties all of the time to make sure we got used to them. We were left without a single article of casual boy's clothes.

We wouldn't need them since we were to change into a skirt or dress every day after school and all the time on weekends.

"You have to get used to these things before we leave," mom insisted. To make sure we felt enough like girls, we stripped our beds. My sheets were replaced with new ones in light pink. Patrick ended up with Barbie sheets on his bed!

Mom had us help her in the kitchen. After a little time, we relaxed and pretty much forgot what we were wearing until the sound of the front door opening brought us back to our senses. "Mom, please let us change clothes," Patrick begged, tears forming on his cheeks. "I don't want dad and my brothers to see me like this."

"There's nothing wrong with the way you're dressed?" mom asked as she gave him a hug. "I'm sure that your dad and brothers will think so too."

"They'll laugh at us, mom," I pleaded, hoping to gang up on her. "They'll take one look at Patrick and me and bust out laughing. I just know they will!"

"I'll make you girls a deal. If your father or either of your

brothers laughs at you or even looks at you funny, I'll let you change back into boy's clothes and we'll forget the whole idea, okay?" mom asked sympathetically.

"What if they don't?" Patrick asked. "Then what happens?"

"Relax Patrick," I whispered. I knew my brothers and this was something they couldn't resist. We'd be back to pants before we sat down for dinner! "We've got this one beat!"

"If they don't," mom continued, "then you have to go along with me without another word, ever. Deal?"

"Deal!" I yelled as soon as she stopped talking. Thank God for my obnoxious brothers!

"All right then, you gals stay in the kitchen," mom instructed. "Refresh your lipstick the way I showed you and come out when I call you."

Patrick and I took time to get our lips right just as mom had shown. It was no big deal since it would be the last time we'd ever have to do it. Moment's later mom called for us to come to the dinner table.

"Ken and David, I'd like to introduce your new sisters." mom said with a big smile on her face. She stared right at Ken and Dave just to see what they'd do.

My heart was pounding. "Come on, Ken," I thought to myself, "don't let me down! Dave you overgrown moron, say something!"

I thought my heart was going to stop as Ken, and Dave rose from their seats and walked towards us. Ken stood near Patrick and Dave was at my side. With a smile, each of the guys pulled out the chairs in front of us and held it for us to sit in. This was normal for mom at the table, but why were they doing it for Patrick and me?

"That's a pretty dress, Patti," Ken said to Patrick as he held the chair for him, "The color brings out your eyes."

I about heaved as Dave said to me, "Your hair looks nice like that."

I looked at mom sitting with an 'I win' smile on her face, then at Patrick who was ready to cry. What could I say, obviously dad had a long talk with the boys, so mom was sure she'd win the bet.

"What did mom promise you boys?" I asked.

Mom answered, "They know how important your Aunt Judy is to me."

Dad absentmindedly mumbled to Ken, "I was thinking about getting that new Ford truck. What do you hear about them?"



"You will always treat your sisters as the ladies they will become," mom told my brothers as they held our chairs for us.

I suddenly remembered Aunt Judy's money. She must have promised them a car or something!

Dinner went just as it had for years. No one paid any more attention to Patrick and me now that we were in dresses than they ever did before. We were just girls and that was that! Ken and Dave didn't have much to say. They never talked much to Patrick or me since they thought of us as just kids, but tonight they said even less.

When dinner was over, mom had Patrick and me help her with the cleanup while the guys went to watch a video.

Mom was very talkative while we were cleaning, chatting about how cute we looked and what she had planned for us.

She told us that she was so happy to have a couple of girls in the family now and how lonely she was before. She told us that she had everything planned out and that she would try to make our summer fun.

Turning to me, she said, "Maybe it's time we start thinking about a car for you."

"I thought we didn't have the money?" I asked.

"You help make your Aunt happy this summer and I'll get you any car you want." She kissed each of us on the forehead as she promised, "By summer, no one would be able to tell that you are not really girls."

I got a mysterious reaction at the idea of being a girl for the summer. I certainly didn't want anyone to think that I was a boy in girl's clothes, but I couldn't imagine what it would be like being thought of as a girl.

After talking about it though, Patrick and I agreed that being a girl was certainly better than being seen as a sissy. We promised to do whatever mom wanted.

When we had everything cleaned up and put away, mom said that we could spend the rest of the evening watching

ARE YOU
A
WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309

television or whatever we wanted to do. The outfits we were wearing ruled out going outside, so we tried to make ourselves comfortable and watch television.

Getting comfortable wasn't that easy. We couldn't just plop down on the floor or spread out on the sofa with dresses on, so we had to sit very carefully on the love seat while making sure our dresses were pulled down properly as mom had taught us.

Staying comfortable was even harder because Ken and Dave checked us out every chance they got! Finally mom and dad left the room and I quickly turned to my tormentors.

"Can't you two cut me a break and quit staring? This wasn't my idea!" I hissed softly.

"Look dearie," Dave explained nervously, "I'm not being nasty or anything. It's just that you're sort of..." he trailed off at a sudden loss for words.

"WHAT?"

"Pretty. I guess we're actually complimenting you and Patti by staring," Ken continued for Dave. "We were talking about you two earlier when dad wasn't around and you're...."

"Cute," Dave finished his sentence. "Well actually Patti is cute, but you're pretty in a dress! You both really look like girls. It's amazing. You weren't that much to look at as a guy, but you would certainly get a second look from any guy I know!"

"He's right," Ken said with a silly look, "I'd want to go on a date with you if you weren't my sister!"

"I'm not your sister, remember?" I was getting worried. "This is just for the summer, okay?"

"Don't get upset. Like we said, we're giving you two a compliment!" Dave tried to gloss everything over, but it was too late. It was a horrible feeling to realize that our brothers had given up on us and were ready to think of us as girls!

A little while later, mom called Patrick and me to start getting ready for bed. I left the room feeling very self-conscious knowing that my brothers were staring at my bottom. I tried to walk normally, but the dress and the heels worked against me. I could actually feel my butt swaying as I walked! The final humiliation was a low wolf whistle just before I walked out of the room.

While Patrick was taking a bath, mom showed me how to

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

remove my makeup. We talked about how I felt. I started crying and mom hugged me tight and told me, "Everything will be okay. I just need you to try this. It's for the family."

I didn't know how she could say that, but it made me feel better just to have her hold me close. Somehow I managed to recover enough to take a quick bath. When I came out there was a knee length nylon nightgown that mom had laid out for me. "You want me to sleep in that?" I asked.

"It'll help, I promise," mother said. "We haven't much time to get you two thinking appropriately. We might as well us your sleep time too,"

FIRST TIME OUT!

Mom was in our room bright and early Sunday morning to help pick out the outfits we'd wear to church services.

"OUTSIDE?" I gasped.

"Yes, dear. We might as well see if this is going to work. We'll go somewhere where we aren't known."

Patrick wore a long sleeved lilac dress with blue flowers while I wore a short sleeved green velvet dress that made me look very feminine. Mom insisted that I don my own bra, but she did give me a quick review to make it easier. Mom laughed as I put on my pantyhose, saying that I treated it as if it were a deadly snake. I was just trying to be careful. I didn't have a lot of experience putting on such delicate things and was afraid to rip them.

"Loosen up," mom laughed, "you'll be slipping em' on like an expert in no time!"

"How can dad and our brothers go along with this, mom?" I cried.

"You and your brother must always refer to your father as 'daddy' like sweet daughters do," mom corrected and ignored my question.

"Daddy?" I cried, "That sounds so...so sissy!"

"It would be sissy if a boy said it but it's proper for young girls," mom sternly stated. "Now hurry and finish dressing. The men are already dressed and waiting for us."

Patrick and I put on our slips and dresses without help, but had to stand helpless while she zipped up my dress and buttoned the back of Patrick's dress.

Makeup and a hairstyle for me, a little lipstick and a quick brushing of Patrick's hair and we were ready to go. Dave, Ken, and 'Daddy' were waiting for us when we finished dressing.

Dave admitted, "I wouldn't be seen with you two if you didn't pass for girls. Watch your skirts in the wind, eh?"

Even Dad said to mom, "I really didn't think it would work but it is! Robert looks very pretty in a dress! And Patrick is very sweet."

We went to a church where we weren't known. It was shocking and I got upset as we were returning home. I was very upset, not because anyone noticed that I was a boy, but because they hadn't noticed! Patrick and I were simply Patti and Roberta, two pretty young girls to everyone we met. I realized that this was working and I felt doomed!

I hoped for a quiet Sunday at home to wallow in my misery, but mom had other plans. We no sooner got inside then she told Patrick and I to go to our room and wait for her. We were to spend the afternoon learning more about being girls.

"Wonderful," I thought to myself as we started towards our room. "We manage to spend over an hour in church all prettied up and pretending we're girls, but she's not satisfied.

As if she were reading my mind, she yelled, "I want you two perfect!"

"What else can there be? I already know how to wear dresses,

I yelled back. "I've even learned how to put stockings on without messing them up."

"It's between the ears, I'm worried about," she stated.

Mom didn't waste time. More boxes and some new things appeared. "There's so much to learn," she said.

Patrick was presented with a collection of Barbie dolls and all the necessary outfits that a girl could hope for. Mom said, "Although Patrick is a little old to play with them, can dress them up to learn about outfits and have something to talk to other girls about."

Then came the shocker. Mom had signed Patrick up for baton twirling lessons and me for ballet lessons. "To help make us more comfortable as girls," she said. She never gave a thought to our not wanting to be girls!

We had a busy afternoon with lessons on walking, sitting, lifting, bending, and speaking like girls. Mom worked us harder than our teachers did before finals. One mistake and we repeated the entire lesson. One misstep and we'd have to start over again until we didn't think we could take it anymore!

There was a rest but only to read some new magazines. "Teen Idols" for Patrick and "Seventeen" for me. She asked

us questions about what we read and we had to answer them like girls.

She asked Patrick, "Who do you like."

He gushed on about how neat the Hanson's were. I almost couldn't tell he was acting.

She asked me about skirt lengths and hair.

After nearly all day of what mom called 'Girl Practice', we were allowed to stop, but only because we had to help mom with dinner.

Helping mom with dinner turned out to be a lot of fun. Patrick and I forgot how we were dressed with her laughing, joking, and horsing around. At the dinner table, the guys held our seats for us again and even complimented us on the dinner and how pretty the place settings were. I smiled hearing dad coach them, "Hold the girl's chair for them."

It was funny. They were learning to be gentlemen because we were becoming ladies.

The last thing that either Ken or Dave would have noticed was place settings! Still it was all so new that any compliment was a distraction. It made me feel good that they cared enough to try!

After dinner, Patrick and I helped mom clean up and it was as much fun as making dinner! We saw a side of mom that she had kept hidden except when she was around girls. Mom opened up like she never did before, telling us stories of what it was like for her growing up. She talked about some crazy dates she went on, the different boys she dated, then meeting and falling in love with dad. It was so different to see mom like this and we loved it!

After cleanup, we went back in our room for more practice. Me with lessons in makeup, Patrick desperately trying to learn to walk while balancing a book on his head! It was hard to believe that he was my little brother. He wore a pretty green cotton dress with a white collar and white trimming on the sleeves. He had changed too less dressy pair of black pump slippers.

Even though his hair was slightly messed up from the book he practiced with, he still had the look of a cute twelve year old girl.

With just a hint of lipstick, the scales were tilted. He had that sleek, shiny hair that fell naturally back into place with each girlishly saucy toss of his head.

This was my little brother in a dress, a boy who in a few more weeks was going to take baton-twirling lessons. What

would life be like after baton lessons for him, ballet lessons for me, and a whole summer in dresses?

Mom noticed my far off look. "Is something wrong, dear?" she asked, her voice filled with concern.

"What's going to happen to Patrick and me, mom?" I asked meekly, "I'm afraid."

"Of what?" mom asked putting her arm around me.

I hesitated for a minute or two not sure if I should go on, then finally blurted it out. "Someone's bound to recognize us, mom. We can't pretend to be something we're not. People will know!"

Mom stared into my eyes then smiled. She called Patrick over. "I think you should hear this too."

Patrick joined us on the bed, carefully adjusting his dress to cover the hem of his slip.

Mom put her other arm around Patrick, then drew us close. "Robert is worried that people will be able to tell that you two are not really girls. What about you?"

"I guess me too," Patrick said shyly, "I don't want anyone to think I'm a sissy! We could get beat up."

"I wouldn't want that either," mom answered. "That's why your daddy and I planned everything out."

"But the ballet class?" I interrupted. "I'll die of shame if I have to wear one of those fancy outfits! Besides, everyone will be able to tell that I'm a boy in tights!"

"I thought of that. You'll be wearing leotards most of the time, a sort of bathing suit and tights outfit. You'll have a Tutu, one of those fancy outfits you mentioned, but that will be for special occasions like recitals. Maybe it's time I told you..."

"What?" I asked.

"You both are going to have to wear a special garment under that and everything else. I suppose it will be uncomfortable at first but it will make you look just like any other girl."

"Me too?" Patrick asked, his voice heavy with worry.

"Only for special occasions like shows," mom answered. "Most of the time you can wear shorts and a top. Dresses aren't appropriate since there is too much bending and stretching."

"How come he gets to wear shorts, but I have to wear dresses?" I demanded, feeling shortchanged. "That's not fair!"

"No, it wouldn't be fair," mom agreed. "Don't get worked up. You'll be allowed to wear shorts just as soon as you get

used to the garment. Think about it. Tight shorts show more of your gender than a dress.”

“Oh yeah,” I said. “I better get used to wearing that thing.”

She nodded, “The easiest way to make you feel like a girl is to make you wear a dress. In a few weeks, you’ll be allowed to wear whatever you like, a dress, slacks, shorts, your choice.”

“What if we want to wear boy’s clothes?” Patrick asked, “Can we wear boy’s clothes if we wanted to?”

“Only to school or if I let you,” mom shot that idea down without a second thought. “You’re my daughters around the house and I expect you to dress that way. Let me show you some of the special things I bought to help you adjust as girls.”

Patrick and I looked at each other then shrugged our shoulders, doubtful that it could be any worse than it already was. We were both wondering what mom could have to help us ‘adjust’.

We followed mom to her room where she removed a small box from her closet. It was too small to be clothes. It was a little heavy for her to handle, but she managed to carry it to the bed and open it up. Reaching inside, she fished out a small book with a pink cover and handed it to Patrick whose eyes went wide with shock. The title, done in a very fancy style, was “Barbie’s for Boys. Getting started with Fashion Dolls”.

“These were expensive. I hope you like it,” mom said with a happy smile, “I used to spend hours in my room playing Barbies! Sometimes my girlfriends and I would get all of our Barbies together and put on a fashion show!”

“I like trucks and trains, not Barbies!”

“I’ve already packed away all of those silly toys. You’ll find a whole set of Barbies in my closet. No more violent toys for my little girl!” mom said emphatically. Once again, end of argument!

“Where you get such a stupid book,” I said.

“Same place I got YOU these,” mom stated, handing me several books like she had given Patrick. I thought Patrick had it bad until I saw ‘Makeup Tips for Boys’, ‘Hairstyling for Him’, ‘A Boy’s first Bra’, and ‘Boys: How to attract them. How to handle them.’ There was a fiction book called, “The Son I Couldn’t Be.”

“You’ve got to be kidding, mom! Makeup, bras, and hair styling are bad enough, but I refuse to even look at that one about dating!” I hoped my refusal would be strong enough to make her back down and send that crap back!



No more trains for you, Patrick. From now on you will play with Barbies. Jennifer will learn to comport herself as a proper lady," mom ordered as she handed me the hateful books.

