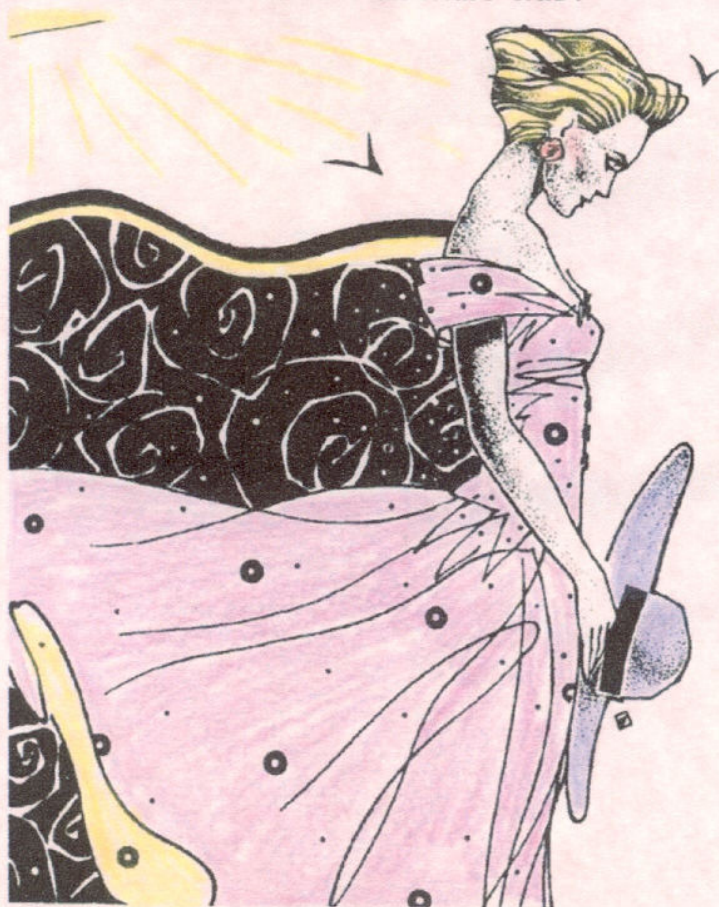


TV FICTION CLASSICS

"SKIRTING THE ISSUE"

"A young attorney is faced with a feminist's
attack on his all male club."



VOLUME 10

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 10

“Skirting the Issue”

by Sandy Thomas

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“Skirting the Issue”

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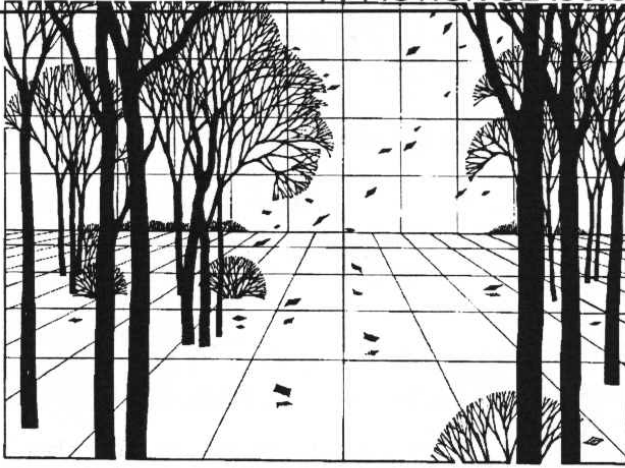
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QUOTE BOARD

**A dress is an item that when worn by a male will
produce a high talk show rating!**



Skirting the Issue.

By Sandy Thomas

Monday, Monday. . . It was a dark October morning in Manhattan. While waiting for the valet to bring my BMW up from the garage, I reflected on my 'fast track' career. I'm a lawyer at Wellington, Wellington and Walsh, a New York law firm. L.A. law was child's play compared to law in 'the Apple'.

It was 6 a.m., and I couldn't wait to get to work. It's funny, I now hated weekends the way I used to hate going to work. I loved everything about my work: the politics, winning, the money, everything.

I put the top down on the 'Beamer'. It was a little cold but why have a convertible if you don't use it. Expensive, sure. It was one of the toys we were expected to have. On the dash was a gold plate that said, "This BMW was especially built for STEVEN J. THOMPSON." It was a little pretentious, but I like seeing my name.

My life sounds great, eh? With all the money I make, there seems to be none left at the end of the month. There's the BMW lease, the West Side apartment, summers in Long Island, expensive wool suits. . . I had to look the part, but my wife, Judy could go through my week's salary in a day. . . I think she had a 'Black Belt' in shopping. I'd kid her, "What did you do? Shop until you found something you needed?"

All kidding aside, I was a little worried. A month ago, Mr. Wellington had sponsored my membership into the elite Hamilton Club. He's the head of the executive membership committee. I was honored but the initiation fee and monthly dues were outrageous. My only hope was to get Mr. Wellington to give me a raise or get Judy to stop spending so much. I had better chances with Wellington.

Mr. Wellington was my mentor, much to the frustration of his son, Robert, who was my peer at work. He was hardly my competition, he was a partner already and had been a junior member of the Hamilton Club since he was 16. On to work.

The crisp morning air mixed with the fragrance of the BMW's leather seats. The smell of success. I had a feeling about today. . .It was going to be a wonderful day.

It was now 6:30. I walked by Mr. Wellington's office. He came in at 6:45. One of the secrets of success is to arrive before your boss and leave after he does. It makes him think you 'live there'.

Robert's office was also dark. He'd roam in around 9:30, see a client or two then head down to the Hamilton Club for lunch and a workout. He'd come back to the office at 4 and get his messages, turn out his light and leave to roam the singles haunts. It must be nice to be the boss's son. For me it was all hard work and no play.

I spent a few minutes every morning reading the Journal. An article caught my eye. This was not going to be a good day for Mr. Wellington.

It read:

The handwriting on the clubhouse wall

(APPUP — NEW YORK The men of the famed Hamilton Club of New York City saw it coming. Already under pressure from local human-rights officials and facing a Supreme Court pronouncement on admitting women to big-city "business clubs," Hamilton voted to continue a 105-year tradition and not accept women members. Late last night, the Supreme Court unanimously upheld a New York City ordinance requiring admission of women to clubs that promote the "furtherance of trade or business" and cannot prove they are "distinctly private."

The ruling's immediate impact will be in New York and cities with similar laws on the books, including Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. Today, with the court decision in hand, Doria Green, a New York lawyer with the firm of Green and Donna, will demand admission to New York's exclusive Hamilton Club.

A member who requested to remain anonymous, protested: "They're butting in on us - we have a lot of fun here, and we don't want women around." But Green stood her ground and vowed to soon be eating poached salmon with the club's membership director. Green predicted that leaders of the 900 member club would

vote this week to change the male-only policy. Other cities will copy New York's ordinance - and the measures will also open some all-women and all-black clubs as well. "The handwriting is on the wall," said Doria Green of the Women's Legal Anti-discrimination Fund. "It's time for men's clubs to stop litigating and start opening their doors."

Nonetheless, more court tests are inevitable. "Where will cities draw the line?" asked Robert Wellington Sr. of the Hamilton Club. "What if only 10 percent of club activities are business related?" Fraternal lodges and clubs that can prove they are purely social may retain their all-male memberships for now, but their rules could eventually fall, too. He predicts that many clubs will concede to feminist arguments: "Some clubs will mount expensive legal fights, but the Court ruling is so chilling that the Hamilton Club membership committee will probably say, "Let's just do it."

Mr. W. was going to be in a bad mood today.

Mr. Wellington didn't come in that day. His secretary said he had an all day executive committee meeting at the Hamilton Club. I knew that these men were like dinosaurs. They weren't about to have their sanctuary from the "weaker" sex invaded without a fight.

The six o'clock news had an interview with Wellington. He was smiling. . . something I'd only seen him do three times before. . . just before he fired someone.

He spoke. . .

"We welcome Ms. Green and all persons into our fine club. We had rejected membership before because we felt that it would be impossible for most women to follow the rules of our club; much like it would be impossible for most women's clubs, such as her Susan B. Anthony Club to allow men the full run of their club."

He continued, "If Ms. Green, a respected counselor, wants to join the Hamilton club and obey all the rules and regulations, we welcome her!"

This didn't sound like the Wellington I knew. Did he have something up his sleeve???

I was busy at work when Didi, my secretary, came into my office and said Mr. Wellington wanted to have lunch with me at the Hamilton Club. I assumed that it was about the West Properties case. West was an oil baron that was making a hostile acquisition of a Vegas Casino.

When I entered the club, something was different. It took a while but then I realized what it was. . .more signs. As I entered the dining room, there was a bold sign that said, "Neckties and Suit coats required in dining room."

I looked around the room and first saw Doria Green eating her poached salmon with a male client. She looked very stylish in her Men's cut suit and silk tie. So this was their ploy, make it impossible for her to use the facilities. I laughed inside, this girl had 'balls'.

Wellington was seated across the room, with his back against the wall. I thought it was rather symbolic. I waved and joined him. I started to discuss the West case and was interrupted.

"Thompson, I didn't call you here to talk about the West case or any other, he whispered. I've got big problems with that broad over there. You've seen the news. . .I thought we could scare her off but it didn't work. . .so far. I need your help. Can I count on you, or not?"

"Yes sir, you know I'm loyal. What do you need. . .you want me to appeal her case. . .file a new one. . .what?"

Mr. Wellington smiled that smile and whispered, "I want you to join her club, the Anthony Women's Club."

Shocked, I sat in silence for a second. I wasn't political and in fact saw reasons why women should be admitted to parts of our club. I mean, I didn't want them in the locker room but to exclude them from the dining room was just not in tune with modern thought. Mr. Wellington wanted me to carry his flag against the women. Everything told me not to do it.

I opened my mouth and to my surprise out came the words, "What's in it for me?"

Wellington looked as surprised as I was that I had not blindly followed his wishes. I always had in the past. He was a master negotiator. He sat back, and slowly lit a cigar. I'd seen him do this many times. I wanted to take back my words, but if I spoke now, I lose. I waited while he puffed to start his cigar.

His words came slowly, "Thompson, you've only been out of school. . .what. . .two years? I felt like you were like my son. I sponsored you into this club. Many men don't get in here until they're fifty. What are you twenty-seven?"

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I nodded.

He continued, "I suppose you mean, what kind of backing is your club willing to give you. Right?"

I nodded yes. He was right, I owed him a lot. . . I just hoped for a raise or something.

He smiled again, I hated it when he smiled. He whispered, "We're going after her peer group. Once you try to join her group and they deny membership, we'll pull hers on the same legal grounds. If they admit you, it will be apparent that you're joining because Doria joined here. Most of the women in her club don't want to be members here and will pressure her to quit her women's rights blitz on clubs like ours. Of course, I will give you a raise if they admit you to cover the membership dues and any other costs. OK?"

I didn't like it. What would my wife say? She wasn't into this ERA stuff. She thought that women belonged in the home. . . rather shopping spending the male's money.

I told him that I'd do it tomorrow after talking to my wife about the consequences of joining a women's club and the ridicule I might experience.

When I got home at 6:30 (early for me), Judy was waiting at the door. She made what she usually made for dinner. . . reservations. She wasn't much of a cook, but was a "looker" and loved showing off her latest purchases. . . Tonight I had hoped for dinner at home. Eating out every night was expensive. Whenever I complained, she made me feel like a failure that I couldn't afford more.

We were in such a rush, I didn't have time to talk until after dinner at home. When I told her I was about to join a women's club, she just said, "That's nice." She was doing her nails and didn't seem to be listening.



*Shocked, I sat in silence. . .
they wanted me to join a
woman's club!*

I repeated, "Honey, You don't seem to understand. . .I'm supposed to join a women's club to get them to lay off integrating the Hamilton club."

"Is there a pay raise involved?"

"No, but. . ."

"Gee, you know I don't understand your work and that legal stuff. Did I show you the dress I bought for the company dance next week?"

Judy didn't seem to care about my work and made no effort to try. She liked the money I made, but was uninterested in the details. I'd come home excited about some legal decision and she listen to me like I was a dentist talking about gum disease.

I'd met Judy after my bar exam and while waiting for the results. It was a time of relaxation for me. We fell in love quickly. This interlude in my life was spent with Judy sharing our hopes and dreams. The future seemed so bright. It would bring us such happiness.

Instead, my career pulled us apart. I had no time to ponder and fantasize our dreams. I had years of work ahead with no break ahead. I always asked her opinion of my decisions. She normally just appeared uninterested. Just like now.

I was on my own. I didn't know if going along with Wellington was the right thing to do. Most women did seem to make less, and have fewer opportunities.

Law school didn't prepare me for the "real life" of being an attorney. In college, it was scholarly and mental. In practice, the competition, antagonism and conflict filled my days. I was a lover, not a fighter. I wasn't tall, only about 5'8" and small boned with a rounded profile.

In the beginning, it was intimidating to litigate against other attorneys bigger and taller than I. At times, they would start screaming and become physical, pounding on the table. Occasionally, I thought a physical fight would start. I found that was standard procedure. . .he who intimidates, wins, so I decided to use sharp incisive language to intimidate them!

I guess that's why I quietly admired Doria Green. She was strong and smart, not intimidated by the establishment. She was doing what she believed in and wasn't afraid to fight. She intimidated in other ways. She was a breath-taking woman as tall as me, maybe taller. . .she always wore 4" high heeled shoes and tailored business suits. Attorneys who had gone against her in court, were caught off guard by her sharp mind and striking presence while they ogled her figure, she carved them like turkeys. Men in juries couldn't

take their eyes off her. Women also watched, wishing they had her confidence. She was unbeatable.

That was why Wellington and the male legal society were afraid of her. She was my age and had won a Supreme Court decision. . .against them, the best male lawyers in town. These were men who didn't lose, especially not to women.

