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"SUDDENLY A DAUGHTER"



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SUDDENLY A DAUGHTER

by Kristi Love & Alice Trail

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**So your son's a crossdresser, and it spoiled
your day. . .look at the bright side,
they say he's a really good cook.**

SUDDENLY A DAUGHTER

by Alice Trail & Kristi Love

PART TWO of TWO

“Did you ever find out why Tracy took my cheer-leading uniform?” Jill asked Casey one morning as they strolled through the park.

“Yeah. He wanted everyone to think it was me. He was trying to get even for a trick I pulled on him. Don’t take it personally.”

“Has he dated anyone since you and I started going out?”

“No, he hasn’t had a date since he lost the quarterback position.”

“Why not? I know he isn’t sick. I see him at school, but he’s distant and won’t talk to me. What’s wrong with him?”

Casey was trying not to tell Jill about Tracy’s unusual punishment, but he was running out of excuses. When she leaned over, stuck her tongue in his ear, and purred in a tiny voice, “Tell me, please,” he was sunk!

Even though Casey was largely responsible for Tracy’s predicament, he felt like a traitor when he asked, “Can you keep a really big secret?”

“Sure, what’s the big deal?”

“Tracy could be ruined if this got out. You have to swear not to tell anybody!”

“Okay, I swear! Tell me!”

“Come on. You have to see this for yourself!” Casey replied as a devious smile played across his lips. “Just don’t freak out on me. No matter how you feel about what you see, act as though everything is normal. I’ll answer all your questions later. Just keep in mind that Tracy is being punished in a very unusual way, and don’t say any more than necessary.” With that kind of buildup, Jill was under-

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standably on pins and needles as the pair neared the Madison home.

Casey figured Tracy would be in the kitchen where he could hear the buzzer on the dryer and more efficiently combine the washing, drying, and ironing chores that were now his sole responsibility. How could he ask for a more perfect opportunity to show off his effeminate brother and humiliate him before Jill? "Let's get a coke," he suggested as they entered the house.

Just as Casey predicted, Tracy was in the kitchen ironing a pink silk blouse with a large lacy collar.

"Why are you dressed like that?" Jill gasped upon seeing Tracy in a short sleeved, green and yellow print house dress with a full skirt that bared his nylon covered knees. Over it, he wore a linen pinafore decorated with a floral pattern and lace along the shoulder straps, pocket, and hem. Behind, it was tied in a large fluffy bow!

"Why did you bring her here?" Tracy shouted at his amused brother while turning bright red beneath his makeup. "You weren't supposed to tell anyone about this! How could you. . .!"

"I didn't tell her anything! We just came in for a coke."

"Get out of here! I'll get them for you!" Tracy cried in near panic as he absentmindedly set the iron beside his frilly blouse and made his way to the refrigerator. "Go to the family room! I'll serve you in there!"

When Tracy turned his eyes away in embarrassment, Casey reached over and placed the iron face down in the center of the delicate blouse. Placing his finger to his lips, he cautioned Jill to remain silent about his dastardly deed and guided her out of the kitchen.

"What's going on here?" Jill whispered. "Why is



What's this? Jill is aghast to find her former boyfriend ironing in a pretty dress and frilly apron.

Tracy wearing a dress, heels, and makeup?"

"Roll with me on this," Casey whispered. "I'll explain later."

Shortly, Tracy came in carrying a tray containing two glasses of Coke and an assortment of cookies. "I thought you might like a snack," he blushed as he placed the tray on the table beside his brother and former girlfriend. As he did so, he bent from the knees like a girl. "I certainly don't want to let Jill see my slip! She's seen more than enough already!" he thought with trepidation.

Jill watched Tracy's feminine actions that complimented his manner of dress. "He's been doing this for quite a while!" she thought while observing his thin arched brows, neatly polished oval nails, and smoothly shaved legs.

Suddenly, a scream from the kitchen broke her concentration.

"Tracy! You've ruined this expensive blouse!" June shouted. "Whatever possessed you to put the iron down on it and leave? With your experience, you certainly know better!"

"I'm sorry, Momma," he stammered. "I was sure I set the iron to the side."

"You ruined your blouse on purpose!" she accused her browbeaten son. "You were ashamed to wear it because your bra and slip showed through, and you burned it purposely so you wouldn't have to wear it again. I know you did!"

"Oh no!" Tracy commiserated. "Jill now knows I wear bras and slips! What will Momma do next? Say something about my panties?" Turning to the subject at hand, he wailed, "I didn't burn my blouse! Casey must have. . ."

"Don't start that again!" she screeched. "Oh, I know what probably happened! After Jill saw you in that nice dress, you wanted her to think you weren't very good at your sissy job, and you burned your

blouse to prove it!"

"No Momma! I didn't ruin my blouse on purpose," he blubbered near tears. "Really, I didn't."

"Let's get out of here!" Jill pleaded in a hushed voice as Ward jumped up and rushed into the kitchen.

"Wait!" Casey smirked. "This is just getting good!"

"You're horrible!" Jill accused with a slight smile of her own. "You burned that blouse purposely to get Tracy in trouble."

"Yeah, but listen!"

"What's going on in here?" Ward boomed.

"Tracy burned his expensive blouse because he felt like a sissy when he wore it with that pretty white skirt last Sunday!" June charged, holding the scorched garment up for him to see. "Remember, he was so distraught that his slip could be seen through his blouse that he didn't notice at least an inch of lace showing beneath his skirt in back."

"I remember!" Casey injected with a devious grin. "I thought his slip was pink until I saw that white lace."

"Colored slips are inappropriate with white dresses or skirts, but see through blouses create an illusion of color," June replied.

Tracy was aghast that his family was nonchalantly discussing the feminine undies he was forced to wear in the presence of his former girlfriend. . . as if they were common attire for a boy! He wanted to shout for them to use discretion, but he was wearing a slip, panties, and padded bra under his dress at that very moment. Sighing in resignation, he decided to concentrate on the matter at hand. "I didn't ruin my blouse on purpose Daddy," he sniffed as tears filled his eyes. "Casey must have. . .,"

"Casey and Jill were in the family room with me!" Ward spat, cutting him off. "How many times must I tell you not to blame others for your misdeeds. Your

mother has cautioned you time again to keep your mind on your sissy work. See what happens when you don't pay attention?

"Wow!" Jill thought as excited feelings coursed through her body. "I thought Tracy was a macho athlete, but he's just a pantywaist sissy!"

To gage Casey's reaction, Tracy glanced shyly over at him, and was greeted by a wink and a sly smile that went undetected by the others. "You burned my blouse, Casey!" he bellowed. "I know you did!"

"Will you never learn to accept responsibility for your actions?" Ward demanded.

Seeing the truth wasn't working, Tracy changed his tactics. "I'm sorry I burned my blouse and tried to blame Casey," he wailed. "I'll be more careful in the future, and I'll buy myself another out of my allowance."

"That's better!" Ward barked. "Now get back in there and finish your sissy work!"

Looking Tracy over from head to toe, Jill was intrigued by the fluffed out hair that surrounded his face and fell in waves onto his collar, the gold earrings that peeped from beneath his tresses, the blush that emphasized his high cheekbones, the eyeliner and eyeshadow that accentuated his eyes, the mascara that lengthened and separated his lashes, the bright red lipstick that exactly matched his nail polish, his padded breasts that rose and fell with each breath, and the saucy skirt that swayed playfully about his nylon covered thighs. She was strangely excited over his unusual manner of dress and even more so at how submissive he had become. Despite her stimulation, she made a concentrated effort to appear calm. "I understand why you're upset Tracy," she stated calmly as possible. "Perhaps I could come by another time for a nice talk."

Tracy wanted to shout that he hated wearing

dresses and that she had better not tell anyone how he had to dress at home, but he was afraid to make her angry. Knowing her personality, he knew this would only set her off, and she would blab his secret all over town! On the verge of tears, he turned bright red, looked down at his feet, and whispered, "Come over any time you like, just don't tell anyone about my dresses and stuff. Please!"

"I'm sorry you had to witness his tantrum, Jill," Ward sighed before she could reply. "I honestly don't know what's come over him. Since he lost the quarterback position last fall, he's been acting very strangely. He lies when the truth would be more convincing, and you saw how he blamed Casey for burning his blouse. Also, there was that peeping tom incident in the gym. I swear, I'm at my wits end."

"Why is he dressed like a girl?" Jill asked in a bewildered tone.

"That started innocently enough I guess," Ward sighed. "His mother wanted him to help with the housework and wear an apron to keep his clothes clean while he was being punished for lying about doing the yard work. A few days later, he put a red shirt in the washer with my underwear and turned them pink to get back at me. As you might imagine, I was very angry at the prospect of wearing pink underwear, so I made him wear panties as punishment. After that, he told Casey the reason he sneaked into the girl's locker room was to see what it was like to wear dresses, not to peek at the girls. Well, since he was curious out about dresses, I made him wear them at home so he could learn about them first hand. Thank goodness, I still have one macho athlete for a son, right Casey?"

"Right Dad!"

"Why don't you come over for dinner Saturday," June offered. "Tracy has become quite an accomplished cook, and we would love to have you."

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"That sounds great Mrs. Madison! I'll be here."

Being captivated with Tracy's manner of dress at home, Jill watched him closely at school the following week. He had always been friendly and outgoing, so withdrawing from friends and former teammates was completely out of character. With his hair brushed back into a curly ponytail, his nails filed into long neat ovals, and his brows plucked into high thin arches, he might be taken for a sissy boy, but not a girl. Sensing a more compelling reason for his shyness, she approached him between classes in an effort to learn more.

"Oh, hello Jill," Tracy stammered with a blush while backing away. He didn't want to cause a scene, but neither did he want to talk with her for fear of what might be revealed to the other students.

"Why so shy?" Jill asked. "You left your frillies at home, didn't you?"

"Shhh," he whispered, nervously looking around. "Someone might hear you."

"A lot of people will hear me if I don't get some straight answers!" she declared harshly while poking him in the chest for emphasis. When he jumped back to keep her from detecting his soft camisole, she

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smiled accusingly, "You didn't leave ALL your frillies at home, did you? You're wearing some of them, and you jerked away to keep me from finding out. Come on Tracy, fess up!"

Filled with embarrassment and fearing that Jill would divulge his secret, Tracy was near tears as he whispered, "If you must know, I'm wearing a nylon camisole and panties. They're the only underwear I'm allowed until my punishment is over. Please keep your voice down or someone will hear."

"All right, keep your shirt on!" she giggled while thinking he wouldn't dare remove it and reveal his silky camisole. "What did I ever see in that wimp?" she wondered.

Standing before June nervously toying with his skirt, Tracy sobbed, "Oh Momma, I would rather die than wear one of my dresses when Jill comes to dinner. She was my girlfriend before this awful punishment started, and I would be terribly embarrassed if she saw me in another dress. Please talk with Daddy."

"Of course you would be embarrassed sweetie," June cooed, taking him in her arms and kissing him on the cheek. Only a few months ago, he would have come right out and insisted that he wouldn't wear a dress. Now, with the powerful hormones making him more docile by the day, he evaded the real issue like a girl.

June smiled at this feminine tactic. Being an expert at this kind of double talk herself, she lied, "As a matter of fact, your Daddy and I discussed your situation last night, and he agrees that you shouldn't have to wear one of your usual dresses for Jill's visit."

"Wonderful!" Tracy sighed with relief while brushing his skirt about his smooth nylon covered thighs. "I'll need some of my old underwear, a dress shirt, socks, and a pair of shoes from Casey's room."

Ignoring his comment, June burst his bubble say-

ing, "Your Daddy says we should get you a stylish dress and a nice perm."

"Oh Momma!" Tracy exclaimed. "I meant I don't want to wear ANY dress when Jill comes over! I don't want a perm either! I already have a hard time brushing my hair into a boy's style after rolling it every night as it is!"

"I'm sorry, but that's what your Daddy said," June purred in mock sympathy.

"Tracy wants a new dress and hairdo for Jill's visit," June lied to Ward, knowing distorting the facts was the best way to continue enjoying her 'daughter'.

"He really likes all that feminine stuff, doesn't he?" Ward declared. "I swear, I don't know what has happened to that boy! He's changed from an aggressive athlete to a sniveling sissy in just a few months!"

"I know dear, but he does all the housework without complaint. Don't you think he deserves a nice dress and hairdo for his friend's visit?"

"Yes, yes!" Ward exclaimed, throwing his arms up in surrender. "Buy the sissy a dress and get him a girlish hairdo if that's what he wants. I swear, I'll never understand what makes that boy tick! Why he wants to wear dresses, silky undies, and makeup is beyond me!"

