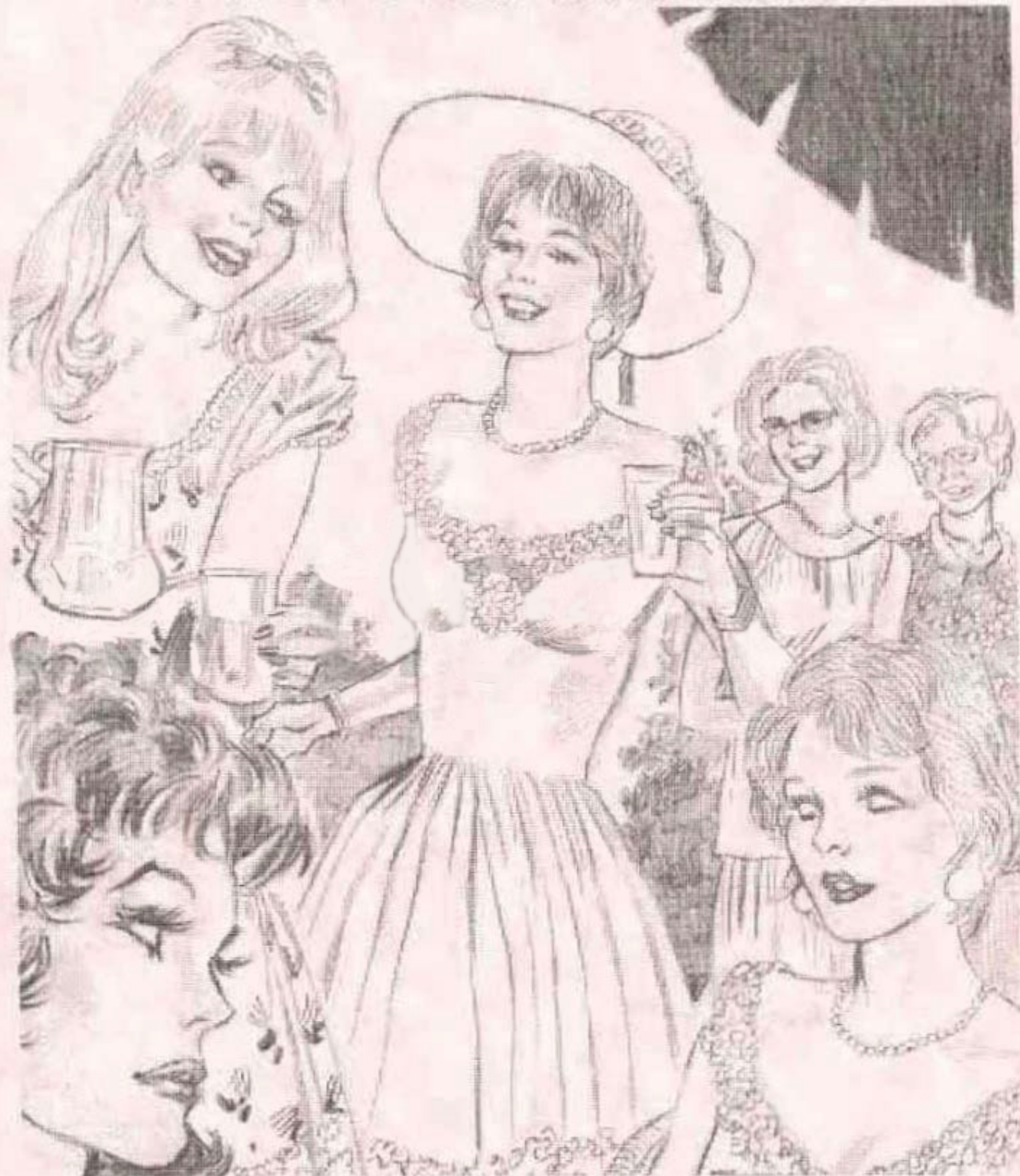


CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"SITTING PRETTY"

A SUMMER VACATION TURNS THESE
BOYS INTO SOUTHERN BELLES!



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SITTING PRETTY

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VOLUME 52

“SITTING PRETTY”

By Alice Trail & Kristi Love

Illustrations by Puyal

**Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
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Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

Sandythomas@home.com

**DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:
‘LOVE EDITING’**

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You just cut open some veins...”



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SITTING PRETTY

Alice Trail & Kristy Love

Chapter 1 – Aunts aren't always sweet

“Welcome to Atlanta, Judd daaahling,” *Martha Lee* sighed in a drawn out Southern accent only a wealthy matron used to having her way can get away with. “How was your flight from Boston, dear boy?”

“Fine, Aunt Martha.” *Judd Grant* smiled at his aunt’s accentuated accent.

“I do hope your stay with us for the summer is enjoyable, dahling. Did your mother and sister get off on their cruise okay?”

“Uh...yes, Aunt Martha, everything went swimmingly. By the way, why didn’t Harold come with you? I hoped he and I could find some chicks tonight.”

A glimmer appeared in Martha’s eyes as she answered in her deep Southern drawl, “He’s doing just fine, Sugah. I asked if he wanted to come along, but he had fallen behind on his lessons and wanted to spend this morning catching up. Besides, I really doubt if he’s all that interested in looking for girls.”

“Harold is the biggest ladies man I’ve ever known. How can he not be interested in trolling for girls?” His aunt smiled, but didn’t elaborate further, so Judd asked, “What lessons?”

“Some domestic responsibilities he’s undertaken. He’s changed considerably since you last saw him. You’ll see when we get home.”

Upon arriving at Martha’s large mansion, a pretty teenage girl wearing a white nylon blouse and a mid-thigh length pink pleated skirt greeted him. With a deep curtsy, a bright blush, and in a slightly husky voice, she said, “Welcome to Atlanta, Judd.”

Judd was confused for an instant, but suddenly, he recognized his cousin. “What the hell, Harold?” he gasped in disbelief as he scanned his once macho cousin. “Why are you wearing a dress?”

Harold cast a sideways glance at a woman standing beside him before answering. When she nodded approval, he stammered, “I’m being home schooled and this is my uniform.”

“Home school? You graduated from high school and are entering college in September!” Judd gasped, having difficulty comprehending his manly cousin wearing girl’s clothes. He noticed that Harold had lost considerable weight, as he seemed a mere shadow of his former hefty self. To make matters worse, he wore a padded bra and his legs were shaven!

“He did graduate, but his final semester was taught at home,” Martha grinned. “His present courses cover subjects absent from his former curriculum, so he is catching up during the summer.”

“Home schooled boys don’t wear uniforms, especially not girl’s uniforms!” Judd spat as he observed the austere woman standing beside his cousin. She appeared to be in her early forties and Harold was obviously afraid of her.

“*Ms. Dixon* is my tutor and she insists that I wear this uniform for my classes,” Harold sighed.

“But it’s a *girl’s* uniform...!” Judd sputtered.

“Ms. Dixon comes to us from an exclusive girl’s school in Charleston where some of our most elegant Southern ladies attended in their youth,” Martha explained. “Hannah’s skirt and blouse resemble that school’s uniforms. They are serviceable as well as quite attractive, don’t you think?”

“Hannah?”

“Hannah seems a more appropriate name than Harold, given the way he is dressed. I’m sure Ms. Dixon can accommodate two students as easily as one if you decide not to return home in the fall.”

“No way!” Judd grimaced at the thought of wearing a feminine ensemble like his cousin. “I’m no sissy!”

“I’m sure Harold thought of himself that way in the beginning,” Martha smiled condescendingly. “Oh well, three months is plenty of time to change your mind.”

“Yeah, right!” Judd growled inwardly, wishing that he had elected to take the cruise with his mother and sister. Noticing Harold’s apparent feminine makeup and hairstyle, he asked, “Does he dress like that all the time?”

“Oh no!” she responded offhandedly, “Hannah only wears uniforms for classes, which end at noon.” Turning to Harold, she said, “It’s almost that time now, dear, so please make some sandwiches and drinks for lunch.”

Judd thought it ridiculous to ask a boy to prepare lunch with two perfectly capable women present, even if the boy *was* dressed as a girl! Apparently Harold didn’t agree as he grasped the hem of his skirt in his fingertips, executed a polite curtsy, and replied, “Yes, Mother.”

“He even walks like a girl!” Judd thought as he watched his once masculine cousin depart. Harold held his arms at waist level with limp wrists, took short steps, placed each foot directly in front of the other, which girlishly swayed his hips. His short skirt swayed enticingly about his thighs in an exquisitely feminine dance. “Must be those shoes,” Judd pondered at seeing the two-inch heels his cousin wore.

“Lunch will be ready shortly,” Martha smiled. “In the meantime, come to the parlor and tell us about yourself.”

Judd was still appalled at the clothes and duties imposed on his formerly masculine cousin, however his aunt’s request was reasonable and he didn’t want to be rude. To his surprise, the two women seemed genuinely interested in his friends and activities, even though they frowned when he mentioned sports or other physical activities.

Half an hour later, Harold entered the parlor wearing a pinafore style apron over his skirt and blouse. Executing a polite curtsy, he announced that lunch was ready. Observing the intricate lace edging at the bodice, hem, and decorative fake pocket, Judd wondered how his cousin tied such a perfectly neat bow behind him. As he perused Harold's girlish waist, he was unable to contain himself from asking, "Why are you wearing that sissy thing?"

"To protect my uniform!" Harold abruptly replied. "Ironing skirts with all these tiny pleats isn't fun!"

Before he could ask why a boy should know about ironing, Judd spotted a platter of sliced turkey sandwiches and a pitcher of ice-cold lemonade. He grabbed a seat and began eating before the others could sit. "This is great, Harold!" he exclaimed after washing down the last half of his sandwich. "May I have another glass of lemonade?"

"Of course," Harold replied in a soft voice, "Would you like another sandwich or a brownie for dessert? I made a batch in class this morning."

"I'll have another sandwich *and* a brownie!"

Harold smiled as he rose to his feet, fluffed out his apron skirt, and scurried for the kitchen with his blonde ponytail tied with a satin blue ribbon swaying from side to side. Judd was further astounded by Harold's appearance when he returned with the requested fare. He inhaled a pleasant feminine perfume, and he looked closer to see that Harold was wearing blush, mascara, pale pink lipstick, and matching nail polish! Stammering a polite "thank you", he wondered what other feminine items this former ruffian might be wearing, under his swaying skirt, for instance!

Unwilling to invade such a personal area in the presence of the intimidating women, he queried, "You made these brownies? They're great! May I have another?"

"Oh yes!" Harold exclaimed, "I made them for you."

"Aren't you going to eat anything?" Judd asked in disbelief.

“N...no,” Harold stammered, “I’m not allow...I’m...I’m...not very hungry.”

“Suit yourself!” Judd declared as he bit into another brownie without noticing that his cousin ate only a small salad and drank lemon-flavored water.

After lunch, Judd took his bags up to his room and put his things away. Tired from his journey and sluggish from overeating, he sprawled across the bed and fell asleep. When he awoke, he assumed Harold would be out of his sissy school uniform and they could scout the neighborhood for chicks.

When he entered the bathroom connecting his room with Harold’s to wash his face and brush his shiny black hair, he gasped at the scene before him. Hanging over the towel bars were three pair of silky girl’s panties, a half-slip with a narrow band of lace at the hem, and two pair of sheer nylon stockings! “Does Harold wear these things under his skirts?” he wondered in awe. “Is this sissy stuff *his*?”

Pushing the question from his mind, he bounded down the stairs two at a time and roared at Ms. Dixon who was reading in the parlor, “Where’s Harold?”

“I don’t know much about social graces in Boston, but Southern gentlemen don’t barge about the house bellowing like a wounded bear,” she curtly replied. “You will exercise restraint and comport yourself in a genteel manner while a guest in this house.”

Her cold demeanor and harsh rebuke set him off. “Perhaps you misunderstood!” he angrily spat, “I asked for Harold, not a reprimand or a lesson in Southern etiquette! Where is he?”

“Your cousin is in the utility room,” she seethed.

“Bitch!” Judd uttered under his breathe as he hurried away. “Hey, Harold,” he shouted, “I’m primed and cocked. How about we get out of here? I hear the Georgia peaches are luscious!”

“I can’t go with you, Judd,” Harold stammered when the two came face to face, “I have to finish my housework.”

Harold was toiling at an ironing board while wearing a yellow and white housedress with a less fancy apron than he wore during lunch. “What’s going on?” Judd gasped in disbelief, “I thought you only wore girl’s clothes to morning classes.”

Harold blushed brightly and avoided eye contact, but after a few agonizing seconds, he shamefully admitted, “I only wear my uniforms during morning classes...but I have to wear girl’s clothes all the time.”

“Then, those frilly things in the bathroom are *yours*?”

“I wear what girls wear under their dresses. You don’t know how horrible it is to have to wear girl’s dresses. So please don’t tease me about the silky underwear.”

“Aunt Martha and that Dixon bitch are crazy! How long has this been going on?”

“Since Christmas! I got into some trouble and was kicked out of prep school. When I got home, Mother said she had hired a tutor and that I was to be schooled at home. Ms. Dixon always taught at girl’s schools, so at first, I assumed dresses and skirts were the only uniforms she knew. Boy, was I ever wrong! From the beginning, she set out to dress me as a girl. Like any red-blooded guy, I flew into a rage and swore that I wouldn’t wear girl’s clothes, but as you see, I was wrong. Ms. Dixon is a martial arts expert and I didn’t stand a chance. Before I knew it, I was wearing my first dress.”

“Wow!” Judd gasped.

Suddenly, Ms. Dixon entered the room and commanded, “Hannah, go hand wash your undies. Afterward, remove and replace your nail polish and roll your hair.” When Harold hesitated for a moment, she scolded, “Get busy, young lady, or your cousin will see you punished!”

Without hesitation this time, Harold grasped the sides of his skirt, dipped a polite curtsy, and said, “Yes, Ms. Dixon, I’m sorry for my dawdling.” Head lowered in shame and with his determined mentor watching, he dejectedly made his exit.

“I never would have believed it, but Harold is a complete *sissy!*” Judd sighed in disgust as he watched his cousin walk away with his hips seductively swaying. “He says he doesn’t like wearing dresses, but he sure behaves like a girl! Okay! If the wimp won’t stand up for himself, I’ll do it for him.”

Seeking out his aunt, Judd angrily growled, “Why do you make Harold wear dresses? He’s not a girl!”

“This is not your affair, but if you must know, he got a girl in trouble and tried to lie his way out of it,” she curtly replied. “Tests proved he was the father, so I decided to teach him a lesson...from the other side of the skirt, so to speak.”

“He’s a boy, Aunt Martha!” Judd shouted, “It’s not right to make him wear dresses!”

“Is this is the way Yankee children are taught to behave? Perhaps you should join your cousin in skirts for a lesson in manners!” Ms. Dixon hissed.

“What a quaint idea,” Martha smiled as if feminizing her nephew was a new idea.

“No way!” Judd declared in a loud voice, “I’m not wearing girl’s clothes and you can’t make me!”

A nod from Martha sent Ms. Dixon into action. She grabbed Judd, twisted his arm behind his back, threw him to the floor, and began spanking him with a leather strap that had been attached to her belt. He struggled valiantly to get away, but his attacker was too skilled. After a dozen swats, he was tearfully begging for her to stop.

When the spanking finally ended, Judd slowly rose to his feet while massaging his throbbing posterior. With a scowl on his tear-streaked face, he spat, “You bitch, you caught me off guard, but it won’t happen again!”

He lunged at her, but she deftly stepped aside, grabbed his wrist, twisted it behind him, and slammed him to the floor once again. She produced the strap and started spanking him again. When Judd

was totally blubbering, Ms. Dixon demanded, “Are you ready to put on a dress and take your punishment like a man?”

“Okay! I’ll do whatever you say! Just stop spanking me! Please stop spanking me!”