I had no choice. I would have to help Wellington or be a traitor to my sex. It wouldn't really be that bad. I would apply. . .and they would turn me down. Quick and dirty. The rest would be legal. Suits, cross-suits and counter-counters. It would be years before it even got to court. That was Wellington's plan to keep Doria out of the club for years. It didn't even matter who won. He was 62 and would retire before it settled. He was going to win.

The next morning, Didi brought me in an envelope marked, "PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL" Inside was an application for the Anthony Club. Wellington's sticky note said, "Fill this out!" They call this, "implied consent". If I filled it out I was committed. I started to fill it out.

It took me a while. None of the questions seemed to apply, yet the instructions said, "All questions must be answered."

Medical questions like, "When did you first start your period." I answered, "not yet." I had to answer all truthfully, otherwise I could be turned down for not telling the truth. But I could be cute.

Other questions and my responses were:

Are you now pregnant? "NO."

Husband's name? "None"

Married? "Yes"

Dress size? "Unknown".

Figure measurements (I took out a tape)

Bust measurement: "35"

Hips?: "37"

Waist?: "29"

After I finished it, my head started to spin. Tears came to my eyes. I couldn't face the feelings. I couldn't go through with this. Too many memories suddenly came back.

A week later, I received a form letter. It said,

Dear Ms. Thompson,

Congratulations! Welcome to the Anthony Club.

We are looking forward to your membership and we know you'll enjoy the company of our other women members.

You have complete use of all our facilities: The health club, dining room, beauty shop, clothing boutique, figure control salon. We look forward to your attendance at the mandatory orientation next Thursday in our main dining room. Conservative skirt or dress is required in our dining room.

Looking forward to seeing you at orientation.

Cordially,

Doria Green

Membership Chairwoman

My hand started shaking. I was to wear a skirt or dress to the orientation. This was their ploy.

With memo in trembling hand, I stormed into Wellington's office. "I simply can't do it. . ."

He looked up startled. "Do what?"

I handed him the memo. He laughed. "That broad's smarter than we thought. We required her to wear pants and a necktie to our orientation. She looked quite stylish. So now she wants to reciprocate and make me wear a skirt."

His expression changed to a frown. "Look, Thompson," He growled, "This is important. All you've got to do is call their bluff. They aren't going to let you into their club. I want you to show up wearing a gorilla outfit if that's what they want. We're not going to allow them to intimidate us. All you have to do is what their other members do, maybe for a week or two. Just like Doria did to us. Justify our discrimination case."

"Yeah, but. . ." I was cut off with an outward wave of his hand that meant the meeting was over.

That night, I told Judy about my assignment.

She became very interested all of a sudden. We weren't that different in size. She pulled out a couple of her plain business skirts that would go with my jackets. I didn't want to look too silly.

I felt ridiculous as I walked into the Anthony club wearing a skirt with my somewhat hairy legs. The members must have been coached well, since no one laughed or did anything unusual.

In the dining room, I was introduced to several new members. Doria started the meeting, making no unusual comments about a man joining. She read from the rule book, "This is a social club, thus the purpose is for you to meet our other members and they meet you. During the probation

period, you are required to attend all functions and visit all facilities three times."

She continued, "There will be a formal dance next Tuesday. Members are required to wear ball gowns and their spouses tuxedos. Included with your membership is three complimentary visits to our beauty salon and figure control salon. They are the best in town, I'm sure you will all enjoy the visit and the results."

Reading more rules, she added, "This is a conservative club, we expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are: legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn, conservative dresses and skirts, conservative make-up and hairstyles.

Still reading, "I'm handing out our club manual after the meeting. Feel free to ask me any questions."

Afterwards, while drinking tea, Doria came up to me. She said, "I'm a great admirer of your legal ability. That Jones case was a classic. I'd certainly like to talk to you about joining our firm. That is, if you ever decide to move from Wellington. Oh. . ., and welcome to the club."

On the way home, I was very confused. They seemed so happy to have me as a member. I guess they thought they would scare me off with the "rules" like we tried to with Doria. We weren't even pleasant to her.

Doria was a brave woman and I had to admire her. Her cause was noble compared to mine. I was just encouraging discrimination. I was embarrassed.

Friday morning Wellington called me in. "Well, Thompson, How'd it go?"

I explained how they had called our bluff then recommended we call the whole plan off.

"Nuts," said Wellington. "We'll show them we don't bluff. I want you to follow the rules to the letter. They want skirts, bras. . .you'll do what they want. This is not a *fashion* issue, it's hard-ball sex. You know, Men versus Women. The next thing these women will want is for us to have the babies. Go along with them. You might look a little bizarre, but this is an important case. Women belong at home not in our private club." He roared on about women and their role in society. I hadn't realized how stupid these opinions sounded in 1989.

When he finished, I tried to bow out of this case. "I'm real busy with the West case. I don't want to do this. Maybe your son, Robert could take over." I tried not to laugh.

Wellington blew up. I'd never seen him so angry. He yelled, pointing his finger at me, "Look, Thompson, I'm going to give the West case to Robert. I thought I could count on

you. You know, your work has only been mediocre. My son has told me that he helps you with most of your cases, and that's why we've won. I want you to follow through and get thrown out of the Anthony Club. Do it or else!"

He waved me toward the door.

Minutes later, Robert shyly came in asking for the West case files. I was dumbfounded, yet amused. I handed them to him without a word. So he's been taking credit for all my outstanding work. I knew at this point there was no way Wellington would believe me over his son.

I went home and told Judy about what I had to do. We were in debt; I had to work. She told me to wear the skirt, "What's the big deal? You have nice legs, maybe you'll look cute."

That started it, we got into a big fight about money, the time I spent in the office. . . everything that had happened over the last two years. She stormed out of the apartment.

In one day, I'd lost everything, my reputation, probably wife and maybe my job. I couldn't go through with this.

That night, I cried myself to sleep. I hadn't allowed that kind of emotion for years.

When I awoke, Judy was sitting on the bed. Her eyes were red also. She said, "Something's going on here. You've never been afraid of anything before. Please tell me? What's the real problem?"

She hugged me. Our tears flowed.

Judy sat quietly as I poured my heart out. I had no idea what her reaction would be, only that I had to tell all.

I told her of my life as the "runt" of the litter. How all the boys called me names in school. I was afraid of the backlash. I'd be the joke of New York.

This wasn't just a matter of clothes; I was facing my deepest fears. Yes, I admitted that I was afraid, insecure, and felt the stress of having to be a "male success."

She took me in her arms and held me tightly. I saw in her eyes a new closeness, one I hadn't seen for a while. Her eyes reminded me of my mother.

I felt defenseless, my male, macho image shattered by my confessions. Her kind understanding words and touches reassured and calmed me.

I realized that these last couple of years, I had been trying to be the macho, tough man I assumed she wanted. This only drove us apart, making us both unhappy. I had plunged into my work and she into her shopping.

We had a long frank talk about our ambitions, uncertainties and she told me about herself. Her experiences and feelings I would have never guessed. Tears and laughter

intermingled with sharing and understanding. We learned through gentle questioning each other's innermost fantasies and feelings about life. I had never felt so happy.

Back to work. It was tough at first. I had to attend a social luncheon at the Anthony Club. I was going to change in the car but Judy called and convinced me to be brave. I changed in my office. The staff giggled as I left, but cooled it when Wellington came out to wish me luck. When the "General's" behind you, the privates keep their mouths shut.

At the luncheon, the ladies again made me feel welcome and at home. I met Doria's partner at Green and Donna. Ms. Donna was as exquisite looking as Green, maybe more. She was perfectly balanced on her four inch high heeled snake-skin pumps. She was a great dresser. While businesslike, her blue wool skirt and jacket clung to her curves, pointing out all the differences between men and women. Her long blonde hair was conservatively curled and hung around her shoulders. Her full breasts displayed under her silk blouse. She gave new meaning to the term, "double breasted suit."

She came up and introduced herself and hoped I would enjoy the club. There was a business-like air about her that contrasted with her deep blue eyes and feminine aura. She smiled cattishly and said, "Ms. Green and I was just started a new policy. We feel that our organization deserves more than just a couple of days for us to know our new members. Just like the Hamilton club, we too have an intensive two weekend seminar required. I hope to see you next weekend."

Yes, I'd heard about what they did to Doria. They made her check into the club and wear neckties, pants. They even made her lift weights and play basketball. To our members surprise, she could lift more and played better than half our members. On top of that, she seemed to enjoy the challenge. I wondered what Ms. Donna had in store for me.

I had heard of her. Her reputation was excellent, and was known as a tough negotiator. Rumor was that she had actually won the Supreme Court case by her quick legal mind and brazen tactics. She and Green were a team that was impossible to beat.

The luncheon was not bad, there were other women who were "movers and shakers". Several women judges, many political aides, and widows who had been forced to take over their husbands companies. They all knew Wellingtons plan, yet they were nice to me; very nice.

I went back to the office and told Wellington of their latest move.

"Ha," he said while chewing on a big stogie cigar. "They're scared. You just go and play their *little* games."

"Yeah, but..." I tried to explain.

He interrupted, "Thompson!"

"Yeah?"

"I'm busy!" He waved me out of his office.

That Friday, Judy packed me a suitcase. I felt weird knowing that I had my suits but each had a matching skirt. Skirts I would be wearing all weekend.

I took a taxi over to the club. I sat the bag down on the sidewalk while I paid the cab driver. I had to carry my money in my suit jacket because my skirt didn't have pockets.

Before I knew it some punk had grabbed the suitcase and ran. I yelled but who'd help some guy wearing a skirt. I mean this is New York and New Yorker's have seen it all. You just don't get involved. I normally might have chased him but the skirt I was wearing was tight around the knees.

What else could happen? I went in and Ms. Donna was their meeting the new members. I told her I couldn't stay and what happened.

She said helpfully, "Dear, don't you worry about a thing. At least you didn't get hurt. New York's a dangerous place and we have everything you'll need. Here's your room key #22. Meet me in thirty minutes in the lower lobby."

I checked out my room. Very nice, but a bit frilly for my taste. I didn't have any luggage, not even a toothbrush.

I met Ms. Donna at the lower lobby. She was wearing a simple but formfitting sweater and skirt set. She came up to me and said, "Walk this way." I followed her to the figure salon. Her walk was something to titillate most men. I could see panty lines on her full soft hips. I wondered if she was married and had any children.

Inside, she introduced me to the manager, Miss Andrews. She told her to fix me up with everything I'd need for the weekend.

"I don't know," Miss Andrews said, "Most of our clothes won't fit. . .maybe if we took a few inches off your waist?"

"No, I'll just wear what I have on," I suggested.

Ms. Donna shook her head. "No, No. I hope you understand. This weekend is important to your membership. Everyone has to attend. You'll need all these things. You're not even wearing the proper items now. Perhaps you wish to quit?"

I could feel my blood boil. They weren't going to get me this easy. I said, "Miss Andrews...give me everything I'll need."

They both smiled.

Miss Andrews started pulling things out of drawers. Without a word she handed me a panty-girdle and a padded bra. She said, "Take these and I'll send the rest up to your room with instructions."

I wanted to leave. I wasn't really involved with Wellington's beef with these ladies (sorry) but I wasn't going to let them get the best of me. I could stick it out.

I went to my room. The door bell rang so I grabbed a pink terry-cloth robe and answered it.

It was Ms. Donna and my packages. She confidentially pushed her way into my room. She said, "Thompson, here's the scuttlebutt. You're going to sue us if we kick you out. We're not going to do that, just like the Hamilton club allowed Doria to join. Here's the problem. We've got rules...you have to obey them to the letter. That's going to require you to appear like the rest of the members, a female. Since I'm not as much of a feminist as Ms. Green, I'm willing to help you. I'd actually like to have a few men around here. Anyway, I suggest you quit now or let me help you, either way it's going to be tough on you. Are you a quitter?"

I watched this woman. She had changed into a flowered silk dress with a tight short skirt. She must have been wearing one of those up-lift bras, also black stockings and high heeled pumps. Her hands with their long red nails sat on her hips. "Well. . .?"

I sat gawk-eyed but managed to sigh, "I'm not a quitter, I do it as long as you promise not to laugh."

She smiled, "I'm here to help you, I promise. Now let's get started. Just think of this as a masquerade party. You might have fun."

She adjusted the hem of her short skirt and told me what to do.

I followed her instructions and applied the sweet smelling depilatory to my legs, arms and chest. My sparse hair departed down the drain. My head was spinning. I knew I had to do this because of a "separate but equal ruling" but I was beginning to feel humiliated. I was to put on the panty-girdle and go back into the bedroom with Ms. Donna. I wished I knew her first name. After all, She was going to see me practically naked.

When I walked into the room wearing only the satin paneled girdle, Ms. Donna was sitting with her long legs crossed in a feminine manner. She said, "See, I knew you had a feminine shape. Look at how your hips are soft and wider than your shoulders. You don't work-out much do you?"

I shook my head.

"We don't believe in that 'burn your bra stuff' so put this on."

She handed me a lace padded bra that matched my girdle. Showing me how to hook it in back, she smiled. Next came nylons and a lacy slip. When the slip slid over my head, I got a chill. It was so soft, covering my nakedness. She walked me over to a mirror. "Look, you have a nice figure. Say I bet we're the same size?"

To my surprise she unhooked her wide belt and took off her dress. "I bet this fits you."

Our figures were enclosed in identical slips. I couldn't take my eyes off her figure. Full hips and narrow waist. She slipped the dress over my head. It was still warm from her body heat. She strapped the wide belt around my waist and pulled several inches before hooking it. She kicked off her shoes and to my surprise, they fit. From the neck down, I looked like she did a few minutes ago. She slipped on a dress and shoes meant for me and took me to the beauty shop.