"They're just subjects you need to know about," mom told me without the slightest trace of backing down, "especially the one about boys. You're a pretty girl and you need to know how to handle boys. They will ask you out and who knows," she giggled, "You might want to go on a date! It's going to be a long summer."

"I'm not going on dates with other boys," I moaned hysterically, "I'm not a weirdo!"

Patrick had a worried look on his face. "What's wrong dear?" mother asked.

"A kid at school said that if a boy put on lipstick and kissed another boy, they would turn into a girl!"

Mom and I had a laugh at that. "Just putting on lipstick or even kissing anyone isn't going to magically do anything or make anyone a weirdo!" she said patting my tears before they streaked my makeup, "but if Robert is going to fit in as a girl, that might mean dating boys."

"No!" I cried, "I won't date boys. Can you imagine what my brothers would do if some guy came to the door to take me out?"

"You father has already discuss that possibility with them. They understand that you must fit in. How about we make a deal?" mom asked nicely, "I can't force you to go on a date. Why don't we wait until the end of June? I promise never to mention the subject again if by then, you haven't been asked out at least three times by different boys."

I moaned, "No guy is going to ask me out. It's just not going to happen!"

Mom smiled and changed the subject to the books she gave us. "I want you boys to study those books. There's a lot of things that boys don't know about girls. Things you both have to know."

I cringed, "You mean like the monthly thing?"

"That's what I mean. I want you to call it your period OR maybe the 'curse.' We will be figuring out a cycle for the both of you."

Patrick looked scared. "I don't have to wear one of those things, do I?"

"Only if I need to remind you of where in your cycle you are. I want you to read those books as if they were school assignments. It's all information you're going to need this summer."

Turning to Patrick, she asked, "Let me know if you want more dolls or need more outfits for them. Most girls your age have been collecting them for years. I wouldn't want my little

girl to feel left out.”

“Thanks, mom,” Patrick said looking kind of dazed, “I’ll let you know.”

“I’ll pick up a nice baton for you to practice with tomorrow,” mom told him. “You can get a jump on the other girls in your class!” Turning to me she smiled, “There are some exercises you should do to help limber up for ballet class. I’ll get you some leotards when I go shopping tomorrow. You’re going to be a beautiful ballerina!”

Mom chatted away about what it was like for her when she took ballet lessons and how much fun she had as a majorette, strutting in parades while wearing a pretty uniform. Soon the conversation turned to Patrick and me and girls. The change was so smooth that we never really noticed.

Before long, we were talking about the girls at school we thought were good looking and why. I mentioned one girl that most guys at school thought was really hot.

Mom asked, “What makes her so special.”

“I don’t know,” I answered, “she always looks great, especially in those special pictures her mom had taken.”

“Special?” mom asked pulling me further along, “What’s so special about them?”

I explained how her mom took her to a professional photographer where they fix the girls makeup to look like models and take their pictures. Several of the girls at school had them done, but none looked as gorgeous as the one I mentioned.

“I’ve seen her at games,” mom shrugged, “She’s not that great.”

“Are you nuts?” I asked incredulously, “She’s pretty enough in person, but she was drop dead gorgeous in those pictures!”

“You could look every bit as good as she does!” mom laughed in a mocking tone.

“Now I’m sure you’re nuts!” I sniffed. Me looking like that Goddess from school? Mom was taking things a little too far trying to make me enjoy dressing in girl’s stuff!

“Bet me!” mom challenged. “Put your money where your mouth is. I dare you!”

I shook my head in angry disagreement. “This is crazy. If you win, I’m all done up in who knows what outfit looking like a total babe. If you lose, I’m all done up in who knows what outfit looking like a jerk!”

“Let’s make it interesting,” mom teased. “If I win, you’ll go shopping with me next weekend. If I lose, we’ll forget the

entire summer as girls for both of you! How's that sound?"

"Who decides the winner?" I asked suspiciously. I didn't think mom would cheat but still...

"How about Ken and David," mom suggested, "They've always had a good eye for babes."

I thought of some of the girls my brothers dated. Neither one ever lacked for babes. "Okay, I guess."

I didn't really want to have my brothers judge my little show, but I was sure they would set mom straight. Dressing me up like a girl was one thing, but trying to pass as a Babe was ridiculous!

"Give me a few minutes to get an outfit together. In the meantime, take off your dress and hang it up neatly," mom said as she hurried into her closet, emerging moments later with the dress that she was pinning her hopes on.

"I hope you don't mind looking a little older," she said as she laid out a pink dress with a scooped top and a flared skirt. "I think this will do nicely. Now let me get some different lingerie and a few accessories, then we'll start making you into a Babe!"

An hour later, I had on pink eyeshadow, coral colored lipstick, dark pink blush, my eyelashes were thinned out and colored with a special pencil, and my hair fell gently to my shoulders and flipped under to reveal the pink earrings mom had clipped onto my ears. Mom glued long shiny pink nails to my fingernails and placed a pearl necklace around my throat.

It was bad enough that the dress fit like a glove, but my legs were covered in silky nylon, and my feet were in a pair of high-heeled pink sandals that showed off my polished toes! The worst part was that mom insisted on making me feel like a Babe by switching my white panties, bra, and slip for lingerie more appropriate to my outfit. Underneath a chiffon skirt I wore a matching pair of pink satin panties, satin bra trimmed in lace which matched the panties, and half-slip I wore. The final degrading touch, for what mom called the total Babe feeling, was a wispy pink lace garter belt to hold up my nylons!

I felt so strange. These were clothes for a grown woman, not a teenage girl, and especially not for a teenage boy. Mom wouldn't let me look in a mirror, insisting that we let Ken and Dave make the final call. I trusted their taste in girls and was positive I'd never make the grade!

Mom thought I'd need time to get used to the heels, but I



“Well, boys, is your little brother a ‘Babe’ or what?” mom smiled as I stood before my brothers dressed to impress.

surprised her when after a few minutes I found that I could easily walk in them. I had a mental image of seeing mom and other women walking in heels and relaxed and imitated them. I noticed a little sway in my walk, but that couldn't be helped. Besides, it would all be history in a few minutes.

"Are you ready, my dear?" mom smiled, "I haven't said a thing to anyone, so this will be a fair test."

"I'm ready mom. I just hope you won't be too disappointed this summer without daughters," I told her as I followed her out of the room.

"We're home free," I called to Patrick as I left the room. Why was he staring at me?

I waited at the bottom of the steps listening to mom tell the guys that we wanted a favor from them. "Sure, mom. What do you need?" Dave asked as mom motioned for me to come into the room.

"I need you guys to tell mom that this isn't going to work. I absolutely do not look like a babe!" I explained as I walked into the room. "She bet me that she could make me look like one...you guys are the judges."

Silence reigned for the longest time as dad, Dave, and Ken stared at me with their mouths agape. "Come on guys, cut me a break," I pleaded, "You two guys have dated some really hot looking girls. Do I look like a girl you'd want to show off to your friends?"

"No, I sure wouldn't," Dave said as he looked me over carefully, "No way I'd want you around my friends!"

"See, mom. You lose!" I said triumphantly, "I can't wait to tell Patrick!"

"Dave's right." I froze in my tracks.

"I wouldn't trust my friends around a babe like you!"

"Are you two goofy?" I screamed, "You must be blind. I'm a sixteen-year-old boy in his mother's dress. Can't you see?"

"Have you looked in a mirror, Jennifer?" dad asked. "You don't look like a sixteen year old boy. You don't even look like a sixteen year old girl."

"I hate to make you lose your bet," Dave told me, "but you look like a really beautiful woman."

"You're really pretty," I heard Patrick's voice from behind, "Mom made you look just like a pretty lady."



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

"You're wrong! You're all wrong!" I screamed. I flung off my heels and ran to my room throwing myself down on the bed sobbing.

Mom came in a few minutes later and began to run her fingers through my hair. "I know this is hard on you," she said calmly, "please come to the mirror with me?"

"No, mom! Leave me alone," I cried, "Haven't you caused enough trouble already?"

"Come with me and you'll see what your dad and brothers saw---a very beautiful young lady," she urged as she gently pulled me from the bed.

I slowly got off the bed and slipped my heels back on while mom redid my hair. She removed the towel from the mirror and set it aside so that I could get a good look at myself. "That's me?" I asked gaping wide eyed at the reflection in the mirror, "It can't be!"

"That's you with the right makeup and the perfect outfit. A beautiful woman!"

"How could you do this to me, mom?" I wailed, "I'll bet dad and the guys are laughing at me right now!"

"No one's laughing at you, not your daddy or your brothers. No one is laughing now and no one will either. I told you that I'd take care of you and protect you while you were a girl and I meant it. I had to let you see for yourself that you could be a pretty teenager or a beautiful woman with a little effort. Either way you look beautiful. No one will ever know that you're not Jennifer."

"It can't be that easy!" I cried.

"You weren't that manly," Mom stated.

I stared at the woman in the mirror, shocked that I looked like her. I had to admit that mom was right. "Okay, you win," I sighed in resignation, "I admit it. You've got yourself a daughter for the summer!"

Mom broke into a big smile and kissed me on my head. "Thank you! It's for your Aunt but I hope we can have a wonderful time anyway. I just know we will!"

Mom helped me remove the dress and jewelry, but insisted that I keep the nylons and other lingerie, saying, "I want to keep you in a feminine awareness."

"What can it hurt?" I thought as I pulled on a simple pink dress that mom gave me. "I can put up with being a teenager again after blowing everyone's mind as a woman."

"Zip me up?" I turned to let mom zip my dress to the top. "Should I wear those shoes again?"

"I think they'd look nice with that dress too," mom suggested with a smile, "It's up to you though. You'll have to start picking out your own dresses!"

I shook my head and smiled at mom while I slipped the sandals back on my feet. "What does a girl have to do to get a snack around this place?" I joked.

"Right this way, miss," mom laughed as I followed her to the kitchen for a snack and a long chat.

The next morning, mom was in our room bright and early waking Patrick and me up. "Good morning, girls. Time to get up," she called cheerfully. "Patti, why don't you shower while I lay out your clothes."

"C'mon, mom," I chided as I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and pulled my nightgown over my thighs. "We're big guys...er...girls. We can pick out our own clothes!"

"All right, but here are a few things I want you girls to wear from now on," she said as she laid a pair of girl's socks and a girdle on my bed and a pair of socks and girl's tee shirt on Patrick's. "Today's not a gym day, so make sure you girls wear your panties!"

I considered arguing with mom, but the way my luck was running, I'd end up wearing that pink dress to school as part of another bet. I wasn't about to bet mom again! "Why a girdle, mom?" I asked as I struggled to pull it over my hips. The girdle had padded hips and butt, which added to the look of a teenage girl standing in her underwear. What was she planning this time?

"You should get used to wearing them if you want to wear slacks and occasionally with dresses," mom said as she helped Patrick out of his nightgown and into the girl's tee shirt he was to wear. "It will help to shape your figure, slim your waist and hide unsightly bulges. We'll talk more about that later though." That was her attitude the last two days. No big deal that two of her sons were wearing girl's clothes. There appeared to be nothing unusual about a son wearing a girdle. She had a plan and that was that!

I pulled on the girl's socks after struggling to get the girdle to fit properly. The socks were white and didn't look much different from my boy socks except that I knew they were thin girl's socks. As I reached for my pants, mom had me step into the bathroom with her where she told me how the girdle would hide unsightly bulges. After several minutes of struggling, I managed to tuck my privates out of the way and pull the girdle snug against my crotch. I sheepishly stepped into

my pants and donned my shirt then went to have breakfast.

"Remember to always refer to your father as daddy, even when dressed in your boy clothes," mom reminded.

"Morning, girls," dad called out cheerfully, "sleep well?"

"Yes, daddy. Thanks for asking," I acted as if everything was normal. Thankfully Dave and Ken had already left for school. I feared that they could tell that I was wearing a girdle.

"Don't forget what we talked about, girls. It's important to watch other girls in school and pay close attention to how they act. Girls do everything differently than boys. You must learn to act naturally as girls."

"Yes, mom, but do I have to sit and play with them at recess?" Patrick asked, hoping against what was a terrible fate.

"No, sweetie," mom kissed his cheek and gently calmed his fears, "you don't have to sit with them unless you want to, but you should watch how they play together. It will make it easier when you play with other girls this summer."

I felt better with mom focusing her attention on Patrick, but unfortunately it didn't last. "Jennifer, you need to watch how girls act around boys," mom advised as if telling me to pay attention in Math class. "Watch how they stand, what they do with their hands, and the way they smile. You must have all of the right mannerisms if you want people to believe you're a girl."

"Okay, mom," I promised, not wanting to argue. I'd much rather be the boy the girls were smiling at instead of learning how to smile as a girl.

What an experience that day in school was. I was terrified that someone would notice the waistband of my panties or girdle or that one of the girls I watched would notice my staring and say something to me. I managed to go through the entire day without going mad, and soon I was back home changing into a dress and stockings again.

Patrick and I did our homework, helped mom with dinner and dishes, and then spent the rest of the evening talking about school and girls. Mom insisted that we talk about the outfits the girls wore to school, how they did things, and what they did differently than the boys did. By the end of the evening, Patrick and I were surprised at all the little things we had never noticed before. Mom even had us looking forward to seeing how many other differences we could find.

By the end of the week, Patrick and I were used to

changing into dresses once we got home. It was weird hearing mother and everyone calling us by girl's names.

I spent most evenings in a pink leotard doing ballet exercises or practicing my makeup while Patrick played with his dolls. He didn't enjoy playing with his Barbies, but mom insisted that he spend at least an hour each evening dressing them up and arranging them for display in the bedroom. Soon he was proficient with dressing the dolls and they made a very feminine display on his side of the room. Sometimes I helped him.

Saturday morning arrived and with it the shopping trip mom planned. I had breakfast with the family while wearing my nightgown. They had seen me in dresses and nightgowns for the past week and never said a word about it. Patrick was up before me and had changed into a blue jumper and a white top, which made him look like a cute girl. Mom said I could pick out my own clothes now. I wanted to try something nice, but not flashy.

After breakfast, I searched through my new clothes. I finally decided on a short sleeved white pullover top and a short red skirt with suspenders. I took a quick shower and ran a razor over my legs and underarms. After slipping on panties, bra, and half-slip, I carefully tucked my private parts away and pulled on a pair of tan pantyhose and my new girdle!

I slipped on my top, stepped into my skirt, and worked very hard to get my hair into the style mom always did it in. I tried my luck at makeup, but I needed more practice than just one-week, so I asked mom for help. Finally my outfit checked, my hair and makeup ready, and Patrick looking sweet in his cute little jumper, mom presented us with new coats and purses. Patrick's purse was a patent leather with the Spice girls on it. Soon we were off to spend the day shopping for clothes.

Mom really put us to the test. We tried on countless skirts, dresses, and just about any other outfit a girl might wear. Before we were through, Patrick and I had enough clothes to make any girl envious. We had the latest styles for the spring and summer. Mom had us pick out several outfits on our own to get used to shopping as girls. Naturally, we used the girl's dressing room to try them on. It was almost a dream come true. Girls in their underwear surrounded me, but I could do nothing about it. I was one of the girls now.

Mom insisted that we find just the right dresses to wear for Easter since it was coming the next week. After some searching, she decided on a pink dress with a fake pearl necklace, sheer sleeves and a full skirt for Patrick. It was the kind of dress girls wear whenever they're dressed up for some special party and all the women make a big fuss about how pretty they look. Mom was determined to remove any boyishness left in Patrick and that dress would do it for sure! It would be impossible for him to be anything but a sweet little girl in that dress. Especially when he would also be wearing silky nylon panties and a frilly full slip that would cause his skirt to flare out.