"Oh Momma, I'm so terribly embarrassed to be in here dressed like this!" Tracy sniffed as he followed his mother into a shop that specialized in teen fashions. Not having been outside many times dressed as a girl, he was extremely nervous in his straight gray skirt, diaphanous yellow blouse, and black pumps.

"Don't worry," she assured. "No one will suspect anything if you behave as I have taught you. Remember, you got yourself into this, and you have to endure your punishment like a man. Anyway, your father doesn't understand why you object to wearing a dress for Jill's visit since she has already seen you

in one! I'm afraid he's insistent that you buy a stylish outfit and all the accessories, including matching undies, sheer nylons, and higher heels."

No boy ever had a more traumatic afternoon! Stripped of his skirt and blouse, Tracy had to stand around in his slip and try on dress after dress. Even worse, he had to pretend to enjoy the experience in order to preserve his masculine secret.

"This one is perfect, but because you're too big in the middle. I can't close the zipper," June sighed as Tracy stood before her in a form fitting black dress with a thigh length hem. Turning to the clerk, she instructed, "Bring a waist cincher, please. If we can take in the waist a bit, I think we've found our dress!"

A look of foreboding clouded Tracy's face. In his innocence, he didn't know what a waist cinch was, but he didn't like the sound of it, especially when he heard his mother say, "Take off your slip and pantyhose, darling."

Wearing only panties and a bra when the clerk returned, Tracy was thankful for his DiVert for the first time since he began wearing the hellish device. To his relief, the clerk wrapped a lacy garment around his waist as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "How can I look so much like a girl that I can fool this woman who sees real girls naked every day!"

"I chose black to match your dress. I'm sure you'll want matching undies as well. Now, pull in your tummy so I can fasten the hooks. There! Okay, thread the garters under your panties and slip into these nylons," she added upon completing her task.

"This thing is too tight!" Tracy gasped, complaining for the first time. "I can't breathe!"

"Don't worry sweetie," the clerk advised. "You'll get used to it soon. All girls your age protest when they wear their first constricting foundations. Don't worry, you'll change your mind when you see how well this little item makes that pretty dress fit."

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Bending was difficult, but with extreme effort, Tracy kneaded the sheer nylons over his smooth hairless thighs and fastened them to the garter tabs as instructed. He had never worn nylons, but as he expected, they felt very much like pantyhose.

June beamed with pride as she watched her once athletic son perform these feminine tasks in order to wear a stylish dress. "Replace your slip before trying the dress again, sweetheart," she advised. "It isn't the right color, but the length is okay."

Tracy was amazed at how well the dress fit with assistance from the crushing waist cincher, and he couldn't suppress a slight smile as he turned before the full length mirror.

"Those lotions and potions from U.C.I. are worth every penny, June thought as she watched his feminine response.

Tracy soon found himself buying a black bra, panties, and slip that matched his new dress just as the clerk had predicted. He even had to try on and purchase suede pumps with three and a half inch heels! "I can't walk in these shoes Momma!" he cried. "I've never worn heels this high!"

"Oh dear," June sighed. "That's my fault. I should have had you in higher heels before now. Still, if you practice for the rest of the day, I'm sure an athlete like you can learn to manage them well enough by tonight. Come along, we're due at the hairdresser's." Precisely on time, Jill rang the bell and was greeted by Casey who gave her a kiss before showing her into the family room.

June greeted her with a broad smile saying, "It's so nice that you could join us this evening, Jill. Tracy is very excited and he has been cooking all day."

"Tracy?? Cooking??" Jill gasped.

"Why yes, dear. He's been on pins and needles all week in anticipation of your visit." June smiled, stretching the truth.



What's cooking? An elated June and an astonished Jill watch Tracy prepare dinner in his new dress, apron, and heels.

"He would never consider lifting a hand to help do anything around the house when we were dating," Jill sighed. "What did you do to perk his interest in the domestic arts?"

"Very little, dear. He just developed an interest in feminine pursuits when he started wearing dresses. Why, he even insisted that we go shopping for a special outfit for tonight. Come, let's surprise him in the kitchen."

Jill was speechless upon seeing Tracy in his figure hugging black dress, lacy apron, flawless makeup, and chic perm that partially concealed his shiny gold hoop earrings. He was more or less accustomed to his stilt heels, and they clicked rhythmically on the tile as he hurried about, checking on the meal he was preparing. When he removed his pot holder mittens, she saw that his long oval nails had been polished bright red to match his dark shiny lipstick. "Ohhh," she gasped, noting his totally feminine image.

Her gasp caught Tracy's attention, and he noticed his Mom and Jill for the first time. "Jill!" he gasped while trying to hide his prettily polished nails. "Oh, hi!"

"Tracy, is that really you?" Jill asked in astonishment as she stared at the vision before her. "You look so lovely! So feminine!!!"

"He does, doesn't he?" June beamed. "Tracy just loves his beautiful clothes, don't you dear?" She was relatively sure he wouldn't make a scene in Jill's presence.

She was right. He only glowered at her remark, lowered his eyes, and changed the subject. "Uhhh, dinner will be ready shortly. Why don't you two wait in the family room?"

"That's a good idea. Come Jill, let's join the men while Tracy finishes up in here," June suggested as if Tracy was no longer 'one of the men'.

"Okay," Jill replied, still taken aback by how feminine her former macho boyfriend appeared. Looking over her shoulder at the blushing Tracy, Jill followed June into the living room where Ward and Casey were watching the fights. Both were deeply engrossed in the screen and didn't see them enter.

"Look at those men and their sports!" June frowned. "Casey sure takes after his father."

"Yeah, just like Tracy!" Jill exclaimed. "Why I remember on one date. . ."

"Tracy doesn't pay much attention to sports now," June injected with a sly smile. "He's far more interested in clothes, a lovely flower arrangement, or making a delicious dinner."

"How can that be?" Jill gasped. "He used to live sports!"

"I know he appeared to, but maybe he was just faking interest because he thought boys were supposed to watch sports," June lied, knowing her son loved sports.

When Tracy informed them that dinner was ready, June called the others to the table and announced the sitting arrangement. Ward was at the head of the table, with her at the other end. Casey sat beside Jill, as was befitting his position as her boyfriend, and Tracy was to sit opposite them near the door so he could serve the table.

After everyone was seated, Tracy brought in the roast to be carved by one of the men since that was considered a manly task. The roast was followed by the rest of the meal, after which, Tracy was finally able to join the others at the table. By the time he was free to sit down, everyone had piled their plates high with food. Even Jill had taken a gracious portion of the scrumptious fare.

In Tracy's absence, June had prepared his plate with scarce portions. "Tracy is watching his weight, so he won't have to wear his waist cinch to get in that

pretty dress next time," she beamed.

"Tracy wears a corset?" Jill sputtered.

Mortified by June's remark, Tracy screeched, "Mother!!"

Casey couldn't stifle a laugh, and Ward glowered angrily.

"No, but he's wearing a waist cinch," June continued as if nothing unusual had been said. "He had to lose a few inches in his waist before that pretty new dress would fit. Doesn't he look lovely?"

"Mother???" Tracy cried, totally mortified by her words. He wanted to protest fervently, to shout that he hated wearing girl's clothes, that he wanted to gain inches in his waist, not lose them! Only fear, that his father would punish him with additional time in dresses, kept him silent.

"It's true!" June injected. "Why just yesterday, he said he loved the feel of his silky panties, slips, camisoles, and nighties. Didn't you, dear?"

Tracy had said no such thing, and he wondered why his mother was making such preposterous claims. Even though his silence would add an air of truth to her claims, he pressed his nylon clad thighs tightly together, lowered his eyes, and blushed.

"How could I have sired such a sissy son??" Ward fumed silently.

The meal didn't end any too soon for Tracy. As soon as the last plate was emptied, he quickly started to clear the table. He felt relief at being alone in the kitchen while the others discussed his changed lifestyle. As June continued the preposterous notion that Tracy was willingly, even anxiously, wearing



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feminine clothes, he could only hope she was saying these things for his father's benefit. 'If Daddy thinks I like my dresses and frilly lingerie, maybe he'll end this awful punishment," he sighed to himself.

When Tracy served coffee and desert in the family room, he looked completely feminine as he traipsed about on his heels like a maid in a black uniform and white apron. None of his total feminine image was lost on Jill! When Casey walked her to the door, June instructed Tracy to get her coat.

When he returned, he found the two lovers in a deep embrace, and he was forced to stand aside in his stylish dress and high heels until they finished their kiss. He was embarrassed, jealous, and angry over losing his girlfriend and having to cater to his brother like a maid. Was no one sensitive to his feelings? Was his father so callous that he could force his son into such humiliating situations without caring? Retiring to his room, he lay on his bed and cried his eyes out.

"Momma, the U.C.I. cream helped the itching and tingling in my chest, but it's swelling even faster than before!" Tracy moaned in near panic one evening during his beauty ritual. "Look!" he cried, pulling up his nightie for her to see the objects of his concern.

June was astounded to see the mounds on her son's chest. "According to the U.C.I. literature, this wasn't supposed to happen with Levels One or Two products!" she groaned silently. Being ignorant of Casey's tampering with her order, she thought Tracy was on double the Level One program. Even when she doubled the dosage after receiving the huge supply of Level Four merchandise, she assumed the program was raised to Level two, not Level EIGHT, a nonexistent level! Combined with the hormone cream he used nightly, that wasn't supposed to make him grow breasts! "Oh, what have I done!" she fretted. "Having a daughter has been the happiest and

most fulfilling experience of my life, but have I gone too far?"

"It's not just the clothes, Momma. I'm turning into a girl!" Tracy wailed, bringing her out of her daze. "What can we do?"

"I'm not sure," June answered as calmly as possible under the circumstance. "I've never seen anything like this. I'll call a doctor tomorrow."

Filled with anxiety over what was happening to Tracy and anger about what she thought was a misrepresentation of their products, June called U.C.I. the next morning. After allowing her to vent her anger, the spokesperson replied in a courteous voice, "I have your order here, Mrs. Madison, and it clearly states Level Four for all merchandise. Under quantity, you have indicated a three hundred day supply."

"Oh My!" June replied, her anger fading. "What have I done? I thought I had Level One products and I doubled the dosage because there was so much."

"If you administered double the Level Four dosage, we have a serious situation on our hands," the voice cautioned. "I'll schedule an appointment with our doctor in your area."

With little explanation, June told Ward that Tracy appeared to have a glandular problem and that she had scheduled an appointment with a specialist.

"Momma, why did you want me to wear a skirt to the doctor's office?" Tracy asked as the car sped along. "Shouldn't I have worn pants like I wear to school?"

"I thought you would be more at ease in a gynecologist's office if you wore a skirt."

"Gynecologist! Aren't they female doctors?"

"Yes."

"But, I'm not a female"

"I know, but you appear to be growing breasts like a girl. Who would know more about breast growth

than a gynecologist, a female doctor?"

"What's his name?"

"Her name is Dr. Janet Adams."

"A woman doctor?"

"Of course, silly! Going to a male gynecologist would be like taking your car to a mechanic who doesn't own a car."

"Does she know I'm a boy?" he asked in a panic filled voice.

"Look at this logically, sweetheart," June cooed, trying to calm her anxious son. "What would she have said if I told her I was concerned because my teenage daughter was growing breasts?"

"I guess you're right, but all I need is more people knowing about me wearing dresses," he moaned.

When June and Tracy entered the doctor's office, they saw several women, in differing stages of pregnancy, sitting about.

"Momma was right to have me wear a skirt and blouse to this place," Tracy thought as he looked apprehensively about the room.

"Is she pregnant?" one of the women asked, voicing the question on all their minds upon seeing the effeminate Tracy.

"No," June replied coolly while he blushed brightly. She had been on pins and needles since learning of his breast development, and she was making a supreme effort to camouflage her distress. How could she explain to Ward what she had done? For that matter, how could she explain it to Tracy? Would she be sent to jail? Would her children be taken away from her. Would Ward want a divorce?

Soon, a pretty nurse in a short white uniform led the pair to an examination room. She pricked Tracy's finger for a blood sample. After he returned from the bathroom with his urine specimen, she smiled and instructed him to strip his panties and put on a robe for warmth.

"I wonder if she knows I'm a boy," Tracy sighed as he began unbuttoning his soft blouse.

To his relief, the doctor was all business. She not only checked his budding breasts, she had him remove his DiVert so she could examine his testicles! After half an hour of prodding his flesh and asking embarrassing questions, she said, "Get dressed while I talk with your mother."

In her office, the doctor said, "As I suspected, Tracy's body is saturated with Level Four medication far above recommended levels. I have his file from U.C.I., but I need to ask a few questions for the record. As the person who supplied your son with this excessive treatment, you alone are responsible for his condition, right?"