I stumbled several times. I asked her, "Say, what's your first name, I feel like we know each other fairly well?"

"*Ms. Donna* to you," she said. "Maybe after you're a full member we'll be friends."

She introduced me to the three beauty shop operators. *Ms. Donna* said to give me the complimentary "works" session. One started removing my eyebrow, another giving me a manicure, and another preparing my hair. I had a fearful expression on my face. One of the girls said, "Relax dear, over half the population live like this and they like it."

I sat wondering how I'd ever allowed *Ms. Donna* to do this to me. It was like I trusted her. WHY??? She was the adversary, not my friend.

Where was *Doria Green*? She was at a city board meeting, forcing the city to convert half the stadium men's rooms into ladies rooms. She was establishing that men spend an average of 35 seconds in the bathroom while women spend an average of 55 seconds. Since the event's breaks were a fixed time. . .having the equal number of bathrooms was discriminating against women.

And I was trusting this woman's partner???

The hours seemed like days. The hair (wig), makeup, polish, perfume, all applied with care. *Ms. Donna* came back and watched the final touches. She was smiling, not unlike *Wellington's* smile.

They walked me over to a mirror. My jaw fell. The long blonde wig was styled exactly like *Ms. Donna's*. My makeup

and polish were also the same. My red lipstick, thin eyebrows and eye makeup all fashioned after Ms. Donna's. She smiled, I was in shock. I looked like her, we could be sisters or twins.

She said, "It's time for dinner. Now, loosen up your arms and walk from your hips. That makes your skirt swing."

I blushed, yet was intrigued by my transformation. What if I'd been born a woman. What would my life had been like? Would I have been an attorney like Green or Donna? Or would I have been repressed like some women. I didn't know. These were new thoughts.

At dinner, everyone complimented on my dress. They made me feel welcome, one of the "girls".

After dinner, I went to my room. The drawers were filled with all the belongings a girl would need for the weekend. I started to take off my wig. I couldn't get it off. They had seemingly weaved and tied it into my own hair. They makeup, didn't want to come off either. It was like an indelible ink that had soaked into my skin. I still couldn't believe the feminine image in the mirror was me.

A frown came over my pink lips. What if I couldn't get this makeup off by Monday? I slept restlessly in the unfamiliar environment.

The next morning the phone rang at seven. It was Ms. Donna. I was to meet her in the beauty salon at eight.

I showered and still couldn't get the makeup off. I ruined the hair style. I dressed in black lingerie and a simple shift dress that I found in the closet. I must say, I looked much better the night before. The black bra and tousled blonde hair gave me a sexy appearance.

In the salon, the operators shook their heads. One sighed, "You were so beautiful last night, 'our creation'. They plucked some more and attended to my mussed hair. I asked about the problem getting the makeup off.

"Don't worry, you just need the remover," an operator said. "Isn't it nice to have to do it every morning? Opps! I almost forgot."

They all laughed. They put a setting lotion and curlers in my hair, then placed me under the dryer. Ms. Donna came in with a coffee for me. I sipped the coffee and read a women's magazine. I guess I dozed off. I don't know how long I slept, maybe 40 minutes. It took me a minute or two to surmise where I was. I turned my head and to my surprise a large hoop earring slapped my face. I stood up and went to the mirror. The earrings were very light and I hardly felt the clip. As my eyes focused, I almost fainted. They had pierced my ears while I was sleeping.

"What the...?"

I was interrupted. Ms. Donna came in and said, "Come with me."

We went into a small office. She started out, "Thompson, I must say, you're a sport. I don't know how far you'd go but last night you were the hit of the party. A lot of the girls like you. That's fine, but you're going to have to quit the club."

I stood up and announced, "I'm not quitting! Are you throwing me out?"

"No darling," she said softly. "Have you noticed your ears?"

I nodded.

She continued, "You're not playing with the "boys" now. There's your choice. The ears were just to show you we mean business. While you were asleep, one of our doctor members injected you with a long acting pellet that will slowly release female hormones. It won't happen fast, but you will slowly be feminized."

"You're joking?"

"Think so? If you think someone can find it, you're wrong. It's imperceptible to X-rays. We'll deny this happened. If you take us to court, by the time we get there, you'll have the figure of a starlet. Are you quitting?"

I sat stunned. No man would ever sink so low. This was terrible. I asked, "Isn't there an antidote I can take?"

"Sure, we know where it is and how to get it out," she said. "Look, Ms. Green and I like you. I hated doing this to you, in fact, I wish you really wanted to be a member. Women have been second class citizens for most of eternity. The time to change is now. We're not about to let Wellington set back our movement with a stupid maneuver like this."

I sat speechless. Could or did they actually give me hormones. I didn't feel any different. Were they bluffing?

Ms. Donna added, "I have an idea. Why don't you stay for the rest of the weekend. That pellet's not going to do much by Monday. You can give me your answer then."

ARE YOU A WRITER?

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

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



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

In law, you learn that no decision or no action is sometimes the best course of maneuvering. Some problems go away, others clarify, and some get worse. You spend your time on the real problems.

The rest of the weekend was spent with Ms. Donna and Ms. Green. Spending the weekend as a woman changed me. The weekend was spent learning how women lived and felt. I learned makeup, hair, dress, everything. Ms. Donna and I became friends. She had such empathy for the position I was in and was able to convince me that Wellington's plan was morally wrong.

When Sunday night came, I kissed everyone good-bye. They all liked me and I them. I swear Ms. Donna had tears in her eyes. I had chosen to go home to show my wife how I looked as a woman. I felt confident that no one could tell I wasn't. I was wearing sinuous blue knit dress that buttoned up the back with big black buttons, sheer nylons and three inch pumps. Ms. Donna loaned me her pearls, and watch.

When the taxi pulled up at my apartment, I swung my nyloned legs out to the enjoyment of the doorman. "Evening, miss," he said. "Who are you visiting?"

"The Thompson's," I said laughing to myself. I walked to the elevator with my newly learned hip wiggle.

I knocked on our apartment door rather than just walking in. Judy answered, "Yes, miss?"

Then she scrutinize my face as if she knew me. Her mouth opened, "Oh my god! Ohhh! You're beautiful."

I walked in accenting my hip motion and trying my best to stay in character. I sat down and crossed my legs.

"What have they done to you," she asked?

"Opened my eyes."

"I see that. That is a nice color of eyeshadow. I mean what's with. . ."

I told her all about my weekend. There was more to life than gray and blue, there was pink and pastels. We talked for hours. She shared my enthusiasm for women's rights.

Before we went to bed, Judy handed me one of her wonderfully frilly nightgowns saying, "I want to get to know you completely. You shouldn't be afraid. I with you all the way. Tomorrow we'll go shopping, you should have some problems of your own. Maybe we could even go out sometime? Game?"

The feeling of our nightgowns intermingling brought on pleasant and sensuous reactions. Her hands went to my breasts, I was glad they were soft.

We made love like never before; with a closeness that took both our breath away. It was the greatest night of our marriage. It was only the beginning of the renewal of our love.

The next day, I phoned in sick and we went shopping to buy me a complete wardrobe, lingerie, dresses, hose, heels. . .everything.

We giggled like schoolgirls. Sometimes I had to remind her to whisper. She'd yell across the store, "Steven, I mean Stephanie, here's one in your size!" We had such fun. I wondered how I would pay for this spree. Frankly, I didn't care. We'd manage.

That day we decided I should quit Wellington and Wellington and take the job offered at Doria's firm, Green and Donna. They specialized in women's rights. Both Green and Donna promised me a wonderful career and a clothing allowance.

Wellington would have to wear his own skirt to fight the women's movement. I never forget walking into Wellington's office to quit. I had worn a below the knee business skirt and smoky-brown nylons that made my legs look longer. Underneath my proper soft white blouse, you could make out the outline of my bra and breasts. My long blonde wig brushed around my shoulders.

His secretary announced me hesitantly on his intercom, "Mr. Wellington, Ah...Thompson's here."

I walked in allowing my hips to confidently swing from side to side just like Ms. Donna's.

Wellington started yelling before he looked up, "Thompson, where the hell have you been. I've been. . ." He looked up trying to figure out who was in his office.

I leaned over his desk giving him a view of my cleavage. His eyes wandered from my bust to my face, then back to my bust.

I shook my blonde mane of hair and opened my purse. I reached in and my red polished fingers fished out my letter of resignation. I smiled with freshly painted lips saying, "Sorry dear, I'm on their side now." I turned and walked out, swinging my ass just to tease him.

As I left the office, I heard him screaming at the intercom to find his son, Robert. Robert would be give my assignments including the attempted joining of the Anthony Club. Poor Robert.

Doria has convinced me to keep my membership in the Anthony Club. Of course, rules were rules. I would have to dress like the other members. They seem to like having me around. I'm their "token" male member.

Epilogue:

Two years later.

I'm a partner now at Green, Donna and Thompson. The partners meeting is so different from those at Wellington and Wellington. Doria fluffing at her hair, her lips glistening, as I knew mine were, since I had refreshed my make-up too. Our conservative skirts pulled down so that the hems of our lace slips don't show.

Our meetings fragrancd by the latest designer perfumes, are filled with gentle calm voices of reason. Not at all like the screaming matches at Wellington. I have become a magnificent women's rights attorney.

At home, I sometimes wear slacks but Doria says its important that I wear dresses to work. "It's sexist," she says. "The women on the jury see how unfair society is."

The gossip is that "old man Wellington" is about to retire and we might take over his firm. Robert, his son has made some sacrifices for his father. But that's another story.

My wife and I have planned to take the summer off and vacation in Hawaii or Europe. Judy bought me a new bikini that I hope to be able to completely "fill out" by summer.

The End or is it . . .



SWISHFUL REMINISCES

When I was 16, my parents were college history teachers and were working on their doctorates on early European monarchies. They were going to spend their summer in France. I was given a choice of either summer camp or my aunt's house at the lake. I'd gone to summer camp the year before and hated it. There was a bully there that beat me up every chance he got. I was terrorized and miserable that previous summer.

I would spend the summer with my aunt.

She was a 35 year old wealthy widow. Her husband had been killed in the war. I loved her. Being childless, she treated me better than my own parents. She was attractive and was thought of as a stylish dresser. Her dresses, shiny, slithering and swinging held a sensuous appeal, a mystery. She always wore make-up and smelled sweetly of perfume. I knew men and women were different, but she highlighted the differences so sensuously.

This was a college resort, so as a result there weren't many boys my age in the neighborhood. Out of boredom, I played with several girls who lived down the street.

I lacked something in coordination and was always more comfortable in the company of girls than boys.

One day before going to the beach, my friends, Jane and Alice were making up their faces and curling their hair. They wanted to make mine up also. I've always had long curly hair. They made me put on one of their cover-ups and I spent the afternoon as their girlfriend. Why not, it was early in the season therefore no one else on the beach.

The next day, they took me to Alice's house and dressed me up fully: panties, padded bra, slip, and a summer dress. I wasn't keen about this but I couldn't believe my eyes, I looked like a girl.

They encouraged me to show my aunt. She didn't laugh at our joke like I thought she would. She said, "You make a much prettier girl than a boy. You look like me when I was your age. Maybe we should get you your own clothes, it's not right for you to wear other's underwear."

I thought she was kidding. The next day, we went shopping at an expensive department store in a town nearby. I had forgot about her comment. Inside the store, we went to the dress section. There were rows and rows of colorful



We girls hanging out at the beach!

dresses. I was the only boy there. The area was perfumed and painted a satiny soft pink and white. I sat on a chair while she tried on a purple silk tunic dress.

She came out and modeled it for me. I said, "It's lovely."

After her purchase, we walked through the teen girls section. She stopped to look at a gingham dress decorated with little pink rosebuds, then turned to me. "Too bad you're not a little girl. This is so cute. I could buy this for Alice. Say, you're about Alice's size. You could try it on to make sure it fits?"

I don't remember what I said, if anything. I followed her into the dressing room and tried it on. I was a bright red as Auntie paid for the dress, then shopped for all the accessories and lingerie to complete the outfit.

At home she asked softly, "Just for fun, why don't we try the whole outfit on you? It'll be fun."

"Well. . ." I giggled. It was like a game. A masquerade. She helped me dress fully, helping me with the lingerie then guiding my arms through the little puffed sleeves and buttoning it up the back. Her hand went to her mouth and she said, "Oh, you look so cute."

She called Alice and Jane, inviting them over to see me. It was all in fun until she whispered to me, "I'm not going to give these clothes to Alice. They're yours to play dress up with the girls."

The next day, Auntie dressed me up to play inside with Alice and Jane. They were thrilled to have a new girlfriend.

Later that week, my aunt went shopping and bought me several summer outfits which I wore when we played inside. After wearing them for several days, my aunt asked me to make a choice. "You can't be a boy one day and a girl the next. You are going to have to be one or the other. Why don't you play dress-up for the summer? You look perfect."

It had been fun to have friends to play with instead of being lonely. Alice and Jane picked for me, I was to be a girl for the summer. They called me "Kimberly" or sometimes "Kim".

My aunt was quite wealthy. Almost everyday when "we girls" were out on the beach, she bought me additional girl's things for my wardrobe. Everything a 16 year old girl would have and could possibly want.

Daily, I came home from the beach and found packages on my bed. I guess I hadn't thought this decision through very well. She had bought me dresses and lingerie to wear all the time. I said, "Gee, I don't know if I should do this. The seasons begun and there were some older boys at the beach today and if they found out, they'd beat me up for sure."

My aunt smiled and said confidently, "That's why we have to make sure they can't ever tell."

I wanted to change my mind but these clothes must have cost a fortune.

I couldn't believe what I was doing. My aunt held up a new pair of pale pink panties. These were fancy ones, not like the plain cotton one's of Alice. She said, "In no time, you'll find panties to be so comfortable and a regular part of your daily wardrobe."

As if they were alive, I gingerly accepted them. I took them into the bathroom and slipped them on. The feel and look of these panties were most thrilling. I went into my Aunts room to show myself to her. I knew I shouldn't be enjoying the feelings I was having.

She told me, "You will be wearing panties all summer. I think you'll grow to like the way they look."

I turned this way and that before her mirror, spooked by my sissy appearance.

I said, "Why do I have to wear girl's underwear? The only clothes anyone else can see is my outer clothes, like shirts, pants and shoes. At home, only you and I see what I wear. I don't why I have to wear these 'all the time'?"

She thought for a second and said, "You don't want those boys to find out you're a boy wearing girls clothes, do you?"

"No."

"Then I suggest at this point you do your best to dress and think like a girl for the rest of the summer. Com' on, it might be fun. I'll teach you all you need to know. Okay?"

"OK," I sighed reluctantly.

She held up another garment. I knew what it was. . . a bra. She slipped it over my arms and fastened it around my chest. It was a white lace training bra, the kind Alice wore. She tightened it so my baby fat would be held up and out by the garment. "There isn't much to train, but if you wear them correctly, you'll look fine. I want you to wear a bra all the time. Young boys expect to see blossoming nipples on girls even your age. We'll pad them a little to give you just the right swelling to hint of future feminine voluptuousness."

My face was red. I was almost in tears. I didn't want to go this far. "Aunty please, I don't want to wear a bra all summer, it'll be uncomfortable."

"Now don't whine," she said, "You must have a bust to wear certain clothes. You'd look silly without one. In a week or two you'll feel totally natural. To a girl, having breasts is like having feet; they're just a part of you. In fact, I bet by the end of summer, you'll wish they were bigger."

I thought to myself, NO CHANCE!

When she was through, I looked in the mirror. I still couldn't believe I was doing this. I wanted to call my mother and beg them to come home. I did look like a young girl. If only I wasn't so plump, not overweight but soft baby fat around my hips and legs. I was round and soft where other boys especially the older ones, were muscular and thin. In P.E., when I ran, I bounced and jiggled. Maybe this was why I was so shy and felt better playing with the girls. Boys had called me a sissy before. I just hoped that none of the boys would find out.

I slept restlessly in my unfamiliar and confining night clothes; bra and nightgown. Maybe it was the unfamiliar feel of the pink plastic curlers. Why would girls sleep in these things just to look pretty?

The next morning, I had a queasy feeling in my stomach. I couldn't go through with this. I went to my closet to get some pants and to my surprise all my boy clothes had been removed and replaced with dresses, skirts and tops. The same with my drawers; filled with panties, bras, slips and nylons. My aunt must have done this yesterday. I went to the kitchen to tell my aunt that I'd decided not to dress like a girl this summer.

To my surprise, Alice and Jane were with her in the kitchen. Alice said, "Hi sleepy head. I see you're ready to become one of us 'girls' for the summer."

I must have looked silly in my sheer nightgown. My panties and bra clearly showed through the nylon. My face turned red.

Aunty said, "Alice and Jane have promised not to tell anyone about your masquerade. I've known these girls for a long time and have a few things I could tell their mothers if they blab."

Jane giggled, "Kim, this is going to be so much fun. . . having a girl friend who's a boy. . ."

I interrupted, "I don't know. . . it's not right."

"Com' on," Alice pleaded, "You'll like being a girl. We can share clothes and have fun playing dress up. Please? For a day?"

My body felt numb, thoughts flashed but I didn't seem to have the will power to say no.

The next few hours, I blindly obeyed their every command. I showered and shaved the fuzz off my legs and underarms. I didn't have any hair elsewhere; I hadn't even begun to grow a beard. Occasionally during my metamorphosis, one of the girls would say something that would shock me. Like when I came out of the bathroom. Jane said, "Kimberly, you'll have to keep them shaved now. The boys like legs that are smooth and satiny."

It suddenly hit me that boys would now treat me like a girl. They'd stare and gawk at me like they did at Jane and Alice.

My aunt showed me how to smooth baby lotion on my legs. She said, "Tonight, you'll get to wear your first pair of nylons and high heeled shoes, but for today on the beach, you should wear what they're wearing."

Jane and Alice had on cotton rompers in blue and green. My aunt pulled out a floral print romper with a full shorts that almost looked like a mini-skirt. The top had been cleverly done with a built-in nylon bra. Aunty added just the right amount of padding to the giggles of the girls.

After painting my fingernails and toes an iridescent passion pink, Jane picked a pair of pink criss-cross thong sandals to complete my outfit. Aunty opened a box and gave me my first purse. A pink soft leathered one with a long strap which she showed me how to slip over my shoulder. I walked across the room and it patted my hip with each swinging step. I realized that I'd be carrying a handbag like ladies for the rest of the summer.

Then Aunty trimmed my long bangs and plucked my eyebrows. A feeling of depression overcame me. This was not how I saw my summer vacation, in spite of how much fun it was for the trio.

Before I knew it, Aunty was pushing us out the door saying, "Have a good time girls."

Out on the boardwalk, I was terrified. Alice and Jane loved being girls and enjoyed their femininity. This wasn't like the days before, there were people walking around.

I started to slump, trying to hide. Alice said, "Head back girl, show your charms."

I guess the boys scared me. As a boy they used to tease me but they almost seemed frightened of girls. As a girl, I seemed to have some kind of power over them.

Suddenly these girls didn't seem so innocent and non-threatening. Both were a year older than me. I was beginning to see that they were 'boy crazy'. Not my type of 'boy' either, the hard bodied college men playing volleyball on the sand. Jane would check her lip gloss and smile at them. Alice would try to distract them while they were playing their game. She'd stretch her silky legs and the boys couldn't take their eyes off her long round soft legs. I guess these were the games the girls played while the boys played muscle games.

Alice and Jane were really boy crazy. I guessed that it was because they didn't have the organized activities like boy's baseball, etc. Girls were expected to watch. They included me in everything they did. Before going to the beach, we'd primp, reapplying mascara and lip gloss for the tenth time. Telling me they were cooler; the girls insisted I wear bright cotton skirts and low-necked blouses. Our painted toenails showed through our open sandals. It was cool, but I had to be "careful" when bending over.

Aunty and the girls taught me all the little movements that girls do unconsciously.

Dinner out.

A week later, Aunty took me out to a "dressy" dinner. I was dressed fully in the most feminine dress. I felt silly and didn't want to go.

"Hurry," my aunt said through my bedroom door. "The dinner reservations are for 7:30."

Tears were in my eyes as I sat looking in the mirror. Through my evening make-up, tears welled up. There was fear in my eyes. How could she make me do this? Nervously,

I patted my long curled and teased hair then smoothed the skintight red satin dress which was open at the neck. My skirt rode up on my thighs when I sat down. It was much too short.

I stood and almost fell over in my silver high heeled evening shoes. The dress was taut and clung to my plump bottom. My gleaming beige nylons felt slippery when I tried to walk.

My aunt finally came in. "My, doesn't my 'niece' look wonderful." Tears started to well again. "There, there, don't cry. We'll have to redo your make-up." She put her arm around me, then lead me off to dinner.

Once we were out, I calmed down. Aunty could always do that.

The next few weeks seemed to last forever. I wasn't comfortable but my aunt kept me busy with the chores a girl would do around the house. I did the laundry, hand washed our lingerie and ironed our dresses.

Aunty had purchased me several super control body slimmer. Their spandex power netting took several inches off my waist not to mention the elimination of the small bulge between my legs. It was very uncomfortable at first and Aunty wasn't sure I should wear them. She also bought me a "dancers belt" which gave my front a girlish appearance in swimsuits.

Jane, Alice and I would 'beach it' during the days. As time passed, I even got used to the tanned boys calling to us on the boardwalk. "Hey, beautiful!" "Com' here a minute." Jane said it was part of being a girl. I felt like a cat walking into a pack of dogs.

We'd walk the beach and as Jane said, "Strut our stuff." I was amazed at the contrast between being a boy and a girl. Like breasts. Jane and Alice were more developed than I even appeared. They were always showing off their essentials that proudly rose from their chests. They taught me to pretend that the twin prominences on my chest were budding sensitive nipples like theirs and to proudly display them.

They treated me like a girl. Once when Alice and I were at her house playing with her mother's make-up, I tried to kiss her. She kissed back at first and then pulled away. Her eyes filled with anger. "Kimberly," she shrieked! "You are suppose to be a girl this summer. We both wear panties, bras and dresses. We're girls and don't you forget it."

I felt humiliated by her words. The warmth of being close to her had overcome me. To her I was a boy, but one that had been sissified to not be threatening.

She then smiled and made some more suggestions on how I could make-up my eyes.

After that she seemed determined to develop my feminine tendencies. She went out of her way to tame and eliminate any maleness that showed. She'd buy sweet little gifts such as perfume, make-up and lingerie, making it a point to make sure I used them.

Alice's father owned the local drug store where she worked on weekends. She'd get her cosmetics free which she shared with Jane and me. One afternoon, Alice handed Jane a paper bag. They both seemed to be secretive about its contents.

I kept asking and they finally told me what was in the bag; girl's vitamins. They showed me. They were in a cardboard container that had the days of the week marked on the front and had enough pills for almost a month - 28 days. I wondered why boy vitamins didn't have a helpful reminder packaging like these?

Jane giggled, "Maybe Kimberly show take 'vitamins' too?"

Alice looked at Jane and smiled, "Yeah, here take one now and one everyday. They are called girl's vitamins because they are so small and easy to swallow." She punched a pill out of the cardboard and I downed it with a cola. She gave me the container to carry in my purse. The next day she gave me a box that contained enough vitamins for a year. She told me not to tell my aunt. She had taken them from her dad's drug store without asking.

Every morning we'd meet and have a soda before the beach. We'd all take our vitamins together.

Alice also introduced me to the college boys at the beach. She'd love to watch me squirm when they asked me out. We'd occasionally go for a soda with them.

The boys would sit and talk about baseball and sports. I wanted to talk about baseball too but knew I shouldn't know much. I would listen and watch these young men in their pants and t-shirts while I sat looking like a girl in a summer dress and long hair.

I felt like ripping off my dress, but being exposed in panties and bra would be much worse. I just sat there doing my best to act like a sweet young girl.

I was embarrassed when boys paid attention to me. It seemed like Alice was jealous of this attention and would shame me by whispering to me, "I hope you're wearing the bikini panties I gave you." or "I think he likes you. . . maybe we should pick out your wedding dress?"

This whole summer was like a hallucination. It didn't seem like me doing this. It was some other boy in this predicament. I ultimately yielded to their constant, imper-

ceptible pressure to think and cavort about like a teenage girl.

My hair now touched my shoulders and my bangs were too long to keep off my face. I had learned a lot about doing my hair, including setting it, braiding and some simple styles.

My aunt made a beauty parlor appointment for us.

Aunty came home very happy one night. She said, "Guess what? We're going to a ball!"

The Ball

"Come and eat," Aunty called to my room.

I couldn't eat, I was too nervous and scared. How could she do this to me? Setting me up with her friend's son to go to a formal dance. This was too much.

My ball gown hung in the corner. It glowed. Its full skirts were flounced with pink lace and satin ribbon around the skirt. The bodice was beaded with pearls and sequins. This dress was the most feminine thing I'd ever seen. Overly girlish for me, it looked like a wedding dress, not a dress for a boy to wear on his first dance as a girl. I wanted to wear something simple, maybe a skirt and blouse.

My hair was still in curlers. I had on a satin robe with only panties and bra underneath.

I knew when the time came I would wear the dress. I had rebelled before. Each time it was easier to cross the line. Like the new lingerie Aunty bought me. I fought it but soon was wearing a back-hook garter belt and stockings. When she suggested a little more prominence to my bust, I found myself encircled by a lace bra with fiber filled push-up pads for more decollete. I quickly got used to the extra eye-catching help.

Passing a mirror, my image was almost comical. My face painted with mascara, eyeshadow, lipstick and blush contrasted with the big pink plastic curlers. In an hour, with my Aunts help, I'd be beautiful wearing that dress, my hair fluffed and my body perfumed.

My aunt was dressed like me, her hair in curlers and a bathrobe on. She saw my pensive look and said, "What's the matter, dear?"

I sat on the couch and crossed my freshly shaven legs at the knees. My robe opened showing a lot of smooth leg and thigh. I said, "I don't feel right. . .you know, having a date with a boy. I've never been on a date with a girl."

"That's why this summer is so good for you," She said. "You'll learn all about the trouble a girl goes to be attractive. Besides, you'll love the feel of your gown swishing around

your knees. It's the most lovely feeling in the world." Kissing me on the forehead, she assured me that I would be safe. She helped me to my feet, clasping my hands in hers, our prettily painted nails joining together. Her shade was a darker red than mine. We walked to the kitchen hand in hand.

"It's so wonderful having you here. It's like having a daughter. I love teaching you all about being a girl. Like your nails, they look so attractive."

I smiled, remembering the first time I tried to polish them. I smeared almost as much on my fingers as on the nails. She showed me how and I now always had neatly polished nails, fingers and toes. I was enjoying being with her, also.

I was soon standing at my mirror, screwing my silver hoop earrings into my lobes. This was another experience boys didn't know. The feeling of having earrings swinging, like a tiny brush touching your cheeks with each head movement.

I studied myself nervously. I was getting very good at this "girl stuff" and a little concerned that the boys at school might pick up my girlishness.

My hair had come out nicely. Although it wasn't as long as my aunt's, it was longer than Jane's. It was a swirl of curls around my face. The conditioner had made it delightfully soft to the touch. I thought about what the hairdresser had said about dying it blonde. I giggled at that impossible thought. What if my parents wanted to visit?