Mom led me to a rack where she picked out a short pink dress decorated with yellow and blue flowers. She had set us up. In the entire outlet center, she brought us to the one store where she could find what she was looking for in a matter of minutes. "Mom, aren't there any other colors but pink in this world?" I asked, exasperated at having a closet full of pink outfits and drawers loaded with pink lingerie. "There's just gotta be something else!"

Mom smiled, "It's either this or you pick something."

She got me again! I couldn't believe how easy it was for her to sucker me in! She bought all those pink outfits knowing that sooner or later I'd complain. Then she'd have me all wrapped up in a pretty little pink package!

Mom went from rack to rack picking out dresses for my approval. Finally I chose a yellow sleeveless dress with a white jacket. I knew mom would approve as soon as I saw the dress. It was simple, yet pretty. Just the type mom would have worn.

"You have excellent taste in clothes, Jennifer." I smiled, graciously accepting the compliment. I wasn't about to tell her that I thought it was the plainest dress I could get away with wearing.

"Hurry and try it on. We have a lot more shopping to do today," mom fairly shoved me to the dressing room. I instantly saw why mom hadn't objected to such a plain outfit once I slipped on the dress and jacket. On a hanger it was nothing special, but the girdle and my fake boobs made it fit like a glove! I looked drop dead gorgeous in that outfit. Score another point for mom.

"That's my girl," mom gushed with pride as I walked from the dressing room. "That dress looks so much better on you than it did on the hanger. Don't you think so?"

"Yes it does, mom," I smiled at her pretense of innocence,

"but you knew it would didn't you?"

Mom patted me playfully on the butt and smiled, "Let's just say I had a hunch."

Of course, mom wasn't done yet. There were shoes to buy, new purses to shop for, and more outfits to try on. As we shopped, mom coached us on what to look for in outfits, what colors went well together, and what accessories were needed for each outfit she saw.

I noticed that many of the summer tops were cut pretty low in the front. I mentioned that I'd never be able to wear anything like that for obvious reasons. "Don't worry about it. It's perfectly normal for girls your age to feel self-conscious about wearing clothes like that. You'll look just fine when the time comes," mom brushed away my concern as if it were nothing. What did she mean by 'I'd look just fine'?

Later that evening at home, I modeled every outfit mom and was shocked to find how good I looked in a pair of tight jeans or short shorts! With the girdle on, my hips and butt filled every nook and cranny of my jeans, which ended up looking as though they were painted on! If I saw a girl who looked like that, I'd have followed her for blocks. Now I was going to be the one followed. That was going to take some major getting used to!

Getting the wear out...

The days passed and little by little, we girls replaced Patrick and Bob. We did each other's hair and nails, chose outfits for each other while playing dress-up, and gradually became like sisters. Mom gave us more books to study on walking like a girl, talking like a girl, and for me, flirting with boys. I tried to tell her that the last book was unnecessary, but she insisted that I take the time to learn, just in case.

About a month before I was to start my ballet lessons, mom gave us a few more gifts to help me to be a better girl. She gave me a spray called 'Girl Talk', which would gradually make my voice sound more girlish. I wasn't happy since I wanted to sound more like a boy. It seemed so permanent, but mom assured me that the effects were temporary when used in moderation. Mom insisted, so I thanked her and set it aside for later use.

Our next present totally blew my mind. I thought it was a jock strap, but mom patiently explained that it was a special garment worn under our panties to hide any bulges. No one would notice anything out of place, even in my leotards and tights! She said that I wouldn't have to wear my girdle as much.

"I thought I had to wear it to make my figure looking right," I regretted my comment as soon as I saw the smile cross mom's face.

"That's what these are for," she said as she produced a bottle of pills labeled 'FemEnhance'. "Take two a day for a month then one a day. By the time we go on vacation, you'll have a cute shape!"

"A cute shape?" I was scared to death just thinking about it. "How?"

"These pills will stop your body from producing male hormones and start producing more female hormones. Your body will change its shape and in no time at all you'll look right for your age!"

"You're going to turn me into a girl permanently!" I screamed in horror. "You promised it would only be for the summer!"

"Calm down, Jennifer," mom drew me close and hugged me tight. "These are special pills. You will quickly return to being a boy again once you stop taking them." She filled a glass with water and handed me two pills. "You trust me don't you?" she asked with a look of hurt in her eyes.

"But what about school? How am I going to explain looking like a girl at school?" I wailed.

"You can wear loose shirts and jeans for now. The changes won't be noticeable under boy's clothes. Trust me, please?"

Of course I trusted her, I think. After all, she is my mother. I took the pills and quickly washed them down before I could think about what I was doing.

"Patrick will take only half a pill a day since he is twelve and just starting puberty," mom smiled at Patrick. Patrick, who had sat transfixed as mom talked about the pills, suddenly became animated.

"Not me, mom," he cried, "I'm too young to start growing breasts!"

"I agree," mom took him in her arms, "but you need the half pill to keep from growing hair on your face and to soften your skin." Reluctantly, Patrick followed my example and swallowed the required dosage.

I only used the 'GirlTalk' spray on weekends so I wouldn't have problems at school, but the special belt became an every day thing for us just like those pills. Mom took my measurements daily, but we never saw any changes. Thank heavens the pills were either not having any effect on me or so little that it couldn't be noticed. I'd just die if I started to sprout boobs!

Easter was an absolute scorcher with temperatures in the low eighties. As we sat in church, I noticed daddy and the boys often adjusting their ties and wiping the sweat from their foreheads. I felt very comfortable sitting in my sleeveless dress with the light jacket. The heat didn't seem to bother mom in her lightweight spring suit or Patrick, in his pretty dress. "Finally a benefit to wearing these silly clothes," I thought to myself. "I'd be sweating like a pig too if it wasn't for mom's plan!"

I did my exercises for ballet, read my books, and took my pills like a good girl. I was a little worried before my first ballet class though. I hoped I had done enough stretching exercises, otherwise I ballet could be a very painful class. I wasn't too worried about being recognized as a boy. The strap I wore under my leotards kept everything properly hidden. I knew that I could pass as a girl after almost two months of dressing and being treated as a girl at home. The shampoo mom made me use gave me plenty of long thick hair to put up in a cute ponytail that I grew accustomed to tying back with a scarf that matched whatever color of leotard I wore!

I went to my first ballet lessons in a powder blue leotard and tights set with a maroon wrap-around skirt. I found myself with a bunch of other girls laughing and talking as if I was just another girl. The exercises helped and soon I was moved to an advanced class learning more complicated routines. My teacher was so sweet telling me that I was a natural ballerina! I was having such a wonderful time and had made several new friends that I was sad when the class came to an end. There was one final bright spot though, the recital at the end of the class! We were going to do the classic "Swan Lake" and I would be one of the girls right out front!

Mom, daddy and Patrick were so proud of me as I danced my heart out that night. I wore the cutest Tutu mom and I could find after a whole week of shopping. Every time I looked their way, I saw big smiles telling me how proud they were of their 'sister' and 'daughter'!

A week later, we went to a special show put on by Patrick's class in baton twirling. He looked so sweet in his pink sequined leotard and stockings, a touch of lipstick and blush, his ponytail bouncing about as he twirled and tossed his baton. I had watched Patrick practicing, but until then I had no idea just how good he was. I was really proud of him that night.

The next evening after school, Patrick was watching me practice my makeup. Feeling in a silly mood, I reached over with a tube of lipstick and did his lips. Patrick looked at himself in a mirror for a few seconds then asked, "Would you put a lot of makeup on me? I want to see what I'd look like."

I sat Patrick down and began to do his face for him. One thing led to another and I moved on to his hair and then his nails. Once I had him all painted and his hair styled, I got him into a pair of my panties, followed by a bra, and a pair of pantyhose mom had bought him for special occasions.

I found a short skirt and a pretty white blouse for him to wear along with a pair of my heels. He looked amazingly like one of those girls in a beauty pageant, and I just had to show him off to mom and the boys. I couldn't let him have all of the glory, so I dressed in the pink dress that I wore for the 'Babe' bet.

Patrick and I put on a little fashion show for our family, modeling just about every outfit in our closets and raiding some of mom's outfits for good measure. Mom, daddy, and the boys laughed as we pretended to be beautiful models walking down a runway and posing for the crowd.

Wearing mom's pink dress gave me odd feelings. I felt silly and uncomfortable the last time I wore it, but this time I felt so happy and pretty that I wished I could wear it more often. Was I starting to enjoy pretending to be a girl?

The Adventure begins...

My stomach was filled with butterflies when school finally ended for the year. I was wearing my boy's clothes for the last time until school started in the fall. Once I arrived home, I slowly ascended the stairs to my room. I was surprised to find Patrick already dressed in a pretty pink jumper with a frilly white blouse.

"Hurry," mom said upon seeing me in the doorway, "Get out of those clothes. I've laid out a lovely dress for your first day as a full-time girl. Once you are properly dressed, you and Patti can help me box up your old boy clothes and take them to the attic. You won't need them for three months and I don't want any reminders of your boyish past in your room."

A tremble raced down my spine when she said 'boyish past'. Becoming a girl was taking on an air of permanence. I wouldn't be able to escape into boy's clothes for school after today. I would be trapped into being only a girl for the summer.

After dinner, I went to my room and read a fashion

magazine and a magazine for teenage girls. I got loads of great tips on how to put together the perfect look and all kinds of tips on boys. The thought of being around boys scared me. I wasn't sure what I'd do if they asked me out but lately I noticed them a lot more and felt giddy when they noticed me.

How I felt about boys was just one of the subtle changes in my feelings that occurred over the past three months. There were my feelings about ballet lessons, wearing makeup (I felt naked without wearing lipstick), and girls (I paid more attention to what they wore instead of how pretty they were).

My Aunt Judy was going to be transferred to a hospital in a city about two hours from where we lived. That's where we were going to be living. One day we all went with mother to make hospital arrangements.

Afterwards, we went to the local mall. Walking around this mall was so different. It was huge! A million stores and a zillion dresses.

I noticed a boy staring at me. Instead of worrying if he recognized me as a boy, I tucked some loose hair into place and smiled at him. We were far from home so what could it hurt.

When he smiled back at me, I felt my stomach doing flip-flops like it used to do when I saw a really cute girl. He must have thought I was worth another look because he suddenly started walking towards me. I started to wonder where I could hide, then I noticed how cute he was and realized that I didn't want to leave!

"Hi," he said while grinning ear to ear, "I'm Bill. Do I know you from the school dance?"

"Hi Bill," I replied in the softest voice I could manage, "I don't think so. I don't live around here. I'm just shopping with my mom and sister."

"That's a shame," he said with a sad puppy look on his face.

"Sad that I'm shopping?" I laughed, knowing where he was headed. "It's not that bad. There are all kinds of pretty clothes in this mall!"

"No, it's a shame that I don't know you!" he said with a cute smile, "After all, you know me."

"I do?" I smiled, "Since when?"

"Since a minute ago when I told you my name," he laughed at how easily he'd led me into his trap. "Now you have to tell me yours."

"Very clever," I giggled, wondering why I'd never thought

of such good lines to use on girls, "I'm Jennifer. Nice to meet you Bill."

"Now that we've met, how about a movie?" he asked with a self-confidence I envied.

"Sorry, but I don't date boys I don't know." Actually I wasn't dating any boy, but if I did, Bill would be a great choice. He was funny, really cute, and knew what he liked!

"Patti and I have a lot more shopping to do, Jenny," I froze at mom's voice behind me. "If you'd like, you and your friend can go to the food court and get to know each other better."

I spun around to see mom with an amused look on her face. She must have been taking it all in and making her plans. "But I thought we had to leave soon?" I pleaded once again feeling trapped. "Didn't you say..."

"Nonsense," mom smiled sweetly, "we've got plenty of time. You can meet us back here at three-thirty?"

I quickly glanced at the delicate gold watch on my arm. It was only one o'clock. Mom expected me to spend almost three hours with a boy. I scanned her face hoping for a reprieve, but saw none. "Go ahead, have a little fun," she whispered, "He's cute!" She turned and walked away without another word. My fate was sealed. I smiled at Bill and began walking with him to the food court.

Bill was really fun to talk to. He insisted on learning all about me, even though I tried to ask about him. I told him that I just finished my sophomore year and mom was taking Patti and I shopping for some clothes for our vacation.

"I'd love to see you model a bathing suit, Jenny," he grinned at some image he'd cooked up in his mind. "Maybe a bikini?"

"Sorry, but I'm not into bikinis," I must have burst an image in his mind judging from his frown. The frown disappeared as fast as it came, replaced by his cute smile.

"That's a shame," he shrugged, "you look like a girl who should wear bikinis! Some girls should wear nothing but one piece suits, but you'd look great in a bikini!"

"You just don't give up do you, Billy?" Where did 'Billy' come from? It certainly made him smile, if nothing else. "I'm too much of a tomboy for something like that!"

"No way," Billy said, shaking his head, "you're way too pretty. Tomboys are always ugly girls!"

I was starting to feel warm all over and butterflies in my stomach were driving me nuts! He thought I was pretty! Suddenly I wished he could see me in mom's pink dress. "Thank you," I blushed, "that's really sweet of you! It's true

though. Mom's been pushing me into this girl stuff recently. Stuff like ballet lessons. She's trying to make a young lady out of me!" That much was certainly true.

"She did a really great job," Billy smiled as those butterflies came rushing back into my stomach. "I'll bet you are a great ballerina!"

Billy really got to me. Without thinking, I reached into my purse and pulled out my wallet. "You are so sweet! Want to see my recital pictures?"

I laid out a half dozen pictures mom took at my recital in addition to of me in my pink tutu and a second one in her pink dress! "See, I was right," Billy exclaimed triumphantly, "these prove you're not a tomboy. I've never seen a tomboy look this good!"

"I guess I'm outgrowing that stage," I muttered shyly, feeling my face heat up. My face had to be dark crimson from embarrassment, but there was no way that I wanted him to stop!

"Could I have one of these?" Billy asked as he held up my pictures. "My friends would never believe I actually talked to someone as good looking as you without proof."

"I don't know, Billy," I hesitated, feeling odd that he would want a picture of me as a girl. Still, he made me feel so special and happy. What could it hurt? No one would ever recognize me as a boy in these pictures.

Billy grabbed my hand and held it close. "Please, please, please," he begged as he kissed my hand. MY body tingled at his touch and I remember what Patrick said about "kisses".

"All right," I laughed pleading with him to stop, "People are looking at us like we're goofy!"

He stopped kissing my hand, but still held it firmly.

I made no effort to break free. Oddly, I allowed him to hold my kissed hand. In his, my manicured fingers look dainty and girlish.

"I want this one," Billy chose the ballerina picture after several minutes of comparing them, "but you look great in the other one too. Could I have both?"

"Sorry, one to a customer," I smiled and looked at my red tipped fingers held firmly in his hand. "Besides, this is my favorite!" Billy looked like such a hurt puppy dog that I broke down and gave him both pictures. Mom had more at home and it made Billy so happy.

I had such a wonderful time getting to know him that before I knew it I had to get back to mom and Patti. Billy, sweetheart that he was, walked with me and sprang a sur-

prise on me.

"Would you go to a movie with me, Jenny?" I almost dropped over from shock. I had a wonderful time with him, but I never thought it would go any further. Now a boy was asking me for a date. If that wasn't bad enough, I desperately wanted to say yes!