June lowered her head and sighed, "Yes Doctor."

"Let's see if I understand how all this came about. Your husband made Tracy wear dresses to shame him. You had always wanted a daughter, so you took advantage of the situation and started him on the U.C.I. program. Having a daughter was the most joyous experience of your life, and in an effort to keep her, you doubled his medication. That, in itself, wouldn't have been bad except, due to a mistake on the order form, you doubled Level Four treatment instead of Level One. Now, you're afraid of being in trouble with your husband and the authorities, not to mention your son."

"Yes Doctor."

"Don't feel too badly. The desire to have a daughter is a powerful aspiration of many women. You just happened to find yourself in a position to influence fate, and you acted upon your good fortune. Truthfully now, would you rather Tracy remain as your daughter or return to being a boy?"

"Oh Doctor," June sniffed with tears streaking down her cheeks. "These past few months have been the happiest of my life. If wanting a daughter is

wrong, I'm ready to accept my punishment!"

"I'm not here to pass judgment or to mete out punishment, Mrs. Madison. I represent U.C.I., an organization devoted to women like yourself who have been denied a daughter, and I wish to help you in every way possible."

"You mean I can keep Tracy as my daughter?"

"If you are willing to continue the ruse on your husband and son, with my help and some advanced products from U.C.I., it can be done. Are you game?"

"Oh yes!" June squealed happily. "Anything! I'll do anything to avoid losing my daughter!"

"Tracy has an acute hormone disorder that has caused his body to produce estrogen instead of testosterone," June declared to her husband upon returning home. "Those wayward hormones caused him to want to dress and act like a girl. He didn't do it because he's a sissy! You must be more understanding with him."

"I'll try," Ward sighed. "But, what about a cure?"

"He's being treated by an expert in the field, but he has such a severe case. The doctor doesn't hold much hope for a quick cure. In fact, his condition is expected to worsen considerably before the drugs becomes effective."

"What can we do in the meantime? From what you say, his tits. . .uh. . .breasts have gotten so large, they're impossible to hide. If he goes around with his shirt poking out, what will people say?"

"School will be out in a few weeks. Since Tracy likes wearing dresses so much, the doctor suggests he dress as a girl full time for the summer. You have to admit that he makes a very attractive girl in his dresses."

"Where is he now?"

"In his room crying his eyes out for fear of what you'll say when you learn of his condition. He's very ashamed, but most of all, he's afraid you'll make him

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remove his bra and show you his breasts. Please don't humiliate him that way."

"Don't worry! The last thing I want to see is tits growing on my son's chest," Ward sighed.

Once June was assured of having a daughter full time for the summer, she wasted no time in implementing every measure possible to enjoy 'her'. Tracy already had a vanity, so while everyone else was at school or work, she purchased a complete girl's bedroom suite. One morning after everyone left, she had workers remove all his bedroom furniture, repaint his room, and install new carpet. At 3:00, Tracy's new bedroom furniture arrived and by 5:00, the entire room was redone.

When Tracy arrived home from school, he was completely surprised by the new bedroom that greeted him. June stood at the door while he gasped at the changes. "What happened? What did you do to my room?" he screeched.

"Since you're to be a girl for the summer, I thought you'd enjoy having a bedroom to match your new status, dear," June smiled.

"But I don't want this. . .I don't!" he gasped at the room resplendent with femininity. The walls were pink, the carpet was white, and all his old furniture was replaced by a feminine chest of drawers and a four poster bed covered by a pink lace edged comforter. All his trophies, pennants, posters, and footballs from previous victories were gone, and in their place were dolls and stuffed animals. "Mom!! You can't do this to me! I'm a boy. I don't want a girl's bedroom," he whined, near tears.

"You have to spend the summer as a girl because of circumstances beyond our control. To hasten your recovery, your father insists that the doctor's orders be strictly followed."

Once again defeated, Tracy sighed in resignation. The deed was done. A lot of time and expense went

into making his bedroom look the way it did, and he knew his parents wouldn't spend more to return it to its original state! Tracy spent the last day of school with a heavy heart even though he was constantly afraid someone might discover his feminine panties and camisole. His friends had all migrated to Casey since his fall from grace as a sports hero, so he had no reason to hang around after the final bell. Knowing a totally feminine existence awaited him at home, he didn't want to go there either. As he slowly descended the steps, a car horn interrupted his thoughts. Seeing his mother waiting for him, he looked quickly around to see if anyone noticed he was being picked up like a little kid. "Momma, what are you doing here?" he cried.

"Get in, Tracy," she smiled. "We have a full afternoon ahead of us."

"Doing what?" he sighed as he climbed into the car.

"You have an appointment at the hairdressers in half an hour. Your current hairstyle simply won't do if you expect to keep your masculine identity secret for the entire summer."

"Momma, do I have to? Can't you do something about me having to wear dresses all summer?" he moaned.

"What else can you do to hide your breasts? I'm surprised you've gotten away with it this long. Anyway, you won't just be wearing dresses, darling. You must become a girl in looks, actions, and thoughts if you're to avoid discovery."

"But Momma, I can't let my friends see me wearing dresses!"

"What friends? You haven't been hanging around with anyone for months!" she declared while pulling in at the hairdressers. "Anyway, there are lots of things to do that don't involve your schoolmates. You know the doctor wants you to behave like a normal

girl while she works on your hormone deficiency. Now, there's no reason for the girls in the beauty parlor to know you're a boy, so let's spruce you up a bit. First, put on this bra to give you a feminine shape."

Tracy knew trying to resist his mother was futile when she was this determined. Anyway, she was right. He didn't want anyone to know of his shame. While June watched for onlookers, he removed his shirt, camisole, and the ace bandage that strapped his breasts down. After slipping into the bra and adjusting his breasts in the cups, he pulled a low cut pale yellow dress with a long billowing skirt over his head. After removing his jeans, he replaced his sneakers with white slippers.

"Much better dear," June purred as he removed the rubber band that held his long ponytail in place. "Now, leave a couple of buttons open on your skirt to give you a stylish look and to show off your pretty legs."

"If you say so, Momma," Tracy replied with a blush as he fluffed out his hair, combed bangs over his forehead, and applied a light coat of blush, eyeliner, and lipstick. He was quite proficient at this exclusively feminine ritual, and shortly, he was ready.

"From now on, you must always speak in the high, lilting voice you've been practicing," June instructed. "I don't want to hear your boy's voice again."

"I've tried to develop a higher pitch like you wanted, but it's difficult," Tracy moaned.

"I know sweetheart," his mother empathized, "but it's important that you not accidentally return to your deeper voice. That would be an instant giveaway."

"I'll try, Momma," Tracy sighed.

"I have something here that might help," June pulled a pink bottle from her purse. "It's called 'Soprano Speak'. You gargle with it every day, and

it constricts the vocal cords to raise the pitch of your voice. Here, try some now before we go into the beauty parlor.”

Tracy took the bottle from his mother's hands and observed the U.C.I. label. "I've never seen this label before. Where did you get this?" he asked.

"Doctor Adams gave it to me. She's very sympathetic to your problem, and she tries to help whenever possible," June quickly recovered from a potentially disastrous question. The last thing she wanted was for her family to learn of her active role in Tracy's transformation.

Tracy opened the bottle and obediently gargled with a small portion, and after only a few minutes, a perceptible rise in his voice with very little effort on his part could be detected. June was constantly amazed at how little effort was needed to transform her once macho son into a cute daughter. Those U.C.I. products were truly amazing!

Two hours later, June led a subdued son from the beauty parlor. To his alarm, his hair had been shaped and styled to frame his face in a long flowing cascade of curls that reached his shoulders. Highlights had been added to his hair for shine, his long fingernails had been shaped and polished a bright scarlet, and although his makeup was heavier than usual, it was light enough to look completely natural for a girl!

In her wisdom, June had waited until they were in the beauty parlor before she suggested that he have his ears pierced like the 'other' girls. Tracy wanted to argue that the holes would still be in his ears when he returned to life as a boy, but he couldn't without giving himself away. He could only sit passively while the procedure was performed.

"Why did you have my ears pierced Momma?" Tracy asked as he walked to the car with his hair

blowing just enough in the gentle breeze to allow his golden keepers to glisten in the sunlight.

"To protect you silly!" June chided as she drove away. "Most girls have their ears pierced, and anything you do differently makes your identity suspect."

"Was it necessary for the woman to use electrolysis to thin my eyebrows?"

"Of course, darling," June soothed, "Also, we must allow her to remove any beginnings of your beard. That would certainly give you away."

"But if we remove my whiskers with electrolysis, I won't be able to grow a beard next year when I return to being a boy," Tracy whined.

"Posh on next year," June scoffed, "You must think of the here and now. Next year will take care of itself. It would be disastrous for you to suddenly start growing whiskers. It is best to deal with them permanently unless you want to take a chance they may reveal you as a boy this summer."

"If you say so, Momma," Tracy sighed. He just didn't seem to be able to stand up for his manhood anymore.

"Now, I know the perfect dress for you to wear for your debut as a full time girl," June gushed.

To Tracy's relief, Casey and his father weren't home when they arrived. Ward was still at work, and Casey was still celebrating the end of school with his buddies. Those same boys were once Tracy's friends, but since his fall from grace, they shunned him for his brother. Casey had stolen his life, his friends, and his girl!

"Hurry honey!" June urged. "Let's get you properly dressed before the men return."

Having no choice but to comply, Tracy was soon standing before his mother completely naked, having long ago gotten over any embarrassment about being without clothes in her presence. It now seemed per-



Summer girl!!! With a new feminine hairstyle and pierced ears, Tracy is ready for a summer in skirts, lingerie, and makeup.

fectly acceptable to both of them, especially since his genitals had shrunk to almost nonexistence.

"Throw that ace bandage away and slip into a fresh bra and panties," June instructed. "Instead of hiding your lovely feminine assets, you must display them proudly to conceal your masculine identity."

Tracy was dressed in his panties, bra, and garter belt when June handed him a pair of sheer nylons and said, "When a girl has legs as lovely as yours, she should display them to best advantage, and so should you."

Soon, Tracy's legs were sheathed in nylons and his feet encased in three inch heels that formed his calves to equal those of any girl. His bra displayed his breasts, and definite cleavage could be seen between the cups. With his hair, makeup, and lingerie, he appeared to be the perfect girl next door.

"Now for your lovely 'debut' dress," June announced.

Tracy shuddered as his mother held up the dress he was afraid she would choose. He had refused to wear it before, but he knew she would insist today. She had a vision of how she wanted her 'daughter' to look on the first day of summer, and she would not be dissuaded.

Careful not to muss Tracy's new hairdo, June helped him drop a silky pink slip over his head and followed with his dress. She zipped the back and fussed with the shoulders and hem until she was satisfied with the fit. She led him to his mirror to let him observe the results of the afternoon's endeavors.

He was shocked upon viewing his reflection in the mirror. Where was Tracy? The person in the mirror was a girl! The paisley dress fit his figure tightly to his hips, where it flared to end four inches above his nylon clad knees, but what scared him most was the cleavage exposed above the bodice. "Am I really becoming a girl?" he wondered as a shiver ran down

his back.

"Aren't you the loveliest girl, darling?" June purred.

"I'm not a girl, Momma." He protested meekly, but he knew his mother saw the same feminine image.

"Look in the mirror, and deny it," June purred in an effort to get him to accept his blossoming femininity. "See how your complexion has become soft and delicate in a way that goes far beyond makeup, hair-styles, and dresses?"

"Oh Momma," he sighed. "Why do I look so much like a girl?"

"I'm sure you won't when your unfortunate hormone imbalance clears up and you return to pants," June answered deceptively. "In the meantime, I think you should adopt a feminine name to help secure your secret."

"A feminine name?"

"Yes, but we shouldn't change it much. How about Traci Anne?"

"Anne???" he gasped.

"Yes. Traci with an 'T', and Anne with an 'e'," she smiled. "You should also practice writing your new name in feminine script to avoid giving yourself away. Now, let's proudly show the men the new you! I'm sure they'll be sympathetic when they understand that you were meant to be a girl and wear dresses."

"But this is temporary, Momma!"

"Don't get all stressed out sweetheart. I'm sure the doctor will find a way to reverse your illness."

Ward was watching television and sipping a beer when the pair walked into the family room. Upon seeing his 'former' son, he spilled half the glass on his lap.

"Welcome your daughter for summer!" June announced in a tone that even Ward had learned not to

buck. "You two have had problems in the past, but no more! As a show of support, until his hormone condition is cured, you will address him as Traci Anne and treat him as our loving daughter! Casey will do the same."