I stepped into the dress; I'd need help with the back zipper. I fluffed out the lace that rose from my bosom. I smelled myself, wondering if I may have put on too much perfume. I ran my hands down my bare arms. . . I felt quite exposed. I shivered at the thought that I was a boy's date.

This wasn't right. Gathering up my skirts, the rustle I made with each step humiliated me. Anxiety overcame me. My heart was pounding as I realized how I swayed girlishly down the hall to my aunt's room.

"You look lovely, dear," she gushed.

I shyly returned the compliment.

I felt like a sacrificial lamb, being prettied for slaughter.

My aunt wore her hair in a bun, glamorously set off with diamond encrusted barrettes. A diamond necklace glistened around her throat. She said, "Let me fix your sash, dear."

I stood with my back to her while she retied the self-belt of my dress into a cute bow. Once this feminine task had been completed, I sat next to her at the vanity and we primped.

The skirt of my dress fluffed around me completely covering my legs. It was a voluptuous feeling as I smoothed my hands along the soft shiny fabric. I thought how unfortunate that more boys could never know what it was like to wear such a lovely dress. Yet, this was my dress. The thought made me smile wryly. My hand advanced to my lace-covered bosom, smoothing the fabric over my twin projections. They felt soft.

The doorbell rang and I looked up at my aunt, my mouth opening in sudden terror. She saw the expression on my face and turned to me: "You have nothing to fear, you look beautiful."

I didn't think I looked beautiful. Maybe I did. I felt suddenly awkward in these confining clothes and the girl's role. Squeezing my hand, Auntie took me to answer the door. I noted how she held up her skirt and I held mine in the same practiced ladylike way. With a final look and adornment in the hall mirror, she opened the door.

My heart was pounding. There were our dates, both in tuxedos. Greg in his middle forties was a bit older than my aunt. He was graying at the temples, with flecks of grey in his moustache. "Wow," he said, "You girls look great!"

Turning to me, "And you must be Kimberly. You are lovely." I lowered my lashes in a girlish fashion. Behind him was his son, my date for the evening. He was a college student. He couldn't have been more than twenty. Taking my hand gently, he said, "Hi, I'm Perry."

I tried to smile but was flustered. This was worse than I even imagined. He would expect me to react as a girl tonight. Auntie and I went to get our purses, mine a small pink sequined clutch. Glancing into it, I made sure that it contained my lipstick, blush and a change purse with a couple of dollars."

"Always carry *mad money*," my aunt told me jokingly.

Greg helped my aunt into her mink trimmed summer sweater and Perry awkwardly helped me with the satin shawl that went with my dress.

"Thank you, Perry," I said demurely.

My aunt put her gloved arm through Greg's arm. Perry smiled at me then held out his arm. I put mine through it.

I kept saying to myself. I'm a young girl and Perry is my date. I'm supposed to like this.

I hurried in step next to him, knowing that he could hear my satin and lace rustling with each step. My red nailed fingers rested on his arm. A strange bewilderment overtook my thoughts. I had become so feminine that a boy was enjoying taking me to a dance.

I shall leave to the reader's imagination the dance itself. I must say that when I relaxed, I had a lovely time. Wearing satin that floats and caresses your every move, while a partner sweeps you about is an experience most boys never have. Also entering the ladies' powder room to freshen your make-up was a bizarre, dreamlike feeling that wasn't all unpleasant.

The men wore drab tuxedos while the women (and me) wore colorful, lovely flowing gowns and coiffured hair.

Poor Perry. He thought I didn't like him because I gave him my hand instead of my ruby painted lips to say "good-night".

By the end of summer, I was saying: *my* panties, *my* dress or *my* high heels.

For that entire summer, I lived as a girl. Jane, Alice and I did all the things that girls do and they taught me all about being a girl. Only Alice and Jane knew my secret and even they seemed to forget.

The day before I went home, Aunty took me to the beauty parlor. She told the operator, "Cut her hair short and boyish." It was cut with long top layers but cropped 'boyish' around the bottom. Without makeup, I still looked girlish but at least my father wouldn't throw me out.

During my junior year in high school nothing much exciting happened. As for my strange tan, I made up a story about playing basketball all summer in a tank top. Nobody seemed to care.

In a writing class, I had to write about my summer vacation. I made up some great stories; I couldn't write about all the girlish things I'd learned. I had to watch my movements; I'd occasionally put my hands up to fluff my hair or want to draw my feet under my hips and sit on them.

I got sick the first month of school. The doctor said it was a minor foot fungal infection and prescribed ketoconazole. I had to take it for months. I continued to take the vitamins that Alice gave me.

School just didn't challenge me. I'd been just coasting through. I was losing weight, but not in the right places. My waist was smaller by inches but the rest of me seemed to keep its baby fat.

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My chest seemed different. I guessed from having worn a bra all summer. Instead of my flat nipples, they were softly pointed, convex as if something was behind them.

I would rub my fingers over the tips. Yes, my large nipples were sticking out away from my chest. The protrusions were obvious. In a T-shirt, the front pushed out and created a conspicuous wrinkle from nipple to nipple. It embarrassed me in the locker room. It had to be from my summer of wearing bras that had pushed up and supported my chest muscles. I must have worn bras long enough to weaken those muscles and make them flabby, almost loose.

As summer neared, my parents again planned to study in Europe and asked me if I wanted to stay with my aunt for the summer again. She had asked me to come. I knew what that meant. Could I show up as a boy this year after being a girl last summer? Too many people knew me.

Yet, I couldn't spend another summer 'that way'. Surely my aunt wouldn't even let me. I looked in the mirror. I was an inch taller, but still had baby fat that made me round and soft. Maybe I could pass as my brother? That's it.

I decided to go. . .after all, the alternative was summer camp with a bunch of boys.

My aunt met me at the train in Eastwood about two hours drive from the lake. We kissed and hugged. I loved this kind woman. She was excited to see me.

We drove about 15 minutes before she said, "Well?"

"Well what?"

"What do you think?"

"About what?"

She finally spit it out, "Are you going to be my daughter again this summer?"

I knew this was coming and didn't know what to say but, "I probably shouldn't this year. I had a tough time explaining my tan lines."

"Whatever you what to do is OK with me," she said softly. "I thought you'd want to play again this year so I bought you a few things. You'll see them at the house."

My room had been femininely decorated and a banner above the bed said, WELCOME BACK, Jane and Alice. The closets were so full of new dresses and skirts that I would have to remove some to hang up any of my clothes. I looked at my aunt.

"They were just too irresistible," she said shyly, "We hoped you'd be our 'girl' again."

Laid out on the bed were an assortment of other new clothes. All the things a girl needs as she grows up such as lingerie, hosiery, high heels and skirts. Unlike last year, I

knew what I was getting myself into. The bras had fuller cups and the styles more grown up than the year before.

On the vanity was lipstick, powder, make-up and perfume. I turned to her and said, "I'd hoped to play baseball this summer?"

She smiled and said, "You'd make a better cheerleader. Won't you dress up tonight, just for me?"

I nodded.

Aunty had an outfit all picked out for me. I showered and without being asked, shaved my legs. She handed me a new pair of rather ornate panties and matching padded bra. I couldn't help notice that the cups looked different. She showed me how to adjust this bra so that it pushed up the flesh on my chest giving me a much more mature bosom. With this bra the loose fat on my chest seemed to sit on the cups of the bra.

I was amazed at the effect. Suddenly that embarrassing fleshy fat that wouldn't seem to go away was desirable for my dress. Aunty smiled with pride at my uneasiness to have such an intimate girl's garment fit so well. I broke the silence by saying, "You shouldn't have bought all this. It's too expensive."

She handed me a full slip and quipped, "I like having a niece to buy things for. I hope you don't mind; you make such a cute girl."

My hands went impulsively to my hair. She saw my movement and said, "We'll get to your hair. First, put on these pantyhose and new high heels. You do remember how to walk in them?"

"Of course." I slipped the hose up my legs. It was a cool, dainty feeling, a special feeling I'd almost forgotten. I slipped my feet in the 3 inch black pumps. Boy's shoes are heavy but women's were stiffly formed and the foot surrendered to its fashion. It was like my psyche surrendered to these confining clothes. You just couldn't wear high heels and still walk like a boy.

She sat me at the vanity and worked with setting lotion and large rollers until every hair was wound tight. She said, "I'm glad you left it long. I guess your dad made you get it trimmed?" I nodded.

"Hey. . .I've got an idea," she almost whispered. "How would you like to be a blonde for the summer? Blondes have more fun!"

"Gee, I don't know. . . ."

With that she started to pluck my eyebrows. I started to complain, remembering how funny my plucked eyebrows looked as a boy.

"Shhh," She said, "I'll mess them up if you keep talking."

I could have jumped up and ran, but where? My parents were in Europe. She kept plucking until I thought she'd pulled them all out.

Without asking, she took my small boned hands and gave me a complete manicure, then applied three coats of red polish and a coat of clear protection. Then the same treatment on my toes. By this time I had resigned to another summer of femininity.

A moment of depression overtook me. My buddies in Fall would be telling stories of their summer exploits, of playing baseball and other sports to make them strong and manly. They all, even last year, had stories of the great "chicks" they dated and "had". I didn't believe many of the stories but they made for good talk.

Not me, last summer I became accomplished with make up and hair styles. Accomplished at which bra to wear with which dress. How to polish and take care of my nails. Instead of running bases, I learned how to walk in 4 inch heels. Instead of trying to get girls to say 'yes', I was the one saying 'no'. I knew this wasn't good for me. I wished I had gone to summer boys camp.

I knew my aunt would, within weeks, win me over. For a week or two she would criticize any boyish actions and compliment me when I excelled in some feminine activity. Shortly I would forget how I felt now and would again feel perfectly natural in skirts and lingerie.

Soon my hair was dry and Auntie removed the curlers and brushed out my hair. It was longer than it had looked. It swung from side to side when I moved my head. Auntie had me apply my own make-up to see if I still remembered how.

It was like riding a bike, I had no problem. But my face looked different. Last year I looked like a teenage girl, this year with the added bosom, I looked like a young blossoming lady. My nyloned knees were firmly pressed together and showed beneath the hem of my slip in girlish fashion. The bodice of the slip swelled youthfully with prominences that promised of sensitive nipples.

Auntie asked as she gave my hair a coat of hair spray, "What's the matter, you're so quiet."

"I'd just hoped to play some baseball and maybe meet a few guys."

"Aw, what's so great about playing baseball. After you're a blonde you'll have the whole team after you. My favorite time was when I was sixteen thru twenty. You're going to learn so much this summer. I promise. If you come back next year, you can be a boy."

Auntie picked out a dress that looked like a prom dress or a party dress. It was much too fancy for everyday wear. I was again fully made-up as a teenage girl.

We were in my room at the back of the house.

I heard a noise when we walked to the front. I opened my mouth to say something. . . .

"Surprise!" There must have been 30 people there. Everyone I knew from the year before. "Happy Birthday, sweet 17." read the banner. My birthday was weeks ago? Jane and Alice ran up and gave me a kiss. The decision was again made for me. . . I was to be a girl for the summer.

Thus began my second summer as a girl. My aunt loved having a daughter. On Saturdays, my aunt and I would go into town to shop, eat lunch, have our hair done and see a movie. I never came home without something new. A summer dress, jewelry, or a pair of new heels.

True to her word, the first Saturday, we went to the beauty shop. Unlike the year before, the operators treated my hair with all kinds of smelly lotions. They even put some on the few hairs left in my eyebrows. I started to protest and the operator said, "Shhh, your aunt said to make you the prettiest girl at the lake. I think we can do it."

When they finished and brought me a mirror, I almost fainted. Staring back was a beautiful golden blonde, with curly waves framing my face. No boy had hair that color.

On a typical day, I'd change out of my nightgown and into a summer short skirt and blouse. We'd take a walk through town and have breakfast. Afterwards, we would change into our bathing suits and go to the beach to take in the sun.

Sometimes we'd play tennis. I loved tennis, but hated running around in my white linen v-neck top and matching short pleated skirt and ruffled panties. The outfit was very light and my movements were free except for the constraint of my bra straps. I sometime think of how embarrassed I'd be if my father saw me in this abbreviated outfit with my ruffled bloomeded panties showing.

Since there were others on the court, I had to learn to throw a ball like a girl. At home I'd practice and soon could hold my limbs in a feminine stance. Aunty was right, ball throwing helped train my whole body to use feminine postures.

She, Jane and Alice taught me a more mature makeup. The summer before, I usually wore only lipstick. Now I wore daytime makeup: shadow, eyeliner, mascara and blush. I noticed and Aunty confirmed --- my appearance grew increasingly feminine.

I also learned to put up my hair and copy hair styles in the women's magazines. I was never without pink or red polish on my fingers and toe-nails.

She was relentless on some things, like my voice. She'd have me read from women's magazines, concentrating on keeping my voice soft and feminine. We tape recorded these sessions so I could hear myself, and soon I felt confident that I sounded like a girl.

Reading the magazines also got me used to feminine terminology. Aunty taught me that not only tone but inflection is important. For example, women are more likely to end a statement in a question; men end it in a statement.

Words like "dear," "darling," "sweet," "adorable," "lovely," began to enter my vocabulary. It first it was awkward, but soon became so natural I wondered if I'd be able to break the habit when I went back to school.

I was dressing, walking, talking like a girl and Aunty kept me engrossed in feminine activities. I liked sewing, needle-point and some of the household chores.

There was another type of lesson as well. One that I didn't understand at first and found embarrassing.

Aunty would tell me the intimate details of what it was like to grow up as a girl. She told me of her early childhood, the rich details of her first bra, a remarkable party dress, hair ribbons, and special dolls.

It was her stories of her adolescence that disturbed me. Boys entered the picture, no longer as playmates but as that mysterious "opposite" sex. She acquainted me with how she learned to think of boys. How she developed a feminine personality, flirted with boys and what she looked for in them. She told me of her first dates in groups, then her first date alone and how she felt getting "kissed". She told me everything, even how her feminine erotic desires blossomed.

I didn't realize it at first but her purpose was to give me a detailed knowledge of girlhood, the girlhood I'd never had. I had a database of experiences that weren't mine, but it gave me a sense of womanhood. I was given knowledge that no boy ordinarily learns. I was living a girl's life.

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Her lessons weren't in vain. Since I was living a girl's existence, her feelings became my disposition. I never thought I'd need some of it, like how she had learned to fend off boys, and prevent them from going "too far". I found some of her confessions fascinating.

It was like the ancient Greek Tierisas, I was living in both sexes simultaneously. I as a boy listened, yet adopted her point of view as my own. I didn't like the idea of going out with boys but across my mind came images of me sitting prettily dressed, delicately clasping my handbag, while some faceless young man took out his wallet to pay for *my* meal. I guess I found it exciting to be desirably feminine.

I loved discovering that little feminine gestures had slipped in and become part of my personality. I found that I had been transformed from a boy in dresses to a thoroughly feminine person. I loved it when people called me "Miss".

There were a few problems that arose. I started to double date with Jane and Alice. I mean, boys double-dated with us. I didn't want to but Auntie said it would look weird if I didn't go out once in a while.

The first time, Alice set up the date and came over to help me dress. We sat each wearing full skirts, each wearing perfume, each in heels, each checking the fine details of our makeup. There was one moment, a small moment that struck me. Without thinking, I pulled the hem of my skirt over my knees and became aware that Alice had done exactly the same. I had made a womanly action in concert with her.

I became a good dancer and was popular with the boys with whom I went out. Alice liked the college boys and they were usually older and more aggressive. On our double dates, I wore high neckline dresses and my tightest slimmer.

Alice enjoyed the first time she was able to get me to 'park' with the boys. She took me aside and said, "Guys love to smooch and stuff. Be nice but not too nice." I found it repulsive at first, especially with Alice giggling in the back seat. Even my aunt said, "Parking is an expected ingredient of a date."

Alice gave me another box of the vitamins she and Jane took daily. They even looked frightened if after a date, they forgot to take their vitamin. I didn't really understand, but I think they thought the "vitamins" would prevent colds and flu that they might get from germs in the boys they dated. I wasn't sure.

It was during those dates that I felt most uncomfortable. I knew I shouldn't be wearing dresses or looking and talking as I did. I felt like a cheat, a fraud, and knew the contempt that these boys would feel for me if they knew who I was. They might beat me up.

I told Aunty of those feelings. She said, "Even girls go through some self doubt. I would be surprised if you didn't have such reactions. On the whole, do you enjoy being the girl?"

I paused and shyly nodded yes.

She added, "I bet you'll learn to enjoy even the awkward moments."

I did enjoy the contrast. Me with my clicking heels, swaying skirt, perfumed hair, being escorted on the arm of a man in trousers.

Wearing soft blouses, high heels, stockings and garter belts turned the boys on like light switches.

Some guys were worse than others. Some were just too aggressive and I'd never go out with them again. I guess I liked being considered an attractive girl and enjoyed being catered to.

During July, Jane and I doubled with a couple of college boys, Hank and Don. The first time we went out Hank was my date and Don was Jane's'. I didn't care much for Hank, he was one of those aggressive types. I could tell Don liked me and he asked for my phone number. He called the next day and asked me out. I turned him down thinking that Jane might like him. I called Jane and told her. She was angry at first, then told me it was OK if he called again.

He called again and wanted to take me to dinner with my aunt. How could I turn him down?

My aunt was impressed with Don. He was a pre-med student at State University. That was the school I hoped to attend.

The day of our date, Aunty took me shopping. She said, "Don deserves something special. I think we should dress you a little older for him. Something. . . maybe sexy?"

I felt strange that night getting ready for Don. I was a boy, yet I was dressing to be an attractive female.

My aunt picked out my sexiest white lingerie; nylon and lace high waisted panties, lightly padded matching bra, and full slip. She suggested a garter belt and hose instead of panty-hose.

My floral dress was a little mature for a 17 year old. It was very feminine with delicate blossoms dramatically arranged on black silk. It had a full skirt, a dramatic 'V' neck. It zipped up the back and was as light as a feather.

My aunt said, "Lets give you a little taste of womanhood." She added a little more padding to my bustline saying, "All the girls your age do it.". I wasn't afraid because she was going with us.

I felt funny again. I looked older. . . I was a 16 year old boy who with my aunt's help metamorphosed himself to look like a girl. . . A 20 year old girl on the verge of womanhood.

We went to dinner. Don couldn't keep his eyes off me. He'd say to my aunt, "Your niece is the prettiest girl I've ever seen." Auntie seemed to like that.

After dinner, my aunt said, "You kids run along. Bring her home early. . . remember she's only sixteen." That night we danced and Don was a perfect gentleman.

Don was the nicest boy I'd ever met. We dated weekly and after a month he offered me a ring to go 'steady'. I don't know why I accepted. Having a boyfriend was better than going out with Alice's friends.

Sometimes we'd dance, other times a drive-in movie or a walk on the beach. Sometimes when we were out, I'd think about going back to school and my life there. If the guys in school ever saw me girlishly adorned in skirts and silky blouses, my legs shaved and nyloned. . . but worse, I had a boyfriend. Don liked my soft skin and would touch my slender hands. He liked it when I scratched his back with my long red glistening nails.

He thought of me as his girl friend. I thought of him as a friend. I wasn't attracted to him like I was to girls like Alice. No, it was like I had a buddy. Oh, I knew that he wasn't looking for a buddy. I knew if I wanted him to take me out, I had to cater to his wishes. I'd wear mini-skirts and open blouses to keep him interested. My blonde hair was always in waves and curls to Don's delight.

You'd think that my aunt would have put a stop to all this. To the contrary, she encouraged it. She bought me items to make sure that my secret was safe. Push up bras added to my cleavage and extra tight panties made of spandex to control any bulge. I told Auntie everything about our dates. She told me what to do and how women handle men. Her suggestions embarrassed me sometimes.

The more I went out with Don, the more comfortable I felt in my dresses. Being kissed was no longer an embarrassment. It happened suddenly. Whenever he would try to kiss me I looked away; I wanted to wipe my mouth. One night he kissed me goodnight a different way. He held me tightly and pressed his lips firmly against mine in such a way that I knew not to fight. As Don penetrated my lips, I just relaxed and let him have his way with my crimsoned glossed lips. He must have kissed them for twenty seconds. I was weak in his arms, my mouth filled with his probing tongue. I was experiencing true feminine feelings. I had given up control and trusted Don not to hurt me. His hand slid slowly down my back and caressed my soft bottom

through my silk dress and taut nylon panties. I pulled away quickly and said "goodnight."

Later after a long shower, I laid in bed in my silk nightgown. The shower couldn't wash away the shame. I could still taste his lips. . . boy germs, creatures? I hated what I'd done.

I'd been feminized so gradually, it seemed right. I ran my fingers over the pink curlers in my hair. My actions? What had my aunt had molded me into; a fairy? No, I didn't feel like that. I was going to have to break it off with Don.

With summer ending, my aunt hoped I would visit again next summer. She promised that I could be a boy. We'd just say I was a twin. She looked sad to see me go. She said, "You'll probably grow three inches this year and start a beard. I hate to see my attractive 'niece' go home."

The afternoon my train was leaving, I got out of my dress and lingerie, took off all my make-up and removed all traces of polish, then trimmed my nails shorter. My aunt came in and we dyed my hair back to its original ash brown. My boy clothes felt awkward and heavy. We both cried on the way to the train.

Back to school, my senior year.

It took a while to remember how to walk like a boy. Despite the heavy shoes and pants, my walk was graceful, almost mincing.

I had to remember not to pick things up like I did with long nails.

My body still wasn't changing like the other guys. My voice stayed high and my beardless features remained rounded. My shoulder muscles remained cushiony and narrow no matter how much exercise I did. I still had fatty flesh around my hips. My pants fit too tightly around my hips and thighs because of a layer of jelly-like fat. They were too loose around my waist. My hips and fanny flared from my waist.

Worse. . . the swelling from wearing a bra all summer didn't go away. The slight soft swelling of my distended nipples against my masculine shirt was most disconcerting.

My aunt's unmasculizing of me didn't seem to want to go away. The two summers of feminine development had caused me to get behind and I wasn't catching up. Like missing the first two months of a basic chemistry course. I had trouble understanding my male classmates virile masculinity. I tried to be like them, I wore my hair long as was the fashion. But they were different. They were aggressive show-offs and I tended to be passive, almost modest. I was

contented to cater to their wishes. My competitive spirit with other boys seemed to be extinguished.

I was a little surprised that they didn't pick on me. I guess they didn't see me as a threat or challenge. I wasn't tall, brawny or a threat. Some even seemed to protect me. They'd instinctively open doors for me.

I dated several girls, mostly the unattractive brainy ones. I was fascinated with the attractive girls who only went out with the 'jocks'.

In school, while the other guys were gawking at the girl's bodies, I was also looking at their dresses and how I had looked in similar outfits. I didn't make the baseball team and was always the last one selected for "sides" in P.E. class. I had that fungus infection again and had to take that medicine almost all year. The doctor wrote me a note so I didn't have to take P.E. for the last six months.

I started to spend a lot of time in the library and hoped to become a history teacher or something having to do with governments. My parents were glad to see me take an interest in school.

As time approached for summer, I again had to make a decision. My parents were on their last year of study and again it was my aunt's or summer boys' camp. Despite the clothes, I had a lot of fun with my aunt. I knew that my masculinity would grow once out of her influence. I was just a "late bloomer". I was a boy and needed to grow up to be a man. I would marry and take my proper role. This year I was going to work on becoming a "college man". I was accepted at State College and would be starting in September.

After graduation, I went to my aunt's. On the train, I was intent not to allow my aunt to encourage my learned inclination towards being feminine.

We hugged and she was very happy to see me. It was like I'd never left. She handed me a 'graduation' present. It was a solid gold antique watch. . . a delicate, thin watch with a bracelet band embossed with flowers. A ladies watch.

"Aunty, I can't take this. It's a girl's watch. I'm almost a man now." My words were optimistic thinking. I still looked 14, and hardly manly.

"Gee honey," she said sadly, "I hoped you'd like the watch. I don't have any nieces to leave it to. You could be my niece for one last summer. You make such an attractive girl. You know, you look a little wimpy as a boy. I'm sure you'll grow out of it, but as a girl, you're exquisite. Why not look the best

you can? Before long, you'll surge into a man, a better man because of your experiment."

"It's not right. . ."

"Com'on. I've got some wonderful surprises for you. One last fling?"

"What kind of surprises?"

"One, I've got you a job. It's a part-time salesgirl job at the JJ's department store. Remember the manager, Mr. Allen? He always liked you. Your parents said you needed money for college and a car. Mr. Allen said he'd pay you \$8.00 an hour."

That was much more than I thought I'd make. It was true, I needed money, but I could get a job as a boy. Maybe at the gas station? But I hated getting dirty. I asked, "What else."

She smiled hoping she was getting her way. "I bought you a lot of new clothes. You'd need them if you took the sales girl position. There's more surprises, too. How about it? With what you know from the last two summers, this year you'll be the foxiest girl at the lake."

"I don't know. . ."

"It'll be fun, this summer I'll help make you the prettiest girl I can. Alice and Jane can't wait to see you."

I was quiet on the way to the lake. I knew she was right. As a boy, this summer wouldn't be much different than high school. I was different, yet I knew it was the easy way out. I was missing another summer of masculine development and bonding.

She looked over at my t-shirt which pointed outward from my large nipples and said, "I'm glad your figure is still good. I've got a couple more surprises you're going to love. You're going to be the prettiest boy. . .it would be a shame to waste such loveliness."

She went on about our summer. "Now that you're eighteen, a girl is different. She experiences 'tastes' of womanhood. We're going to spend this week giving you the best of everything an eighteen year old girl would want. You don't have to wear teen girl's clothes now. . .You can wear some women's fashions. By next Saturday, you'll love the new you."

I thought about her words. There couldn't be that much more to learn. I'd spent almost 6 months living as a female.

Almost immediately when we walked in the door, I noticed a different, more intense tone to Aunty's voice. This year she seemed more serious about my perfection. I guess being eighteen created an impassioned need for me to be perfect in every respect.

After I showered and shaved my legs I got the first taste of her dedication to my training; Something she had ordered from a California institute. The box said Konstrain™ and had the seal of the U.S. Dept. of Lingerie. She smiled and said, "Honey, this might be a little uncomfortable for a few days but trust me, with this you'll never have to worry about getting caught. I was told this is much more comfortable than girdles." She had me go into the bathroom and follow the instructions. It consisted of several items and an instruction book. The instructions said, "READ WARNING NOTICE BEFORE USING." I couldn't find that notice.

I took the special salve to desensitize my maleness. I applied it as stated. Within five minutes, it had numbed them completely. The second step was a lotion to be applied quickly. There were drawings to be followed exactly. I was to scrunch up accordion fashion and press my organs up into their abdominal cavities and put on a special bikini garment that tightly held everything in place. After 24 hours, I could remove the garment and everything would stay "put". I guess because of the numbing salve, it wasn't uncomfortable. I remembered last summer and how sometimes my maleness ached from the tightness.

I looked in the mirror. The nude colored garment was stretched tightly over my ample bottom. I hadn't noticed how my hips seemed to flare into fullness. . .like a girls'. The salve had extinguished the sensation in my maleness. A sense of lightness overcame me. I slipped on a pair of high waisted panties. I spread my legs a little so my fingers could explore the new smoothness. There was no pressure, no pain. . .no feeling. My hand surveyed the space and found nothing that could ever give me away. As I stood exploring my new sleek triangle, strange twitches were occurring around my nipples. A hardness had developed underneath them and they itched. My belly tightened. I touched my own nipple like it was someone else's and got goosebumps.