"I don't think I can, Billy." I wanted desperately to say that I'd go with him, but I knew I couldn't. I was still a boy regardless of how I felt. I had to work harder and harder to remember that. If I said yes, if I gave in to how I really felt, I might not be able to go back. It had to be no.

"Certainly not, Jennifer," I felt a sense of relief as mom had come to my rescue. "We have to go home now, but if you want to get together next weekend..." My rescuer had just turned traitor! What was she doing? She promised me three chances before I'd have to accept a date! I stood there with my mouth hanging open looking very stupid.

"But it's a long drive here, mom. We're going on vacation soon, aren't we?" I hoped that something would bring her back to her senses and save me. I was of course wrong.

"Yes, it is a long drive and we are leaving for our vacation this week." There was the light at the end of the tunnel. I was saved! "I have a surprise for you though, Jennifer. We are spending the rest of June at a little town about five miles from here, so it won't be that far to travel at all!" Salvation was pulled from my grasp. I was doomed!

"My school is having the last dance of the year next Friday," Billy was zeroing in, but I had nowhere to hide. "Maybe we could go together?"

I looked into his eyes and all resistance melted away. He was sweet, thoughtful, and though I hated to admit it, cute too. I couldn't turn him down, no matter how much of a problem it might become. "That sounds like fun," I said sweetly, "could I, mom? Please?"

Mom smiled knowingly, "Sure honey. I think it would be good for you to get to know some of the other kids. Billy looks trustworthy enough."

"Thanks, mom. I promise everything will be all right!"

I didn't know the phone number where we would be staying, so Billy gave me his. I promised to call him the instant we got settled. Mom winked at me and started walking towards the exit with Patti. "Meet us at the car, Jennifer," she called with a smile, leaving Billy and me alone to say goodbye.

As soon as mom turned the corner, Billy took my hands

in his and smiled at me. "Thanks Jenny. I can't wait until my friends meet you! I'm going to have the prettiest date at the dance!"

"I'll be with the cutest boy," I gazed into his eyes knowing that I was doing the right thing. He smiled and pulled me close as I began to tremble. The moment of truth had arrived. A boy wanted to kiss me!

My mind raced. I worried about my hair, lipstick, dress but before I could react, our warm lips met for an instant.

"OH MY!" I thought, "I'd been kissed."

"Please don't forget to call me, Jenny," he begged as we broke our embrace.

"I won't, I promise." My mind raced. It had all happened too fast to think. I ran to catch mom and Patrick, the skirt of my dress swishing about my smooth legs.

Mom was full of questions as we drove home. "What did you kids talk about while alone?" "Did I think he was cute?" "Did he give me a goodbye kiss?"

I must have blushed a deep red because Patrick looked at me funny.

"Oh mom, he really treated me nice," I gushed. "Like I was a big celebrity or something." I told her how he held and kissed my hand until I gave him a picture. "I was really upset with you telling me to go off with a boy like that."

"Sometimes if you throw the kid in the water, they learn how to swim. Was it that bad?"

"Actually, no," I giggled, "after I got to know him! Mom, he's such a sweetie. Thank you so much!"

"For what?" mom asked innocently.

"For pushing me like that. I had such a wonderful time!"

"But you didn't answer my question," mom said with a sly look in her eye. I knew what question she wanted answered, but I was determined not to give in.

"I'm sure I answered all of them, mom," I said playfully. "You know I wouldn't hold anything back from you. I'm a good girl!"

Mom glanced at me and smiled. Reaching into my purse, she pulled out my lipstick. "Good girls always remember to fix their lipstick after kissing a boy!" she said with a chuckle. "Now be a good girl!"

Patrick gasped, "You kissed a boy!"

"He kissed me," I corrected as I freshened my lipstick and brushed my hair. "And look, I haven't turned into a girl yet!"

"You better not let it happen again," Patrick said seri-

ously.

"Yeah, the next thing you know, you'll be letting all the boys kiss you and become a real tramp!" mom laughed as I finished redoing my makeup.

I was embarrassed but mother wanted me to talk about it. "So what kind of kisser was he, sloppy, open-eyed, tell me or I won't let you go to the dance!"

"Don't tell dad or my brothers, okay?" I asked.

"It'll be just among us girls. Now tell me everything!"

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and remembered that kiss in the mall. "Nothing much to tell. He was holding my hands and suddenly he started moving towards me. I knew what he wanted, but I couldn't do anything about it."

"Sure!" she laughed. "So would you let him do it again?"

"I like it that he wanted to kiss me so much! I guess I would let him...only this time I'd be prepared!"

"To kiss back?"

"I don't know, I guess so!" I said as tears began to form in my eyes.

"What's wrong sweetheart?" mom asked as I fished around in my purse for a tissue to dab my tears before they ruined my makeup.

"Why did I do that, mom?" I asked feeling very confused and torn between conflicting emotions. "I kissed another boy today and I loved it!"

"Remember those pills you take? You've had female hormones taking over your system little by little for months now. It's only natural that you'd start to feel like a girl. The way we've treated you also had a lot to do with it. Your dad and I went to a lot of trouble to make certain that you and Patti are treated as girls. You've worn nothing but dresses around the house to break you away from thinking of yourselves as boys. When no one acted as if that was odd, you got used to dressing

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*
SANDY THOMAS ADY.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

and being treated as girls. You not only got used to it, you came to expect it, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I guess we did. Right Patti?" He was sitting in the back admiring his reflection in a pretty mirror mom bought for him.

"See what I mean?" mom said grinning. "You've been calling each other Jenny and Patti for over a month now. The books we sent for when we planned this predicted that after an intense period of being dressed and treated like girls, you'd begin to think of yourselves as girls. I saw a familiar look in your eye when you met that boy. You were looking at him the way a girl would!"

"God, was I ever!" I blushed, remembering how I'd sized Billy up when he was walking towards me.

"A mother can always tell when her daughter is interested in a boy. You were sending all the right signals to him! I just let things take their course!"

"What about changing back, mom?" I asked, surprised that I wasn't concerned about being stuck as a girl. "Will I be able to think and act like a boy again in the fall?"

Mom nodded her head vigorously. "Absolutely! We'll just put things in reverse, pants instead of dresses, and treat you two like boys again. I'll miss my pretty daughters."

"But the pills and the stuff for my voice..."

"Those chemicals were thoroughly tested, honey. We only gave you enough to make the changes temporary. Once you stop, you'll be back to normal in no time!"

I felt a tinge of relief. Nothing was permanent. Patti and I could easily return to being boys again. Why didn't I feel happier? Oh well, I would worry about that later. Right now I had more important things to worry about, like what to wear to the dance.

OFF WE GO...

We left for our new home near Aunt Judy's hospital on Tuesday. My heart was pounding as we passed the mall where I met Billy, mother reminded me, "There's only three more days till the dance and you don't have a dress yet! It has to be pretty---something that will keep Billy's attention on you and away from the other girls at the dance."

I moaned unsure how I felt about going to a dance.

Once there, Daddy and the boys watched as I unpacked all of their things then put them neatly into organized drawers or hung them in their closets. Someone had to do it; mom insisted that guys don't know squat about putting things

away neatly and would have taken all week. I had serious dress shopping to do and couldn't get started until everything was done.

Mother went right away to see Aunt Judy at the hospital. She wanted to visit alone with her for a few days before the whole family tromped in. That was fine with all of us.

Of course, certain things can't be put off and calling Billy was one of them. He was so happy to hear from me. He kept telling me over and over that he worried that I'd forget him and wouldn't call. It turns out that he'd spent the last couple of days bragging to all of his friends about his pretty new girlfriend and showing my pictures around. He'd be the laughingstock of his school if I didn't go with him to the dance!

"Don't worry Billy," I promised in a voice that would have melted any boy's heart, "I'll be there. I promise."

Finally everything was unpacked and put away, but it was already Wednesday evening and the dance was Friday. How was I going to find the perfect dress in just two days? I begged and cried until mom gave in and drove me back to the mall where I had first met Billy. I thought that I might be lucky enough to run into him again, but I had to concentrate on shopping.

I went through store after store until finally I saw the dress! It was a very silky, sleeveless cocktail dress with a flaring red skirt. It was perfect for keeping Billy's eyes on me. I found my size and was off to the dressing room before mom could say a word. I got out of my shorts and top with lightning speed, then slipped the dress over my head.

I was right! The dress hugged my newly curved bust and hips and ended several inches short of my knees. I'd have to be a perfect young lady to avoid showing off more than I intended. I smoothed out any wrinkles and stepped from the dressing room where I ran into mom, her eyes wide in astonishment.

"If I didn't see it, I wouldn't believe it!" mom said in amazement as I turned to model the dress for her. "I thought you'd grudgingly go along with being my daughter, but I never dreamed be excited about a dress like that!"

I blushed but stated, "It's perfect, mom. Don't you think?" I was feeling confused. What girl wouldn't want to wear a dress as pretty as this one?"

"When she wants to make an impress a boy?" she added.

"I just want to look nice," I muttered. "Did you wear something like this when you were dating daddy?"

Mom looked at me in the dress and seemed lost in her

thoughts for a moment or two before she broke into a big smile. "I wore them many times," she laughed and hugged me tight. "How do you think I caught him?" She looked at the dress and asked, "Are you sure you want THAT much attention. It's pretty racy."

"I have to have it, mom! Please say yes! It makes me feel so..."

"Girlish?"

"Yeah," I admitted. I was pretty sure she'd agree, but just in case, I locked onto her arms and wouldn't let go until she did.

"I wouldn't dream of saying no," mom said to my delight. "As long as you've read that book about boys and what's expected of you as a girl."

"I'm reading it now."

"Okay. How about a few accessories to jazz it up a bit?"

"Such as?" I asked with a silly laugh.

"What would you say to some earrings? Maybe a necklace and a pretty bracelet?"

I was thrilled beyond belief. I was not only going to get the dress I loved, but all the necessary items to dress it up too! There was just one little question on my mind.

"Pierced earrings?"

"Of course," mom said, "if you think you are woman enough for that dress, you're woman enough for pierced ears too!"

"You're the greatest, mom!" I cried as I headed for the dressing room. Mom's voice stopped me before I took two more steps.

"Wait a minute, Jenny. Take these with you. I want to see how you look," she handed me a beautiful sky blue one-piece bathing suit and a two-piece swimsuit in hot pink!

I couldn't believe it. Mom expected me to wear a girl's bathing suit! I wasn't upset that she wanted me to wear one, just that I might not be able to fill it out properly, especially the two-piece one! I stared at the bathing suits, "But mom, do you think...?"

Mom put her hand on my shoulder and gave me a gentle squeeze. "It's going to be fun. Trust me!"

I smiled and returned to the dressing room where I carefully removed the dress and hung it up. Wanting to save the best for last, I decided on the one-piece swimsuit first. I slowly reached behind and undid the hooks of my bra, then adjusted my panties, since there were numerous signs about

not trying on suits without panties.

I was so nervous that I had to sit down to put my legs into the suit, having nearly fallen over while leaning against the wall. It took just a moment, but it seemed an eternity. Finally the suit was over my hips and chest and I was fixing the shoulder straps to make it comfortable. Gathering all the courage I could, I stepped in front of the dressing room mirror.

Tears formed in my eyes and my heart pounded in my chest. I stared at a cute girl dressed for the beach! There were no signs of my panties or more importantly anything else. The front of my suit looked like any other girl I'd ever seen in at the pool! Drying my eyes, I rushed to show mom how pretty I looked!

"Do you like it?" I asked trying to be nonchalant while standing on tiptoes, arms extended, turning side to side like a professional model.

Mom wasn't going to fall for my tricks. She nodded her agreement then motioned for me to step in front of a three-sided mirror. "You look lovely," she whispered quietly, "Now look what those pills have done for you."

I looked in amazement at the pretty girl in the mirror. Her legs were smooth and very shapely. Her butt protruded nicely. Her curves were perfect for a girl my age. Her breasts were large enough to provoke any boy's interest, yet small enough to be just right for her size. Her soft and rounded face was set off nicely by a full head of blonde hair that fell to her shoulders. She was a girl any boy would be happy to take out. From the look on her face, she was a very happy girl too!

"This is great, mom," I turned several times to admire the way I looked. "I really look like a girl! Did those pills do all this?"

"The suit is specially designed for girls who need a little help. The pills made you enough of a girl so the suit can do its work."

I loved the way I looked, then I thought about the two-piece suit waiting for me in the dressing room. "What about the other suit, mom? Will I look just as good in it?"

"You'll be fine, dear. Believe me, you have just the right curves to wear it. Now hurry and try it on so we will have time to get your ears pierced!"

Nothing more was needed. I hurried back and slipped off the suit I was wearing. I adjusted the top of the two-piece swimsuit to cover my small breasts, and then I pulled on the bottoms. I could have cried when I looked in the mirror. The suit was cut much too high for the style of panties I wore.

I stuck my head out the door of the dressing area. "Mom!" I wailed, "I need some help, please!"

Bless her heart, mom was there in seconds to find out what had upset me. I opened the door to allow her in, then stepped away to show her the problem. She looked me over for a second, then smiled, "Hang on. I'll be right back with a fix for you!"

A few minutes later, she knocked on the door and handed me a package of panties cut nearly to the waist on either side. They were generously trimmed in lace, which made me very happy! I opened them, pulled a pair up my legs, and spent a couple of minutes looking at a pretty girl in sexy lace panties and her small breasts pushing against the top of her bathing suit.

"How does it look?" I heard mom call from outside the door. "Do you need anything else?"

"It looks wonderful, mom. Everything's perfect!" I slowly opened the door and took my time stepping out of the room, trying to build mom's suspense.

"I'd say it's perfect," mom said as I modeled in front of the three-sided mirror. She was right, the top of my breasts were just visible as they snuggled into the cups of the top. The belt I wore under my panties kept everything hidden, giving me a flat front and distinctive "V" between my legs. I was startled by how well it worked. I knew that the boys would be looking there and would see what they want.

"How did you figure this all out?" I asked in amazement.

"I'll show you when we get home. Right now a certain young lady has to get her ears pierced!" Mom gave me a playful swat on the butt to shoo me back to the dressing room. I really hated to put my top and shorts back on. If it were up to me, I would have paid for the suit and worn it home!

We picked out a few more essentials before leaving that store. I selected the cutest mini slip, which was just loaded with lace trim at the hem, several pairs of very sheer and silky tan pantyhose, and a pair of red heels that coordinated perfectly with my new dress. Mom happily put everything on her charge and we were off to a nearby store to get my ears pierced!

We browsed for a little bit, then it was my turn for the piercing chair. I gripped the arms of the chair so tightly that the lady doing the piercing thought I was afraid to have it done. "There's nothing to be afraid, honey," she said sweetly.

"I've done this for lots of girls, some not even in school yet. I've never hurt anyone yet."

"I'm not afraid," I explained, "I want this done so much I can't stand it. I'm just trying to keep from shaking, that's all."

"Well that's okay. Sit still while I mark the holes. You'll feel a slight pinch and it'll be over in a flash!"

I felt a cold liquid applied to my ears then the tip of a pen press against them for a second. The lady loaded a pair of cute little gold ball starter earrings into gun and pressed it against my earlobe. She was right, I felt a pinch and the next thing I knew I was staring at my reflection in a hand mirror. I brushed aside my hair and was delighted to see pretty little gold balls sitting against my earlobes. I chose several more sets including a red button style to match my dress before we called an end to our shopping adventure.

When we got back to where we were staying, I rushed inside bubbling with excitement. I couldn't wait to tell the family about my new clothes! Mom smiled as I rambled on about how pretty my new dress was, how I couldn't wait until Friday, and how I was sure Billy would love the way I looked. Mom asked if anyone would like me to model my new clothes. Patti was excited about the idea and even daddy and the boys were nice enough to encourage me, so I grabbed my stuff and ran to change.