"Well? Okay, Traci Anne it is," Ward stammered. His eyes were as large as saucers at the sight of his once masculine son now dressed and appearing like a teenage heart throb. "How could a simple punishment for lying result in the complete loss of my son?" he wondered while trying to wipe up the mess he had made.

"Also, you must always refer to Traci Anne with feminine pronouns such as 'she' and 'her'. We wouldn't want to make a mistake in mixed company, would we?" June insisted.

"Okay, dear," Ward sighed. "If you say so."

"Since Casey won't be home for a while, why don't we three celebrate Traci Anne's emergence by going to a nice restaurant for dinner," June suggested.

"Momma! I can't go out looking like this!" Tracy squealed.

"Honey, I don't think that's a good idea," Ward agreed with his son for the first time in ages.

"Traci Anne is our daughter until her condition is reversed, and we must not be ashamed to be seen with her!" June chastised her husband. "No one will know she's a boy unless we give her away! She must grow accustomed to being seen and referred to as a girl, and we must be proud to be seen with her."

"Why are you referring to him as a girl here at home?" Ward muttered.

"Traci Anne is our daughter until the doctor can cure her hormone problem. As long as she has to dress and act like a girl, it's only right that we refer to her in the feminine gender even at home. That way, we won't make a mistake and give her away in public," June explained.

"Yes, dear," Ward moaned, sitting his drink down and leaving to change his soaked clothes. He shook his head as he passed Tracy and watched his skirt sway about his shapely thighs.

"Momma, I don't want to be called by a girl's name!" Tracy groaned after his father left the room.

"Think, Traci Anne," June sighed. "Do you want to take a chance that one of us might slip up and refer to you as 'he' or 'him' when you are wearing a pretty dress in the presence of others?"

"No, I guess not," Tracy moaned, "But it will be humiliating to be referred to as a girl, especially by Casey."

Within the hour, Tracy and his parents arrived at a posh, upscale restaurant. During the ride, he sat in the back wringing his hands over being exposed in public while wearing a dress. "What if I run into some of my schoolmates? Word would spread like wildfire, and I would never be able to show my face again!"

Tracy delicately stepped from the car as the valet held the door, but despite his efforts, his skirt rode up and revealed a liberal expanse of lace edged slip and the dark tops of his nylons. Seeing the boy lustfully eyeing his exposed legs, he blushed brightly and quickly adjusted his wayward skirt. "Do boys think my legs are sexy?" he wondered. "Could those hormones change me that much?"

June had seen the interaction between the two, and she beamed, "With continued treatments and the doctor's help, I'll soon have the daughter I've always wanted. . . permanently!"

Ward caught the exchange too, but his face showed only displeasure. "Where has my son gone?" he scowled.

After being shown to their table, Tracy, like his mother, delicately brushed his skirt beneath him as he sat. When he saw his father plop down, he

frowned and reflected, "I remember when I could sit like that. Will I ever be allowed to wear pants and sit that way again?"

Ward ordered for the three of them, being the only apparent man at the table. Per his wife's instructions, he ordered a salad with fat free dressing, lean chicken, and unsweetened tea for her and Tracy. When Tracy complained, she explained with a smile, "We girls must watch our weight and maintain a neat figure. Do you want to go back into that uncomfortable waist cinch?"

"No Momma," he answered with a blush, knowing his father was watching his meek feminine concession.

After that, the family ate in silence, interrupted only when a teenage boy walked by. "Isn't that young man handsome?" June asked, seeing Tracy observe the boy from under his mascara laden lashes.

"I guess so, Momma," Tracy replied as a blush returned to his cheeks. Being ignorant of the feminine hormones his mother was providing, he didn't understand why he found a boy attractive.

Ward glared at June, then at Tracy over this exchange, but he held his peace.

After dinner, June rose and asked Tracy to accompany her to the ladies room. "I can't go in there, Momma," he sighed softly to prevent others from hearing.

"But you must, dear. Where else can you go in that pretty dress? The men's room? Don't be absurd. Now, gather your skirts and follow me like a good girl. You have enough experience as a girl to know you should always freshen your makeup and replace your lipstick after eating, and don't forget your purse."

Seeing his femininely dressed son obediently get up and follow June to the ladies room, Ward scowled, "This dressing as a girl has gotten completely out of

hand! It was supposed to have been a punishment to fit the crime. How did it blossom into Tracy living full time as a girl? Now, he's on his way to the ladies room to repair his makeup as if that sort of thing is completely normal for a boy!"

Tracy glanced anxiously about as he walked behind his mother. He was sure people would be laughing at seeing a boy in a dress, but no one paid him any mind, except for a couple of teenage boys who leered like dogs in heat. Despite himself, he smiled contentedly at their attention.

After performing his duties, Tracy went over to a large vanity mirror to 'repair' his makeup. Obediently, he freshened his lipstick, added powder to his face, and rubbed moisturizing lotion on his hands to keep them soft and smooth. As he followed his mother back to the table, she voiced her approval of his performance by saying, "As a girl, you must always look fresh and neat. You never know who you might meet."

June pronounced the affair a complete success when they arrived home from Tracy's first 'real' exposure in a dress. "Everyone obviously took you for the lovely girl you appear to be, Traci Anne. In the future, we won't hesitate to take you with us wherever we go, and you should look for opportunities to go out alone as well. In fact, I think you should develop friends who know you only as a girl. You will enjoy your girlhood more if you have friends to share it with."

Looking down at his nylon covered legs and high heels, Tracy shyly nodded his acceptance of her evaluation of the evening and her instructions to spend more time away from the house in dresses. "I'll try Momma," he muttered.

"I'm sure Jill has some girlfriends she could introduce you to. She's been very nice to you since learning of your hormone condition, and she's promised

not to give away your secret.”

“Oh no, mother!” Tracy panicked, “I can’t start hanging around Jill as a girl. I was her boyfriend not long ago, and I can’t stand hearing about her dates with Casey.”

“Traci Anne dear, you must accept that Jill is Casey’s girl, that your relationship with her is in the past, and should be forgotten. For now, you need girlfriends, and Jill is the perfect person to provide them. I’ll ask her tomorrow.”

Tracy knew his mother had made her mind up, and further argument was useless. He sighed and went to his room.

Three weeks later, Tracy dabbed on a final touch of lipstick before leaving for a shopping trip with Jill and two of her friends, Marci and Debbi. He had never met either of them until two weeks earlier, and Jill assured him that neither knew of his impersonation.

A car honked out front and Tracy stopped briefly before a full length mirror to check his appearance one last time. Over the past months, he had learned everything imaginable about makeup and appearing natural in girl’s clothes. He had even perfected his voice of a teenage girl. Deciding his freshly painted nails and feminine hairstyle were perfect, he made his exit. His lingerie felt soft and silky as he descended the stairs in his tight black skirt and two inch heels.

“Hurry, Traci Anne,” June called from the kitchen. “Your girlfriends are waiting. Have a good time and don’t be late.”

“Yes, Momma,” he smiled. With each passing day, his feminine appearance was becoming more ingrained. If not for seeing Casey every day, he probably would have forgotten how he looked as a boy. As if he were one of them, he ran out the door and down

the steps to the car full of giggling girls.

June proudly watched from the kitchen window as he opened the back door and delicately entered the car without revealing anything beneath his short skirt. He blended in so well with the other girls as he became more like them in appearance and actions. "Soon Traci Anne will forget how to act like a boy, and I'll have my daughter forever!" she sighed.

The four girls chattered and giggled about boys all the way to the mall. Telling them about her date the night before, Marci described the boy's fumbling efforts to 'make out', but she had successfully fended him off. "All boys want is to feel you up and get into your panties," she giggled.

"Is that all bad?" Debbi tittered.

"No, but they shouldn't be in such a hurry," Marci snickered. "If they would slow down and be a bit more gentle, I could help them a lot."

As EACH chimed in with her own story, Jill told about a former boyfriend. "He was a jock, but he was also kind of a sissy too. Anyway, he didn't have a clue how to make a girl happy," she said, slyly grinning at Tracy.

"A jock and a sissy?" Debbi asked. "How could that be?"

"Oh, you just had to know him. He would feel up my breasts and legs, but he never tried to take off my panties like Casey does. For all I know, he was wearing panties himself."

"I doubt that, if he was a jock!" Tracy countered with a bright blush, knowing full well she was talking about him.

"All I know is, Casey had me in the back seat with my skirt at my waist and my panties off on our second date," Jill sighed with a wink at Tracy. "He said they weren't as pretty as the ones his sister wore, but he kept them for a souvenir anyway."

"So that's where those plain white panties in

Casey's drawer came from," Tracy pondered while taking short rapid steps in his tight skirt and heels to keep up with the others in their cutoffs and sneakers. "I knew they weren't mine or Momma's. Did he really have Jill's panties off on their second date? I went with her for over a year and never got that far! Was that because I've always been an inherent sissy who was destined to wear dresses? What about my accomplishments as an athlete? Still, why don't these girls make my blood boil like they did before I started dressing like them? Oh, there's so many questions and so few answers!"

"Where is this boy, and why haven't you introduced him to us?" Debbi asked. "You always keep the good looking ones to yourself. Anyway, sissy or not, I'll bet I could teach him to please me, even if I had to make him wear my panties to do it!"

"Wouldn't that be a hoot!" Marci exclaimed. "Making your boyfriend wear your panties under his jeans!!!"

"It sure would!" Jill agreed, smiling at Tracy. "Oh well, I haven't seen him in ages."

Tracy blushed at Jill's story. How could she speak of him like that? She knew having to wear dresses wasn't his fault! Did making him uncomfortable give her some kind of thrill?

When they entered a lingerie store to examine the latest in intimate fashions, Jill selected a sexy red Teddy and held it up to herself. Looking at Tracy and the others, she squealed, "My stud Casey will go crazy when he sees me in this! I just love it when he gets excited and ravages my body."

Tracy blushed as he heard this wanton display of lust for his brother from his former girlfriend. His heart dropped to his stomach with the realization that he had lost her for good. She never would have acted like this in front of another boy, even one in a dress. Obviously, she now thought of him as simply



While Tracy scrambles to pull his wayward skirt over his exposed panties, the young man 'accidentally' caresses his nylon covered thigh.

another girl to whom she could open up and share feminine secrets.

When they went to a jewelry store, Jill suggested that Tracy get his ears pierced again. "Most girls, including the three of us, have two sets of holes," she encouraged while pulling her long blonde tresses back for him to see.

Tracy was trapped! He thought the expense was a waste of money, but he was unable to come up with a valid excuse. After finally agreeing to have the procedure done, he left the store with a set of gold keepers above the hoops he had worn from home.

As the feminine quartet turned a corner in the mall, a young man in his early twenties ran straight into Tracy, knocking him down. He wasn't hurt, but he scrambled about in a state of panic trying to pull his short skirt over his panties and the dark tops of his nylons.

"I'm so sorry Miss!" he apologized while attempting to help the frantic Tracy to his feet.

Tracy was embarrassed beyond words, especially when the guy 'accidentally' caressed his nylon encased thigh as he helped him to his feet. Not wanting to create a scene in front of the girls who didn't know he was a boy, he kept silent.

The girls also saw the 'accident', but didn't say anything until the man was out of earshot. "Don't you just hate it when they feel you up like that, Traci Anne?" Jill fumed. Then, with a teasing smile, she added, "Can't say I blame him though. With that short skirt and sheer nylons, your legs are a lot sexier than ours. You should be a cheerleader."

Tracy blushed at her compliment, but this wasn't the first time someone had commented on his sexy legs. They were muscular when he played football, but lack of exercise, potent hormones, and nightly application of creams and lotions had taken their toll. Yes, his legs were very sexy and feminine.

From there, the quartet went into a clothing boutique that was having a gigantic sale. The sales floor was very crowded with young girls looking for bargain priced chic outfits, and while Tracy stood aside, the others jumped into the action. A few minutes later, Jill bounced over with a cute party dress and squealed, "Try this on while I look for more goodies!"

However, when Tracy reached the dressing rooms in the rear of the store, he found them all occupied. Looking around the dressing lobby, he saw a bevy of girls in all stages of undress trying on clothes! None were without panties, but several had removed their bras. They apparently believed all present were female and were completely oblivious to the masses around them.

"Why aren't you trying on that dress like I told you?" Jill asked upon joining him.

"The dressing rooms are full, and I can't undress here like those girls. They would find out about me."

"They won't unless you act like a prude," Jill hissed. "There's no one here but us girls. Now get out of those clothes, or I'll tell them myself!"

After reluctantly removing his skirt and blouse, Tracy joined the scantily clad girls in only his bra, panties, garter belt, and nylons. As with the others, no one paid attention when he pulled the dress over his head and adjusted it about his body. Observing that the dress was too taut across his large bosom, Jill helped him remove it. Leaving him in his scanties, she set out to find another.