Ms. Dixon grabbed him by an ear and ceremoniously marched him to his room, causing him to suffer pain and humiliation at being so treated by a mere woman. Before he knew what was happening, he was naked and soaking in a tub filled with scented bath oils. He considered slashing his wrists with the pink razor she provided to shave his legs, but he was too intimidated to try.

After drying with a fluffy towel, Ms. Dixon handed him a pair of pink nylon panties. Completely naked before this resolute woman, he was desperate to cover himself with anything! Taking the silky feminine garment, he stepped into it, pulled it up his smooth hairless legs, and adjusted it at his waist.

Ms. Dixon shoved him toward Harold’s room saying, “You’ll make do with Hannah’s things until you get some appropriate clothing of your own.” When he held back, she spat, “Move or I’ll warm your pretty panties with my strap!” Judd had never been so humiliated as when he stumbled into Harold’s room wearing nothing but flimsy nylon panties.

Unaware of the extent of his cousin’s femininity, he was surprised to find Harold wearing a pale blue translucent negligee that did little to conceal his panties and bra. A blue beauty masque covered his face.

“Oh...!” Harold squealed and jumped to his feet at seeing his surprise guests. In a girlish gesture, he clutched his negligee about his body as if the flimsy garment could conceal his embarrassing lingerie.

“Hannah! Stop that false modesty and find some of your things for your cousin to wear!” Ms. Dixon scolded.

“My things? My dresses, skirts, and undies for Judd?”

“Start with a bra,” she mused, ignoring Harold’s question. “Do

you have anything suitable for padding?"



"You learn to do this yourself," Harold simpered, "I won't be allowed to help you in the future.

"Will I have to wear that silly face putty too?" Judd gasped.

"That and a lot more!" Ms Dixon chimed in.

“I have the jelled inserts I wore before...before my...when I needed help to fill my bra,” Harold blushed as his negligee parted to once again fully reveal his panties and bra.

“Splendid! They will do superbly.”

Forgetting his silky feminine undies, Harold helped Judd fasten his bra and adjust the inserts in the cups much like a real girl positions her breasts, a bizarre task for one boy to show another!

“Now a slip,” Ms. Dixon instructed, “Our new girl must become accustomed to the feel of silk, satin, and nylon against his body.”

Judd cringed at being called a girl as the silky feminine slip floated over his torso. “We’ll start with one of your school uniforms,” Ms. Dixon mused.

“But he doesn’t know how to wash and iron them! I’ll have to...”

“Like you, he’ll learn! Now bring me one of your uniforms before I get angry!”

Harold produced a silky white blouse and pink skirt. As Judd started putting on the blouse, he scowled, “That’s backwards! The buttons go in back!”

“Help him fasten them,” Ms. Dixon ordered, “He can practice later in his room when he’s on his own.”

More indignities were heaped on Judd when he was required to apply his makeup. “How can you stand to do these feminine things, Harold?” he moaned as he dabbed liquid makeup to cover blemishes and make his face appear smooth.

Ms. Dixon scowled, “You will address her as Hannah!” Pointing at his lap, she added, “Furthermore, ladies never sit with their knees apart and they never display their undies. Get up, smooth your skirt, sit with your knees together, and adjust the hem modestly across your thighs. You will sit like that in the future. Any deviation will have dire consequences. Now, pay attention to your makeup lesson. I expect you to do it yourself next time.”

When Judd's hair and makeup were sufficiently feminine, Ms. Dixon presented him to his aunt. He fell on his knees and begged, "Please, Aunt Martha, let me return to my pants and being a boy!"

"You look very nice in your uniform," she replied with a knowing smile. "Perhaps now, you'll learn manners."

Chapter 2 – Who is the bigger Sissy?

Ms. Dixon used the rest of the day to teach Judd how to walk, stand, sit properly in skirts, and apply makeup. At bedtime she instructed him to slip into Harold's lavender babydoll nightie and sit at his vanity to remove his makeup and cream his face.

After Ms Dixon left him alone for the evening, Judd sat dejectedly at his vanity looking at his decidedly feminine reflection in the mirror. A light tap on the bathroom door, then a whispered, "Are you still up?" announced that Harold wanted to visit.

"Yeah, come in, Harold," Judd invited.

"I wanted to see how you were doing," Harold sat on the bed facing Judd. "The first day was a real shock for me too."

"Really?" Judd skeptically looked Harold over, "It looks like you jumped in with both feet."

Blushing faint pink, Harold muttered, "I put up a better fight than you! Your paltry resistance today was a minor skirmish compared to the fight I put up."

"Oh, really," Judd sneered, "What did you do? Try to scratch their eyes out? Hit them with your purse?"

"I'll let that pass!" Harold growled. "Let's see, I spent the first week fighting Ms Dixon and being spanked almost every hour on the hour. I went on a hunger strike, which played right into their hands. I ripped my first dress to shreds along with my lingerie, which was a disaster, and finally, I ran away from home."

Judd's interest perked up, "I was going to try that. What happened?"

“There were no pants in the house, so I ran while wearing a skirt and blouse. I asked some friends for help, but they just laughed and accused me of wanting to dress in girl’s clothes because, as they said, “two *frail* women can’t possibly completely dominate a healthy young boy and force him to wear dresses, especially not a hellion like you!”

I hid in an old shed behind the Taylor residence until I could find a way out of town. Their son, Todd, a year younger than me, brought me food for a few days, but he refused to bring me clothes.

The little wimp said I made a cute girl. He constantly wanted to know if I was wearing a bra and panties, but I wouldn’t tell him. The third day, he said that everyone was away from his home, so I could sneak in and take a bath. I hadn’t bathed in three days and it sounded great, so I followed him up the stairs and into his sister’s bathroom. Becky and I dated a few times before I moved onto someone else. I asked why we didn’t use his bathroom and he said, “I only have a shower and I want you to take a bath like a girl.”

“What if I refuse?” I asked.

“I’ll call your mother and tell her where you are,” he sneered. I lowered my head in resignation, and he added, “Use that smelly stuff she puts in the water. I’ll know if you don’t.”

The water felt great even though it was loaded with fragrant bath salts. I felt stubble on my legs and under my arms, but I wasn’t about to let that dork know. All of a sudden, he rushed in, gathered up my clothes, and ran out. “You were wearing panties and a bra!” he laughed through the open door.

I asked what I would wear with my clothes gone, and he sneered, “You’ll find something else when you get out here.”

I made my entrance with a towel tied around my waist, and he said, “Find some panties, a bra, a slip, and pantyhose in Becky’s drawers. Be careful, I don’t want her to know anyone has been through her things.”

I should have suspected he was up to something when he insisted that I take a scented bath, but even if I had known, what could I have done? I found the items, turned my back, and pulled the soft nylon panties up my legs and positioned them at my waist before removing the towel. I had tried to get into Becky's panties before, but this was definitely not what I had in mind!

I threaded my arms through the bra straps, fastened the clasp behind my back, and inserted the falsies lying on the bed. You can't imagine my humiliation as I stood before that geek in Becky's panties and bra!

He gave me a brilliant red, mid-thigh length velvet dress after putting on the slip and pulling on the pantyhose. Finally, he said, "That dress will call attention to you if you try to run away. Now, sit over there and do your makeup."

I quickly decided that he knew very little about makeup, and I almost got away with light blush, eyeliner, and lipstick. However, he made me add perfume and take the lipstick and a hairbrush with me. This little dork had blackmailed me into wearing his sister's clothes!

He dropped the final bombshell when we returned to the shed! With a devilish grin, he said, "Now that you look like a pretty girl again, you can service me with your pretty red lips."

"I can't do it...I *won't!*" I declared.

"I'll call your mother if you don't."

"I don't care!" I sobbed. "Returning to her would be better than doing...*that!*"

"Suit yourself!" he spat as he slammed the door behind him. "You just can't do favors for some people!"

Sure enough, mother showed up with the cops about an hour later. She had shown them photos of me in girl's clothes and told them I ran away because she would no longer let me wear them. They remanded me into her custody after she made a large donation to the policeman's retirement fund, and after they found me in

Becky's dress with fresh makeup. What luck! Four days out in the world and I never got out of skirts or traveled more than two blocks!

Needless to say, I received numerous spankings from Ms. Dixon when I returned home. She drilled me in every imaginable aspect of femininity to assure that I hadn't forgotten anything. She made me hand wash Becky's undies to further chastise me. As a reminder of my reckless prank, I had to hang them in my bathroom to dry. When Becky's dress returned from the cleaners, Ms Dixon made me return her things to her in person."

"I wore a yellow, mid-thigh length jumper dress over a silky white nylon blouse. My hair and makeup were exquisitely feminine. I was totally embarrassed as I made my way to their door, my heels clicking on the walk. Becky, her parents, and that wimp, Todd, ridiculed me unmercifully when they saw me in that sissy outfit!"

"After that, I embarked on a campaign of passive resistance. Unfortunately, I was probably too passive. I gave in a little here, a little there, and before long, there wasn't anything left to fight for. I was doing everything they demanded and it became easier to comply than to resist. Then, of course, there are the hormones..."

"Hormones? What kind of hormones?"

"Feminine hormones, silly! How do you think I grew these?" Harold dropped his bra to reveal small, but very girlish breasts.

"You've got boobs?" Judd gasped. "Those aren't falsies?"

"Not any more...they're all me..."

"Female hormones did that...?" Judd touched a dark extended nipple with his fingertip.

"They sure didn't grow on their own!"

"This is terrible!" Judd cried. "You're ruined!"

"Oh, it's got its nice aspects..." Harold sighed.

"Nice? What could possibly be nice about dressing like a girl and growing tits?"

“When my silky lingerie caresses my sensitive nipples,” Harold sighed. “The feeling is *so* sensual.” He closed his eyes and sighed as he ran his fingers over the silky lingerie covering his breasts.

“Why don’t I see a bulge between your legs? They didn’t...”

Shyly covering his crotch with his hands, Harold giggled, “No...it’s still there, but it’s been ages since I last saw it.”

“Where did it go? You look like a girl what with your blonde triangle of hair, but I don’t see the *shark*.”

“Another Ms Dixon contrivance,” Harold scowled. “She shaved me naked down there, pushed my balls into my body, and folded my manhood in a small, but tough, flesh colored sheath that she bonded to my skin. The sheath has a feminine-looking opening to simulate my *maidenhood*. I can pee with it on, and it’s porous so my crotch hair re-grew through the pores to hide the seams and give me a completely natural feminine appearance.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Judd gasped.

“I wish!” Harold stood to show his cousin up close and personal. “I can’t remember the last time I stood to take a leak.”

“Why are you still talking like a girl?” Judd changed the subject. “We’re alone. Ms Dixon won’t know if you use your male voice.”

“You never know!” Harold looked around. “I can’t count the number of times she caught me doing something I wasn’t supposed to be doing. I swear that she’s got eyes in the back of her head and ears everywhere. It’s been simply ages since I used my male voice. I don’t even know if I can deepen it now.”

“Well, they can’t make me speak like a girl!” Judd challenged.

“Don’t bet on it!” Harold cautioned. “You’ll change your mind when they take you out in public and everyone knows you’re a guy because of your voice.”

“Surely you jest!” Judd cried. “You’re not suggesting that they’ll make me leave this house in girl’s clothes, are you?”

“You can bet on it!” Harold smiled. “I wouldn’t be surprised if they take you shopping for dresses, skirts, and silky undies tomorrow.”

“But I don’t pass as a girl! Nobody will ever believe I’m a girl!” Judd’s eyes grew to the size of saucers. “I’ll be humiliated beyond words!”

“You look more convincing than you think. Besides, Ms Dixon has ways of changing a guy’s appearance over time to pass as a girl quite well,” Harold stated, “Do I look anything like the guy you visited last year?”

“No,” Judd stared at his cousin. “How?”

“The hormones, skin creams, and practice, practice, practice,” Harold sighed. “Ms Dixon never lets up! Soon you can’t help but carry yourself like a girl. I’ve learned that perception is 90% of the game. If you act and sound feminine, people will make allowances, even if you aren’t a beauty queen. Most women aren’t really pretty, yet nobody questions their femininity. Why? Because they act, talk, dress, and comport themselves as women, so everyone accepts them as women.”

“Unbelievable!” Judd gasped.

“So, cousin of mine, I suggest you start training your voice quickly, because you *WILL* leave the house in girl’s clothes, and people *WILL* judge you by how you sound. If people *read* you as a boy in a dress, they *WILL* read me too!! I *won’t* like that!” Harold forcefully stated as he rose to return to his bedroom. “Nightie, night, dearie. Don’t let the bedbugs bite. Toodle doo, sweetie.”



Chapter 3 – A Shopping we will go...

The following morning, Ms. Dixon helped Judd dress. “Start with your pink nylon panties, padded bra, and matching slip,” she instructed. “Your outerwear will be the school uniform skirt and blouse.”

She methodically helped him apply makeup, style his hair, and then she guided him through a refresher course in feminine comportment. “You will always curtsey when you enter the presence of an adult,” she instructed.

Finally he was proficient enough to be presented to his aunt. Humiliated beyond belief, Judd grasped the sides of his skirt, executed a polite curtsey, and with a bright blush, whispered, “Good morning, Aunt Martha.”

“My, but what a lovely girl you have become, *Judy* dahling,” Martha gushed. Judd blanched at the sound of the feminine name she christened him with, but he didn’t protest, knowing it would result in a painful spanking.

After a light breakfast, Judd started an intense program of feminine etiquette, starting with managing skirts in all situations. Although his slip was only slightly shorter than his skirt, he was cautioned, “*Ladies* never show their intimate garments.”

Ms. Dixon was a strict taskmistress. Punishment for even minor infractions involved raising his skirt, lying across her lap, and having several swats of her strap forcefully applied to his panties. By noon, his posterior was sore, his feet hurt, and he was tired from trying to carry out the orders of his strict mentor.

Rest, however, was not forthcoming, as Harold and he were taken on a shopping trip. “Please, Aunt Martha, don’t make me leave the house wearing girl’s clothes,” he cried.

All protests fell on deaf ears and soon they were at a boutique where he was fitted with a corset that painfully reduced his waist from 32 to 28 inches. “I...I can’t breathe!” Judd gasped as the hellish garment painfully constricted his waist.

“Nonsense, child,” Ms. Dixon laughed, “Hannah protested much louder than you, but look at the lovely waist she has acquired.” All eyes turned to Harold standing to the side, hands entwined in front, eyes looking downward, and his flowered dress gently swaying about his nylon covered thighs.

Reluctantly, Judd acquired a supply of panties, bras, slips, nighties, negligees, nylon stockings, dresses, skirts, and blouses that left him stunned. When Martha decided that he had a sufficient feminine wardrobe, she took him to a hairdresser to have his dark tresses femininely styled. Afterward, he was started on an intense program of electrolysis to remove his facial hair.

When they returned home, he threatened, “I’ll go to the cops if you don’t return my male clothes!”

Instead of returning his pants, his aunt produced photographs of him in dresses, skirts, sissy blouses, and silky feminine undies. In one, he was applying lipstick, and his nails were obviously the same color! In many, he was smiling, although it was a forced smile.

“That would be a foolish thing to do, Judy dear,” his aunt warned. “Your mother, sister, and friends in Boston would find these photos quite interesting. No? They will get them unless you cooperate and act completely as a girl!”

“No! Please don’t do that!” Judd panicked, “I’ll do anything you say, Aunt Martha!”

Additional pictures were taken to insure his complete cooperation in his feminization. “I’m sure we can make a lovely Southern lass out of you, Judy,” Martha smiled, “We just have to smooth out those rough Yankee edges.”

Over the next two months, while living under Ms. Dixon’s strict supervision, Judd became proficient at wearing dresses, applying makeup, and performing traditionally feminine pursuits, like washing and ironing clothes, setting tables, and making beds.