Mom promised that she'd be along in a few minutes to help, but she wanted to talk to daddy and the boys for a minute first. By the time she came to help, I already had my new stockings and slip on and just needed help with my hair. I wanted to style it just right to show off my new earrings. I decided not to bother with more makeup, although I freshened my lipstick. I stepped into my new heels, checked my dress and hair, and then went to model for the guys!

I knew I had the look I wanted when dead silence greeted me as I walked into the room. Three guys just sat and stared, mouths wide open, as I walked across the room, spun on my heels and swung my hips, causing my skirt to flip back and forth across my legs in a very sexy manner! I flipped my hair

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

back to show off my new earrings, then sat across from them in as ladylike manner as I had ever done.

"What do you think of your little brother now?" I asked with a smile.

"I think Billy will like that outfit?" one said.

"You look good," Dave shook his head in amazement, "but are you sure you want to look THAT good?"

"Dave's right," Ken added, "You're way past being a boy in a dress in that outfit. Are you sure you can handle being on a date with another boy?"

"Kenny!" mom shouted.

"It's okay, mom," I stopped her. I turned to my brother and smiled at him. "Mom and dad stated that Patti and I are girls for the summer, Ken. I'm just doing what any other girl my age would do when she's asked out by a cute guy. Wouldn't you want your date to look pretty for you?"

"But..." Dave started to say something, then stopped.

"What am I suppose to do? Sit around all summer? Grow mushrooms on my head? I'd be bored silly," I patiently explained. "I've been spent months learning everything there is about being a girl. Now I'm finally going to get a chance to use what mom taught me. Anyway, how would I ever get a date with a girl when I look like this?"

"I'm sorry," Ken said, "I guess we were just worried that you were going too far."

"Hey, I'm not getting married or anything!" I joked, "It's just a dance."

"I hope this guy behaves himself," Dave laughed as he stared at my nylon-clad legs and heels. "I'd probably try something myself if I had a date with a girl as pretty as you!"

"Maybe I'll get lucky then!"

"Watch yourself, young lady," mom advised, "You are to conduct yourself as a lady at all times."

"Just a joke, mom! Mind if I show you guys the rest of what we bought?" I asked the guys. They nodded in agreement and I left chuckling to myself. Wait until they see what I wear next!

I decided to leave my stockings on for effect when I slipped into my bathing suit. Just for a laugh, I wore my white heels to make things look just right. I did a slow walk into the room just like the girls in the beauty pageants, then stopped in front of daddy and the boys. I thrust my chest out and in as sexy a voice as I could muster said, "Hi, I'm Jennifer. I want to be Miss Teen USA!"

"She's got my vote!" Ken shouted, "What a babe!"



Oh, my gawd," daddy gasped, "how did he get breasts that large?"

The boy's eyes fixated on the suit's bottom and between my legs. I could see the look of amazement in their eyes. "Amazing, eh?" I smiled.

"Doesn't that hurt?" Dave moaned.

"I'm used to it now," I said. I placed my hands on my hips and slowly turned my back to the guys. "Do you think anyone would think I'm a boy?"

"Looking like that, no way!" Dave said. "You are really a great looking girl!"

"Thanks guys, you're really sweet. Your approval means a lot to me!"

"Jenny has one last outfit I think she'd like to model, wouldn't you, Jenny?" mom said with a wink. She obviously meant my two-piece swimsuit, but I wasn't sure I should. What if the guys think it is too girly and make fun of me?

"Go ahead, dear" daddy urged, "Let's see you strut your stuff!"

"Go ahead, dear. Don't be shy," mom smiled at me and made me feel a little better, "show the guys how girly you can be when you try!"

Dave gave me a look like I'd never seen. I was worried, but mom gave me plenty of encouragement, so I dashed off to change and was back in a flash.

"Well?" I asked as I stood in front of the guys. What would they think of seeing their little brother in a two-piece girl's bathing suit, his soft breasts peeking out above the cups?

"Oh my God," daddy gasped as I stood in front of him. He stared at my butt then my breasts. "He has breasts! And his butt, how?"

"The pills, remember?" mom stated while gazing proudly at the daughter she had worked so hard to create.

"Are they real?" Ken asked, his eyes glued to my bust line.

I placed my hands under my breasts and gently pushed up exposing a little more of them above the cups of my suit. "Certainly!" I said in a pouty little voice, "They may not be much, but they're real!"

"How much bigger will he get?" daddy asked, looking stunned and confused.

"That's as big as SHE will get," mom replied emphasizing the 'she'. "I kept the dose down, otherwise she'd develop pretty much like me. She's a little small for a girl her age, but it'll be easier to reverse."

So that's why mom me cut back to one pill a day. Two a day had started my change and one would maintain it. I wish she hadn't said that I was small for my age. That really hurt

my feelings. What girl wants to be thought of as small for her age?

I sat thinking as the rest of the family talked about how girlish I'd become and how much I'd changed. It was still early in June, I still had time before I'd have to switch back to being a boy for school. The pills I took were in a bottle in the medicine closet, so I quietly excused myself and went into the bathroom. It said 'Femenhance' on the bottle and enhancing my femininity was exactly what I wanted to do.

There were more than enough pills to last through the summer, so I opened the bottle and quietly shook a pill into my hand. I replaced the pills exactly as they were, then poured a small cup of water and swallowed the pill. I couldn't wait to see how much more feminine I'd look with bigger breasts! Mom said that my girlish feelings were due in large part to those little pink pills. I wondered how much different doubling the dosage would make me feel.

I went to my room, put away my new clothes, then rejoined my family after slipping on a little nightgown. They were still talking about me, my new mannerisms and more importantly my new curves!

I had to keep from giggling as I listened to my brother's uneasiness with me having a figure.

When I returned to the living room, Patrick was gone. Mom smiled and said that he got jealous of all the attention I was getting and wanted to model some of his pretty outfits. Just then I heard him calling me, "Jenny, could you help me please? I can't get my dress buttoned."

"Be right there!" I excused myself once again and went to help my little brother.

Patti was struggling to reach the last two buttons on the back of a pretty peach colored dress. As he struggled, his skirt lifted, exposing a silky lace edged slip that I hadn't noticed before. Come to think of it, I didn't remember this dress either.

"I don't remember your dress or that slip you're wearing," I commented as I did the buttons and helped smooth out his dress. "Where did they come from?"

"They're new," Patrick said proudly, "While you were off making goo-goo eyes at Billy, mom and I were having fun shopping for pretty clothes for me. Do you like it?"

"I wasn't making goo-goo."

"You were too."

"Wasn't. I love that dress. You look very pretty in it." I could see that my compliment meant a lot to him. I guess mom was right, dress us up and treat us like girls and soon we'll start to act like girls.

"I got a couple of bathing suits too," Patti told me proudly. "I even have a two piece one like you!"

"That's great, Patti. We'll have to find a pool or beach so we can wear our new suits!"

"Mom says next month we're going to the beach," Patti said as he slipped on a pair of matching slippers with 2" heels. I noticed two small peaks pressing out the front of his dress. Obviously the half pill a day was changing him too.

"What's with those?" I pointed.

"Neat, eh?" he said proudly. My little brother was growing up.

He paraded around for the family in every outfit he could find, including his new bathing suits. I didn't remember Patrick being this carefree and outgoing. He'd always been the quiet, shy one in the family. Now as Patti, it was nearly impossible to keep him quiet! He was always chattering about the Spice girls or a television show aimed at girls his age. We'd both changed so much in a few short months that it was hard to believe we were boys.

Meanwhile, my Aunt Judy had improved greatly. Mother said it was about time for us to meet her. "Maybe Sunday," she said to me, "You can tell her all about your date for the dance."

Thursday was a busy day trying different hairstyles, shades of nail polish, and different looks with my makeup. The makeup and nails worked okay, but my hair just wasn't doing what I wanted. Mom walked into the room as I disgustingly tore apart yet another attempt at a hairstyle. "I've got something you might like," she said as she handed me a magazine. "All of the latest styles."

I anxiously rooted through the book trying to find the perfect style. I was tired of the feathered back look, but I couldn't seem to get my hair to work in any other style. I saw one in the book though and knew it was perfect for me. It was cut shorter at the front and gradually lengthening to the back while the ends were curled under.

"I love this style, mom, but I'll never be able to make it work with this hair," I told her in despair as I ran my hands through my hair.

"I wouldn't expect you to. That's what this is for," she handed me a small card with a pair of scissors on it and the name 'Creative Cuts' below. When I turned it over, I was thrilled to find that my guess was right. I had an appointment to have my hair done that afternoon!

"Mom, you are just so great!" I told her as I jumped up and kissed her. "I'm going to get my hair done. I'm so happy I could cry!"

"I made appointments for you and Patrick. He'll look so better with a nice style," mom said as she left. "Be ready by three o'clock. Wear shorts or one of your denim skirts."

I couldn't think about anything else for the rest of the afternoon. I alternated between staring at the picture in the styling magazine and dreaming about what I would look like. As we drove to the shop, Patrick was in his non-stop talk mode again. "Mom said I'm going to get a real girl's haircut. One that won't look like a boy's no matter what I do!"

"You want that?" I asked.

"Don't you?"

He was right. I was looking forward to a girlish style that would be sweet and pretty. I wasn't sure why but I really hoped that Billy liked it! "Mom?" I asked, "What if Billy doesn't like my hair?"

"Who cares what a dumb old boy thinks," Patrick huffed, "What do they know about looking pretty?"

"When you get older, you care about the opposite sex," I found myself advising him, "when you meet someone really special, you'll understand how I feel."

"When I get older, I'm going to be dating girls, aren't I?" he said in a strange way.

Mother said, "You only have to be girls for the summer?"

"Oh yeah," I mumbled feeling really embarrassed, "you're right, just for the summer. I'll be dating girls too! Let then get into all this foolishness."

Patrick smiled, "This is actually a lot of fun. Can I be a girl next summer too?"

"I don't know, honey," mom smiled at us in the rear view mirror, "why don't you just have fun for now, okay?"

"Okay, mom," I noticed that Patrick sounded different lately. He was quick to pick up on talking like a twelve-year-old girl, but now he sounded exactly like one too.

I was a little upset when Patrick went first at the shop. After all, I was the one with a date the next night! I watched

as they washed and trimmed his hair, then rolled it onto tiny little curlers after treating it with smelly goo. Mom said the smelly stuff was perm solution to keep our new hairstyles from losing their shape. It should keep our hairstyles looking pretty until the end of summer.

As he sat under a dryer, I saw why mom told us not to wear slacks. A lady pulled a cart next to him and started doing the nails on his hands and feet. I turned and smiled at mom, silently thanking her for giving us this wonderful gift!

I was motioned towards a seat as Patrick waited for his hair to dry. I got my hair washed and trimmed, but the lady spent extra time on me. After the perm solution, I noticed that the curlers they used on me were different than my brother's and I asked about it.

"The large curlers we used on your sister will make her hair look really cute and curly, just right for a girl her age. Your mom said that you have a big date tomorrow, so we're going to make you look really hot!" she answered as my hair was tightly wound to my scalp. "Actually you've been scheduled for a complete makeover. You're going to drive that boy wild!"

A makeover? Me? Drive a boy wild? Sounded exciting to me, so I sat real still like a good girl while she plucked my eyebrows, waxed my legs, gave me a manicure and pedicure, and turned me into a teenage heartbreaker!

I sat there being emasculated like I was the happiest girl in the world! My hair was full of body, shiny, and cut just the way the model in the magazine had hers cut. My eyebrows were thinned and arched, giving my face a really pretty expression. They showed me how I could look just like a model with a little bit of makeup! I ended up hugging everyone who had anything to do with my new look, but I saved my best hugs and kisses for my wonderful mom. I couldn't wait until Friday night when I'd be with Billy again. If he wanted to show off his girl, that was just great with me. His girl was ready!

I didn't leave my room for more than a few minutes on Friday. There was so much to do, such as soaking for an hour in a scented bubble bath, shaving my underarms, checking my nails, and staring at the outfit I was going to wear on my first date!

My first ever date and I'm the one wearing a pretty dress! I thought about it a lot, but I couldn't feel bad. I looked like a pretty girl, I felt like a girl, and since I couldn't be anything

but a girl until school started in the fall, I wanted to be a happy girl. Nothing could make this girl happier than the guy she had a date with!

Finally the time came to get ready for my date. I chose the white high cut panties mom bought for me to wear over my special belt. I slowly rolled on a pair of the silky sheer pantyhose, savoring every second as they slid over my smooth legs.

I had set aside a special bra for this night, white satin with the prettiest low cut lace cups! The tag said 34B, but it was well padded since my breast size was really no more than a 34AA. That was going to change as I swallowed my second Femenhance pill of the day.

I had read all the booklets mom and daddy got from the company that supplied the pills, voice changing mouthwash, and instructions on how to change Patti and me into temporary girls. We were dressed and treated as girls, and just as promised, we turned into girls.

I found out that I wouldn't need a padded bra if I had taken two pills a day all along. Most boys who took two pills a day ended up needing at least a 34A cup by this time. Since mom cut me back to one pill a day after a month, I had some serious catching up to do if I expected to get rid of my padded bras, so I swallowed a third pill to even things out!

It felt wonderful to gently rest my small breasts in my bra cups. I felt pride at seeing them peek over the top. If only they were big enough to make wearing a low cut dress worthwhile. I gingerly stepped into my new slip; then it was time for the main event, my dress! I carefully removed it from the hanger and put my arms into it, allowing it to cascade over my bra and slip. I gently tugged it all the way down and zipped up the back. I finished by stepping into my heels and attaching my earrings.

Once I had my earrings and makeup on, I carefully brushed out my hair just as I had spent most of the previous night practicing. I was soon rewarded with the hot looking style I was given at the beauty shop. I looked in the mirror and knew that 'Babe' was written all over me. Billy would be proud!

Dave was sweet enough to greet me with a long wolf whistle while Ken just stared and smiled. "I hope you won't be insulted, Jennifer," Ken said after finding his voice, "but you really are a very pretty girl."

"Insulted? No chance!" I smiled as I gave him a kiss on the cheek. "You're such a sweetie!"

Ken looked a little embarrassed. I guess he still thought of me as his little brother and didn't expect me to kiss him like that. "I'm sorry. Did I embarrass you, Ken?" I said as I wiped the impression of my lips from his cheek.

"Well, it's just..." he stammered.

I put my hands around his arm and gave him a playful squeeze. "I understand, but this is how I'm going to be for a while. I hope you can handle it. It's important that you think of me as your sister."

Ken thought for a moment, then leaned down and kissed me on my forehead. "I'll handle it if you can. I'm proud to have such a pretty girl as my sister!"

"What about me?" Patrick asked in a hurt little voice, "Don't you think I'm pretty too?"

Dave picked Patti up and swung him around. He giggled happily as his sundress flared out to reveal the lace-trimmed slip he wore and a tiny glimpse of yellow panties. "You're both pretty!" he told him. "I'm glad you two are my sisters or I'd have to beat up on Ken to keep him away from such good looking girls!"

"You are such a charmer, Davy," I said as he finally let Patrick regain his balance. "Would you mind?" I asked as I stretched out to his cheek.

"I'd be hurt if you gave that ugly looking thing a kiss and not me," he laughed. How could I possibly resist? I stood on tiptoe and planted a big kiss on his cheek!

Soon daddy and the boys were giving me goodbye kisses and telling me to be a good girl on my date as I was getting into the car. Patrick waved and told me that I was beautiful and that he wanted to be just like me when he grew up. Patti wanted to look just like me and I wanted to be just like mom, but I wondered if it would ever happen.