I bent over at the waist and looked over my shoulder in the mirror. My smooth white thighs were full and rounded just like a young females'. I walked into the bedroom with a new confidence.

My aunt was elated. She said, "I was a little worried about you last year. Especially when you were dating Don. The lotion is a type of adhesive and is totally waterproof. It lasts two months and then you reapply.

I couldn't take my eyes off the soft feminine contours of my rounded belly and thighs. I slipped on a pair of white nylon and lace bikini panties. The nylon stretched easily over my hips and fit tautly between my legs like a second skin. I ran my hands down over my fleshy hips realizing how

wide they were for a boy. My aunt watched with amusement at my investigation of my new shape.

She added, "You obviously won't be able to have any male reactions. I'd say you look 100%." She picked up a new bra and said, "I think you're ready for the responsibility of being more voluptuous.

The slightly padded bra had a full B cup. On my narrow shoulders this made me look "built". I was surprised that with a little arrangement, my own fleshy chest filled the cups. I was baffled by this fullness. I remembered how I felt about this swelling in school; how embarrassed I was in the showers. The mirror showed a girlish outline with a bust that wasn't too big or too small. As a girl, I could proudly display my enhanced chest and they would attract attention.

I ran my hands over the cups and could feel my nipples through the thin padding.

I thought of the boys my age at school. Breasts were such a "big deal" to them. They ogled, stared and were frustrated by them. They wanted to feel them but the girls wouldn't let them. It was like breasts, the forbidden, sent a message to boys saying, "I'm a sexual female, ready to be romanced and lured into giving pleasure. I now had my own breasts and would be sending the same visual perceptions as females. My aunt just smiled as I checked the fastener and smoothed the lace cups of my bra.

My breasts jutted out in front of me, fuller and firmer than the summer before.

She handed me a garter belt and hose saying, "You're not a little boy anymore, you've blossomed into a luscious young woman. Put your heels on and let me see you walk."

I put them on and walked across the bedroom. I had no trouble with the heels, but something was new. I wasn't sure if it was the Konstrain or my bigger bosom. My hips seemed wider than ever and my waist became a new swivel point. Auntie said, "Very sexy and girlish. They said it would help the walk. The boys will go crazy over you this summer."

I blushed at the thought of being attractive to men. It wasn't a "put on" walk. I said, "I don't want to have guys hitting on me."

Auntie smiled, "Most women don't either. It comes with being a girl. I'm not worried."

Sun bathing at the pool and lake was different now. My tan was different. The two piece suit left a girl's pattern of tan-no-tan under the suit. Since college didn't have P.E., I knew I could hide it until it faded. What wasn't going to fade? My increasing pleasure and comfort in my girl's role.

On the beach, I'd become aware of my skimpy pink bikini and how it fit sleekly around my hips. Aware of how my

shaven smooth legs brushed against each other as I walked in the sand. Observers were watching and saw my filled bikini top. I was no longer ashamed by my cleavage, I wished they were bigger. My aunt said it was natural, and called it "breast envy".

My hair was getting long and I "got into" ribbons. Ribbons that would match my suit or blouse.

I used a suntan lotion with a sun block, but my tan deepened steadily. Auntie suggested I switch bikini styles. I wore the skimpiest bikinis thanks to the Konstrain™ garment. Its control was amazing for being so light weight. Running, playing volleyball, swimming; it maintained my girlishness, never giving the slightest. Every time I passed a mirror, I became aware of my girlish contours.

The switching of swimsuits helped with the straps marks but my breasts remained lily white, contrasting to my dark tan. They formed white islands rising from a flat tanned plane. I liked my tan but was also aware that there was no way I could explain away *these* tan lines. Going topless seemed out of the picture.

I started work at the department store.

I woke up and couldn't believe today I was going to work dressed as a young lady. During the first few weeks I had gotten used to the feel and learned how to play a girl. This was different. I looked across the room at the dress and lingerie Auntie had prepared for me to wear. I guess it was better than working in a gas station.

"Get up, sleepy head," Auntie said, "I'll help you with your hair if you hurry."

I showered, and debated if I should call this whole thing off. I looked into a mirror and tried to make some masculine poses, but I looked silly with my long blonde hair in pink curlers and plucked eyebrows. Auntie came in and said, "Just think, in a couple of hours you'll be surrounded by people who think you're a girl and will pay you for it."

Auntie continued to watch as I easily hooked my bra. Auntie came over to help me and kissed me on the forehead. She was so proud of me.

"Don't worry doll, before you know it you'll forget you were ever a boy. Let me fix your hair." Auntie teased and combed my hair into a very feminine hairdo. She helped me into my slip and dress. Make-up was added. I looked all woman.

This dress was a black sweater dress with sequined bows at the bustline and a wide leather belt at the waist. I wore sheer colored nylons and black pumps. I asked, "Do you think this is too dressy for work?"

"No, darling," Aunty replied. "You want a glamorous look for a fancy high priced department store. On your lunch hour, would you pick us up some nylons. Be sure to get your discount."

I was an employee # "902". That meant I worked in which ever dept. needed me. I started in the men's dept. Which was ok because I knew a lot about men's clothes.

I would sometimes liked the work and other times hated it. Now and then, I'd go a whole day forgetting that I was ever a boy. Other days, I felt like a sissy and felt humiliated to have to "wait on" men buying shirts and trousers while I was locked in lingerie and dresses. It seemed that the more I had to wait on men, the more I realized how different being a woman was. I learned that there were many types of men, rough tough, soft, business like, and sensitive. I knew their eyes would be watching my hips tightly encased in a skirt.

I felt natural in the way I walked daintily in my high heeled pumps, my skirt swishing around my knees, the sleek feeling of my nylons as they touch each other.

Yet something haunted me. Confident brawny college men would come in and I'd serve them. I wished I could be like them. They'd talk about needing a special tie to impress a special girl. They had muscled arms and large hairy chests. Deep down I felt humiliated and embarrassed.

While waiting on them, these strange men would stand close and my heart would start pounding. They were so male and I'd become so ladylike. My breasts stood out pertly also the outline of my bra could be seen through my translucent blouse. My aunt was right, just having breasts was like telling men, "I'm sexy."

I decided to have fun and try to enjoy the experience. I eventually enjoyed selling underwear to men. I would hold up a pair of jockey shorts and say, "These look very comfortable." It was laughable to me knowing that I was wearing a frilly pair of nylon panties.

At first I hated their looks and occasional passes, but had grown to appreciate their admiration. I even went out of my way to flirt with some of the cuter men. I would take their selections and say, "Walk this way." I'd flip my long blonde hair over my shoulder and walk with a sexy wiggle to the cash register.

My father would have died if he saw me.

I felt protected by the store and Aunty said I had become a "tease". I flirted and was asked out, but rarely went. I felt like a girl and that's what scared me. I guess it was my way of handling my humiliation at not being much of a man.

As an employee, I had a 50% discount on purchases. When things were on sale, I would go crazy buying new

dresses and lingerie. All the other girls thought I had great taste in clothes.

As a boy, few people gave me any attention. I learned that tight sweaters and short skirts drove the guys crazy. My aunt would see me in action and one day asked, "Why don't you ever go out?"

"You know why," I whispered.

"Everyday you're prettier, I want you to go out with the next man who asks you. You'll get a bad reputation if you don't. Meet me at lunch at the jewelry store, I want to buy you a present."

At lunch, she was already making the purchase when I arrived. "Here she is," Aunty announced. "Look what I bought you honey." They were sparkling diamond stud earrings. . .for pierced ears.

"No," I whispered, "They're for pierced ears."

"I know, the jeweler will pierce them for you."

"I can't!"

"Now don't make a scene," she whispered. "You seem to be having trouble accepting your femininity. If you're going to be a girl, you might as well do it right. You're sounding like a sissy. Sit down, girls have to go through a little pain now and then."

I sat and the jeweler pulled my long hair behind my ears. Quickly and masterfully he irrevocably emasculated my ears. I left wearing my diamond studs. Aunty said I could wear her earrings now. It was symbolic, and I felt even more girlish than before.

That night at home she gave me several of her earrings and her great aunt's diamond wedding ring. She slipped the twinkle diamond on my nicely shaped hand. It seemed to further feminize my slender white hand. I had a strange feeling being given, and expected to wear, the family feminine heirlooms.

The next day, an attorney, named Simon, came in to buy a tie. He was about 38 years old. My blonde hair had grown and was in my favorite style; it was tied back in a ponytail with a big red ribbon bow that fluttered down my back. I felt his eyes follow my every step as I showed him to the Club tie section. He was older, almost as old as my father. He was 6 feet tall, trim and had a little grey around the temples. He stared at me with a stirring smile.

He talked of world travels and his business. We must have talked for 30 minutes, maybe more. I was sure the store didn't care since he spent \$800.00. I enjoyed talking to him as he was quite attractive and charming. I admired this

man. He paid, shaking my fingertips in his big hands, saying he had enjoyed talking to me.

The next day, two dozen roses arrived at the store. The card said, "Thank you for your help, you're lovely." It wasn't even signed, but I knew who it was from.

Some of the other sales girls ribbed me about the roses. This gentleman had class. I wished he would come in again and talk to me. He was so interesting.

I had noticed something about myself. Powerful confident men gave me a funny feeling. I didn't feel like a boy in lingerie and a dress, I felt truly feminine. Not female, but feminine, nurturing, and submissive.

When waiting on them, I was truly interested and sensitive to their needs. The sensuousness of my clothing is heightened; it almost felt like stage fright.

Like when Simon came back. At first, I had a feeling like I was being watched. I became aware of every piece of clothing I had on: my nylon panties, the way my bra pushed out the front of my silk dress, my curled blonde hair floating around my face, the taste of my ruby red lipstick.

Suddenly I felt a strong hand on my shoulder. I turned and it was Simon. I knew he could feel the strap of my bra.

I became embarrassed and blushed at this surprise closeness. Suddenly I felt naked, like out of the influence of my silk and lace barrier.

He said, "Did you like the flowers?"

I blushed and thanked him.

He asked me to help him pick out a suit. I told him it wasn't my department, I was men's accessories; ties, shirts, etc.

"Com' on, I know the store manager, it's OK." I was ready for a break anyway so I went. I felt self-conscious walking with him through the store. The skirt of my blue silk dress swung with each step and played about my nyloned legs. I was nervous and I didn't know why.

Simon said, "Pick me out a suit to wear to a dinner party." While I fingered through the suits with my manicured fingers, Simon watched me. I was glad I wore a high necked dress. I picked out a handsome blue suit. While he tried on the suit, I sat down on a couch, crossing my legs femininely. . . just like I'd seen many wives do. I remember gazing down at my dress, my polished fingers clasping my purse demurely folded on my lap while surrounded by racks of men's suits and trousers.

I was confused, my identity mixed up.

I knew Simon liked me. . . but why? I added a fresh coat of lip gloss while I waited. I wanted to look in a mirror and check my makeup. I sat and shifted my weight thrusting my bosom slightly forward. I was having those feelings of nur-

turing. I waited passively for his return, just like the wives do. I stood up and walked to a mirror. Everything was there for me to qualify for a wife: rounded bottom, narrow waist, pink-nippled breasts, and button-nosed face.

Simon returned from the dressing room. He looked handsome and I told him so.

He smiled and whispered, "Good enough to take you to dinner?"

I felt flush. I looked up into his eyes and said, "Me?"

"Yes silly, you. You've been such a help, I'd like to do something for you. Besides I enjoy your company. Dinner tomorrow at seven???"

My mind was racing. What would I wear? Was he too old? What would Auntie say? What would happen? I shyly said, "OK."

When I told Auntie about the date, she was happy. She wasn't thrilled about Simon's age. She warned, "Older men expect more. . .are you sure you can handle this?"

"What do you mean?"

"He is attracted to you for one reason. . .and it's not your mature mind. I mean the boys your age also like your looks, but they have similar interests like music."

"What should I do?"

"I...", she stopped and then continued. "I think we should have a talk. What do you know about the birds and bees?"

Dad had broached the subject once but stopped at the mechanical level, never alluding to the emotional details. I said, "Not much, I guess."

I sat on the couch wearing my white cotton dress, pantyhose, high heeled sandals, my hair pulled back with two white ribbons, while Auntie told me all about the intimate details of female existence. I blushed at her words: mating, reproduction, foreplay, fornication, copulation, intimacy, procreation; all from the women's point of view. What had started virtuous was becoming menacing.

I couldn't believe what she was telling me. Simon, that sweet man, wanting to do that to me.

She went on to talk of the altruistic side of masculine/feminine relationships: love, appreciation, fulfillment, compassion, tenderness, climax, consummation, matrimony, insemination, fertilization, reproduction, nurturing.

She informed me that while I appeared to be feminine, perhaps this date with Simon offered a chance for me to experience more depth in femininity.

I blushed at the suggestion. There was no way I could possibly do any of those things with Simon.

Standing nude in the mirror confirmed that my masculinity continued to be unnoticeable.

I put on my lingerie including black panties, bra and a full slip which was trimmed in elaborate flowered black lace. I rolled sheer nylon seamed stockings up my legs and attached them to my black garter belt. It was hard to make sure the seams were straight.

Aunty helped me apply exquisite nighttime makeup. She said, "I want you to not only be more beautiful, but look older, more experienced." Eyeliner, red-pink blush, red and glossy lipstick, a perfume called "Cede", all added to the fantasy.

Aunty remarked, "There's no way he'll think you're too young now. You're exceedingly feminine."

I was going to wear my eggshell business suit. After all he's an attorney.

Aunty said, "Not that dress. I want you to feel feminine. Here. . . this one with lace and the ruffle around the waist."

She had chosen my black satin evening dress with the padded shoulders and open neckline. It was classy and sophisticated rather than showy. The skirt was tight and fitted. It had a walking slit otherwise I probably couldn't walk in it. Aunty added a simple pearl necklace and matching dangling earrings. I felt elegant, special and feminine.

I stepped into my 4 inch kidskin pointed toed pumps with the very narrow spiked heels. They weren't comfortable but Aunty said they were very feminine and went with my dress.

Aunty said, "Now let's see what we can do to your hair. Come over to the mirror dear."

I watched intently as my aunt pulled the pins out of my hot curlers and carefully unrolled each strand. They fell into large golden ringlets. Then she took a hairbrush and, starting at the back of my neck, began to carefully brush out each section of hair. My hair turned into a delicious mass of blonde flowing curls and ringlets. I was glad I had touched up my roots at the beauty parlor. With brush and comb, Aunty fashioned my hairdo into luxurious waves of exciting curls, fixed in place with mists of a perfumed hair spray. The resulting hairdo was a shoulder-brushing flowing and natural style that tickled my neck. I was fascinated by how soft and silky my hair felt.

"How do you feel," asked Aunty?

"Oh, I feel wonderful!" I gushed like a debutante. My enchanting red lips formed a flirtatious smile.

"I agree," Aunty said seriously. "Remember tonight is your night to let your femininity go. Enjoy yourself."

I looked like a young woman, a woman who enjoyed her femininity. I felt so terribly feminine

Just before he came, I looked in the 3 way mirror. "Oh no," I moaned, I can see my panty-lines. I need a pair that don't show and these were my only clean black pair." I was in a panic.

"Don't worry about it," Aunty consoled. "Most men find soft round hips with panty-lines sexy. You look gorgeous." A strong sense of femininity overcame me; a feeling of femaleness.

The evening started pleasantly enough. He picked me up in his Porsche convertible. He was thoughtful enough to have the top up. I didn't want my hair to be a mess.

We went to his favorite Italian restaurant. I felt so special as we walked to our table. I was surprised that I didn't feel self-conscious. Men turned to look at me and women stopped talking as we walked by. The ruffle made my waist look tiny compared to my full hips.

Everyone knew Simon, it was like being with a star. We were seated in a small private candle-lit booth in a quiet corner. A classical trio played soft romantic music and the waiter brought us special dishes for us to try.

The booth was small so we sat close sharing each others food. At first I was uncomfortable sitting with my hips and nyloned legs touching his suited ones. I relaxed shortly; he was very interested in me. I told him of my interests in history and government. He suggested I study law. He said that the time was coming when women would have important jobs. He even ventured to guess that there would be a woman on the Supreme Court in the next ten years.

He told me of his practice, his dreams and the summer house he'd built on the lake.

I said, "It sounds wonderful."

"Well, after dinner let's run by," He said, "I'll show it to you. I've got some law school aptitude sample tests. We could see if you have any natural ability" We shared a black raspberry cheesecake for desert. He wanted me to take the last bite and when I tried to stop him from feeding it to me, it got all over my fingers. He took my slim red manicured nails and licked it off my fingers.

After dinner, we drove to his house on the lake. He showed me around. It was impressive. I sat on an overstuffed couch, while Simon went to get the law books and put on some music.

I was apprehensive, yet didn't want to leave. I nervously played with a few stray curls on the back of my neck.

He came back, sat close to me then showed me how to take the practice aptitude tests. He'd ask the questions and I'd try to figure out the answer. You didn't need to know law, just have a law sense.

We laughed and giggled at some of the questions. He said I was doing great and would probably score high on the LSAT and get into a good law school.

When I got a hard question right, he reached over and patted me on the shoulder, then strayed up to my neck and hair.

"Your hair is so soft," he whispered. "I love touching it. Does this bother you?"

I blushed and speechlessly shook my head. His strong fingers combed the hair behind my ear showing fully my dangling pearl earring hanging from my pierced ear.

"Beautiful earrings, did your aunt pick them out?"

"Yes," I added. "She helped me pick out the whole outfit," My heart was pounding, yet I was happy he liked the way I looked.

He said, "Does your aunt mind you going out with someone my age?"

"No," I said honestly. "She wants me to experience many different people."

I crossed my legs and our thighs accidentally touched. I felt his lips gently placed on mine. I knew he was smelling my perfume and tasting my red lipstick. I didn't want to be kissed by a man. Yet he was so generous with me.

Aunty's lessons were complete, yet I didn't know what to do. I had to sit there and let him kiss me. I started to push him away, but I felt weak. My lips parted and my arms went around his shoulders pressing my bosom against his chest.

If there was any boy still in me, it was dormant tonight.

His hand ran down my side brushing my breast, waist and belly, settling on my knee. I shivered vulnerably when his hand started up and settled on my breast.

This was too much. A groan escaped my mouth.

A thousand sensations and reflections went through my mind. I wasn't attracted to Simon but I loved being feminine. I searched for my male reactions to my position. I couldn't find any. Only feminine responses. It was like there was a war in my head. Little male creatures and female creatures all clashing to take over my body.

I don't know what got into me. . . .

I went to sleep knowing that little male creatures were swimming around inside of me. Each hoping that I was female enough to start a new life. That wasn't possible. . . perhaps someday. I truly felt like a young lady.

The next morning, Aunty woke me. She said I woke up with a smile on my face. I now knew why my mother frequently woke up with a smile on her face.

She asked, "Well???"

I smiled and gave her a hug. Tears came to our eyes. She took my face in her hands and whispered, "Do you feel different?"

"I don't think I'll ever be much of a boy again."

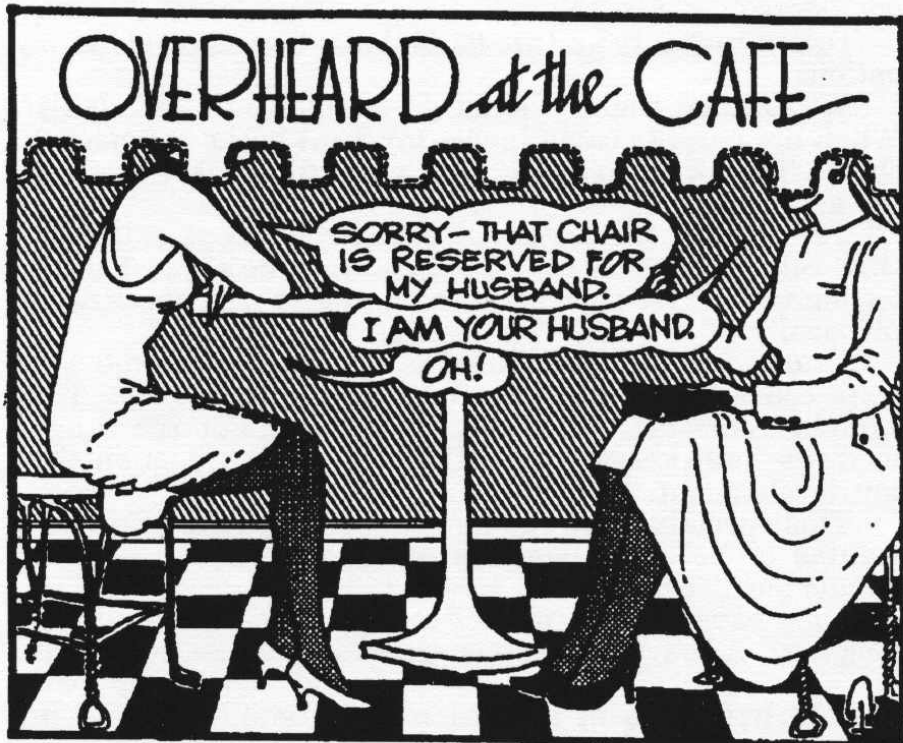
We had a good cry.

As the summer ended, my maleness seemed like a far away dream. I wondered if I could walk without swaying my hips. I loved my femininity; my dresses, lingerie, and girlishness. I couldn't face the fact that shortly, I'd be attending college in pants and shirts. I didn't look forward to my drab (dress required as boy) future in college.

By the end of summer, even bare, I looked more like a girl than I did a boy.

It was time for me to start college. I did what I had to do. It was going to be difficult hard cutting my long hair and trimming my fingernails.

A week before I was to start school, Aunty suggested I see if my boy clothes still fit. We dug out the suitcase out of



the garage where it had been stored. When we opened the suitcase, a moldy smell invaded the room. My clothes had gotten wet early in the summer thus in the dark warm garage had fermented and molded. Everything was totally decayed and destroyed.

While my maleness was slowly eroded by my summer lifestyle, my boy clothes were also decomposing. Auntie ran out and bought me a set of boy clothes. She wanted to make sure they fit before spending more.

I pulled my hair back and put on the pants, shirt and shoes. They fit, but not the same as before. As I zipped up the slacks and tucked in my shirt, I realized how much my figure had changed. My nipples stood firmly out, pushing the front of my shirt. My pants flared from my small waist to my rounded wide hips. I walked over to a mirror, the faint bounce of my breasts was subtle but conspicuous.

The mirror didn't reflect what it did 4 months ago. The 24 hours a day of feminine living did have an effect. My smooth face, plucked eyebrows and upswept blonde hair made me look younger. No, girlish or should I say boyish. I looked like a girl dressed in her brother's clothes.

I tried to make a male pose. I unshackled the ribbon holding my blonde back and it fell in long waves to my shoulders.

I went to Auntie and we had a long discussion about my options.

We decided that I should go to college as "Kimberly". When my parents came home, my aunt broke the news to them. They were in shock for a week then asked me to go see a "shrink".

To my relief, the doctor had seen several boys go through this. Since the rest of my life was normal, he suggested they let me try it. He sent me to a specialist who checked me physically.

It turns out that the vitamins Alice had given me were birth control pills that contained female hormones. That wouldn't normally have had a big effect but the fungus medicine had a very strong anti-male hormone reaction, thus my development.

This specialist told me he could reverse the effects if I wanted or he could feminize me further with additional female hormones.

I now have perfectly formed breasts, a rounded figure and long legs. A body most women wish for and men ogle to see.

Dad had more of a problem understanding than my mother particularly my first year at college. The doctors gave me high doses of female hormones, their effects showed quickly. My father had to face the fact that his "little boy"

was developing into an shapely young woman. My mother, with my aunt's support was soon sending me dresses, makeup and other intimate girl items.

I did so well in college that after several years, they've seemingly forgot they ever had a son.

I enjoyed those summers and my popularity with all the kids at the lake. I look back on those summers in wonder. Was it a good thing or bad? Had my aunt been any less accepting of me, I might not have as thoroughly embarked on the road through femininity. Had she spoiled, by word, action or had there been the least hint there was something morally wrong with what I (no, we) were doing, I'm sure I would have found the experience distasteful. Am I a better person for the experience?

For the next seven years, I attended college and then law school at State University, in part because it's the finest in the state and in part knowing that I could be close to my aunt and support.

I set out to forge out a professional career for myself as a woman. I thought of Simon as a role model.

Upon graduation, I moved to New York and law clerked for a Judge who offered me a job. While working as a law clerk, I saw and felt the discrimination by the law establishment against women. I vowed that just because I was now living as a woman, Kimberly Donna was not going to be discriminated against.

I met a young woman, a hot shot attorney who felt the same way about our society. We started a law firm that specialized in women's rights, Green and Donna. What no one knows; besides partners, we're also husband (using the term loosely) and wife. Doria, that's my wife, she runs the office, while I handle the back office business.

Doria was shocked when she first found out about my past. Then came amazement and wonder. After work, we spent many a night spilling our most intimate secrets. This companionship soon turned to love and a clandestine wedding.

I never forget our first kiss. We were in her office working on a case. I was standing behind her pointing out several provisions in a contract. After all these years of living as a girl, I rarely had male thoughts. But this day was different. We both had on soft silk blouses, our bosoms prominently displayed. Our perfumes intermingling with our discussion. I had this strange emotion that pulled me towards Doria. Before I realized it, my soft hip was touching her arm. She turned and put her arm around my waist saying, "My, you have a delightful figure." Then whispering, she said, "It's

hard to believe you're a boy. I've never even seen you make a male gesture. Are you sure you're male?"

I walked over and sat in her lap. (Hardly a male movement) To my surprise, she willingly accepted my action and wrapped her arms around me. Our lips and soft curved mounds pressed against each other. Doria's hand caressed my breast and nipples, then went to her own to compare. To my relief, she smiled saying, "I bet we wear the same size bra?"

"36B," I said reluctantly but proudly.

"36B too," she replied. "Your dress size? 10?"

"10."

She laughed and announced, "That's what I call equality of the sexes!"

Epilogue:

Yes...Green, Donna and Thompson bought Wellington and Wellington. Robert, or should I say Roberta has become a fine attorney. All he needed was some discipline and figure control.

The Hamilton club's landlord died and his widow sold the land to Doria Green saying, "That cheap bastard counted the toilet paper squares, I'm going on a ten year cruise."

The club is now totally integrated. Most days it's hard to tell the men from the women. As the new landlord, she made fair rules. She proclaimed, "I want to be impartial. Therefore, On odd days everyone will wear pants...on even, everyone will wear skirts. It's only fair!"

THE BEGINNING!

If you liked this story, write to me!

Sandy Thomas

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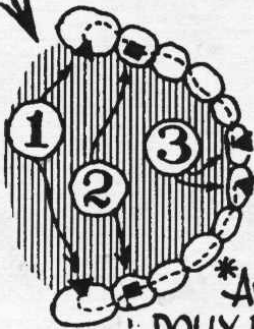
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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

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In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

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A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
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A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

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