When those tasks were completed, Harold and he would quietly practice embroidery with their dresses or skirts properly tucked

beneath them. An hour a day was devoted to raising the pitch of their voices, and learning diction and pronunciation with a proper accent so they could carry on a conversation like the most refined Georgia Peach.

Refusing to allow them to stay inside, the feminine boys were taken shopping for clothes, lingerie, and makeup. Since Martha was a socialite, she insisted on taking them to church every Sunday, where they were introduced as her daughter and niece.

Meanwhile, Ms. Dixon instituted a strict regimen of enforced femininity, including starting Judd on hormones to *develop* his body. She required that he apply creams and lotions to his body during his twice-daily beauty rituals. Despite his protests, Judd was quickly and effectively being molded into the image of an attractive teenage girl.

Chapter 4 – Nasty Boys

“Hannah, Judy, make yourself especially presentable this afternoon,” Ms. Dixon instructed after they finished their morning classes. “Miss Martha wants you to meet one of her dearest friends.”

“I don’t want to meet anybody while I’m wearing a silly dress!” Judd insisted.

“Be careful, Judy!” Ms. Dixon warned. “You’ll have another session with my strap if you aren’t sweet, docile, and obedient.” Judd was well aware of how quickly this woman could place him over her knee, so he lowered his gaze and stopped complaining.

Harold modestly asked, “What should we wear, Ms. Dixon?”

“A nice dress or a stylish skirt and blouse will be appropriate, but be sure to be modest. Your mother wants her lovely wards to reflect the flower of Southern beauty and decorum.”

After Ms. Dixon left, Judd asked Harold what he was wearing. “My pleated pink skirt and white silk blouse with the cute trimming,” Harold sighed. “I think I look nice in it.”

Judd raised his eyes at Harold's apparent acceptance of his imposed femininity and replied, "I'm not as feminine as you. My hair isn't as long and I'm not as accomplished at feminine comportment or makeup application. I can't pass as a girl, no matter what dress or skirt I wear. Anyone seeing me will know I'm a guy!"

"All the more reason to dress as nicely as possible," Harold reasoned. "The harder you try, the more feminine you'll appear. Besides, you look quite pretty in your dresses."

Judd chose a flowered nylon sleeveless blouse and a pleated gray above the knee length skirt. He chose white panties, bra, and slip so his lingerie wouldn't be readily seen through his silky blouse. As an afterthought, he chose nude nylons and gray slippers with three-inch heels.

Two hours later, both boys nervously sat in the parlor with their knees together and their skirts properly adjusted across their nylon covered thighs. They jumped nervously when the doorbell rang announcing the arrival of Martha's friend.

"Why hello, Ethel," Martha greeted her friend, "It's been so long since we last met even though we are practically neighbors."

"I've been in Savannah for the past year nursing my son through a long illness," the elderly woman responded. "At his death, I became guardian of his twin sons and I just returned to Atlanta. I must say they are quite a handful. Since they are the same age as your Harold, I thought he might acquaint them with the area and introduce them to the right people."

"Where are they now?" Martha asked.

"I apologize for any imposition, but I brought them with me."

"Uh...think nothing of it," Martha stammered, losing her demeanor for a moment. "You and yours are always welcome in my home."

"They're coming up the walk," Ethel replied. "Aren't they the handsomest pair? They are identical twins. Isn't their red hair so...so striking?"



Boys, this is my son, Harold, and nephew, Judd, but as you can see, they have become my daughter, Hannah, and niece, Judy," Martha introduced. "Curtsey nicely for the boys."

The two boys came up the sidewalk laughing at something one had said. Martha agreed that they were extremely handsome, although slender of stature. She was introduced to the two boys, Melvin and Marvin, and invited them inside.

“Where’s Harold?” Melvin asked. “Grandma said he knows all the girls around here. We want him to introduce us to them.”

“Well...I guess you could say that...” Martha answered, “He certainly has a lot more in common with them than most boys.”

“Grandma said his cousin is visiting for the summer and that they both play tennis. We brought our clothes and rackets so we could challenge them to a game on your court,” Marvin piped in.

“I’m afraid they don’t play tennis these days, but I’m sure they would love to watch the two of you,” Martha stated. Her answer puzzled the two boys, but the two women started catching up on old times before they could inquire further.

“Here we are,” Martha announced upon arriving at the parlor, “Please come in.”

Gesturing to Harold and Judd, she purred, “Ethel, may I introduce my daughter, Hannah, and her cousin, Judy, who is visiting from Boston. Girls, this is my dear friend and neighbor, *Mrs. Ethel O’Hara.*”

Marvin and Melvin looked around for the two boys they had come to visit, but when they saw the two *girls* primly sitting across the room, Marvin exclaimed, “Wow! Who are these babes?”

Judd and Harold started to panic when they saw the boys. They glanced at each other and rose slightly, ready to run from the room. ‘Girls, rise and greet our guests,’ Martha ordered, recognizing their impulse to bolt. “Melvin, Marvin, I am pleased to introduce my daughter, Miss Hannah Lee, and her cousin, Miss Judy Grant.”

Melvin stepped forward, took Harold’s soft hand in his, and noticed how nicely it looked with its long, oval, manicured nails. “It’s nice to meet two lovely Southern flowers,” he smiled.

“Uh...nice to meet you,” Harold softly answered in his cultured soprano voice.

“I’m not complaining, mind you, but I thought there were two boys here,” Marvin questioned as his brother moved to Judd.

“There are, dear...these...” Martha started.

Before she could continue, Melvin took Judd’s hand and introduced himself. Unfortunately, Judd’s voice wasn’t as practiced as Harold’s, so when he answered, his huskier voice and the way he quickly withdrew his well-manicured hand, set off warning bells.

“These two lovely young ladies are my wards,” Martha informed her guests.

“You don’t mean? These girls are...” Marvin gasped.

“Boys, my dear,” Martha smiled, “These lovely flowers of femininity were my son, Harold, and my sister’s son, Judd. Now they are my daughter and niece, respectively.”

Harold and Judd were completely aghast at being revealed to these strangers as boys wearing girl’s dresses. They covered their faces with their feminine hands and rushed from the room, their skirts fluttering about their smooth legs. Ms. Dixon followed closely on their heels.

“Those girls are really boys?” Marvin stuttered.

“Well...they were boys, but after extensive feminine training, I’d hardly refer to them as boys now,” Martha sighed.

“What happened?” Mrs. O’Hara asked. “Why are they dressed as girls?”

Martha launched into an explanation how her son and nephew migrated from rough denim jeans and cotton jockey briefs to pretty dresses and soft silky panties. Mrs. O’Hara listened intently, but Melvin and Marvin could hardly control their laughter at the expense of their unfortunate compatriots.



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"You can change into your tennis clothes in the den," Martha instructed. "The girls will join you at the courts, but I'm afraid they can't play. Their skin is far too delicate for the harsh sun, so they'll have to be content to watch from the shade."

Melvin and Marvin were involved in a heated match when the women arrived at courtside and seated themselves at a table covered by a large umbrella. Harold and Judd, each carrying a tray of drinks, joined them. They had changed into extremely short feminine dresses with flowing skirts that exposed much of their smooth legs. For protection from the bright sun, they wore large feminine straw hats decorated with pink satin ribbons and fake flowers. Their

makeup was understated with pink lipstick, mascara, and light blush to highlight their cheekbones, and they minced gingerly in feminine pumps with three-inch heels. After serving mint juleps to the women, Harold joined Judd in the shade of another umbrella and accepted a glass of lemonade.

Harold and Judd delicately smoothed their skirts beneath them as they sat, still embarrassed beyond belief at being exposed to other boys in their short, exceedingly feminine ensembles.

Ms. Dixon had insured their future cooperation by administering painful spankings to their silky nylon panties following their unauthorized hasty retreat from the parlor. To avoid additional punishment in the presence of the twins, they desperately tried to prevent the lacy hems of their slips from showing as they daintily sipped their drinks.

“The sun is much too harsh for the girl’s skin, so you boys will have to come over here for a drink when you get thirsty,” Martha informed the twins as she viewed the visions of Southern femininity portrayed by her son and nephew.

Melvin and Marvin looked with amusement at Judd and Harold, and then burst into laughter. “Is something wrong?” their grandmother sternly inquired.

“No, nothing at all,” Melvin snickered before bursting into uncontrollable laughter.

“We were hoping these two would introduce us to Atlanta’s finest girls, but that won’t happen,” Marvin howled.

“If you can’t beat them, join them, right?” Melvin laughed.

Judd squirmed in his seat, his face burning red with embarrassment as the twins poured on the teasing. “How can Aunt Martha be so heartless as to allow those boys to humiliate us like this?” he whispered to Harold.



Harold and Judd were mortified to prance about in their pretty dresses and high heels while catering to these awful bullies who were calling them 'sissies'...and worse!

“That will be *all*, boys!” Mrs. O’Hara sternly announced. “Play your silly game and be done with it. I will speak to you later on the subject of manners!”

After the game, everyone reconvened in the parlor. Mrs. O’Hara asked to speak with Martha and Ms. Dixon alone while the *girls* prepared a light snack.

Harold and Judd, still wearing their silky short dresses and heels, were placing food on the table when Marvin and Melvin entered after showering and changing into their trousers and shirts.

“Well, what do we have here?” Melvin queried as he entered the dining room where Harold was setting out dishes. “If it isn’t our resident sissy. Doesn’t he look cute in his sexy little dress! Where’s your playmate, Blondie?”

“My, don’t you look absolutely charming in that pretty dress, my daaahling sissy,” Marvin jibed when Judd entered carrying a platter of cold cuts. “I wouldn’t have recognized you as a boy if your voice hadn’t been so deep. You simply must practice on it or just *everyone* will know you’re a sissy boy who likes to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl! Really, daaahling, that voice is a dead giveaway.”

Judd wanted to pile into these bullies and teach them a lesson they wouldn’t soon forget, but he knew Ms. Dixon would severely punish him for any such unladylike behavior, so he and Harold cowered close together for mutual protection.

Harold remembered when he could defend himself, but constant training, the daily intake of feminine hormones, and lack of exercise had made him soft. The best he could do now would be to scratch their eyes out with his long oval nails. Instead, he quivered with fright at the prospect of a violent confrontation.

“I’ll bet you wish you could grow a beard like mine!” Melvin smirked, proudly shaping his macho red mustache and chin whiskers with his fingers. “Doesn’t it make me look like Mark McGuire? You sissies probably couldn’t grow a beard like real men

if you wanted to!”

“That’s right!” Marvin asserted as he ran the back of his hand over Judd’s cheek, “Nothing there but sissy feminine makeup!” Both boys roared in laughter at their wit.

Harold and Judd blushed at the horrible truth of their jibes. Hours and hours of painful electrolysis had made the possibility of growing facial hair quite impossible.

Suddenly, Mrs. O’Hara entered the parlor, closely followed by Martha and Ms. Dixon. Fire rose in her eyes at seeing the twins making fun of the feminine boys, and she shouted, “Stop that rude behavior this minute! You are Southern gentlemen, and poor manners will not be tolerated! Martha, I apologize for the despicable behavior of these ruffians. If you will excuse us, we will take our leave.” She grabbed Marvin and Melvin by their ears and roughly guided them to the door, down the steps, and into her waiting car.

“They called us sissies!” Judd sniffled when the guests were gone.

“That’s right, Mother!” Harold wailed. “Oh, why did you invite those hoodlums over to see us in our dresses? We didn’t do anything to deserve such an embarrassing punishment!”

“I’m truly sorry for your humiliation,” his mother soothed as she and Ms. Dixon tried to console the overly distraught boys. “I was as surprised as you that she brought the boys.”

“Why didn’t you tell them that we aren’t sissies and that we only dress this way because you make us?” Judd wailed.

“What’s wrong with being called a sissy if that’s what you are, my dear Judith?” Martha asked with a teasing smile. “Besides, you look lovely in your pretty dress.”

“Your aunt is right,” Ms. Dixon ignored his protest. “You should be pleased to be so pretty and feminine. It shows that your hard work and attention to detail are paying off.”

“They recognized me by my voice,” Judd pouted.

“All the more reason to concentrate harder on your voice lessons,” Ms. Dixon reasoned “No one will recognize you as a boy when you develop a soft feminine voice like Hannah’s.”

“But I don’t want a feminine voice,” he stammered. “What will I sound like when I enter college as a boy next month?”

“Concentrate on the here and now, and not worry about college,” his aunt cooed. “Developing a soft lilting voice will make your present life so much easier.”

“I guess so...” Judd stammered. He wanted to shout that the obvious solution to this bizarre situation was to allow him to return to pants and his masculine manner of speaking, but remembering his recent spanking, he lowered his eyes and sighed, “Yes, Aunt Martha, I’ll try to develop a more feminine voice.”

“That’s my girl,” she smiled. “Your mascara is running down your cheeks, so go repair your makeup. We ‘Daughters of the South’ always strive to look prim, proper, and fresh as a daisy.”

Chapter 5 – What comes around, goes around

Harold and Judd finally recovered from the trauma of their encounter with the O’Hara twins, and their lives returned to *normal*. Mornings were taken up with household duties, while the afternoons and evenings were spent learning the feminine arts of carriage, voice, makeup application, hair styling, and beauty rituals.

Three days after Mrs. O’Hara unceremoniously led the twins off by their ears, Martha received a telephone call from the elderly lady. “Oh...hello, Ethel,” she smoothly cooed with no perceptible concern about what recently happened to her two charges at the hands of the pompous twins. “Why, yes, of course, no problem. When? Tomorrow, three o’clock? Okay, I’ll have the girls ready.”

She found Harold and Judd speaking into a voice recorder practicing their diction. Judd was particularly diligent since his distressing encounter with the twins.

“Girls, I want you to dress pretty tomorrow afternoon,” she

cooed. “Mrs. O’Hara is paying us another visit. I want you on your best behavior because she is bringing the twins.”

“Oh no!” Judd cried. “They’ll make fun of us...and call us sissies...and no telling what else!”

“I don’t think so, dear,” Martha tried to reassure the two feminine boys. “Mrs. O’Hara has the situation well in hand and her twins will be on their best behavior. As a matter of fact, they are coming over to apologize.”

Her soothing words failed to comfort Harold and Judd as they donned their frilly lingerie, slipped into their dresses, and applied their makeup. As Judd stepped into his 3” heels, he moaned to Ms. Dixon, “Why must Aunty embarrass us so? We’ve done nothing to deserve the snide remarks and cutting innuendoes those nasty boys direct toward us about our dresses.”

“Judy, you must trust your aunt to look out for your better interests as a budding young lady,” Ms. Dixon gently reprimanded. “She wasn’t aware of the twins’ visit until they showed up at our doorstep. I’m sure your experience will be much different this time.”

Not convinced, but wise enough not to argue with this determined woman, Judd sighed and examined himself in a full-length mirror before joining Harold to greet the visitors. Again, the two feminine boys were seated in the parlor, their dresses modestly draped across their knees when the doorbell rang announcing the arrival of Mrs. O’Hara and her dreadful grandsons. Harold and Judd fretfully glanced at each other and held hands to give each other courage to endure the coming ordeal.

“Ethel, it’s so nice to see you again,” Martha greeted her friend. “I see you brought your grandchildren with you.”

“Oh, Martha,” Mrs. O’Hara, greeted Martha Lee with a peck on her cheek. “I was so embarrassed by their dreadful behavior the other day. I simply had to make amends as quickly as possible, so I brought my wards along to properly apologize to your lovely girls.

Come in, children don't stand out there like *dolts*."

Martha smiled as the two slipped through the door followed by a stern, austere looking woman. "I believe you have met *Ms. Mason*."

"Yes, Ethel, we met a few days ago," Martha greeted.

Martha led Mrs. O'Hara, her grandsons, and the dour Ms. Mason to the parlor. "Girls, please rise like proper young ladies and greet Mrs. O'Hara and her grandsons," she instructed.

Ms. Dixon stood beside them to maintain order as Harold and Judd rose to their feet. Mrs. O'Hara and Ms. Mason followed Martha into the room and the twins brought up the rear. The women hid the boys from Harold and Judd's view as cordial greetings were exchanged.

"Girls, *Ms. Mason* and *Ms. Dixon* are sisters," Martha explained. There was a striking family resemblance between the two women.

"Girls, I want to apologize for the atrocious behavior of my obnoxious grandsons during our last visit," Mrs. O'Hara gushed to the two feminine boys. "I brought them back to apologize for their rudeness. Marvin, Melvin, step forward and apologize to these lovely young ladies for your awful behavior!"

Harold and Judd's deep frowns of worry and concern suddenly changed to astonishment as they brought their hands to their mouths and gasped. As the women parted to allow the two boys to come to the forefront, neither could possibly have conjured a more ridiculous sight than greeted them.

The twins, heads bowed low, stepped forward, dipped deep curtseys, and together whispered, "Please accept our deepest apologies for our rude behavior during our last visit."

The two raucous boys were wearing identical, mid-thigh length tartan skirts obviously held out by several billowing petticoats. They wore matching long sleeve blouses with two rows of pearl buttons and the laciest frills down the front. About their necks each wore a delicate black bow tie.

Their legs were freshly shaven, and they somewhat wobbly stood on 2" slippers.



“Girls, may I introduce my sissy Grandsons,” Mrs. O’Hara declared. “Melvin, Marvin, apologize to these lovely ‘girls’ for those awful names you called them during our last visit!”

Most startling of all though was that both boys still sported their striking full red mustaches, goatees, and short, boyish hair. In spite of their facial hair, each had a generous application of makeup, lipstick, blush (or were they just blushing), and eyeliner.

“My boorish grandsons rudely called you lovely girls sissies during our last visit, so I decided to show them what real sissies look like,” Mrs. O’Hara grimly announced. “As they are of Irish ancestry, I thought it proper that they be presented as Irish sissies!”

“What do you say, girls,” Ms. Dixon asked.

“Ahh...” Harold stammered, “Uh...”

“Er...I...I guess we...we accept their apologies,” Judd rescued Harold from an embarrassing moment.

“You guess?” Martha asked.

“Uh...no...we *DO* accept their apologies,” Harold finally gained his voice. “It’s just that we are somewhat...uh...surprised by uh...their...uh...appearance.”

“Yes, I understand, my dears,” Mrs. O’Hara smiled. “The dahling boys have had a rather traumatic couple of days since our last visit. Learning to handle such short skirts without displaying their frilly undies is most difficult.”

“Frilly undies?” Judd gasped with a teasing grin.

“Yes, Judy dear,” Mrs. O’Hara continued. “Boys, lift your skirts and show these lovely girls your sissy panties and petticoats.”

Both boys flushed deep red at their grandmother’s order, but after looking at the stern Ms. Mason, both again dipped deep curtseys and delicately lifted their skirts to show their silky undies.

“We simply must be going,” Mrs. O’Hara abruptly stated. “We just stopped off on our way to the mall to allow the boys to make their apologies. I simply must buy oodles of silky feminine things for my sweet boys now that they have become proper sissies. I’ll allow them to pay another visit once we have reached an accord on certain issues.”

Harold and Judd were speechless as the women and sissy boys left. The twins kept their eyes to the floor, too embarrassed to look at the girls they had teased, which led to their present predicament.

As the humiliated twins minced behind their grandmother, Harold and Judd couldn't help tittering at the ridiculous sight. Neither boy walked well in heels, nor could they keep the sway of their skirts from displaying their lacy petticoats.

"I can't believe you're going to the mall...looking like *that!*" Harold giggled low enough so the twins could hear him, but not the women.

"Oh, I would simply die from embarrassment if that happened to me," Judd snickered

Chapter 6 – Painted, Polished, and Pierced

"Don't forget your 10:00 AM appointment at the boutique, girls," Ms. Dixon reminded her charges one morning in mid-August. "Be sure to do your hair and makeup neatly, and don't be late."

Judd had been dressing as a girl for almost three months and had attended the beauty parlor on a weekly basis during that time. Still, he was embarrassed every time he entered this exclusively feminine bastion where he was known as a boy. In a half-hearted attempt to avoid this pending humiliation, he sighed, "Why do we have to do our hair and makeup before going to the boutique? They always re-do everything."

"Judy, Judy, Judy," Ms. Dixon scoffed, "How many times must I tell you that Southern girls never go *anywhere* without neat hairstyles and flawless makeup?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Dixon," he quickly added to avoid an embarrassing punishment, "I guess I'm a bit depressed this morning." He executed a slight curtsy and made his exit.

"He still doesn't show any affection for his dresses and feminine lifestyle, but he has made significant progress in projecting a

feminine image,” Ms. Dixon sighed, as she watched Judd’s skirt enticingly swirl about his smooth nylon encased thighs.

“Yes, and he is such wonderful company for Hannah,” Martha agreed. “Too bad he’s returning to pants in a few weeks.”

“A tragedy! He’s one of the best candidates for feminization I’ve ever had the pleasure to work with.”

In his femininely appointed room, Judd looked through his closet and selected a straight, mid-thigh length dark red dress tied about his waist with a white belt. He knew his bra would show through the armholes, so he covered his shoulders with a frilly, white lace jacket.

From his lingerie drawer, he selected a white bra and matching nylon panties. The weather was too hot to wear a slip, but since his skirt wasn’t lined, he elected to wear a very brief white nylon half-slip with a narrow band of lace at the hem.

After dressing in his silky lingerie, he sat at his vanity to do his makeup. In the beginning, he was slow to learn this most feminine of arts, his lip and eyeliner giving him the most problems. Now after countless hours of practice, attention to detail, severe criticism, and painful punishments, he did it as easily, efficiently, and as routinely as most girls.

“Some accomplishment for a boy,” he grumbled dejectedly as he blotted his lipstick with a tissue. He kneaded nude nylons over his smooth legs and attached them to the straps of his garter belt. He secured the back zipper of his skirt, and stepped into a pair of red pumps with 3” heels. Satisfied with his appearance after turning before the full-length mirror, he went downstairs to join the others.

Judd was aghast when the attendant made his new hairstyle more feminine than ever. His bangs were thicker, the sides covered his ears and the back fell onto his collar. “Your hair is growing so rapidly,” she informed him, “From now on, we can make it more feminine with each appointment. Because of your skin color and dark hair, you should avoid light shades and the pinks your blonde

cousin wears in favor of darker makeup and brighter reds for your lipstick and nail polish. Let me show you.”

When she finished his makeover, Judd saw that she was right. The change in colors and shades made him look more natural as a girl! “It does look better,” he hesitantly admitted, “but I...I just learned to apply my other makeup.”

“Don’t worry,” she countered, “The technique is the same. I’ll give you a list of the shades and brand names before you leave. You can purchase them in any makeup department.”

“Thanks...” Judd sighed at the thought of telling Ms. Dixon that he *wanted* to purchase new makeup.

“My, you’ve changed your makeup. You look lovely!” Ms. Dixon gushed when she saw Judd’s new look.

“I...I have to buy new makeup in these colors and shades...if it’s all right,” he stammered as he placed the list in his purse.

“Of course you can purchase new makeup if that’s what you want, sweetie!” the woman gushed with a smile. “I know you pretty young girls like to experiment with different makeup, hairstyles, and clothes to get the boys to take notice of your charms.”

“I...I don’t want boys noticing my charms *or* me,” Judd stammered. “Sheila said that the darker shades compliment my complexion better than the pinks I’ve been wearing.”

“She’s right, and as a reward for your new attitude, we’ll have your ears pierced so you can wear stylish hoops, long pendants, and attractive studs. That should really attract the boys!”

“But, Ms. Dixon, I don’t want to attract boys or have my ears pierced!” he wailed. “I’m entering college as a boy in a few weeks. I’ll be the laughing stock of the school if I have holes in my ears!”

“Nonsense, Judith!” she scoffed, “Lots of boys have pierced ears these days.”

“Not both ears!”

“You can wear a dollop of makeup over the ones you don’t want until they close up.”

“But, Ms. Dixon...!”

“Enough! You can either accept my generous offer to have your ears pierced before or after I apply the strap to your pretty panties in the presence of these ladies. Which will it be?”

Realizing that his determined mentor had given him no choice, Judd dejectedly followed her to the piercing booth. In his anxiety and desire to escape these permanent marks of femininity, he momentarily forgot his feminine decorum and nervously slid down in his seat to get as far away from the attendant as possible.

“Proper young ladies don’t scrunch down! They sit up straight and proud!” Ms. Dixon growled. Judd quickly bolted into an upright position, causing his half-slip to slide downward. An expanse of nylon and lace appeared below the hem of his skirt, and she sternly added, “Neither do they display their underwear in public!”

Judd grabbed the elastic waistband of his slip through his skirt and pulled it into place, causing his skirt to rise embarrassingly high on his thighs. With a red face, he struggled to re-adjust everything to its proper place. Seeing his quandary, Ms. Dixon scowled, “If that was an effort to show everything you are wearing, you succeeded admirably!”

“I...I’m sorry,” he stammered, “I was trying to pull my slip up, but everything went wrong. W...what should I have done?”

With a wry smile, Ms. Dixon answered, “Ladies don’t display themselves in public! If they have a problem, they go to the powder room and make the necessary repairs in private. Now, let the operator perform her task before you really get in trouble!”

Before he realized what was happening, the operator positioned a device against the lobe of his left ear, and poof, the deed was done! Ms. Dixon nodded and he quickly had two holes in each ear instead of the one he had expected. Shortly, he was wearing gold keepers in all four holes!



"Your ears will look so pretty with large dangling earrings, Judy dear," Ms Dixon assured. "It goes with your look."

"But what will I tell the guys when I return to school?" he moaned.

“I’ll be so glad when this month is over and I *finally* return to being a boy,” he thought as he viewed his new *look* in the mirror.

“Oh Judy, you look totally chic with your new hairstyle, makeup, and earrings!” Harold gushed as his cousin displayed the hoop earrings in the bottom holes of his newly pierced ears.

“What’s with him?” Judd seethed inwardly. “He acts as though he likes wearing dresses and looking like a girl!”

True to her word, Ms. Dixon led her feminine charges into a shop that featured a large supply of cosmetics and informed the blushing Judd, “Judy, make your purchases.”

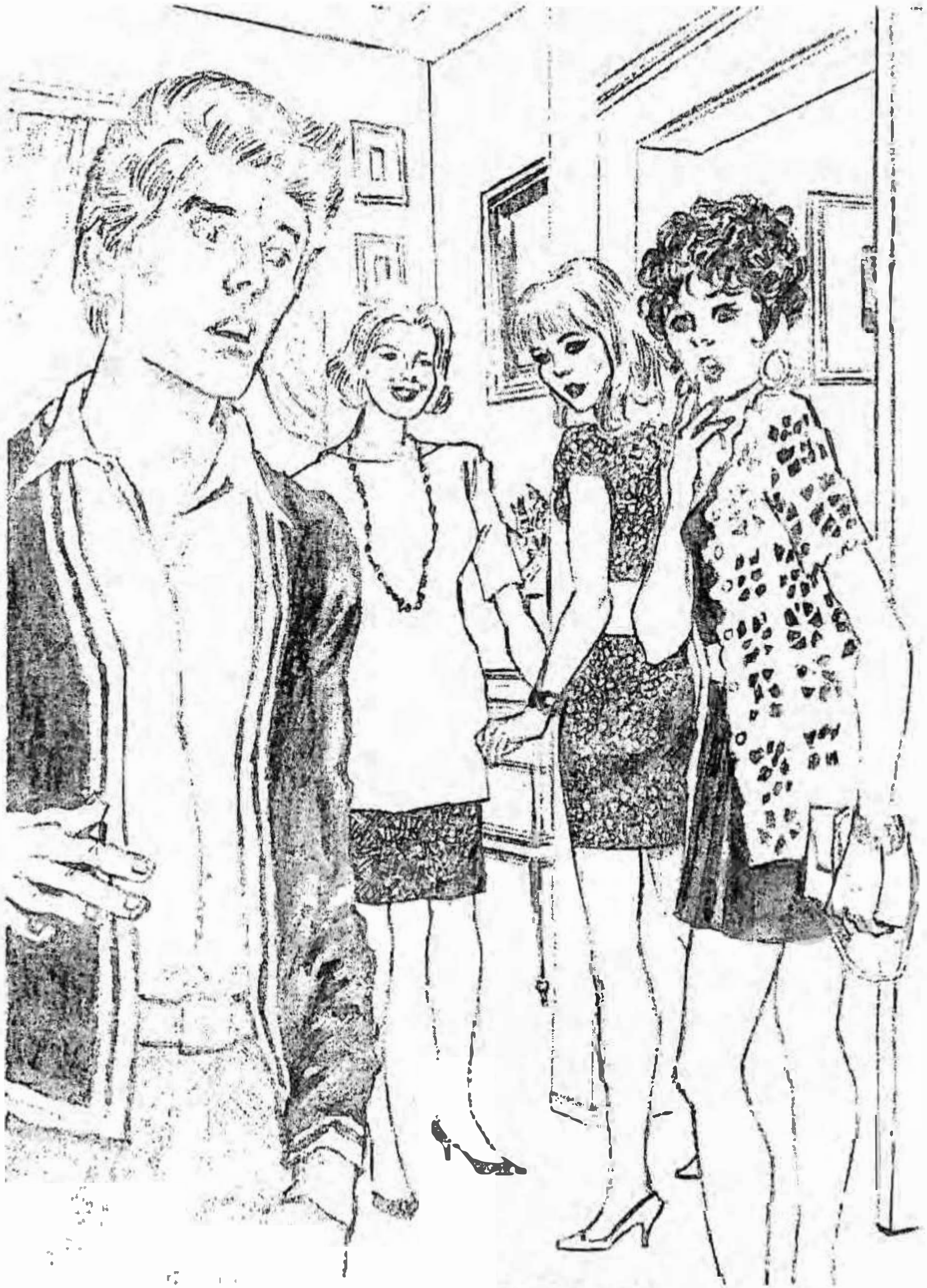
Judd dutifully informed the saleslady of the brands, colors, textures, and shades of feminine makeup he *wanted*. That the shop girl didn’t give him a second look attested to the progress he had made in developing a truly feminine voice and appearance.

“Two months ago, I didn’t know half this stuff existed,” he inwardly scowled as he selected liquid base, blush, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, lip liner, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume. “Now, I know how to apply it properly, and I wear it all the time!”

During the ride home, Harold chattered away about his new hairdo and the dress he planned to wear to the upcoming church social. Judd was not nearly so enamored at the thought of attending this gala event wearing a dress, heels, and makeup. Neither was he looking forward to dancing with boys, even if they *did* think he was a girl. As these thoughts flooded his mind, he dejectedly toyed with the hem of his skirt and longed to return to pants.

Chapter 7 – What are best friends for?

When the trio arrived home, Martha met them at the door with a devious smile. She gushed about their new hairstyles, makeup, and pierced ears. Just as Judd thought he would get sick from her gooey praises, she announced, “Come into the parlor. We have a surprise visitor.”



***“TED! What are you doing here?” Judd gasped
“Ted, don’t you recognize your best friend?” Martha smiled
“Judd, is that you?” Ted gasped at his feminine friend.***

Judd was shocked beyond belief to see *Ted Sherman*, his best friend from Boston, sitting on the sofa! “How could Aunt Martha allow Ted see me like this?” he lamented as tears of anguish filled his eyes. “Isn’t it cruel enough to make me wear dresses and pretend to be a girl?”

Aunt Martha’s voice brought him out of his reverie when she said, “Mister Theodore Sherman, please allow me to present my daughter, *Miss Hannah Scarlet Lee*, and my niece, *Miss Judith Rose Grant*.”

Ted was completely taken in by the ruse. He saw two lovely girls, and with a bright smile, he greeted them. “I’m very pleased to meet you, Miss Lee, Miss Grant,” he grinned as he extended his hand.

Judd knew he looked nothing like his former self with his short skirt, feminine hairstyle, makeup, dark red lipstick, polished nails, pierced ears, and the aroma of his enticing perfume. Still, he knew Ted was sure to recognize him sooner or later. In an effort to delay the inevitable, he lowered his gaze, dipped a respectful curtsy, and in his softest, most feminine voice, purred, “So nice to make your acquaintance, Mr. Sherman.”

Ted was totally enamored by this vision of femininity standing before him, yet he sensed something familiar. In his exhilaration, he gasped, “I don’t mean to be presumptuous, but have we met?”

Unable to make eye contact, Judd fidgeted with his skirt and stammered, “I don’t...”

A spark of recognition flashed in Ted’s brain and he gasped, “Judith? Judd? Gawd? Why are you wearing a dress? I almost didn’t recognize you!”

Judd looked down in despair. Blushing shamefully, he was too distraught to answer. Ted asked Martha, “What’s going on? Why is Judd wearing a dress? Is he a sissy...or...some kind of joke?”

“Your friend was insolent, disobedient, and impertinent when he arrived here,” she replied matter-of-factly. “I decided that he should

dress and comport himself as a young lady for a time to teach him manners. After all, his cousin is wearing dresses too.”

“Hannah is a boy too?” Ted gasped. “You made them wear dresses because they were acting like typical boys?”

“In a word, *YES!* Judy will remain dressed up for the remainder of the stay,” Martha spat. “You are welcome in my home if you accept that and are courteous, polite, and respectful. Otherwise, I insist that you leave immediately. After all, you did show up on our doorstep without an invitation, like a presumptuous Yankee.”

“I have no where else to go and my return reservation isn’t for two weeks! I can be good. I’ll accept your offer.”

“As you wish,” Martha curtly replied, “I’ll show you to the guest room where you can freshen up and get settled while the girls prepare lunch.”

In his room, Martha ran through a seemingly unending list of rules. She finally ended with the admonition, “If you cannot accept Judy and Hannah as girls, you can save yourself the time and effort required to unpack!”

“It’s your place...I’ll abide by your rules,” he uttered. “I’ll treat both of them as girls or whatever you want.”

When Ted returned to the parlor, he expected Judd to be dressed as a girl, but he was astonished to see his friend wearing a pristine, lace edged, pinafore style apron over his dress. As he scurried about putting food and drinks on the table, the swinging skirt of his pinafore swirled about his legs to give him an enticing feminine appearance! “What the hell is going on?” he wondered. “Does Judd like wearing sissy clothes and acting like a girl?”

Judd knew Ted was watching him, and he suspected that the questions swirling through Ted’s mind were the same that had plagued him when he first saw Harold in a skirt and blouse, but he had to wait for an opportunity to speak with his friend alone to tell him his true feelings about wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl.

Ted forgot most of his reservations about Harold, Judd, and their feminine clothes when he tasted the food they prepared. After two helpings and a huge slice of the chocolate cake Judd had baked the day before, he declared himself stuffed and Hannah and Judy to be good cooks.

After lunch, Ted saw Judd and Harold performing their domestic chores in neat housedresses, but he couldn't get Judd alone. As he sat in the parlor waiting his chance, Aunt Martha, in a jovial mood, joined him. "The girls are busy with their housework, so there isn't a lot for a robust boy like you to do around here," she admitted. "However, they are attending a church social Saturday evening, and I wondered if you would like to accompany them as their escort?"

"Why do you call them girls? They are boys."

"For all practical purposes, they are now girls. They dress and act as girls and they perform feminine chores. I thought you accepted that as a provision for being allowed to stay here."

"Will they be wearing dresses to this social?"

"Very stylish ones, along with heels, makeup, and attractive hairstyles! That's why they need an escort."

"Do the other kids know they are boys?"

"They know about Hannah since they knew Harold as a boy, but I'm not sure about Judy. It really doesn't matter. I wield enough influence in Atlanta that no one would dare question my motives."

"I'll bet that's right!" Ted thought as he asked, "What do they do at a church social?"

"There will be refreshments, dancing, and lots of small talk. As a matter of fact, this would be an excellent place for you to meet and interact with other teens from this area."

"I'm not a very good dancer."

"Ms. Dixon gives dance lessons to the girls every evening. I'm sure she wouldn't mind another pupil."

“Sounds like fun,” he replied with a smile, as he relished the idea of finally meeting some Southern girls...real girls this time!

Dinner was a more elaborate version of lunch, as the *girls* also prepared the cuisine. “This is delicious!” Ted exclaimed at his first taste of Southern fried chicken.

“I’m pleased that you like it,” Judd acknowledged with a blush beneath his makeup.

“You did this? I didn’t know you could cook!”

“I couldn’t until Aunt Martha and Ms. Dixon taught me,” Judd shyly admitted. “I still have a lot to learn, but I’ll return to being a boy before I’m nearly as accomplished as they are.”

When Judd and Harold joined the others in the parlor after doing the dishes and cleaning the kitchen, Ted asked, “When do our dance lessons start?”

“Not until we change, silly,” Harold giggled. “We can’t dance in these clothes!”

“We’ll be back in a jiffy!” Judd sighed with a slight blush.

“I was just asking,” Ted mumbled as he watched the feminine boys walk away with their skirts enticingly swirling about their smooth thighs.

When Harold and Judd returned well over an hour later, Ted couldn’t believe his eyes. He assumed they would change from dresses to pants, but was he ever wrong!

To his astonishment, his best friend wore a yellow silk blouse and a full mid-thigh length gray skirt with a froth of lacy petticoats showing at the hem. Smoky nylon stockings encased his smooth, hairless legs, and he walked easily and naturally in yellow pumps with narrow three-inch heels. For jewelry, he wore gold keepers in his newly pierced ears and a gold chain necklace with a heavy cross pendant that nestled to emphasize his apparent breasts.

When Ted saw Harold’s pink blouse and a full skirt, he sighed, “Do I have to dance with boys in dresses?”

“Technically yes, but think of them as girls,” Ms. Dixon advised. “You’ll be dancing with them at the church social, so you should start thinking of them as Hannah and Judy.”

Ted was skeptical, but he decided to give it a try if dancing with boys in skirts was the sacrifice he had to make to meet real girls. To his surprise, when he took either boy in his arms and inhaled their aromatic perfume, he forgot it was a boy he was holding and began concentrating on the steps being taught. He closely copied Ms. Dixon’s moves after watching her lead her partner through a maneuver. Soon he started having fun.

When one of the femininely dressed boys was twirled, his skirt would swirl out to reveal a mass of petticoat lace and the dark tops of his nylons. Ted watched intently to see if the boy’s panties showed. They never did.

“What’s that?” Ted asked Judd when he felt something tight around his friend’s waist during a slow dance.

“A waist cinch,” Judd whispered, “It’s terribly uncomfortable, but without it fully closed, I can’t fasten my skirt. I swear, Aunt Martha buys my clothes two sizes too small!”

“Seems like you like wearing skirts?”

“I don’t, but dresses and skirts are all I have to wear. Besides, Aunt Martha and Ms. Dixon would have a kitten, fur and all, if they saw me in pants! Please don’t tell our friends back home about how I spent my summer. I would never live down the humiliation.”

“Wish I could tell...you do make a cute girl,” Ted teased while Judd turned bright red beneath his feminine makeup.

Not having much else to do in the days that followed, Ted became surprisingly interested in his dance lessons. Quite frequently, he would practice steps even though he had no partner. If either Harold or Judd happened to pass by, he would capture the feminine boy in his arms and lead him through a few steps, taking special pleasure in twirling them so their skirts would swirl outward to reveal smooth hairless thighs and a lace edged nylon slip.

On the morning of the dance, Ted noticed that Hannah and Judy, as he thought of them now, were very nervous during breakfast. As soon as everyone finished eating, they rapidly cleared the table and set about cleaning the kitchen. “Why are you in such a hurry?” he asked curiously.

“Boys!” Harold spat, “You don’t realize how much girls have to go through to get ready for a dance.”

“That’s right! You’re so lucky!” Judd agreed as he fluffed out his skirt. “We have to be at the hairdresser at ten and we won’t be home till after one! Then, we’ll need the rest of the afternoon to do our makeup, polish our nails, and all the other things girls do to get ready for festive occasions.”

“Wow, I guess I *am* lucky!” Ted thought as he fell for the guilt trip Judd laid on him. “All I have to do is shower, shave, brush my hair, and get dressed. I guess I should shine my shoes since I’m escorting two cute chicks to the dance.”

“I’m lending you my car to take the girls to the dance,” Martha advised as she handed him the keys. “You should wash it and vacuum the inside.”

That evening, Ted waited nervously in the parlor for more than half an hour before the *girls* finally made their appearance. He was speechless, but as he looked over the pair of beauties, he decided, “Boy, was it ever worth the wait!”

Judd looked vivacious in a topless red silk after five-dress with a scooped back, and a tight bodice that accentuated cleavage from his breasts. Only a glance revealed that his full circle, knee length skirt would swirl out to reveal his attractive thighs, and no telling what else, when his partner twirled him on the dance floor. His pumps, with slender three-inch heels, were red, as was his lipstick and nail polish. He wore a stylish triple strand pearl necklace, a matching bracelet, and dangling pearl pendants and diamond studs.

Harold wore a black silk dress with a low cut bodice that prominently displayed substantial cleavage and complimented his

blonde hair and fair complexion. The dress flared from his narrow waist to display his lovely legs and would swirl out to show off his panties. To further draw attention to his feminine development, he wore a gold and diamond necklace that matched his dangling earrings.

“Oh, Mother!” he wailed as he tittered nervously in his black three-inch pumps. “All the kids know I’m a boy. I don’t want them to see how much I’ve changed! Can’t I change into a dress that isn’t so daring and doesn’t show off so much skin on top?”

“Nonsense, dahling!” she cooed. “That dress is perfect and you look divine! Besides, how many mothers have a son who can fit into the dress she wore to the Sweetheart Ball as a college freshman?”

He wanted to scream, “I wouldn’t fit into your dress if you hadn’t starved me for months and molded my figure into feminine contours with unyielding corsets!” Instead, he lowered his head in defeat.

Ted, with a beautiful blonde on one arm and a lovely brunette on the other, led them out to the car he had washed and waxed earlier in the day. After opening the passenger door for them, he watched with interest as Judd modestly tried to hold his light skirt down as he entered the car and slid to the center of the seat. Harold, with much more grace, sat on the seat and swung his legs into the car, while Ted stared at what appeared to be a healthy girl’s bosom.

At the dance, Ted escorted two lovely, but very nervous girls into the hall. Each tightly held onto an arm, their eyes filled with panic as they delicately traipsed on their narrow stilt heels. Harold’s nervousness evaporated almost immediately when a boy named *Rex Butler* asked for a dance. Ted granted permission without seeking Harold’s consent and quickly pulled Judd out on the dance floor.

“Please don’t twirl me too much,” Judd pleaded as the pair started moving in time with the music. “My skirt will swirl out and show off my panties.”



“Miss Hannali, may I have this first dance?” a handsome young man asked Harold.

“That would be lovely, Sugah,” Harold lightly accepted, taking the offered hand.

“Why didn’t you wear a longer skirt?”

“Aunt Martha insisted that I wear this dress. I think she likes to humiliate boys in girl’s clothes. Look at that daring dress she made Hannah wear. It’s short and really low cut...like you didn’t notice.”

Ted only led Judd into a couple of turns. When they returned to their table, several girls introduced themselves to Ted and chided Judy for monopolizing him. While Ted was talking with them, another boy whisked Judd back to the dance floor. Soon Ted was dancing with one girl after another.

Ted observed that Hannah was a very popular dance partner, although everyone knew he used to be a boy. His giggles and laughter showed that he was having fun dancing in the arms of the boys and he was no longer concerned about what his low cut dress or short skirt revealed.

Judd was right about his skirt swirling out to reveal his panties. His partners had discovered that as well, as they delighted in twirling him about the floor, and quickly discovered that his panties were red to match his dress!

Ted started to become jealous as Judd danced with one boy after another. Perplexed at these feelings, he pulled the source of his jealousy into his arms just in time for a slow number. “Having ‘girl’ fun?” he asked while moving in time with the music.

“More than I imagined,” Judd admitted with a blush.

“Do you like showing off your RED panties too?”

“You noticed?” he laughed. “It’s not a big deal. Most of the other girl’s skirts swirl out and show their panties too.”

“But the other girls are girls?”

“You know what I mean. I can’t help but think of myself as a girl when I’m wearing a dress and dancing with a boy.”

“I have the same problem,” Ted sighed. “In that dress, I have trouble thinking of you as anything but a beautiful girl!”

“Oh, come on, Ted! I’m returning to pants in a few weeks and this silly business in dresses will be over and forgotten.”

“Forgotten? Forget seeing you in red panties? Not by me!”

During a lull in the dancing, Rex pulled Ted aside and asked, “Is Judy a boy like Hannah?”

“My eyes tell me that Judy is a beautiful young lady!” Ted came to Judd’s defense. “Why do you ask?”

“All of us knew Hannah when he was Harold. I figured that if his mother could transform him into a cute chick, she could do it with other boys too. I’m sorry if I insulted you or your girlfriend.”

“Spoken like a true Southern gentleman and apology accepted,” Ted offered his hand. “Since we are being honest, why are so many guys dancing with Hannah, if they know she’s a boy?”

“Look! Does he look or act like a guy? He sure doesn’t look or sound anything like the Harold I grew up with,” Rex explained as he and Ted watched Hannah glide by in the arms of a handsome suitor. “Also his mother has money and power, and she isn’t reluctant to use it. She is accustomed to having her way, and she won’t hesitate to step on anyone foolish enough to oppose her. I’m sure you have recognized these qualities during your stay.”

“Yeah, I certainly have!” Ted agreed. “I’d hate to get on the wrong side of her wrath.”

“So would most of the wealthy families in Atlanta. My initial motivation for dancing with Hannah was curiosity, but truthfully, he’s attractive as a girl. I’ve become quite smitten with her.”

“Even though you know he’s a boy?”

“Actually, I think because of it,” Rex mused as they watched Harold’s partner twirl him, making his dress flare out to reveal his sexy black panties. “Mom says girls who used to be boys are prettier, sexier, and more vivacious than real girls, and that I could do a lot worse than marry into the Lee family. She’s probably right, but I’d never do it if I didn’t love the person. I’m not that foolish.

Look at the way Hannah smiles and the way he moves in that sexy dress! He's a great dancer and every guy in the place is drooling! Of course, they're paying a lot of attention to your chick too."

"I see what you mean," Ted admitted, entertaining the exact same thoughts about Judd as he watched Judd's partner twirl him about to display his silky red panties once again. Feeling pangs of jealousy, he decided to cut in and rescue his former best friend.

"What took you so long?" Judd gasped while virtually falling into Ted's arms. "I've been dancing all night without a break. I'm exhausted and these high heels are killing my feet. Do you mind if we sit this one out?"

Ted agreed since having Judd alone for a drink would accomplish the same objective as having him alone on the dance floor. He smiled as he led his attractive friend to a secluded table. "Great!" Judd smiled. "Please get me a drink while I go to the little girl's room."

The rest of the evening was a resounding success as far as Ted was concerned as the object of his affections only danced one more time. That was the closing number, a slow romantic tune, and he made certain not to twirl him or allow the other boys a look at his panties. Secretly, he wanted that privilege reserved for himself, and only for himself!

Smitten with Judd at the dance, the days that followed were frustrating for Ted. With only the enticing Judy on his mind, he tried every trick in the book to get her attention, boy to girl. However, Judd was preoccupied with thoughts of returning to pants and enrolling in college. He had no intention of remaining in dresses or responding to Ted's attention. He didn't want a boyfriend!

Chapter 8. – But, what about school?

"Judy, you received a letter from your mother," Martha informed him at lunch a week after the dance.

“She sent my plane tickets?” he gleefully hoped. “I’ve been expecting them to arrive any day.”

When he started ripping the envelope open, Ms. Dixon chastised, “Judith! Proper young ladies open their mail gently in case they want to save it for later.”

“I’m sorry,” he purred. Assuming a happy, almost giddy demeanor, he smoothed his skirt beneath him, sat at the table, and carefully opened the envelope without marring anything written on it or its contents.

His mood drastically changed once he started reading the letter. “Oh no,” he cried as tears filled his eyes, “Mom isn’t coming home! She is extending her Paris visit, and she wants me to stay here until she and Susan visit at Christmas!”

“Yes, I know,” Martha said, “She sent me a letter several weeks ago and asked if you could stay here a while longer. Of course, I replied in the affirmative.”

“You knew!” he screeched. “You knew Mom wanted me to stay here and you didn’t tell me! Well, I won’t do it! I am going home, changing into pants, and enrolling in college!”

“Judith!” Ms. Dixon corrected, “Proper young ladies don’t shout at their elders.”

“Did you tell Mom you were making me wear dresses and pretend to be a girl?” he demanded, ignoring Ms. Dixon.

“I said you were learning manners,” Martha replied.

“Is that what she meant when she said she was pleased that I was becoming a gentleman? Gentleman? Do I look like a gentleman?” he demanded as he held out his skirt for emphasis. “Did I look like a gentleman at the dance with my short skirt swirling out so everyone could see my panties?”

“That is quite enough!” Ms. Dixon warned.

“What happens now? Can I have my clothes back, the ones I brought from Boston?”

“I think not,” Martha sighed. “Certainly not if your current behavior is an indication of what we can expect if you return to pants! Besides, I’ve spent far too much money on your clothes, makeup, voice lessons, electrolysis, hairstyles, and feminine comportment to throw it all away.”

“I didn’t ask for any of that! You made me wear dresses and behave this way!”

“Nevertheless, I think it best that you remain in skirts until your mother and sister return.”

“Why can’t I enroll in college and live in a dormitory until Mom returns?”

“Your mother specifically asked you to stay here in my care. I can’t look after you if you are a thousand miles away in some college dormitory.”

“I’ve had it!” he shouted, showing more aggressiveness than when he was first put in skirts. “I’m a guy, and I won’t wear dresses and skirts for another minute!” he added as he ripped the front of his blouse open, sending buttons flying.

He reached for his skirt to repeat the action, but Ms. Dixon grabbed him before he could rip it off. Twisting his arm behind him, she deftly pulled him across her lap, flipped his skirt and slip to his waist, and began applying the strap to his exposed panties.

Judd struggled mightily to free himself, but the agile woman was too quick and strong for him. After more than a dozen swats on his nylon-covered posterior, he finally stopped squirming and started to cry. As the blows continued to fall, he wailed, “Oh, please stop! I’ll do as you say! I’m sorry I shouted at Aunt Martha and ripped my blouse. Oh, please stop! I promise to be a good girl!”

“Stand in the corner with your skirt at your waist!” Ms. Dixon commanded when she finally released her blubbering charge. Without hesitation, Judd rushed to the corner, grabbed the sides of his skirt, and pulled it to his waist, exposing his feminine panties to full view. Holding his skirt at his waist, he couldn’t rub his tear

filled eyes or massage his enflamed buttocks.

When Judd had stood in the corner for more than half an hour, his aunt grabbed him by the shoulder and jerked him around to face her. Looking over his tear streaked makeup, she slapped his face hard and hissed, “If you ever speak to me like that again, this little punishment will seem like a walk in the park! Now get to your room, put on some pretty clothes, repair your makeup, and hurry back so you can apologize like a proper young lady!”

“Yes, Aunt Martha,” he gasped while executing a slight curtsy. Since he hadn’t been given permission to lower his skirt, he kept it at waist level and ran from the room.

“What happened?” Ted asked later that afternoon when he found Judd in the den crying his eyes out.

“Mom and Susan are prolonging their Paris visit and I have to stay here until they return at Christmas,” he sobbed.

“You aren’t returning to Boston for college?”

“No! Don’t you understand? Aunt Martha intends to keep me here in dresses until then!”

Ted was filled with mixed emotions. On one hand, he was losing a college buddy, but on the other he was keeping his sexy ‘girlfriend’!

“I can’t do it, Ted!” Judd wailed. “Of all people, you know how much I’ve changed, and I’ve only been in dresses for three months. I’m afraid I’ll lose my masculinity forever if I keep wearing them until Christmas!”

“Don’t be overly dramatic,” Ted soothed.

“Overly dramatic? Look at *Hannah!* *She* has been wearing dresses for eight months. Can you imagine *her* looking or acting like a guy? No way, huh? That’s the way I’ll be if Aunt Martha keeps me in dresses until Mom and Susan arrive! How would you like to have your mother and sister see you all dolled up like *this?*”

“Actually, you don’t look so hot right now with those red eyes

and your makeup all streaked.”

“Oh!” Judd groaned as he jumped up and ran from the room with his skirt and petticoats swirling enticingly about his thighs. “Men! You don’t understand *anything!*” Realizing what he said, he repeated, “Oh!”

For the next few days, Judd was more somber than usual as he brooded over the loss of his long awaited pants and masculine lifestyle. To avoid further punishment however, he made every effort to appear feminine and obedient. Ms. Dixon recognized this as an opportunity to reinforce his blossoming femininity. Using praise and criticism, she pointed out flaws in his manner of dress, makeup, and comportment, and made suggestions for improvement. Following her advice, he slowly became more feminine in both appearance and manner.

Judd was particularly depressed when Ted left to return to Boston...and college. “I should be going with you,” Judd moaned as his skirt played about his legs.

When they went to the airport to see Ted off, Judd remembered the last time he was there. It seemed a lifetime ago when he arrived a spry young man eager to meet the girls of Atlanta. Now, as he walked next to Harold, their high heels clicking on the terminal floor and their skirts swaying about their nylon covered thighs, he realized that he had become one of those Atlanta girls!

Chapter 9 – Birds of a Feather

Judd, his spirits still low over his lost opportunity to return to pants, sat at his vanity in his slip, bra, panties, and a silky negligee. Looking in the mirror, he listlessly plucked a few stray hairs from his brows. Hearing a faint knock at the door, he sighed, “Come in.”

“Can we talk?” Harold asked in a small, completely feminine voice as he hesitantly entered the room wearing a silky babydoll nightie and a short translucent negligee. He enjoyed sharing with Judd his feminine clothes, lessons, and experiences, but he felt sorry

that his cousin had to remain in dresses against his will.

Judd nodded, so he sat on the bed, slowly brushed a blonde curl from his face, and timidly trilled, "I didn't want you to go away, but I'm sorry that you didn't get to return to pants if that's what you really want."

"Of course, it's what I want!" Judd insisted. "I thought of running away, but where could I go? I'd be discovered and branded a sissy forever! Staying here and wearing girl's clothes is bad enough, but now this!" he cupped his sensitive budding breasts in his palms for emphasis. "Who knows how big they'll be if I stay here until Christmas!"

"I understand," Harold sighed as he adjusted the hem of his negligee across his smooth hairless thighs.

"I only hope that my breasts will go away when I stop taking those awful pills and that I will regain my boyish demeanor when I'm finally allowed to wear pants," Judd sighed. "I hate wearing dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie, but the other things are worse!"

"What things?"

"Don't you *know*?" Judd asked in disbelief that another boy in skirts wouldn't understand his meaning. "Things boys never do...like I'm doing now...sitting before my vanity in silky undies and plucking my brows. I spend hours styling my hair, experimenting with makeup, and massaging scented lotions into my skin to make it soft and feminine! How many boys know how to do those things or even care to learn? How many?"

"Okay, okay! Our beauty rituals are intense, but come on, don't tell me that you prefer the feel of rough cotton and other coarse fabrics against your skin to silk, satin, and nylon! Look me in the eye and tell me that you don't shiver in ecstasy when you adjust silky panties about your hips, when you pull sheer nylons over your smooth creamy thighs, or when you slide between sleek satin sheets in a soft, sensuous nightie. Come on, convince me!"

Looking down at his soft, translucent feminine attire to avoid

Harold's knowing gaze, Judd sighed, "Okay! Most of the clothes feel nice, but I'll never get used to torturous corsets or stilt heels. Boys aren't supposed to wear dresses, skirts, soft lingerie, and makeup! Besides, it's...it's embarrassing!"

"I just wanted to know if you felt the way I do about wearing dresses. I'm not making fun of you. I'm in the same boat."

"I'm sorry," Judd sighed, "You look so much like a girl, I sometimes forget that you're a boy like me."

"Thanks, I guess," Harold sniffed as he carefully dried tears from his eyes to avoid ruining his makeup. "I just wanted to know if you felt the same as I do about pretending to be a girl?"

"I don't know what you mean..."

"Please, tell me," Harold begged in a tiny feminine voice.

"Okay, but just for you," Judd sighed as he sat beside Harold on the bed.

"Thanks," Harold purred as he laid his head on Judd's soft, nylon covered shoulder.

"It was terribly embarrassing in the beginning. I hated every minute I was in dresses or skirts, especially when they took me out in public," Judd admitted with a blush that came naturally with the memory of his early days in dresses. "I'm not nearly as humiliated except when I'm recognized or purposely identified as a boy. The long, torturous lessons in feminine carriage and poise have made me feel more natural and less self-conscious about dressing as a girl. Constant practice in femininity and painful or embarrassing punishment for masculine behavior has taught me to manage skirts as well as any girl or woman. That's what worries me."

"Yes, go on..."

"After I return to pants, what will people think if I walk with small steps, hold my wrists limp, or swing my hips?" Judd exclaimed. "Things will be even worse if I sit with my knees primly together, speak in the high, modulated voice I've developed, or use

the feminine phrases and gestures that have been drilled into me!”

“I never think of those things any more,” Harold sighed. “Say, how did you feel when Ted first saw you in a dress?”

“I’ve never been more humiliated or embarrassed in my life! I couldn’t have looked more feminine! At first, he thought I was a real girl! Then he started to treat me differently. I think he has a crush on me...as a girl! He has a photograph of me by his bed and he wants more pictures of me in dresses and skirts...as if we were sweethearts!”

“Did you give him any?”

“I think it’s funny...”

“How about your mother and sister? Do they know about your feminine clothes and lifestyle?”

“Yes,” Judd blushed. “Aunt Martha sent them photos as punishment for my outburst when I learned I had to stay here for another four months. I haven’t heard from them yet, but I’ll bet Susan had a good laugh when she saw me in dresses!”

“Maybe she’ll understand,” Harold sympathized. “After all, it wasn’t your idea to dress as a girl.”

As the femininely clad boys sat side by side with their perfume mingling, Judd asked, “What are you wearing tomorrow when we go shopping for our fall wardrobes?”

“I think I’ll wear my yellow dress with the full skirt that requires oodles of starched petticoats to hold out the skirt! Since we’ll have to strip to our undies to try on the clothes, my silkiest, laciest panties and bra, and a lace edged half-slip will be just perfect! I’ll need nude nylons and my white three-inch pumps. How about you?”

“Oh my,” Judd gasped, embarrassed to be discussing with another boy the feminine undies he would wear, especially when he didn’t want to wear them at all! Finally, he sighed, “Ms. Dixon will have a kitten if I don’t dress in a similar manner, so I’ll wear my

pink dress with the full skirt, several bouffant petticoats, silk panties, a lacy bra, an elaborate camisole, sheer nylons, and at least three-inch heels. I swear that your choice in clothes gives the impression that you enjoy dressing as a girl!”

“I guess I don’t mind...sort of,” Harold stammered with a blush. “Anyway, I don’t want Ms. Dixon scolding me for not being properly feminine.”

“Oh, come on!” Judd rebuked, “This is me, a fellow in feminine skirts. Fess up! Maybe in the beginning you wore dresses because they made you, but now it’s for you...all for you! Come on! Admit that you like being treated like a sissy girl.”

“Okay,” Harold giggled with a blush, “I was terribly embarrassed when I first had to wear girl’s clothes, but I’ve come to love the feel of silk, satin, and nylon against my skin and frilly skirts swirling about my thighs. I even enjoy the attention I get from boys at the dances and socials we attend. I wonder how I’ll react as a male if I return to pants. I’d find ways to get back into skirts if that ever happened. So, there! Now, you know!”

Chapter 10 – Be careful what you wish for...

“Girls, I expect you to be on your best behavior this afternoon. Mrs. O’Hara is visiting us again and she is bringing her twins,” Ms. Dixon informed her charges.

“Will they still be dressed as sissies?” Judd asked, remembering the last time he saw the twins.

“I have no idea,” she replied.

“I bet they are back in pants,” Harold reasoned. “Mrs. O’Hara made them wear those sissy tartan skirts and silky undies as punishment for teasing us and to teach them a lesson. She would have made them shave their beards if she intended to keep them in skirts for any appreciable time.”

“That’s right!” Judd gasped, “Those boys were awful to us the

last time they visited while wearing pants. Can't we go shopping or something while they're here? My breasts are growing really fast and I need some new bras."

Ms. Dixon smiled at his attempted deception knowing Judd hated shopping. True, his breasts were rapidly expanding, but it would be several weeks before his current bras became too small. "No, Judy," she patiently explained, "Your aunt gave explicit orders that that you are to be present looking your feminine best."

Harold and Judd knew they would be in attendance, and despite any and all reservations, they would be on their most ladylike behavior for those awful boys. Thus, they were wearing very frilly feminine clothes and looking very girlish when the doorbell rang announcing the arrival of Mrs. O'Hara and her twins.

Judd fidgeted on his 3" heels as his full lavender skirt swayed about his nylon clad thighs. His off the shoulder red blouse sprinkled with little flowers had short sleeves, and buttoned up the back. The dark blouse was of the lightest silk, so he didn't have to wear either a slip or a bra beneath. He nervously entwined his slender fingers with their long polished nails.

Harold was equally nervous since his mother insisted that he wear a sexy white peasant blouse with short puff sleeves and a plunging neckline that exposed the cleavage of his growing bosom. His short full blue skirt was decorated with white lace at the hem that made it appear as if his slip was showing. His long curved legs ended in the sexiest of blue three-inch slippers with open toes that displayed his deep ruby red toenails. His creamy exposed shoulders confirmed that he was anything but a boy!

"Please come in," Martha greeted Mrs. O'Hara at the front door.

"Oh, Martha, it's so nice to see you again," Mrs. O'Hara gushed as she stepped inside.

"Come in, Ethel!" Martha smiled as she greeted her friend with a womanly kiss to the cheek. "I see you brought the twins. The girls have been anxiously awaiting their arrival. In fact, they have

thought of little else since learning of your visit.”

“Yes, I brought them along,” Mrs. O’Hara smiled as she perused Harold and Judd in their pretty outfits. Looking out the door, she gestured impatiently, “Come on in, children. Don’t loiter around out there.”

Both Harold and Judd emitted audible gasps when the first twin made his entrance. To their astonishment, before them stood a lovely girl in a gorgeous mint green dress that hugged his body to his waist, and then flowed to his knees in waves of material held out by several starched petticoats. The short fluffy sleeves were made with lace that was also featured about the bodice and at the hem of his skirt. The bodice was tightly compressed to show a small corseted waist. The neckline plunged to show a hint of cleavage...surely not. In keeping with the femininity of his ensemble, his makeup, lipstick, manicure, and hairstyle were immaculate. An expensive looking pearl necklace adorned his neck, and matching earrings swayed from his pierced ears. He stood confidently on matching mint green 3” heels.

His striking red hair had grown out considerably since the last visit, and was styled in a fetching feminine style. He wore a large straw hat embellished with ribbons and small feminine baubles. He was the picture of Southern femininity.

Eyes cast down in deep embarrassment, the first twin was closely followed by the second, who was dressed identically, and was blushing just as profusely. Lastly, Ms. Mason entered and closed the door.

“Ladies, may I present my granddaughters, *Melanie O’Hara* and *Maggie O’Hara*,” Mrs. O’Hara announced.

“Melanie, Maggie, properly greet these nice ladies and their lovely girls,” Ms. Mason ordered in a no nonsense tone.

Melvin stepped forward with a cute smile and a deep perfect curtsy, and said in a lilting voice, “Hello, Mrs. Lee, Ms. Dixon, Hannah, Judy.”

With downcast eyes, a deep frown, and cheeks blushing deep red, Marvin roughly grasped the sides of his skirt, dipped a slight curtsy, and repeated the greeting in a slightly husky voice.

Harold and Judd were speechless at the scene being played out before them. Their eyes were as large as saucers and their mouths hung open. “Girls!” Ms. Dixon admonished, “Can’t you greet Melanie and Maggie like proper ladies?”

“Uh...ah...hello,” Harold gasped, unable to believe that the epitome of girlish femininity standing before them could possibly be those obnoxious bullies, Melvin and Marvin. “Welcome to our home.”

Martha smiled and announced, “Misses *Mason and Dixon* are responsible for making sure you girls toe the line, so you are to obey whichever one speaks to you. Both are dedicated to making you girls as feminine as possible. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” all four boys solemnly agreed as they dipped polite curtses.

“You girls may sit out by the tennis courts to get some fresh air while we adults talk. Remember to conduct yourselves as refined ladies at all times, as any lapses will be severely punished. Also, be sure to wear your straw hats or sit in the shade of the umbrellas to avoid exposing your skin to the sun. We don’t want the harsh sun to harm your delicate skin or ruin your peaches and cream complexion.”

“Oh, girls,” Mrs. O’Hara added, “Remember that as my granddaughters, you are not to partake in tennis or other physical activities. Sports are for rough and tumble boys, not refined young ladies.” With that, the adults left the four femininely clad boys alone.

“As if we could play tennis in these flowing skirts, frothy petticoats, and stilt heels!” Marvin scowled.

“What happened?” Harold giggled. “You look so...so *lovely*. Nothing like the obnoxious boys who bullied us or the simpering

sissies we saw during your last visit.”

“That’s right!” Judd snickered, “I just love your dresses. What happened to turn you two hellions into sweet submissive girls?”

The twins looked forlornly at each other and shrugged. “What the hell,” Melvin sighed as he took a seat in the shade and daintily smoothed his skirt over his nylon clad thighs, “We may as well tell you since y’all are in the same boat.”

“That’s right,” Marvin agreed. “It started when Grandma got livid at our behavior and led us from your house by our ears. All the way home, she raved on and on with threats of retribution for embarrassing her and disgracing the O’Hara name. We didn’t understand why she was making such a big deal out of our teasing you for wearing dresses, but *boy* did we ever find out!”

Melvin continued the narrative. “The next day, we were lounging around watching television when she brought Ms. Mason in and introduced her as our new governess. We screamed that we were seventeen years old, about to enter the world as young men, and didn’t need a governess!”

“Oh, it will be sometime before you enter the world as young men!” Ms. Mason casually announced. “Your grandmother has other plans for you.”

“Plans? What plans?”

“I believe you are about to enter the world as young girls like your friends, Hannah and Judy!” she stated with an evil smile.

“We aren’t sissies like those two wimps and we won’t wear dresses!” I shouted.

“I see we have a difference of opinion,” she shrugged. “Your boorish behavior at the Lee residence extremely embarrassed your grandmother, and she intends to teach you lessons in self restraint, etiquette, and respect for others. Shall we begin?”

“You won’t make a sissy out of me!” I wailed. “Let’s get out of here, Marvin!” I rose to leave, but she was on me like a cat. Before

I knew what happened, I was lying on the floor staring at the ceiling. Marvin came to my assistance and he quickly joined me on the carpet staring up at this imposing woman.

“Now, children, your grandmother wants two prim and proper granddaughters, not the two ill-mannered grandsons she inherited,” Ms. Mason calmly stated. “Shall we retire to your bedrooms and begin to fulfill her wish?”

She hadn’t lost a beat in flooring us, but we weren’t whipped yet. This time, we charged her together, but to our sorrow, the result was the same. I flew over one shoulder and Marvin sailed around the other. Our superior strength and numbers were useless against her moves, and we were on the floor once again.

“I tire of this silly game,” she shook her head, “If you persist, I’ll take you over my knee and spank you like naughty little girls.”

“A spanking? Not in this lifetime, sister!” I yelled.

Marvin continued the narration. I went at her low and quick, and Melvin waited to see how my attack fared before committing. Next thing I knew, I was lying across her lap with my pants and shorts around my knees, and she was spanking my bare bottom with her strap. “You can’t do this!” I shouted, as the first blow landed hard against my bare bottom. I tried to get away, but she held me firmly. After a dozen or so swats, I was crying like a baby and begging her to stop. Tears were streaming down my cheeks when she finally allowed me to roll off her lap.

While she was busy with Marvin, I made a dash for the door, but it was locked, Melvin broke in. Feeling the hair at the back of my neck stand at attention, I slowly turned to face this imposing woman. “So, Melvin, do I have to spank you too?” she huffed.

Seeing how easily she handled Marvin, I decided my best course of action was to do nothing for now and wait for a chance later, Melvin sighed as he adjusted his billowing skirt about his smoothly shaved, nylon-encased thighs.

After the pain subsided and I was able to rise and pull up my

pants, we humbly followed her to our bedrooms, Marvin continued. "I expect to find you undressed when I return," she warned. "Come, Melvin, I want you to undress and smear this cream over your body from the neck down."

I was so embarrassed, Melvin smoothly continued. Not only was I unable to whip a mere woman, but also she had beaten me with hardly a fight. Fearing a session across her lap like Marvin's, I meekly did as she ordered while she checked on him. The cream itched and burned, and I was dancing about in agony when she returned and ordered me into the shower. I didn't argue this time, as I wanted to get that terrible cream off my body.

She directed me into a bubble bath after a quick shower removed the cream along with all my body hair. I was terribly embarrassed to climb into a froth of bubbles like a silly girl, but the look in her eyes said that I would take the bath, with or without her assistance. I chose to do it on my own since I was sure that if she got involved, I'd end up in the tub anyway, and a lot worse for wear. When she told me to shave very closely, I begged, "Please don't make me shave my beard. It took forever to grow and I don't want to go through that again when this foolishness is over."

"Very well," she agreed, "You may keep your precious facial hair for the time being, but only if you are sweet and obedient."

That reinforced my supposition that grandma intended to make us dress as girls for a few days to teach us a lesson, and then allow us to return to pants. Feeling a bit relieved, I dried myself with a fluffy pink towel, and powdered myself all over as instructed. I felt totally foolish as I patted the huge puff over my privates.

As I stepped into the panties, pulled them up, and adjusted the waistband, I knew this was definitely something a young stud like myself didn't do! Yet, there I stood, skin smooth as silk, smelling of perfume, and wearing girl's panties. My only consolation was that Marvin was experiencing the same humiliation.

Ms. Mason returned just as I finished and smiled sweetly, "Okay, dear, you look very nice in your panties. Let's get you

started into your new role with the help of a corset.”

Forgive me if I had never heard of this particular form of torture, but I was just a backwoods Georgia boy. Before she attached the fiendish device about my waist, I was sure that I could withstand anything, but after she tightened the laces, I knew how wrong I was! To learn that the world contained such fiendish forms of torture made me fearful about other terrible torments awaiting me! Mercifully, she allowed me to lie down to catch my breath and become accustomed to my corset while she attended to Marvin. I could tell by the moans and cries from his room that he too had come to know the agony of the corset.

“You will wear your corset both day and night until your waist is reshaped to feminine contours,” she informed me upon returning.

“Reshape? Feminine contours? You can’t be serious!” I cried, “I’m quite happy with my waist as it is! I don’t want to be reshaped!”

“What you want is moot,” she smiled. “Your grandmother wants you to have a small waist, so a small waist you will have.”

“But this is just a game...a weird form of punishment,” I stammered. “I mean we...we are returning to boy’s clothes, right?”

“Your grandmother doesn’t think of it as a game,” she smirked as she opened three boxes lying on the bed. “Look at the lovely feminine things she bought...just for you.”

I was aghast at the flurry of feminine finery that greeted me. To my horror, there were panties, bras, slips, camisoles, and a silky babydoll nightie with a matching negligee, all made of nylon and in pastel colors. Worst of all, there was a dress, a skirt, and some blouses!

“Of course, this is just the beginning,” Ms. Mason chuckled.

My mouth hung open at her words, and I gasped, “B...but why would she want to buy a bunch of girl clothes? It will go unused once we return to pants.”

“Perhaps, but until then, you will be stylishly outfitted,” she smirked. “Enough talk! Get dressed while I check on your sister. Your grandmother is anxious to meet her new granddaughters.”

“Granddaughters? No matter how we’re dressed, we’re her grandsons!” I corrected. She merely smirked as she left the room.

I sat on my bed and tried to roll pantyhose up my legs, something I had never done or ever thought I would. Now I was trying it while compressed in a tightly laced corset. It was a nearly impossible task, but I finally finished after ruining two pair. “You have to do that better or we’ll have to find innovative ways to help you learn,” Ms. Mason warned when she returned.

I assure you that I tried extra hard after that intimidating threat. While I slowly and reluctantly dressed in feminine clothes, Ms. Mason darted in and out of my room to assist Marvin and then me. Although I knew he was undergoing a similar grueling ordeal, it didn’t soothe the humiliation of wearing nylon panties and having a bra secured about my chest.

“We’ll have better falsies tomorrow,” Ms. Mason informed me as she filled my bra with my jockey shorts. “At least you are getting some use from these before we throw them out.”

“Throw them out?” I gasped, “W...what will I wear when I...”

“Oh, don’t worry your pretty head about that,” she laughed. “You have a lot more to concern yourself about, believe me. Now, let’s see about your hair. It’s not long enough to do much with yet, but your red hair will look spectacular once it grows a bit and is properly styled.” I couldn’t picture my hair longer or with a feminine style, but a shiver ran up my back at the thought.

Finally, she pinned a green satin bow to the top of my head and sighed, “That will have to do for now. Let’s get you into your lovely dress.”

“Oh no, not a dress!” I cried, “Why can’t I wear pants? Lots of girls wear pants and jeans!”

“They do, but not you...or your sister,” she laughed at my

distress. “Refined young ladies like you are to become don’t wear pants. Now raise your arms while I lower this lovely nylon slip over your panties and bra.” The slip had a froth of lace about the bodice and hem. I shivered as it caressed my body.

“Arms up again so I can fit your dress over your slip,” she said as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “It will be a little tight about your waist, but it will fit better once you lose a few pounds.”

After struggling for a few seconds, the dress descended over my shoulders, chest, waist, and cascaded down to my knees. It was white linen with a dark green pattern, and it fit tightly about my chest and waist, below which the skirt flared out. The puffed sleeves, bodice, and hem were trimmed in white lace that made it the epitome of girlishness. It swayed two inches above my knees, barely covering my slip.

“Stand still while I make adjustments,” she commanded. I felt so silly standing before her as she tugged here and smoothed there. Finally she was satisfied and directed my feet into a pair of matching green slippers with 2” heels. “Walk about to get used to your shoes while I tend to your sister,” she ordered, leaving me to my misery.

Curiosity got the better of me and I reluctantly went to my mirror to see how I looked. My slip and dress felt so strange as they swayed about my nylon covered legs. I was shocked beyond belief when I raised my eyes and saw myself dressed as a girl for the first time! From the neck down, I looked pretty good as the clothes hid my male body, and my padded bra gave me a semblance of femininity. Above my neck; however, I looked like a boy with a beard and a bow in his hair!”

“How could Grandma do this to me?” I wailed. Surely she wouldn’t let anyone see me like this! My heart raced at the thought! My hair and beard made it impossible for me to come close to looking like a girl. I just knew my reputation would be ruined forever and that I would die of embarrassment if anyone saw me!

I had barely recovered from my shock when Ms. Mason

returned. "Let's put a hint of makeup on our little girl," she smiled as she approached me with an open tube of pink lipstick.

"No...no, please!" I cried, "Not that...I..."

Of course, my protests fell on deaf ears. Minutes later, my lips were bright coral that blended with my hair color, my eyes were laden with eyeliner, and my cheeks were coated with blush. "That will do for now," she said. "Your grandmother is anxious to meet you in your new role. Let's go!"

We picked up Marvin as we passed his room and I was aghast at his appearance. He was dressed exactly like me down to the green bow on the top of our heads! A quick glance told me I looked just as ridiculous! The image of coral lips, feminine eyes, and bright cheeks framed by a red beard was grotesque. My stomach turned over in disgust!

My mind raced to find a way out of this awful predicament and back into boy's clothes. This was definitely my worst nightmare come true, and I could tell Marvin wasn't any happier. The tears streaking his makeup were partly from the humiliation of wearing a dress and partly from the painful spankings I'd heard through the walls.

"I'm pleased to see you two have been properly dressed," grandma smiled as we preceded Ms. Mason into the parlor.

"Oh, Grandma, why...why did you do this to us?" I cried.

"Your two were hideous to Hannah and Judy!" she snapped. "If you think you are embarrassed now, what if they were here to ridicule the way you are dressed and call you sissies? Only then would you know the depth of their humiliation at your hands! Shall I call and invite them over?"

"Oh no, Grandma...don't..."

"I will if you don't change your attitude. You will learn that I will not abide such ghastly behavior from an O'Hara!"

"B...but they...they..."

“Silence! Martha Lee has decided that Hannah is her daughter and Judy is her niece, and that is that!”

“You mean they were forced to wear dresses? Why didn’t they tell us...? We...”

“Would you have treated them any differently? I suspect not! You would have just referred to them as wimps and teased them unmercifully for allowing mere women to dress them as girls.”

“But they not only looked like girls, they...”

“Yes, they did, didn’t they? When I saw how lovely Hannah and Judy looked after only a few months training, I decided that I would rather have pretty granddaughters than the obnoxious grandsons I inherited. If Martha could make a daughter, I could...”

“How long do you plan to keep us like...like this! We look ridiculous wearing these clothes and makeup with our beards.”

“You two were so proud of your manly facial hair when you strutted your stuff before Hannah and Judy that I thought it appropriate that you be allowed to keep your pride and joy,” grandma explained. “Never let it be said that I denied you your manly beards.”

“B...but we...we look ridiculous with a beard while wearing makeup,” I cried again.

“Feel free to shave them any time you wish,” she smiled. “Otherwise, you may keep your manly facial hair if it is nicely groomed.”

“But, we’ll look like sissies!” Marvin argued.

“Exactly, but it will be your choice,” she smiled.

After two days of intense feminine training and more spankings than I care to remember, she brought us over here to apologize,” Marvin sighed. When we left here, she took us to the mall to shop for feminine clothes. Grandma made us select every item from among dozens, and when an item was chosen, we had to place it with our other selections. Boy, was that pile ever growing! The

humiliation I felt as I held up silky panties, slips, camisoles, teddies, nighties, negligees, and bras while the female clerks and customers looked on is impossible to describe.

Things got worse when we had to disrobe to our panties to be fitted with the inserts for our bras. We had to try on dozens of dresses and skirts and model them for Grandma and the crowd of amused onlookers, who called us sissies and teased us unmercifully. Not wanting to ever be embarrassed like that again, I gave in and shaved my beard when we returned home. Melvin held onto this last vestige of masculinity for more than two weeks.

“What happened to change your mind?” Harold asked.

Grandma announced that she was taking us out to dinner, Melvin shivered at the memory. I told her I couldn’t leave the house in a dress again, but she wouldn’t listen.

“Sure you can, my dahling,” Grandma stated as if it was perfectly normal for a boy with a beard to go out in a dress. “You are nicely dressed, so see to your hair and makeup before we leave.”

“No, Grandma, please! You can’t...you won’t...”

“I most certainly can...and I will!” she smiled. “Follow Ms. Mason to your room and she will help you with final preparations.”

That’s when I broke away and headed for the front door to make my escape. I was about to flee the house when I suddenly realized what I was doing. I was freely doing what Grandma was planning to make me do against my will. I was about to expose myself to all of Atlanta in a frilly girlish dress and a macho beard. Slamming the door, I shouted, “Where are my clothes? I’m changing back and I’m never wearing another dress!”

“There are no male clothes in this house,” Ms. Mason simply answered. “I’m afraid your reckless behavior has earned you a severe punishment, dear.” She took my arm and led me out of the room, leaving Grandma behind with Marvin.

The house was filled with cries of anguish for the next half hour, Marvin continued. Even from the parlor, I knew Ms. Mason was

severely tending to Melvin. About an hour after the shouting and crying stopped, a very subdued Melvin returned to the parlor in the green patterned dress that matched the one I had changed into while he was being punished.

Grandma looked Melvin over and softly said, “I’m so sorry we had to deal with your insubordination so severely, but that unpleasantness is behind us now. Follow Ms. Mason to your rooms and see to your hair and makeup before we leave.”

While in my room, Ms. Mason produced a wig the same color as my hair. As I looked in awe, she placed it on my head and adjusted it to flow naturally about my face and cascade onto my neck, softening my boyish features. She finished by saying, “The wig will allow you to return to your own hair quickly once it grows out a bit.” With that, she sent me back to Grandma.

Melvin picked up the narration. “I...I can’t go out looking like this...” I cried when Ms. Mason brought me to the parlor. “Everyone will know I’m a boy with my short hair and beard!”

“I’m certain you’re right, my dear,” Grandma stated. “However, I promised not to touch your prized facial hair without your expressed permission.”

“Permission? What do you mean?” I quaked.

“Since you refused to shave your unsightly beard like your sister, you will have to beg me to allow you to remove it.”

“Beg you?” I sniffled. My beard had become a matter of principle. “I...I don’t care how many dresses you make me wear, I’ll *never* voluntarily ask for permission to remove my beard!”

I expected Ms. Mason to drag me away for another punishment, but she just stood by not taking any action. “As you wish, dear,” Grandma shrugged, “Shall we leave?”

“Grandma, don’t make me go out looking like this. Please!” I pleaded.

“You know what you must do to look more like a girl,” Ms.

Mason whispered in my ear.

“Never!” I snarled.

“Very well,” Grandma stated, “Far be it from me to forcefully remove your manly beard.”

I was deeply ashamed to look so feminine, Marvin admitted with a shudder. Yet, I was relieved that I wouldn’t be exposed in public as an obvious boy wearing girl’s clothes. I could never survive another embarrassing event like in the lingerie boutique.

“Since that issue is settled, are we ready to leave?” Grandma asked as she walked toward the garage.

At that point, I half expected Melvin to give in and ask permission to shave, but he stood steadfast and refused to surrender. Forlornly, he followed us to the car and climbed in the back next to me. He didn’t exactly do it voluntarily, since Ms. Mason brought up the rear and prodded him forward.

“Straighten your skirts, girls,” Ms. Mason instructed. “We don’t want them to be wrinkled when we get to the restaurant. Also, remember to comport yourselves as proper ladies at all times.” Melvin groaned at her orders, but meekly did as instructed.

The restaurant was a quaint, but very plush Italian place. Ms. Mason and Grandma got out of the car and handed the keys to the valet. Melvin and I remained inside, too scared to be seen in public in our dresses. The valet held the door open, but neither of us made an effort to leave the sanctuary of the car until Ms. Mason ordered us out. Reluctantly, I did as instructed and stood by the side of the car a little unsteady in my 3” heels as a slight breeze rustled my skirt and slip about my nylon covered legs. The valet gave me a casual glance of admiration, then returned to his job.

Melvin smoothly continued the story. I refused to leave the car shouting, “You can lead me to water, but you can’t make me drink!”



The whispers, the giggles, the stares, and the outright laughter were unbearable. “How could Grandma make me appear in public looking like this?” Melvin groaned.

Ms. Mason emitted a loud sigh and reached inside the car. I struggled to keep her from grabbing me, but I got tangled in my skirt and petticoats. She gripped me behind the neck, and when she applied pressure, shock ran through my body followed by a tingling sensation, and all my struggles stopped. “Now, young lady!” she hissed. “You will exit the car and accompany us into the restaurant without any further protests, unless you want more of the same.”

Shaking from head to foot, I meekly did as she instructed. As I stuck my head out of the car, the valet let out a loud gasp, and my face turned deep red. Because of my short hair and beard, he immediately knew I was a guy...wearing girl’s clothes and full makeup! Both valets tried mightily to maintain their composure, but as we entered the restaurant, both broke down in gales of laughter.

“Did you see that?” one gasped.

“Yeah,” the other roared. “That has to be the ugliest girl I’ve ever seen!”

The restaurant door was almost closed when we heard the other reply, “Yeah, but the other one was a *doll!*”

Marvin continued the story. “My face turned bright red from that statement, but I really felt sorry for Melvin, who was the brunt of all the jokes. The hostess came to seat us, and she didn’t have any reaction until Ms. Mason stepped aside and had Melvin precede her into the seating area. Her face completely changed character when she saw him. Her eyes grew huge, her mouth drooped open, and she struggled to find words. “Uh...if you will follow me...”

Melvin and I led the way followed by Ms. Mason. We had to walk around a number of tables before being seated. As luck would have it, she seated us in the middle of the dining room. The other patrons would be in casual conversation until we passed by, then suddenly they would stop talking and stare at us. My knees wobbled, and I wondered if anyone recognized me as a boy in a dress. Still, my concerns were nothing compared to Melvin’s. He was completely defeated by the time we were seated. I glanced about and everyone was blatantly staring. Georgia is a fairly

conservative area, so having a boy walk into a plush restaurant wearing a dress, lingerie, makeup, and a beard isn't something you see every day.

The hostess left, but I saw her giggling with another girl near the entrance. Every once in a while, they glanced our way, and then broke out in laughter. Our waiter was in the kitchen when we entered, so he was unprepared for what greeted him until he came over to take our drink order. He looked at Grandma, and then took in the entire table, where his stare stopped on Melvin. "Ah...w...what can I get you...uh...ladies to drink tonight?" he asked while having a very difficult time keeping his composure.

"I'll have a Manhattan," Grandma ordered, "and the girls will have Shirley Temples," she nodded towards Melvin and I. I wanted to crawl under the table at the thought of Shirley Temples, but Melvin just stared straight ahead, not looking at anyone. "We'll see a dinner menu," Grandma casually instructed.

"Yes, ma'am," the waiter answered before hurrying off to the bar. I saw him talking to the bartender, nodding in our direction, and then the two of them broke into gales of laughter."

"You girls may have a nice salad, but I'll have a steak," Grandma announced.

My stomach growled at the thought of salad. "Grandma, can't I have...?" I whispered."

"Now, Maggie, you must watch your girlish figure. Perhaps I will allow you a small steak when you have reached your proper weight and proportions."

Although Melvin and I only had salads, that was the longest meal of my life. It seemed to go on forever. Every interaction with an employee was cause for deep embarrassment as even the kitchen staff came out to look at the spectacle. Melvin barely touched his salad as he quietly sat the whole time, mortified at being seen in public dressed as he was, but what could he do?

Toward the end of the meal, an elegant lady, obviously the

manager, discretely approached Grandma and asked, "Excuse my impertinence, ma'am, but we couldn't help noticing your...uh..."

"Oh, you mean my grandson?" she gaily nodded towards Melvin. "He was nasty towards his sister while she was having her period," she nodded toward me. "Such behavior is unacceptable, so I made the punishment fit the crime."

"Ahhh..." the woman developed a huge smile toward me. "Of course, how could he be so brutish as to make fun of such a lovely girl? I'm sure he'll be more tolerant of the problems we women must endure in the future. Are you feeling better now, dear?" she asked me.

I nearly panicked when I saw that she was expecting an answer. She took me for a girl and was expecting a girl to answer. Not trying to sound too falsetto, I whispered, "I'm fine now, thank you."

She didn't bat an eye. "I'm glad to hear that, dear. What a sweet young lady! How could anyone make fun of her? I hope you have learned your lesson, young man," she addressed Melvin.

When he didn't respond, Ms. Mason prodded him. "Answer the nice lady, Melvin."

Knowing better than to refuse an order at this point, he softly said, "Yes, I...I've learned my lesson." He was sincere, but the lesson he learned was not the one to which the lady was referring.

"I hope you ladies will return to our fine establishment again," the woman sincerely invited before leaving us to finish our meal.

At long last, Grandma paid the bill. That was a relief, but we still had to pass the other patrons, the bartender, the hostess, and endure the laughter of the valets. Finally, we were comfortably seated in the car again and on our way home.

That had to be the longest night of my life. I was sure it was much longer for Melvin. He was deeply silent the entire ride, and nothing could bring him into a conversation. We were almost in the garage when he finally stammered, "Grandma, would you...will you...uh...let me remove my...uh...beard? I couldn't stand to go

out like this again!”

“Well, I don’t know,” Grandma gravely stated, “You’ve caused a lot of grief today, so perhaps a few more outings like this are warranted.”

“Oh, please *no!*” he cried, “I couldn’t possibly stand the humiliation of another outing like this!”

After we entered the house and settled in the parlor, Grandma asked, “So, you want to have your precious beard removed after you swore never to let it go?”

“I...I...I can’t take another staring eye, another whisper behind my back, another snicker or snide remark at my expense. Everyone took Marvin to be a girl and nobody laughed or gave him a suspicious glance. If I have to appear in public again in a dress, I want to look like a girl, like him...uh... her.”

“So you want to be a girl?”

“Uh...if you say so,” Melvin whispered. “I don’t want to be seen as a guy in a dress. If you insist on making me wear girl’s clothes, I want to look as much like a girl as possible. I can’t do it with my beard.”

“I’ll think about it, but you definitely will be punished for your unladylike behavior this afternoon.”

Melvin sat daintily with his legs crossed at the knee and hands delicately on his lap to display his nicely manicured nails while Marvin described the awful tale. Every once in a while, Harold or Judd would give him a sympathetic smile, but nobody giggled or laughed.

A shiver ran up my spine at the thought of another session with Ms. Mason, Melvin admitted. Grandma must have seen my disturbed face and said, “No, dear, I’m not thinking of another spanking...or anything like that.” I relaxed for a moment, but she burst my bubble by saying, “Since you want to be rid of your beard, I think I’ll have it permanently removed by electrolysis.”

A shock came over me, and I pleaded, "Oh! Grandma, not permanently!"

"Then, you shall keep it and grow it a bit longer."

The thought of wearing a longer beard in public with my makeup was abhorrent! Without hesitation, I pleaded, "Oh no Grandma! I want my beard permanently removed. Really, I do!"

"Very well," she pondered, "Since you are twins, it is best if the two of you have electrolysis at the same time."

"But Grandma!" Marvin pleaded. "Why me?"

"You can thank your sister!" she insisted. "Anyway, whoever heard of attractive girls growing hair on their chests and arms or having bushy eyebrows and sideburns? Yes, we'll do it starting tomorrow!"

Marvin and I looked at each other in panic as we wondered what she was saying. In two weeks, we had gone from cocky boys to sissy girls, and now, we were about to have our body hair permanently removed so we would pass more readily as girls!

As I lay in my bed thinking over the events of the day and night, I knew my life was about to undergo even more dramatic changes...and I had no control over any of them! Once Grandma made a decision, nobody could change her mind. She had decided to use electrolysis to remove our beards, and I knew it would happen despite anything either of us could say or do. I felt the silkiness of my nightie, the softness of my panties, and the tightness of my corset, and I knew my life was headed in a different direction from anything I had ever planned.

"May I get you girls a drink?" Harold asked in the lilting soprano that was now his natural voice. "Lemonade perhaps?"

"Oh no!" Melvin squealed. "Lemonade has all that sugah, and I'm desperately trying to lose some weight to ease the discomfort of this damnable corset. How about a glass of water with a slice of lemon?"



Martha Lee and Mrs. O'Hara were very satisfied as they watched their four feminine boys flitter about, chattering, and giggling at each other's comments just like a gathering of typical teenage girls.

When Marvin and Judd nodded, Harold primly rose to his feet, straightened his skirt, and confidently walked to the kitchen to retrieve the drinks.

Long hours of practice made his every movement and gesture completely feminine. He delicately placed one foot in front of the other, and his skirts swirled saucily about his knees as he returned with the drinks on a tray.

“So, what has happened since that awful night at the restaurant?” Judd asked when everyone was resettled with cold drinks.

Melvin softly spoke, “The next morning, Ms. Mason scrambled us out of our beds, helped us into sensible dresses, and marched us to one of the unused bedrooms.

Two women were waiting for us, each with a small machine. “These ladies will be removing your awful body hair, girls,” she announced.”

The two women sported huge smiles as we paired off with them. The next weeks were awful! If our faces didn’t burn, our chests hurt or our arms were red or some other area was undergoing treatment. They even trimmed our genital areas to look like a girls’.

“I know what you mean,” Harold sighed. “I went through the same thing last spring. I don’t remember ever being in constant pain for so long.” All four *girls* nodded in agreement. For the first time, they had something in common to relate to... other than being forced to wear girl’s clothes, of course.

“Between electrolysis sessions, our time was filled with housework and lessons on how to dress, walk, sit, talk, and apply makeup as girls,” Marvin continued. “There was never a rest. From morning to night, we absorbed a constant bombardment of feminine training. I’m so filled with girl this and girl that, that I doubt if I can ever do boy things again.”

Melvin added, “We were taken shopping and to the beauty parlor every week and out to eat almost every evening. Grandma

was determined to replace every vestige of masculinity with total and natural femininity.”

“The same thing happened to us,” Judd sighed.

Melvin sighed, “The first time I fully realized the hopelessness of my situation was when Grandma allowed that awful woman to apply the electrolysis needle to my beard. Until then, I harbored hope of escaping this nightmare, but once I realized that I’d never be able to grow a beard again, I knew my femininity was permanent.”

“I understand the feeling,” Harold nervously giggled. “The first time I realized my punishment was not temporary was when Mother made me apply my own lipstick for the first time. She told me that I had to learn to do it on my own, and that I’d never again be without color on my pretty lips.”

“She handed me the shiny brass tube and ordered me to apply the creamy color to my own lips. I pleaded, but she was adamant. Shaking uncontrollably, I removed the shiny cover to expose the dark cherry red lipstick. Hesitatingly, I unscrewed the tube and touched the creamy lipstick to my lower lip. Never have I been so embarrassed as when I finished applying the color to my lips. I shook so greatly that I did a terrible job, but I knew this was but the beginning of a new lifestyle. She makes me carry that lipstick wherever I go to remind me that I am no longer a boy or her son, that I’m now a girl...and her daughter.”

Marvin and Judd related similar stories of when they first realized that their guardians were not just playing a punishment game, but they were actually being changed into girls. As each related his story, the others nodded, smiled, and giggled in understanding and bonding.

“Judy, your voice has become much higher and more feminine since we last saw you,” Melvin gushed. “Nobody could ever tell that you used to be a boy.”

Judd didn’t know whether to take this as a compliment or not,

but Melvin said it so sincerely that he had to accept it in the spirit it was given. "Ms. Dixon has been rather thorough," he sighed.

The four boys, all wearing frilly dresses, silky undies, feminine hairstyles, makeup, and perfume, sat, talked, and found that they had much in common. Despite their antagonistic beginning, a sincere, tender, and affectionate bond of friendship blossomed between them. As they chatted merrily away, giggling like girls at times, not one of them noticed the lipstick stains on their glasses!

End of Book 1

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