Just as Tracy was about to replace his skirt and blouse out of modesty, Marci rushed over to him saying, "This thing is so tight, I need help getting it fastened."

To his surprise, he saw that she was trying to fasten a tight bustier about her torso, and having no hint of his real gender, she showed no modesty. The top was completely open, leaving her firm naked

breasts on display to his staring eyes, and she was expecting him to help close this confining feminine garment! Afraid to refuse lest he give away his secret, he shyly began fumbling with the hooks. As he had her alternately inhale and exhale, his hands inadvertently touched her pert breasts several times, but she paid this no mind. His greatest surprise was that he didn't experience a reaction in his own panties from viewing and touching this pretty girl's breasts. Finally, the busk was closed.

After all that effort, Tracy expected Marci to be happy, but she scowled, "Oh pooh! Even after being crushed into this torture garment, my boobs still aren't nearly as large as yours!"

Tracy looked down at his amply filled bra and realized that she was right. His breasts were larger than hers, and she was a real girl! How could that have happened? At least he knew why she didn't suspect he was a boy!

When the group left the boutique, Jill whispered in Tracy's ear, "I'll bet you got a better show in here than you did in the girl's locker room!" With the other girls present, he could only blush in response.

On the way home, Marci was still steaming because her breasts weren't as large as Tracy's. "It's not fair that your boobs are so much larger than ours!" she exclaimed.

"Face the facts, girls!" Jill exclaimed. "Even with political correctness and affirmative action, that's life!"

"What do you mean?" Marci queried.

"Oh, just something I heard. A male supervisor had to promote one of his female assistants. After he dutifully reviewed their resumes, performance charts, and attendance records, which do you suppose got the job?"

"The most qualified!" Debbi stated.

"The one who had been employed there the long-

est!" Marci countered.

"No!" Jill laughed. "The one with the big tits!"

While the real girls howled, Tracy blushed brightly.

Tracy and the girls spent the entire day at the mall. When Jill dropped him off late in the afternoon, his arms were loaded with all sorts of feminine finery. June warmly greeted him at the door saying, "I see your shopping trip went wonderfully, dear. I can't wait to see all the goodies you bought. I'm sure you'll look lovely in them."

As they unpacked his purchases, Tracy moaned, "Momma, I had to undress to my panties and bra in front of a bunch of half naked girls and not one of them questioned my gender. Jill and the other girls even act like I'm one of them, but they seem jealous because my breasts are larger than theirs. Have I changed that much?"

"Traci Anne, for all practical purposes, you are a girl," June soothed, planting seeds for thought. The last thing she wanted was for him to suspect that she had caused the drastic changes in his mind and body. "In fact, it's entirely possible that your body has chosen to be female. After a lot of thought, I think you were meant to be a girl all along, and Mother Nature is merely correcting a grievous error. Your large breasts are merely proof."

"But I don't want to be a girl! I was happy as a boy. I had lots of friends and I was good at sports. Now, I have very few friends, and I can't participate in athletics. Daddy doesn't even like for me to read the sports section or watch games on television while I'm wearing dresses. Oh Momma, I really want to return to being a boy."

"I'm afraid that's out of our hands," June consoled. "You simply must learn to cope with being a girl until your hormone problem can be reversed. In the meantime, look at the bright side. Being a girl can be a lot

of fun if you'll give it a chance."

With a sigh, Tracy nodded in agreement. After all, it was better to pass as a girl than be known as a sissy.

An hour later, June stopped by Tracy's room to see his new purchases. She found him standing before his full length mirror holding his skirt and slip at his waist to reveal his panties and the dark tops of his nylons. Seeing him admiring his smooth hairless legs, she inquired, "What's up sweetheart?"

"Do you think I have pretty legs Momma?" he asked in a curious tone. "For a girl, I mean."

"Of course, sweetie. Those gorgeous legs would make any cheerleader proud! Why do you ask?"

"There was a guy at the mall who admired my legs and ran his hand over them when he thought no one was looking. Jill said she didn't blame him because I had the prettiest legs in the group."

"You have lovely legs dear. Like it or not, pretty girls sometimes have to endure slight indiscretions from men and boys. I guess I should have told you about that, but since you've were once a boy, I assumed you knew things like that were expected. I'm sorry for my negligence."

"I never did anything like that or the other things girls say boys do when no one is looking. I guess that's why I'm such a sissy now. I'll sure be glad when my hormone problem is reversed once and for all!"

June took him in her arms for a compassionate motherly embrace and asked, "How did you feel when this young man caressed your thighs? Come on, you can be honest with your mother."

"I don't know Momma," he sniffed as he lay his head on her shoulder. "In a way, I was kind of pleased that he found me attractive. In another, I was repulsed to be felt up that way. After all, I'm a boy too!"

June was glad they were facing opposite directions because she couldn't suppress a satisfied smile. Her efforts were paying dividends at last. Despite Tracy's expressed wishes to the contrary, he was experiencing feminine emotions!

"If I have to go on this silly picnic, can't I please wear shorts?" Tracy begged.

Having a daughter and coddling 'her' in pretty dresses and skirts had been the happiest time of June's life. She wasn't about to allow him to wear trousers of any kind, not even pink girl's shorts over soft lacy nylon panties! "Traci Anne, you know your father disapproves of you wearing slacks or shorts," she asserted, distorting her husband's views concerning his manner of dress. "Come to think of it, your short denim skirt would be perfect for our outing. There's not a lot of difference between shorts and a miniskirt except having to be more careful when you sit or bend."

"But Momma," he protested. "I would be embarrassed! That skirt is far too short to wear in public!"

"Then take it up with your father! I'm tired of listening to your complaints about his rules when I'm only trying to help," she growled with feigned anger, knowing he wouldn't dare confront her husband.

Lowering his lashes, Tracy looked at his polished red nails and smooth hairless thighs below his skirt and sighed, "I'm sorry Momma. I know it isn't your fault that I have to wear dresses. I don't think I could survive my feminine ordeal without your help. I don't mean to take my frustrations out on you, but I can't reason with Daddy." Giving her a hug, he added, "Which blouse should I wear with that skirt?"

"I've missed out on so much by not having a daughter until now," June smiled, returning his embrace. Feeling his growing breasts against her own, she purred, "Let's take a look. Half the fun is planning what to wear."

U.C.I. had done it's job well. A year ago, Tracy would have violently protested any order that he wear a skirt, much less a short one that barely covered his panties. As for panties, he wouldn't have worn them either! But, after having to dress and act like a girl for so long, and with his body under the influence of the potent hormones, he submissively accepted his fate and melted into his mother's arms.

Tracy had obviously been up for a while when June found him in the kitchen making sandwiches. He was wearing a sleeveless red blouse and red girl's sneakers, along with the controversial denim miniskirt. His light makeup was expertly applied, his dark brown hair was brushed about his shoulders, while gold hoops and diamond studs decorated his double pierced ears. "Good morning Momma," he beamed with a pleasant smile that revealed pearly white teeth between bright red lips.

"Good morning Traci Anne. My, don't you look nice!" she bubbled, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "Boy, those mother daughter talks sure are powerful! We'll have them more often in the future! That skirt is shorter than I remembered, but I can't give in now. He'll just have to be very careful to keep his panties hidden. I hope Ward doesn't declare it too short and make him change because absolutely no one will suspect he's a boy in that cute outfit."

Ward did frown and shake his head in disgust when he saw how feminine Tracy appeared in his miniskirt with his protruding bosom, makeup, and long hair cascading about his shoulders. He wanted to shout a loud protest and order Tracy to change into something more appropriate for a boy, but he kept silent upon seeing him happily preparing a delicious picnic lunch.

Just then, Casey entered the kitchen with Jill in tow. She was wearing white shorts and a sexy bright yellow crop top that bared her midriff.



Hot chick!!! Finding Tracy dutifully packing lunch, Jill schemes to make him look 'hot'.

"At least, she gets to wear shorts like Momma," Tracy moaned in self pity. "I'm not even a girl, and I'm the only one in a skirt!"

When the food, drinks, and other supplies were packed and ready to be loaded into the car, Jill took Tracy by the hand and said, "You look nice, but you can't go on a picnic looking like that! Let's go to your room, and I'll fix you up a bit."

"What's wrong with his look?" June demanded in an annoyed tone.

"No offense, Mrs. Madison, but it's hopelessly outdated," Jill stated in a matter of fact tone. "Come on, Traci Anne, we'll only be a minute."

"You two had better hurry!" Ward boomed as Jill pulled Tracy away. "We're almost ready to go."

No sooner were the two inside Tracy's room when Jill yanked Tracy's blouse from his skirt.

"What are you doing?" he squealed, pulling away.

"Hold still!" she scolded. "I want to try something." As he stood with a dumbfounded expression, she unfastened the lower buttons of his blouse, pulled it up all the way around, and tied the loose ends into a knot. In a flash, she had bared his midriff like her own.

"I don't know about this Jill! It's so. . .," he stammered as he viewed his reflection in the mirror.

"Don't be a prude, girl!" Jill rebuked. "I'm trying to make you look good, and we don't have much time. Hurry! Add some eyeliner and darken your lipstick." That done, she pulled a ringlet of hair from his temple and twisted it around his curling iron. After a mist of hair spray, an attractive ringlet dangled on either side of his face, giving him a stylish feminine appearance. "You look hot!" she complimented as she looked over her handiwork. "Just stop tugging at your skirt, silly. It's supposed to be short!"

"I do look good. . .for a girl, that is," Tracy thought

as he looked at his reflection in the mirror.

Before he could comment or object, Casey was at the door. "Dad says for you two to come on. All the good spots may already be taken."

Jill opened the door and asked, "Don't you agree that Traci Anne looks hot, Casey?"

Even with his knowledge of Tracy's intense hormone therapy, Casey couldn't believe his eyes! Like Jill said, the only word for his brother's feminine 'look' was hot!

Just as Ward suspected when their departure was delayed, all the prime picnic spaces near the lake were taken by the time they arrived. "I knew this would happen!" he spat angrily. "If you girls hadn't taken half the morning with your makeup, we could have gotten an area with a nice view of the lake."

"There's a nice spot across that small stream," June observed in an effort to instill peace. "You and Casey will only have to make a couple of trips to get the food over there."

When Casey reached the stream with a cooler of drinks, he bounced easily across on the exposed rocks despite his load. Seeing his son's agile move, Ward followed suit with a basket of food.

"I don't think we can balance ourselves on those slippery rocks," June chastised her husband and son while indicating herself, Jill, and Tracy.

"I'm sorry dear," Ward replied as he and Casey put down their loads and bounded back across the stream. Ward helped June across while Casey assisted Jill. When the group was safely on the other side, they looked back and saw Tracy standing by like a damsel in distress. A year ago, he would have skipped across with his father and Casey, but now he stood by meekly awaiting assistance like the 'other' girls.

Seeing his brother standing hesitantly by in his short skirt, Casey leapt out onto the rocks, held out

his hand and said, "Come on. I won't let you fall." As he took Tracy's hand, he thought, "Wow! His hands are softer than Jill's! Those creams and lotions Mom ordered sure did the trick."

They were nearly over the stream when Tracy slipped on one of the rocks. Casey saved him from falling into the water, but not before Tracy's right breast popped out of his low cut bra. Casey got a good look at the exposed flesh because his embarrassed brother couldn't replace it and adjust his blouse until he was safely on solid ground. While Tracy secured his modesty, Casey thought. "Wow! Those pills really work!"

The family selected a scenic spot under a grove of large trees that overlooked the lake. Ward and Casey carried the rest of the supplies from the car while the girls placed the food, drinks, and utensils on the tablecloth. Then the men went for a stroll.

After brushing his short skirt beneath him and kneeling with his knees tightly together to prevent displaying his red nylon panties, Tracy spread the food about. Looking wistfully toward the lake, he saw Casey and his father ambling along the shore, stopping occasionally to skip a stone across the calm water. Knowing they were discussing the upcoming football season, he commiserated, "I used to talk to them about sports, but now, I have to stay here and do the women's work."

Casey just returned from pre-season football practice and he excitedly announced, "I was named starting quarterback!"

"That's great, Sport!" Ward exclaimed, beaming with pride. "What formation will you be running?"

"We're running the 'I' with a triple option, so I'll be running the ball as well as throwing it!" Casey exclaimed.

"That's very nice, dear," June acknowledged. "But at the moment, we have a more pressing family



*Oops!!! When Tracy slips on the rocks,
a prominent breast pops out,
giving Casey an eye full.*

problem.”

“Sure Mom, what’s shaking?” Casey asked as he looked at his effeminate brother who was sitting on the love seat with his legs curled beneath him. His short red pleated skirt was daintily spread across his thighs, properly concealing the dark tops of his nylons and the lacy hem of his slip. He had just polished his nails an iridescent red and he held his wrists loosely to avoid smearing the polish while it dried.

“Traci Anne,” his mother began. “Since your hormone deficiency hasn’t cleared up as we had hoped, your father and I have made alternate plans for your education this fall. You look, think, feel, and act like a girl, and you know how you look under your clothes. That won’t change by simply putting on a pair of pants. With that in mind, we have decided to send you to Sarah Collins High School for the coming year.” Actually, she was the one who had decided for him to attend her Alma Mater. In light of his feminine contours, she had coerced her husband to go along.

“Sarah Collins???” Tracy gasped. “That’s a girl’s school! I can’t go to a girl’s school. I’m a guy, for goodness sake!”

“That may be true, but you no longer look like a boy. On the plus side, Sarah Collins is one of the most respected finishing schools in the country, and I’m sure you’ll get along with the girls famously. The headmistress and I attended school together, and in view of your condition, she was kind enough to accept you as a student.”

Ward sat silently with his eyes lowered, neglecting to come to Tracy’s aid. June had decided this was best course of action for their son, and she had warned him not to interfere. “Oh well,” he thought. “Casey is starting at quarterback. I guess one athletic son will have to suffice.”

Casey, on the other hand, was overjoyed at the

news. "This is perfect!" he thought excitedly. "Neither Tracy nor Dad know about the drugs Mom and that crazy doctor are giving him. Now, Traci Anne will be away at a girl's school learning to be a lady in pretty dresses and soft lingerie while his mind and body become more feminine. Even better, Tracy won't be around to get back into Dad's good graces or interfere with my life!"

"Please don't make me go to a girl's finishing school," Tracy begged as tears began streaming down his cheeks. "Haven't I been through enough already?"

"Face the facts, Traci Anne," his mother counseled. "Your condition is much worse than originally thought. If a cure is possible, it will be a long time coming. You have been under a doctor's care all summer and your breasts are much larger than when your treatment began. How would you hide them? Ace bandages won't do the job like last spring."

"But Momma, if I go to a girl's school, I'll have to wear dresses for a whole year!"

"Well, if you return to Norwood High in your present condition, you couldn't hide your breasts. You would look like a sissy no matter what you wore. Your father and I have given your situation a lot of thought, and we think your interests would be best served at a school where you can present yourself as a girl. Since you spent the summer without being recognized, we decided to enroll you as a junior at Sarah Collins where you will be known only as a girl."

"Junior? But, Momma, I'm a senior!"

"You may be a senior as a boy at Norwood, but you'll be behind the girls at Sarah Collins in the basic feminine skills most of them already know," June explained. "As a junior, you'll be accorded more tolerance for ignorance and mistakes, just like real girls who have been tomboys. That way, you can learn to be a lady along with them."

"Aw, Momma! Every time I turn around, people are forcing me to be more feminine and making me do things I don't want. Of all people, I thought you were on my side."

June suppressed a slight smile at his words. She didn't know of Casey's tampering with the U.C.I. order in the beginning, so she considered herself the sole instigator of his troubles. "I am on your side, darling," she purred. "If you go to Sarah Collins as a junior, you'll have all next summer to become a boy again. Who knows, you might even earn the starting quarterback position at Norwood again when you return for your senior year."

A spark appeared in Tracy's eyes and his bright red lips formed a smile for the first time. "Yeah, that might work," he enthused as a glimmer of hope covered his delicate features.

"Stand still Traci Anne! I have to straighten your hair ribbon," June impatiently chastised her femininely dressed son. "Your ride is waiting, and you still aren't ready!"

Tracy stood before his mother as she patiently tied his hair with a pink bow. He had secured his long auburn tresses with a scrunchy, but she thought a bow was more appropriate for his cute outfit in view of the occasion. "Why do I have to wear this sissy uniform for the ride to that awful finishing school, Momma?" Tracy asked near tears. "This skirt is so short, it barely covers my panties."

"Stop complaining Traci Anne!" she reprimanded. "This is a lovely uniform, and the skirt isn't all that short. Far be it for a lady like Sarah Collins to dress her students in an indecent uniform! It falls to mid thigh, and you have worn lots of shorter skirts over the summer. Anyway, you should be happy that your school uniform shows off your lovely legs to best advantage. Also, it will remind you to bend from your knees instead of your waist like a boy. You should

know! You've been embarrassed often enough for doing it wrong. Now, don't you agree that this cute bow goes wonderfully with your pink skirt?"

Tracy considered his mother's words as he felt his short skirt sway about his nylon covered thighs while he fidgeted on the two inch heels of his matching slippers. Despite his ordeal over the past months, he was thoroughly humiliated to be wearing such a girlish uniform for the ride to his new school. With knowledge that he would also be wearing the four similar uniforms that were safely packed away in his trunks, tears filled his eyes. He didn't know which of the short pleated skirts was worse, the navy blue, the pristine white, the Scottish plaid, the charcoal gray, or the current pale pink! There were two skirts in each color, and all were to be worn with a diaphanous white blouse and a pink blazer with the school crest on the breast pocket.

When June finished with the bow, she walked around her distraught son to inspect the finished product. Seeing his 'look' she cautioned, "Just a minute, Traci Anne. I have the perfect jewelry to go with your lovely outfit."

While Tracy stood before his mirrored vanity, a blush rose to his cheeks as he observed the satin straps of his bra and slip revealed beneath his diaphanous blouse. "How could I have become such a total sissy?" he wondered dejectedly. "A year ago, I was the best athlete in school, now look at me!"

June returned with his jewelry and with a sweet smile, she gently inserted a pair of studs into the bottom holes of his double pierced ears. After fastening a necklace into place, she turned him toward the mirror.

As he stared at the pink hearts in each of his ears and matching necklace about his throat, she sighed lovingly, "This was my favorite jewelry when I attended Sarah Collins, and I just know you'll come to

love them as much."

"Yes Momma," he sighed, knowing the jewelry was the perfect touch to his ultra feminine traveling ensemble. With knowledge that his image was the epitome of femininity, he prayed no one at his new school would guess he was a boy under his feminine guise. He considered the humiliation he would experience if his real gender was discovered and he couldn't resist a meek protest. Summing all his courage, he whimpered, "But Momma, I'll bet the other girls won't wear their uniforms for the ride to school."

"Maybe not," she cooed, realizing he had said 'other' girls. "If you like, you can change into one of your casual skirts or dresses when you arrive on campus and check into your room." Directing his attention elsewhere, she called out, "Casey, come here, son!"

A few seconds later, Casey arrived and answered, "Yeah, Mom?" While taking in Tracy's feminine attire, a smile of triumph crossed his lips as he watched his mother gently brush his brother's bangs in place across his forehead.

"Please carry Traci Anne's luggage down to the van," she requested.

"Aw Mom, Jill and I were going to the movies!" he protested.

"Not until after your sister leaves for her new school, you aren't! That would be disrespectful. Now, be a gentleman, and carry her bags down to the van this minute! You know she's much too dainty and fragile to handle such heavy cases."

Tears filled Tracy's eyes at his mother's intimation that he was too weak to carry his own luggage. She was acting as if he was really a girl, and she expected Casey to treat him as such. "Why is Momma treating me this way?" he wondered. "After all, when I graduate from this crazy Sarah Collins

Finishing School, I'll return as her son!"

"Hurry Casey, the van will be leaving soon!"

"Why does she need so much stuff?" Casey gasped, seeing the vast array of luggage.

"Girls need more clothes than boys," June explained as if she was stating the obvious. "There's her makeup, curling irons, hair dryers, and countless other things. Now hurry, or I'll call your father!"

Hearing that, Casey got busy with the thought, "Oh well, I helped get my snooty brother into this. I might as well load his frillies and send him away to his sissy school!"

Watching Casey pick up two of the heavy suitcases, Tracy grimaced. What his mother said was true. He couldn't lift even one of them now. As his feminine contours developed, his strength had disappeared. Seeing a gleam of triumph in Casey's eyes and a smirk on his lips as he started for the door, Tracy wanted to scream that he had been framed into his enforced feminine lifestyle, but with the current state of affairs, he knew he couldn't say anything that would change his fate.

As June busily rummaged around Tracy's room to assure that they hadn't forgotten anything, she advised, "Check your makeup while I get your book bag, Traci Anne."

Obediently, Tracy did as instructed, noticing that his tears had left a faint streak down his cheeks and his pink lipstick was slightly mused. Reaching into his purse, he withdrew his compact, expertly repaired the damage, and replenished the color on his pouting lips.

When Casey returned to remove the last suitcase, he saw Tracy alone and sneered, "My, how the tables have turned, sweet brother of mine. Look at my lovely twin now! Aren't you totally gorgeous?"

Tracy was thoroughly humiliated by Casey's comments, and he cried, "Why did you do this to me?"

"Me? I didn't do anything. You did it to yourself. I merely provided the opportunity for you to trip over your own virtue."

"But why?" Tracy sniveled.

"Why not??" Casey answered. "You were the apple of Dad's eye who could do no wrong, but since you began dressing as a girl, he sees me as his only son. Also, you were the popular super stud athlete at school and you had the prettiest cheerleader for your girlfriend. With your conversion to a girl, I'm the sports hero, and I'm with your old flame! Like I said, why not set you up so Dad would make you wear dresses and keep you in them? Okay, we both know I was initially responsible for your troubles, but you can't blame your hormone deficiency on me."

"Maybe not, but I believe my hormones would have remained normal if I hadn't had to wear girl's clothes. I'll return to being a boy when I get out of school next spring and we'll settle this!" Tracy sniffled while nervously toying with the folds of his short pleated skirt.

"If you say so, TRACI ANNE!" Casey taunted.

Before Tracy could respond, June returned and Casey made a hasty exit with the suitcase.

"Here we are, dear," she said, holding up the pink knapsack Tracy would be using to carry his books to class. "Now, hurry. Grab your purse, and let's go. The van is waiting."

As Tracy followed his mother to the door, the enormity of what was happening hit him full in the face. "Oh Momma, I can't pass as a girl for a whole school year!" he whined.

"Come over here this instant, Traci Anne!" she ordered firmly. She wasn't about to lose her hard earned daughter at the last moment. "Look in this mirror, and tell me what you see!"

From past experience, Tracy knew what he would see. His legs felt like rubber as he viewed his reflec-

tion. The image he saw was that of a feminine person, a girl! Even the large provocative mounds that filled his bra and tented out his blouse were real!

"Remember the lessons you've learned this summer, and keep in mind that you are now a girl. Your school records and birth certificate have been changed to prove it. Behave as a lady at all times, and obey the headmistress. She is the only person who knows your true gender, and she will help you through any rough spots that might arise."

"Okay Momma, I'll try," Tracy muttered shyly, knowing she was right.

"Oh, you'll make me proud, I just know it!" she purred while lovingly caressing his smooth cheeks. "I've always wanted a daughter, and now I truly have one."

Tracy wondered what she meant by that statement, but before he could voice a question, she gently nudged him toward the door. A shiver raced down his back. "This will be the last time I'll see these familiar surroundings until I return for Christmas vacation," he thought dejectedly as he followed his mother down the stairs with his now familiar skirt swirling about his thighs.

His knees were trembling as he approached the van with his feminine luggage loaded in the back. He noticed his father watering the lawn and Casey standing off to the side holding Jill's hand. Filled with embarrassment, he lowered his eyes and walked past his brother and former girlfriend.

He even refused to look up when Jill said, "You look lovely, Traci Anne, but you had better watch out. I just know the boys from that nearby military school will fall all over themselves trying to get in your panties!"

Tracy blushed brightly. Although Jill's voice sounded sincere, he didn't know if she was being mean or trying to show compassion. Not sure how to

respond, he was further upset by the way she phrased her offhand comment about his panties like she had at the mall! Being totally confused and feeling too humiliated make eye contact, he tried to ignore her statement.

"Remember to play hard to get," she added as she gave Casey a playful kiss on his lips. "Boys don't respect girls who give in too easily, you know. Just remember to keep your panties on, that is, unless you find a hunk like Casey!"

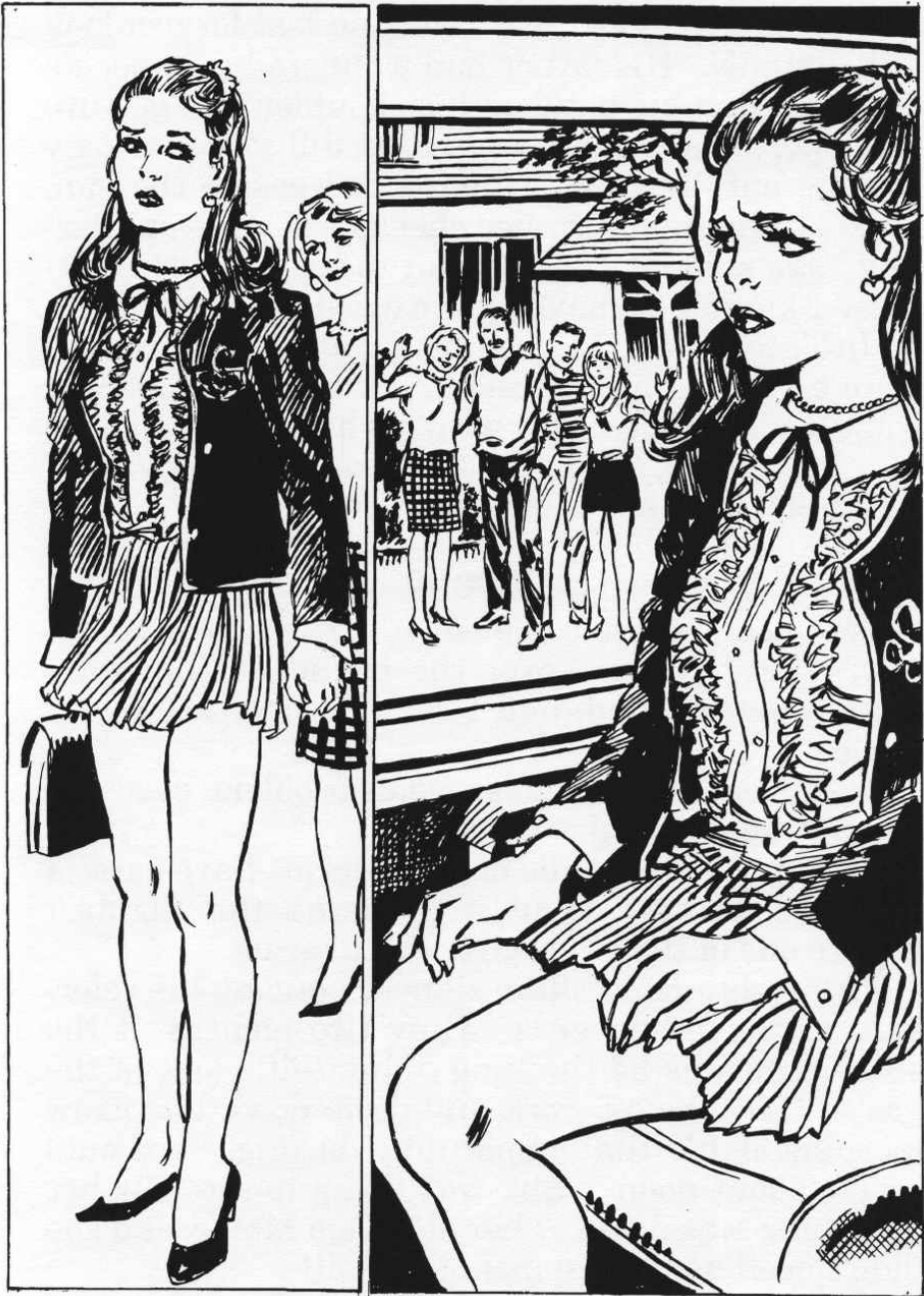
"I'm not dating boys!" Tracy resolved to himself. "What could Jill be thinking? They might find out about my. . . anyway, what does it matter? I'm not dating boys, and that's that!"

As he approached the van, the driver held out a form laden clipboard and requested a signature for the records. He knew this was a formality, but still, he was trembling as he signed, "Traci Anne Madison" in the feminine script his mother had made him practice time and again until he finally got it right.

Ward came over just as Tracy was about to enter the van and solemnly encouraged, "Make your mother proud, Traci Anne. We'll write and send clippings about the football game every week. Be sure to let us know if you need anything."

"I will Daddy," Tracy sadly promised while observing the sad look in his father's eyes. He knew 'making his mother proud' was the most he could expect to accomplish. He also knew that sports and Casey's starting quarterback role were never far from his father's mind. "As far as Daddy is concerned, his once athletic son is lost and gone forever. I can see it in his eyes and tell by his sullen attitude!"

A pained look crossed Ward's eyes as he helped Tracy into the van and watched as he daintily smoothed his skirt and took his seat. At that moment, Ward reconciled himself to having only one



*A sad goodbye Tracy had done nothing wrong,
but due to his family's deceit, he is off
to a girl's school in skirts.*

'real' son. As the door to the van closed and the driver started the engine, Tracy took one last forlorn look at his family. His father had wandered over beside Casey, laying his hand on his shoulder in a gesture of support. At Casey's other side, Jill stood lovingly holding onto his arm. June stood beside the van, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I love you, darling," she sniffed. "I can't wait to see you at Christmas. I know we'll have lots to discuss."

In Tracy's last glance of his family, Casey and Jill were embraced in a passionate kiss, his father was walking dejectedly away with his hands shoved deep into his pockets, and his mother was tearfully waving a handkerchief in his direction.

Epilogue

"Momma, please come down to the school tomorrow," Tracy pleaded over the phone. "Things are getting out of hand, and I really, really need your advice."

"Why can't we discuss your problem over the phone?" June asked.

"Momma! The walls of girl's dorms have ears. I simply can't talk about it if there's the slightest chance one of the other girls will hear us."

"All right, dear," June sighed, noticing his reference to the 'other' girls. Only two months at the school and was he thinking of himself a 'one of the girl's'. "I'll take off work and drive down tomorrow morning if it's that important, darling. I should arrive about noon." She was dying to see how her 'daughter' was doing at her old Alma Mater, and she didn't need much convincing to visit!

June pulled in front of Tracy's dormitory and memories flooded back to when she was a student at this exclusive girl's school. She wondered if strict discipline and demanding lessons on feminine etiquette and ladylike behavior were still taught or if

the school had become 'modern'. She smiled when she was greeted at the front desk by the house Mother. As in the past, the school guarded it's girls like delicate porcelain. Nobody visited without being screened by an adult. "Hello, I'm June Madison," she introduced herself at the desk. "I'm here to visit my daughter, Traci Anne."

"Hello, Mrs. Madison. I'm Agnes Turner, the house Mother. Traci Anne said you would be arriving. She's quite excited about your visit."

"Nice to meet you," June greeted, "How is my darling?"

"She's doing wonderfully!" Agnes gushed. "She was quite shy and a bit backward when she first arrived, but she has blossomed splendidly during her short stay at Sarah Collins."

"Wonderful! She has always been such a tomboy and her father and I want her to become a lady," June exclaimed.

"I'm sure you'll be thrilled with the results to date. She has become the epitome of femininity and very popular with the other girls. Of course, it's hard to be a tomboy when one is as well endowed as she."

"Traci Anne was on the verge of taking after me in that area when she left for school," June smiled. "I take it that she has continued to blossom?"

"Has she ever! She's the envy of every girl in the dorm. Of course, having such large breasts has its downside."

"Oh? They never bothered me. Have they been a hindrance to my daughter?"

"Sort of, I guess. She tried out for the soccer team, but her bouncing bosom compelled her to run 'like a girl', if you know what I mean. She had some talent, but even a sports bra didn't help. Her huge breasts stopped her from keeping up with the other girls. I'm afraid she failed to make the team."

"Oh, my poor dear!" June inwardly smiled at her

daughter's travails. "She was always inclined to physical activities. I guess 'Mother Nature' did not intend for her to be a sports heroine. Not past the age of sixteen, anyway. How did she take the rejection?"

"She was heartbroken and quite depressed. After about a week, one of the other girls talked her into trying out for another squad. She resisted for a while, but she finally gave in. She made that team with flying colors. Since then, she's become more outgoing and friendly. Traci Anne is quite the popular coed, Mrs. Madison."

"Wonderful!" June enthused.

"I can't believe the change that's come over her lately," Ms. Turner continued. "She's the most feminine girl in the dorm. She refuses to wear pants of any kind. She wears skirts or dresses wherever she goes. I declare, I don't think the child owns a pair of slacks or shorts. Some of the girls call her 'Miss Priss'."

"I can't wait to see her," June gushed. "May I go up to her room?"

"Of course. I didn't mean to keep you from your daughter. She's in room 410. Take the elevator to the fourth floor and turn right."

A few minutes later, June stood before room 410. Her heart was fluttering and her hand was shaking in anticipation of seeing her emerging daughter once again. Tracy opened the door and he rushed into her arms, squealing in a high pitched voice, "Momma! You're finally here! Please, come in. We have so much to talk about!"

After warmly greeting her feminine son, June held him at arm's length to observe her daughter for the first time in over two months. She was amazed at the changes. Nylon covered thighs extended below his straight black miniskirt and he moved easily on three inch pumps. His hair had grown below shoul-

der length and was styled loosely about his face. His makeup was perfect and his dark red lipstick matched his long oval nails. Most noticeable though, were the large protrusions that tented out his white cashmere sweater! "Traci Anne, it's so wonderful to see you again!" she purred.

"Oh Momma! It's wonderful to see you too!" Tracy gushed as tears formed in his eyes, threatening to ruin his expertly applied eyeliner and mascara. After hugging again, he showed her around his small, very femininely appointed room. "Thank goodness they gave me my own room with a private bathroom. I'm the only one with a private room, and the other girls are green with envy. They asked why I was so privileged, but Ms. Turner just said my parents paid for my privacy. Anyway, most of the grumbling ceased after about a month."

"What's so sensitive that you couldn't tell me over the phone?" June asked.

Tracy looked around anxiously, as if making sure nobody was listening. "Momma, you've got to help me," Tracy whispered. "One of the boys from the military academy asked me to go with him to the Homecoming Dance. I accepted because I couldn't think of an excuse not to go."

"Is he good looking?"

"All the girls think he's a hunk, but I can't go to a dance with a boy! You've got to help me find a way out of this."

"I think it's wonderful that you have a date for the Homecoming Dance! Why would you want to cancel it?" June queried. "You have to think of the boy's feelings. How would you like it if someone canceled a date with you at the last moment?"

"This is not a normal date, Momma. It's with a boy!" Tracy whispered, desperation showing in his voice and eyes.

"What's wrong with that, darling?" June smiled.

"You are such a pretty girl. Don't you think it's about time you dated a few nice boys? Girls must learn to interact with the opposite sex, you know."

"Momma, I AM the opposite sex! Remember??!!!" Tracy nearly choked, trying to keep his voice at a whisper so the walls wouldn't hear his confession. "I can't date a boy!!"

"Have you looked in a mirror lately, Traci Anne?" June laughed. "I've never heard of a boy with anywhere near the breast development you're displaying."

"Momma, even if I do have breasts, I'm still a boy!"

"Are you sure, dear?" June asked slyly. "Ms. Turner tells me you are one of the most popular and feminine girls on campus."

Tracy blushed a rosy pink at the truth of his mother's words. "But Momma, that's a dodge I use to hide my real identity."

"Oh really?" she replied sarcastically. "From what I hear, you do it a bit too well. Anyway, if you don't date cute boys, you're sure to raise suspicions of one kind or another. Now tell me about this young man."

Seeing she wasn't coming to his rescue, Tracy blushed and admitted, "David is a linebacker from the military academy. He was very nervous at first, but when I accepted, he relaxed and smiled brightly."

"That sounds lovely, dear," June enthused. "How did you meet him?"

Tracy looked at his scarlet nails and carefully chose his words, "A group of us attend the football games and most of the practices. We met during a photo session. He seemed nice and he invited me for a soda. Since they don't have any girls and we don't have any boys, the two schools are perfectly matched for social events."

"So, have you selected your dress for the dance?" June gushed.

"Momma, please help me get out of this date! I

don't want to go to a dance with another boy, even if I am wearing a dress, heels, and makeup," Tracy whined.

"Don't be silly, darling! I think it's lovely that you're developing a social life. Dances are an important part of a girl's social development. Now let's see if you have anything in your closet that's nice enough to wear."

"No, Momma!" Tracy shouted as June opened his closet, but he was too late. Before he could intervene, she had the door open and was observing his supply of dresses and skirts.

To her surprise, hanging in the front, as if ready for immediate use, was the cutest cheerleading outfit. "Traci Anne!" she exclaimed. "You didn't tell me you were a cheerleader!"

Tracy could only hang his head in shame as his mother removed the lovely pink cheerleading ensemble from the closet.

"This is the most feminine uniform I have ever seen!" June exclaimed as she looked over the frilly white nylon blouse, short pleated pink skirt, shiny white satin panties, pink vest with the letters 'WMA' on the front, and matching pink tennis shoes. "What does 'WMA' stand for?"

Tracy nervously crossed his legs and adjusted his skirt over his nylon sheathed thighs, revealing a peek at his lace edged slip as he did so. "Wayne Military Academy," he admitted with a bright blush.

"You're a cheerleader for Wayne Academy??!!!" June squealed excitedly.

"Yes, Momma," Tracy bowed his head in shame. "One of the girls talked me into going with her to the cheerleading tryouts. I went along, never expecting that I would make the squad.

"Was that after you failed to make the soccer team?"

"You know about the soccer team?"

"Ms. Turner told me," June smiled. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"This is so humiliating, Momma! Last year, I was the best player on the football team, but now, I can't even make a girl's soccer team! What's happened to me?"

"Don't worry, dear. At least you're participating in extra-curricular activities. I wanted to be a cheerleader for 'Wayne' when I was a student here. The best looking boys date cheerleaders, you know. I cheered for some of the girl's squads, but I never made the 'A Team'. You should be very excited that you made the squad on your first try."

"I guess you're right, Momma," he mumbled, not nearly as delighted as she.

"How did you learn the routines well enough to beat out the other girls?" June asked as an after thought.

"Jill taught me last summer," he shyly admitted. "When I went to her house, we put on her uniforms and practiced being cheerleaders. I was awkward at first, but I guess I got pretty good. At least, her uniforms were blue instead of PINK!"

"All that hard work paid off! If you hadn't practiced cheerleading with Jill, you wouldn't have made the squad. Say, when is this dance?"

"The game is tomorrow afternoon and the dance is in the evening," Tracy sighed. "That doesn't give us much time to get me out of this date! Now, do you see my problem?"

"Yes, I do!" June exclaimed, ignoring his comment. "We don't have much time to find a dress for you to wear! We can shop this afternoon. I'll stay over tonight and we'll have your hair done tomorrow morning. I can't wait to see my lovely daughter cheer her team to victory and go to the dance on the arm of a handsome young man!"

"Momma! You hate football!" Tracy gasped. He

had wanted her to help him get out of his date, not stay for the weekend!

"Don't be silly! How often do I get a chance to see my lovely daughter? Anyway, this will give me the opportunity to take pictures of you in your cheerleading uniform and in your party dress with your date to show your father and brother."

"Oh no!!" Tracy shrieked girlishly. "I can't let Daddy see me in that sissy uniform or in a fancy dress, and especially not with David!"

"Of course you can. He'll be as proud as a peacock to see how beautiful his lovely daughter has become and how popular she is with the boys," June gushed, holding the cute uniform in front of him.

"Momma, I'm not your daughter, I'm your son! Daddy will have a hemorrhage if he sees me looking so feminine and dating another boy. Especially with my continued breast development."

"Don't be silly, dear. Your daddy realizes that he has only one son now. He accepts you as his lovely daughter and he expects you to dress femininely and engage in girlish activities."

Tracy was crushed upon hearing that his father had given up on him as a son. He knew Casey was now his father's one and only son and the apple of his eye.

June took Tracy in her arms to comfort him as tears flowed freely from his eyes. "Now, now, dear," she softly assured. "This was inevitable. Your breast development and your body's resistance to treatment show that you were meant to be a girl. Look on the bright side, Mother Nature is just correcting a tragic mistake."

"But Momma, I don't want to be a girl!" Tracy wailed, not caring if anyone else heard.

"I know, I know, dear," she comforted him. "But that will pass. Look how well you are doing at this exclusive girl's school after only two months. You

will soon forget what it was like to be a boy.”

“But I don’t want to forget!”

“I’m afraid that’s out of our hands, dear. Now let’s look for a lovely dress for your first date as a girl.”

“Momma, I can’t wear this dress on a date with a boy!” Tracy moaned as his mother held a fashionable garment up to him at an upscale boutique. “It’s obscene!”

“I believe the term you young girls use is HOT, not obscene. If you go to the dance in this little number, you will be the envy of every girl in attendance!”

When the ‘mother and daughter’ returned to Tracy’s dorm, they not only had bought the dress, but matching panties, bra, garter belt, nylons, four inch suede pumps, and an evening clutch purse as well!

The next afternoon, June scanned the pictures she had taken of Tracy as he led cheers for the team. The photographs brought back memories of how absolutely gorgeous he looked with his short pleated skirt swirling about his hips, his large breasts bouncing as he leaped in the air, and his shrill, high pitched voice urging the team to victory. The irony did not escape her. A year ago, Tracy was the hero of the game and Jill was cheering him. Now, he was a heart throb cheerleader urging on another hero. The worm had completely turned. She now had the daughter of her dreams!

“I was right,” June gushed upon looking up from the photographs, “That dress is definitely hot!” Tracy scowled at her remark as he removed the chosen dress from its hanger and daintily held it before him.

June smiled at Tracy’s totally feminine appearance as he stood before his full length mirror holding the dress in front of him. Soft panties covered the garters that held his sheer dark nylons. He was



Go Team!!! Tracy's large breasts bounce wildly, and his short skirt swirls about to reveal his panties as he cheers the guys to victory.



How did I get into this? Instead of helping Tracy get out of his date, June bought him a new dress for the dance.

perched on his new four inch pumps, and with every move, his large bare breasts jiggled seductively. They both knew he couldn't wear a bra with this virtually strapless dress.

"Would you zip me up in back, Momma?" Tracy asked after he gingerly stepped into the sexy dress and pulled the bodice over his breasts.

June gladly complied to his request. After adjusting the straps, she stood him before the mirror to see the final product. Tracy looked spectacular!! The ivory silk dress fell to mid-thigh, fluttering about his legs. The top barely held his breasts, showing spectacular cleavage. Nobody seeing this lovely creature could possibly suspect her of being a male. "You look absolutely stunning, dear," June lightly kissed Tracy on the cheek so as not to mess his makeup. "Let's hurry and finish your hair before your boyfriend arrives."

"He's not my boyfriend!" Tracy adamantly exclaimed. "He's just a boy who asked me to the dance."

"Oh sure! That's what I thought when you ran up

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to him after the game and threw yourself into his arms."

"Momma!! I didn't throw myself into his arms. He had just made the tackle that saved the game, and I was merely carried away with the excitement of the moment," Tracy lamely explained.

"Oh? I was sure I detected more than that."

"Momma!! I'm a boy too, remember???" Tracy exclaimed.

"I don't think so! Not anymore, anyway! You have become an alluring young lady. From what I've seen, the boys are noticing too," June observed while Tracy blushed a deep red.

Before he could respond, the telephone rang announcing David's arrival. The two rushed about making final preparations before descending to the lobby where David was patiently waiting.

"Momma, I'm scared! What if he gets fresh?" Tracy gasped.

"Act like the lady you have become, and all will be well," June explained. "You can rebuff his advances to protect your virtue, but don't be a prude. A gratifying kiss after a pleasant evening is quite traditional."



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"Kiss? Kiss a boy? I could never do that," Tracy whispered through his shiny red lips as they left the room as mother and daughter.

"Of course you can," June countered. "A girl should always let her escort know that she appreciates his attention."

"Momma!!" The conversation halted as the elevator door opened onto the lobby.

"David, I'd like you to meet my Momma," Tracy introduced June to the star linebacker.

"You played a great game. That last tackle was quite spectacular," June complimented. "I don't know if Traci Anne has told you, but she knows a lot about football. Her brother is the starting quarterback at Norwood High."

"You saw the game?" David's chest expanded proudly at her compliment.

"Of course," June smiled. "I could hardly miss the chance to see my lovely daughter cheer her team to victory!"

"Traci Anne is wonderful, Ma'am," David gushed. "She's the prettiest cheerleader on the squad. The coach says I wouldn't make nearly as many tackles if she wasn't cheering for me from the sidelines."

"You youngsters have a lovely time tonight, but don't be too late. Oh, before you leave, I want to take a few pictures. Traci Anne's father and brother will want to see how well she is doing here at Sarah Collins."

"Mom. . ." Tracy started, but knew further argument was useless.

David wrapped his arm around Tracy's slender waist in a possessive manner and smiled brightly for the picture. He was obviously pleased to have such a lovely date.

"Smile, Traci Anne," June instructed.

Tracy did as instructed, but a close look at the ensuing photographs would show a hint of fear in his

eyes, fear of where his enforced lifestyle was taking him.

After the couple departed, June visualized her lovely new daughter in the back seat of a car with the hem of her skirt and the top of her dress at her waist while this promiscuous boy fondled and kissed her large, bare, feminine breasts. From experience, she knew how exhilarating this mating ritual could be, and she shivered in ecstasy. "At long last," she purred contentedly. "I finally have the daughter of my dreams, and I'm not about to lose her!"

The End??

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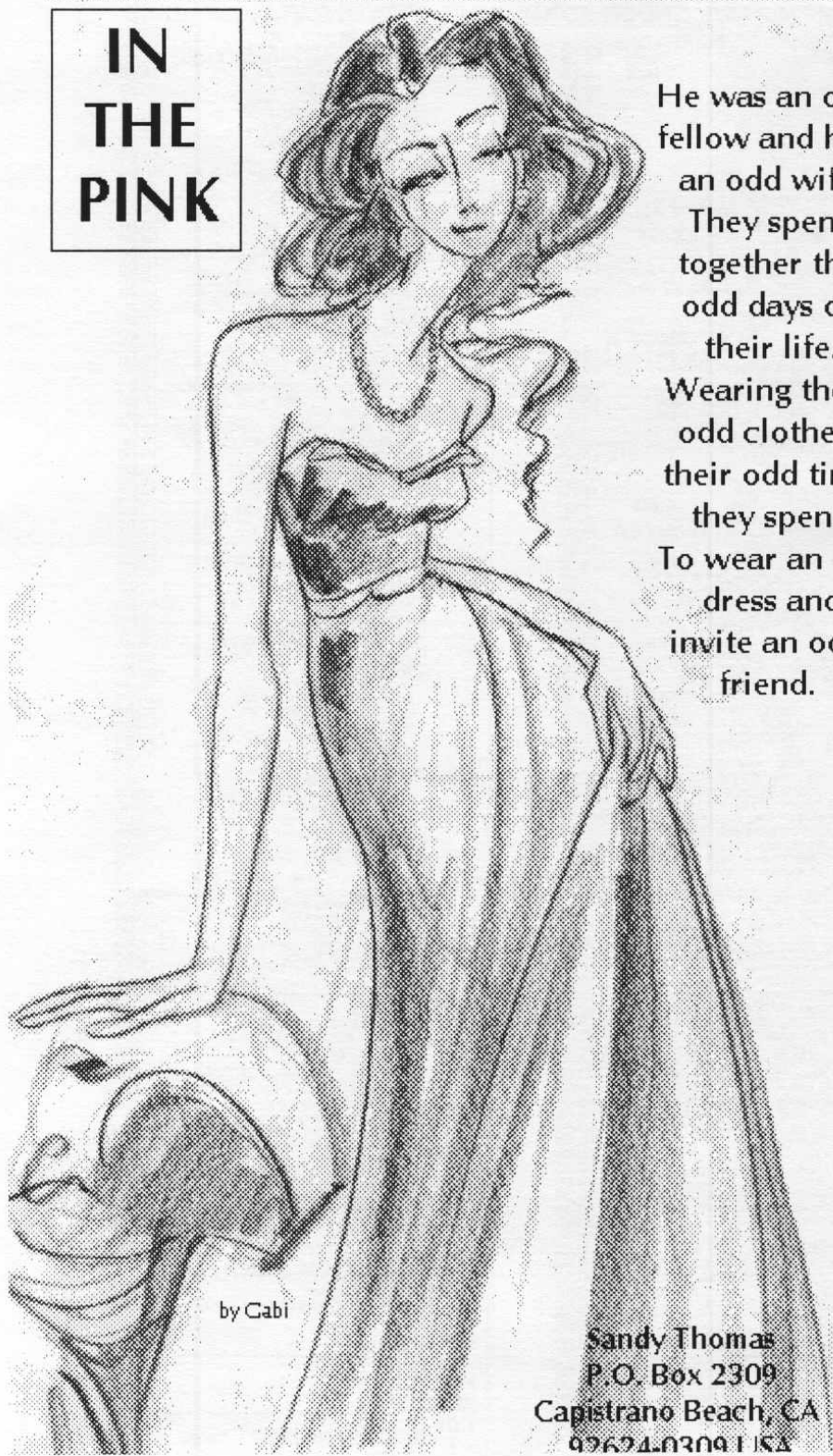
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He was an odd fellow and had an odd wife,
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Wearing their odd clothes,
their odd time they spent,
To wear an odd dress and invite an odd friend.



by Cabi

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