I got lost in thought when suddenly mom announced that we were at the dance. My heart raced as I leaned over to give her a goodbye kiss. "We need to have a little talk first, young lady," mom said with a look that I had seen years before.

"Aw mom, we talked all about that when I was ten!" I protested anxious to meet Billy.

"Yes we did, but that was when you were a boy. Things are different now." Mom gave me a quarter hour refresher, but it was a really interesting fifteen minutes! I learned all about kissing and petting and how far I could go. Too little and the boy loses interest, too far and I could be seriously hurt!



*Mother admonished, "Remember to
always be a young lady."
Like I could forget with all this frilly stuff on!*

Mom explained that boys expected and girls enjoyed a little kissing now and then. A boy shouldn't be slapped away if he was to accidentally brush against an area that was off limits, at least not until the fifth or sixth time, she laughed. She mentioned that at dances like this, couples often went off to a quiet spot to make out. No problem, she explained, just make sure it's not too private! Her last words were to remember that I was a young lady!

Billy was waiting at the entrance as I walked up with my heels clicking and my skirt playing about my nylon covered legs. Billy raced to greet me, then took my hand and led me inside where his friends were waiting.

Billy led me to get a soda after the boys got a chance to ogle my breasts and butt and the girls checked out my dress. I didn't get more than two sips before Billy insisted on taking me to the dance floor where I put to use the steps mom taught me during the past months. I had to apologize to mom for complaining about learning to dance while wearing heels. I thought it was bad enough to learn to dance like a girl, but in heels too! Now I knew what a great mother I had. I was in the middle of the floor having a great time with a cute boy and I was dancing like I grew up in heels!

After five or six songs, the band started to play a slow song. Billy looked at me and smiled. I knew exactly what to do. I smiled back and walked into his arms. It was heavenly to have him hold me tight. I put my head on his shoulder and enjoyed the feeling of being held.

I loved dancing with Billy, but after a couple of slow songs, the soda started bothering me, so I headed for the girl's bathroom. It never occurred to me to use the boy's bathroom. Tonight I was Billy's girl and it seemed silly to even consider doing anything as a boy. I breezed in, found an empty stall, and did what needed done.

I was checking my hair and makeup when a couple of girls struck up a conversation with me. Soon we were having a great time talking about our dates and each other. They knew Billy and all agreed that he was a great catch, but they just had to know what it was like kissing him. I was only too happy to talk about it!

Before we left, one of the girls said that the longest kiss she'd ever had was for a solid minute and a half. I thought of how great it felt to have Billy's lips pressed against mine, feel his hands rub across my back, and hold me close. "I bet Billy could do better than that," I immediately countered. "At least



***“My first kiss and it was with a boy!
What was happening to me?”
Could Patrick have been right?***

it would be a lot of fun to try!"

The challenge was accepted and we walked from the bathroom laughing and exchanging knowing looks as soon as we saw Billy. "Hi Deanne, Cindy, I see you met Jennifer," Billy said as he proudly put his arm around my waist and held me close. Did he know that he was driving me nuts? Could he tell that I got chills and goosebumps every time he touched me?

Deanne looked at me and giggled, "Oh we've met all right. In fact, we were just talking about you!"

"They told me that you're not such a great kisser, Billy," I said with a little smile. "Deanne said she once kissed a boy for a minute and a half. Could you do that?"

"I could if I had the right girl," Billy acted as if he was the world's greatest kisser responding to yet another in a long line of challenges.

"That's an awfully long time Billy," I teased unmercifully, "A whole minute and a half."

"It's nothing!" Billy's male ego was feeling bruised. It was time to turn up the pressure.

Cindy saw me wink. "No way, Billy. You don't have it in you!" she taunted.

"All talk," Deanna joined in, "Put up or shut up, Billy!"

I'd been on the receiving end of teasing by girls, but this was so much better! Billy wasn't about to let a couple of girls tell him he couldn't kiss. "Jennifer, would you help me prove these know it all's wrong?" Billy asked as he tightened his hold on my waist.

"I'd love to help you, Billy," I giggled in delight. "I'll show them they can't insult my date and get away with it!" Boys are so easy to manipulate. All a girl has to do is appeal to their pride and they'd do anything for her.

My new girlfriends followed us outside the building. Billy pulled me close and swung me around to face him. Even in heels he was several inches taller than I was, but when he leaned over his lips were perfectly in line with mine.

"I hope one of you girls has a watch," Billy laughed. "If you don't, I'll just have to do this over until we find one!"

"I've got a watch, Billy. You won't have to do this over again."

"Thanks Deanna," I snickered. "You just had to have a watch, didn't you!"

"That's enough talking, woman," Billy laughingly ordered, "it's time to kiss! Say when, Deanna."

I took a deep breath and heard Deanna tell us to start.

Billy smiled, pressed his lips to mine and fireworks went off in my head. I held him close as we kissed, running my fingers through his short thick hair. I felt myself growing more excited by the second as his hand massaged my back and then dropped to my butt. As he gently rubbed me through the silky fabric of my dress and slip, I felt his tongue pushing against my lips. I opened to meet his tongue with mine.

I kissed with all the passion I could find in my feminized body. His right hand rubbed my butt while his left busily toyed with the straps of my bra. I saw fireworks, I heard angels singing, and I felt sensations that were so wonderful, so delicious that I couldn't begin to describe them.

Deanna finally announced that we had been kissing for three straight minutes. Suddenly the spell was broken. Billy and I stood staring into each other's eyes. He had started feelings in me that I'd never forget!

"You were right, Jennifer," Cindy laughed as Billy and I held each other tight.

"Right about what?" Billy asked suspiciously, "What are you girls up to this time?"

"Take good care of that girl, Billy," Deanna laughed as she and Cindy turned to go back inside, "she was sure you could win that bet!"

Billy laughed and held me even tighter. "What do I get for winning?"

"This!" I exclaimed as I pulled his face to mine and kissed him.

"Want to see how long I can keep kissing?" he called to the girls who just kept walking. They knew not to bother answering. Billy was my guy and I wanted to see how long he really could go! We stayed outside for an hour more until finally we went back for a couple more slow dances. Could I get used to having a boy hold me tight and telling me how pretty I was? I certainly hoped not!

When the dance ended, Billy walked me to where mom waited in the car. He asked if he could call me. I used all of my self-control to keep from writing my phone number on his chest with my lipstick! Instead I took a small tablet and a pen from my purse and wrote my name and number on it. Just to make sure he didn't lose it, I smiled at him, then kissed the paper.

Billy carefully placed the paper in his wallet and promised to call me. Mom pretended to look in the opposite direction,

so when I bent over to get into the car, Billy gave me a quick goodbye kiss and the most romantic evening of my life came to an end.

"Did you enjoy yourself, Jenny?" mom asked as we drove away, "Did Billy like your outfit?"

"It was so wonderful, mom," I sighed in delight at the memories. "Thank you so much for setting me up like you did. I'm so happy I could cry."

"I'm glad you're not upset with me," mom said as I dried tears that had started to flow. I realized that I was breaking into tears much more often, but I couldn't help myself. I was just so emotional. "I didn't want you to spend your vacation sitting alone in your room. A girl needs to get out and make friends."

"Billy's very friendly," I giggled, "I like having him for a friend!" Mom knew exactly what I meant. There was a new bond between us; we were so much closer than ever before! Everyone was in bed when we got home, so mom and I decided to have a cup of tea and I told her all about my evening. It was so easy to talk to her about the dance. She smiled, nodded her head, and laughed when I told her about the kissing bet.

"I can't believe he fell for that old trick." Mom told me about how she and some friends played it on boys when she was a girl. "How long did he last? He did use you to win the bet, didn't he?"

"What makes you think that?" How did she always know what I was doing? I had freshened my lipstick and brushed my hair before she picked me up.

"The look on his face at the mall, the way he rushed to meet you at the dance, and that goodbye kiss he snuck when he thought I wasn't looking!" she happily reminded me. "Now how long?"

"Three minutes," I took a sip of tea and changed the subject. "You did a great job of teaching me to dance. It really helped a lot."

"Three minutes," mom teased me. "Was there any getting past her?"

"Well that's what Deanna said, but I don't think it was anywhere near that long," I said defensively.

"Was it long enough?"

"What do you mean," I asked trying to come across as incredibly naive. "Would she buy it?"

"Come on, I was your age once. Did he kiss you long enough?"

"No, mom," I shook my head sadly, "it wasn't nearly long

enough. I could have kissed him forever. He made me feel so special."

"I understand honey," mom smiled as she continued sipping her tea. I confessed to desperately wanting to kiss a boy and mom acted as if it were nothing unusual. "Some boys make you feel that you are the prettiest, sexiest girl that ever walked the earth. That's how your daddy makes me feel."

"Its so confusing, mom," I admitted what I'd been feeling since I got home and the magic of the evening had finally worn off. "I feel a little guilty about tonight. Billy thinks I'm really a girl."

"Did you let him hold your hand tonight?" mom asked as she put down her cup, her voice becoming very serious. "Did you let him put his arm around you and hold you while you danced? Did you enjoy it when he kissed you for three minutes?"

"Well, yes but..." I tried to explain, but mom was not listening. She had a point to make and she was set on making it.

"Do you think that Billy thought he was holding and kissing a boy?"

"No..."

"What's the problem? Billy wanted to be with a pretty girl and you are a pretty girl!"

Mom had an unique way of looking at things. She wanted a daughter, but got four sons. Why not let daddy keep two sons and she'd take two daughters? Seemed fair to her! "You're right, mom," I kissed her on the cheek and went to bed, "Thanks for making me into your daughter."

I carefully removed my dress and hung it in my closet, trying not to wake Patti. I was taking off my stockings when I heard a little voice. "You looked so pretty tonight, Jennifer. Was it fun?" I turned and saw Patrick sitting up rubbing his eyes. He had waited up for me to come home.

"Thanks, Patti," I kissed his forehead and sat down next to him. "I felt so pretty and yes I had a great time!"

"Did he kiss you?" he giggled, "Mom said he would!"

"Mom's got a big mouth, did you know that?" I said with a laugh. "Way too big!"

"He kissed you didn't he?" he started giggling uncontrollably. "You got kissed! You got kissed by a BOY!"

"Yes, I did get kissed you little brat," I said as I kissed him again and tucked him in. I whispered, "And I have to tell you, it sure made me feel like I belong in a dress!"

"Maybe you do?" he giggled.

"You are the sweetest sister in the entire world!"

GOOD AND BAD...

The next morning, Patti and I had to help mom clean and do laundry before we could do anything we wanted. It wasn't a big deal; we were used to cleaning up after the guys now. It was what girls did. I wanted to get out as quickly as I could.

Deanna, Cindy, and I were going shopping at the mall while mother went to visit Aunt Judy. She took some instant pictures of us, hoping that the next day, we'd all be able to see her in the hospital.

I had planned to wait until after Billy called, but mom told me that a girl with brains did not wait for a boy to call. She went on with her life and he'd call back later. They always did, she told me, and it made them appreciate the girl more to know she wasn't glued to the phone! I suppose that helped, but what really swayed me was when my girlfriends told me about the latest summer outfits on sale and cute boys as far as the eye could see!

I chose to wear a cute tank top and denim skirt. Shorts would've been okay I guess, but I hadn't worn my new denim skirt yet.

The mall was fantastic! We must have spent two hours in just one store checking out the summer outfits. I saw a babydoll style nightgown that I just had to have. It was pale green with a top that would just reach my fingertips and cute little ruffled panties. Daddy might object at first, but I knew that mom would approve of it. Mom always had the last word when it came to her daughters. Besides what could daddy possibly know about how cute the nightgown was?

We hit several stores and were headed for a 'Shop Till You Drop' marathon when we stopped for a bite to eat. We were enjoying our lunch when Deanna nudged me. "Check out those guys on the right," she giggled and nodded to a group of boys our age. "They've been following since the last store. I guess they're too shy to come over."

"That's a shame," I sighed, "the one with dark hair and glasses looks awfully cute!"

We looked at them from time to time and smiled, but couldn't encourage them to come over to sit with us no matter how hard we tried. Personally I was all for going over and talking to them, but Cindy was too shy and Deanna insisted that if Cindy wouldn't go she wouldn't either.

"You two are such wimps," I joked as I watched the boys walk away. "Three cute guys and you two suddenly get shy

on me! How come you weren't so shy with Billy at the dance?"

"That's different," Deanna laughed, "we know Billy and you were the one getting kissed, not us."

"Oh well, I guess I should be grateful. I had a fabulous time with Billy! There's a boy who can make a girl feel good!"

"I wish I was the one he kissed," Deanna said with a far away look in her eye. "I'd love to have a boy treat me like Billy treated you."

"I'll let you try him out as soon as I'm done with him, okay?" I joked, "But for now he's mine!"

We shopped for hours before it was time to go home. All I could think about was Deanna saying that she would have loved to have Billy kiss her. I felt a little sad, like I was wasting Billy. He wanted a girl that I wasn't and couldn't be. Maybe I should leave him for real girls like Deanna. Then again, how did I know that Deanna was a real girl? What if her mother wanted a daughter like mine did? I decided I had him and I was keeping him!

I showed off my new nightgown to mom and Patrick as soon as I got home. Patrick was his usual sweet self, telling me how pretty I was. Mom was happy to see her oldest daughter taking an interest in wearing more feminine outfits. She told me that she just knew I'd feel pretty and enjoy it so much and suggested that I buy myself some really sexy lingerie.

"What good is sexy lingerie?" I asked not sure what a sixteen-year-old girl needed sexy lingerie for. After all, it wasn't like mom and daddy's case. No one would see mine.

"It doesn't matter if anyone else knows that you're wearing it," mom patiently explained. "You'll know and you'll act differently when you're wearing it. You'll be a bit more feminine, less of a girl and more of a woman. Those are the feelings I want you to experience this summer."

"That sounds so nice, mom. I can't wait to see what it feels like!" Tears were beginning to flow again. I just couldn't help myself in times like this.

"Can I become a woman too, mom?" Patrick asked hopefully.

Mom hugged him tight then sat next to him on the bed. "No honey, that's only for big girls like your sister. You still have a while before you can become a woman. For now though, you can have so much fun as a twelve year old girl."

Patrick seemed disappointed, but mom was right, he just

wasn't ready to become a woman yet. Mom promised that he could get his ears pierced though. I promised to go with him since he was such a great sister.

When the phone finally rang, I was in my room holding my breath, praying that it was Billy. I nearly killed myself running for the phone when mom called me, which earned me a stern lecture about letting a boy make a fool out of me. I didn't care, this wasn't just any boy, this was Billy and I was dying to hear his voice again!

Daddy and the boys just smiled as they walked by later and heard me giggling into the phone. "Girls," I heard one of them say, "Go figure." I spent an hour giggling and talking to Billy, but it didn't seem that long and it sure wasn't enough. I told him about getting Patti's ears pierced the next day and he agreed to meet me at the mall.

I had a tough time getting to sleep that night thinking about Billy and how I was going to see him again. Mom's pronouncement of 'Puppy Love' after I got off the phone didn't help at all. I couldn't help it. Mom insisted on turning me into a girl. I never asked her to, but I'm so glad she did. Now I couldn't imagine not wearing pretty dresses and makeup. She told me the pills I took were causing me to enjoy being a girl, so why should I feel guilty? I was just being a good girl for mom.

It was about three in the morning when I heard the phone ring. Some how I knew. I cringed as I heard the muttering and then commotion coming from my parents room.

Aunt Judy was dead.

There were a few days of turmoil. No one but mother even knew Aunt Judy so we mostly just tried to support her. I thought of immediately dumping the dresses but no one told me to and everyone knew Patrick and I as only girls. It wasn't the right time to ask mother to buy me pants.

THE AFTERMATH...

Mother was pretty sad and no one said a thing about what was going to happen until one morning I came down to the breakfast table the next morning in my babydoll nightie. Both Ken and Dave said I looked hot while daddy shook his head in wonder. "Looks like you did a lot of work with the boys for nothing."

Mother moaned, "And we are stuck here for a while until we get Aunt Judy's estate settled."

"Are you sure we should keep them like this?" he asked mom as he nodded towards me. "And aren't those nighties a little too sexy for a girl his age?"

"You've become such an old fart," mom laughed loudly as she squeezed my hand. "Don't worry about your poor old daddy, Jennifer. He's just worried. He wouldn't care if I had a nightgown like that."

"It's nice to hear you laugh, dear," Dad said. "Keep your mother laughing and I'll buy you both sexy nightgowns!"

"Me too!" Patti piped in enthusiastically, "I wish I had something pretty like that."

"When you're older, honey," mom smiled and patted Patti's head. "Oh my!" she said. "Today was the day we were going to get your ears pierced, remember? So you could wear Aunt Judy's earrings to see her." Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Looks like I'm stuck like this for a while," I said as my fingers playing with the hem of my nightie. aybe we could go ahead anyway?"

Mother glowed, "Really? That would be such a nice thing. She left you girls all her jewelry but you don't get the diamonds until you are older."

"Then it back to the plan," dad said.

I dutifully swallowed my FemEnhance pill with my juice. Mom seemed so happy that she could trust me to take my hormone pill without an argument. Won't she be thrilled to see how much I develop now that I take three a day?

After breakfast, Patti wanted to change into one of his fancy dresses since this was his day to be initiated as a big girl, but I explained to him that he'd look funny dressed that way in the middle of summer at the mall. I found him a cute pink and white flowered sundress with thin straps that tied at the shoulder, a pretty little white half-slip and a pair of pink sandals. I brush out his curly hair and fixed it into a ponytail tied back with a white bow. He wanted to make sure everyone could see that he was now a big girl wearing earrings!

After helping Patti get dressed, I pulled on a pair of lacy high-cut panties and a pair of white short shorts and a midriff exposing yellow tank top. I decided to wear a pair of medium height sandals. My toes would be exposed so that Billy could see the pretty coat of nail polish I wore. The extra height would make it easier to kiss!

I did a quick application of blush and lipstick, then brushed out my hair and let it hang since Billy liked my hair

loose. Mom finished dressing and doing her makeup and the three of us were off to the mall to make a big girl out of Patti.

Billy was waiting for us at the jewelry store. I loved the way his face brightened when he saw me. It made all the fussing over what outfit to wear and fixing my hair and makeup worthwhile. "You look really nice, Jenny," Billy told me even before saying hello to mom or Patti. "I'm glad you could see me today."

I tried to stay calm. I didn't want him to know how I dreamed of the two of us off in a quiet little spot making out like crazy! I sure didn't want to tell him that here in front of mom and Patti. Later when we were alone would be the perfect time.

We waited while Patti picked out the earrings he wanted and then I held his hand while the holes were made and the earrings were put in. "You were so brave, Patti. I am so proud of you," I told him. "Now you can wear big girl earrings just like mom and me!"

Patti's lower lip was quivering a bit, but Billy said that he looked so pretty and grown-up with his new earrings that if he had met him first, he would have asked him to the dance! Suddenly the quivering stopped and he was smiling and admiring his new earrings. Mom looked at me and smiled as if to say what I already knew. Billy really had a way of making a girl feel special!

Mom offered to take us for an ice cream cone to celebrate, but after a promise to be back when she was ready to leave, she allowed Billy and me to go off on our own to a nearby park. I could tell by the slight smile on her face that the delay was just to make me seem more appealing to Billy. That was okay, I absolutely adored being appealing to him. I had to thank her when we got home.

We stopped for our own ice cream cones along the way, then found an empty bench and had fun eating each other's cones. Billy would offer me a lick of his cone, then I'd give him a lick of mine, and then we'd laugh like we were totally nuts. One time as he leaned forward to lick my cone, I gave him a quick kiss on the forehead.

"Sneaky little devil aren't you?" he asked playfully, "I'll get you for that!"

He got me the next time I leaned over for a lick. He pulled back the cone and quickly put his face in front of me resulting in his getting the tip of his nose licked. "That was dumb," I laughed as he wiped his nose off. "Anyway I wanted ice cream,

not your nose, cute though it is!"

"I was hoping for a kiss, instead I get my nose cleaned," he shook his head and smiled, "What am I going to do with you, Jenny?"

I shrugged my shoulders and pouted, "If you wanted a kiss you should have asked for one. I didn't get a kiss or ice cream. Talk about a rip-off!"

"Can I make it up to you?" Billy asked, his voice dripping with mock concern.

"I don't know," I pouted even more, "how could you possibly make it up to me?"

He smiled and held his cone out for me to lick, then held his face out for me to kiss. The ice cream was good, but the kiss was even better!

"That was different," I laughed after kissing him, "A chocolate ice cream kiss. I've never had one of those before."

Billy immediately licked his cone and puckered up for another kiss, which I, being a very observant girl, gave him. Soon we were out of ice cream, but had plenty of kisses left. There was nothing else to do but to use them up. It would be a tragedy to go home with kisses left, so I was a good girl and gave them all to Billy!

Our spot wasn't nearly as secluded as we thought. People kept walking by and staring at us. They must have approved since all we saw were smiles. One guy gave Billy the thumbs up sign when he didn't think I was looking. After our kisses, I gently put my arm around his shoulder and pulled his head down onto my lap where I ever so softly stroked his face and ran my fingers through his hair.

He was so cute staring up at me, but there was something different about him. His arms showed signs of developing muscles and his face was just a little rough to the touch. He had a hard masculine body. Under my makeup and pretty outfits, I was a sixteen-year-old boy too, but I was so different. Soon he'd have hair that would need shaving. My face was smooth and soft, no trace of hair to be found. His chest was hard and flat with no trace of the soft, round, mounds of flesh that I was so proud of.

We were so different, but I was happy with the differences. I didn't know what I was going to do when I had to go back to being Bobby. How could I give up my pretty dresses and nylons? I hated the idea of having hair on my legs and underarms. After working so hard to get the small breasts that I was so proud of, how could I let them just turn into flab?

Before I could get too upset, Billy asked if I could find another kiss lying around. "I think I know where I can find one," I smiled and leaned over to meet his lips.

"This is almost as much fun as seeing how long I could keep kissing at the dance," Billy told me after the kiss. He sat up, looked at me and laughed. "I can't believe Cindy and Deanna thought I was that stupid!"

"Stupid?" I repeated in shock, "What do you mean they thought you were stupid?"

"That kissing thing they pulled. I heard about it from one of my friends two years ago!"

"You knew?" I asked in horror. How could he possibly have known? He seemed so gullible. Worse yet, did he think I was tricking him?

"I'm so sorry, Billy. I never meant to trick you. It just seemed like fun at the time. Forgive me?"

"What's to forgive? I told you that I knew all about the trick. Take the hint Jenny, I wanted to kiss you!"

I threw my arms around his neck and held him tight. "Do you know that you are the sweetest, most wonderful boy in the whole world?"

"Only if I have the sweetest most wonderful girl in the whole world to hug and kiss," he placed his lips against my waiting mouth. Our tongues met and the fireworks went off again!

On our way back to meet mom and Patti, we made a quick stop at a store so I could get a present for Patti. A sign caught my eye when we were browsing through the junior girl's department. The sign had a picture of two girls, one about my age and the other close to Patti's. It read, 'The Sister's Collection'. Each outfit for an older girl matched an identical outfit for a younger girl about Patti's age. There were pretty dresses, tops, and slacks along with nightgowns. After a little searching, I found exactly what I was looking for, a pretty pink baby doll pajama set with lots of lace on the top and matching ruffled panties! The PJ's were very girlish looking. Maybe Patti wasn't a teenage girl yet, but that wouldn't stop me from dressing like him! We could be identically dressed sisters at night!

Billy gave me a quick goodbye kiss, this time in front of mom who smiled and said how nice it was to see him again. As he was leaving, mom smiled at me and said, "He's got it bad."

"Got what bad?" I asked unsure of what she meant.



"Sisters Forever!" Was it a prediction of things to come or just two wonderful nighties?

"Puppy love! The same thing that you're suffering from!" she replied with a laugh.

"Is there a cure?" I asked, hoping that there wasn't.

"It takes time, honey," mom said, "Getting over your first love is not easy. Especially a sweetheart like Billy."

"I couldn't stand to lose him, mom," I cried, "He's the sweetest, kindest, most lovable boy on the face of the earth!"

"I can think of a boy that is every bit as nice as that," mom smiled. "He is sweet, lovable, kind, everything you say Billy is."

"I give up. Who?" I asked, not feeling up to mom's silly little game.

"His name is Robert," mom said with a triumphant smile, "Remember him?"

I sat for several moments in silence thinking about the boy I had been. "Oh God, mom," I sobbed, "I forgot that I was a boy too."

"You were supposed to forget dear," she explained in a soothing voice. "You and Patrick were supposed to think of yourselves as girls for the summer. It made adjusting to living as a girl easier. I think it was just a little too easy for you though. You have to return to being boys again when summer's over."

"I don't want to be a boy!" Patrick muttered from the back seat. "I like being a girl. I don't want to be a boy again!"

"Won't you miss playing baseball?" mom asked.

"NO!" Patti was being much more adamant than I remembered. "I like my pretty dresses, my baton twirling, and my Barbies a lot more! When I'm older, I'll look just as pretty as Jenny and have lots of cute boyfriends too!"

"Boyfriends? Patti," mom said with a laugh. "Oh my! What have we done?"

"I guess we've seen the 'other side, of life and like it," I said. Patrick does make a pretty girl."

"You both would have the boys waiting in line to kiss you! Let me see what I can do."

Patti was smiling at the thought, but quickly returned to reading his girl's magazine and the matter was soon forgotten.

I gave Patti my surprise that night when he and I were getting ready for bed. "This is so pretty, Jennifer," he said in awe as he examined his new PJ's. "I'm never going to take them off!"

"You're going to look very silly wearing them at the mall,

Patti," I teased, "but there's more to my surprise." I reached into the bag and pulled out a matching set of PJ's for me. "Read the front," I told him.

"Oh wow, this is so neat!" Patti said when he saw the pink letters, which read simply 'Sister's Forever!'"

"Let's change so we can show off to mom and the boys!" I watched as Patti quickly removed his dress and slip and pulled on the PJ's. I changed from my shorts and top, slipped into my set, then did Patti's hair into a ponytail to match mine. Hand in hand we then went to show off!

"Daddy, Daddy," Patti yelled out in glee as he spotted daddy, "Look at us. We match!"

Daddy looked at Patti and me, then he broke into a big smile. "Come here. Let me get a good look at my pretty girls," he motioned for us to sit on both side of him on the couch. "Honey, get the camera. I want a picture of my pretty daughters and me!" he called to mom who was only too happy to oblige. As always, daddy and our brothers were very accepting of us and never once laughed or ridiculed us. We had become their little sisters and that was that! I felt even closer to them than ever before.

Even though I have grown closer to daddy and my brothers, it is my relationship with Patti that had really changed. As Robert, I always resented having Patrick tag along everywhere I went. What a pain he was as a little brother. I often wondered why he couldn't find other kids to play with and leave me alone?

Now as sisters we are so close! I helped Patti do his hair and taught him about using nail polish and I even let him play with my makeup. If we have to get dressed up, I always help him get his stockings on without messing them up and he is always there to zip up my dresses or to button that little back button at the top that is so hard to reach. He loves to watch me get dressed and put my makeup on and never misses a chance to tell me how pretty I look when I finish. That's the kind of support a girl can only get from her sister and we are happy to give it to each other.

I love spending part of the day laying in the backyard with mom and Patti in our bathing suits working on our tans. I always wear my pink two piece suit to get the best overall tan. Since there were no other homes nearby, we wait until daddy and the boys are gone, then feeling very naughty and sexy, mom and I undo our tops.

I noticed mom give my breasts a very careful examination when we first did this. She smiled and said that I was

developing into quite a pretty young woman! That compliment erased any doubts about increasing the dosage of my hormone pills!

Of course, I still used every chance to see Billy. After all, we were only going to be in the area for a few weeks. Mom said it was okay to consider Billy as my boyfriend during that time. She even let him take me to movies during the time we were together. Billy was the pitcher on a local baseball team and I was always in the stands cheering for my boyfriend. Sometimes I'd wear a pair of cut-off shorts and a midriff-baring top or if it were hotter than usual, I'd wear a casual summer dress and sandals. The dresses fit me very well and showed just a peek of cleavage, which I knew drove Billy crazy. But if I can't tease my own boyfriend, what good is he?

Billy finally got his driver's license and drove me to the game the night before my family was to leave. On our way home, we stopped at Lover's Lane to say our final good-byes. As we hugged and kissed, I felt Billy's hand move from my waist to my breasts. He gently touched my breast with his hand and asked if it was okay. I nodded and continued kissing his neck and nibbling his ears while he gently held and squeezed one then the other breast.

The fireworks I experienced from our kisses were nothing compared to how I felt as Billy gently squeezed my breasts through the fabric of my thin summer dress. Finally he got the courage to ask what I was about to beg him to do, reach inside my dress. He fumbled around trying to hold my breast as we kissed. I couldn't take the on-again, off-again feelings I experienced as he tightened then lost his grip as we let out our passions.

I allowed him to lower the thin straps that held my dress on my shoulders, exposing my tanned breasts to first his hands and then his mouth.

I felt so wonderfully awkward sitting in Billy's car as he suckled on my pert little breasts. Sensations cursed down my spine. I would do anything for him---anything I could! I just had to show Billy how very, very much he meant to me but I couldn't possibly remove my dress even for him.

He took my hand and placed it on his zipper. I was shocked by his passion for me.

I felt him shudder and heard him sigh as my fingers awkwardly grasped the extent of his excitement. It all made me feel so girlish and feminine. A few minutes of playful petting and Billy moaned. I gasped as I realized what I had

done for him.

He whispered, "Next time I want to do that in you."

That night meant so much to me that I just had to tell mom all about it. She was so wonderful telling me that she knew exactly how I felt and how proud she was that I had managed to keep both my virtue and my secret safe! She knew exactly what I had gone through and could describe my feelings down to the last sigh when Billy gently placed my dress straps back on my shoulders again. She promised that I would never forget that night as long I lived. I'd always remember the night I really became a girl!

I spent the next several days sulking as we moved to the beach to continue our vacation. There was no reason to stay near a hospital now. Daddy and the boys noticed my foul mood and tried to cheer me up, but they didn't have a chance. I wished I could tell them how wonderful it felt to have Billy take my breasts into his mouth and suck on them. They would never understand; they were boys!

It took weeks to get over Billy, but I finally started feeling better and making new friends. I started to date and I loved the way boys treated me. I had so much fun going to movies and amusement parks, and having a good-looking guy hold me close. I never trusted myself to go as far with another boy as I had with Billy, but I did end up with a serious crush on one guy.

Chuck and I met at the beach. He was tall, well built, and two years older than me. I was worried that mom and daddy would object to the age difference, but they thought he was great and had no problems with him dating their daughter. I enjoyed it when Chuck took me to dances at a local teen club. I'd make sure that I wore something very pretty and would spend hours doing my hair, makeup, and nails so that I looked my best.

