

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"SUDDENLY A SISTER"



ILLUSTRATED!

VOLUME 50

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

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 50

SUDDENLY A SISTER

by Kristi Love & Alice Trail

**Illustrations by
PUYAL**

**Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

© 1997 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
"SUDDENLY A SISTER"

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



REWARD!!

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

**Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION.
Names, characters, places and incidents are
either the product of the author's imagination
or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to
actual events or persons, living or dead is en-
tirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD
Unlike cherries, virginity won't grow back
next spring.

SUDDENLY A SISTER

by Alice Trail & Kristi Love

Part one of two. . .

“Damn, it’s hot!” Casey thought as he sat on the sidelines watching the celebration taking place before him. Tracy, his twin brother, was being carried off the field on the shoulders of his teammates for scoring the winning touchdown late in the game.

Tracy was surrounded by cameras from the local media while jealousy boiled within Casey as he watched his father pat his brother on the back. While Casey fumed, Tracy happily put his arm around his girlfriend and gave her a passionate kiss. In her own right, Jill appeared very sexy in her tight sweater and short cheerleading skirt.

The Madison twins were identical in virtually every physical feature. They were handsome seventeen year old boys who wore their dark brown hair at a fashionable collar length, and despite their relatively small stature of 5’ 7”, both were exceptional athletes. But there, the resemblance ended!

Tracy had a bubbly personality, was obedient to his parents and other authority figures, always completed his assignments neatly and on time, was completely trustworthy, was very popular with his peers, and a better athlete than his brother. As a junior, he was the starting quarterback on the football team and dated one of the most popular cheerleaders.

Casey, on the other hand, was the exact opposite. He wasn’t really bad, but he was a lazy, mischievous, procrastinator who could be devious on occasion. If he found time to finish his chores, the job would be sloppily done. Always beaten in sports and games by

Tracy, he was envious, jealous, and continually looking for ways to look good at his brother's expense. In the end; however, he was usually the one who lost, making him very resentful. For example, when Tracy beat him out for the quarterback position, he quit the team rather than try for another position or being content in a backup role. Reflecting his attitude, he constantly wore a sour expression, making him the less popular of the two.

As with most parents, Ward and June saw the strengths and weaknesses in their sons, and they worried a lot about Casey's attitude. They tried to be impartial, but he fought them at every turn. Thus, they usually ended up being partial to Tracy. For example, if the boys were assigned a task to perform jointly, Tracy would have to do all the work, or it would remain half done with each blaming the other. To assure each did his part and to clearly identify the shirker, the distraught parents began giving them separate chores.

Ward had been an accomplished athlete in both high school and college, and he credited his career successes in part to the lessons he learned on the playing field. So, with Tracy leading the team and Casey on the sidelines, Tracy rose to even higher esteem in his eyes, and life became even more traumatic for the resentful Casey.

As for June, she was a very prim, proper, and neat person who learned etiquette under the tutelage of her mother and a prestigious finishing school. She had always wanted a daughter to pamper in frilly dresses and to pass along her feminine ideals, but sadly, she had to abandon that notion and be content to raise her impulsive sons.

"One of you mow the lawn and the other wash the dishes and clean the kitchen for your mother," Ward instructed one Saturday before leaving for work. "I have a few things to take care of at the office, but I'll



*The Madison family, Jill, and
Tracy's transformation.*

be home before one o'clock. The Beavers are playing on television, and I want to catch the game. Whichever job you choose, there's not a lot to do, so if you haven't finished by the time I get home, you'll be grounded for the weekend." He had no doubt that Tracy would complete his assignment, but he added the last part for Casey's benefit.

As was his habit, Casey put off his share of the work until the last possible moment. Instead of picking a chore, he headed for the park to play touch football with a group of younger kids. Being older, he was like a hero to these boys and he didn't have to play in Tracy's shadow.

With his brother gone, Tracy had his choice of duties. He was usually very dutiful, but on this day, he wasn't anxious to get started because every muscle in his body was sore from the pounding he had taken the night before on the gridiron. He knew there was less work to be done in the kitchen, but feeling housework was for girls and women, he pulled the lawn mower from the storage shed. "Maybe a little exercise will work out the kinks," he thought as he yanked on the cord to start the engine.

Casey, on the other hand, played in the park until the last possible moment. Knowing his father would be home soon, he hurried down the street. Running up to the house, he saw the neatly cut lawn and two bags of clippings sitting by the curb. Not wanting to be grounded, a devious idea flashed into his deceitful mind. Knowing he didn't have much time, he grabbed the bags of grass and ran up the driveway. He had just put on his brother's grass stained shoes and started hosing off the already clean mower when his father pulled up as promised.

"Got through just in time, I see!" Ward exclaimed with a smile as he watched his usually shirking son allegedly at work. Having no doubt that Tracy would have thoroughly cleaned the kitchen as instructed, he added, "Your mother isn't home yet, so let's make

ourselves a sandwich before the game starts.”

“Go ahead Dad, I have to put the mower away, take the clippings to the curb, and change my shoes.”

“Yeah, your mother would have a kitten if you wore those filthy things in the house!” he agreed with a chuckle while looking at the worn, green stained sneakers. “Casey could be that cheerful and obedient all the time if only he would,” Ward thought as he entered the house. “I don’t know why he can’t be more like Tracy.”

“That came off perfectly!” Casey beamed to himself as he slid his feet back into his own shoes. “Just wait until Dad sees all those dirty dishes. Boy, will that snooty Tracy catch hell!”

“What’s this?” Casey heard his Dad shout. “Tracy! Why haven’t you cleaned the kitchen? Look! Food has dried all over the plates, and the table is still a mess! How do you expect me to find a clean spot to make a sandwich in all this filth? The game is about to start, you know!”

“I mowed the lawn,” Tracy replied. “Casey is supposed to clean the kitchen.”

“Don’t lie to me! Just get in here and clean up this mess like I told you!”

“Really Dad, that’s Casey’s job.”

Ward was seething by then. “Don’t try to blame this on your brother! He’s in the wrong a lot, but this time, I know who cut the grass!”

“What’s wrong dear? Why all the shouting?” his wife asked as she returned. “What has Casey done now?”

“It isn’t Casey this time. Tracy was supposed to clean up the kitchen while Casey cut the grass, and look, the place hasn’t been touched!”

“But Dad, I cut the grass!” Tracy explained while trying to fathom why his father wouldn’t believe him. Casey had to be behind this in some way. “You mean I have to mow the lawn and do the sissy work?” he exclaimed with disgust while angrily throwing down

the sports section and stomping off toward the kitchen.

"Sissy work, huh?" Ward bellowed. "I'll show you sissy work! June! Get an apron for Tracy to wear while he does his sissy work. I don't mean one of those plain things you usually wrap around your waist to keep your clothes clean. If he thinks this is sissy work, he can dress like a sissy while he does his share. I'll teach him to lie to get out of helping you in the house!" Turning back to Tracy, Ward spat, "I don't know what you're trying to pull, but I know what I saw! Now, get in there and clean up that kitchen before I really get mad! While you're at it, make Casey and me a sandwich. We'll be in the den watching the game."

Casey was thoroughly elated that his 'responsible' brother was being made to wear an apron because of him. His spur of the moment scheme couldn't have come off better if he had planned it to the last detail! Nothing could be more gratifying than for Tracy to be punished on his account!

"I don't have a frilly apron dear," June answered softly, trying to placate her angry husband. "How about that pinafore Aunt Elsie gave me? You know, the one with ruffles on the straps, and ties with a big bow in the back?"

"Ruffles? Bow? Yeah, that'll do fine! Just make sure he wears it the whole time he's cleaning up and making our sandwiches. Come on Casey. The game is about to start."

"Mom, why won't Dad believe me?" Tracy asked as he obediently slipped his arms into the pinafore his mother was holding. "I really did cut the grass."

"Come now. Your father saw Casey putting the lawn mower away," she answered while tying a saucy bow behind her confused son. "I'm afraid you can't blame him this time."

"Maybe not, but this is his fault!" Tracy fumed while clearing the table and placing the dishes in the



Sissy Work! While wearing a frilly apron to clean the kitchen, Tracy scowls at his determined father and smirking brother.

sink to soak. "I don't know how he pulled it off, but for the millionth time, Casey didn't do his work. Only this time, he somehow convinced Dad that he did, and I get punished! It isn't fair!"

Casey let out a wolf whistle when his distraught brother walked into the family room with his apron swirling about his knees. "About time too, I'm starved!" he exclaimed when he saw Tracy carrying a tray of sandwiches, chips, and soft drinks.

"What's the score?" Tracy asked in an effort to turn attention away from his embarrassing apron?

"Have you finished your sissy work in the kitchen?" Ward asked, ignoring his question.

"Not yet," Tracy answered hesitantly. He was troubled that his father was still upset, and he desperately wanted to defuse the tense situation. "I'm not quite finished."

"Then, get back in there and finish! If you had done as you were told, we wouldn't be having this conversation!" Ward scowled. He was very disappointed that his 'reliable' son had lied when the evidence was right before his eyes. "Does Tracy think I'm stupid?" he wondered disgustedly.

Most brothers would have felt sorry for his sibling by now, but not Casey! He was enjoying Tracy's embarrassing punishment. "For once, things came out in my favor!" he grinned.

"Because you lied, you're grounded for the entire weekend, not just for tonight," Ward informed Tracy as he made his exit. "In fact, I want you to wear your apron and help your mother with the housework the whole time."

"But Dad, I have a date with Jill tonight. Please, can't I go?"

"Absolutely not! Back to your sissy work, as you call it!"

"You can't do this to me!" Jill shouted into the phone when Tracy called to tell her of his punish-

ment. "It's too late to get another date, and I can't go to Mary Lou's party alone! What are you trying to do, have me blackballed among my friends?"

"But Jill, it's not my fault. . ."

"Not your fault? You lied to your father!"

"I didn't lie. Dad just thought I did. Casey made him think he mowed the lawn. He's the one at fault!"

"Casey huh?" Jill pondered as an idea crept into her mind. If she went with Casey, she would have a very handsome date who looked like Tracy! "Say, what's Casey doing tonight?" she asked in a devious tone.

"I don't know," Tracy answered, full of trepidation. "I guess I could ask."

"Then ask!" Jill insisted.

Tracy didn't want to set his conniving brother up with his girlfriend after what he had done to him, but neither did he want to lose her. What choice did he have? He would just have to make it up to Jill later. Entering Casey's room after a knock, he asked, "Are you busy tonight?"

"Why?"

"Since I'm grounded, and I can't go out with Jill, she wondered if you would take her to Mary Lou's party."

"Little Miss Prima Donna Sports Groupie wants me to take her out among her snooty friends?"

"Will you do it?"

"You know, you really do look cute in that apron."

"Come on, this is all your fault, and you know it! Mom and Dad might not believe me, but you know the truth. Now, will you take Jill to Mary Lou's party?" Tracy asked more pointedly, while becoming quite perturbed at having to beg his obstinate brother to take out his beautiful girlfriend.

"What's in it for me?"

"You get to date one of the prettiest and most popular girls in school, and you want to know what's in it for you?"

“Yeah! You can’t go. I take your girl out, and you’re happy. We look a lot alike, so she’s happy. What’s in it for me?”

“Okay! I’ll clean up your room while you’re gone. How about that?” he offered, looking about Casey’s cluttered room.

“Okay, if it means that much to you, my beautiful brother! Just make sure my room is clean and neat. What’s Jill’s number?”

“She’s on the phone, waiting! Go ahead and talk with her. I’ll hang up the extension in my room.”

After placing the phone in the cradle, Tracy sat on his bed wringing his hands in the lap of his apron, and anguished, “How could Casey have the nerve to get me into this and then treat me this way? I’ll sure be glad when this weekend is over. I hate doing housework in this sissy apron!”

“Tracy, your father and I are going to a movie,” June announced as the family was finishing dinner. “Since you’re staying home, be a dear and finish the laundry. There’s a load of sheets in the dryer to fold and put away. Move the towels from the washer to the dryer. You can fold and put them away when they’re dry as well. The only things left to be washed are your Dad’s underwear and his new red golf shirt. Be sure to wash them separately in cold water or the shirt will fade on the other things.”

“Okay Mom,” Tracy answered dejectedly as he started clearing the table.

A short while later, as Casey was leaving for his date, he saw Tracy leave the laundry room and go into the kitchen. “Hey!” he thought, remembering his mother’s warning. “This is my chance to get Mr. Goody Two Shoes into a little more hot water, so to speak!” With that, he sneaked into the laundry room, flipped the water temperature switch to HOT, and tossed the red shirt in with his father’s white cotton underwear.

“Leaving?” Tracy asked as Casey entered the

kitchen where he was washing dishes.

"Yeah. Want me to kiss Jill for you?"

"Just treat her with respect! You got me into this, you know!"

"Tracy! What have you done?" June screamed upon returning home. "You washed your father's red shirt in with his underwear and the dial is set on hot! Look! Everything is PINK. . .his boxers, jockey briefs, and tee shirts! Why did you do such a thing? Were you trying to get even because he made you stay home?"

"No, Mom," Tracy stammered, obviously ill at ease. "I didn't put the red shirt in the machine or turn the dial to hot. Really, I didn't. It must have been Casey."

"Casey isn't here, so don't try to blame him again! He took your girlfriend to a party as a favor to you, remember?"

"What's happening to you lately?" Ward roared when he saw his pink underwear. "Did you want me to have to wear sissy pink underwear because I made you wear an apron? Well, you won't get away with this!"

"But Dad, I didn't. . ." Tracy blubbered in total exasperation. He desperately wanted to convince his father of his innocence, but what could he say?

"Don't make things worse by lying to me again!"

"But I'm not lying I. . ."

"All right!" Ward shouted. "If that's your attitude, you'll do what you tried to make me do! Your punishment will be to wear frilly undies after football practice and on weekends for the next month while you continue to help around the house!" Turning to his wife, he yelled, "June! Bring a pair of your laciest pink panties and one of those waist length slip looking things for Tracy to wear under his sissy apron!"

"You mean a camisole?"

"Yeah, if that's what you call them. If I have to wear sissy pink underwear because of him, his will

be more sissy than mine!" When June returned with the requested items, Ward threw them at the cowering Tracy and roared, "Put these on under your clothes and get back in here! Come to think of it, you can sleep in one of your mother's frilly nighties too! Maybe that will stop your lying revengeful ways!"

"Mom, I . . ."

"Don't start with me! You brought this on yourself. If you know what's good for you, you'll obey your father. He's very angry with you, and I'm not getting caught in the middle." Never having had a daughter, June was secretly thrilled to have someone to dress in soft feminine things, even if it was her son!

"I didn't do anything, and I'm getting punished!" Tracy seethed as he adjusted his mother's soft nylon panties at his waist. "Just wait till I get my hands on that sneaky Casey! This is his fault, and he had better not tease me for having to wear this stuff!"

"Are you wearing your sissy panties?" Ward asked when Tracy returned in his apron.

"Yes," he whispered with a red face.

"See that you wear them without fail! If I find you without your frillies, you'll be sorry! I swear, I don't know what's gotten into you lately. You lie and try to blame everything on Casey. Lord knows, he gets into enough trouble on his own!"

"This is Casey's fault, and I'm the one who has to wear Mom's panties!" Tracy wanted to shout, but fear of a more severe punishment kept him silent. "At least, I don't have to wear this silky stuff to school," he thought. "The guys in the locker room would have a field day if they saw me wearing Mom's pink panties and this camisole thing!"

Despite the way he was dressed, Tracy wanted to stay up until Casey came home so he could find out about the party, but it wasn't to be. A little after ten o'clock, Ward spat, "Why don't you go on to bed? I'm tired of looking at you in that frilly thing! Go with your mother, and she'll find something soft and silky

for you to wear to bed.”

“Mom, can’t you talk Dad out of this?” Tracy begged as his mother shuffled through a lingerie drawer she seldom used.

“I’m afraid not darling. Can’t you see how adamant he is? You got yourself in trouble by dying his underwear pink, and you’ll have to pay the penalty. Let’s see, I don’t have any babydolls like the young girls wear, but maybe I can find something that will do. Oh yes, here’s a short gown that should suffice since the weather is still warm. Put it on over your panties.”

Tracy was shaking like a leaf as he slid his arms into the soft nylon gown and allowed it to slither over his torso to just above his knees. “Here, you’ll need a robe,” June said, handing him a pink and white satin robe. “I think it’ll fit well enough.”

Tracy obediently slipped into the robe. After all, when a boy is wearing a pink feminine nightie and nylon panties, what difference could a satin robe make?

Seeing her son’s confusion over the absence of buttons on the robe, June advised, “Just wrap it around yourself and tie the sash, sweetheart.”

Blushing, he followed her instructions and noticed that the robe was shorter than his gown allowing several inches of lace edged nylon skirt to show. “Oh Mom, having to wear your nightgown to bed is so embarrassing! Please, can’t I wear my own pajamas?” he begged on the verge of tears.

Seeing his grief, June’s motherly instincts took over. Taking him in her arms, she pulled him to her breast. As she caressed his back through his soft gown, she was amazed at how her athletic son actually cuddled in her arms and sobbed on her shoulder. “I’ll bet this is only part of what I’ve missed by not having a daughter,” she thought woefully as she ran her hand lovingly through his collar length tresses and thought of the intimate bedtime talks she used

to have with her mother. "She taught me so much about being a girl. If only I had someone to pass those feelings along to."

As June tucked Tracy into bed and kissed him on the cheek, she suggested, "Why don't you get up early tomorrow morning, brush your hair into a neat ponytail, put your robe on over your gown, make a pot of coffee, and serve your father and me in bed? When he sees how penitent you are, maybe he'll reconsider and reduce your sentence. How about it?"

"Okay Mom, I'll give it a try," he sniffed while drying his eyes and tear stained cheeks. He even smiled slightly and returned her kiss in the belief that she might have hit on the solution to his dilemma.

The next morning, Tracy slipped the robe over his nightie, tied the sash, slid his feet into the fluffy pink bedroom slippers his mother had provided, and padded to the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee. As he moved about, he was aware of the soft nylon floating about his body to the point of distraction. Finally, by forcing himself to concentrate, he was ready to serve his parents. Placing cups, saucers, spoons, cream, and sugar on a tray with the coffee, he made his way to their bedroom. Being very careful not to disturb Casey and be seen in his feminine ensemble, he knocked lightly at the door.

"Who is it?" Ward's voice came back so loud that Tracy was afraid it might wake Casey.

When he heard no alarming sound from Casey's room, he answered softly, "It's me, Tracy. I have your coffee, and I would like to serve you in bed."

"That sounds very sweet, come in dear," June purred as if she didn't know what he was doing.

"Yeah," Ward responded as Tracy entered the room with his tray. "Being served coffee in bed is a pleasant way to wake up, and don't you look nice." he added sarcastically.

"I'm sorry about the way I acted yesterday," Tracy

meekly apologized in a valiant attempt to lessen his punishment. Trying to convince his parents of his innocence had only landed him in deeper trouble. Since that approach had gotten him nowhere, he decided on a different tactic, one of repentance.

"Being served in bed by a neatly dressed son is really neat, even if he is dressed as a sissy," Ward mused as he sipped his coffee. "Since this was your idea, you can serve us coffee in bed on weekends for the remainder of your punishment.

"But Dad!" Tracy protested. "I thought if I was considerate and respectful, you might let up on my discipline a bit."

"No way!" Ward declared while throwing the covers back to reveal his pink boxer shorts and tee shirt. "If I have to wear pink underwear, the person responsible will be worse off. That means you have to wear nylon undies and do sissy work."

Tracy was almost in tears as he ran from the room! "What's this!" Casey exclaimed with a hearty laugh as he watched his brother run down the hall in his feminine costume.

"You put Dad's shirt in with his underwear and turned everything pink!" Tracy accused his smiling brother. "He thinks I did it and as punishment, I have to wear this stuff and do sissy housework for a whole month!"

"You certainly are cute!" Casey replied without admitting guilt. "Say, what are you wearing under that pretty nightie?"

"None of your business!" Tracy spat. "Say, how did the date with Jill go?" he asked, trying to change the subject.

"Like a dream! You know, I think she had more fun last night than she ever had with you. The only reason she goes out with you is because you're a big football hero. Boy, if she could only see you now!"

"Don't tell her what Dad made me wear, please!"

"If you want me to keep quiet, you had better treat

me right!" Casey teased. "We'll discuss terms after I've had time to think this over."

With that horrible thought in mind, Tracy went into his room to get dressed in his work uniform. Hurrying into the bathroom, he retrieved the embarrassing panties and camisole he had left draped over the shower rod before Casey could see them. His hopes were dashed; however, when he saw the items lying on the clothes hamper instead of hanging from the shower rod. "Casey knew what I was wearing under my gown the whole time he was teasing me," he moaned. In anticipation of the humiliations to come, his eyes filled with actual tears.

After putting his mother's panties and camisole on under his tee shirt and jeans, Tracy folded his nightgown and placed it neatly in his underwear drawer as instructed by his mother the night before. Before leaving his room, he put on his pinafore and tied the sash behind him as best he could. After a weekend in feminine undies, Tracy was terribly nervous and jumpy the next day at school. As usual, his fellow students looked at him with admiration for his exploits on the football field. But now, he felt as if their glances were stares of ridicule, as if they somehow knew of his humiliating weekend. His attitude carried over onto the football practice field, and as a result of his low esteem and loss of confidence, he made mistake after mistake. The coach rode him unusually hard, trying to get his star quarterback to concentrate.

When Tracy arrived home after practice, he obediently changed into his camisole and panties and slipped his pinafore over his jeans like he had worn it over his shorts over the weekend.

"Oh, there you are, darling," June remarked as he entered the kitchen to help her with dinner. "I have everything under control in here. Why don't you set the table? Please remember to place the plates, silverware, glasses, and napkins properly. You

know I like to set a proper table.”

The rest of the week went much the same for Tracy. He was on edge at school and had terrible football practices. To make matters worse, he made several turnovers in the next game, and the team lost to a supposedly weaker opponent.

“Two interceptions, three fumbles, and two botched handoffs!” Ward roared when Tracy came home that evening. “You played like a sissy! I must have been right to make you wear panties! I’m not in the mood to hear excuses, so put on your frillies and get to bed!”

Needless to say, Tracy spent a restless night in his feminine nightie. The next morning, as expected, he arose early and served his parents coffee in bed. He blushed brightly when his father ridiculed him saying, “I swear, you look more natural in that nightie than you did trying to lead the team last night!”

Tears formed in the intimidated boy’s eyes as he returned to his room to change into his hated camisole, panties, and apron.

June, capitalizing on the opportunity to have a daughter and a built-in helper all in one, showed Tracy how to change the beds and assigned him that duty for every Saturday of his punishment. She detested ironing, so she showed him how to do that feminine chore as well. “From now on, you will be responsible for the washing and ironing while I straighten up, dust the furniture, and shop for groceries. Also, if I am not home in time, you should prepare a light lunch for your father and Casey.”

Adding to Tracy’s low self esteem, he was demoted to second string quarterback because of his poor game performance. Upon hearing that tidbit of news, Ward flew into a tirade! He berated his once favorite son and ridiculed him for wearing women’s undies until the once confident athlete was filled with self pity and doubt.

Ward's degradation had driven Tracy near the breaking point. After serving his parents coffee, only to have the task assigned to him as a duty, he was very distraught and in need of an outlet for his frustration. While changing from his nightie into his camisole and panties, he heard his father leave. Thinking he was alone except for his mother, he charged out of his room, wadded his apron into a ball, threw it against the wall, and shouted, "I'm sick to death of this girly crap! I didn't do anything to deserve this crazy punishment, and I'm not dressing this way any more!"

"That little tantrum just earned you another month of housework in your frillies!" Ward bellowed angrily from behind him.

"Dad!" Tracy exclaimed. "I thought. . . I'm sorry I didn't mean. . ."

"You thought I was gone, so you took your fury out on your mother! No wonder you lost your quarterback position! The next time you want to protest a punishment I assign, at least have the balls to confront me. Having to wear frillies and do housework is the perfect punishment for someone with your lack of guts! All you need is tits to make you into a perfect sissy!"

"No Dad! Don't make me wear a bra! I was just frustrated by having to wear girl's clothes. I didn't mean to take it out on Mom!"

Ward hadn't thought of making Tracy wear a bra, but his son's comment gave him an idea. This would be the perfect punishment for playing poorly and being demoted to second string! A devious smile broke out on Ward's face as he turned to his wife and sneered, "Get this sissy one of your bras, and stuff it full! Maybe having tits will teach him not to vent his anger on you!"

"Ward!" June scolded. "Don't talk that way in front of the children!"

"Then, get this sissy out of my sight!"

"I don't know what I did differently to frame Tracy this time, but did I ever do it right!" Casey thought with an inward smile as his mother took Tracy by the hand and led him away.

Seeing Casey's triumphant smile, Tracy lowered his gaze, blushed brightly, and thought dejectedly, "Another whole month of wearing these sissy clothes, and I have to wear a bra too! How could I have allowed Casey get me into this?"

"My bras don't fit Tracy," June advised her husband a bit later. "I can fasten them, but his chest is larger than mine, and he'll stretch them out of shape."

"Then, get him one that fits! After that little tirade, I want that sissy to have tits!"

"I asked you not to talk like that around me and the children!" June angrily rebuked. "You punished Tracy for not showing me respect, and you do the same thing by using that language in my presence. I was willing to help, but if that's your attitude, you can dress him yourself!"

"I'm sorry sweetheart," Ward apologized. "I was angry and got carried away. What should we do about getting him a bra?"

"I guess I could take him shopping for a bra and some prosthesis to fill it out," June reflected. Instinct told her this was the perfect chance to intensify Tracy's feminine appearance, and she wasn't about to let it pass!

"Prosthesis? Falsies?"

"Sure, why not? With so many women having mastectomies these days, they make some pretty realistic inserts. If he has to wear a bra, he should do it right, and prosthesis would do wonders for his shape. Anyway, since he'll only be wearing them at home, what's the harm?"

"Okay," Ward laughed with a mental picture of his athletic son wearing a bra. "If you're so intent, go ahead and buy him falsies. It will certainly add to

his punishment, so if he makes a fuss, I'll support you."

When Tracy finished washing the breakfast dishes, June said, "Go to your room and get ready. We have to shop for your bra."

"Bra?" he exclaimed, not believing what he was hearing. "Mom, I can't wear a bra!"

"You wear nylon panties, camisoles, and nighties. Why not a bra? Anyway, you heard your father. He says I'm to buy you several bras and the appropriate padding. We'll go to that large mall over at Compton where you shouldn't be recognized. To save you as much embarrassment as possible, we can say you go to a boy's school and have a girl's part in a play."

"Will I have to try on a bra. . .in the store?"

"Of course silly. How else could we get the right fit?"

"But Mom! If I take my shirt off, they'll see my camisole!"

"All right, take it off, but be sure to wear your panties. Your father wouldn't want you to completely forego your punishment even if you are shopping for a bra. Since you'll be wearing panties, camisoles, and nighties for another two months, we'll get some of your own as well. That way, you won't have to wear mine."

"The lingerie section is over this way," June announced as Tracy reluctantly followed her into a large department store.

"Mom, please! Not so loud," he whispered while turning beet red. "Somebody might hear you!"

"Tell you what," she said in a lower voice. "I'll be discreet while we shop for your undies, if you promise to behave and cooperate."

Tracy couldn't believe his ears! His own mother was blackmailing him to participate in the purchase of his feminine lingerie. Lowering his head, he turned bright red and mumbled, "Okay, but please Mom, don't go overboard with this sissy stuff!"

"Let's look at the panties first," she replied without acknowledging his concession. "Oh, yes! These are precious!"

After an agonizing hour in the lingerie department, Tracy was the blushing owner of a dozen pairs of panties, six camisoles, three nightgowns, a soft white, diaphanous negligee, and to his great surprise, two teddies! Everything they bought was soft and frilly and in different styles and colors. Tracy cringed with the realization that he would soon be wearing all those silky things. The only plus in the ordeal was that his mother didn't embarrass him more than necessary, but she did make him carry the pink bags that held his new feminine undies.

Just as he thought his humiliating ordeal was over, he heard his mother say, "Okay, enough of this. Let's see if we can fit you with a bra."

"Oh no!" he thought despondently. "I got so involved in shopping for all that other stuff, I forgot we came here to buy me a bra!"

After using her pre-planned cover story about Tracy being in a play as her explanation to the clerk, June guided her hesitant son toward the bra displays.

"Why don't you step into one of the dressing rooms and remove your shirt so I can measure you," the clerk advised the humiliated Tracy.

"Boy, I'm glad Mom let me leave my camisole at home!" he thought as he peeled off his sweat shirt. His reprieve was short, as moments later, a white bra was fastened about his chest despite his silent objections.

"I just don't know," June sighed after trying several sets of inserts in the various bras on her son. "None of them look right. The bras are precious enough, but the inserts are just so---mature. Do you have any for teens?"

Sensing this 'indecisive' mother had more in mind than her son wearing a bra in a school play, the clerk

confided in a hushed tone, "The most hi-tech, space age breast prosthesis for teens can only be purchased from a company called U.C.I. I can call their toll free number if you wish."

"If they have the best, let's give it a try!" June enthused.

As the smiling clerk walked away, June turned to Tracy and directed, "Take off your bra, and slip into one of your new camisoles before you get dressed, sweetheart. The one you borrowed from me is at home. You don't want your father to find you without one when we return."

Filled with misgivings, Tracy hesitantly retrieved an ice blue camisole from one of the pink bags and pulled it over his head. Being ignorant about feminine lingerie, he was surprised to find that his new camisole was softer and silkier than any fabric he had previously worn. Being naive, he didn't realize that, in her exuberance over having someone to dress in frills, his mother bought him a more delicate, more expensive weave than she wore herself.

"Thanks for letting me place the call," the clerk said. "As incentive for directing potential customers to them, U.C.I. gives me a commission on your purchases."

"Yes," June said into the receiver as Tracy joined her. "B-cup sounds perfect for a boy his age. A DiVert? It does what? I can send it back if it doesn't. . .? Fine, I'll take one---okay two." She paused while listening to the party on the line, then asked, "What is the smallest supply you have? Thirty days? Fine. Yes, for everything. That's right, Level One." Another pause. "Okay, send the literature along with my order, and I'll look it over. Second day air is quite satisfactory. Thank you, and goodbye."

"What was that Mom?"

"Oh, just ordering your inserts. They'll be here in a few days. Now, let's see about your bras." Turning to the clerk, she said, "We'll take pink in this style,

white in this, a white, a yellow, and a black in this, and let's see, oh yes, I think lavender in this."

"Why do I need so many, Mom?"

"Things get dirty, you know. You need something to wear while others are in the wash. Also, your bra should match your camisole and panties. Now, come along. We have a lot to do when we get home."

Tracy was wearing panties and a camisole underneath his boy's clothes and carrying a substantial addition to his feminine wardrobe as he and his mother walked toward the car. That was bad enough, but from what he had overheard, he was afraid things would get even worse! "What were you talking about on the phone? DiVerts and Level One?" he asked, apprehensively.

"Oh, I was just discussing some ways to make you look and feel better while wearing feminine undies. You needn't worry about such things."

But, he did worry! "This business of making me wear girl's undies is going too far!" he bitterly complained.

"Maybe so, but you should have done your work and not confronted your father when he scolded you. Also, he got really mad when you dyed his underwear pink! All you can do now is endure your punishment."

"I did my work, and I didn't put that red shirt in with the wash! I know you and Dad don't believe me, but somehow, Casey convinced you that I'm lying."

June suspected that her distraught son was telling the truth, but never having had a daughter, she was intent on enjoying the experience as long as possible, then push the limits a bit farther! "Your bras don't look right with other padding, so you can wait until your inserts come before wearing them." That evening, after Tracy washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen, June instructed him to go into his room and put on his long nightgown, negligee, and bedroom slippers. "Everything we bought is

lying on your bed, so go ahead and get ready. I'll be in shortly to help you put your pretty new things away."

Since his father was the one who had ordered him to sleep in nighties for the duration of his punishment, Tracy knew an appeal would be in vain. Having no recourse, he despondently made his way toward his room. His only consolation was that Casey was out with Jill again and wouldn't see his new feminine ensemble!

"Darling! Don't you look precious!" June exclaimed as she entered Tracy's room and saw him in his long yellow nylon gown and soft negligee for the first time. Hugging him and kissing him affectionately on the cheek, she purred, "Let's put everything else away. Do you have space in your dresser?"

"My drawers are full. I don't know where we can put all that stuff."

"Don't worry, we'll find room. Let's see, put these tee shirts and jockey briefs in with your socks, and we can free up an entire drawer for your undies. Now, fold your delicate things neatly, and put them away. Don't just pile them in like you did your other things. Come to think of it, now that you are helping me in the house on a regular basis, you should straighten out your dresser and your closet. Also, set some time aside each day to practice fastening your bra behind your back. I saw how you stretched it in the store."

"But Mom!"

"No complaints! An agile athlete like you should learn that little trick in no time."

June didn't want her husband or sons to inadvertently open the expected U.C.I. package and review its contents, so she had designated her office address for its delivery. When it arrived, she closed her door and excitedly rummaged through the box. "Ah, these inserts do have the weight, feel, and action of the real thing like they promised on the phone!" she thought

upon handling the items in the box marked FEMININE BREAST PROSTHESIS FOR TEENS. Jiggling them in her hands, she pondered, "Yes, they will do quite nicely. Now, let's see what else we have here."

Being very excited about receiving her parcel, June left work early on a contrived excuse. After reading the literature accompanying the order, she made a few purchases on the way home. Wanting to spend considerable time with Tracy when he got home from football practice, she prepared an early dinner. Tracy was dismayed over not getting to practice with the first team as he slowly entered the house and headed for his room to change into his hated feminine lingerie and pinafore.

"Come eat before your dinner gets cold sweetheart," June called out cheerfully upon seeing him.

"But Mom," he replied. "I have to. . ."

"The food will be cold by then. You can change after you eat," she insisted while desperately trying to conceal her excitement.

Because of his mother's exuberance, Tracy was understandably nervous during dinner. He was sure she was up to something, but he didn't see her dissolve the fateful capsule in his drink!

"Let's go to your room for a moment before you do the dishes," June 'suggested' as Tracy started clearing the table. "I have something to show you. Anyway, you should be wearing your apron and soft undies for that chore."

"Aw Mom, do I have to?" he pleaded, completely devastated to have her reprimand him and speak of his hated feminine lingerie in the presence of his father and the smiling Casey.

"You most certainly do! Now, come along before I have to ask your father for help."

That did it! After a glance at his resolute father, Tracy followed her instructions without further objections. "What's all this stuff," he gasped upon see-

ing the array of things on his bed.

"Our order from U.C.I. arrived today, and we have to make sure everything fits and looks right," she answered in a calm tone. "Remember, I ordered a few things from the store where we bought your bras."

"I guess so," he commiserated. "What did you buy?"

"Undress, put on a pair of your new panties, and I'll show you," she instructed as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

"In front of you? Are you serious?" he asked, turning beet red.

"Very serious. I've seen you naked before, but if you're bashful, you can turn your back."

"What now?" he asked, as he stood before his mother in only a pair of pale yellow nylon panties.

"See that unsightly bulge in front?"

"But Mom! I'm a boy! That's supposed to be there!"

"Put on one of your nightgowns. The pink one with the long narrow skirt, I think."

Wondering what she was up to and blushing for all he was worth, Tracy followed instructions. At this point, he was too intimidated to do otherwise.

"Now look! The bulge is still there, even in your gown! Just think how improper it would look if you got excited. Try this on."

"What is it?"

"It's called a DiVert. It's designed to eliminate nasty bulges like you're displaying. Look at this before and after photograph. The boy's bulge is completely obscured, and his panties fit smooth and tight in front. Of course, the only way he can relieve himself is by sitting like a girl. Go ahead, the instructions have step by step diagrams."

"Other boys wear these things?"

"Of course! There are many males who dress as women. . .actors and female impersonators," she

advised.

"I don't mean to brag, but I won't fit into that tiny thing, Mom." he said as he examined the strange item.

"According to the U.C.I. people, it's made to your measurements. Use this BT ointment. The tube says it will relieve the pressure if liberally applied."

"What's the BT stand for?"

"Basic Therapy or something like that, I suppose. Now hurry. You still have to do the dishes you know!" she insisted, not wanting him to learn that BT stood for 'Barely There' and that the way it offered relief was to shrink his genitals.

As expected, Tracy had considerable difficulty installing the DiVert. He quickly learned that everything had to be precisely placed for him to endure the torture brought on by this hellish device. When he replaced his panties, he was amazed that his front was smooth like the boy in the illustration.

"That's much better sweetheart!" June exclaimed. "In the future, when you wear panties, you can see why you should wear a DiVert. There's a spare for when one is in the wash. Now, let's try your bra."

To June's surprise, Tracy hooked the clasp in back as if he had done it for years. "He's really been practicing!" she thought with a satisfied smile before instructing, "Your inserts are B-cup size, just right for a girl your age. Place them in the appropriate cup of your bra, and let's have a look." When the jelled orbs were properly installed, she added, "Lean forward and adjust your bra to seat them comfortably in the cups. There! That's perfect. Look at yourself in the mirror."

"Oh Mom," Tracy he gasped upon viewing his reflection. "I look like a girl!"

"Not quite," she responded. "Go ahead, pull on your camisole. I want to see how you look in these blouses I bought."

"Why? Dad didn't say I had to wear girl's blouses."

"I guess you don't have to," she pretended to ponder. "But if you wear a padded bra under your shirts, they'll stretch out of shape. If you want to go to school with baggy shirts in the chest area, go ahead. I bought the blouses to save you from embarrassment, not to start an argument."

"I'm sorry Mom," he sighed in surrender. "I'll give it a try. Hey! The buttons are on the wrong side!" he complained after sliding on a soft nylon blouse.

"You'll have to get used to that because girl's clothes button that way. Now, put on this new apron, and get to the kitchen. You still have work to do."

Looking at his new lacy apron with its floral pattern, he sobbed, "But Mom, it's a lot frillier than the other one. If I wear it out there, Dad and Casey will laugh at me!"

"Unless you hurry, I'll call them in here to see the things on your bed."

"Oh no, Mom! Don't let Casey see all this feminine stuff! I'll go, I'll go!"

"Put everything neatly away first," she stated flatly as she turned to leave.

"What's going on up there?" Ward asked curiously as his wife took her seat in the family room.

"You're about to find out," she informed him in a hushed tone. "Tracy's breast prosthesis came today, and I've had difficulty getting him to wear them in his bra. Since this was all your idea, you have to back me up or I'm out of it!"

When Tracy walked hesitantly into the room, Ward looked at his protruding bosom and shook his head in disgust. "Your mother says you gave her some flack about wearing your pretty new things. Well young man, I don't want to hear that kind of negative report again or your punishment will be extended a second time. You will dress exactly as you are right now to do housework nights and weekends for the next two months. Do I make myself



Serves you right! Ward remains adamant while the sissified Tracy pleads for an end to his punishment.

clear?"

"I have to wear all this stuff?" he asked, assuming his father knew of the realistic falsies and the DiVert that painfully pinned his genitals between his legs.

"Yes dear, he means everything," June insisted, cutting the conversation short lest her husband learn of the other steps she had taken to make him look and act in a feminine manner. She knew Ward was thinking only of Tracy's panties, camisole, and bra, and she didn't want him to learn about the DiVert, skin lotions, or hormone pills. "Go ahead and do the dishes, sweetie," she instructed. "I have a few more things to show you before bedtime." She smiled inwardly as she watched his bottom wiggle a bit as he walked away to do her bidding.

"Show him what," Ward asked.

"To care for his new clothes, for one thing," she answered, deflecting his question. "Lingerie and soft blouses are expensive, you know."

Half an hour later, Tracy made his way back into the family room where his parents were waiting. "Okay Mom, I've finished in the kitchen," he sighed in exasperation.

Just then, Casey came into the room. Upon seeing his humiliated brother in his soft blouse and new feminine apron with his apparent breasts pushing it outward, he cackled, "What do we have here?"

Unable to bear the ridicule, Tracy ran to his room.

"He even runs like a girl!" Ward spat, seeing the way his son was forced to run due to his DiVert and 'breasts' that bounced as he ran. "No wonder the sissy got demoted to second string!"

"Don't cry darling, everything will be all right. You'll see," June purred when she found Tracy lying face down on his bed. "That was bound to happen the first time your father and brother saw you in your punishment clothes. I'm sure they won't tease you nearly so much in the future. Now, let's get you ready for bed."

"I have to go in the bathroom and take this DiVert thing off first," Tracy sobbed.

"Oh no you don't! Your father says you are to wear your DiVert whenever you wear panties," she lied. "You can use the BT cream to relieve your discomfort. I'm trying to help, but you're on your own if you get caught disobeying him." What she wasn't sure of was her husband's reaction if he knew the steps she was taking to reduce Tracy's masculinity! She smiled inwardly with relief and the satisfaction of another victory as Tracy reluctantly slipped the long nylon gown over his head and allowed it to slither over his body.

The next day at school, Tracy was filled with fear that some word, action, or gesture would betray his shameful secret. He had even agreed to keep Casey's room neat and clean in exchange for his silence. Still, knowing his brother as he did, that was small consolation.

"I would rather die than have someone find out about the way I have to dress at home!" he thought dismally. Adding to his trepidation was the way his football skills were eroding. He couldn't concentrate on the plays, and that resulted in an enormous loss of confidence. As his self assurance faded, he was given less time to practice with the first team. Starting was out of the picture, and he was left to wonder if he would even get to play in the upcoming game!

Ward had been proud of Tracy and his accomplishments on the gridiron, as would any father whose son was the starting quarterback for his high school team. He was beside himself with despair when Tracy didn't even get into the last two games. To make matters worse, he thought his former pride and joy had started lying and blaming his problems on Casey! "I never thought Tracy would become such a wimp!" Ward sadly reflected as his son walked by in a frilly apron with false breasts bouncing noticeably. It did not enter Ward's mind that he played a

major role in this unusual situation.

June intensified her assault on Tracy's masculinity during the weeks following the 'inadvertent' dyeing of Ward's underwear. Twice a day, she dissolved hormone pills in his drinks and made certain he always wore panties, camisole, padded bra, feminine blouse, uncomfortable DiVert, and a lacy pinafore while doing housework. Furthermore, she insisted that he sleep in a soft nylon or satin nightgown. She even introduced him to additional products secured from U.C.I. in a subsequent order!

There was a face cream to 'clear up pimples and blemishes' and a lotion to 'rejuvenate his hands from the damage from harsh detergents. The face cream was filled with emollients to soften his skin and inhibit beard growth, and the lotion contained special ingredients to make his hands soft and smooth like a girl.

Meanwhile, Casey became the object of his father's affection, and he loved every minute of his newly acquired status. He voluntarily took on chores he had been forced to do in the past. The grass had stopped growing for the winter, so he kept the yard raked and the cars washed. He even made sure the trash was always taken out and deposited in the cans.

Tracy came directly home from football practice every evening to avoid upsetting his father to a greater degree. He would put on his DiVert, panties, bra, falsies, and camisole under his jeans, replace his shirt with a soft blouse, slip into one of his aprons, and help his mother with dinner. When everyone had eaten, he obediently did the dishes and put the kitchen in order. He even accepted his 'bedtime ritual', as he called his nightly sessions massaging his body with creams and lotions while wearing a soft nightgown.

Having to dress in this sissy manner and perform feminine chores was very traumatic to Tracy.

Equally humiliating was being forced to lower his jeans and panties to relieve himself because of his cruel DiVert. Also, he had a lingering fear that Casey would give his secret away at school, or worse, bring some of his friends by the house to see him in his feminine blouse and frilly pinafore. "Heaven help me if that happens!" he sobbed.

"Since Ward extended Tracy's punishment, the items I bought from U.C.I. won't last," June reflected as she got out the order form and brochures that came with her initial purchase. "If I'm to enjoy having a daughter for that additional time, I had better send off for another thirty day supply." She wrote the numeral 'one' in the box indicating the desired strength of the items she was ordering and 30 for the amount, but she was called to the telephone before she could seal the form in the envelope.

"What's this?" Casey asked no one in particular as he spied the papers beside his mother's chair. "Well, I'll be damned! No wonder Tracy is acting so much like a girl lately. Mom is giving him this hormone stuff, and I'll bet Dad doesn't know! What? The higher the number, the more potent the medication! Let's see, she ordered Level One, but Level Four is the strongest. This says it can make a boy lose weight and muscle tone and have crying spells like a girl. Level three and four will even cause him to grow breasts!"

Looking around and seeing no one, he deviously made a small mark changing the ones to fours and added a zero, making the thirty day supply read three hundred days!

Casey then watched from behind the sports section when his mother returned. She folded the form and stuffed it into the envelope without checking it over. Along with the envelope, Tracy's fate was sealed! Because of Casey's deceit, he would now receive four times the strength his mother wished, and for how long? Ten months!!

"After a few weeks of that powerful stuff, Tracy will be too much of a girl to stay on the basketball court with me!" Casey laughed fiendishly.

When the original supply from U.C.I. ran out, June opened the new box and was flabbergasted to find a huge supply of pills, jars of creams, tubes of ointments, BT lotion, and other unique emollients. Being completely overwhelmed by the large supply of products, she failed to notice the different colored labels that indicated potency. Instead, she read the note that accompanied her order and learned that because of her enormous order, the company had included a free bottle of 'Soprano Speak' gargle that was designed to raise the pitch of a boy's voice. Being ignorant of Casey's tampering, she considered returning the excess, but upon reading the instructions on the Soprano Speak label, she learned that it could be added to a boy's regular mouthwash and administered without his knowledge. Thinking, "If I return the overage, I'll lose this," she decided to keep the entire order, double the dosage of pills, and add another step to Tracy's nightly ritual.

"Where is that sissy with our coffee?" Ward growled the morning after his wife first administered twice the recommended dosage of the Level Four capsules to the unsuspecting Tracy. "This is Saturday. He's supposed to serve us in bed!"

"I'll go check," June replied, a bit perturbed herself.

"He had better have a good excuse or I'll flip up his sexy nightie and tan his fanny!" Ward exclaimed in a grumpy tone as his wife slipped into her negligee.

June found Tracy curled up on the bath mat beside the toilet in his long nightgown and negligee. "What's wrong darling?" she asked without considering that the massive dose of estrogen and testosterone inhibitors she had administered could be the cause of his illness. "Are you sick?"

"I'm very nauseated, and I'm freezing," he whim-

pered. "I've been up half the night."

"Come to bed," she advised in a very sympathetic tone. "Here, let me help you out of your negligee. Now, lie down and let me cover you up. You can stay in bed today."

"What if I have to. . ."

"I'll get a plastic trash container in case you have to barf and a heating pad to keep you warm," June purred while thinking her son was reacting like a girl experiencing a difficult menstrual cycle.

Finally, the two months ended and Tracy was allowed to stop wearing lingerie to do housework. To his dismay; however, the football season had ended, and he would have to play basketball to regain his status as an athlete. Basketball practice was just beginning, and he was surprised to learn that Casey had gone out for his position, point guard. He was also astonished that his brother was now slightly better than himself. "Now that I don't have to wear all that frilly stuff, I'll catch up with him! I'll be the starter and back into Dad's good graces in no time. Just watch!" he thought with determination.

Unfortunately for him, Casey was thinking the same thing, and true to his devious nature, he was carefully formulating a plan to strengthen his position at the expense of his brother.

After basketball practice one afternoon, the boys organized a pick up game. Half pulled off their shirts so they could be identified by their teammates. As it happened, Tracy was one of these 'skins' and threw his red shirt on the bench.

Casey chose to sit out and read a book because, "a report was due", and he had to pass to be eligible. However, when the game got into full swing, he put down his book, casually walked past the bench, picked up Tracy's red shirt, pulled it over his own, and sneaked over to the locker room where the girl's team was dressing. Cracking the locker room door, he stared at the girls who were changing into their

street clothes.

A moment later, the girl's coach saw him and let out a shrill scream, warning that a male was in the room. While the bevy of scantily clad girls scrambled to cover themselves, Casey hastily shoved a heavy bench across the door to impede anyone trying to push it open. Running back to the bleachers, he peeled off Tracy's red shirt, tossed it on the bench, opened his book, and appeared to be reading while he waited for the fireworks!

The game had just ended, and the boys were putting on their shirts when the infuriated girl's coach came into the gym accompanied by the boy's coach. "That's the one!" she shrieked, pointing to Tracy. "I can't tell those Madison twins apart, but it was the one wearing the red shirt."

"What's wrong with you Tracy?" his coach demanded. "Don't you know better than to sneak into the girl's locker room?"

"Me?" Tracy asked, dumbfounded by the accusation. "I didn't! I was playing ball with the guys. Ask them."

"How about it boys? Was Tracy playing the whole time? This is serious, so be honest."

"I don't know Coach," one of the boys declared. "People were jumping in and out of the game so fast. He played, but I don't know if he was here the whole time."

"That's right Coach," the others agreed in unison.

"Wait a minute!" Tracy demanded. "I was playing ball! It must have been Casey!"

"Casey didn't play," one boy said. "He was reading a book for a report he had to pass. If HE was studying instead of playing ball, it had to be serious. See? There he is with his book."

"He could have gone over there while we were playing, and no one would have missed him!" Tracy injected. "Everyone's mind was on the game, not on Casey."

"That's possible," the girl's coach asserted. "Except for the fact that the Madison twin I saw was wearing a red shirt! His shirt is gray, so that makes you the only one who fits the description of the person I saw. Deny that!"

"Casey must have switched shirts while I was playing! I. . ." He was trapped again!

An emergency meeting with the principal, the two coaches, and a group of parents was called. Based solely on the eye witness testimony of the girl's coach, Tracy was judged guilty of being a peeping tom despite his denials. As punishment, he was placed on probation for the remainder of the school year and banned from all extra curricular activities, including athletics.

"I swear, I don't know what has gotten into you lately!" Ward chastised. "Why on earth did you do such a stupid thing?"

"I didn't Dad, I swear! Casey must have set me up somehow."

"What do you know about this, Casey?" his father demanded.

"Nothing, I. . ."

"Don't lie to me!"

"I don't want to get Tracy in trouble."

"You'll be in trouble if I don't start hearing the truth!"

"Tracy said he became curious about girl's clothes while he was wearing panties and things. He wondered what it would be like to wear dresses, and he wanted to see how girls put them on. Watching them in the locker room was the best way he could think of to find out, but he got caught."

"Why didn't you tell me this?"

"I didn't think he was serious, Dad! Really! I had no idea he would actually go through with such a thing!"

"I never told you any such thing!" Tracy shouted, while lunging toward his brother. "You're making all

this up to get me in trouble. It was you in the locker room and I'll teach you to tell lies about me!"

"I've had enough of you Tracy!" Ward boomed. "Sit down and listen before I really get mad! You can't blame this on Casey. You were seen by witnesses, and you will pay the penalty for your actions. Since you were curious about dresses, you should find out about them first hand by wearing them here at home. Saturday afternoon, you will go shopping with your mother and purchase several dresses and any other feminine things she thinks you might need. In the meantime, since you can no longer play ball, you will come directly home from school, put on your frillies like before, and do housework! I swear, I didn't know you liked that stuff!"

"I don't like it Dad, and I don't want to wear dresses! Please don't make me! Not getting to play ball is punishment enough! Especially when I didn't do anything wrong!"

"No more back talk! Go to your room and get dressed to do your housework or you'll really be in trouble."

Despite his anger, Tracy went into his room to put on his despised girl's clothing once again.

"What could be better than this!!??" Casey exclaimed inwardly. "I set Tracy up to get him in trouble with Dad and what happens? He gets kicked off the team, Dad forces back into frillies, and makes him wear dresses to boot!"

For her part, June had reluctantly stopped giving Tracy the U.C.I. potions when his punishment ended. But now that Ward was forcing him back into girl's clothing, she happily began lacing his drinks with the potent hormones once again. "I enjoy having a daughter, and they sent so many of those pills and other things. Why waste them?" she thought, justifying her actions.

Half an hour later, Tracy returned wearing a DiVert, panties, augmented bra, silky camisole, frilly

blouse, and lacy apron. He hadn't worn these humiliating items in four days, and that made his shame even greater.

At school the next day, the peeping tom incident was the talk of the student body. Tracy maintained his innocence, but with such compelling testimony to the contrary, few believed him. Frustration set in when he failed to convince even his closest friends of his innocence. Finally he wearied of trying and became very quiet, shying away from everyone, including his former teammates and his girlfriend.

True to human nature, his peers took that as an admission of guilt. One player reflected the opinion of the majority by saying, "If Casey was reading instead of playing ball, he sure didn't take time out to sneak a peek at the girls! That boy only studies as a last resort!"

When Tracy got home after school, he was totally disgusted with the way his day had gone. He was devastated that his friends wouldn't believe him, and he plopped down in a chair to commiserate. Realizing that he had precious little time to do the breakfast dishes and start dinner, he slowly went to his room to change into his undies, blouse, and apron. After his harrowing day; however, he couldn't bring himself to put them on. He just couldn't! Instead, he slipped the apron over his shirt and jeans and started to work.

"You're a bit under dressed, aren't you?" Ward asked upon seeing his domestic son. "Why aren't you wearing your pretty boobs and sissy blouse."

"Ward!" June exclaimed. "I've asked you not to talk like that!"

"I didn't call them TITS," he snapped in retort. "Now, what else aren't you wearing, young man?"

"Please Dad!" Tracy begged. "It's embarrassing to have to come home, undress, and put on all those frilly things."

"Then, you can wear them all the time! Since

you're off the team, you won't be undressing in the locker room. No one will know what you're wearing under your pants, and you'll only have to put on your blouse and apron when you get home from school. June!" Ward roared, "See that Tracy wears his panties and that camisole thing under his clothes at all times until his probation is over next spring! Now, get properly dressed or you'll find yourself across my lap for the sound spanking you deserve!"

Tracy wanted to protest that he would still have to remove his shirt and camisole to put on his bra, but fear of being required to wear a bra full time as well, kept him silent.

"I'll try to calm him with this drink," June said, taking a hormone laden potion to Tracy's room. "There, there dear," she cooed upon finding him sobbing on his bed minus his apron. "Drink this. I'm sure you'll feel better."

"Oh Mom," he sobbed. "Why is Dad making me wear these awful clothes? I'm a boy, and I didn't do anything wrong!"

"You know very well what you did wrong!" she admonished. "Now, let's get you properly dressed before your father really loses his temper."

If Tracy thought he was distraught at school before, he was really miserable the next day in his camisole and panties! Even though he wore a bulky shirt to hide the straps of his camisole, he was desperately afraid a button might pop open or someone would slap him on the back and discover the soft nylon garments that caressed his body. This feeling of insecurity caused him to withdraw even deeper into his shell.

"What's wrong with Tracy?" Jill asked Casey. "He won't talk to me since that incident in the gym."

"Dad grounded him for a while, and he's upset," Casey answered with a sly smile.

"Great!" Jill spat. "He's grounded again! What am I to do for a date to the dance after the game

Friday night?"

"You could go with me. I remember us having a good time at Mary Lou's party."

"A bright smile spread over Jill's face and she purred, "We did at that! I'll see you in the gym after the game. Just be sure to have your dancing shoes on!"

Friday night, Ward went to the basketball game to watch Casey start at point guard, so June had Tracy all to herself. "You'll have to shave your legs tonight," she informed him during his nightly 'beauty ritual'.

"Shave my legs?" he wailed in a panic filled tone. "Mom, I can't shave my legs!"

"We have to experiment with makeup as well."

"No way Mom! Boys don't shave their legs and wear makeup!"

"Boys don't wear panties, bras, camisoles, or sleep in pretty nighties either. Beginning tomorrow, you have to wear dresses, so why shouldn't you shave your legs and wear makeup?"

"I'll be mortified, that's why! Can't you talk Dad out of this insanity? Please Mom?"

"It wouldn't help. You defied him and he's adamant about this punishment. Unless you want to go in the stores to try on dresses and skirts looking like a boy, you'll let me help you look as much like a girl as possible."

"I guess you're right," he sighed.

"Use these instructions from U.C.I. to shave your legs, then we'll do your nails."

After shaving his legs, Tracy was more or less cooperative while experimenting with liquid makeup, blush, eyeliner, and mascara, but when lipstick became the subject, he protested, "Not lipstick Mom! Please! I'm cooperating, but that's too much to ask! Boys don't wear lipstick!"

"Suit yourself!" June sighed, raising her arms in

mock surrender. "Wear whatever you like. I've had it with trying to help you! All the girls I know wear lipstick, but if you want to go shopping for dresses without it, you can suffer the consequences."

"Wait Mom!" he called out as he realized the wisdom of her words. "I didn't mean to take it out on you. Show me how to put on lipstick! I couldn't stand to be recognized as a boy in those stores."

"All right, but if you give me more static, I'm out of here!" June declared, knowing she had won a major battle. "Outline your lips with this dark pencil, fill in with lipstick from the tube, and blot them on a tissue. With a little practice, you'll have it down in no time."

Tracy was trapped! Having no choice, he sat before the mirror in a nylon nightgown and smoothed the bright red color over his lips. He was both embarrassed and surprised at how feminine this simple procedure made him appear! When his mother finally called an end to this exasperating lesson in the proper application of feminine makeup, he was exhausted. Despite his fatigue, he was amazed at the heightened sensual feeling of the long nylon gown on his shaved legs. "Is it the U.C.I. lotion Mom made me massage into my legs or do girl's legs feel this way all the time?" he wondered as he drifted off to sleep.

The next afternoon, Ward and Casey were watching a game on television when Tracy brought them a snack. They looked up and smiled when they saw his floral apron with its feminine band of lace along the shoulder straps and skirt. Mumbling "thanks", they turned back to the game.

"Can I see the sports section?" Tracy asked apprehensively.

"Shouldn't you read the fashion page instead?" Casey teased.

"That's right," Ward agreed. "If you're going shopping to satisfy your curiosity about wearing dresses,

you should be aware of the latest fashion trends, shouldn't you?"

"Yeah, especially skirt lengths!" Casey taunted.

"Please don't make me wear dresses," Tracy begged. "Casey was lying and I didn't sneak into the girl's locker room. Anyway, isn't all this other feminine stuff punishment enough?"

"You wanted to know what it was like to wear dresses, now you can find out!" Ward spat, his anger returning. "Believe me, you'll be in deep trouble if you give your mother a hard time, so you had better do as she says!"

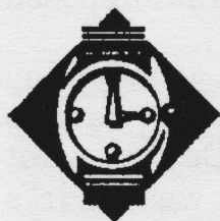
Tracy was beside himself! He had done nothing wrong, yet he was being punished in a most humiliating manner. "Why won't Dad believe me?" he wondered. "He knows Casey has always been the bad one."

"Don't worry. I'm sure you'll look cute in dresses," Casey teased.

Hearing this ridicule, Tracy blushed brightly. Humiliated at the thought of wearing dresses, he snatched the fashion page from Casey's hand and fled before they could see him cry. "Oh, why does everything I say or do land me deeper into this feminine punishment?" he sobbed as he ran to his room with his apron swirling enticingly about his knees.

"Wow!" Casey thought with a humorous smile. "I didn't realize how girlish Tracy's hands were until Mom put that pink polish on his nails. He's really going to look like a girl when he puts on a dress!"

Tracy couldn't believe he was actually going shop-



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

ping for dresses!!! What had started off as a simple punishment in panties had mushroomed into him dressing completely as a girl. "Thank goodness Mom is here to help me through this awful ordeal!" he thought.

"Hurry and get dressed," June exclaimed as she entered Tracy's room. "We have a lot to do before we leave."

"Aw Mom. Can't you talk Dad out of making me wear dresses? They are awfully expensive, you know."

"I'm afraid not, dear. I brought that up last night, but he wouldn't relent. He said your behavior was reprehensible and that you deserved this punishment," she insisted. In truth, she had no intention of losing this wonderful opportunity to immerse her hapless son deeper into the role of her daughter.

With a groan, Tracy took a perfumed bath as instructed. Upon finishing, he wrapped a fluffy towel about himself and allowed his mother to help with his preparations. To his surprise, the first thing she did was carefully trim his long hair. It had become scraggly lately, so he wasn't alarmed by her actions. When she combed the front over his forehead and cut it into bangs, he offered a slight protest, but she ignored him and began wrapping his hair around large pink curlers. "What are you doing, Mom? I was going to brush my hair back into my regular ponytail!"

"Not today! Your hair is entirely too boyish. We have to add body and shape if you're to look like a girl."

"But, I AM a boy. That's how my hair is supposed to look!"

"You may be a boy, but like it or not, you're going shopping for dresses. To try them on, you'll have to undress in the presence of females. Do you want them to think you're a sissy boy who wears girl's clothes?"

"But I don't want to look like a girl."

"Suit yourself, but if you're exposed, word could easily get back to your school. On the other hand, there won't be any gossip if you are thought to be a girl." With a deep sigh, Tracy saw the logic in her argument and allowed her to continue. He could dress as a girl for one day to save years of ridicule. A gentle smile crossed June's lips as she curled Tracy's hair. "He's so easy to manipulate," she thought. "I should have done this years ago."

During the next hour, Tracy changed into plain nylon panties, matching camisole, padded bra, fluffy blouse, jeans, and low heeled slippers.

"You should remove your jeans and slip into these pantyhose dear," June suggested.

"Why Mom! Nobody can see my legs in my jeans."

"Your legs may be covered now, but they won't be when you try on dresses." Unhappily, Tracy accepted the silky nylons and slowly kneaded them over his shaved legs.

June carefully applied just the right shades and quantity of makeup for Tracy's first outing in girl's clothes. Even though he had practiced the night before, his efforts were nowhere near ready for public scrutiny. Noticing how soft and smooth his skin was becoming from use of the U.C.I. creams and lotions, she resolved take his beauty care a step further by requiring him to use the mud packs that came with her order. As she removed his curlers and busied herself with brushing and styling his fluffy tresses, she occasionally commented on how lovely his hair had turned out. These remarks only served to send shivers down his spine.

Finally, June sighed with satisfaction. Tracy's hair cascaded about his head in waves, and cute bangs covered his forehead. With the light makeup, his face was the epitome of femininity. His eyes grew to the size of saucers as he ran his pink tipped fingers through his bouncing curls. "MOM!!" he screeched.

"What have you done? I can't go to school with my hair like this!"

June stood behind him and allowed him to fume and fuss, all the while smiling at her success. "Don't worry about school, dear. You can wash the curls out and return to your usual ponytail."

"But I look like a girl! You plucked too many of my eyebrows!"

"I did get a little carried away there, but I wanted to make sure nobody mistook you for a boy," June admitted. "Now, even in jeans, you appear to be a modern miss. Grab your purse, and let's go shopping."

To Tracy's relief, his father and Casey weren't home, so he was spared the embarrassment of facing them with his feminine hairstyle and makeup, at least for the moment!

"Sit up straight!" June instructed when Tracy scrunched low in the seat to avoid being seen by any of his friends who might be around. "You will be seen in the mall, and if you smile a bit, no one will take you for a boy. With your hair, clothes, and makeup, you're much too pretty to be a boy."

Tracy reluctantly sat up, but he couldn't muster a smile. "How could this have happened?" he commiserated. "A couple of months ago, I was the starting quarterback on the football team. Now, I'm going into a store to be fitted with dresses!"

The first shop they visited was a teen boutique with racks of dresses in every style and color imaginable. Tracy was shaking in his nylons as his mother told him to select several dresses and skirts. Knowing the sooner he made his selections, the sooner they could go home, Tracy went from rack to rack selecting whatever caught his eye.

"Slow down dear," June advised. "Girls shop with a purpose and select dresses they really like or they think would become them. Only boys and men shop like it's a race. You simply must learn to shop more

patiently unless you want to be recognized as a boy with a feminine hairstyle and makeup.”

Tracy looked about to see if anyone was staring at him, and seeing no one, he followed his mother’s advice and slowed to a more leisurely pace. Finally, he chose two dresses that weren’t too bad if he had to wear a dress. “Pay for these, and let’s get out of here,” he whispered.

“Oh no sweetheart! You have to try them on first.”

“Try them on?” he wailed. “Why? They’re the size you said to look for. Let’s just pay for them and go!”

“Girl’s clothes vary within sizes. Every style and brand is cut differently. No self respecting girl would think of purchasing clothes without trying them on. Come, let’s go to a dressing room like the other girls!”

“Other girls?” he sighed as he followed her to the changing room.

June found an empty stall and accompanied him inside, and as he lifted the first hateful dress above his head, she advised, “The opening goes in back like many dresses and blouses. You have to learn to button them just as you did with your bras.”

As Tracy tried on each dress, June led him to a mirror to observe the style and fit. She continued his education by explaining why some dresses were right while others just weren’t. He was deeply embarrassed to learn that most of the dresses and skirts fit him almost perfectly. They finally agreed on two dresses and a skirt, neither being his ‘first’ choice. The skirt was straight and only fell to mid thigh, and the dresses were both above knee length.

Then, they were off to the next store and the next! After purchasing half a dozen dresses and as many skirts, they went to lingerie, to blouses and sweaters, a shoe store, and lastly another dress store.

“Why do I need another dress,” Tracy cried as he followed his mother into the shop.

“You need a leather skirt,” June announced. “No

self respecting teenage girl is without a leather skirt in her wardrobe.”

“Leather skirt?” Tracy cried, “I’m not a teenage girl! I don’t need a leather skirt!”

“Don’t be obstinate. We are almost done. You don’t want to arouse suspicions do you?” When he hesitantly shook his head, June suggested, “I think a size six will be about right.”

“If you say so, Mom,” Tracy sighed, as his mother fingered a short, black leather skirt.

“Let’s try this one,” she suggested, leading her reluctant son to the changing room. A few moments later, she led him back to the display area to check the fit in the full sized mirror.

“That looks lovely on her,” the sales girl gushed as Tracy stood before the mirror.

“I agree,” June smiled. “We’ll take it.”

“Good choice!” the salesgirl exclaimed. “Do you want to wear it home?”

“No, I . . .” Tracy started.

“Yes, I think she should,” June interrupted.

“Mother!!” Tracy gasped when the salesgirl was out of hearing. “I can’t wear a skirt in public!”

“It’s only to the car, dear,” June soothed. “Besides, nobody will recognize you as a boy with you wearing that stylish skirt. Even that the salesgirl didn’t bat an eye.”

Tracy was nervous and embarrassed as he made his way toward the car in his new skirt with his arms loaded with packages of feminine clothes for himself. Feeling his skirt ride up, he wanted to pull it down but was unable to reach it with his arms full of packages. “Why did Mom buy me so many?” he wondered.

Luckily, Ward wasn’t home yet and Casey was in his own bedroom when they arrived home. Tracy hurriedly carried his packages up the stair and into his bedroom, fearing that Casey would suddenly emerge and see him in his humiliating skirt.

"Mom!" Tracy exclaimed as he stared at his new feminine wardrobe lying on the bed. "I don't know why we bought so many panties, slips, camisoles, bras, teddies, nighties, nylons, and pantyhose. Even if I needed that many, I don't have room to store them!"

"You'll need them, believe me!" June insisted in a calm, yet firm voice. "We'll just have to transfer your jockey briefs, athletic socks, and most of your tee shirts to Casey's room. Since you'll be wearing panties, camisoles, and nylons underneath your jeans full time, he may as well get some use out of your old things. That will clean out one drawer, and if we pack away your old warm-ups, workout gear, practice jerseys, and shorts, we can free up a couple more. That should give you plenty room to store your pretty new undies."

"But, I'll need all those things when. . ."

"You can move them back when that time arrives!" June stated firmly. "For now, we have to box them up to make room for your new things. Before we get started though, why don't you remove your skirt and pop into one of your pretty new outfits to help you grow accustomed to them? Your father expects you to wear dresses or skirts at home, you know."

"Aw Mom, do I have to?"

June was fully content to blame her husband for everything she was doing to their son, even though he was only partly at fault. Ward had the physical power to enforce his will, and that would allow her to play the 'good guy' and nurture a closer relationship with her new 'daughter'! With that in mind, she replied, "I'm afraid so. Undress, and let's get busy."

Tracy was exasperated after a long afternoon of trying on girl's clothes in a public place, but he was relieved that no one recognized him as a boy. "I guess

Mom was right to fix my hair, paint my nails, and make me wear makeup to go shopping," he thought as he stood before her in only his panties and bra.

"Since you're wearing white undies, put on one of your new white slips to match," June instructed. "White will go with whichever dress you choose."

"I don't choose to wear any dress! Boys don't wear dresses!"

"Don't be obstinate! You know you have no choice."

Realizing the wisdom of her words, Tracy hesitantly removed a slip from one of the bags and pulled it over his head. He had grown accustomed to the feel of nylon against his skin, but the soft, lace edged skirt swaying about his smooth thighs was terribly distressing.

Observing his apprehension, June said, "Don't worry, you'll get used to wearing slips in no time just as you did with your panties, camisoles, and nighties. Skirts; however, will take more practice. Now, what would you like to wear for your debut before your father and brother?" When he stared in silence at the vast collection on his bed, she suggested, "How about the pink?"

"Oh no, not the pink! Don't make me wear pink the first time Dad and Casey see me in a dress!"

"The yellow?"

"No! They'll think it means I'm chicken!"

"By your initial response, I didn't realize you were so opinionated. Okay, choose the dress you want to wear."

Tracy was trapped. The thought of wearing any dress was abhorrent, but if he didn't choose one, he was afraid he might find himself standing before Casey and his father in pink or yellow! "How about the purple?" he finally managed to stammer.

"Good choice, only it's lavender," June corrected. "You must learn to identify the colors and fabrics of your new clothes, but for now, go ahead and get



Why so many? June pretends sympathy while Tracy commiserates over his new feminine wardrobe.

dressed. We still have a lot to do.”

Embarrassed, Tracy obediently lowered the dress over his head. With his mother’s help, he finally got it properly buttoned behind him. The skirt fell to four inches above his knees, although he tried to pull it down further. When he slipped his feet into the purple pumps with two inch heels, he was completely dressed as a girl with no pretense of masculinity. “Why do I have to wear such high heels, Mom?” he cried.

“When you wear dresses, you must wear heels from time to time, dear,” June soothed. “They do so much for a girl’s legs. Besides, that dress just wouldn’t look right with flats.”

The next half hour was spent refreshing Tracy’s makeup, blush, eyeliner, mascara, and lipstick and restoring the girlish hairstyle he had worn shopping. He still wasn’t adept at any of this, but with June’s help, he was finally ready to begin the intimidating task of putting his new feminine wardrobe away.

“Let’s start by moving your old cotton underwear into Casey’s room,” June informed Tracy who was feeling extremely vulnerable to be wearing a dress and makeup. “Since you folded all Casey’s things and organized his closet and drawers, he should have enough room for them.”

Casey was getting ready for a date with Jill when Tracy entered his room with an arm load of his former clothes. Looking in disbelief at his brother’s feminine dress, makeup, and hairdo, he gasped, “What are you doing?”

“I don’t have room for this stuff, so Mom said to move it in here,” Tracy stated without revealing the fact that he had to wear nylon panties and camisoles instead of cotton briefs and tee shirts for the duration of his punishment.

“Wow!” Casey exclaimed. “You really look like a girl!”



*Which dress to wear? Smug in her deceit,
June helps Tracy select and put
on his first dress.*

"It's your fault I have to dress this way! We both know I didn't sneak into the girl's locker room or say I was curious about dresses."

"Like Dad said, you brought all this on yourself," Casey taunted with a sly grin. "Now, get out of here. I don't need a sissy around while I get ready for my date!"

In the past, Tracy would have attacked his brother for such a remark, but the potent U.C.I. hormones were diluting his masculine aggression and making him docile. Instead, he blushed brightly and ran from the room as fast as he could on his unaccustomed heels. "I should have hit him instead of running away!" he thought with disgust. "Why didn't I stand up to him? Wearing dresses doesn't make me a sissy!" Still, self doubt crept into his mind.

When Tracy reported Casey's demand that he stay out of his room while he got dressed, June replied, "I guess we could fix dinner first and store your things away later. If I know Casey and your father, they'll be starving before we finish anyway."

Dinner was a nightmare for Tracy that evening! Not only did he have to serve the food while wearing his dress, he had to undergo stares of condemnation from his father and taunts about his apparent lack of masculinity from Casey, especially when he bent from the waist and allowed several inches of his lace edged nylon slip to show!

Casey departed for his date after everyone had eaten. Ward and June retired to the family room while Tracy cleared the table, did the dishes, and cleaned the kitchen in his new dress.

"Tracy sure looks sad," Ward mused in a puzzled tone while sipping his coffee. "I thought he wanted to find out about wearing dresses."

"He confided to me that he really does like to wear

dresses," June lied, "but he's terribly embarrassed to wear them around you and Casey. I'm sure he'll loosen up before long as he did with his aprons and blouses. I'll keep him in his new skirts and dresses around the house, but you have to back me up if he gets frustrated and balks or complains. This was your idea, you know."

"Okay, okay!" Ward declared. "I'll back you up, but I can't tell you how repulsed I am to see my son dolled up like that! Just keep him helping you around the house and out of my way."

"Yes dear," June promised. Outwardly, she was somber, but inwardly, she was ecstatic. This was her chance to really enjoy having a daughter and she wasn't about to waste a minute! "What were you and Dad talking about?" Tracy asked when his mother came into his room to help put his new feminine wardrobe away.

"Several things," she lied. "He thinks you look nice in your dress, but you look too gloomy. If you appear happier, he might consider shortening your punishment. Also, he thinks you should learn to comport yourself properly in your skirts."

"Like what Mom?"

"Remember how Casey teased you about your pretty slip at dinner? Well, he wouldn't have known you were wearing one if you hadn't shown it to him."

"I didn't show him, at least, not on purpose."

"That's the point! Turn your back to the mirror, bend forward from the waist, and look back at your reflection."

"Oh no," Tracy gasped in shame when he saw that his skirt had ridden up to reveal several inches of soft nylon slip.

"If you had stooped properly, Casey wouldn't have seen anything to tease you about. Learning to sit, stand, and bend modestly in a skirt will be quite traumatic, but your father wants you to learn. He has assigned me to be your teacher. So in the future,

I expect you to stoop from your knees, keeping the hem of your skirt parallel to the floor. When you sit, you must brush your skirt beneath you and sit with your knees together."

"I'll try Mom," he stammered. "I don't want Casey to see what I have to wear under my skirts."

"Good! He's already thinking of them as his skirts," June mused happily while deciding to push him a step farther. "Your father also wants you to refer to him as Daddy and me as Momma or Mommie whenever you wear skirts."

"Why Mom?"

"Uh, uh!" June cautioned, holding her finger up in a scolding manner. "It's Momma or Mommie from now on!"

Near tears, he muttered, "If I must, I'll use Momma. Mommie would make me sound too much like a little girl."

"Little girl?" June mused. "Is he beginning to think of himself as a girl at times? Boy, that U.C.I. stuff really works!"

"I'll get even with Casey if it's the last thing I do!" Tracy seethed as he leaned forward and adjusted the realistic falsies in his bra. "We've played 'look alike' jokes all our lives, but sneaking in the girl's locker, telling Daddy I wanted to wear dresses, and stealing my girlfriend is going too far! Now, I have to come home and do housework in a dress instead of playing ball!"

During the days that followed, life in the Madison household settled into a routine. Tracy, in his lingerie, dresses, and makeup learned to cook, iron, vacuum, dust, and countless other household chores. Also, due to the potions June added to his drinks and the creams and lotions he massaged into his body on a nightly basis, he was becoming softer and more docile at an alarming rate.

With revenge riding heavily on Tracy's mind, he paid close attention to all his brother's conversations



Peek a boo!!! Ward grimaces, and Casey smiles happily when an inadvertent masculine move reveals the distraught Tracy's lace edged slip.

for clues that would lead to pay back. He learned that aside from teasing him about his sissy clothes, Casey talked mainly about basketball and Jill, who was just as engrossed with cheerleading and the surrounding social activities.

"We play Northside Friday night," Casey announced. "I wish they wouldn't, but Jill and the other cheerleaders are doing special cheers for their boy-friends. Maybe she'll get sick, and they won't do mine."

"Can I go to the game?" Tracy inquired in an apprehensive tone. "Northside is our biggest rival, and I haven't seen Casey play."

"I don't know. . ." Ward mused.

"Oh, let him go," June interceded as her dubious husband looked over Tracy in his navy blue nautical style house dress that featured a wide sailor collar, silk scarf, and short skirt with tiny pleats. "You can't keep him cooped up in here forever."

"All right, but if you get in trouble again, this will be your last game until your punishment is over!" Ward said, giving Tracy a hard stare.

"Thank you! Thank you!" Tracy exclaimed while clapping his hands and flashing his red tipped nails like an excited girl. "I'll be good, you'll see!"

This annual game were steeped in tradition. For instance, the cheerleaders always led the student body in a spirited pep rally after school. The coach, wanting to get his players as far away from the hoopla as possible, sent them home to rest.

Tracy, noticing that Casey wore a gray sweatshirt that morning, put one exactly like it in a gym bag and took it along with him. When school was out that afternoon, he hurried into a stall in the boy's restroom, closed the door so no one could see his feminine camisole, and quickly changed into the grey shirt.

Still remembering the combination to Jill's locker, he opened it and removed her cheerleading uniform.

"Now, she won't be able to cheer or give that special yell for Casey. I have to make sure she thinks he took her uniform!" he thought gleefully. To identify Casey as the culprit, he made sure he was seen running from the scene by two Freshman girls who didn't know him very well.

Arriving home, Tracy changed back into the green sport shirt he had worn to school, hid the gray shirt in the back of a drawer, and hung Jill's uniform in his closet among his own dresses, skirts, and blouses where it wasn't likely to be seen. Since he was going to the game, he went into the kitchen to do the breakfast dishes and start dinner without changing into a bra, slip, and dress as usual.

The whole family was going to the game, so Ward, June, and Tracy were eating an early dinner when Jill barged in without knocking. "All right!!!" she screamed. "Where's the smart ass who took my uniform? Tonight is special, and I can't cheer without it!" When two younger girls walked in behind her she asked, "Is this the one you saw steal my uniform?"

"I'm not sure," one answered. "I can't tell them apart."

"Neither can I, but he had on a gray sweatshirt," the other stated.

"Then, it was Casey!" Jill shouted. "He wore a gray shirt to school. Where is he? I've already missed the pep rally, and if I don't find my uniform, I'll miss the game!"

"What's all the noise about?" Casey asked as he walked into the kitchen rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"It couldn't have been HIM!" one of the girls gasped, seeing Casey with a fresh crewcut. "The one we saw had long hair!"

"Yeah, like him!" the other exclaimed, pointing to Tracy.

"When did you have THAT done?" June gasped.

"After school," Casey smiled while rubbing his short hair. "The whole team went to the barber shop right after school, and we had our hair cut as a show of commitment to winning tonight. What do you think?"

"Then, you didn't take Jill's uniform?"

"What's this all about? Why would I take Jill's uniform?"

"So she couldn't give that special yell you said you hated!" Tracy injected, although he knew his trick had backfired. With Casey's crewcut, no one would confuse them. As he stood under his father's intense stare, he shook with fear that his shameful secret would be revealed.

Fortunately for him, Ward's mind was on other matters. "You can't blame this on Casey!" he boomed. "What have you done with Jill's uniform?"

"I'll get it," he stammered and made his way toward his room.

When he returned with the pilfered garment, Jill snatched the hanger from his hand and ran from the house saying, "Come on girls, we have to hurry!"

"Why did you take Jill's uniform??" Ward roared when the family was alone.

"He probably wanted to wear it!" Casey laughed, realizing what Tracy had tried to do and that the plan had been foiled by his macho gesture with the team. What a stroke of luck! He could now enjoy Tracy's dilemma to the fullest! "Wanting to wear her clothes is probably the reason he went with her all along!"

"You were caught red handed, and you can't blame Casey this time!" Ward snarled. "If you think you can get away with stunts like that, you're badly mistaken! As punishment, you won't be going to the game. Get yourself into one of those dresses you love so well, and get busy cleaning the kitchen!"

Tracy was totally devastated as he slowly made his way to his room. June felt an inner glow as she

watched Tracy scurry about, efficiently doing housework in his neat house dress and crisp apron. His skirt swung saucily about his smooth nylon covered thighs, his heels clicked rhythmically on the kitchen tiles, and to her surprise, a slight smile played across his ruby red lips. "Having a daughter is such a pleasure, even if she is my son!" she thought while stirring the potent U.C.I. potion into his drink.

"Thanks Momma, I needed that," he acknowledged. "Doing housework at this pace really works up a thirst."

"Why are you working so fast?" she asked.

"State is playing on television this afternoon, and they'll move into the top ten with a win," he bubbled. From habit, he brushed his skirt beneath him, sat with his knees together in a feminine manner, and took a drink. "Even if I hurry, I won't finish in time to watch the whole game, but I should be able to see the second half, or at least the end of the game!" he exclaimed, oblivious to the lipstick stain on his glass.

June had been trying to diminish his interest in sports, but her efforts had failed. Thus, she formulated a scheme to accomplish her goal while adding a few more enforceable feminine attributes and placing the blame on her husband. Now, she surmised, was the time to put her plan into action! "I didn't want to bring this up sweetheart, but your father doesn't want you watching sporting events until your punishment is over," she lied apologetically.

"I can't watch the game? Why?"

"He says girls aren't supposed to be interested in sports. Since you look so much like a girl in your dresses, he wants you to act more like one. To accentuate that image, you are to speak in a higher, softer voice as well."

"What do I do, hide in my room while he and Casey watch the game?"

"You don't have to hide. You could work on your makeup techniques or practice your new voice. On

the other hand, we could go shopping. Buying a new dress always raises my spirits, and I'll bet it will do the same for you!"

Shopping for a new dress wasn't on Tracy's list of things to do rather than watch a big game. "Oh, why do I have to wear dresses and act like a sissy?"

"Your Daddy is still very angry about the peeping tom incident and stealing Jill's uniform. He thinks he's punishing you in the worst possible way."

"He is, and he keeps making it worse!" Tracy lamented as tears streaked his makeup. "Now, I can't even watch games on television. How far will he go with this terrible punishment?"

"Perhaps he would relent if you appeared to be happy in your skirts."

Tracy shifted anxiously, absentmindedly adjusted his short skirt over his thighs and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you could stop your perpetual bickering with Casey, perform your household duties more cheerfully, and smile when taking snacks to your Daddy. He might get the idea that wearing dresses, lingerie, and makeup was no longer a punishment and allow

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

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

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

you to return to pants sooner than he had planned.”

“Would it help if I went with you to buy a new dress?”

“Couldn’t hurt,” she deluded.

“Okay,” he replied with a thoughtful half smile as he dabbed at his tears. “Let’s do it!”

Taking her femininely dressed son in her arms, June gave him a firm hug and cooed, “All right! Repair your makeup, and let’s get started!”

Wanting to finish the housework and leave before Casey and his father arrived to watch the game, Tracy hurried to his room to do his mother’s bidding.

“He fell for that hook, line, and sinker,” June mused as she watched her once athletic son hurry away with his skirt fluttering merrily about his thighs. “After that little pep talk, I’ll bet he buys the prettiest dress in the store! Ward will be more convinced than ever that he likes wearing girl’s clothes when he sees him flitting about the house in his pretty dresses with a cheerful attitude. I can’t believe how easy it is to manipulate those two! Why didn’t I think of this long ago?” As promised, she pitched in with the housework and it was soon done.

Retiring to his room, Tracy removed his clothes, took a quick bath and dressed in fresh panties, bra, slip, and pantyhose. Not wanting to wear bright colors that attract attention, he chose a soft white blouse with long billowing sleeves and a pale pink jumper dress he had been reluctant to wear in the past. He quickly applied pink blush and lipstick and added eyeliner and mascara. After screwing pink heart shaped earrings onto his lobes, slipping several plastic bangles on his wrist, he stepped into pink three inch pumps, and was ready.

Thinking he was getting away before his father and Casey returned, Tracy was shocked and disappointed when he entered the family room and saw them. Remembering his mother’s advice to appear happy in his dresses, he quickly regained his compo-

sure, smiled brightly, and said, "Hello Daddy! Hello Casey! I left some sandwiches and drinks in the refrigerator. Enjoy the game."

"Where are you going dressed like that?" Ward growled. "Momma is taking me shopping for a new dress and maybe some new undies," Tracy giggled like a girl much younger than himself. Still smiling, he slipped the straps of his pink purse over his shoulder. As he walked away, he noticed how his tight skirt and heels restricted his stride, but he wasn't aware of how the sway of his hips were exaggerated.

Ward stormed off in search of a drink, muttering something about his son really liking to dress like a sissy. Casey wondered, "I know that U.C.I. stuff is powerful, but I can't believe it has made Tracy prefer to go shopping for a new dress and more silky undies than watch the big game! Is he really beginning to like that sissy stuff like Dad thinks, or is he trying to pull something?"

The twins shared a bathroom located between their rooms, and doors from both sides provided access. Neither ever locked the other's door until Tracy started wearing girl's clothes. After that, he always locked Casey's door to prevent his brother from walking in and seeing him in his feminine undies. Sometimes though, after he pulled up his panties and adjusted his skirt, he forgot to unlock the door.

"You left my bathroom door locked again!" Casey spat as he barged into Tracy's room without knocking. "How many times have I told you to. . ." his voice trailed away to a stunned silence. He had seen Tracy looking increasingly feminine in his dresses, skirts, and makeup, but he had no idea what was required to produce that 'look'!

"Get out of here!" Tracy screeched as he looked around for something to cover himself. "I've told you a thousand times not to come in here without knock-

ing!"

The devious Casey had locked the door as an excuse to go into Tracy's room to determine if his brother was really beginning to like his feminine clothes. "The bathroom door is locked," he lied while looking over his brother sitting at his vanity in a bra and half slip. "The bathroom is for both of us. I told you I would come through here if you locked me out again!"

"I'm sorry. I guess I forgot," Tracy stammered as he crossed his arms over his bra like a young girl caught similarly undressed.

"You never forget to lock it when you go in. Why can't you remember to open it when you leave?" Casey chided while his brother scrambled to find something to cover himself. When Tracy turned to retrieve a pink silk blouse he had laid out to wear, Casey smiled and thought, "That U.C.I. brochure wasn't lying about the power of those pills. Look at him scurrying about instead of trying to punch me in the nose!"

Tracy was bright red as he tucked his slip and blouse into a straight white miniskirt while his smiling brother looked on. "Okay, you've had your show," he spat as he raised the zipper at his left hip. "Now, get out of here!"

"Boy, Mom is really going all out to make Tracy into a girl, and I'll bet Dad doesn't know half of what she's doing! If I hadn't convinced Dad I cut the grass, that could be me in those frillies." After a moment of consideration, he decided, "Nah! That wimp would never have dyed Dad's underwear pink and blamed me, peeped in the girl's locker room, altered Mom's U.C.I. order, or any of the other things I've done to keep him in dresses and out of favor with Dad. I might have had to do housework in an apron for a few days, but that would have been the extent of my punishment."

Tracy had his skirt and slip raised high enough to

reveal his lace edged panties and was fastening his nylons to his garter straps when Casey returned a few minutes later. "Why didn't you go out through your room?" he seethed when he realized his mischievous brother was delightfully watching his feminine display. Quickly dropping his skirt and smoothing it back into place, he picked up a pillow, threw it at his exuberant twin, and screeched, "Get out of here! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have to wear these sissy clothes!"

"That did it!" Casey gloated to himself. "No matter how much Tracy pretends to like wearing dresses for Dad's benefit, I know he hates being a girl as much as ever. That little tantrum proves it once and for all!"

When Tracy was alone, he sat at his vanity with his head in his hands, sobbing, "I shouldn't have lost my temper with Casey. If Daddy heard me, he'll know I'm just pretending to like my dresses. Why won't anyone believe this is all Casey's fault?" Things were quieter than usual at the Madison house for a Friday night. Casey had taken Jill to a movie, and June was out on an errand, leaving Ward and Tracy at home by themselves. Tracy was in his room performing his nightly beauty ritual as instructed by June before she departed. The U.C.I. potions had made him far too docile to disobey anyone in authority, especially his mother who he believed was helping him endure a punishment imposed by his ruthless father.

After taking a long soaking bath and shaving his legs in warm water saturated with perfumed bath oils, Tracy stood before the mirror and observed his chest. "That U.C.I. cream Momma gave me stopped the itching, but it hasn't done anything about the swelling. If I didn't know better, I'd think I was growing breasts!"

He ran his fingers gently over his chest, and to his surprise, his enlarged nipples stiffened and he expe-

rienced a heretofore unfelt erotic sensation in his groin. The thrill continued as he massaged the estrogen laden U.C.I. cream into his budding breasts. "Wow!" he gasped as he shook in a simulated orgasm. "I never felt anything like that!"

Ward was fuming, believing his wife's reports that Tracy preferred to dress and present himself as a girl in the privacy of their home. He couldn't understand why a boy would want to wear dresses, soft lingerie, and makeup! "This is it!" he decreed after downing several stiff shots of bourbon. "I'm going in there and put an end to this sissy business once and for all! No son of mine is going to parade around in dresses!"

In an alcohol induced stagger, Ward stormed into Tracy's room to tell him off, but the vision that greeted him took his breath away! His once proud athletic son was seated before a lighted vanity mirror in a short nylon nightie and was plucking his brows into a thin neat line. His fingertips gleamed with bright red polish as he wielded the tweezers about his brows. Ward was further taken aback to see his son's shaved underarms, his legs shining with oil based emollients, the protrusions in his bra rising and falling with every breath, and the vision of soft nylon panties through his translucent nightie!

"Daddy, what are you doing in here?" Tracy squealed in a high pitched voice as he looked anxiously over his feminine image for flaws. He was totally taken in by June's story that Ward had ordered him to dress in an increasingly feminine manner. With his father's sudden entry, he was afraid he had done something to displease him. Normally, he would have been ashamed to be seen performing his beauty ritual in his feminine nightie, but at that moment, his predominant emotion was fear. Fear that his father would find flaws in his feminine

image and extend his punishment.

"Stand up and let's have a look," Ward sighed as he regained his composure.

Filled with trepidation, Tracy stood and slowly turned so his father could get a good look at his feminine form.

"He really is a sissy!" Ward thought disgustedly, being unaware that his wife had given Tracy explicit instructions about his 'beauty ritual' before leaving. "Why else would he work at it so hard with no one around? I didn't want to believe it, but June is right about him liking this feminine stuff! Well, I'll show him!" After a good look, he spat, "Make sure you continue to mind your Momma, and I had better not catch you without your frillies!"

"Sure Daddy, I'll try if that's you want."

With that, Ward stormed out of the room and slammed the door. "I had such high hopes for that boy," he stewed. "He was everything a father could ask for before he started lying and wearing dresses."

Totally confused, Tracy smoothed his nightie beneath him, took his seat at his vanity, and resumed his beauty ritual with the thought, "Am I ever glad Daddy didn't come in a few minutes ago when I was playing with my nipples! He really would have exploded if he had seen that! Anyway, I sure wish I didn't have to wear dresses and do housework like a girl. I've been punished enough, especially since I didn't do anything wrong!"

END OF BOOK ONE of TWO

**If you liked this story or can't find part two,
write to me:**

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



*Wow!!! After completing his 'beauty ritual'
Tracy is entranced by the erotic sensations
emanating from his budding breasts.*

ARE YOU A WRITER?

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

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



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



What a sissy! Distracted in the belief that Tracy likes feminine clothes, Ward orders him to 'keep up the good work'.

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

**"BORN TO BE
A BRIDE"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 46
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

**"BORN TO BE
A DAUGHTER"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

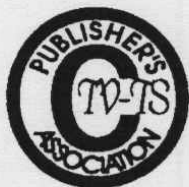
CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



REWARD!!

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

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES: | |
| HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW... | 10.00 |
| WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW... | 10.00 |
| WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW... | 10.00 |
| MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL | 10.00 |
| PRETTIER IN PINK II | 10.00 |
| PRETTIER IN PINK I | 10.00 |
| THE STORE BRIDE | 10.00 |
| GIRLS' THINGS II | 10.00 |
| GIRLS' THINGS I | 10.00 |
| A WILLING WOMAN | 10.00 |
| PRACTICALLY A GIRL | 10.00 |
| UNDER HIS SKIRTS | 10.00 |
| AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2 | 10.00 |
| AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND TO SISTER #2 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND TO SISSY #1 | 10.00 |
| CHILDREN'S TV FICTION: | |
| HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10 | 10.00 |
| DRESSING DOWN #9 | 10.00 |
| A PARTY GIRL #8 | 10.00 |
| LUCK BE A LADY #7 | 10.00 |
| FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #) | |
| #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 | 10.00 |
| ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1 | 10.00 |
| TV Fiction Classics: | |
| AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW | 10.00 |
| A PROPER LADY II #91 NEW | 10.00 |
| A PROPER LADY #90 NEW | 10.00 |
| A GIRL GOES AWAY #89 NEW | 10.00 |
| SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW | 10.00 |
| FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #18 | 10.00 |
| FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A | 10.00 |
| GIRLS #8 | 10.00 |
| GIRLS SLIP I & II #85 & 86 | 20.00 |
| GIRLS GETAWAY #84 | 10.00 |
| PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83 | 10.00 |
| MISS UNDERSTOOD #82 | 10.00 |
| SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81 | 20.00 |
| GOING AS GIRLS #79 | 10.00 |
| CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78 | 20.00 |
| JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76 | 20.00 |
| A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74 | 10.00 |
| AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73 | 20.00 |
| TOES IN THE HOSE #71 | 10.00 |
| MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70 | 10.00 |
| WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69 | 20.00 |
| BIRTH OF A LADY #67 | 10.00 |
| JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65&66 | 20.00 |
| HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64 | 10.00 |
| FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62 | 10.00 |
| A DRESS FOR DANNY #61 | 10.00 |
| BECOMING LADIES/GIRL #59 & #60 | 20.00 |
| THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58 | 20.00 |
| MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56 | 10.00 |
| LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55 | 20.00 |
| ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53 | 10.00 |
| THE GIRLMAKERS #52 | 10.00 |
| SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51 | 20.00 |
| DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49 | 20.00 |
| BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG#46&47 | 20.00 |
| DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books | 20.00 |
| MORE THAN A WOMAN #43 | 10.00 |
| COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS | 20.00 |
| LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41 | 10.00 |
| GIRL BY CHOICE #40 | 10.00 |
| WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39 | 10.00 |
| BLONDE & BLONDER #38 | 10.00 |
| CAMPING IN CURLS #37 | 10.00 |
| SLINK OR SWIM #36 | 10.00 |
| DAUGHTERS ONLY #35 | 10.00 |
| HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34 | 10.00 |
| FEMININE APPEAL #33 | 10.00 |
| PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32 | 10.00 |
| MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31 | 20.00 |
| LIKE A DAUGHTER #29 | 10.00 |
| HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28 | 10.00 |
| WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books | 20.00 |
| ONE OF THE GIRLS #25 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24 | 10.00 |
| PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23 | 10.00 |
| MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22 | 10.00 |
| WOMAN'S WORK #21 | 10.00 |
| THAT A GIRL #20 | 10.00 |
| TIT FOR TAT #19 | 10.00 |
| NEAR MISS #18 | 10.00 |
| GOING A BROAD #17 | 10.00 |
| DRESSED TO DANCE #16 | 10.00 |
| FLIGHT OF FANCY #15 | 10.00 |
| MAID UP #14 | 10.00 |
| ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13 | 10.00 |
| ALL DOLLED UP #12 | 10.00 |
| NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11 | 10.00 |
| SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10 | 10.00 |
| JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9 | 10.00 |
| LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8 | 10.00 |
| PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7 | 10.00 |
| CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6 | 10.00 |
| Contemporary TV Fiction: | |
| DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW | 10.00 |
| LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW | 10.00 |
| LAVENDAR & LACE I #70 | 10.00 |
| DRESS UP DAY #69 | 10.00 |
| SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68 | 10.00 |
| PURSE STRINGS #67 | 10.00 |

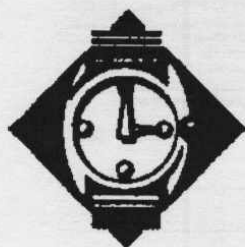
| | |
|--|-----------|
| BIRTH BOUND #66 | 10.00 |
| DISCOVERING DRESSES #65 | 10.00 |
| MY BETTER HALF #64 | 10.00 |
| LEARNING CURVES #63 | 10.00 |
| THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61&62 | 20.00 |
| DRESSES & TRESSES #60 | 10.00 |
| MAKEUP MATERIAL #59 | 10.00 |
| HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58 | 10.00 |
| BECOMING EMMA #57 | 10.00 |
| PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56 | 10.00 |
| FEMININE BUDDY #55 | 10.00 |
| GIRLIE GIRL #54 | 10.00 |
| SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53 | 20.00 |
| CHICKS RULE #51 | 10.00 |
| DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 & 50 | 20.00 |
| SON TO SISTER #48 | 10.00 |
| MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47 | 20.00 |
| TAKING HER PLACE #45 | 10.00 |
| FEMININE DESIRES #44 | 10.00 |
| SISTERS FOREVER #43 | 10.00 |
| JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41 | 10.00 |
| METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks) | 20.00 |
| FRILL OF IT ALL #38 | 10.00 |
| WINDOW DRESSING #37 | 10.00 |
| HORMONES FOR LIFE #36 | 10.00 |
| A SUMMER GIRL #35 | 10.00 |
| TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34 | 10.00 |
| JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33 | 10.00 |
| JOINING THE GIRLS #32 | 10.00 |
| CLEAVAGE #31 | 10.00 |
| CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30 | 10.00 |
| FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29 | 10.00 |
| A LIVING DOLL #28 | 10.00 |
| GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27 | 10.00 |
| DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26 | 10.00 |
| THE PAMPERED SISSY #25 | 10.00 |
| JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24 | 10.00 |
| FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23 | 10.00 |
| TOO MANY SKIRTS #22 | 10.00 |
| REDTOES #21 | 10.00 |
| I DRESS, THEREFORE #20 | 10.00 |
| HEAD OVER HEELS #19 | 10.00 |
| MY BOSOM BUDDY #18 | 10.00 |
| HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17 | 10.00 |
| GIRLIES #16 | 10.00 |
| HIS FIRST DRESS #15 | 10.00 |
| MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14 | 10.00 |
| THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13 | 10.00 |
| THE GIRL'S PART #12 | 10.00 |
| THE NEW GIRL #11 | 10.00 |
| FRENCH DRESSING #10 | 10.00 |
| VOW OF FEMINITY #9 | 10.00 |
| VIRGIN VOWS #8 | 10.00 |
| CHANGING VOWS TOO #7 | 10.00 |
| EXCHANGING VOWS #6 | 10.00 |
| FURT FOR A SKIRT #5 | 10.00 |
| TV Fiction Series: | |
| MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25 | 10.00 |
| RED, WHITE AND PINK #24 | 10.00 |
| FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23 | 10.00 |
| TURNABOUT PARTY #21 | 10.00 |
| BOYS TO BABES #19 | 10.00 |
| THE MAKEOVER #18 | 10.00 |
| PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17 | 10.00 |
| FEMININE FORIE #16 | 10.00 |
| MANNEQUIN #15 | 10.00 |
| BIRTH OF BARBARA #14 | 10.00 |
| IDEAL MARRIAGE #13 | 10.00 |
| CHARM SCHOOL #12 | 10.00 |
| ACCEPTANCE #11 | 10.00 |
| FASHION MODELS #10 | 10.00 |
| TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9 | 10.00 |
| CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7 | 10.00 |
| CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 | 10.00 |
| TV Fiction Series: | |
| QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1 | 10.00 |
| TV TRAINING CAMP #2 | 10.00 |
| TV VACATION #3 | 10.00 |
| BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4 | 10.00 |
| BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5 | 10.00 |
| DRESS UNIFORM #6 | 10.00 |
| OTHER GREAT THINGS: | |
| TRANSFORMA COMIC | 10.00 ea. |
| #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6 | |
| THE SLIP | 10.00 |
| THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW | 10.00 |
| CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW | 10.00 |
| TOTAL ORDER — | |
| STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only) | |
| USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max) | |
| (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate—up to 10 books) | |
| TOTAL ENCLOSED | |
| SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: | |
| SANDY THOMAS ADV. | |
| P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA | |
| VISA or MC | exp / |
| NAME | |
| ADDRESS | |
| CITY | ST ZIP |
| I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-D | |

IN THE PINK

IT ALL STARTED WHEN
I JUST COULDN'T BARE
TO CUT HIS HAIR!



SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA
92624-0309 USA



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA