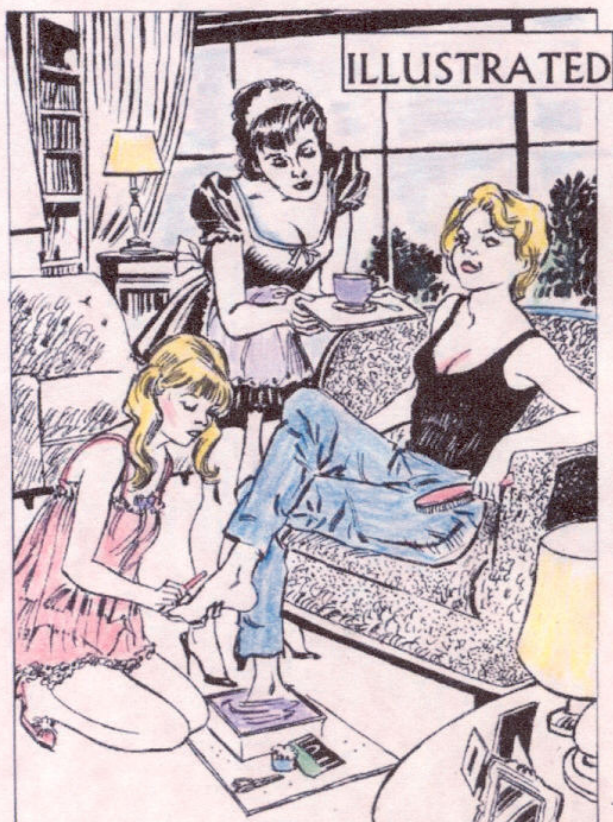


TV FICTION CLASSICS

"THAT'S NO LADY"

THAT'S MY FATHER!

Several guys are forced to be girls!



Volume 58

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TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE

Volume 58

“THAT’S NO LADY!”

By KRISTY LOVE & ALICE TRAIL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PUYAL

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QUOTE BOARD

"After a near death heat attack, a CD was sent back from heaven. St. Peter said, "You have thirty more years!"

With that news, he went back and decided that he's go for it.

Face-lift, nose job, boob job, cheek implants, hormones, and a whole new wardrobe of the cutest dresses!"

As he walked out of the hospital, he was hit by a bus and killed.

He said to St. Peter. "You said I had thirty more years!"

St. Peter said, "I didn't recognize you!"

“THAT’S NO LADY!”

By KRISTY LOVE & ALICE TRAIL

BOOK 2

Sentenced to a stretch in dresses is better than jail.

I had to pay attention every minute at school. I couldn’t let myself slouch and stretch my legs the way boys do. I couldn’t scratch my ‘you know what’s’ anymore, and I had to always keep my knees together.

It was strange to worry about not showing my slip or undies and whether or not my bra was straight. I had to drape one leg over the other at the knee when I crossed my legs. At first, it was very difficult, but Momma was relentless in my practice sessions. She was determined that feminine moves would replace all my male actions. I was required to come directly home from school where she would have a full agenda of lessons ready for me. One night it was makeup; the next was clothes selection and color matching; another was hair styling. She was ruthless!

Lately, she concentrated on my voice. Not only did I have to practice a feminine speaking voice, but also she started me on singing lessons. She insisted that I learn to sing as a Soprano. In addition, diction lessons made my vocabulary unquestionably feminine.

When I reported to the fashion design and sewing classroom for charm school, I found that the large room had a stage and runway where girls could model their creations. The class had girls from all four grades, so Patrick was in the class with me.

Mrs. Nelson was our teacher, and to my surprise, my homeroom teacher was her assistant. “Miss Amy is my

assistant for this course," Mrs. Nelson announced. She is also an assistant teacher of Home Economics.

I felt uneasy around Miss Amy. She was gorgeous and that made me queasy. I could tell she felt the same about Patrick and me.

"Ladies," Mrs. Nelson began, "I'll to show you some charts to illustrate the differences between girl's and boy's bodies as they enter puberty. You will be shown how to take your own measurements to enable you to purchase almost any clothing item in a store without trying it on. That knowledge will prove invaluable when you're in a hurry just before the mall closes!"

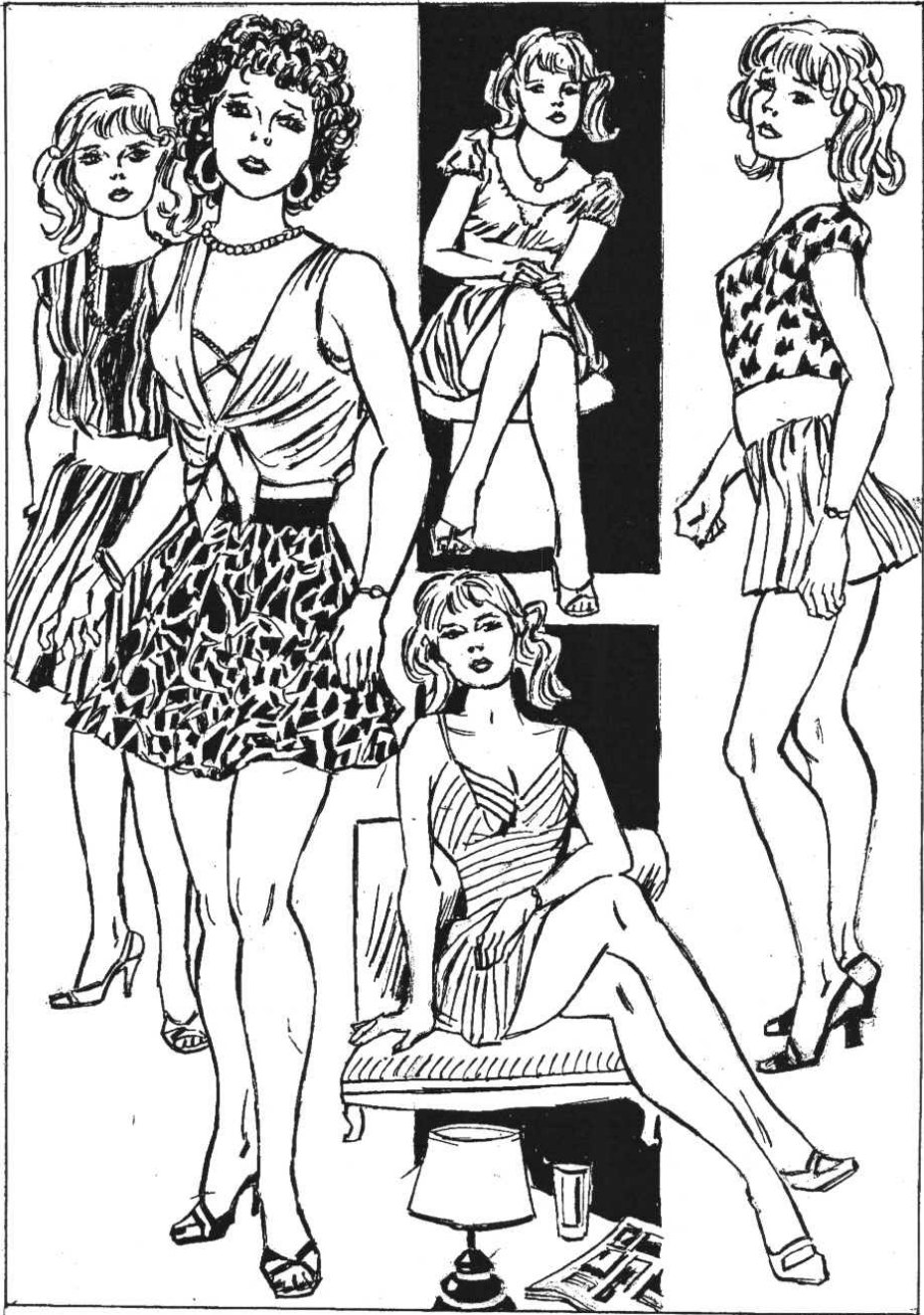
To save embarrassment, Patrick and I took each other's measurements, and recorded them on a chart Mrs. Nelson provided. Mollie excitedly exclaimed, "Why Angelo and Patrick's measurements are hardly different from ours! Their waists are slimmer, and their hips are no more than an inch smaller than mine!"

All the girls laughed, even Miss Nelson. Patrick and I blushed deeply at her comment.

"Angela and Patricia are on the verge of becoming young ladies, Molly," Mrs. Nelson said, "Thus, you must always refer to them in the feminine gender. Now, when I call your names, please rise and walk across the stage. At the center of the runway, stop and twirl just enough to show a peek at your panties! Then, walk back to your chair and seat yourself in the chair at the far end of the platform. When the music starts, stand, walk back to your chair, and resume your seat. Miss Amy, will do it first to show you, and she will repeat the process when you have finished."

Miss Amy blushed bright red at being selected to show us how to walk and sit, but she advised, "We will video tape you to display your grace and poise as of today. At the end of the course, we will do it again, and hopefully you will show significant improvement! Won't that be fun! Watch me, please..."

After Miss Amy showed us how to walk, Mrs. Nelson called the roll alphabetically. Patrick was 5th in line, so he didn't get to watch many of the girls before his turn.



"If you don't want to stand out, you'll have to learn to walk, sit, and cross your legs like the other girls."

By the time the line got to me, I had watched a parade of 15 other girls 'doing their thing'.

"Girls, what a treat!" Mrs. Nelson gushed when we finished. "Everybody had a good laugh! It appears that Miss Allen, Miss Johansson and Miss Weiss have had ballet lessons. You three did exceptionally well today, but it was a bit staged, as if you were in ballet slippers."

"What really pleased me was how natural and graceful Angela and Patricia performed. We all know they never did this type of activity until recently. Their grace attests to the effectiveness of their training at home. Give your tutors my congratulations. Both of you will break some young man's heart soon." Patrick and I blushed deep red at her backhanded compliment.

Soon, we were parading up and down the stairs, practicing good posture and balancing old textbooks on our heads, even while we twirled. Time passed quickly because Miss Nelson believed in teaching by doing, and she had all of us busy doing things. When the 4 o'clock bell rang to end the class, she reminded us to bring a pair of pumps with 3-inch heels to class the next day. We would have to keep them in our lockers, since heels could be worn at school only during dances, parties, and on special days.

(See *Illustration 16*)

Momma was waiting for me at the parking lot entrance. "Yoo Hoo, Angela! Over here! I've got to pick up Mario and Nick from track practice."

On the way to the track, she asked, "Didn't you try out for track last year? Too bad, you were good. It just wouldn't fit your new image now." She tooted the horn and sang out, "Over here, boys!"

Momma whispered, "Just keep quiet, and let them talk. Boys love to talk about themselves, so let them, and they'll think you're a wonderful girl. Keep a straight face with just a little smile and watch an old pro!" No sooner had they climbed in the front seats than Momma started them talking. "Mario, how was practice today?"

It was just as she said. The guys talked all the way home, especially Mario. Nick seemed shy around me, giving me quick glances when he did not think I was looking.

I sat as quiet as a mouse primly holding my hands on my lap. I felt so exposed that I wanted to hide. My short skirt barely covered my smooth legs and my silk blouse protruded outward in little points from my growing breasts and sensitive nipples. I blushed a couple of times when Nick's eyes met mine as I tried to imagine what he was thinking. Somehow it mattered.

JUDY

I got a deep sense of satisfaction at seeing Dad doing housework in feminine clothes and makeup. As a girl and the youngest of the family, I had been subject to the whims of my brother and our parents. From that lowly position, I had risen to a position of supreme power within the family. Patrick was in dresses and makeup and Dad was in lingerie, cute shorts, and makeup. Along with Mom, they were all under my authority.

The sensation of power was fantastic, and I wanted more! After talking with Judge Parker, I made an appointment with Dr. Marks for Dad. I allowed him to wear men's trousers, and shoes for his appointment, but her seeing his silky feminine undies distressed him. "Please," he begged. "Don't make me go for a physical dressed this way. I would be so embarrassed!"

"Would you be less embarrassed in your skirt?" I snapped.

"No!" he cried. "Please don't make me wear my skirt."

"Very well, you may go in your silly pants, but as punishment for your impertinent back talk, you will wear your softest, silkiest, laciest, PINK panties, bra, camisole, and garter belt!" I demanded. "Your male shirt doesn't allow room for your falsies, so wear your soft pink polyester blouse that buttons in back!"

Knowing his bra and camisole would be evident through the translucent blouse, he started to protest, but he quickly realized a single word might doom him to

wearing his skirt. He lowered his eyes, executed a dutiful curtsy, and sighed, "Yes Mistress."

I, of course, drove to Dr. Marks' office. I only allow him to drive to and from work. For all practical purposes, his car is now mine. After all, it is registered in my name.

Dr. Marks greeted us herself because it was after hours and her staff and regular patients had left. "How are you, Everett?" she greeted.

"Fine...I guess," he squeaked, his face a bright red.

Turning to me, Dr. Marks asked, "Judge Parker said you want him to have the strongest dosage."

I nodded, knowing Dad had no say in the matter. "Really fix him up," I grinned. "He has a lot of years to overcome. I'm afraid a strong dose is needed to accomplish the desired effect."

"Very well. Everett, please drop your pants and lower your panties so I can administer the injection."

"Please, Mistress Judy! Don't do this to me. You've already made me into a sissy and paraded me all over town for everyone to see. I'll do whatever you ask, but please don't let her give me that medication! I'll be ruined!" Dad cried.

"SO? Do as the doctor instructed," I growled. "It's important that you present the proper image commensurate with your duties. These shots will help you accomplish that. Besides, your new clothes will fit much better."

He slowly did as ordered. At that moment, he would gladly have paid the fines Judge Parker threatened to levy rather than suffer under my authority, but we both knew that option was gone. With me controlling everything, he was penniless, and he had no option but to follow my orders.

Life was great! Patrick did not dare disobey me. After seeing how I intimidated Dad, he became submissive---a model younger sister. Following my orders, he spent a lot of time with other teenaged girls doing what they do---shopping, trying on clothes, make-up and talking about boys. Sharing clothes with them and seeing

them undress in front of him must have really conveyed to him the subliminal message that he wasn't really a boy anymore.

By running around half-naked in front of him, I let him know it's okay for females to be undressed around him. He was no longer a threat! We'd both run around in lacy slips taking our time doing our make-up and hair.

Soon, not only did he look like them, but he started acting like them too! He even became more and more amorous with Bobby. Whenever his 'boyfriend' was coming over, he would wear a short sexy skirt, heavier makeup than usual, and a generous application of enticing perfume. He would wait on Bobby, bringing him snacks and watching his favorite shows on television. Whenever I came near them, as they cuddled on the sofa, they would suddenly separate and pretend nothing was awry.

When Dad needed a haircut, I sent him with Patrick to Mr. Ken's for a trim. Of course, I called ahead with instructions for them to lightly curl his hair and encourage it to grow. When he complained that they had curled his hair too much, I shrugged off his objections by saying they had only added body.

I canceled Mom and Dad's bank accounts, put all the money in my name, and gave them each an allowance. Of course, it was a lot less than they WANTED!

I made Dad bring home his books from the office and go over them with me. He operated a small business that employed himself and his secretary, Ruby. One evening, I informed him, "Everett, I want you to send Ruby on a vacation. While she is away, we can integrate Katie into the business. She has a lot of free time with you helping with the housework nights and weekends. She will become your Assistant!"

Mom smiled at my order. She was happy with the opportunity to wear nice clothes and get out of the house.



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ANGELO

"Angela dear, we are having Thanksgiving dinner with Uncle Gino and Aunt Louisa," Momma announced as she hurried me into my bathroom. "Take a bubble bath while I lay out your clothes, and hurry! Mario will pick us up in an hour and a half."

After the soothing bubble bath, I wrapped a towel about my long hair and another about my body as Momma taught me. The lower towel hid the cones of flesh erupting from my chest. My enlarged nipples that sat on top of two cones of soft, pliable flesh terribly embarrassed me.

After dusting myself liberally, I slipped into a pretty blue 'dance set' of matched panties, bra and slip. Each had a light blue border of lace. I sat on my settee and slowly rolled transparent nylon stockings up each leg and fastened them to the garter belt. I gathered the silk slip and dropped it over my head while slipping my arms through the thin straps. My slip slithered down my body and over my hips to stop 5" above my knees. I finished by arranging the bodice lace to cover my 'A' size cups.

The dress Momma selected was a lovely light blue linen weave with a scooped bodice and a full skirt. The little dress was grown-up in silhouette, yet cuddly, and I felt totally exposed in it. I finished by slipping into my matching blue pumps with little 2-inch heels. "Zip me up, Momma, I want to see how I look!"

It looked lovely, and Momma gave me a love tap of approval on my nylon-clad buttocks. A pair of hoop earrings looked just right, and a matching necklace added a touch of sweet sixteen glamour. A tiny lady's wrist watch and bangle bracelets were more than enough accessories to draw attention to my slender arms.

Mario completed the picture with his light tan pants in the latest pleated style and fabric and a blazer. The open collar of his stripped oxford cloth shirt made him appear casual, yet sophisticated. His soft natural leather loafers sported little tassels. His masculine



“Angelo has worked very hard at becoming a lovely young lady! There’s no reason to hide him any longer.”

haircut stamped his slim but nicely muscled body as a high school jock and big man on the campus.

I looked so petite and delicate standing next to him. No one would believe that the two of us were really brothers and not brother and sister. The sway of my skirt, the glistening of my red lips, and the glow of my peaches and cream complexion stated that I was a girl on the threshold of womanhood. There was nothing masculine about me.

Momma smiled at how much Mario resembled our late father. She knew how much I resembled her. So what is wrong with a mother wanting a 'junior' too?

I had not been to Uncle Gino and Aunt Louisa's house since being caught running away. What would they think of the changes that had occurred since I last saw them? Although they would not see my budding breasts, they would see my peaches and cream complexion, long flowing hair, thin eyebrows and long lashes, narrow waist, and wider hips.

I knew I couldn't change Momma's mind about sharing Thanksgiving dinner with them. The only saving grace was their knowledge of my punishment and would be expecting to see me in a dress.

Momma led the way to their front door with Mario and me close behind. She rang the doorbell, which seemed strange since we usually just entered. Thanksgiving must require a more formal indication of our arrival.

Aunt Louisa answered the door, kissed Momma on the cheek, then leaned over and gave me a similar kiss saying, "Angela, you are blossoming into such a lovely young lady."

She led the way into the living room with me following Momma and Mario bringing up the rear. I was into the room when Momma stepped aside to reveal a room full of people, all relatives.

I gasped and turned to make a rapid exit. Mario blocked my escape, but the astonished look on his face showed he was unaware of this gathering. Uncle Gino

assumed a position behind Mario to completely block my avenue of escape.

(See *Illustration 17*)

“Oh Rosa, he’s beautiful,” Aunt Sonia gushed. “Your description of him was an understatement!”

“He’s as lovely as a rose,” Grandmother beamed.

“Momma! How could you?” Mario gasped. I was too speechless to utter a word.

“You can’t hide something like this from the family,” Momma sternly defended. “Everyone knew of Angelo’s sentence, and they all wanted to meet our new feminine family member. I insisted that they be given time to perfect the new lifestyle, or this meeting would have occurred weeks ago.”

“But,” I gasped, turning beet red. “I can’t!”

“It is already done. Now just be a nice young lady and don’t talk back,” Aunt Louisa smoothly gushed, taking my elbow and guiding me to the center of the room.

My knees felt like Jell-O, and my heart was racing. It was difficult to breathe and I was getting dizzy. How could Momma do this to me?

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Momma took my other elbow to help steady me. “I’d like to introduce my new daughter. We call Angelo, Angela Marie now.”

“Gawd, how can a rambunctious boy like Angelo look so much like a girl in such a short time?” Uncle Victor wondered out-loud. “He must have always been a bit of a sissy.”

“Is that really you, Angelo?” Cousin Maria asked.

I could not catch my breath. I wanted to run for my life, but Momma and Aunt Louisa held me firmly in place. “Yes, Maria,” Momma smiled, “Remeber, his name is Angela now.”

Turmoil reined for the next half-hour as everyone in our large family asked about me, my sentence, and how I was able to assume the guise of a girl so effectively. I did not need to answer since Momma was more than willing to volunteer.

Finally the commotion died down and I stood before the assembled family with my hands clasped before me. My dress swayed about my legs as I teetered on my heels. My hair caressed my cheeks, I tasted the strawberry flavor of my lipstick, and smelled my Chloe perfume.

"What now?" Uncle Victor finally asked.

"I think it's time we prepare our Thanksgiving feast," Aunt Louisa volunteered. "Everyone has had an opportunity to see "Angela" and hopefully had their questions answered. It's time to return to a semblance of normality."

"I completely agree," Momma piped up, "but I insist that everyone treat my lovely son as the girl he has obviously become. Angela must always be referred to by feminine pronouns or by her new name." The assembled family nodded agreement.

Uncle Victor asked, "Since you are now a girl, will you be joining the woman in preparing dinner or with the men in the den to watch football?"

Aunt Louisa instructed, "The kitchen! There were always too many men in the den and too few women in the kitchen. It's time Ma had a break."

As I quietly shuffled into the kitchen with the women, I looked over my shoulder at the men parading into the den. A surge of rebellion flooded over me because I knew I should be going with them to watch the football game! I was a guy the same as them, but it was useless to complain or protest! The family had accepted me as girl, and as such, I belonged in the kitchen with the other females!

"Angela, you can set the table while we finish cooking," Aunt Louise decided. "The dishes are in that cabinet. Make twelve settings, but first, ask a couple of the men to attach the table extensions for you. That's too strenuous a job for a delicate girl like you."

"You want me to go to the den and ask the guys to help?" I stammered.

"Why yes, dear," Momma exclaimed. "That's what the men are for. As a girl, you don't have the strength to do that task. Let the men flex their muscles."



“How can you a boy, have such gorgeous legs?
And your bottom? Look how his panties fit!”

My legs were shaking, causing my skirt to sway about my knees as I opened the door to the den. A half dozen men and boys were sitting and lying in various poses as they commented on a recent football play. "Uh...could I get a couple of you to help with the dinner table?" I squeaked my mouth as dry as an oven.

"Of course, sweetheart," Uncle Gino volunteered. "Come Mario. A delicate girl like your sister shouldn't be lifting heavy table leafs." With a groan, Mario followed him into the living room. They told me, "Stand to the side while we men do our stuff." I blushed a deep red as they performed their task. I could have helped, but Uncle Gino would not allow it. I was too 'fragile' to do manual labor. "Besides," he smiled, looking at my hands, "We wouldn't want you to break a nail."

They quickly returned to their ball game once the table was extended, their labors finished for the day. I was left to set the table as was expected of woman folk. With a sigh, I spread a tablecloth before gathering the dishes.

The plates were on a shelf higher than I could reach, even with my heels. I stretched to get them, but they were just beyond my reach. "I can't reach the plates, Aunt Louise," I finally sighed.

"Get one of the men to help you, dear," she suggested. "A girl isn't expected to reach that high. I'm sure Mario can reach them."

"I don't want to disturb them again," I whined, not wanting to return to the den where I so desperately wanted to sprawl like the other guys.

"Angela darling," Momma started, "Girl's aren't expected to reach those dishes. It's not ladylike. Now fetch Mario as Louise suggested. It's a woman's job to make the guys move once in a while."

Again I had to enter the den and ask for help from the men like a helpless girl. Mario reluctantly followed me to the kitchen and did as requested, and without a word, he quickly returned to the den.

“My, Rosa,” Grandmother sighed, “Isn’t Mario turning into such a handsome young man. You must be so proud of him.”

“I am Mother,” Momma smiled. “He’ll make some girl a wonderful husband. But, I’m just as proud of my new daughter Angela. If he tried, he could make some man a wonderful wife.”

I turned four shades of red at her inference that I might marry a man. “Please, Momma!” I cried. “I’m not interested in boys! I’m a boy myself! Remember?”

“Oh posh!” Momma said. “I hear the boys think you’re one of the loveliest girls in school.”

“Momma!” I cried. The other women in the kitchen smiled at Momma’s statements. Surely they didn’t take her serious.

Thanksgiving was the longest dinner of my life. I constantly caught people looking at me. The younger kids snickered and giggled when they didn’t think I was looking. I was the constant object of discussion.

The only saving grace was support from Momma, Aunt Louisa, Grandmother, and three girl cousins about my age. After dinner, the three girls came to me and said, “We all think you look very pretty.” I blushed at their compliment.

“Please join us in the bedroom,” one girl asked. “We want to know all about your change. We promise not to kid you or make evil remarks like the boys.”

I wanted a break from the constant glares and snide remarks, so I accepted. When we were alone, all three girls started at once with the questions. “Do you wear panties? Are those really your breasts? How can you, a boy, have such gorgeous legs? Where did you get your lipstick? Have you dated any cute boys?”

(See *Illustration 18*)

I realized they were asking out of friendly curiosity, not the viciousness I received from my male cousins, so I responded as honestly as I could. They wanted to know ALL and insisted I show them. I blushed when I raised my skirts to show them my panties and slip.

They gasped when I lowered my bra to show my budding breasts. Soon an atmosphere of friendly girlish giggles replaced the tension I had felt all afternoon. One by one, each of the girls opened their blouses and compared their breasts and pink nipples to mine. One girl said, "You are the only guy I've ever seen who needs a bra."

"Leave him alone," another girl said as she unhooked her padded bra. "You all know. Once you get breasts, you only want them bigger!" They all giggled loudly. She whispered, "I was as flat as a board until I did it. Afterwards they grew a cup size in a couple weeks."

"YOU DID IT," the youngest and flat-chested cousin yelled.

"SHHH!" her face turned red. "At a pajama party last year. I've done it a couple times. I'm real careful, I don't want to get pregnant."

"I wish I wasn't so scared. Did it hurt?" the shy girl asked.

"You'll find out!" the other girl giggled.

"You too!" the shy girl moaned, "I guess I'm the only virgin here...Angelo?"

The girls giggled as I stammered that I was too.

"Oh, you two have to get laid. It does such great things for your figure..."

We giggled and I began to relax---something I never thought I would do in front of family or other girls my age. These were girl-girls! Each had their little fantasy world of party dresses, lingerie, and romantic day-dreams.

They brought me into their inner world without mis-givings. I was just one of them. Included in their "girl's dream" which included beauty, romance, a dream of getting married, being a housewife, and even motherhood.

The shy girl asked me, "If you did it with a guy, could you get pregnant?"

"Don't be silly," the two other girls laughed. "But his breasts would get bigger!"

"I just thought with all the female hormones, that maybe..."

As we all giggled, I began to realize how important boys were in how a girl feels about herself. As much as I denied it, the girls impressed upon me the glorious phenomenon of a "first time."

My older cousin said, "After I did it, I was in a daze for days. My figure and breasts had attracted a man and suddenly I was full of male seed. If I got pregnant, I knew my breasts would nurture the baby! It was such an exciting sensation. Angelo, we just have to get you laid!"

We carried on for over an hour before Momma announced it was time to leave. I thanked the girls, gathered my skirts, and daintily left the room.

"Angela, let's get together for a pajama party real soon," one girl suggested and then winked.

I looked at Mother who nodded her consent. "Sure, if you want to," I squeaked.

"I'll give you a call to arrange it. Maybe we can do it over the Christmas holidays. You can meet some of my friends, okay?" the second girl asked.

"Uh...sure," I stammered as I followed Mother to the front door. All the relatives were there to see us off. I had to endure an eternity kissing each woman or girl on the cheek or daintily shaking the hands of the men. The boys hung back, not wanting to acknowledge that one of their own was transformed into an apparent girl so completely!

JUDY

Mom had been working with Dad at the family business for over a month, and she was picking up the routine quite well. She even came to me with ideas for expansion of the business that Dad had vetoed as being too risky. I saw great potential in her ideas and decided Dad was lazy for turning down ways to substantially increase our income.

One Friday evening, Dad came home from work about an hour after Mom. Supposedly he had some last minute details to clear up, but I didn't fall for that! His breath reeked of liquor, meaning he had been out drinking with the guys. "Everett, I understand Katie has some ideas for increasing revenue that you refuse to pursue," I greeted him.

"What?" he started, looking at Mom smugly sitting on the couch. "They won't work," he grumbled, knowing she had told me everything.

"You have been at this job too long, Everett," I scowled. "New blood is needed to diversify our services and keep us abreast of advancements."

"What do you mean by that, Mistress Judy," Dad stammered, not liking where this conversation is leading.

"Katie says you don't do much around the office since Ruby returned," I pronounced. "As you said, the business needs only two people. I think you should retire since they are managing so well without you!"

"Retire? But I can't..." Dad stammered. "What will I do if I retire?"

"I have something that will occupy your time," I grinned. "You've shown wonderful potential with doing housework."

"Housework? But...Mistress Judy, you wouldn't? I won't!"

"What do you mean 'won't'?" I growled. "You know I won't put up with such impertinence!"

"Just...er...Mistress Judy," he cried, "I don't want to stay home and do housework!"

"My mind is made up!" I exclaimed, "Now take off those silly pants so I can teach you a lesson. Katie, get the hairbrush on my vanity in the Master bedroom."

Mom had a wide grin. I was giving her management of the family business without interference from Dad. She was only too happy to comply with my order.

Dad had finished removing his pants as ordered and was standing before me in his panties when Mom re-

turned with the brush. "Everett, I won't put up with your disrespect!" I growled. "Place yourself across my lap for the sound spanking you deserve!"

Mom and Patrick were taken aback by my pronouncement. Dad turned deep red from embarrassment, frustration, and maybe even anger. "I...I will not!" he finally exclaimed. "I won't be spanked by my own daughter in front of my family."

"Katie, call Judge Parker. I'm sure she has ideas for making Everett obey," I ordered. "You can be sure her punishment will be a lot more public than mine."

Realizing I was serious, Dad stammered, "Please, Mistress Judy, don't call Judge Parker. I just don't want Katie and Patricia to see me get spanked."

"Drape yourself over my lap as ordered before I lose patience," I ordered, ignoring his plea.

Shaking and barely able to keep his balance, he slowly complied with my order. He may have thought I would be lenient and not really use the brush. He was wrong!

"Swap!" I lowered the brush forcefully onto his panty covered rear-end. "Swap!" "Swap!" I rained blows onto his reddening behind.

He tried to hold his emotions in and take the pain like a man, but I was just as determined to expose him as the sissy he was quickly becoming. The more he held in his feelings, the harder and faster I delivered the blows. Soon he could not resist any longer and he started crying and pleading like a baby. "Please! Please, Mistress Judy. No more! I will obey your commands!" he howled.

I continued with a few more blows to emphasize who was in control and who was not, then I let up and allowed him to slide off my lap. He collapsed on the floor in a heap, crying and holding his deep red rear end. Mom and Patrick were awe struck at how I dominated Dad and made him capitulate to my authority.

"Everett, I have decided that you will stay home from now on while Katie runs the business. That is final! You will be responsible for making our meals, washing and ironing our clothes, and everything else dealing with

maintaining this house," I informed him as he dried his tears and soothed his burning rear. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Judy," Dad quietly agreed.

"Good!" I firmly stated. "I laid some clothes on your bed more appropriate to your new duties. Take a bath to soothe your rear end, then dress in those clothes. I expect you back down here in an hour to assume your new duties."

"Yes, Mistress Judy," Dad curtsayed and started to his room. A minute later, we heard a loud shout from his room. "You can't be serious, Mistress!"

"Do you want another spanking?" I shouted back. "You have only an hour to freshen up and assume your new duties."

Just over an hour passed before he emerged from his room. Mom, Patrick, and I were sitting in the living room discussing the family business when Dad entered. He had done as I had ordered. His eyes were downcast as he quietly stood at the door with the cute, yellow housedress draped over his body and flared out at the waist to flutter just above his knees. Nylons encased his legs, and he wore yellow low heel slippers.

"Very nice, Everett," I exclaimed, "I knew that dress would look lovely on you."

Patrick and Mom were dumbstruck at the scene before them. "Your closet has several similar dresses and we'll get you some more over the next few days," I pronounced. "You already have a significant supply of panties, bras and camisoles, but you need additional slips, nightgowns, garter belts, and nylons. Also, you should begin to learn to walk in heels."

"Yes Mistress Judy," my completely cowed Father quietly agreed with a polite curtsy. "Whatever you decide."

"Your name is Yvette from now on. It is more appropriate with your new profession and clothes," I smiled. "Now start dinner."

"Yvette?" Mom whispered.

"Yes, Katie," I answered, "it's close to his former name. I expect both you and Patricia to refer to him by that name from now on."

"How could you do that?" Patrick gasped as he absent-mindedly toyed with his skirt. "He was a proud man, but you completely crushed him. You took away his job, his pride, his clothes, and now, you've turned him into a complete sissy who has to wear dresses and keep house!"

"Watch your tongue unless you want a session across my lap, LITTLE SISTER!" I spat. "I expect you both to refer to him as Yvette from now on."

"Yes Mistress Judy," they replied, both seeing me through new eyes.

With me constantly correcting him, Dad gradually accepted his dresses and household duties. From fear of painful spankings, he seldom complained or hesitated in carrying out my orders. My only objection to his pseudo-feminine demeanor was his manner of walking. He still took long strides like a man despite his skirts, no matter how many times I corrected him,. Finally, I decided to require him to wear straight tight skirts and slightly raised heels to assist him in learning to walk in a natural feminine stride with his hips swaying attractively.

This became a disaster! Even in relatively low two-inch heels, he walked with his legs apart and took the longest steps his skirt would allow. After a talk with Miss Amy, the assistant charm class instructor, I stretched a piece of white adhesive tape down the center of the hallway. I then made Dad walk the line, placing each foot in front of the other. If he stumbled or lost his balance, he could steady himself by placing his hands on the walls. To help accustom him to wearing heels, I required him to wear them even while doing his housework.

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ANGELO

When Christmas vacation started, Judge Parker called a conference with the Rocco and Flynn families. A couple of days before the meeting, Patrick and I got together and wondered what she wanted to discuss.

"We've both been model 'girls' for the last couple of months," he speculated. "Maybe she is declaring an end to our punishment."

"I'll bet that's it!" I agreed excitedly.

Neither of us could control our excitement over the prospect of ridding ourselves of our skirts and returning to the life of normal teenage boys. At home, we prattled about the possibility and received varying responses from each person to hear our theory. For example, Mario was elated, and Momma was dejected. Patrick said his whole family, with the exception of Judy, was thrilled.

The day of the conference, as both families gathered in Judge Parker's chambers, everyone was extremely nervous in anticipation of the pending announcement. For the occasion, I wore a tight fitting gray skirt and a translucent white blouse that was tight enough to show off my emerging breasts and highlight my lingerie. My legs were clad in shimmering nylons, I wore gray 3-inch heels, and my long, lustrous hair framed my peaches and cream complexion. Moderate makeup highlighted my large eyes and lipstick covered mouth. I was very much the lovely 16-year-old teenage queen.

Patrick was the picture of youthful innocence, not looking a day over his new official age of fourteen. He wore a mid thigh length red pleated skirt and a white blouse with a flurry of lace and ruffles that hid his youthful lingerie. He also wore white nylons to keep his legs warm and red buckled slippers with one-inch heels. His hair had grown to his shoulders and was gathered into high angel wings held with bright red satin ribbons, and his light makeup gave him a shy little girl complexion.

Needless to say, Patrick and I looked quite different although we were the same actual age. He sat quietly with his eyes downcast, afraid of offending his younger

sister as we sat side by side, flanked by Momma and Judy.

Adding to the spectacle was the way Patrick's parents were dressed! Mrs. Flynn wore a stylish navy blue business suit with a straight mid-thigh length skirt, three-inch heels, and attractive makeup.

Mr. Flynn; however, was a different matter! He wore a masculine suit, but otherwise, his appearance was very feminine. Under his coat, a pink nylon blouse with a ruffle down the front was obvious. He tried to hide it with a tie, but it would slip occasionally, thwarting his efforts. Whenever he reached up to adjust his tie, long red oval fingernails were obvious, and that greatly distressed him! His hair was rather long, straggling down his neck, yet he had no sideburns. His complexion was almost translucent with no signs of facial hair, and his eyebrows had been plucked into fine arcs. He wore women's pumps with a slight heel, and dark nylons were visible beneath each leg of his pants.

Judge Parker started the meeting saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to assess the progress of our pranksters, roughly six months into their sentences. Mario, what have you to say about your new sister?"

"I am afraid this dressing is getting to him," Mario confessed. "I may not have a brother if it continues much longer. Momma is fixated on having a daughter."

Momma piped up, "Oh, Judge Parker, please don't take my Angela away! I've come to love her so. It would break my heart to lose her."

"What about you?" Judge Parker indicated Mr. and Mrs. Flynn. They furtively glanced at Judy who wore a scowl that indicated she would not harbor pleas for a return to the 'old days'. They strongly suspected the Judge would ignore their wishes anyway, so they merely bowed their heads. Mrs. Flynn quietly stated, "Judy speaks for the Flynn family."

"Very well," Judge Parker continued. "I don't know where this notion originated, but you seem to expect me to terminate the sentence of Angela and Patricia. Let me assure you that I am not one of those liberal judges

who suspend sentences after a few months for good behavior. I believe a lesson is retained when it is WELL LEARNED. With accumulated penalties, they still have just over a year remaining on their sentences, and if I have my way, they will serve every day!"

Patrick and I were stunned. We had to be girls for another year! Mr. and Mrs. Flynn were abashed. Judy beamed since she was firmly the head of the Flynn household. Momma retained her daughter, so she was extremely happy.

"Katie, you can return to work after you drop Patricia and Yvette off at home," Judy ordered. "Judge Parker and I have some business to discuss which doesn't concern any of you."

The three stood, curtsied to Judy, and whispered, "Yes Ma'am." Along with the others, I was aghast to see Mr. Flynn curtsy to his teenage daughter!

"Oh Yvette!" Judy smiled as the trio neared the door, "I expect to find you wearing your new uniform and three inch heels and practicing your walk on the white line when I return."

Everett turned bright red at Judy's reference to him as 'Yvette' in public and her ordering him to wear a skirt and heels. Anger flared in his eyes momentarily, but he slowly lowered them, dipped another polite curtsy, and meekly replied, "Yes Mistress Judy."

"Hang your suit in the back of my closet after you change into your new clothes!" Judy added as her sub-

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“With those new soft curves, you have a figure any girl would envy. Much too maidenly to ever wear boy’s clothes again.”

dued father made his exit. "I'll let you know when you can wear them again."

I knew Judy made their father wear lingerie, but I had no idea he had to wear skirts and high heels too! How would he stand the ridicule when word got around that he took orders from his teenage daughter who called him 'Yvette' and treated him like a maid?

Judge Parker asked Judy and Mario to wait in the outer office after noting that Mother had something she wanted to discuss. "You seem troubled, Rosa," the Judge stated when the three of us were alone.

Mother stammered, "Angela has to use the faculty lounge to go to the restroom at school and the coaches area to shower after gym classes. It separates her from the other girls so she cannot completely blend in as a girl. She will always be different as long as she does that."

"What are you getting to, Rosa?" Judge Parker asked.

"I want her to use the same facilities as all the other girls. I want no distinctions between my daughter and the other girls in school."

I gasped when I heard Mother's request!

"How?" Judge Parker asked, "After all, she is really a boy."

"That little masculinity between her legs distinguishes her from other girls," Mother stated. "She is even developing breasts as large as most girls her age."

"That 'little thing' is significant. You aren't suggesting that I condone having it removed?" Judge Parker asked.

"Oh, no!" Mother interjected. "At least not now."

I gave a sigh of relief.

"I cannot allow her to use the girl's restroom and shower facilities as long as she has that bit of masculinity," Judge Parker stated. "Besides, she would be mortified to take showers with other girls while her 'boyhood' dangled between her legs for all to see."

“Dr. Marks has a simple procedure that would make Angela look perfectly maidenly between her legs,” Momma finally stated.

“Mother!” I gasped.

“The doctor assures me that she can tuck away those portions that show Angela as a boy. It’s a minor surgery. Everything remains intact and can be returned to normal with another minor surgery,” Mother continued.

“And when the procedure is finished?” Judge Parker asked.

“Angela will be indistinguishable from other girls her age. She will not only have to urinate as girls do, but other girls will be safe because her hormones have put her male libido to rest. I think this is best. She shouldn’t be treated differently than other girls since she will be spending the next year as a girl.”

I collapsed into my seat, letting my skirt fly every which way. What was Mother doing?

“When can this procedure be done?” the Judge asked.

“Immediately!” Momma smiled. “Angela will be laid up for a few days, but she can return to school after Christmas vacation as if nothing was different. She will be able to use the girl’s restroom and shower and dress with the other girls. Girls won’t be so shy about inviting her to pajama parties and other girlish endeavors once they see that she is a girl where it counts.”

“What have you to say, Angela?” the Judge asked.

“Please don’t let them operate on me to make me look like a girl!” I pleaded as I adjusted my skirt.

“Having heard from you both, I will okay the procedure if Dr. Marks assures me is safe and can be completed before school resumes,” Judge Parker stated. “I’ll clear it with the school, because I don’t want an uproar from some girl expecting another girl in the restroom or at a pajama party and finding a boy instead.”

I felt the crisp white sheets. I sleepily scanned the small room, noticing the sterile decorations. Then I realized it was not my bedroom! Suddenly everything

came flooding back. Walking into the clinic, sitting in the doctor's office as she explained the procedures, being prepared for surgery, crying and begging Mother not have it done, and her insistence that it was for the best. I remembered the white gown, the examination by the doctor, being given a shot, then I remembered nothing.

Suddenly, I remembered the reason for being in the clinic. They were going to tuck my genitals away. Nothing was going to be removed, just hidden from sight. A shiver ran up my spine when I thought of what they planned to do. I felt an aching between my legs and quickly drew in my breath. They had done it!

I carefully reached underneath the sheets and between my legs. My hand came in contact with a sizable bandage that covered where my genitals were supposed to be. The door to the room suddenly opened and Mother entered wearing a huge smile. "Hello, honey. How is my little girl feeling?"

"Did she do it, Mother?" I stammered.

The smile on her face confirmed my suspicions. "Everything turned out wonderfully. You can go anywhere other girls can go without fear," she gushed.

"Uh? She didn't!?"

"Cut it off? Of course not! Everything is still down there for now. It's just tucked into your body so you look perfectly maidenly. Isn't it exciting? You will return home on Monday after the doctor removes the stitches. We'll go on a wonderful shopping spree. You need a larger wardrobe now that you are a girl for the next year."

Mother returned the next morning carrying shopping bags of goodies. "I brought your favorite nightie," she gushed, holding up my pink babydoll pajamas. "I also brought you the latest Seventeen magazine and some makeup. You will want to freshen your face." Before she left, she clothed me in the most feminine nightie possible, my hair lovingly brushed until it glistened, and a small amount of makeup applied to my face.

Monday morning was the great unveiling. I sat on my bed with my legs spread while the doctor carefully



“An emerging young lady must have the proper wardrobe to get her in the right frame of mind to be social.”

removed the bandages. She examined the area between my legs, probed here, and measured there. She used small scissors to snip three or four places. Forceps removed the stitches.

I was not allowed to look at myself while this was happening. When Doctor Marks finished, Momma sponged me clean, then carefully helped me off the bed. She helped slip a silky pair of semi-transparent panties over my hips and a fresh lacy babydoll nightie over my head. I stepped into a pair of pink bedroom slippers with open toes and 2-inch heels.

A large mirror stood at the far end of the room. Momma told me to keep my eyes closed while she led me to the mirror. Finally she allowed me to open my eyes. I looked at my image in the large mirror and nearly fainted away! Standing before the mirror was a girl! Behind the girl was my Momma. The girl in the reflection showed substantial breast growth, narrow waist, and wide hips. Most of all, there was no sign of boyishness between the soft thighs. The image was all girl!

(See *Illustration 19*)

"Momma! What have you done?" I gasped in my lilting girlish voice. "I look like a girl!"

"Yes dear, isn't it wonderful?" Momma sighed. "You ARE a girl as far as I am concerned!"

I saw my completely feminine reflection and the determination on Momma's face. It was fruitless to resist. She had won. She had gotten her daughter.

My emerging breasts seemed right on my blossoming girlish body. Nothing gave away that I was a boy. My shiny hair hung to my shoulders in curled glory. My face glowed with young girlhood. My red fingernails and toenails matched my lips. My shapely legs and narrow shoulders confirmed that a girl stood before the mirror.

"Come along, young lady," Momma urged, "the first lesson of the day is using the bathroom. You have sat to urinate because I insisted, but now you must do it from necessity. You no longer can perform that function while standing." Momma told me to sit on the toilet and discharge what I could. Once done, Momma instructed



“Suddenly it all felt proper. But how?
No boy grew breasts and filled up a ‘B’ cup?
But I did.”

me to wipe myself with a tissue before standing. I would surely drip all over the seat and myself if I did not wipe.

I realized what had happened as my fingers brought the tissue to my reconstructed tush. My genitals may only have been hidden, but my maleness was being destroyed. There was no pretense to being a boy in a dress any longer. The smooth curves between my legs stated that I was now a girl!

The experience traumatized me. Nothing done in the past six months demonstrated the path I was forced to take as much as this. Nothing before had the impact of this demonstration. I was being transformed into a real girl! It was not a temporary game!

"Come Angela," Momma urged, "it's time to check out. You need a proper wardrobe now that you are a proper girl. The small wardrobe you have accumulated over the past 5 months was acceptable in the short term, but it won't do a girl in the long term. I'm sure you can't wait to try the lovely new Spring designs."

Two hours later, Momma urged, "Hurry, Angela dear. You don't have to take forever getting ready just because you are a girl."

"I will be right there, Momma," I squeaked. "I've just my lipstick to apply." I deftly removed the lid from the shiny brass cylinder and turned the end to reveal the red lipstick. Looking in the bathroom mirror, I examined my feminine face before bringing the tube to my lips.

I carefully applied color to my top lip, making sure it went on correctly before doing the same with my bottom lip. I brought my lips together to smear the color into a uniform texture. A light dab with a tissue removed excess color. I could not believe how feminine I now appeared. Only six months ago, I was a rambunctious boy who never thought of wearing girl's clothes. Now I was a girl trying to understand how I got that way so fast and so completely.

I pulled my hair from my ears to examine the large brass hoop earrings that graced each ear. I let my hair return to its natural position on my shoulders, then checked my blouse noting the lace fringe of my slip.



"It won't be easy for you but you'll be the perfect maid when I am through with you!"

I smoothed imaginary wrinkles from my miniskirt. I had very nice legs and Momma wanted me to display them. Finally, my feet were clad in slippers with 2" heels. The entire effect was that of a voluptuous teenage girl on the threshold of womanhood. I could not find Angelo beneath the layers of femininity. With a sigh of resignation, I joined Momma.

(See *Illustration 20*)

I gingerly followed Momma from the clinic, my skirt swaying about my legs. I felt extremely feminine as our heels clicked on the tile floor. Both of us carried purses filled with our feminine necessities.

Momma went directly to a mall on the outskirts of the town. "We will look for Spring clothes, Angela dear. First, we must fill out your lingerie wardrobe. I've noticed that your bras are too small to properly hold in your growing breasts."

"Yes Momma," I sighed, knowing I could not talk her out of this shopping spree.

"You will need various types of bras. You are developing a social life and soon the boys will notice that you are becoming well endowed. That means dances, gorgeous gowns, and the lingerie to match."

"Momma! I'm not dating any boys!"

"Angela dear, you've gone to the movies with Nick."

"But those were with groups of kids. I was just one of the girls..." I trailed off when I realized I had acknowledged that I was a girl.

Momma smiled at my verbal blunder. "Let's go here. They have wonderful lingerie," she smoothly guided me into a boutique.

A salesgirl showed us a huge collection of bras, panties, slips, corsets, teddies, and nighties. She led me to a back room and told me to remove my blouse so I could try on the various styles and sizes. Momma assisted me while the salesgirl brought in a growing tide of silky intimates.

I was aghast to find I filled a full 'B' cup. How could I have grown such large breasts? I was a boy; no matter what hormones they fed me.

(See Illustration 21)

Momma swooned over me like a mother hen. "Try this! Try that!" It was all I could do to keep up with her suggestions. From lingerie, we migrated to outerwear, then to shoes. Hours passed and the stack of new feminine clothes grew. I was truly in for a wardrobe the envy of any girl in town.

When we arrived home that evening, carrying loads of new clothes, Mario gave me heartfelt condolences for having to endure my punishment for another year. Neither Momma nor I told him where I had been or what had happened over the past few days. Mario helped me carry my purchases to my bedroom. My bureaus were overflowing with feminine finery. All signs of my past boyhood were gone. My bedroom was the definition of femininity.

JUDY

After Judge Parker decreed that Patrick and Angelo were to remain in skirts for at least the next year, I decided Yvette should do the grocery shopping. I could have sent him to the store in his maid's uniforms, but since he had been docile and obedient of late, I allowed him to wear his housedresses. Since he had learned to manage them so well, I made him wear heels at all times! Needless to say, he was totally embarrassed to be wearing dresses in public, but with my total authority, he had no choice but to obey my orders. I also became stricter in overseeing his work to keep his mind on his chores.

"Yvette, did you change my bed sheets like I ordered?" I gruffly asked after arriving home from a movie with some friends.

"Yes, Mistress Judy," Yvette squeaked while giving me the required curtsy. He held his dress in his fingertips as he dipped deeply.

"Good! You know what will happen if I'm displeased. I won't put up with lazy help!" I grumbled.

"Yes, Ma'am!" he squeaked, a worried look in his eyes. He returned to his household duties as I went to my bedroom to change into more comfortable clothes.

(See *Illustration 22*)

I had not allowed Dad to wear male clothes since we returned from the meeting with Judge Parker. I made him pack all the male clothes left in the house and told Mom and Patricia to give them to charity. Of course, they did as I ordered. Neither would cross me any more than Dad.

My constant vigilance, pressure to conform to the girls in his classes, and Bobby Bennett had taken a toll on Patrick's masculinity. Not only did he look like the perfect 14-year-old girl, but also his every action now confirmed it. He spoke in a cute, little girl, voice and used the words and phrases of a teenage girl. He used his acquired feminine skills to wrap Bobby Bennett around his little finger, as the two of them became inseparable. They would voluntarily spend every free hour together. I would come home to find them snuggled next to each other in front of the TV watching a mushy movie that Patricia had chosen. More than once, I caught them kissing on the porch. Patrick was embarrassed to be caught in such a compromising position, but he never asked Bobby to leave.

ANGELO

I was healing really well and my pubic hair was growing back where the doctor shaved it for the surgery. Although it felt strange to not have my familiar genitals hanging between my legs, I knew they were still there. The old adage, 'out of sight, out of mind', seemed appropriate.

I was helping Momma clean the house a few days before Christmas when I received a phone call from my cousin, Jenny. She was one of the three girls so fascinated by my change at the Thanksgiving dinner. "Hello, Angela," she giggled. "We're having a pajama party at my house Saturday. Want to join us?"

Knowing Momma would learn of the invitation and be displeased if I declined, I stammered, "Uh...yes, that would be nice."

"Cool!" she gushed, "It starts in late afternoon. I'm sure your Momma will drop you off at my house. Bring your nightie and all the necessities for staying overnight."

"Okay," I agreed. I wanted to back out in the worst way, but I couldn't think of an excuse Mom would buy.

"I've invited a few girls from my school, but don't worry, they don't know about you. I told them you are my cousin, and the only way they will find out that you're a boy is if you let them, so be your feminine best."

Attending school as a girl was bad enough, but there, everyone knew my circumstance. There, I didn't have to hide my identity, but this was different. Jenny's friends don't know I'm a boy. How can I keep them from finding out? Surely they can tell merely by looking at me.

The invitation delighted Mom. I wasn't surprised that she already knew because there are few secrets in our family, especially about me. "We simply must get you a new nightie, Angela dear," she gushed. "I want my daughter to be the loveliest girl at the party!"

"Can't I say I'm sick," I moaned. "I don't want to prance around with a bunch of girls in see-through nighties."

"I'm surprised at you, Angela," Momma smiled. "Earlier this year, you would have jumped at the opportunity to spend an evening with a bevy of lovely young girls."

"You know what I mean," I blushed. "Besides, I'm not as interested in girls as I used to be. I'm more interested in their clothes, makeup, and hairstyles than their bodies. It's those darn hormones Dr. Marks gives me!"

"But, those hormones make it possible for you to attend school without looking like a freak," Momma cautioned.

"I guess so," I sighed, no longer able to argue with her.

I sat in the foyer waiting for Mario to take me to the pajama party. He had better things to do on a Saturday afternoon, but he too found it difficult to buck Momma. Mario and I had been very close as brothers, so I still felt funny in his presence in my dresses because I no longer looked anything like a brother. We weren't nearly as close as brother and sister. My femininity disturbed him, yet he knew I could do nothing about what was happening to me.

A beep of the car horn announced he was ready. I primly stood up and swept my soft fingers over my skirt to remove wrinkles. I picked up my pink overnight suitcase containing my clothes and my accessories case containing my makeup, hair products, pins, rollers, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, moisturizing lotions, and a thousand other things a girl needs wherever she goes.

I gave Momma a peck on the cheek in parting, promising to call once I was settled. I walked to Mario's car, feeling my skirt and soft nylon slip waif in the afternoon breeze. I placed my bags in the back seat, and after smoothing my skirt beneath me, daintily took my seat on the passenger's side.

"Thanks for taking me to the party, Mario," I sighed shyly as he started the car.

"Sure, Angelo...a," he stammered, obviously uncomfortable with me looking and acting so completely feminine. My dress, nylons, makeup, long hair seemed so natural now. After all of Momma's feminine training, I had trouble remembering how to act differently. We rode in silence for a while. Bored with the scenery, I lowered the passenger visor to examine my makeup. I smoothed my thin eyebrows with a scarlet fingernail, removed a speck of lipstick from the corner of my mouth, and casually arranged a stray curl.

"Gawd, Angelo, you do that stuff so naturally. You act more feminine than my girlfriend does. What's happening to you?" Mario cried.

Startled by his outburst, I stopped primping and looked at him. "I don't know," I sighed in my lilting voice. "It just seemed like the right thing to do."

"Well, it's crazy!" he finished.

We rode in silence for a while. I whispered, "You know how relentless Momma is. She jumps on me whenever I do anything remotely masculine."

We arrived at Jenny's after half an hour of silence. A barrier seemed to be growing between us, almost like that between brother and sister. I got out of the car in a panic. I was about to ask Mario to take me home when Jenny came rushing to the car.

"Angela, it's so nice to see you again. You are even lovelier than at Thanksgiving!" she gushed, taking me by my arm and escorting me into her house.

Mario merely shook his head. I looked over my shoulder as he drove away. My last chance to escape disappeared around the corner.

"My girlfriends will arrive in an hour or so. Mary and Connie are already here. We can't wait to hear all about your feminine life. You simply must tell us everything!"

I followed her to her bedroom where my other two cousins were sprawled on the bed. Both jumped up to give me a hug when they saw me. "Welcome, girlfriend!" Connie giggled. "I never imagined my cousin Angelo could become such a lovely and convincing girl."

Mary giggled, "Gawd, Angela, you're gorgeous! Are you sure you were once a boy?"

"I still am!" I stammered, taken back by their enthusiasm.

"I wouldn't bet on that, Angie," Jenny stated. "Mom has been talking with your mother. You're a girl now from what I hear."

"Only until my sentence is over," I corrected.

"Sure! Right!" Connie giggled, "If you say so."

Their inferences confused me. Did they know something I didn't? Jenny took my arm and led me to her brother's bedroom. "Brad is on a hunting trip with Dad, and they won't be back until Sunday evening. You and Mary will be sleeping in here."

"I'll sleep with Mary? Like in the same bed?"

"Of course! Don't worry, she won't attack you. She is not into other girls," she giggled, then left me to unpack. "Hurry and join us in my room. We have a thousand questions."

With a sigh, I did as instructed. A few minutes later, I joined the three girls for an hour of the third degree. Only the front door buzzer announcing the arrival of the other girls stopped the questions.

"Remember, Angela, these girls think you're my cousin from out of town. They won't suspect a thing if you don't do something to give yourself away or make them suspicious. You are so completely girlish! Even I can't believe you used to be Angelo."

The two girls were introduced as Kathy and Erin. They were cute, giggling teenage girls just like my cousins. I had to act just like them to survive the evening without being detected. We spent the next two hours talking about boys, clothes, movie stars (boys), other girls, and boys. We tried different makeup, different 'looks', even trying on each other's clothes.

I nearly jumped from my panties when Kathy asked me to try on a really skimpy, tight fitting danceskin. I took the skimpy garment and started for the bathroom. "Where are you going, Angie?" Erin asked. "You can undress here. We're all girls, you know."

I looked at Jenny. She was as flustered as Connie and Mary, but they didn't come to my rescue. Like me, they wondered how I would get out of this predicament. I slowing lowered and stepped from my dress. I was sure my shaking knees would give me away as I removed my slip and pantyhose. My bra came next. Mary and Connie gasped when I revealed my breasts. Having grown considerably since Thanksgiving, they were more than a handful, and my nipples were as large as silver dollars.

"What's wrong?" Erin asked Mary.

"Nothing! Nothing at all," Mary stammered.

I started to step into the danceskin when Kathy said, "No, silly, you don't wear panties with a danceskin."

I turned white! I could not reveal myself before these girls. Surely they would see I was not a girl, even with

my surgery. "Let's do something else," Jenny suggested, trying to rescue me before the entire party turned into a disaster. "Let's order a pizza."

"Okay," Erin agreed. "As soon as Angela finishes donning the danceskin." I was trapped! I had to remove my panties in front of these girls. I was dead!

I lowered my panties and stepped out of them. Kathy and Erin did not pay much attention, but Mary, Jenny, and Connie stared as if a great unveiling was occurring. I tried to conceal myself, but it was impossible with five girls in the room.

My pubic hair had grown out enough to hide the tiny scars from my surgery. It also hid my reconstructed genitals from clear view of the girls. Kathy and Erin did not expect to see anything extraordinary, so they gave me only a casual glance. Jenny, Connie, and Mary were another thing altogether. They expected to see my maleness revealed and their reaction to its absence nearly gave me away.

"Ahh..." Jenny gasped. "Where are your..." She caught herself before letting the proverbial cat out of the bag.

"What?" Erin turned at Jenny's question. "Where is what?"

"Uh...nothing!" Jenny quickly caught herself and looked away from my crotch so as not to draw the girl's attention to me. "Where is that pizza."

Connie and Mary looked at each other, then at me, questions written all over their faces. Before the confusion turned attention to me, I quickly slipped the garment up my body. I looked completely feminine between my legs, but I was covered which would keep prying eyes from questioning my femininity. I was gasping for breath by the time the garment was completely on me. Erin and Kathy thought it was from struggling with the garment, but it was from fright! I had nearly been revealed! My cousins knew of my shame, and their eyes told me that I would be answering lots of questions later when the other girls left!

The pizza boy soon arrived. Jenny sent Erin and Kathy down to fetch the pizza. "What happened?" she nearly shouted when only my cousins were within ear-shot.

"Happened?" I innocently asked, knowing what she was asking.

"You know what!" Connie picked up the question. "You are Angelo, aren't you?"

"Of course?" I stammered, "but don't use that name with those girls around."

"So?" Mary joined.

"So?" I asked.

"Don't be coy with us, Angie," Jenny excitedly asked. "Where are your...you know what?"

I blushed deep red. "Hidden," I finally whispered, "still there, only hidden."

"Lower your danceskin so we can see," Mary excitedly asked. "Hurry before the girls return with the pizza." Jenny closed and locked the bedroom door.

I did as asked. Each cousin looked closely, touching me in the most intimate spots. "Gawd Angela! It looks really good from a distance. You have to get close to see the difference. The doctor did a wonderful job."

Their intimate touches sent shivers of ecstasy up my spine. My genitals were hidden, but my sensitivity down there was very apparent. To my shame, my aureoles grew deep pink and my nipples became as hard as rocks. I could not help touching them to relieve the sudden itching.

"You are aroused, Angela!" Mary giggled. "Look at your nipples. Your reaction is the same as mine when I'm stimulated. Are you interested in boys or girls?"

I wanted to shout that I was not interested in boys, but the words were stuck in my throat. "I bet its boys," Connie laughed. "A girl as feminine as her isn't interested in other girls!"

I blushed deep red. "You really are becoming a girl, aren't you?" Connie giggled. "I'll have to introduce you to some boys from school. You will break their hearts."



“Yvette will move over the garage so Mom can have more freedom. She needs her own bedroom now. You never know when a girl might get lucky.”

"It's only until my sentence is over," I said, not too convincingly.

"I don't think so," Jenny giggled, "I think you are a girl like us now, Angie."

I was about to protest when a knock on the door announced the return of her two girlfriends. "Why is the door locked?" Kathy asked when Jenny answered their knock.

"Uh...no reason. We were just catching up on family news. It must have been locked by mistake." It was a lame excuse, but the girls didn't give it much thought. We were soon eating pizza, giggling, and laughing at how silly boys can act.

JUDY

When I entered the living room, Mom was sitting and resting her feet. She had just gotten home from work. I asked her how the business was going and she gave me a complete rundown on recent events. "David Hansen visited today. He has shown interest in our new ventures. He thinks we hit on a good thing," Mom sighed. I saw a sparkle in her eyes at the mention of Mr. Hansen's name.

"Isn't he our nemesis?" I asked. "Isn't he always trying to steal our clients?"

"He may have been Everett's bane, but he is very nice with me. I think he may like me. He complimented me on how well I've performed since taking control of the business," Mom beamed.

"Oh? Do I detect interest on your part?" I asked.

"Oh no, Mistress," Mom stammered. "After all, I'm a married woman."

"I saw the twinkle in your eyes. I don't think being married has stopped you from admiring Mr. Hansen," I posed.

"He is so strong and virile," Mom gushed. "Everett is..." her voice trailed.

"Wimpy, effeminate," I finished. "It must be difficult being married to a sissy like Dad. But don't you think

he really looks cute in that dress. Doesn't he have such nice legs?" Yvette was dusting the furniture at the far end of the room. I could not tell if he could hear our conversation.

"With him wearing soft nightgowns, makeup, and perfume, I feel as though I am sharing a room with another woman," Mom sighed. "With no hair on his body, he doesn't even feel like a man, and we haven't been intimate in months. I don't want to sound ungrateful, since you put me in charge of the company. But, you see, I'm a normal female, and I have certain needs."

"Admit it, Katie," I teased. "You're horny! Anyway, I know a businesswoman needs her own space, not to mention a little hot sex now and then. I've even taken steps to rectify the situation. Yvette, come over here!"

(See Illustration 23)

While Katie blushed over my description of her dilemma, Everett tripped easily in his heels to where we were sitting, giving testimony to the long hours of practice.

"Yvette, I have decided that Katie needs her own room. A grown woman does not like sharing her bedroom with another woman or a sissy wimp like you. I know you have been curious about the activity in the room over the garage. Well, I've had it furnished and decorated for a servant. Now that it's ready, you are to move in."

"You mean I won't be sharing a bedroom with my wife any longer?" Dad gasped.

"You don't exactly look like the man of the family any longer," I flatly stated. "From what Katie tells me, you no longer can perform like a husband either."

"That's because of those awful shots you make me take from Dr. Marks!" he cried. "I'm part of this family. Please Mistress, don't move me into servant's quarters."

"Okay, I'll leave it up to Katie. I'll relent if she wants to continue with the status quo."

We both looked at Mom as she declared, "I think Yvette should have his own room. It's just too confusing. Our lingerie getting mixed up and all. No, it would be

nice to have a place of my own. I don't want to share my bed with a sissy wimp who wears dresses, soft lingerie, and makeup."

Her statement shook Dad. "Please, dear! Don't turn me from your bed! That's the only remaining vestige of my manhood. Besides, you know I don't have a choice about my clothes and makeup! Mistress Judy makes me..." his voice broke and he burst into tears.

"That's what I mean," Mom stated flatly. "You even cry like a woman...or a sissy! Like Mistress Judy says, I think it best that you move out. I'm a busy woman now that I'm running the business. I need my space. Besides, the help should be separated from family."

I was taken aback by Mom's rejection of Dad's pleading. Apparently, she had developed a mind of her own since becoming a successful businesswoman. There was a time when she would never have bucked Dad, but now, for reasons of her own, she was rejecting him as a bed partner.

"It is done!" I stated with finality. "Yvette, you will move all your clothes to your new room now. There is no reason for you to spend another night in the main house."

With his head bowed in complete submission and defeat, he dipped a polite curtsy and whispered, "Yes, Mistress Judy."

"From now on, you will address your ex-wife as 'Mistress Katie'! You will curtsy to her and obey her as you do me. Furthermore, she has my permission to punish you as she sees fit if you are disrespectful or reticent in performing your duties."

"Please, Mistress Judy. Don't do this to me!" he pleaded.

"Yvette! How dare you question an order from Mistress Judy!" Mom shouted. "Get the brush. NOW!"

Everett looked to me, hoping I would countermand Mom's order, but I merely smiled and said, "Do as she orders, Yvette. She is your mistress too."

His face flushed bright red, his knees nearly buckled, but slowly he did as ordered. I kept a brush in a desk in

the living room to be close by when I wanted to deliver punishment.

He brought the brush to me as was his custom. "Take it to Mistress Katie and ask her to punish you properly," I nodded in her direction. He turned white at the thought of being spanked by his own wife.

"Please!" he cried. "Don't do this to me!"

"Yvette! You heard her!" Mom sternly ordered. "Bring the brush over here!"

Seeing no help coming from me, he slowly crossed the room and handed the brush to Mom. "Now lift your skirt and lay across my lap like you do for Mistress Judy," Mom ordered. She was obviously adjusting to her new authority quite nicely.

He meekly lifted his skirt and slip and draped himself over Mom's lap. He did not have to wait long before she administered the first sound blow on his soft black nylon panties. I thought I was firm in my punishments, but I was mild compared with the blows administered by Mom. The spanking rained on his plump globes.

Dad knew holding back his tears would do no good, and he was soon a blubbering ball of fluff on the floor. "Now Yvette, do as your Mistress has ordered!" Mom ordered, showing no compassion or concern for his discomfort.

Tears streaked down his cheeks as he stood, his knees quivered. He brushed his skirt into place. On wobbling legs, he went to his bedroom to remove his dresses, lingerie, and uniforms.

"Thank you, Mistress Judy," Mom said after he disappeared. She had a wicked gleam in her eyes. "That felt so..."

"I know, Katie," I smiled. "It looks as if we have two mistresses in this house now. Just remember who's in charge!"

"Oh, I do, Mistress Judy!" Mom whispered in deference. "But it will be so nice to sleep alone. It felt like I was sleeping with another woman."

ANGELO

I returned to school after the New Year. Principal King said, "Judge Parker informed the school that you can use the girl's bathrooms from now on. She said that your medical tests confirm that you are no different than the other girls, whatever that means."

"I can use the girl's bathrooms?" I gasped.

"Precisely," he finished, "Patricia is still confined to the faculty lounge for some reason."

I wondered what else had changed. My friends, boys and girls alike, greeted me with friendly admiration for sticking out my punishment. There were notes of condolences over the punishment being extended to next December.

My first time in a girl's bathroom was disconcerting, but the other girl's hardly noticed my presence. I was becoming firmly established as just another girl at school. Nobody seemed to consider me a boy anymore.

I went to my gym class on Tuesday without giving it another thought. I entered the building and started to my locker when the girl's coach met me. "Hello, Angela," she smiled. "Where are you going?"

"Hello Miss Grant," I greeted, "I will be out as soon as I change."

"Didn't they tell you?" she asked, "You will use the girl's locker from now on."

"The girl's locker? Where the girl's shower and dress?"

"Exactly, my dear. Dr. Marks assured the school that you could do anything and go anywhere with the other girls. She said your physical exam convinced her that you should be fully integrated into the girl's normal routine. She didn't go into specifics, but she was most convincing."

"But I'm a boy. This is just a charade until December."

"I thought you were a boy, but I'm having doubts. No boy I know could be so convincing as a girl in such a short time. Anyway, the doctor spoke and the school listened."

"I'll get my clothes."

"We've already transferred them to your new locker. Follow me and I will get you settled," Miss Grant started towards the girl's locker room. "I wouldn't be so sure about this being a charade though."

I was about to ask what she meant when we entered the girl's locker room containing a half dozen girls in various stages of undress. Miss Grant called the girls to attention and announced that I would be dressing and undressing with them. The locker room buzzed, but no objections were voiced.

The girls were all smiles as they left for the gym. "Hurry Angela," one girl giggled, "we wouldn't want to miss you at volleyball."

I removed my clothes and quickly dressed in my gym clothes. With a sigh of relief, none of the girls had seen my shame, my new tush. The gym class went well. After class, the girls undressed in front of me and skipped into the showers while I sat by my locker wondering how to take a shower without being seen.

I waited until the girls went to their next class before getting completely undressed, then I wrapped a towel about my body and gingerly entered the showers. I had just rinsed the soap from my face and eyes when I heard, "Oh Girls, look at him! He looks like us down there!"

I was startled by the feminine voice. Standing at the shower entrance were six of my girl classmates. With a startled screech, I tried to cover myself up. I brought both hands over my crotch, fully exposing my breasts. Catching my composure, I hurried to where I had left my towel. "What happened? I thought you were a boy," a girl asked.

I was unable to get my voice. "He really is a girl," another girl gasped. "Look at his tush. He is just like us." Pubic hair had grown back since the surgery to hide the small scars.

"I bet she always was a girl. I bet she was a tomboy. You know, a girl trying to act like a boy," a third girl suggested.

"Are you really a girl?" the first girl asked me. I blushed deeply, but could not find my voice. I was about to set the girl straight about my gender when Miss Grant appeared behind the girls.

"What's the commotion, girls?" she asked.

"Miss Grant, Miss Grant," a girl pointed to me, "Angela really is a girl. Look!"

Miss Grant clearly saw my obvious lack of anything masculine. "I see. Now I understand why the doctor was willing to allow you in the girl's rest rooms and locker. You could not have had a sex change operation, so you must have been a girl all along. You are late for your next class, girls," Miss Grant rushed the intruding girls away. "That goes for you too, young lady. You really are a girl, aren't you?"

Later that afternoon, as I walked to my last class for the day, a girl who was not in my gym class came up to me. "Angela, I just heard the news. I think it's so groovy that you passed as a boy for two years without anyone suspecting. You must tell me all about it. I bet you learned things about boys that us other girls would die to know! You must share!"

After school, three girls ran up to me and told me they had heard that I was really a girl who passed as a boy for two years. They too wanted to know all about it. My unveiling was spreading around campus like wildfire! Everyone wanted to know how I was able to pass as a boy for so long. I was almost a celebrity.

I was completely shaken, but decided not to do anything until I had a chance to talk with Momma. That evening, I told her about the gym class and about how the girls thought that I was really a girl and had been one all along. I told her how the girls were convinced that I had tried to pass as a boy and gotten into a lot of trouble over it. I told her that everyone thought that the Judge had made me resume my proper gender.

Momma was fascinated with this turn of events. Maybe she could perpetuate the myth. The stigma associated with having a boy in dresses would disappear if everybody thought I was really a girl. I would be a



"It just might be easier. If I was allowed to grow larger breasts, I could do more things like a girl does? Right?"

celebrity of sorts. After all, I had successfully impersonated a boy for two years. She decided that we would confirm this notion. If all worked out, it would not be long before everybody believed the myth.

With everyone thinking I was a real girl, Momma could go all out with feminizing me without any social consequences. The community would help promote my feminization. There wasn't anything wrong with making a real girl more feminine; in fact, it was expected. This was an opportunity not to be missed.

JUDY

"Mistress Judy, may I ask something?" Patrick contritely approached me.

"Depends on what it is," I looked up from my homework, grouchy at being disturbed.

"Uh...well it's hard to say," he stammered.

"Yvette, bring me a tea," I shouted towards the kitchen. Patrick did not blink an eye at my demanding manner towards Dad. It was the attitude one projects towards the help. It is expected.

"Yes Mistress," Yvette's lilting voice wafted from behind the closed door. "I'll be right there, Mistress." I loved the way Dad now quivered when he heard my voice. He has been an obedient servant ever since I moved him from Mom's room to the servant's quarters above the garage.

"Now Patricia, what do you want?" I growled.

"Angela's breasts are becoming large. Why don't mine grow?" his voice quaked.

"I decided that my younger sister should not grow breasts larger than mine," I answered.

"Your breasts have grown quite large over the past 6 months," Patrick stammered. "Bobby wants my breasts to grow larger too."

"Oh? How does Bobby know how well endowed you are?" I frowned while smiling inside. I had seen Bobby feeling Patrick up over the holidays and Patrick had not put up much resistance.

"Uh...he doesn't," Patrick stammered. "It's just that my clothes don't look as enticing on me as Angela's do on her."

"I will think about it," I finally stated. "Is that all?"

"Uh...no, Mistress Judy," Patrick whispered. "Angela uses the girl's bathrooms at school. The rumor is that she is...always has been a girl."

"Yes. Mrs. Rocco is fostering that rumor. You had better not do anything to ruin it for her," I warned.

"But...why do they allow Angela access to the girl's rest rooms?"

"Angela had a little surgery over the holidays," I announced. "Her male genitals were hidden so she now looks like a girl down there. The Judge has given her permission to do whatever normal girls do and go wherever they go."

"Is that why the kids think she has always been a girl?" Patrick pressed.

"I suppose so," I was growing impatient with his third degree. I did not take a grilling anymore; I gave it!

"Could I?" Patrick meekly whispered.

"Could you what?" I wanted to end this conversation and get back to my homework.

"Could I be allowed to grow larger breasts...and have Angela's surgery so I will be accepted as a normal girl by the kids at school?" he whispered.

"Get down on your knees and ask properly," I demanded, wanting to exercise my power over my sissy brother. "While you're at it, give me a pedicure."

Blushing to the roots of his blond angel wings, Patrick got the required instruments, a pan of soothing water, and slowly dropped to his knees at my feet. "Before you start, I want Yvette to hear this," I interrupted.

"Yvette! Get in here now! You hear me?" I shouted.

"Yes Mistress," Dad came traipsing into the living room carrying my tea. He looked so feminine in his short black maid dress fluffed out with two white petticoats that showed beneath his skirt. His growing breasts

tented the front of his dress. He was perched on shiny black 3-inch heels with his legs sexily clad in black fishnet stockings. His hair was piled on top of his head and held in place with a dainty maid's cap. Full makeup gave his smooth, hairless face a most feminine appearance. Dad was becoming quite the lovely French maid.

He saw Patrick on his knees at my feet as he slowly approached us. "You may continue, Patricia," I stated when Dad was standing just to the side of me.

Patrick looked up at our femininely dressed father. He was deeply humiliated in such a submissive position before his younger sister. He could not back out of asking his humiliating requests now that I had placed the two of them together. He was forced to request further feminization in front of our feminine father.

Looking at Dad, then at me, he started, "May I be given stronger hormones to make me more feminine, Mistress Judy?" Dad nearly dropped my tea upon hearing his only son's request. "May I also have the surgery Angela had so I can use the girl's restroom...and other such things?" Patrick finished.

"You realize that everyone will think that you were a girl all along," I smiled. "It may become impossible for you to return to being a boy."

"I know," Patrick stammered, "but Bobby wants...I mean he thinks my figure could be better," he glanced at Dad and his voice trailed off.

(See *Illustration 24*)

"I'll approve your requests, Patricia dear," I seriously stated. "Your boyfriend knows what is best for you. Don't you think so, Yvette?"

Dad was quaking on his heels. He wanted to shout, "NO! Not my only son!" But he was helpless. He could hardly play the supportive father while dressed and used as the family maid. He could hardly protest his son becoming more feminine when he himself was becoming the epitome of femininity. "If you say so, Mistress," Dad whispered.

"Good Yvette!" I finished. "Since Patricia is becoming a proper young lady, you will address her as 'Miss



"It was more than the feel of my silky lingerie against my skin. It was something that radiated from within. All male frustrations were now suppressed."

Patricia' from now on, and curtsy to her as well. Do you understand?"

Bowing his head, Dad whispered, "As you say, Mistress." His stomach was turning cartwheels at his only son becoming a girl for all intent and purposes, but he knew he could no longer influence it. Patrick had requested it, and I had agreed. Deal done!

"You will obey her in everything she tells you to do as long as it doesn't conflict with my orders or Mistress Katie's."

"Yes, Mistress," Yvette whispered, "I am to obey Miss Patricia as I would you and Mistress Katie."

"You are dismissed, Yvette," I growled, eager to return to my homework.

As Dad turned towards the kitchen, a slight smile crossed Patrick's lips, and he sweetly ordered, "Get me a cup of tea too, Yvette."

Dad turned to Patrick to protest this sudden betrayal by his only son, but he was met by Patrick's sweet girlish looks. He realized that his only son was disappearing, soon to become another demanding Flynn family female.

"Is there something else, Yvette?" Patrick asked.

"No Miss Patricia," he sighed.

"Then get me my tea, girl!" Patrick demanded, then returned to finishing my pedicure.

Dad dipped a polite curtsy to the pair of us and disappeared.

ANGELO

I was in my room softly singing to myself when Mario tapped lightly on my door then entered to find me standing beside my vanity smoothing wrinkles from my nylons. My dress was high enough to expose my slip and panties. I must have been luxuriating in the feel of the silky fabric because I didn't hear him enter. He was fully into my bedroom before I noticed him.

(See *Illustration 25*)

"Excuse me, Angelo," Mario stammered. "I want to borrow your deodorant."

Startled, I looked up at the sound of his voice. "Oh, Mario, it's you!" I gasped in my high lilting voice as I allowed my shimmering slip and flowing dress to fall to their normal positions about my thighs.

Mario was floored by my image. He knew I was pretty, but he never knew, or wanted to know, what I did to achieve that look. I guess I looked like every boy's heartthrob as I stood next to my vanity perched on my red slippers with 2-inch heels that deliciously displayed my curvaceous legs. My dress floated about my body, but did not hide my expanding bosom.

My hair hung to below my shoulders in long flowing curls. Both ears sparkled with diamond studs and gold hoops. My face had a peaches and cream complexion while my eyes appeared to fill half my face. My lips sparkled with a crimson lipstick that matched the polish on both my fingers and toes.

"Gawd Angelo, you look so feminine and girlish! In fact, you look better than my girlfriend," Mario gushed.

"Momma is relentless," I sighed.

"Hell, you even sound like a girl," he grumbled. "Was that you singing?"

"Yes," I blushed, "Momma wants me to try out for girl's choir. The deodorant is in the bathroom, but you may not want to use it. It's 'Secret for Girls'."

Mario hadn't entered my bathroom since moving out. It reeked of perfume and bath oils. Panties and bras of all colors were drying on the towel racks, and nylons and pantyhose were draped over the shower rod. Femininity was everywhere.

"Did you find it?" I asked through the door.

"Um...yes," Mario finally answered, then quickly exited my bathroom. As he did, he caught me leaning over my vanity to straighten my bangs. The reflection in the mirror revealed the cleavage between my bra cups.

"Angelo, you have breasts!" Mario babbled.

"Yes, they are really growing. Please, call me Angela." I blushed at his observation.

"But you are not a girl," he stuttered. "You're my brother!"

"I'm not sure anymore," I smiled. "Everyone at school is convinced otherwise."

"Why are you dressed up to go out with your girlfriends?"

"I'm not going with the girls. Nick is taking me to dinner."

"Nick? Nick Travanti asked you on a date?" Mario gasped.

"Yes," I answered, startled by the panic in his eyes.

"You are going on a date with my buddy, Nick Travanti?" Mario gasped. "Alone?"

"Yes, what is wrong with that?" I asked, disturbed by his question.

"You're a guy, Angelo. You can't date another guy!"

"Momma said it was all right," I defended. "Besides, I've been to the movies with him before."

"You were with other people. This is just the two of you. Guys don't date other guys!"

"Do you see any guy here other than yourself?"

"But Angelo," Mario sputtered, "Nick is my best buddy. We go everywhere together."

"That doesn't appear to be true in this case, and I told you, my name is Angela!"

"He's my buddy!" Mario nearly shouted. "People will think he's gay if the two of you are seen together! If they question his sexual preferences, they may question mine!"

"Are you saying that kids may think you are gay if they see me with Nick?" I stammered. "Why?"

"You're a guy, Angelo! Only gays date other guy."

"I am hardly a guy, Mario," I displayed myself to him. "And I am going out with Nick!"

He huffed and puffed, but nothing would change my mind, especially with his display of machismo.

Nick walked me to my front door. "Thanks for a wonderful time," I gushed.



"You look splendid in that cute maid's uniform. Not many husbands could do that uniform justice."

"I had a great time too," he smiled. "Of course, I was with the most beautiful girl in school."

"Thank you, Nick," I blushed, almost wanting it to be true.

"Will you go to the Valentine's dance with me, Angela," Nick decided to try for a home run.

Dinner was one thing, but the Valentine's dance another. I was about to decline his offer when I remembered Mario's awful statements. The bastard deserved it. He hurt me with his selfish accusations. If he is afraid of being thought of as gay because Nick takes me to dinner, just think of the fallout if Nick takes me to the Valentine's dance!

"I would love to," I accepted. "That would be lovely."

I was about to turn to enter my house when he leaned over and touched my lips lightly with his. My eyes became as large as saucers, but I did not pull away. The kiss lasted only an instant, yet it seemed forever.

I was speechless as he broke the kiss. "I'll see you at school, Angela," he went to his car.

"Yes...school," I stammered, touching my fingers to my lips, trying to seal the feelings of my first kiss from a boy.

JUDY

"Yvette, did you lay out Mistress Katie's dress as she instructed?" I harshly asked.

"Yes, Mistress Judy," Dad quaked.

"You had better!" I gruffly continued, "You know how impatient she is when you don't do as she orders."

The pained look on Dad's face showed he remembered the humiliating spankings Mom gave him whenever he displeased her. Mom had become quite the domineering person when it came to Dad and his performance as a servant. She got a lot of pleasure putting him in his place as merely the family maid with no say in any matter of importance.

A few minutes later, Mom rushed through the front door. Giving me a quick kiss on the cheek, she turned



"Get my wrap, Yvette! Don't wait up for us!
Oh, would you set out the cocktail tray
and turn down my bed. I won't
need you later."

to Dad, "Yvette, you had better have laid my evening clothes out as I instructed. I'm rushed tonight and will not put up with lazy help!"

"Yes Mistress Katie," Dad bowed his head. "May I ask why you wanted your evening clothes?"

"No you may not!" Mom spat. "That impertinence will cost you a spanking later. My date is picking me up in an hour and I have a lot to do before he gets here!"

"Date? But...you...can't..." Dad started, then stopped when he saw the disapproving look on Mom's face.

"I can't what, Yvette?" Mom growled. "Mistress Judy has given me permission. You have no say in it. Really, such impertinence from the help! I expect you in my room in half an hour to help me get dressed."

An hour later, a knock at the front door announced the arrival of Katie's date. "Get the door, Yvette!" I ordered. "Be sure to curtsy to our guest as a proper maid should."

"David? David Hansen?" Dad stammered upon opening the door. Knowing the punishment if he failed to be polite to visitors. He performed the required curtsy from force of habit.

(See *Illustration 26*)

"It's Yvette now, isn't it?" David smiled. "I see my business rival has found a new career. My, but you look stunning in that cute maid's uniform."

Dad was aghast! David Hansen was not only seeing him in a short maid's dress, heels, and makeup, but he was taking his wife on a date!

"Your former business rival!" Mom corrected as she greeted David with a lingering kiss on his lips. "He takes care of the house. I run the business now."

"Wow, you look wonderful, Katie," David smiled.

"Thank you, darling," Mom giggled, pirouetting to show David her lovely dress with its deep slit that displayed her trim nylon covered thigh to advantage.

"I heard he was wearing dresses, but I didn't know about the cute maid's uniform," David leered derisively. "My secretary and some of my female associates said



"You might as well get used to it. I have.
You better treat me like a sister
now, brother dear!"

they had seen him in the grocery store and at the hairdressers."

"Yes, he has quite a reputation," Mom giggled. Turning to Dad, she ordered, "Yvette, get my wrap. David and I are leaving."

Dad's ego was shattered. He was blushing for all he was worth at being ridiculed and exposed to his former rival in the dress of a domestic female. He wanted to run and hide, but since he was just the maid, he knew I would be angry. Completely devastated, he did as ordered and quietly helped Mom with her coat. She took David's arm and allowed him to lead her from the house, ignoring her femininely dressed mate.

(See Illustration 27):

Dad's eyes were filled with tears when he turned away from the door, but he wore a determined expression that I hadn't seen in months. "This is all your fault!" he shouted. "You took away my son and made him into a sissy! Then you fired me from my job and made me do housework in dresses, silky lingerie, high heels, and makeup. Dr. Marks gave me shots at your direction that robbed me of my masculinity. When the hormones did the expected and made me unable to perform as a husband, you kicked me out of the family and moved me into maid's quarters. Just now, I had to help my wife get ready to go out in the arms of another man who could 'satisfy her needs'. I have nothing left. You've taken away everything I had, everything I loved!" Finally, he collapsed on the sofa in tears.

Dealing with rebellions from both Dad and Patrick since I had been in charge of the family had taught me that all defiance had to be squelched quickly and severely. Having not seen this kind of resolve from him in months, I jumped up and screeched, "Don't you dare talk to me in that tone! I'm your Mistress, and you are only the family maid! Bring your hairbrush and get across my lap before I really get angry! I have been patient with you. You know I have!"

Realizing what he had done, Dad sank to his knees and burst into tears instead of following my orders. "I'm

sorry, Mistress, I_” he sobbed. “I didn’t mean to_” “It won’t happen_” he sobbed through his tears. Months of severe training and painful discipline had trained him not to verbally attack me, but in the trauma of seeing his wife go out with his hated rival, he lost control. In a rare moment of compassion, I knelt beside him, put my arm around him, and held him tightly. Pulling his head over onto my shoulder, I caressed his long wavy tresses and cooed, “Don’t worry Yvette. You may have three mistresses to take care of you, and your duty is to see that they live a comfortable and carefree life. Now, don’t you feel better after a good cry?” Months of intimidation and discipline took over, and he sniffed, “Yes Mistress. Thank you.”

“All right!” I said in a firm voice. “Go to your room, clean yourself up, repair your makeup, and get back to work.”

“Yes Mistress. Thank you Mistress,” he gushed as he rose to his feet and dipped a polite curtsy. “Yvette!” I asserted as he turned away. “Yes Mistress?” he replied in a polite tone.

“To show you that I’m not a heartless tyrant, you won’t be punished for your tantrum this time, but don’t let it happen again!”

“Yes Mistress, I mean, no Mistress,” he stammered as he dipped into another curtsy.

ANGELA

I sat at my vanity and slipped a pair of red 3-inch slippers over my feet. My shiny red toes glistened within the silky confines of my nylon stockings. My bra molded my upper body, hinting of my substantial B-cup breast development. I wore a shimmering slip that hugged my figure to my hips. A shiver ran up my spine as I felt its smooth silkiness as I sat at my vanity.

I accented my feminine eyebrows with a dark brown pencil. I retrieved my eyelash wand and carefully apply mascara to my lashes. I apply gray shadow to my eyelids, then blend in a rose color that extends beyond my eyes. I apply a hint of red eyeshadow beneath my

eyes. I finish by lining my eyes with black glossy liquid eyeliner. I am in constant awe at how large these simple tasks make my eyes appear.

I was applying my lipstick when Mario entered my bedroom.

"Hello Mario," I trilled in my most feminine voice.

"You can't go to the dance with Nick. Gawd, Angelo, you're a boy!" Boy, was he irritated! Obviously, he had learned that I was going to the Valentine's dance with Nick.

"We've had this conversation before, brother dear, and my name is Angela," I smiled, ready to goad him further for his insensitivity. "You are such a silly boy sometimes. Wake up and smell the perfume. Patricia and I are girls now. You are the only one who still believes that myth about us being boys."

"Myth?" Mario sputtered, "You like this girlish stuff and want to be a girl?"

(See *Illustration 28*)

"Do I look like a boy? Do I act like a boy? You have no idea how lovely it is to be a girl!" I sighed, knowing it would really peeve him off. He left shaking his head.

Momma entered my room, "Why is Mario so upset, dear?"

"He is having a tough time dealing with me going to the Valentine dance with his best friend," I giggled as I selected the dress I had chosen for the dance.

"Oh Angela, you can't wear that dress to your first formal dance as a girl."

"What's wrong with it?" I stammered.

"It's too conservative," she answered, "You need a dress that displays your femininity. Like that lovely green gown we bought last week."



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"But there is hardly anything to that dress. It's almost obscene. I'll be nearly naked."

"It just looks that way, dear, but everything vital is fully covered," Momma gushed. "Besides, it will make Nick's motor race."

"Momma!" I blushed, but I didn't resist as she helped me out of my slip and bra. We both knew I couldn't wear either in the dress she had chosen.

The dress was gorgeous! It was light, airy, and sleeveless to highlight my thin, delicate upper arms. It floated about my thighs to expose my long, lovely legs. I was covered with goose bumps as it swirled about my legs. The bodice exposed substantial cleavage from my budding B-cup breasts. Thankfully it had extra padding to hide my huge dollar sized nipples. They would have been nearly exposed without that strategically placed material.

Momma gushed. "You are my gorgeous 16 year old daughter now and I'm so proud of you." She finished my preparations by styling my long, luxurious hair in an avalanche of flowing raven curls. My curled locks lightly brushed the back of my neck and my shoulders.

She left me sitting at my vanity to wait for Nick's arrival. I daintily kept my knees and feet together with my skirt primly spread across my lap while I scanned my 'Seventeen' magazine. I smelled my perfume and tasted the cherry of my lipstick.

Mario answered the door when Nick knocked and he started quizzing his friend as to why he was taking me to the dance. "Have you looked at your sister lately?" Nick smiled. "She's the most gorgeous girl in school! That was a neat trick your family tried to pull!"

"Trick?" Mario asked.

"Trying to pass Angela off as a boy," Nick smiled. "The girls in her gym class have seen her naked. They swear she is all girl."

"But..." Mario stammered.

"It didn't work," Nick concluded. "Nobody thinks Angela or Patricia are, or ever were, guys. Look at her. It's obvious! She's all girl!"

Mario didn't know how to convince his buddy that I was his brother. Suddenly he realized that no stigma would be cast on him if everyone thought I really was his sister. He was fighting the wrong battle. He should join forces with Momma to reinforce the notion that I was a girl!

"Uh...yeah! Sure!" Mario stammered. "I know your reputation with the girls, buddy. I don't want you taking advantage of my little sister."

Momma entered the room and saw Mario talking with Nick. "Why didn't you tell us Angela's date had arrived?"

"I was telling Nick that he had better treat Angela right or he would have me to answer to," Mario stammered.

"The older brother to date talk, huh? I'm sure Nick is a gentleman," Momma smiled.

"He had better be. Not just anyone can take my little sister to a dance," Mario warned, suddenly referring to me as his sister and acting like the protective older brother.

"I'll let Angela know that her date is here," Momma chimed in.

Five minutes later, I descended the stairs looking hot in my shimmering dress. I felt the silkiness of my panties, the slither of my nylons as they touched as I walked, the swish of my dress about my knees. My growing breasts felt secure in the bodice of my dress. I felt so_so feminine.

Nick and Mario were at the bottom of the stairs as I descended, their eyes nearly bulging from their sockets. "Hello boys," I cooed.

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"Angela," Nick coughed, trying unsuccessfully to control a growing embarrassment in his pants. "Gawd, you're gorgeous!"

"Thank you, Nick," I gushed. "We should be going. The dance has already started."

"Let me take some pictures of the two of you," Momma gushed bringing out a camera. Nick placed his hand on the small of my back and I slid into him. I was surprised to not get a disapproving frown from Mario.

JUDY

Everyone in the family was accepting and adjusting to their new roles as established by Judge Parker and myself. Dad, in his role as Yvette, had the most difficulty, but he was settling into his subservient position remarkably well. He ignored Patrick and Bobby when they kissed or snuggled on the sofa while watching television. He stopped complaining when Mom spent the night away from home after a date with David Hansen or when she ordered him to serve them breakfast in the bed he used to share with her. In spite of his apparent detached demeanor, he was still disturbed to appear before his former rival in the short dress, heels, and makeup of a maid, especially when David had just made love with mom!

Our household was a madhouse on Valentine's evening. Patrick and I were preparing for the Valentine's dance while Mom was preparing for a romantic evening with David, her steady boyfriend.

Of course, Yvette was expected to help us three females by catering to our every whim. I was demanding, but nothing compared to Patricia. I had taken the time to prepare my wardrobe a couple of days before the dance, not so, Patricia!

Patricia had been taking the stronger hormone doses for three weeks. Two weeks had passed since his surgery. It must have been the combination of the surgery and hormones, because she became a tyrant when dealing with Yvette. It was always "Yvette, get me this!" or "Yvette, get me that!" or "Yvette, why can't you get

anything right!" or "Yvette, you simply must work harder and pay closer attention to my instructions!" This evening was no exception.

Since only women lived in the house now, all former inhibitions were forgotten. Everyone ran around in their panties or negligees, sometimes without even a bra to hold up our swaying breasts. Only Yvette had to be properly dressed at all times. That is as it should be since she is just the family maid.

Patricia was in a panic and Bobby Bennett was due to pick her up in an hour. At one stressful moment, she came running from his room, shouting for Yvette to help her with her dress. Yvette was busy at that moment helping Katie prepare for her dinner date.

"Yvette! I need you here immediately!" Patricia shouted as she ran down the hallway. "Where are you, you lazy girl?"

"In here, Miss Patricia," Dad answered from Mom's bedroom.

"I need you now!" Patricia demanded as she entered Mom's room. She fell silent when she noticed Yvette helping Mom with her hair.

"Oh. I'm sorry, Mom," Patricia stammered.

"That's all right, Patricia dear," Mom smiled. "I know how excited a young girl gets when preparing for her first real dance."

Suddenly Dad dropped his comb. Both Mom and Patricia looked at him, but he had eyes only for Patricia. "What? What are you staring at, Yvette?" Patricia asked.

"Uh...not...nothing," Yvette stammered, but his eyes never left Patricia's body.

"Oh, I understand," Mom smiled. "This is the first time Yvette has seen you naked since your surgery and you started taking the more potent hormones, dear."

Patricia looked down her body to notice for the first time that she was wearing only a garter belt, nylons, high heels, and the thinnest, most transparent panties.

She was not wearing a bra since one was not needed with her evening dress.

"What is wrong, Yvette?" Patricia smiled. "Never seen a naked girl before?"

"Uh...it's just..." Yvette stammered.

"I'm afraid she still thinks of you as her only son, Patricia dear," Mom smiled. "She did not realize until now how feminine you have truly become."

"Get used to it, Yvette," Patricia smiled. "I'm no longer Daddy's son! I'm now Mother's youngest daughter. Besides, I haven't seen a 'Daddy' around here in months!"

"Yes, Miss Patricia," Dad stammered, not daring to contradict his new daughter or protest the complete feminization of his only son.

"I want you in my bedroom as soon as you finish with Mom. Understand?" Patricia demanded. "Bobby will pick me up in an hour. I'll die if I'm not ready!"

"Yes, Miss Patricia," Yvette dipped a required curtsey to Patricia before she departed.

We three women were finally dressed. Mother was attaching her earrings, Patricia was touching up her nail polish, and Yvette was helping me adjust my dress when the doorbell rang. Thinking it was one of our dates, I instructed Yvette to answer, as a proper maid should.

Instead of our men, a boy from a local florist stood at the door. "May I help you?" Yvette politely asked in her naturally lilting voice.

"Flowers for a 'Miss Yvette,'" the boy stated, leering at Yvette in her short silk maid's uniform, long nylon covered legs, and black, patent leather high heels.

"There must be a mistake," Yvette stammered, not taking the proffered flowers. "Who would send me flowers on Valentine's Day? Was it you, Mistress Katie?"

"Don't be some silly girl! You're the maid!" Mother haughtily scorned. "Why would I send flowers to a maid? I received a beautiful bouquet of roses this afternoon from my David. Now there's a real man! They are sitting on my desk at the office."

"Take them and read the card, silly," I instructed. Yvette could be so slow sometimes.

Confused, Yvette did as instructed, thanking the boy. After closing the door, we crowded about her to see who sent the gorgeous bouquet. She opened the attached card and read, "To my sweet Yvette on her first Valentine's Day. You have everything it takes to make one happy. Love, A Secret Admirer."

"Oh, who is this secret admirer?" Patricia giggled.

"Are you having an affair behind our backs?" Katie asked.

"I don't know who it is," Yvette stammered. "Really I don't!" She started quaking in her heels as small tears came to her eyes.

"I believe you," I announced. "The handwriting can be either male or female. I wonder who your admirer is, Yvette."

"I don't know anyone that would send me flowers," Yvette stammered.

"Well don't just stand there, silly girl," Mom ordered. "Hurry and put your flowers in water before our men start arriving!"

"Yes, Mistress Katie," Yvette squeaked, afraid Mom would use this as an excuse for another painful spanking. "I'll be right back."

ANGELA

Nick was a complete gentleman, opening the car door for me, giving me time to straighten my dress beneath me before starting the car, and allowing me to check my makeup in the passenger mirror. "You will be the most beautiful girl at the dance tonight, Angela," Nick complimented.

"Do you really think so, Nick?" I gushed, wanting his comment to be true.

The valet took Nick's car after helping me from the passenger side. I carefully lowered my legs to the ground before standing so my dress would not ride up to expose my silk half-slip and panties. I felt deliciously



Nick whispered, "Boy or not? You know you are the most desirable girl at the dance?"

I nodded.

feminine as I took Nick's arm and allowed him to guide me to the dance. The hall was filled with kids from school.

We were there less than a minute before other couples started greeting us. I was concerned that people would laugh and make snide remarks about Nick and me, but every comment was sincere and complimentary. Everyone thought we made a stunning couple.

Patricia and Bobby greeted us. "Isn't my dress simply to die for?" Patricia gushed, holding tightly to Bobby's arm. She was sweetly dressed in a floral patterned dress held from her shimmering legs by twin petticoats. Her hair was in bouncy twin plaits appropriate for a 14-year-old girl, but her older sister, Judy, had allowed her to wear 3-inch heels for this special occasion.

Patricia and I watched the guys leave to fetch us drinks. "Nick's a real hunk, Angela," Patricia giggled.

"Your Bobby is the nicest looking guy at the dance," I returned her giggle. I nodded at her protruding breasts, "Say girl, aren't you blossoming?"

"Yes," she sighed. "Ever since my surgery, the stronger hormones have been playing havoc with my body. I'm nearly a B-cup now."

"You won't be able to pass for 14 much longer," I smiled.

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"Thank Gawd, I won't have to very much longer," Patricia informed me. "I turn 15 next month, and Judy said that I can dress more as a normal teenager as I 'grow' into my clothes. Soon I can leave those silly adolescent clothes behind and dress as the normal teenage girl I'm becoming."

"All right, girl!" we slapped each other's palms, a throwback to when we were rambunctious boys.

Nick and I soon found a space on the dance floor. The music was fabulous and I snuggled into his arms. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to flow with the music. When the tune finished, I opened my eyes to see Nick with his eyes as large as saucers and his mouth hanging open.

"What? What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing!" he stammered. "It was wonderful holding you tight. You are absolutely gorgeous. Gawd Angela, how did you and Patricia ever passed as boys?"

(See *Illustration 29*)

"It was difficult after Mother Nature started changing our bodies," I giggled, not telling him that Mother Nature took the form of Dr. Edna Marks and her injections.

"Thank Gawd for Mother Nature," he stated. I blushed at his comments.

We danced for nearly two hours, and I was feeling heated and wanted to cool-off. Nick suggested we go for a stroll on the verandah. The weather was mild for February, but I didn't mind a slight chill. It gave me an excuse to snuggle into Nick's arms. I saw our reflection as we passed a window. Nick looked so dapper in his sports coat. I had worn a sports coat to last year's dance and had looked handsome in it too. Now, I would look ridiculous wearing a boy's jacket or any boy's clothes. I had changed so much!

Nick led me to a quiet section of the verandah. During a lull in our conversation, I shyly looked up at him only to find him staring down into my eyes. "What?" I gasped.

In answer, he brought his lips into soft contact with mine. I swooned at his touch! He wrapped his arms about my waist and drew me into him. I willfully complied. The kiss became more intense and I wrapped my arms about his neck drawing him even closer into me. I moaned as I parted my lips to drink more deeply of this first real kiss from a boy. Nick was not slow and tentatively as he inserted his tongue into my willing mouth. Soon we were both moaning and struggling with the intensity of this first real kiss.

My face was flushed as our lips parted. I was in aghast! I had never felt like this before, yet this should not be happening. I only accepted this date to spite my brother. How could I have allowed it to come to this?

Nick had a Cheshire cat smile on his face. "Wow, Angela, you really know how to kiss!" he declared.

I was astonished! My eyes as large as saucers as I touched my fingers to my lips. "I don't know what happened!" I gasped.

(See *Illustration 30*)

Suddenly we heard a high pitched giggle and looked into the nearby shadows. Patricia and Bobby emerged into view. Patricia was holding tightly to Bobby's arm as they strolled towards us.

"I see we had similar ideas," Bobby smiled at Nick. Patricia's lipstick was slightly smeared as I am sure was mine, attesting to what they had been up to in the shadows.

"Isn't Patricia too young to be seduced in the shadows?" Nick smiled.

"She may be young, but can she kiss!" Bobby winked.

"Angela is great too!" Nick grinned. Patricia and I blushed, then quickly took the arms of our dates to led them back to the dance, but not before we retired to the little girl's room to repair our makeup.

(See *Illustration 31*)

An hour later, Patricia was sipping a drink when she saw Judy at the other end of the hall. "Bobby, please take me home," she cried.



"After all I'd been through, I still couldn't believe this was happening! I'm a guy!" my mind raced as the kiss became more passionate.

"Why? I thought you were having a wonderful time," he asked.

"I am," Patricia moaned, "but I just saw Judy. I don't want her to embarrass us by demonstrating her control. I want this evening to end as perfectly as it started. Besides, Mom won't be home until morning and Judy looks like she will be out late. We will have the house to ourselves."

"What about your Dad, I mean Yvette?" Bobby asked.

"Oh, Yvette is nobody! No longer a member of the family---just the maid. I'll order Yvette to her room if she shows up."

"You mean we will have the entire house to ourselves?" Bobby stammered.

"Would you like that?"

"You bet!"

Patricia took his arm and urged him from the dance. "Just you and me!"

Nick and I left the dance at the same time as Bobby and Patricia. Nick drove around aimlessly for a while until we arrived at Lover's Leap, a favorite date hangout. I had been there a number of times, only then I was the boy and a girl sat next to me. Now I was the girl sitting next to a guy.

Nick stopped the car at an overlook. The front seat had bucket seats, so he invited me to the back. I was leery, but I didn't want the night to end, so I agreed.

No sooner were we in the back seat than Nick was all over me. He was feeling my breasts, running his other hand under my dress, and caressing my neck and ears with kisses. I nearly swooned at the electricity racing through my body. My hand went to his crotch where I felt a massive and excited maleness.

"Angela, you've got to help me," he moaned, holding my hand over his need. "You've got to give me relief!"

"I don't know what to do," I cried, "I'm a virgin, Nick. I don't want to lose it in the back seat of a Chevy!" Unsaid was my secret that the femininity between my



“Deep inside they had changed. As the moon glistened, both boys realized that even more changes were coming inside. A tide of emasculation rushed over them as did their receptiveness.”

legs was an illusion, a deception. It may look like a girls', but it couldn't meow like one. I couldn't expose myself down there without unraveling the scheming that convinced nearly everyone, including Nick, that Patricia and I are really girls.

"You've got to do something," Nick cried. "Please Angela!"

What could I do? What did I want to do? What was I willing to do? Maybe nothing! Maybe something! Either way, I'd never be the same.

The End??? There might be a sequel to this story.

If you liked this story, write to me and I'll let the authors know!

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