I know that lots of girls think that it is too much trouble to get all prettied up just for a dance, but I'm not one of them. I loved the nice warm bubble baths and the pretty lingerie that mom insisted I wear. The final effect was always worth the effort; at least Chuck thought it was!

I really went all out with being a girl for Chuck. I bought sexy panties, satiny bras that felt so cool and comfortable against my sensitive breasts, and several half-slips lavishly trimmed in lace. Over my sexy lingerie, I wore dresses and skirts, which were pretty, but hardly sexy. I always dressed

correctly for a girl my age. I didn't want anyone to think I was some kind of sexpot, even if my lingerie made me feel like one!

Chuck was the first boy, other than my brothers, to see me in my two piece bathing suit. I kept practicing my ballet exercises to stay in shape and the hormones really did their job making me a full 32A cup. So I felt that the time was right to show off!

It felt great to take the pads out of my bathing suit top and feel my breasts resting against the fabric. I'd been secretly buying and wearing larger size bras since just before Billy and I said good-bye. Mom thought I was being the perfect daughter by insisting on hand washing my lingerie, but I just didn't want her noticing that I wasn't wearing a 32AA bra anymore.

Patti never seemed to tire of being the perfect twelve-year-old girl and playing with his girlfriends. I became the typical teenage girl who just couldn't get enough pretty outfits. The hormones filled out my breasts and butt so nicely that soon I had to buy a larger size in jeans and tops.

Another side effect that mom and daddy had not counted on was my becoming boy crazy! I developed a crush on a new boy almost weekly. I loved the power I had over them.

One of my favorite things to do was to get together with my girlfriends at the mall or beach and compare the guys we saw. Of course, while we were checking them out, the guys were also checking us out. I quickly noticed how much they liked the way I looked in my pink swimsuit. Whenever I wore it, guys were always throwing their footballs or Frisbees in our direction. They had a whole big beach to play on, yet they always seemed to end up near us. Of course, we didn't have a problem with that. I really enjoyed the attention I got from boys and had a terrific time playing volleyball or just sitting around and talking with them. They made me feel so good about myself. I still occasionally thought about Billy and missed him, but I was having a great time.

Mom suggested that I get a part-time job to help pass the time, but I really didn't care much for the uniforms the girls in the local fast food stores wore. I couldn't picture myself working as a cashier at the supermarket either. One day a girlfriend mentioned that there was an opening for a hostess at the restaurant where she worked. She thought I'd be perfect for the job. All I had to do was look pretty and escort people to their seats. She was sure that I could get the job, especially since the owner was a pushover for a pretty girl.

She was right about the owner and soon I had my first job as the pretty, smiling hostess. The job had great hours. I only had to work a few evenings a week, so I still had time for volleyball and tanning on the beach with a little extra left over for a date. The very best part of the job was that I got to wear pretty outfits and heels, wear my hair in a pretty style, and look like a young model! On my first night, I borrowed mom's white chiffon blouse, which I wore over a very dainty looking camisole and a black slim skirt that showed off my butt. I coupled the skirt and blouse with a pair of smoky pantyhose, two inch pumps, and some of the sexiest lingerie I owned!

The owner had a tough time leaving me alone, but he finally decided that I was way too young for him and returned to his work. As customers came in, I'd smile, greet them, and lead them to their seats. I wouldn't get rich at this job, but it gave me the chance to dress up in something pretty several days a week. I would have been happy to do that for nothing.

It was so much fun to pick out a pretty dress or some other outfit and make the change from beach bunny to sophisticated young woman. After a relaxing bath, I'd slip into a pair of my high cut nylon panties with lace panels on the sides, smooth a pair of sheer stockings up my legs, and carefully cradle my breasts into the cups of my bra before fastening it. I cut back to only two Femenhance tablets a day once I developed into a 34A bra, but the two tablets did their job well. By mid-July, I was wearing a 34B, exactly the size I wanted to be.

Some days I'd wear a lacy full slip under a dress, but most of the time I'd settle for a camisole and half-slip to better fit under some of my shorter skirts. I'd slip into the dress I chose for the night, then carefully remove my curlers. A little work with my makeup, some jewelry, and I was the well-put together young woman again. Somewhere along the way, Patti and I became the sweet little girls mom had hoped for. Patti had several girlfriends her own age that she played with. I had my girlfriends and my dates with boys.

One day I was getting ready for work and was standing in just my bra and panties when Patti asked me if I liked being a girl.

"Do I like being a girl?" I repeated wondering what she meant, "Is that what you asked?"

"Uh huh," she said, "do you ever miss being a boy?"

I stopped to think before answering her. It was a long time

since I thought of myself as a boy. I didn't miss that part of my life at all. "Yeah, I like being a girl. Promise you can keep a secret?" I asked in a low voice.

"I promise," she whispered back as she looked around to make sure we were alone.

"Okay then, here's the secret. I don't want to be a boy again!" I whispered into her ear. "I just love wearing pretty dresses and all of my pretty underwear and..."

"...and your boyfriends?" Patti asked grinning.

"Especially boyfriends," I whispered to her giddily, "Boys are so much fun!"

"It's like playing with fire," she giggled, "When Freddy kissed me last week, I thought I'd die. He's such a boy!"

"Aren't you a little young to be kissing boys?" I teased.

"I'm twelve, almost thirteen," she said with a sparkle in her eyes. "Besides, he is so cute!"

"I don't know if you should be finding boys as cute yet!" I laughed to see her smile as she thought of her boyfriend.

"I can't help it!" she pouted, "He so cute and makes me feel so girly."

"Okay," I gave in, not wanting to upset her, "but no car dates!"

"You're silly, Jenny," she laughed, "Freddy's too young to drive!"

"How are we going to explain this to mom?" I asked. "She's expecting to see her boys again after the summer. I can't be Bobby since taking all those pills." I glanced at my breasts and felt a sense of contentment. I loved having them!

"I would hate being a boy named Patrick," she laughed impishly, "I'm a girl and my name is Patti!"

"That's odd," I said with a laugh, "I don't know who Bobby is either. Didn't mom and daddy have two sons and two daughters?"

"That's right, two boys and two girls!" Patti said firmly. "Kevin and David are the boys. Patti and Jennifer are the girls!"

We decided not to say anything to mom to avoid upsetting her. We figured she just might insist we go back to being boys right away. At least this way we could enjoy ourselves for a little bit longer.

My job as a hostess was so nice, everyone treated me just like a young woman. With my pay, I bought several dressy outfits for work. Of course, I managed to find time to date a cute guy who worked in the kitchen. I was so happy being one



*I was so proud to be the lead ballerina.
I was proud to simply be admired and
not laughed at!*

of the girls, wearing pretty outfits, and calling each other on the phone to talk about boys, clothes, and work.

Mom allowed Patti to join a local majorette group and she never seemed happier then when she was marching with a group of girls wearing her spangled leotard and tights, twirling her baton and smiling to the crowd. I decided to continue my ballet lessons and joined a wonderful group in town.

I loved learning everything about fashion and hair. I could be outrageous in hip length mini skirts and thigh high boots, silky blouses, leather pants and even torn jeans. It all had it's place. Sometimes I felt like a innocent little girl, the next minute I was putting on dramatic makeup, a push up bra and fluffing my hair to heaven. You know that look...the kind the hot babes have...that look like they want to go to bed with every guy in the world but you.

One day, I was getting ready for work when mom and daddy called Patti and I into the room for a little talk. We knew it was to announce our return to being boys. "I guess you girls know what this is about," mom said as we sat next to each other on the sofa. "It's August and school will start soon. I promised that you'd only have to pretend to be girls for the summer. Now that time is about over."

"We realize that it wasn't easy for you to give up baseball and GI Joe's, to wear dresses and play with dolls, but you were wonderful. It was a very nice present to give your mother the daughters she always hoped for," daddy said as he looked at us with pride. "No one could have wished for sweeter girls than you two."

"But its time to get started if you two are going to return to being boys," mom saw the sad looks on our faces.

"But I don't want to be a boy! I love being a girl, wearing pretty clothes, dating, and..." I trailed off, too embarrassed to finish my thought.

"Don't call me Patrick! My name is Patti. I'm a girl and I'd rather play with my Barbies!" Patti sniffled as a tear ran down her cheek. "I don't want to be a boy either!"

"Don't you miss your boy games, Patrick? What about sports, Robert" daddy asked. "You always loved sports!"

"I could always play on a girl's team if I wanted to, mom," I said with a shrug, "but I'd rather watch the boys play. I love wearing pretty clothes and my performing my ballet lessons."

"Being a majorette is fun," Patti added, "and I want to take ballet lessons too!"

"I've worked really hard with my ballet exercises to look

this way," I said firmly. "I could never look like a boy again, I just couldn't." I started to cry again. I didn't care about crying anymore. If something upset me, I had to cry. I just had to!

"Mom said that without a padded bra, you'd just need to gain a few pounds and everything would fill out," daddy said. "It might take a month or so, but..."

"I haven't worn a padded bra for a month!" I dropped my bombshell and waited for a reaction. "I wear a size 34B bra now!"

"I told you she was up to something," mom said with a grin, "Trust me, I knew she'd bite!"

"Bite?" I asked, "What are you talking about? What did I bite?"

Mom smiled at me, "How many of those pills are you taking now?"

She knew! "Uh, two a day," I said shyly, "I took three a day until I got to where I wanted to be."

"You wanted to have breasts?" daddy asked bluntly, no beating around the bush with him.

"More than anything I've ever wanted before, daddy," I admitted. "Please don't be mad at me. I just had to do it! I didn't want the other girls laughing at me when I wore my bathing suit."

"Told you so!" mom laughed as she playfully poked daddy in the ribs. "She's not going to lose them anytime soon. As a matter of fact, she's stuck with that body now."

"Stuck?" I repeated. Had I heard her right?

"Stuck, as in you now have your voice, breasts, butt, and every other part of your cute shape permanently," she gave me a playful pat on the behind, then motioned toward my breasts. "The changes to your body are permanent with the amount of estrogen you have taken."

Daddy turned to Patti, "How long have you been using that voice spray?"

"How did you know I was using it?" she asked, her eyes wide in astonishment.

"How long?" daddy insisted.

"Since we moved here," Patti said as she stared at the floor.

"I knew that little girl voice was new!" daddy exclaimed as he and mom exchanged knowing looks. "I bet those small breasts are real too!"

"Jennifer, try talking in your boy voice," mom asked.

"I can't, mom," I cried. "I tried last week and it hurt my

throat to lower my pitch. The best I could do was an alto."

"I thought so," mom smiled, "You are a lilting soprano now. You've lost your male voice forever."

"What happens now?" I asked, worried about going back to school with my 34B breasts bouncing around under my shirt and speaking with a soprano pitch.

"Nothing," daddy said calmly, "You girls have made up your minds about your gender."

"Here's a little present for each of you," mom handed Patti and me brown envelopes stuffed with papers. I opened mine and removed the top paper, a birth certificate for me as Jennifer, female born on the same day as I!

Patti squealed happily as she saw her new birth certificate in her envelope. "Does this mean we are really girls?" I gasped.

"Just like your PJ's say, girls," daddy answered as he kissed my cheek. "Sister's forever!"

"What about school?" I wondered aloud. "We can't just return to school as Jennifer and Patti."

"Dad's opening a business right here in town," mom said proudly. "You girls are enrolled at a school not far from here."

"We are really girls!" I screeched. "Like forever? I don't have to give up my pretty lingerie, my dresses, and especially boys!"

Patti and I were so happy. We started dancing around and hugging each other. Our skirts flared out to reveal our silky panties and slips. We were going to be sisters forever. Nothing could be better than that!

"We have made arrangements for a little change to be made to you, Jennifer," mom said slowly. "You are going into a hospital for a few days. You can give your special belts to Patti when you leave."

I glanced at my crotch, then at daddy. He knew what was on my mind. "Nothing permanent for now, honey," he assured me. "Just a little relocation from the outside to the inside."

The whole thing was planned well in advance. Mom and daddy knew that there was a good chance we'd like being girls. They had set everything in convenient places for us to find. They were ready if we made that choice, otherwise we would have been allowed to go back to being boys.

I went to the hospital a week later. I fell fast asleep after a shot, and awoke the next morning to find a skimpy bikini laying on my nightstand and my family smiling approvingly

at me. Patti would have to stay as she was for now. Her organs were still developing and nothing could be done until she was fully developed as a boy. It seems ironic that once my sister is completely a boy, she'll be changed into a girl!

I simply loved dancing ballet before an audience. I was so proud when my family saw my first recital as a lead ballerina. I was lovely in my lovely pink tutu, and with my hair styled and held back with a piece of jewelry. I was so proud to be a girl!

We started school in our new uniforms, a cute plaid jumper and blouse for Patti and a plaid skirt, white blouse, and blazer for me. Patti is captain of the girl's twirling team and I put my ballet lessons to good use as a cheerleader. Patti is fantastic with a baton during the half time show and I'm always out there, pompoms in hand, stirring up the crowd, doing flips and cartwheels while my short skirt is flapping in the breeze!

Patti and I are two of the hardest working twirlers and cheerleaders because our big brothers are scoring touchdown after touchdown and we want them to know how proud their sisters are of them!

We're much closer to mom than ever before, and daddy and the boys are very protective of us. I've kept my hostess job and have changed my style of dressing to reflect a more sophisticated look. After all, I'm not a little boy anymore!

The End

If you like this story, write to me:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



***Mother finally had her two daughters.
We were sisters forever!***

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEBLASTING TV FICTION SERIES:	
HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW	10.00
MAKE BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO Sissy #1	10.00
Contemporary TV FICTION	
MISTRESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
A PAKY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL (forie part #)	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
ENJOYED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics	
AUNTIE HEER #22 NEW	10.00
A PROPER LADY II #21 NEW	10.00
A PROPER LADY #20 NEW	10.00
THE GIRL #19	10.00
WISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #18	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A	10.00
GIRL #87	10.00
PINK SLIP I & II #85 & 86	20.00
GIRLS GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SESSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HER MISS #77 & #78	20.00
JESSIE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGHEN #72 & 73	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65&66	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SLEDDING DAUGHTERS/SIS #50&51	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 I & #48	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 books	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
YOUTH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SHINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MISS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7	10.00
CHEERLEADER WASCOT #6	10.00
Contemporary TV Fiction	
DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDER & LACE I #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDER & LACE II #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00
SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00

BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61&62	20.00
DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
CHEERS RULE #51	10.00
DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOM #49 & 50	20.00
SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (pkgs)	20.00
FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
THE PAMPERED Sissy #25	10.00
JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
REDTOES #21	10.00
I DRESS THEREFORE #20	10.00
HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
GIRLIES #16	10.00
HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
VOY OF FEMINITY #9	10.00
MIRACULOUS #8	10.00
CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
FURT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00

THOMAS TV Fiction Series:	
MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
PETTICOATS FOR PATRIOT #17	10.00
FEMININE FORT #16	10.00
MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
CHARA SCHOOL #12	10.00
ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00

CLASSIC TV FICTION	
QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
TV VACATION #3	10.00
BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

OTHER GREAT IDEAS:	
TRANSFORMA COMIC	10.00 ea
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6	
THE SLIP	10.00
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

TOTAL ORDER	_____
STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA, residents only)	_____
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	_____
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books)	_____
TOTAL ENCLOSED	_____

SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp /

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08



IN THE PINK

It was a merger made in heaven. No more boys complaining that Bill cut their hair too short and frankly, the town was just a little prettier.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA