

# TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

## THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY VOLUME ONE



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION



# APARTMENT OF FEMININITY I

By  
Sandy Thomas  
& Alice

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If just for the look of men gasping for air.”

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# APARTMENT OF FEMININITY I

## PART ONE

by SANDY THOMAS

Leona Johnson sat in the well-appointed living room of her large house sighing over the papers she had been studying. Only 42 years old, still attractive, and tastefully dressed, she felt lonely. Her face was beautiful, although the outline of a hard jaw took something away of the feminine soft features. It was obvious that she was not a woman to take lightly or to play with.

She had been widowed four years ago, when her seemingly well-off husband, who had been running a local franchise for a large machinery corporation in Detroit, had died in an accident.

“I have bet on the wrong horse after all,” she sighed, clasping her hands hard till the knuckles went white.

When she married John 22 years ago, she had thought that her financial troubles would be over forever. An only son, John, an engineer, had a promising career ahead of him as well as the promise of an inheritance. John's family had not approved of his marriage to this lowly beauty salon operator. True enough, there was little doubt that Leona had grabbed the golden opportunity to get out of her small, poorly furnished apartment in a squalid neighborhood. Her parents never had any money to spend on luxuries and Leona grew up determined to do better...much better. She learned the value of money early as she started working as a baby-sitter and saw all the beautiful things that money could buy. Yes, Leona was strongly attached to money...the more, the merrier.

Her parents had died when their old beat-up car had hit a gasoline truck and was burned to a horrid heap of melted metal. Leona, then 18, was all alone. There were no relatives or close friends to help her. Courageously, she set out to make a living for herself, and she was determined that it would not be a poor life.

That first year was a hard struggle. She finally landed a job as maid in a beauty salon, cleaning and serving coffee to the customers. In good time, too. She was down to her last dollar.

By ingratiating herself to the owner, she was eventually given an opportunity to learn the business from the ground up. After 10 months, she was allowed to wear a crisp, white uniform and started to wash the hair of the many well-to-do customers who frequented this busy salon. She hated it, but with her iron will, stuck to it until, gradually, she was taught to set hair, then give facials, depilations and, finally, complete beauty treatments. In two years, she had become a first rate beautician, and acquired her own following. With her regard for money, she obtained a good business sense and, keeping her eyes and ears open, she decided, after a while that she was ready to open her own place. Cleverly she asked her boss if she might help him with the books and administration.

When he agreed...only too gladly...she learned how little money there was left after all expenses were met, and she decided to abandon her plan. This was not the way to get rich quick.

Her next plan was to marry a man with money. She had met John by accident when he bumped into her in the main street in Newburgh, N.Y. He almost knocked her over. He apologized profusely, and she had...really too quickly...accepted his invitation for a drink and dinner. What she did not know was that John was, even then, a compulsive gambler. He had been walking home from the

office, completely engrossed in the problem of how to pay his large gambling debt, due that night.

One meeting led to another. When Leona noted his expensive car, dress and habits, she knew that this was her chance.

Six months later, they eloped. John's parents never forgave him. Their marriage produced two girls, but life had never been what Leona had expected, although she did learn what real money was through some of John's connections. She had married peanuts, she soon realized. But love for her little daughters, and enough common sense to know that at least she was much better off than before her marriage, kept her faithful to her husband.

The years went by with Leona developing a strong hand at home and never losing her desire for more money. Lots more money. She constantly nagged her husband for a larger allowance, more things to buy. When he could not or would not give in to her wishes, she became moody and hard to live with.

She became so harshly dominating at home that it came to the point where John hesitated to come home 15 minutes late from work. And the girls, resenting the strict and hard supervision, seized the first opportunity to escape that came along. They both married very early and left, one living in Australia and the other in California.

When John died, after a short illness, she learned that he had gambled away every last penny, even the insurance money leaving her only with the house, free and clear. Leona had to borrow the money for the funeral from some of her friends and neighbors, and now she sat with the papers in her hand wondering what she should do now.

Discarding one idea after the other, should she go back to work and become a beauty operator again? At 60 dollars a week? Never. Finally she had something: she could rent rooms. Having strange boarders over the floor was not a happy thought for her, a fastidious housekeeper,

but maybe she would be lucky in finding some working girls or possibly a travelling salesman, who was away most of the time.

The next morning her ad appeared in the local paper:

Clean room, with board available, in good neighborhood. For working people only. Reasonable rates.

Apply at 10 Garden Avenue.

Bill Cole, a slight young man of 21, sat in a small restaurant reading the classified ads under Real Estate, while munching a cracker which came with his tomato soup. He had just finished 3 years in the service and through an uncle with connections had landed his first job as a teller for the First National Bank of Newburgh. He had arrived on the Greyhound an hour ago and now had to find a place to live. He saw the waitress looking at him. Quickly he checked to see if his jacket was buttoned. Could she see the bra and slip straps under his shirt? Nervously, he swung his knee over the other deliciously aware of the tight nylons under his slacks.

He opened the paper in front of him so the waitress could no longer see him. He considered, it was stupid of him to wear his TV things in a new town, but after all these years in the service, he just was not able to control the strange urge to wear soft, beautiful women's things.

This morning, before he had left the motel in New York City, he had put on everything he dared to wear: panty girdle, soft nylons, bra, matching panties, and a lacy slip. He particularly liked to dress when he was unsettled, and today, arriving in a strange town, with a new job, was no exception.

Bill had been a TV for a long time. The youngest child of a family with three older girls, he had always been surrounded by femininity. When his sisters once dressed him up as a girl, he had never been able to forget that

rainy day and those strange wonderful feelings that came with the touch of soft girlish clothes. His sisters had told him, "You should have been a girl."

He also remembered that he had looked like a pretty young thing in a cute dark blue miniskirt and simple white sleeveless blouse, with his face all made up and a band around his head to hide his short hair. He had hardly recognized himself. He all ready knew that he was not exactly one of the biggest brawny boys. But this was ridiculous. Even his mother had praised his looks.

Jean, the youngest of his sisters had said: "Now that you're a girl, you'll have to help around the house, just like we do." Then to everyone's merriment, they had made him help set the table, serve dinner and dry the dishes. Whenever he had a chance, he had looked in the mirror, having a strange feeling that this person was the real him. He had moved about as in a dream.

Ever since that time he had the urge to dress as a girl and did so whenever he had the opportunity.

Once, when his oldest sister had caught him "borrowing" some of her lingerie, she had asked: "Do you want to be a girl again?" She had grabbed her things back.

"Don't ever do that again. You don't want to become a sissy, do you?"

Blushingly, Bill had mumbled something and luckily had been able to swear her to secrecy.

When he graduated from high school, he worked at some odd jobs until the time he was drafted, finally having money to purchase his own feminine things.

All during those days he had been unable to fight that strange desire to ever buy more clothes and try them on. He dressed secretly, at night, in his room, always amazed at the pretty girl that stared back at him in the mirror. The girl that was REALLY him. The image of that girl never left him. A pleasurable thought that he carried with

him throughout the dreary years in the army, where had worked in the post office.

As the waitress brought his corned beef hash, he was engrossed in reading the ad, not noticing her curious stare. “Clean room...reasonable rates. That looks good,” he thought. “I hope I will have enough privacy.” Hurriedly he finished his meal and asked for the check.

While he fished in his wallet for the three dollars, the waitress asked: “Tell me, do you always wear nylons?”

Bill felt like the sky was falling in. He blushed and stupidly looked down at his feet, realizing, finally, that he must have crossed his legs carelessly, exposing the nylons above his ankle length socks. Red as a beet, he mumbled something and fled from the restaurant, leaving much too large a tip.

As he walked in the street, he muttered: “That darn girl looked so nice too,” then cursed himself for being so careless. He asked a passerby for instructions on how to get to Garden Avenue.

Leona Johnson answered the doorbell and looked at the young man, with his pleasant soft open face and neat appearance.

“I'm here about the ad,” Bill offered.

“Oh,” she hesitated, “I had really hoped for a girl.”

“But, the ad does not specify sex,” Bill protested.

Leona looked again at her caller. His shoes were neatly shined. His hair, although too long, was neatly combed. She was actually a few inches taller than he.

“He doesn't look like a brat,” she thought, then said aloud:

“Well, it won't do any harm to show you the room.”

“I am Bill Cole,” he introduced himself politely, nervously checking whether his jacket was completely buttoned.

Silently, he followed her upstairs. The room was large, airy, and neatly furnished with a single bed, two easy chairs, and a small desk. The well distributed lights gave a cozy atmosphere to the room. Bill like what he saw.

“What about privacy,” he dared ask.

“You will have a key, of course, and I am the only one living here.”

“Naturally, you will have to let me enter to change the linen, towels and to clean...that's why I had hoped for a girl,” she added,

“They know how to keep a room in order.”

Bill looked around some more, without replying. When he saw the large cupboard with a key in it, he was convinced.

“I like it...may I ask how much it is?”

Leona did some quick thinking. She had no other applicants, so far. Could she afford to turn this one away? He appeared timid enough, the way he had asked “May I ...” She would probably tell him to keep his room in good order. As she looked at him searchingly, she asked, “What is your job?”

“Tomorrow, I start at the bank as a teller,” Bill eagerly told her. Opening his coat and pulling an envelope from the inside pocket, he offered, “Here's the letter.”

Too late, he realized that he had exposed his girlish underwear and the bulges of his padded bra under his shirt.

Leona probably saw something unusual, but at that time it did not register, preoccupied as she was with figuring out how much she could charge. She was thinking, “A teller does not make much money... and a man eats more.”

Finally, she decided to ask 10 dollars more than she had originally planned and see what would happen.

“The rent and board is sixty dollars a week.”

Bill, in the meantime, was frantically buttoning up his coat again, and with a blush replied, “That will be all right; can I move in now?”

“I will tolerate no discourteous behavior or bad manners; you understand what I mean?”

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson, I'll cause no trouble, I promise.”

“Good, then, go get your luggage.”

Bill rushed elatedly to the bus station, took his suitcases out of the locker, and that night settled into his own room. He hung his few dresses, blouses and skirts in the locked closet, leaving the lingerie stockings and bras in one of the suitcases, which he carefully locked.

The next morning he left bright and bushy-tailed for his new job. The work was not difficult, but required constant concentration and he was glad when he could relax that evening in his room.

In the beginning he was a little scared to dress in his room, risking discovery by Mrs. Johnson. But, as the weeks passed he became bolder and more careless behind his locked door. He had bought a complete set of cosmetics at the 5 and 10, and experimented, learning how to get the best results.

One evening, Mrs. Johnson had told him: “You don't have to sit in your room all evening. You can come into the living room and watch television, if you like.”

Bill confusedly tried quickly to find some excuses.

“Thank you Mrs. Johnson, but I like my room, really.”

Leona noting his embarrassment, said nothing further then, but she gave it plenty of thought later.

What was he doing in his room every night all by himself?

She had lately noticed, incidentally, some funny things about her boarder. He showed almost no hair on his arms, most unusual for a boy of 21. Then one day, she noticed that his eyebrows looked much too thin for a man. Another time, she discovered that his nails were rather

long and well-kept for a young man. Suddenly, one night, in a flash, she remembered the strange bulges under his jacket when Bill first arrived. She did not know what had made her think of it just then, but it all became clear. She probably never would have guessed, had not one of her daughters once told her of a boyfriend who liked to wear feminine clothes and liked to feel and act like a girl.

“But he's all man, when it comes to kissing,” she had added, smilingly.

Thinking almost aloud, she continued, “Let's see, what was it called again? Oh, yes, transvestism.” Determined to find out more, she went to the library. Sure enough, there were two books and a pamphlet about the subject. She borrowed them, and, as she read on, she became more and more excited.

Not only did cross-dressers like to dress, but they supposedly preferred the passive role that a woman normally takes. All kinds of schemes began to run through her mind. If her boarder really wanted to be a girl...she would let him be one...in spades.

She smiled with pleasure at the thought of giving him all kinds of jobs to do. If she was right, and discovered him. She reflected that he had better do as he is told...or else. She could threaten to tell his boss, or better still, the police, or his parents.

With the thought that it would be nice to again have a daughter around the house to help her with the chores and to keep her company, she fell blissfully asleep.

The next morning, she awoke with all kinds of plans for her boarder. She felt cheerful for the first time in several years. The long evenings had been so lonely.

When Bill came home that night, she looked for verification of her assumption. All during dinner, she watched him like a hawk.

Yes, the signs were all there. His hands and wrists were completely free of hair; his face seemed soft.

“He is really small for a man,” she thought. “Look at his small hands. Yes, he might make a pretty girl, at that.” After dinner, Bill went to his room looking forward to dressing again. He had just bought a new panty girdle and wanted to try it on.

After a shower, delighting in his hairless body, he powdered himself and pulled on the new garment. It fit beautifully, all though very, very tightly. It made his waist seem three inches smaller.

When he put on the padded bra with matching light blue panties and slip he began to feel good, all ready. Make up came next, Eyebrow pencil, lipstick, powder, and mascara. Soon the reflection in his mirror took on a girlish image.

He felt very lucky that he looked so good. He once had met another TV with whom he had become friends. Joanna was six foot, two inches tall. Her shoes looked like canoes and his nose was terribly large and masculine. Still, Joanna had felt just as feminine as he did, when dressed.

“It must be terrible for a girl to be homely”, he thought. “Why does nature play these tricks? Here he was...a male...with narrow shoulders, small waist and pretty face with features that many girls would envy. And some girls he had seen looked like dogs.”

He decided to wear his navy blue dress. It had a flaring pleated skirt and white collar and cuffs. The prissy round collar and long sleeves made him look so girlishly demure, while at the same time, the tight fitting bodice and waist revealed his padded feminine figure. The tight self-belt made his waist even smaller, now that he was wearing his new panty girdle.

Finally, he put his hairpiece on. It was not a very good one, but it was all he could afford. Its color was auburn, and he would have preferred something closer to his own dark blond hair. Fitted a wide elastic band around it, the

color exactly matching his dress. It made his hairpiece look more realistic.

At last, he was finished and stood in front of the mirror, entranced with his girlish image, which made him feel so terribly feminine. Here he was, all dressed and nowhere to go. If he only could go out...but he knew would never dare risking to meet Mrs. Johnson on the way out.

Suddenly, he froze. He thought he heard footsteps in the hall. A key was turned.

Frantically, he looked for a place to hide...overcome with fear, when he could not find a hole to crawl into. He would not have had time anyway, as the door was thrown open, and, dressed completely as a girl he was confronted by his landlady, Mrs. Johnson.

During dinner than night, when all the signs had pointed to the fact that her boarder might have a secret, she had made up her mind to find out the truth. But, how? She knew that she would have to surprise him. Then she remembered having spare keys to all the rooms.

She went to the basement and sure enough, in an old cardboard box, there they were, all marked with the room. She would give him time, first, she thought. An hour and a half should be enough. But what if she was wrong? What excuse could she possibly give for barging in?

She racked her brains. Finally, she decided to say that she wanted to talk to him. If he had any objections, she'd claim that she'd just forgot to knock. After all, her daughter used to live there not so long ago.

She looked at the clock impatiently, watching the minutes crawl by while she did the dishes and straightened up the kitchen. If she played her cards right, she would have help in the future, she thought, smilingly. Oh, it was going to be fun; things had been so terribly dull, lately.

Finally, it was time. With a blush of excitement, she stealthily moved up the stairs, trying to reach his door as softly as she could.

She quickly inserted the key and opened his door.

She had not really known just what to expect. What she did see took her breath away. Here was her male boarder in a most attractive dress, looking more like a girl than she would have thought possible. He was scared, she noticed, trembling, pale and unable to say a word.

She took in the pretty picture, from his heels to his hair.

“He had good taste,” flashed through her mind. “My goodness, how beautiful he looks.” Then the ecstatic thought occurred to her: “I caught him in his full glory, I have him in the palm of my hand. I can make him do whatever I want.

“So, he wants to be a girl? Well, I'll make him one and then some!”

Bill, still frozen looked at Mrs. Johnson, the color rushing back to his face in an unmistakable blush. He mistook Mrs. Johnson's triumphant smile as a friendly gesture. When the expected insults and fury did not materialize, he stopped trembling. Demurely folding his hands in front of his skirt, he just stood there, legs together, letting her look at him, still not finding any words.

Mrs. Johnson finally spoke. “Why, Mr. Cole...or should I say ‘Miss Billie’? I am shocked. Why, you make a real adorable girl...how long has this being going on? You'd better have a good explanation!”

Bill started stuttering, still unable to speak coherently and, of course, completely unable to give a logical explanation.

“Mrs. Johnson...I, uh,...I'm so sorry...I just like to dress this way sometimes.”

Mrs. Johnson thought quickly, “no use scaring him too much; I'll have to reel him in slowly...but surely. I don't want him to run away. I can be firm enough later, when I have some pictures...and maybe a witness or two. Until then, I will be his friendly helper.” Aloud she said, “Well! I never...and that under my own roof...right under my nose.

“Immoral, that's what it is. Humff, impersonating a girl!”

“But, Mrs. Johnson, I don't do any harm...I don't bother anybody...honest.”

“Well, you sure shocked me,” she responded, still unable to take her eyes off his figure, but thinking at the same time how much she could improve him.

Neither party spoke for a long, long moment, which seemed days to Bill. Finally, Mrs. Johnson said, “Well, Billie, come to the living room and tell me all about these strange goings-on.”

“All right, Mrs. Johnson. I'll be down in a minute...after I change,” Bill replied quickly.

“No need to,” Leona returned. “Come as you are...if you like it so much...you're pretty enough.”

She let Bill precede her, watching his small ladylike steps...forced on him by his high heels. His posture and movements need a lot of improvement, she noticed.

In the living room she pointed to a small armchair, where her youngest daughter used to sit. Fascinatingly, she watched as he neatly straightened his skirt before sitting down.

With a sugary smile she asked, “Well, Billie, what's your story?” Bill, feeling like a young, naughty, girl talking to an adult governess, and led on by what he thought was a friendly smile and attitude, let his guard down completely. With no hold barred, he told her everything: how he had liked the feel of his sisters' clothes, how deliciously feminine he felt when dressed, and how much he wanted to be a girl...occasionally.

Mrs. Johnson egged him on with an encouraging “Yes ...” or “I see...” every now and then. But all the time she was thinking and planning where to go from here. But she did not miss a word.

Finally, Bill was finished, “...and that's how you found me dressed like this.”

Mrs. Johnson, in the meantime had formulated a plan that would extract from this situation the maximum benefit and convenience for herself.

“Well,” she began, “it's certainly most unusual...I could go to the police, you know.”

Bill paled. “Please, Mrs. Johnson, it'll ruin me.”

“It sure will,” she said.

“Well...oh...all right, then, I will tolerate your ridiculous habit; but, you realize that I cannot have you around in pants one day and in skirts the next.”

She stopped to await his reaction.

To her great pleasure, Bill nodded passively. He had fallen into her trap. She now knew that he would agree to almost anything she would suggest, in this unguarded moment of stress.

Still, she thought it wise to sugar-coat the bitter pill which the young man would be forced to take.

“My daughters have left me some time ago. I miss them very much. It would be so nice to have another young girl around. Maybe I could adopt you as my daughter and I will help you all I can to become an attractive, polished, well mannered girl. You need a lot of improvement, you know.”

Bill was pleasantly surprised. This was turning out better than he ever dreamed it could.

Then Mrs. Johnson hauled in the net.

“But you realize that I won't have my daughter Billie around in pants, it just is not seemly. So every minute that you're not working you'll have to wear your skirts.”

Bill listened a little dazed. It was nice to dress whenever he liked it...but now he would be obliged to look like a girl all the time, without exception and no backing out. The idea had a morbid fascination for him. Sometimes in his dreams, he had been forced by an older woman to dress as a little girl. The dream always had excited him. It stirred him now as he felt his blood racing through his veins.

“And of course, I expect complete obedience from my daughter and the respect and deference usually accorded to a parent. You'll have to help around the house, just like a real daughter. In turn, I will teach you everything a girl needs to know, just as I did for my other daughters. Is that clear?”

Mrs. Johnson's voice had taken on a firm tone.

Bill sensed a will behind it that would brook no argument.

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson.”

What else could he say? But, he did realize that he now was in for it. He began to have reservations. It was clear that he was going to lose his freedom to go where and when he wanted. “Helping around the house”, she had said. It scared him a little...more than a little, when he thought a little further.

Looking for an escape, he said, “Why don't I just leave here, and not bother you with this problem any longer.”

Mrs. Johnson became firm. She was not going to let him escape.

“No,” she said. “You started this...you shocked my terribly...and now I want to see it through to the finish.”

“But how long will that be?” Bill asked in a small voice.

“I don't know,” Mrs. Johnson replied uncommittedly. “A year, perhaps.”

Bill blanched.

“But...I cannot...” he hesitatingly started.

Mrs. Johnson interrupted him. She stood up and imperiously said, “That’s all, Billie.”

She put her hands on his shoulders and looking him straight in the eye, said, “No, more backtalk. You’re my daughter now.” She kissed him gently on each cheek, then turned him and pushed him none-too-gently towards the door.

For a split second Bill had seen the iron will reflected in Mrs. Johnson’s steely grey eyes. He lowered his lashes and meekly said,

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson.”

She let him go first, watching him walk.

“Wiggle your hips a little, Billie; and turn your arms, so the palms face forward a little. Let the arms swing freely from the elbow, away from your body.”

“That’s it...now I want you to walk like that always, from now on. Soon, it will become natural to you and you won’t even have to think about it.”

Bill remained silent and did as he was told. He sensed that from this moment on, his every step and movement would be watched, and corrected, if necessary. What was he getting into?

In his room, Mrs. Johnson began to gather up all his man’s clothes: socks, pyjamas, belts, underwear...every last piece.

“I’ll give you, each morning, whatever you need for work,” she said, as she started to carry them out. When everything was gone, she saw the open suitcase full of feminine things. She made him put them away neatly in the now empty drawers, examining each piece and commenting on the panties, slips, blouses, and skirts.

“These need ironing badly,” she said, holding up some white blouses and a skirt. “You can do it tomorrow.”

When everything was in order, she surveyed the room.

“I think I have a nice vanity for your cosmetics, dear. Don’t you have any nightgowns?”

Bill shook his head. before he had a chance to say anything she left, and, within seconds, returned with two beautiful pink nylon nighties.

“My youngest daughter left these behind. Here's the robe that goes with one of them.”

Indicating the matching set, she continued, “Slip into these; then we can watch television for a while.”

Bill waited for her to go away, but she remained where she was, arms folded over her breasts in an imperious manner. So, there was nothing else for Bill to do, but to start unzipping his pretty dress and slip it over his head. When the slip was off too, he was blushing, sitting on the bed in his panties and bra, while taking off his stockings.

Mrs. Johnson smiled as she saw his smooth, well formed, neatly shaved legs.

“I'll get you some mules,” she said, disappearing again. When she returned, she found Bill struggling with the hooks of his bra.

“You better leave that and your panties on, Billie; you'll look more natural.”

Leona helped him into his nightgown, noticing with satisfaction how the bra pushed the pretty gown out nicely and naturally.

“You're really cute, you know,” she said, “prettier than either of my daughters.”

Billie blushed harder than ever. Here he was, a young man, in frilly feminine nightdress, being told that he was prettier than some real girls. It was so terribly disconcerting.

He slipped the mules on, while Mrs Johnson tied the ribbon of the robe at the neck. Then he followed her downstairs.

“I'll show you how to make some cocoa, dear. I always have a cup at night. It makes me sleep better.”

She took him by the hand to the kitchen where she showed him how to prepare it and where the things were

stored. Then she let him carry the tray with the two cups into the living room. Bill precariously minced on his mules trying not to spill a drop.

Noticing the stiff manner in which Bill carried the tray, she said, “You'll learn soon, dearie, constant practice makes perfect.”

After an hour or so had passed watching television, Mrs. Johnson stood up.

“Time to go to bed Billie. You may put the cups in the kitchen for now...You may wash them tomorrow.”

Still in a daze, Bill rose obediently and soon found himself tucked into bed by Mrs. Johnson.

“Sleep well, Billie,” she said, as she smilingly left the room. Leaving her boarder finally to himself, she walked to her bedroom in an exhilarative mood.

Bill slept soundly. The strain of the evening had really worn him out. However, Mrs. Johnson was awake for hours, excitedly planning, day by day, week by week, how she would feminize...and take advantage...of her new-found daughter. There was so much she could do.

The next morning, when Bill woke up, he remembered his terrible situation as soon as he began to sense the strange feeling of his soft, frilly nightgown on his body.

“Or was it all that terrible?” he thought. Had he not often dreamed to be in a situation such as this? But a dream is something else than reality...as he soon found out.

Mrs. Johnson entered his room without knocking. She wore a nightgown and quilted robe, her hair still in curlers. “Come on, Billie. Get up! There is much to be done before you go to work. You don't have to put a dress on in the morning. We usually breakfast in our negligee's.”

“Take a shower first, dear...but hurry...I'll wait for you.”

Bill traipsed on his mules to the bathroom, glad to note that Mrs. Johnson made no move to follow him. He was happy to finally be able to take off that darn tight girdle.

When he was finished and put on the diaphanous gown, he realized that he could not face Mrs. Johnson this way. So with a sigh he struggled again into his panty girdle, pulling the elastic over his hips with difficulty. He left the bra and panties in the bathroom on a chair. Somehow, dressing was not as much fun early in the morning, especially with that darn tight girdle.

Returning to his room, he encountered Mrs. Johnson grinningly holding out the fresh lingerie.

“Here are clean panties and bra, dear...remember a girl should always be fastidious and dainty. You must change your underwear daily.”

He took his nightgown off, blushingly exposing his flat chest and then put on the garments she had given him, both in shocking pink.

When she had helped him back into his nightgown and robe, she showed him how to make the bed, and how to dust the room, not relenting until everything was in apple-pie order.

“This is how I want my daughter's room to look every morning, dear,” she said, smiling with satisfaction, “and don't forget to bring your laundry downstairs.”

She led him to the kitchen and tied a pretty flowered apron on him, tightening the strings in a wide bow in the back. Then she let him prepare breakfast. While the coffee was perking, she made him hand wash his lingerie and hang it up in the basement, “so it will be ready for ironing tonight,” she explained.

Bill's face become longer and longer. This was quite different from his usual routine. Constantly he was aware of the long gown brushing against his ankles and the small mincing steps he had to take on his mules.

Mrs. Johnson, seeing his unhappy face said, “Yes, Billie, it is not all pleasure to be a girl, is it?”

Bill just nodded, feeling more than a little silly in the apron. Finally, breakfast was over, the dishes done, and the kitchen back in order. Back upstairs in his room, Mrs. Johnson approached him with some of the clothes.

“I don't approve of my daughter wearing trousers, Billie, but for now I cannot think of an alternative.”

Bill took the pile, pants, jacket, shirt, tie, and a small embroidered girls hanky.

“But where is my T-shirt and shorts?” he asked in a concerned voice.

“I don't see the need for those,” she replied curtly. “You did not wear them when you first came here, did you?”

With a deep blush, Bill remembered that he had not. How stupid he had been!

“You just keep your jacket buttoned, like you did that first night,” she instructed him.

Bill started to protest, but, realizing that he was completely at her mercy, he swallowed his words passively.

Mrs. Johnson watched him with private pleasure as she saw Bill obediently put on his shirt and pants over his lingerie.

When he saw how his shirt was pushed out by the padded bra, he said, “Please, Mrs. Johnson, let me take off my bra.” He pleaded, and pleaded with tears in his eyes, but Mrs. Johnson would not relent.

“No, Billie, you must wear your proper undies. It will help to remind you every minute of the day that you are my daughter now.

“Maybe it will also help you to deport yourself properly and not to do foolish boyish things.”

Bill remained silent. The tears continued to roll when he found out that he had to wear nylons under his regular

socks. She helped him garter them tightly to the girdle. Then, with shock, he found out that all the pockets in his pants had been sewn up and...horrors...she had taken in the trousers at the waist so that they fitted tightly over his narrowed middle.

“But, where will I carry my things?” he wailed.

“Your hanky can go in your shirt pocket here,” she replied as she tucked it neatly into his shirtpocket, “and you don't have to carry anything else. Your dresses are also without pockets and I want you to get used to this.”

“But, where is my wallet?” Bill asked with concern.

“I have your lunch wrapped for today and you don't need any money. By the way, I always had an agreement with my daughters to have them turn over to me their entire paycheck, so we could decide together what clothes to buy. I will, of course, help you the same way...after the rent has been deducted. So you don't need any billfold any more. Bill paled. Now he would have no money at all. Some help that was. It would have been his only means of escape. But, what could he do? He was in her clutches, for better or worse. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders and went downstairs. He decided to wait and see what the future had in store for him. Passing a large mirror in the hall, he was shocked by what he saw. With the narrow waisted pants and the mounds under his shirt, he looked like a girl in boys clothes.

“Mrs. Johnson! Look at me. I can't go to work like this. I look like a girl!”

“Of course you do, silly...you're my daughter, remember?”

“But,...but...” Bill turned around quickly, trying to hide the fact that he felt like crying.

Mrs. Johnson cut him off, “Now, Billie, remember...no backtalk...with your jacket on you'll be all right, you'll see.”

She helped him into his coat. She was right. It did hide the bulges, and the narrow waist, and the bra straps.

“When you lose some weight, the jacket will be so loose, no one will ever notice your nice figure,” she smiled.

With a “I want you to come right home from work, dear,” she pushed him out the door, onto the walk.

Almost immediately, it became clear that Bill could no longer take manly strides. With horror, he noticed that his girdle forced him to take smaller steps and he was sure that his tight pants would show every wiggle of his posterior.

It was a thoroughly apprehensive and miserable boy, who reported at the bank at 8:30 sharp. He was so relieved when nobody seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary.

He was busy all day, except for luncheon which he ate with the girl clerks and tellers in a small room set aside for this purpose. In his lunch bag he found only two little tunafish sandwiches and an apple. That was all. Hungrily, he watched the other girls eat. They were quite friendly and seemed to accept him. Happily, he discovered that they did not see anything of his unusual underclothes, either.

He sat with the other girls in the small employee lounge and got along quite well. They seemed to like him.

The afternoon went quickly and when he walked home, he actually had a happy feeling, knowing he would soon be in skirts again. He sure liked that part. If Mrs. Johnson would be less overbearing and demanding, he might really enjoy his new life. However, the fact that she could cause trouble for him anytime she wanted, worried him. And, he had the feeling that she enjoyed having this power over him. As he went along with his short steps forced upon him by his girdle, he looked behind him several times to see if anyone noticed his funny walk and wiggle.

He found Leona waiting for him.

“You're nicely on time, dear,” she said kissing him lightly on the cheek. “Now go change quickly out of these terrible boys clothes. I have your outfit ready on your bed.”

Entering his room, he froze on the spot. He hardly recognized it. Everything was changed and feminized; the bedspread pink and ruffled, the chairs smaller and covered with flowered material. The pictures with horses and hunting scenes had been replaced with feminine ones...a little girl, holding a cat in her arms and more in the same vein. His desk had disappeared and in its place was a vanity with a large mirror and small stool in front of it. His cosmetics were nearly lined up in a row. This was a girl's room...no mistake about it.

He took off his outer clothes and freshened up a bit. then he slipped on the white front-buttoning blouse, still having a little trouble with the different way it closed. Then he slipped the light green woolen jumper over his head and zipped it up in the back. He folded the collar of the blouse neatly over the high square neckline. Then he put on the shiny black patent belt. It was amazing how well this outfit fitted him. As he looked into the mirror he noticed that the straight slim skirt came to just above his knees. Still it forced him to take small steps.

“How do you like your new outfit?” asked Mrs. Johnson as she entered and caught Bill admiring himself in the mirror.

Bill blushed, “It looks real nice,” he had to admit, “but isn't it a little young?”

“Well, you are a young girl, you know...just learning how to be a lady. Anyway, all girls want to look young so it's really very suitable for casual wear.”

She gave him some helpful hints in doing his makeup. “I used to work in a beauty shop a long time ago, you know.”

Finally, he was finished, and Mrs. Johnson said, “Now to top it off, I have a surprise for you.”

She produced a beautiful long blond hairpiece, which she fitted onto his head. He shivered a little as he felt the long strands fall over his shoulders and touch his face on each side. She arranged it with a brush so that a few locks hung on each side of his face and the rest loosely in the back. It framed his face so femininely that he could not help smiling with pleasure. Every sign of masculinity had been erased. A young smiling teenager, with smooth soft features, bright red lips and shiny eyes, set off with long black lashed looked happily back at him as if to say, “Aren't I a pretty girl?”

The blond loosely hanging hair was really the epitome of girlishness. As he took in the whole picture with the neat blouse, the well-fitting girlish jumper and the small waist, accentuated by the tight belt, no one could ever guess that underneath it all was a young man.

“Put this on, dear. We want to protect your nice clothes.”

She watched him with a gleam in her eyes as he girlishly threw the straps over his shoulders, crossing them in the back, then through the loops, tying them tightly in a bow. Then, he brushed his long curls over his shoulders in a typically feminine manner. Mrs. Johnson could not help thinking again, “he looks so like a daughter in his apron, it is absolutely unbelievable.”

Soon Bill found himself perched on a stool peeling potatoes. She made him prepare all the rest of the meal, also, while she sat on a kitchen stool issuing instructions. Bill was so busy with these new unusual tasks that he had a blush of concentration on his cheek, which made him look even more attractive.

While the vegetables cooked, she made him set the table. She was continually amazed at his feminine body

and arm movements. Of course, the fact that the narrow skirt hampered his walking helped.

“He must be really liking his new role,” she thought with a happy smile.

Later, in the kitchen, when the dishes were finally done and the kitchen in order, Mrs. Johnson said, “You did that very nicely, Billie, you may hang your apron on this hook so it will be handy for tomorrow morning.”

Bill was a little tired and made for his room.

“Come dear, let's watch some television, I'll enjoy the company of my daughter and I'll find some embroidery for you.”

With a sign, Bill sank onto the sofa, remembering to neatly tuck his skirt under. His toes were aching from being on his heels all this time, so he slipped his shoes off and wiggled his nyloned toes. Mrs. Johnson handed him some linen napkins with a pattern on them and showed him how to handle the needle with colored yarn. Then she sank back in her chair enjoying the television program.

Occasionally, she would glance with an approving smile as she saw Bill seriously trying to learn this new girlish task, his knees and ankles neatly together, representing the image of complete girlishness. The tight skirt had worked up baring his nyloned knees and showing just a hint of his pretty slip.

“Yes, it would not be long before he would be ready for a witness,” she thought. After a couple of weeks, she would invite her neighbor, Mrs. Hagers, who was a very close friend. She had a feeling that she would also enjoy the situation.

That weekend, Bill was, of course, never allowed out of his skirts and heels. Most of the Saturday, she made him clean the house in a blue cotton shirtwaist dress with a flowered overall apron, his hair tied in a ponytail with a pretty red ribbon.

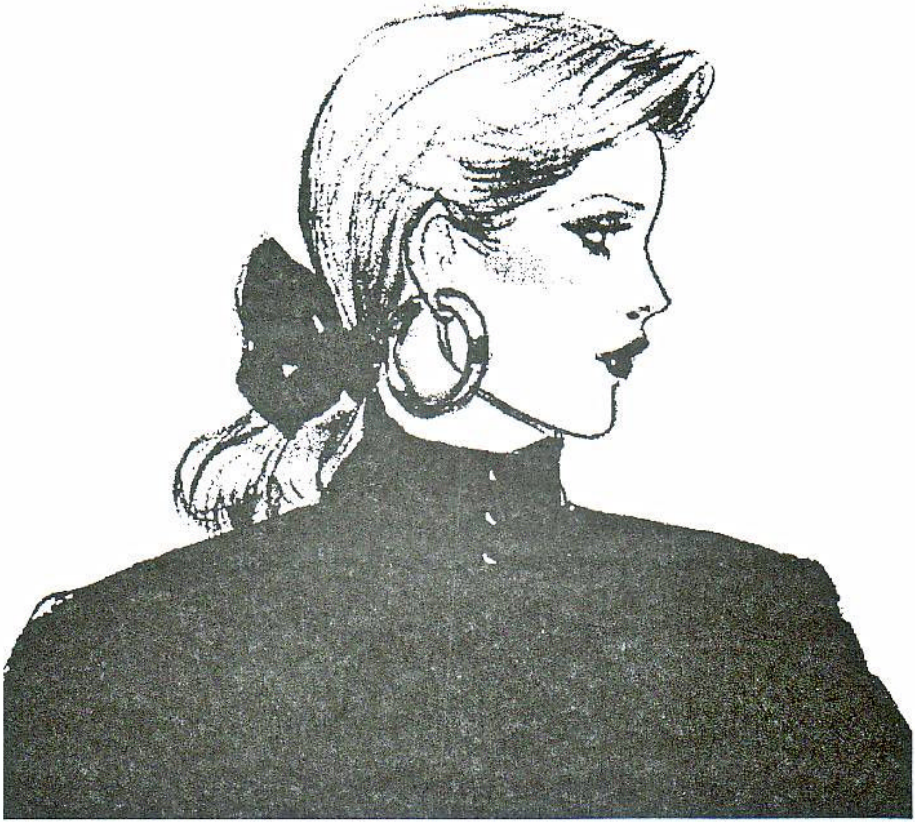
In the beginning, he was all left hands, but Mrs. Johnson noted that he really tried to learn, and he improved quickly. With pleasure, she watched him vacuum the house, wax the kitchen floor, etc., thinking how much easier this was than doing it herself.

After several hours of this, Bill's face began to reflect some feelings of regret. "Gee," he thought, "it's like I'm some kind of servant or something, instead of a paying boarder." The pleasant feeling of beginning skirts only partly made up for it. Mrs. Johnson also noticed his lack of enthusiasm when, after lunch, she put him to work again.

"Yes, Billie, now you see that it is not always easy to be a girl. There is more to it than looking pretty. Daughters have a lot of duties in the house."

Bill was glad when she finally let him rest a little while, before dressing in a pretty dress and doing the cooking again. As the weeks passed by Mrs. Johnson was satisfied with his progress. He could all ready prepare breakfast without her supervision and make most simple dishes, wearing rubber gloves, as she explained, "...to protect your pretty hands and nails, dear." He also took care of his room and, indeed, the whole house, like an experienced house Frau.

What's more, Mrs. Johnson had the feeling that Billie was beginning to feel at home in his skirts and his heels. He walked more daintily, swinging his arms just as naturally as any girl would. His whole body seemed to undergo some change, noticeable in his posture and in the way he moved his hips. He seemed to begin to FEEL like a girl, accepting his feminine tasks as completely proper for him to do and wearing his skirts like he really belonged in them.



*Most of the Saturday, she made him clean the house in a blue cotton shirtwaist dress with a flowered overall apron, his hair tied in a ponytail with a pretty red ribbon..*

In all, much progress in only a few weeks. Yes, Mrs. Johnson was more than satisfied. "He is nicer and more obedient and pliable than my own daughters," she thought with a little pang of regret, before becoming resolute again, "Well, he'd better behave himself...or else!"

However, Mrs. Johnson did not concentrate on his domestic training alone. She insisted that he dress prettily every day, making the most of his beauty aids. That included caring for his hair, nails, and body, keeping it completely free of hair like any girl.

He didn't know why but late Saturday afternoons, she made him primp to the limit.

Finally she told him, “On Saturday nights a girl usually goes out for a date and must look her best, my dear,” when Bill had made a face, over having to go through all that beautifying process again, dead tired as he was.

This Saturday, as he went downstairs, dressed in his navy dress with the white collar and cuffs and pleated skirt, he passed the mirror in the hall, and had to admit to himself that it was nice to be such a pretty girl.

Every evening, she made him to some needle work and his fingers had become more agile and had adapted well to knitting, sewing and similar tasks. When he was doing this, he now always sat properly. It had become second nature to him to sit with his knees and ankles neatly together whenever he was in skirts. Only occasionally did she have to remind him not to slump.

“Posture is so important for a girl. If you keep on forgetting, I will have to buy you a tight, long corset dear.”

She had also trained him to put his hair in curlers every night, so much so that he had trouble every morning making his now longish hair to lie down in a boyish manner. It was long enough now so it would easily take curlers. It took him a long time to learn how to do it, but now he managed it quickly and efficiently every night.

It was a couple of inches past his shoulders and Leona had him use conditioner which made it very soft and silky. Leona had bought him everything a girl would have to take care of her hair: brushes, several types of curlers, a curling iron, barrettes and hair spray.

Leona had told him that if he wanted to dress like a girl he'd also have to wear his hair like a girl...that included taking care of it like a girl would.

Even simple styles were so much work that he almost looked forward to having it cut.

One day Leona asked, "When your hair has grown out it will look real nice, Billie. Have you given any thought yet how you would like to wear it?"

"But, Mrs. Johnson," Bill protested, "I can't go on without having my hair cut much longer. What will they say at the bank?"

"Well, we'll think of something, dear," she replied, tucking him into bed with a smile.

As Mrs. Johnson walked towards her own bedroom, she knew that her boarder was now ready to be exposed to the world. With a satisfied and somewhat satanic smile, she fell asleep.

That Saturday, Bill had shown that his domestic training was now almost complete. Singlehandedly, he had cleaned the house, made lunch and dinner, and voluntarily had put on his prettiest dress, remembering that "Saturday nights, a girl has to look her best."

Bill liked what he saw in the many mirrors. His curled hair and thinly arched eyebrows gave him a fresh, sassy look. His hair had never felt longer. He tossed his head a couple of times, noticing how his curls bounced around.

Putting his hands behind his neck, he fluffed his hair up and puckered his red lips. He felt playfully feminine but strangely unfulfilled.

As she tucked him in bed that night, she told him, "You've been a good girl. I don't know how you even would have made it as a boy."

Bill blushed in the dark, when he realized that her compliment really pleased him. What was happening to him???

The next morning...Sunday...Bill was, as always, allowed to sleep late. They usually lounged in their robes until after lunch.

During the mid-day meal, Mrs. Johnson remarked, “The weather is so nice; let's go for a walk, Billie.”

“But, Mrs. Johnson...” Bill started to protest.

“Now, Billie, don't be silly. You've learned to be a pretty girl, and you can't stay in the house all the time.” She gave him one of her shut-up,-no-more-back talk looks, and Bill fell silent.

After all, he had always wanted to go out, he thought to himself. While they were getting dressed, Mrs. Johnson gave Bill a particularly pretty feminine slip which clung tightly and figure-fitting, the lace nicely covering his padded bra. She had also made him wear a waistcincher, which made his waist even smaller. He had lost quite a bit of weight during the weeks he was Mrs. Johnson's “guest”.

A dark blue silk blouse, with short sleeves, also quite close fitting, which showed just a hint of the pretty slip underneath, followed. She zipped him into a white pleated arnel miniskirt that just covered the slip and came only to three inches above his knees. A string of white “pop-its” around his neck and three strands of matching beads on his right wrist. With it, he wore white high-heeled pumps over his flesh colored sheer stockings.

When he came downstairs, the long blond hair flowing loosely over his shoulders and back, she gave him a pair of white short gloves, and a white handbag.

Bill studied himself in the mirror and was inwardly very pleased. Still, he felt that he had to protest, “but, Mrs. Johnson, I can't go out like this...people will see me!”

“Why not?” she asked, leading him back to the mirror, “What will they see?”

Bill caught what she was driving at. All they would see was a beautiful young girl, in the cutest miniskirt, with a bosom, pretty legs and long blond hair, loudly proclaiming him to be of the feminine sex.

When Mrs. Johnson pushed him out the door, Bill was terrified. "Now, Billie," she admonished, "don't be foolish. You saw in the mirror that you are a real pretty daughter, tastefully dressed, looking and acting like a well-bred girl. So, let's go!"

Bill traipsed out the door, his knees trembling. Mrs. Johnson followed, allowing no return. She noted with pleasure how the tightly fitting skirt made his waist look real small, with the pleated skirt flaring out nicely from the hips.

As they started walking, Bill felt absolutely naked from the waist down, sensing how the wind blew his short skirt against his nyloned thighs. He constantly had to keep his hair out of his face, and Mrs. Johnson smiled at the typically feminine gestures, forced on him by the breeze. After a while, Bill calmed down somewhat, noting that people did not realize that he was a boy. He began to enjoy the fresh air and relaxed a bit, so that he walked completely naturally in his heels, with his handbag over his left arm and his right swinging freely away from his body.

Mrs. Johnson was really pleased with him noting how the short skirt ever so seductively swung from his curving hips. Bill could not help noticing the admiring looks and smiles of the male passers-by.

Comparing himself with other girls in the street, he had to admit that he looked every bit as well groomed and as well dressed as they did. It gave him self confidence and eventually he was happily traipsing next to Mrs. Johnson, his heels clicking on the walk.

They went window shopping, and Mrs. Johnson was pleased when Billie...just like her own daughters...was really interested in looking at the attractive clothes and lingerie displayed in dress shops.

When they returned home, Mrs. Johnson was satisfied that she could send her boarder out for errands without

the slightest fear that he would be discovered. He had passed...with laurels. After that, she frequently send Billie outside on errands. He no longer seemed to have any compunctions or objections. One more barrier had been surmounted.

After ten weeks had passed, Mrs. Johnson was ready to introduce her pretty new daughter to others. She planned to invite her neighbor, Mrs. Hagers, who, she had a feeling, would also enjoy the situation immensely.

Earlier in the afternoon of the dinner party, she had asked Mrs. Hagers over for tea.

Louise Hagers was a divorcee, 45 years old, attractive and extremely well-to-do. She came dressed to the teeth in a nice black afternoon outfit. When Mrs. Johnson admired it, she said, "I have to spend my alimony someway."

As always, she was complaining about the lack of domestic help. She apparently was hard to please, as no woman stayed in her employ for long.

After a while of chit-chat, Mrs. Hagers said, "Well, Leona, what's up? You look like the cat who has just caught a canary."

"Much better," she replied, "I have caught myself a girl."

"Now what do you mean by that?" Mrs. Hagers asked, getting real curious.

"I'll tell you, if you promise never to tell anyone."

"I promise, I promise," Mrs. Hagers said, impatiently.

Leona then told her all about her strange, delightful boarder. Mrs. Hagers' face was a portrait of surprise. She kept on repeating, "really?...really?!"

Concluding, Leona added "...and if you'll come to dinner tonight, you can meet Billie yourself."

Mrs. Hagers giggled with excitement, "It's unbelievable..."

“Of course, he's not perfect yet, but give me a couple more months and he will be trained to such perfection that nobody, but nobody will ever believe he's really a boy.

“In the meantime, I get all my housework done free of charge,” she continued.

“Oh! Could I borrow her for a couple of days?”

“Maybe later...or maybe I can find you one of your own to train!

“It's really easy, you know. She is most obedient and subservient. All you have to do is to mention the word 'Police' and he'll crawl for you.”

Mrs. Hagers laughed out loud. “How simply precious...but I don't believe that a boy can be as girlish as you say.”

“Well, tonight you will see for yourself. Come at 6:30.”

“Oh, I can hardly wait 'til then,” she said, flushed with excitement. As she left the house she muttered, “This I must see...this I must see.”

Later that afternoon, Bill, unaware of what was in store for him, looked with pleasure at the new dress, which lay nearly on his bed. It was a pretty black taffeta cocktail dress, sleeveless, with a low scooped neckline. He had never worn such a pretty after-five dress. After his usual shower and close shave, he put on the black lacy panties over his panty girdle, then added the matching bra and slip.

As he lifted the dress over his head, he noticed it had its own rustling petticoat, making the skirt flare out widely.

When he had zipped it up in the back, he felt strange with his completely bare arms. He lifted them and noticed that not a trace of hair could be seen. The wide neckline barely covered his bra and provocatively exposed the little valley, caused by the flesh being pushed up by the tight padded bra.

In front of the mirror, he turned to watch his skirts twirl high in the air showing his dark colored sheer nylons. The black shoes seemed to have a higher heel than he usually wore, but he found he could manage them with ease.

Mrs. Johnson came in just as Bill twirled in front of the mirror.

“You like your new dress, don't you, dear?” she asked with a grin, observing how the bodice fitted tightly over his underpinnings and bulges.

Blushingly, Bill nodded. It was so humiliating for him to be caught admiring his pretty costume. But then he reflected, “well, after all, which girl does not like a nice new dress.”

“I'll fix your makeup today, dear. This dress deserves that you look your very best. Bill shrugged away his surprise. Lately she had always made him do his own makeup, and he had become pretty good at it.

Sitting demurely in front of the vanity, his hands in his lap, he watched as Leona transformed his face into that of a pretty girl. His long blonde hair felt particularly feminine, now that the strands caressed his bare neck and arms.

Mrs. Johnson produced a rhinestone necklace and matching bracelet and earrings.

Bill had never spent much money on jewelry, and was pleased to note how this added to his appearance.

After she made him put on some perfume, she surveyed her boarder.

“Billie, you really are a pretty girl,” she said in a pleased tone of voice. “I all ready had tea with Mrs. Hagers, so let's go and make some snacks and we will celebrate with a glass of wine before dinner.” They went to the kitchen and Mrs. Johnson was astounded when Bill automatically grabbed his white apron from the doorknob and started putting it on. Turning to Leona for

instructions, while tying a pretty bow in the back, he flashed beet red when he saw her smiling face.

My goodness, what was he coming to? Without thinking he had put on his apron, apparently subconsciously wanting to protect his new dress.

Mrs. Johnson, ignoring Bill's confusion remarked, "Yes, very good, Billie; you should always protect your pretty clothes when you work in the kitchen."

Without further ado, she showed him what she wanted done and left Bill to his chores. He was so engrossed in his work that he never even heard Mrs. Hagers come in the house. When he had the tray with cheese and hearty tidbits neatly arranged, he carried it into the living room.

There, his heart nearly stopped as he found Leona sitting on the couch with a strange lady, both looking at him with great big smiles.

"Oh, Billie, there you are. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Hagers, our neighbor."

Bill began to tremble with embarrassment. First, not knowing what to do, he quickly put the tray down and started to take off his apron. Mrs. Johnson's smile became even bigger when she saw that his first thought was about his appearance...just like a real girl. "Come on, Billie, don't be so shy," she admonished him.

In a daze, Bill minced forward and shook Mrs. Hagers' outstretched hand, mumbling, "How do you do, Mrs. Hagers."

Leona watched her neighbor with a great sense of accomplishment, as she said, "You are a very pretty girl, Billie."

Bill had the presence of mind to reply, "Thank you, Mrs. Hagers," blushing fetchingly. Finally, he realized how stupid he must look, just standing there, he turned elegantly on his heels and sat down properly, in his usual chair.

“I hear you have a job at the bank, Billie,” Mrs. Hagers remarked.

Bill nodded, suddenly terrified with the thought that she might be a customer there and see him in his other clothes.

Undauntedly, Mrs. Hagers continued her small talk, asking him how he liked Newburgh, as well as where his parents lived and more about his family.

Somehow the questions calmed him down a bit as he sat demurely with his hands in his lap and his legs crossed at the ankles.. it appeared to him that Mrs. Hagers did not know that he was a boy. So, he thought, “I must really be a girl tonight. I don't want her to find out the truth.”

All night, he was on his very best girlish behavior, walking as Mrs. Johnson had taught him, and really loosening those wrists. When Leona asked him to pour some sherry, he did it gracefully, serving the snacks and otherwise acting like a good hostess. Later on, when he came in from the kitchen to set the table in his frilly apron, he felt Mrs. Hagers watching his every step constantly. It made him anxious to always appear as authentic as he knew how.

Truly, Mrs. Hagers could not believe her eyes as she watched this feminine person, she knew to be a boy. She thought how wonderful it would be to have him traipsing around her house, doing her chores for her. “I'll pay Leona anything for that pleasure,” she decided.

Unaware of all this, Bill continued with his tasks.

Mrs. Hagers noted with satisfaction that he really knew how to do everything properly.

Later he brought in the food, which he had prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Johnson. When all was ready and served, he took off his apron and sat down at the table. he had become a little warm and the feminine perfume was really noticeable now. What with this and his bare arms and the lovely bracelet jangling on his wrist,

he felt so much like a girl, that he began to doubt that he really ever had been a boy.

When Mrs. Hagers asked him whether he had met any boyfriends yet, he blushed sharply, a little annoyed when he saw Mrs. Johnson's grin at his discomfort.

"Well, there are some nice boys in the neighborhood," Mrs. Hagers assured him. "I will see that you meet some of them soon."

Bill remained silent, acknowledging her remark with a tiny nod. What could he say? A girl was always supposed to be interested in meeting boys, he knew. So, he could not really object or argue the point. Fortunately, the subject was changed and he found himself participating naturally in the conversation about clothes and other items of particular interest to women.

When Mrs. Hagers let, she kissed him on the cheek, saying, "I hope will come and help me sometimes, Billie."

Bill just nodded.

When Leona tucked him into bed that evening he was surprised to receive a real cordial goodnight kiss from her also. It was obvious that she was enormously pleased by his performance that evening. As the weeks and months passed, Bill's feminization continued to the point where, especially after a long weekend, he had to watch himself closely, all day, making sure that he acted and moved as close as possible to a normal male.

One evening as he came home from work, Mrs. Johnson gave him a brown envelope. When he opened it, he saw it was mail from his TV friend, Joanne. The short note read: "Dear Bill, I thought this magazine might interest you. Please return it soon. Joanne." It was the latest issue of Sympathy magazine.

Mrs. Johnson grabbed it from him, saying, "Get dressed first, Billie, you may read this after your chores are done."

Bill obeyed, muttering under his breath, “Chores...work...chores...that's all I do around here, lately, darn it!”

Mrs. Johnson had heard him. “What did you say, Billie?”

Suddenly Bill's temper flared. “All I do, lately, is housework and more housework, while you hardly do anything, anymore.”

Mrs. Johnson's face became hard. “Well, it is entirely proper for an adopted daughter to help her mother, is it not?”

“I am supposed to be a boarder here, not a maid.”

“Is that so?” she demanded in a mean voice. “You ungrateful wench...and that, after all I did to help you. I have a mind to go to the police right now and complain about your entering my house under false pretenses. Is that what you want me to do?”

Bill, quite scared now, shook his head.

“Well, then, hurry up and get dressed properly. What you need is a good spanking.” As an added incentive, she added, “By the way, I saw your boss today, on Mainstreet.”

Bill paled. He got the point, all right. Without another word of complaint he went upstairs and soon descended again, looking like the pretty girl he was.

Mrs. Johnson looked at him thinking that she would have to tighten the discipline with him, and stamp out this beginning of rebelliousness. “I have treated him too much like a daughter,” she considered.

Then the thought occurred to her that she should try to get some female hormones from him. She had heard that they made a male more passive and less aggressive. Yes, she decided, she would look into that; she had a friend who was a nurse.

In the living room, she started to leaf through the magazine. As she read on, she became fascinated. “I never realized that there were so many man like Billie,”

she muttered. Avidly, she started reading. In addition to some personal stories, there were hundreds on ads, with many crossdressers seeking contact with women, some even offering to play maid. She remembered reading that cross-dressers also sometimes have a masochistic inclination. She turned the pages to the New York listings and found at least 30 “TV's” to choose from. Her mind started to work feverishly. Maybe she could answer some of these advertisements, offering assistance...for a good fee, of course. She would have them over a barrel, once she learned where they worked and lived. Why, if word got around, she could make a great deal of money out of these “TV's”.

Two ads particularly caught her eye and interest. The first read: “New York, male, 25, submissive cross-dresser, wishes to meet dominant woman. Willing maid or servant. Please write soon.”

The other was even more interesting: “New York, male, 40, attractive divorced writer. Marriage minded. Am true cross-dresser, profoundly adore women. My greatest thrill is being understood and making a woman's life joyful, complete and fulfilled. Photo, please.”

As everywhere, a code number was mentioned. Her thoughts started to wander. John, her husband, had been dead almost four years. Maybe it would be a nice change if she could meet a man her age, who wanted to make her “complete and full of joy” again. And, if he was a TV, so much the better. Then she could be sure that she was able to control him just like she had Billie. She decided to write a reply tomorrow.

During dinner, she began to discuss the TV magazine with Billie. In her sweetest voice, she said, “Billie, I read that magazine. It would be nice if you would write to some of those advertisers. Think how much fun it would be for you to have some girlfriends like yourself. And I could do

a lot to help them, just as I have improved you. Of course, to `strangers' I would charge a reasonable fee.”

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson,” Bill replied politely, “Are there any living near here?”

“I don't know, dear, but there are numerous ads from New York. Now, that's another idea, maybe I could rent some of the other rooms to girls like you!”

“There are a lot of people in Newburgh who commute to New York City,” Bill said, helpfully. “So even if they work there, they could still live here.”

“And on weekends we could have parties,” Mrs. Johnson added, smiling excitedly, “of course, they would have to pay a small admission.”

That's twice she mentioned money, Bill thought, who had for several months now seen his paycheck disappear into thin air. Later, while doing the dishes in the kitchen, he thought, “Well, at least, I will have company my own age and maybe some help with the housework, as well.” He wondered how many “daughters” Mrs. Johnson would end up having, as he hung up his apron on the hook. On the other hand, he sighed, it would only mean more sewing, or needle work. Mrs. Johnson just did not believe in empty hands for her daughter.

When all his chores were finished, Mrs. Johnson let him read the magazine. He excitedly read the personal experience articles, and the fiction stories. He grinned with the thought that his own experience would probably top all of that. Reading all the ads, he was glad that he was not alone in his hobby to play girl.

“It would be fun to meet some others,” he said aloud.

“Yes,” Mrs. Johnson agreed. “Did you see the ads from TV's looking for helpful ladies? I'll write to some of those myself!”

Bill nodded. It was clear that there was going to be some more activity in the Johnson house.

In the meantime, Mrs. Johnson's thoughts had progressed further.

“You know, Billie, it would be nice if you took dressmaking lessons. Then you can make your own outfits, as well as some for your new friends. And you could help with alterations, where needed.”

Bill blushingly protested, “But Mrs. Johnson, there will be only girls or women there.”

“Of course, silly, but you are a girl too, now, remember?”

She looked at him, and Bill knew her well enough by now to know that she had made up her mind. He had also learned that there was no use arguing...she had him over a barrel. All he could do was make the best of it, and try to meet these strange new challenges successfully.

That very evening, she set him to write to six TV prospects.

She even dictated the short note. He had to tell them that he lived with a nice lady who had adopted him as her daughter and that she had helped him become a real pretty girl. “Maybe she could help you, too,” he had to add.

He felt a little guilty being forced to snare some other poor TV's in Mrs. Johnson's web. But he had no alternative, but to do as he was told. He noted that the ones she had picked were all young, unattached TV's. In each of these ads, the words, “passive”, “submissive”, or “obedient” appeared. He saw that Mrs. Johnson wrote several letters herself, but he did not see to whom or which ads she had responded to.

Mrs. Johnson was too excited to sleep that night. She did a lot of planning and thinking.

“It is about time that Billie became a full-time girl,” she mused. Yes, it would not be hard to find new work for him as a waitress, or office clerk, or maybe even in his same job, if she played her cards right. But, how to force him?

She had all of his male clothes, of course. Finally, she decided that she would have his hair fixed over the weekend so that he no longer could possibly pose as a man. Then, if she could get two other young boarders to follow in Billie's footsteps,...She did some quick calculating. If she was smart, she could really get her hands on more money, easily. With a smile, she started thinking about that 40 year old writer. She would understand him all right. With the thought that she was going to have a grand time, she finally dozed off in the early hours of the morning, her mind too tired to think up some more Satanic ideas.

The next morning, she did some more quick calculating. If she managed to confiscate their paychecks, as she had done with Billie, she might get almost hundreds of dollars per week to play with. Of course, out of that she would have to buy them some clothes and feed the. Still, she would be able to save something for a rainy day...and think of all the help she would have.

It would be no problem to give some parties for other TV's, help them with their hairdo and makeup lessons, with several girls to do the cleanup for her. With a satisfied smile, she went to breakfast, thanking the angels for the day that had brought Billie to her house. She almost had a feeling of affection form him as she found him in the kitchen, neatly aproned, preparing the eggs and waffles.

That same evening, she made Billie discard his long blond tresses. His own hair had grown out nicely during these months, and she taught him how to set it and how to care for it. It was, of course, all extra work for Bill...a real chore especially at night, when he was dead tired from his job as well as all the chores. still he appreciated this feminine activity, doing his own hair, albeit worried how long he could get away at the bank wearing it so long. Little did he know...

The next Saturday afternoon, she took him shopping, wearing a simple sweater and matching skirt, in light blue. He had objected to going out without his hairpiece, but Mrs. Johnson had tied a scarf around his head and told him to shut up.

They entered a beauty salon, Bill with hesitant, uncertain steps.

“Here is my daughter,” she announced to the owner, “see what you can do for her.”

It appeared that Mrs. Johnson had made an appointment, as one of the girls led him to a chair right away. Leona was talking to the owner in the meantime, and then Bill saw her leave.

The girl told him, “Just relax dearie, we’ll make you beautiful.”

They fussed with his hair for hours, washing it, clipping it, monkeying with several kinds of solutions, rinsing, then setting, whereupon they put him under a hairdryer. They gave him a copy of Seventeen magazine to read, which, he had to admit, he enjoyed leafing through.

When he was finally finished, one of the girls started on his face. She spent at least half an hour on his eyebrows, until he finally told her to stop it, fearing that it would be too obvious.

The owner heard him. “Your mother ordered it, Miss, so please sit still.”

It made him feel like a little girl and he blushed fiercely. Mrs. Johnson finally came back in, just as the girl was adding the final touches of lipstick. For her pleased look, he could tell that they had done a good job.

As they let him get up, Leona led him to the mirror, “Look, dear, how pretty they have done your hair.”

Bill gasped as he saw the results of their work. They had bleached his hair. He looked like a beautiful young female, with attention-getting, light blond...almost platinum...hair. It was softly curled with flips just over

his ear coming forward on his cheeks to frame his soft face. His eyebrows had become very thin, highly arched lines, that could not possibly be made to look masculine anymore, until they grew out again.

He wanted to shout: “Mrs. Johnson, what have they done?” but he saw that look in her eyes, that he had come to know so well. At any rate, she was supposed to be his mother, and he could not very well argue with her in public. Tears started to well up, and he quickly walked to the door, afraid that someone might see him cry like a small girl. Mrs. Johnson paid the bill and followed him outside.

There, he just could no longer hold his protests. “Mrs. Johnson! With that hair and eyebrows, I cannot go back to work Monday. Why did you do this to me?”

“Billie, shut up!” she demanded. “I am doing what I think is best for you, and I want no argument. You want me to talk to that policeman there?”

Bill became scared and paled. While he was by now used to parading in public as a girl, and everyone took him for a female, he knew he would be in deep trouble if he was discovered as a female impersonator as a result of Mrs. Johnson's complaint. For a small moment, he considered calling her bluff. After all, she would lose her boarder...and his paycheck. But his fear of going to jail made him forget this impulse quickly. “But, Mrs. Johnson, what about my job?”

“Quiet, Billie; I'll think of something. Don't you worry your pretty little head about. Maybe I'll tell your boss that you always were a girl, impersonating a boy.”

“Oh, NO! You wouldn't!” he exclaimed, desperation gripping his insides.

“Oh, YES, I would,” she replied, pausing awhile, then adding, “and I think I will.”

She had decided on the spur of the moment. That would really be the simplest solution. That way she would

not have to look for another job for him. Of course, it would be a little embarrassing for Bill, but, after all, he had brought all this on himself, by doing silly things in his room.

Bill saw that she had made up her mind irrevocably, and he knew that there was nothing he could do to change it. Consequently, when she took him into a jewelry store and told the man to pierce his ears, he just tried to hold back the tears, which really started coming freely now.

When he was finished and saw the small gold keeper rings in his ears, he realized that now there was no escape possible. He was marked for life. He resigned himself to be completely in her power, with nothing for him to do, but passively accept his new role as her adopted daughter.

The rest of the weekend, he was morose and terribly nervous. Leona noted how upset he was and sincerely tried to cheer him up, but to no avail. Sunday afternoon, she took him to town for dinner and, afterward, a movie. Mrs. Hagers accompanied them and Leona made Bill dress in a new red and green flowered minidress, which was of such thin material, that the lace of his slip could clearly be seen, making him feel absolutely naked. The dress had a square wide neckline and a short, short skirt, making him feel terribly exposed.

He had seen in the eyes of his companions that he looked very good in this new dress. He heard Mrs. Hagers say, "Is not she the cutest thing?"

Leona merely nodded, smiling. She had so much satisfaction as he traipsed on his high heels, between the two older ladies, handbag over one arm, a little ribbon adding a touch of femininity to his hair. Several times a couple of boys whistled at him and every time it made him blush terribly, especially as he noted the merriment of the two ladies with him.

However, it also erased any doubt in his mind that he could pass completely as a pretty girl. During dinner and

the movies, he managed to forget his troubles, enjoying the food and ignoring the many male stares as if they were his due. Mrs. Hagers could not suppress a smile, as she saw him lower his lashes modestly every time a male guest caught his eye.

At home his worries returned full blast. That night, he could not fall asleep, worrying about what tomorrow would bring. Would Mrs. Johnson really make him go to his work in skirts? He found out only too soon.

In the morning, Mrs. Johnson made him dress in his navy blue outfit.

“Girls working at a bank always have to dress conservatively,” she said, “and this dress with the white collar makes you look so demure.”

With this outfit, he wore matching high heels and handbag, with tiny hair ribbons which Mrs. Johnson pinned on each side of his head.

With a heartbreaking sob, he pleaded one last time with Leona, “Please, Mrs. Johnson, don't make me go to the bank like this.”

It was useless; she was unrelenting, “No, Billie, the last few months have proven to me that you are much more of a girl than a man. So, I have decided that you have to be my daughter full time now. I know what is best for you.”

As Bill sobbed, she added, “Oh, yes, I have given away all your old clothes as you will have no further need for them.”

Bill was completely in despair. Now he could never escape or recoup his old identity. Only girls clothes were left for him to wear.

Together, they walked to the bank. When they entered, Bill felt everyone's eyes on himself. Nobody seemed to recognize him, although he saw Gertrude look with more the casual interest. As if she was trying to think where she had met this pretty young girl before.

In Mrs. Woodward's office, Bill introduced Mrs. Johnson as she had instructed him to, saying, "Mr. Woodward, this is my stepmother, Mrs. Johnson."

The boss could make neither head nor tail of this. Who was this girl, who seemed to know him so well?

Leona was offered a chair. Seating herself, she began to talk, "Mr. Woodward, I'm afraid we owe you an apology. Billie, here, whom you know as Bill Cole, has been masquerading as a boy, all the time she has been in your employ. But I have finally put a stop to it, as you can see.

"I hope you will allow her to keep her job."

Bill's boss sank into his chair, outright shock on his face.

With glazed eyes, he said, "You're not Bill Cole...You can't be!" He took in the appearance of this person. The demure, neat dress; the girlish eyebrows; the neat slim nyloned legs; the cute little earrings; the beautiful, attractive face, now looking so ashamed. "But I don't understand," he said, "Why would a pretty girl like her, ever want to dress as a boy?"

"Well, Mr. Woodward, it is a long story...and rather personal. I was hoping that you might be pleased enough with her service in the past, that you would consider keeping Billie in your employ."

Mr. Woodward fell silent, trying to get his mixed-up thoughts back in the usual logical order.

"Cole did well enough," he finally said. "I did wonder sometimes about his lack of ambition. Now I know why."

Another prolonged silence followed, while Mr. Woodward reviewed this unusual situation and reflecting on its repercussions.

"It is most extraordinary...but I guess it would be all right. At least I wouldn't have to advertise for a new employee." After a pause, he continued, "The customers probably will not recognize her, if I did not, that's sure.

“I will see if the other employees will accept your apology, Miss Cole.”

Before Bill could stop him, he went to the door and called the employees together, who were all busy preparing for the bank's opening, due in a few minutes. Six girls and the assistant manager curiously entered his office, looking at the two female visitors, Mr. Woodward noticed that no one seemed to recognize Billie.

Looking at his watch, he started, “This young lady has something to tell you.”

Bill desperately wanted to run away as far from there as he could. But the group blocked the doorway, he noted as he stood up, blushing as he never had before in his life. He straightened his skirt automatically and hung his head, desperately searching for words.

Finally, the manager said, “Well?”

Bill began stutteringly. “I...I'm sorry...I...”

He looked at Mrs. Johnson for help, but none was forthcoming as he saw her look at him, grinningly enjoying the predicament he was in. Here he was, a boy, dressed completely as a pretty girl...being forced to tell his co-workers that he was really a girl.

How terrible!

“Well?” the manager demanded again.

Then slowly in his soft voice, which came naturally now, he started again, “I am...I was...Bill Cole...but I am really Billie Cole. I dressed as a boy...just for fun...but, now my stepmother insists that I wear my skirts.”

He licked his ruby red lips, his throat feeling parched and dry.

“I...I am sorry that I have deceived you,” he continued. The words came a little easier now that he was fully committed.

“I did not mean any harm...honest...and I will make it up to you...if I can...and if you'll let me.”

He stood guiltily, his hands demurely folded in front of his skirt, like a criminal awaiting his verdict, his head bowed.

The girls approached him, all talking at the same time.

“But, you're so pretty...why would you want look like a man?”

“Why did you do it?”

“It's amazing!”

“What a nice dress you're wearing.”

The manager held up his hand, “I have to decide whether Miss Cole can continue her work here. Are there any objections?”

The unanimous opinion was that they would be happy for Billie to work with them and they all said so.

Gertrude was the last to express her feelings, “I like her much better this way.”

“Then it's decided. Everyone back to work!”

“And as for you Miss Cole, I expect a superior performance from you. One more trick and you're fired, do you understand?”

Still blushing, Bill nodded, “Yes, Mr. Woodward.”

“All right, to your station then, quickly!”

As Bill left the room, Mrs. Johnson admonished her, “Make sure you come right home from work, dear.” Then she departed, thanking Bill's boss for his understanding.

“I'll see to it that she toes the line, I assure you,” were her last words to him, as she strode happily from the bank.

At Billie's window, the assistant manager took away the name sign reading “Mr. Cole” to be changed to “Miss Billie Cole”.

Although his work kept Bill busy, the thought kept milling through his mind, that from now on the whole town would know him as Miss Billie Cole, a female bank clerk. There would not be any turning back now.

During lunch, which he, Gertrude and another girl always had together, the subject came up, of course:

“I always thought you were such a cute boy,” Margaret said, “and I was hoping for a date with you.” She giggled at the now absurd idea.

Gertrude noted, “I thought you were awfully `swishy' and sometimes I thought I smelled perfume...I should have known.”

Billie, feeling more at ease now, and certainly being used to his skirts, after all these months, apologized again, “I hope you'll still like me after having fooled you all this time.”

“It's good to have you as one of us now,” Margaret said, reassuringly. “You belong in skirts...I wish I had your legs.”

Bill blushed, but remained silent, reflecting on the fact that Leona had forced so much femininity on him that he now completely acted and felt like a girl and everyone thought he really was one.

Later, patting his soft curled hair into place in front of the mirror in the ladies washroom, he wondered about that again. Would he ever be able to go back to being a boy?

His doubts were increasing...even if he wanted to go back to men's clothes would not he still act and move like a woman? He worried all the way home about this problem. He knew that his mother expected him home for Thanksgiving weekend. All his sisters would be there.

It would be the first family reunion since his Dad died three years ago. Of course, he had written nothing home about his masquerade. He knew he could not possibly go home as a girl. What would they say, if they saw him in skirts and dresses?

When he arrived home, Mrs. Johnson noticed his preoccupied expression immediately.

“How was your first day as a girl at the bank?” she asked.

Absentmindedly, Bill replied, “Fine, no problems.”

Immediately he blushed realizing what he had said. Nevertheless it was true. Everyone had accepted him as a girl and if anything, his relationship with the other employees was better then before. Moreover, the customers...especially the males...had been much nicer to him.

“See, you've been worried about nothing...and admit it, is not it nice to be able to be a girl all the time?”

Bill hesitated. True, this was what he had dreamed about in the past. It certainly was better than changing back and forth from pants to skirts. However, now that he was FORCED to play the role of a girl without a let-up, and with all the restrictions, duties and chores attached to it, he was not so sure any more. He had not enjoyed a single minute of free time for himself. Constantly, he was driven to more femininity, more girlish challenges and activities to the point where now everyone thought he was a real girl. Plus, there was always, ironing, dusting, cleaning, cooking, sewing, and what-not to do, and no end in sight, either.

Bill was silent for a moment, then he said hesitatingly, “I would really like to go back to men's clothes, Mrs. Johnson.”

He looked at her uncertainly, fearing her reaction.

“But, Billie, how can you? You just told the bank manager that you're a girl!”

“I'll find another job,” he insisted.

“That's out of the question,” Mrs. Johnson said firmly. “You look too much like a girl...and, anyway, you no longer have any men's clothing. So put that silly idea out of your head.”

“But...but...Mom's expecting me home for Thanksgiving next month,” he objected. “I can't go home like this,” he added, fingering his flaring skirt.

“Well, they have to learn sooner or later that you prefer to be a girl,” she replied with grinning disdain.

Bill blushed beet red.

“Never,” he said, remembering how his oldest sister had ridiculed him some years ago. “I could never go like this.

“Then you better think up an excuse as to why you can't go home for Thanksgiving,” she said, unfeelingly. Then after a pause added, “Well, we can discuss it some more another time. You don't have to change your dress, because you have your first dressmaking class at the high school. So put on your apron and let's start dinner...and I want no backtalk, either, girly.”

While Bill obediently went to the kitchen, Mrs. Johnson sank into a chair in the living room. She thought about the situation. It was obvious that Billie was beginning to have second thoughts and seemed to get a little tired of his constant feminine role. Nevertheless, she knew for certain that she would not let him out of her clutches now. He was such a great help and comfort around the house, and in her own selfish way, she was sort of becoming attached to this girlish companion. Aside from the fact that she had obtained a new interest in life, something to plan for, and to live for, she also felt no longer so lonely.

Maybe she should let him enjoy himself more. Let him do the things he liked, perhaps an occasional concert or let him take driving lessons...even arrange some dates for him.

Yes, that's what she would do! Maybe she had been too strict with him for too long. She could always try to bet another TV boarder to take over some of the chores.

With her intensely selfish nature, it did not occur to her that she could help with some of the chores.

But what about his relatives, his family? He sure seemed reluctant to go home as a girl. That was the real problem, she thought. Ignoring her conscience, she decided to try and make him so feminine that it would be impossible for him to pose as a boy. Her face brightened. Of course, I will have to work on his figure. With a completely girlish body, he would not be able to consider going home as a man; he would look grotesque. Yes, of course! He would need hormone pills, and a tight figure-training corset, and to get rid of all his masculine hair everywhere. She smiled at her clever solution. No, she was not going to lose her new-found daughter...not by a long shot.

During dinner, she approached Bill with some of her plans.

"I have been thinking about what you said, Billie. Maybe I have been a little too strict with you. But, it is just because I wanted you to become a perfect daughter. Today has shown that you are well on the way to become a proper girl. I thought that perhaps we would hear from some of those other TV's, we'd find another boarder to relieve you of some of those household chores. And, if we pinch our pennies, maybe we could buy a car and go places with it. Do you know how to drive?"

Bill shook his head. "I sure would like to learn, though," he added eagerly.

"Good, and then we can go to a concert or a play sometimes. Do you like music?"

Bill was caught completely off guard by this new, kind, approach. Gee, it would be fun to drive a car. And less housework, more free time. It sounded wonderful. Maybe his landlady was not too bad after all. She sure had helped him with his wardrobe.

“Yes, Billie, we are going to have a nice time together, just wait and see.” And about Thanksgiving at your mother's why don't you write her, that you promised to help me with a dinner party, so you can't come home this time. She'll understand, I'm sure.

Bill nodded his agreement, too much occupied with the new ideas and plans to realize that he was getting caught ever deeper into Mrs. Johnson's web. He did not even think about the silly excuses for not going home. He, a boy, helping with a dinner party?

Mrs. Johnson watched with a grin how Bill swallowed the bait and, like a well-trained daughter, slipped into his apron and started clearing the table and prepared to do the dishes. Yes, “she” had come far, indeed. He really seemed to feel like he belonged to her family, the way he did his chores efficiently and quickly, without complaining.

Later, they left together to the high school. “I want to see what sort of people attend these dressmaking classes,” she said.

When they arrived, they found about 20 women assembled, including three acquaintance of Leona and, to Bill's happy surprise...Gertrude, his colleague at the bank.

Gertrude seemed happy to see him and he introduced her to Mrs. Johnson.

“I see she's going to be a real domesticated girl now,” Gertrude said smilingly.

“Yes, it will be nice for Billie to be able to make her own pretty clothes,” Mrs. Johnson agreed.

Bill had by now acquired sufficient skill with needle and thread, and enough knowledge about feminine clothes that there was no problem. He even found this new venture somewhat interesting.

Afterwards, Leona invited Gertrude for coffee and cake. As she watched the two girls gabbing about the office and clothes, there was no doubt that to all outward appearances, here were two pretty young girls.

Gertrude brought up the subject of boyfriends and asked whether Billie had any. When she found out that Billie knew no boys in Newburgh, she invited him for a double date.

Before Bill could think of an excuse, Mrs. Johnson had accepted for him.

“Yes, Gertrude, that would be very nice, Billie hardly has been out of the house lately.”

Bill blushed and tried to catch Leona's eye to decline, but she gave him no chance, and a tentative date was set for next Saturday evening.

Soon afterward, Gertrude left with a “see you tomorrow Billie.”

It had been an eventful day for Bill. As he crawled between the sheets in his lovely babydoll nightgown, he could not help admitting to himself that things had not been as bad as he had pictured them the night before.

The next day Bill went to work dressed in a light blue wool skirt over a white long sleeve blouse, wearing a bracelet on his left arm, two large circles dangling from his ears, and matching costume jewelry.

Without the need to ‘uncurl’, the nightly curlers made Bill's full mane of gorgeous hair tumble about his shoulders. Bill had learned to backcomb sections for lift and use hairspray for hold. He tried a new style, using barrettes and combs to pull back and fasten one side of his hair up behind an ear.

He now had hair that made him look completely like a young woman!

Again, the day went uneventfully. From then on Bill became quickly used to his going to work in dresses, and it helped him to become more girlish each day.

One morning, Mrs. Johnson found two letters in the mailbox, address to Bill and one to herself. She opened

hers, which was from a young man, a TV who had placed the ad in Sympathy

magazine. As she read it, she thought, “Boy, this is one for the books.” It was written in pencil by the boy who wanted to play maid. It read:

Dear Mrs. Johnson,

Your letter made me very happy. I have been a TV since I was 12, but my grandparents do not understand and I am very miserable. I want to find someone who will teach me to be a good maid and who will be a strict mistress. I have been unable to find a job as I am small and dropped out of school when I was seventeen. I would be willing to work from room and board. I want to leave my grandfather's house and be a girl all the time. I hope that I hear from you soon.

Ann Miller

Mrs. Johnson sat thinking for a while. The way the letter looked, and was spelled, he was obviously not an educated person.

“Just right for a maid; and he must be stupid too, wanting to work for just nothing.”

It was too bad he would not bring in any money, she thought, but maybe after training, she could hire him out as a domestic. Mrs. Hagers would be anxious, she had said so herself. Well, it would not do any harm to take a look at him. She realized that it would be hard to find a well bred, polite person like Billie.

Yes, she would write this one tonight. After all, she had promised Billie some relief from his household chores. Certainly this Ann sounded like he would be easy to train so that he would submit to her wishes. It sure would be fun to have more girls around the house to cater to her wishes and demands.

Rather than wait for evening, she sat right down and penned her reply:

Dear Ann,

The position of maid is open. I would be willing to train you under the terms mentioned in your letter. However, I want to interview you to verify that you are suitable and determine whether you are really prepared to obey all my wishes.

Please report to my house next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Johnson

She reread the letter. Yes, this was the way she wanted it, short and to the point, allowing no room for argument, and telling him when she expected him. He had better be there and on time if he wanted the job.

When Billie came home from work, she gave him the letters. Pleasantly, he said, "I'll read them when we have tea together."

Mrs. Johnson smiled as his girlish, nicely dressed figure tripped daintily into the kitchen to prepare and serve the tea. Yes, she was more pleased every day with the way he was trained and accepted his feminine activities as completely natural. A boy would not have thought of preparing for their cosy tea hour together.

He returned after a few minutes, neatly carrying the tray and pouring a cup for her and himself.

As he sat down, primly adjusting his short skirts over his thighs, Mrs. Johnson said, "Billie, I think it would be nice if you had a smaller waist."

"But I've all ready lost 15 pounds since I came here," Bill objected.

"If we get your waist down another two inches, you will fit into a size 10 dress. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Before Bill knew it, he had nodded. That would make him the same size as Gertrude, he thought silently.



*The next day Bill went to work dressed in a light blue wool skirt over a white long sleeve blouse, wearing a bracelet on his left arm, two large circles dangling from his ears, and matching costume jewelry.*

“The only way to do it is for you to wear one of those lacing corsets,” Mrs. Johnson explained.

“Surely, no one wears those anymore,” Bill argued.

“True, but don't forget that you're a special case,” Leona smiled.

“Aren't they terribly uncomfortable?”

“Well, a little, but think how your hips will curve nicely and how your bosom will stand out more in comparison to your smaller waist. Also, I think I have found a TV who wants to be our maid. So you won't have to do any more heavy or hard work, and you will have more time to be, and to look, beautiful.”

She handed him Ann Miller's letter. As Bill read it, he could not help smiling to himself. Imagine, the idea that a TV, like himself, wanted to play maid.

“It certainly takes all kinds in this world,” he commented, dryly.

“Yes, Billie,” Mrs. Johnson laughed, “and look who's talking. Too bad I found out so late in life.

“And talking about your loss of weight, I think it better that you start taking some vitamin pills, to make sure that you keep your good health. We'll get some at the drug store when we go to the corsettiere next Saturday afternoon.”

Bill nodded, secretly touched that his landlady should be concerned about his health. After all, he was a total stranger.

Leona continued, “Now that we are getting a maid who will also be serving you, wouldn't it be nice if we made believe that you are part of the family? Would you mind very much considering yourself my daughter and calling me `mother'?”

Bill again was flattered. It was true that their relationship had become closer, and Mrs. Johnson had been nice and friendly to him the last few weeks, ever since he became a girl full time. Without realizing how

the net was being tightened further around him, he agreed that it was a nice idea.

He stood up and mincing toward Mrs. Johnson's chair, he bent down and gave her a daughterly kiss.

“I will try to be a good daughter...Mother,” he said, smiling sweetly at her.

Back in his chair, he reflected on this new development. It was funny, but somehow, he had grown a little fond of his landlady...with whom he'd shared meals and thoughts, and who had helped him so much to become a girl.

From that day on, Mrs. Johnson treated him as her daughter, even to the point of discussing her finances with him and telling him more and more about her childhood and married life. That same afternoon, she also measured him for his corsets.

Bill now opened the two letters and, after reading them, gave them to Mrs. Johnson. The first one read:

Dear Billie,

I was glad to hear from you and read about your exciting life as a girl. I would very much like to meet you and your landlady. I sure need a lot of help with clothes and make up.

I am 23 years old and have been a TV for a long time. I have a job in New York City and live alone in a very small apartment. I recently told my girlfriend about me liking women's clothes and she has run out on me, saying she never wanted to see me again.

My parents died some years ago, and I have no very close relatives. Please write me as soon as you can, I am anxious to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Diana Langley

The other letter was in a similar vein, although not quite as plaintive and a little more distant. It was signed by an Alice Richter.

Mrs. Johnson handed them back to Bill. "They sound nice enough...at least they know how to spell. Maybe we can invite

both of them some Saturday evening, so we can see what they're like. But let's not do it right away. We'll wait until we have our maid trained, so we won't have any extra work to do ourselves.

Bill looked at her thin smile as she said it. The thought occurred to him that this woman had quite a calculating mind. He wondered whether she had planned all that had happened the last few months.

Mrs. Johnson continued, "In the meantime, why don't you write to them again and see whether we can get some more information out of them. What they do, where they work and where they come from. We don't want any bums here, do we? And you can feel them out, whether they would like to come to a little informal party some Saturday, and, maybe, if they would like to board here sometime in the future."

During dinner she remarked, "Our new maid will come for an interview at eight o'clock. I think it would be nicer if she does not know your secret right away. She might become too familiar with you."

Bill nodded. The idea that they soon would have help around the house appealed immensely to him.

That evening, Gertrude called to say that the double date had been arranged and for Billie to be ready at seven o'clock Saturday evening. Bill checked with Leona, "Mother, can I go on a date with Gertrude next Saturday?"

"Of course, dear, that would be very nice," she replied, so Bill told Gertrude that it would be all right.

He did not really want to go, but he realized that he could not find lame excuses time and time again, so he might as well go ahead.

“But what shall I wear?” he asked in typical girlish fashion.

“I think that after-five dress you wore when Mrs. Hagers was here would be just right,” Leona replied, “and we'll choose the accessories together.”

That Saturday was one which Bill would not soon forget. After the housework was done, Mrs. Johnson took him shopping. He was dressed casually, but most attractively, in a sleeveless, colorfully striped cotton turtleneck top with his white pleated miniskirt. Bill felt so completely girlish these days that he no longer even thought about going in the streets in skirts and he had no compunction whatsoever to browse around in the lingerie stores for some feminine underwear and unmentionables.

Mrs. Johnson led him first into a store which had all kinds of girdles and corsets displayed in the window. The saleslady was obviously expecting them, as she greeted Mrs. Johnson and took in Billie's figure.

“Is this the person whose measurements you gave me?”

“Yes, this is my step-daughter Billie.”

“I have the corsets all ready,” she said, showing two beautifully made corsets, lined with pink satin, and with white lace edging. The bust support was separated by a 13 inch busk and still another inner busk. Strong pink laces would guarantee a solid fit.

“Take off your clothes, dear,” the lady said, “and I'll help you fit it.”

Bill flushed...not about being seen in his slip, he had done that before...he was worried about his flat chest.

Fortunately, another customer entered and Leona said, “You go ahead, I'll help Billie with this.”

Together they went into a fitting room, where Mrs. Johnson helped Bill out of his outer clothes and slip. Clad in his panty girdle and panties, she fastened the corset around him and started pulling in the laces. Bill felt his waist being gripped all around with iron hands, reducing the size, while he pleaded for mercy. But, Mrs. Johnson would not stop until it was fully closed in the back.

“Now look at yourself, dear,” she said, pointing to the mirror.

What Bill saw was unbelievable. He now had a tiny waist, better almost than a real girl. He felt his new curves with his hands, and he secretly had to admit that it was pleasing, if very, very tight. The flesh of his bust was pushed up and showed an unusual fullness, although the corset was so long that it came to well above the nipples.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Johnson squeezed his falsies in far enough so they did not show. They pushed his flesh up even more so it spilled a little over the lacy edging. She was satisfied just when the saleslady came in again.

“How does it fit,” she asked.

“Perfect,” Mrs. Johnson replied, “Now will you make another pair with a two inch smaller waist?”

“Of course,” the lady replied. “My, you're really going to train her figure, aren't you?”

“Yes, a small waist is so attractive for a young girl.” Then Leona sighed, “I wish I had her size.” She helped Bill dress again, and when he was finished he could not help noting how his bosom stood out under the brightly colored shirt. The lady gave Mrs. Johnson a safety pin, so that she could temporarily adjust the waistband of the skirt, which now hung quite loosely around Bill's reduced frame.

“It will be uncomfortable for a few weeks, dearie,” she warned, “but don't let that bother you. If you'll wear it day and night, you'll soon get used to it.

Bill stood in front of the mirror turning this way and that, admiring himself from all angles. It was funny how much his fanny stood out in comparison with the small waist. “Really pinchable,” he thought to himself. But, oh, how tight and harnessed he felt. He thought that he could not stand it for even an hour.

On the way home, Mrs. Johnson bought a large bottle of vitamins at the drugstore. Bill, of course, was completely unaware of the fact that she had obtained a large supply of estrogen hormone tablets from a nurse friend, and that she was going to substitute those for the vitamins.

When they arrived home, the corset really began to hurt, and Mrs. Johnson saw him put his hands at his sides many times trying to relieve the terrible pressure.

They had an early dinner. Bill's face was distorted with pain, but Mrs. Johnson did not pay any attention. To the contrary, she tried to keep him busy, in an attempt to distract him from his discomfort. Afterward, she said, “You better get ready for your date. I'll help you dress.”

Bill paled. He had forgotten all about that. “But, I really don't want to go out with boys,” he protested.

“Don't be silly, dear. I would think that you would love to show off your small, attractive waist to your date. I bet it's smaller than Gertrude's.”

“But, it's hurting so terribly,” he complained again.

“I know, dear, but I assure you, it is worth it. Just trust your step-mother. You just try to grin and bear it awhile, and soon you won't even know you're wearing a corset. Just wait and see.”

She pulled him by his hand to his room. She gave him a very nice black, lacy slip and, then, carefully put the pretty cocktail dress over his head, the taffeta petticoat rustling as it slid into place.

Tightening the belt, Bill noticed that it closed three holes further than it had before. Leona helped him choose some custom jewelry for his wrists with a matching necklace and dangling earrings. She carefully fixed his makeup on him and insisted on putting red nail polish on his hands as well. She finished by dabbing some strong smelling perfume behind his ears, on his wrists and between his breasts. From her pleased look, he could tell that he looked real good. She embraced him, careful not to wrinkle his dress, saying, "It's so nice to have a really beautiful daughter."

Bill checked in the mirror. He just could not believe that this young slender girl, with the inviting lips and beautiful eyes and wearing the pretty, stylish, narrow waisted dress was really himself. All the details were so feminine.

Mrs. Johnson decided to add a small red bow in his hair, "...to add some color," she said.

That was the final touch. He felt so completely girlish that he turned to Leona and gave her an affectionate daughterly kiss.

"Thank you for helping me. You're really making me into a girl." Then he added, "You make me feel like a girl too!"

He blushed when he thought about what he had just done. What was happening to him. Was he becoming emotional like a real girl? But, the happy smile on Mrs. Johnson's face made him decide that he just did not care. Tonight he was a real, pretty, girl, on a date, and nothing else mattered.

The doorbell announced the arrival of Gertrude and her friends. After Leona gave him a little black clutch bag to carry, with hanky, comb and lipstick, he went downstairs. Mrs. Johnson could not keep her eyes off the completely feminine way he carried himself on his high

heels. His every gesture and movement was so girlish that even Mrs. Johnson for a moment doubted that this was really her male boarder.

Leona let the young people in. Bill blushed shyly as he was introduced to his blind date, Hank Fowler. He tried to hide his pleasure when he saw Hank's eyes light up in appreciation of the beauty of his date. Bill lowered his eyes modestly as they shook hands.

Gertrude looked a little envious.

"I want Billie home by 11:30," Mrs. Johnson said, as they were leaving.

"Yes, ma'am," Hank replied politely.

It was decided that they would go to a movie and then some dancing and a snack at the "Grasshopper," a little joint with a jukebox, where the young people of Newburgh liked to congregate.

Bill noticed that Hank was a little shy. While Gertrude and her date John walked stiffly armed, Hank just had taken Bill's hand as they walked behind the others toward the brightly lit main street. At first, Bill felt funny playing the part of the girlfriend, but, as he felt the rustling skirt swishing against his knees and his bare arms brushed against Hank's tweed sportjacket, he really began to live his new role as a girl on a date.

Hank was a bookkeeper at the local department store, and when Bill told him that he worked at the local bank, the ice was soon broken. At the movie, Hank insisted on holding his hand at first, but later, he put his arm around him. He had no alternative but to let him, seeing that Gertrude's date occasionally would steal a kiss. He worried about that happening to him and he sat tensely. Eventually, the movie absorbed him completely, and helped him to forget the terrible pain of the corset for a little while.

When the film ended, the pain returned in full force, and it distorted his face so, that Gertrude asked if

something was the matter. He did not want to tell her about his corset, so he just whispered to her, "My new girdle is killing me."

Gertrude smiled, "I thought your waist was smaller than it used to be." "My step-mother thought that it would improve my figure and posture," he explained.

"Well, it certainly does. Hank can hardly keep his eyes off you. You certainly did your best to impress him."

Bill blushed. "I don't look half as pretty as you," he said, and that mollified Gertrude again.

As the foursome walked toward the "Grasshopper", Hank put his arms around his date. He was pleasant company, and Bill began to relax, joking and even flirting a little, all the while desperately trying to ignore the pain and constriction he suffered. There was nothing to do about it anyway.

After they had danced a couple of times, Bill gave up and asked to be taken home. The couples split up then, and Hank walked Bill home.

At the front door of the Johnson home he said, "I enjoyed your company very much this evening. May I call you again?"

Bill hesitatingly, nodded, saying, "Thank you for a lovely evening."

Hank pecked his lips just as Mrs. Johnson opened the door.

Bill quickly tried to flee to his room, but Leona wanted to know all about his date. Impatient with the pain, he pleaded, "Can I please take my corset off, now, Mother? It hurts terribly; I can't stand it any longer."

Mrs. Johnson shook her head.

"Come, come, dear, all girls with corsets have to go through this. But I will loosen it a little for you for the night. If you take it off now, it will only hurt even more tomorrow. Just stick with it for a couple of weeks, until

you get used to it. It really does wonders for your figure, you know.”

Bill sighed. He knew there was no use arguing with her. It felt a little better when she let out the corset just a little. But, that night, he slept very little, tossing and turning, constantly bothered by the constant pressure, which unceasingly forced his body into a feminine shape.

Mrs. Johnson noticed right away in the morning that Bill was still in much pain. He looked tired and drawn as they were having breakfast in their negligees. She took the bottle of “vitamins” and gave Bill a pill.

“I want you to take one after breakfast and one after dinner, every day,” she said.

Bill obediently swallowed one. For a moment it seemed that the pills looked different than the usual vitamins, but after seeing on the label “7 A Week brand vitamins”, he did not give it any further thought.

Pain or no pain, Mrs. Johnson made him do all his usual chores, after she first insisted on lacing his corset closed again. Dressed in a simple white blouse and navy narrow skirt, he was asked by Mrs. Johnson to help her fix up the maid's room. This was a small room downstairs, just off the kitchen, with its own small bathroom and had indeed been planned as servant quarters.

Bill complained so often about the pain caused by his corset that Mrs. Johnson gave him some aspirin tablets.

Bill was perplexed. She really seemed to care about his discomfort and that made him feel a little better. After all, she did not appear to make him wear the corset just to annoy him. She really did it to give him a better, girlish figure. Just remembering how he looked yesterday evening, inspired Bill to try bearing it as well as he could, hoping that he would get used to it, as the lady in the shop had promised. It was true, that just moving around all morning, it seemed as if his body had begun to settle just a little bit in its constriction.

That evening, Mrs. Johnson helped him take in some of his skirts and dresses. As he neatly sewed the seams, he realized that he would HAVE to wear a corset from now on; his clothes would no longer fit without it.

That night, he slept a little better. As he walked toward the bank, wearing a light blue, immaculately ironed, shirtdress, his skirts just above the knees, he thought that the corset actually helped him walk straighter. He seemed to have to move more from the more from the hips, like a real female.

During dinner, Leona said, "At eight o'clock, Ann, the new maid, will come for an interview. If she is all right, this will be the last meal you cook...for a while, anyway.

As they were doing the dishes, Mrs. Johnson again having condescended to help him dry, the doorbell rang. Leona sent Bill, still in his frilly white apron, to open the door.

A young man politely asked, "Good evening Miss; is Mrs. Johnson home? I'm Arnold Miller; she is expecting me."

"Please come in," Bill said, closing the door behind him and showing him to the living room where Mrs. Johnson awaited them.

"You go ahead and finish in the kitchen, Billie," she said, dismissing Bill from the room.

He felt some elation at the fact that this TV had not given any sign whatsoever that he recognized him as a boy. "If even another TV did not penetrate his disguise, I must be a pretty realistic girl," he thought. "And it sure would be nice to have someone else to do the chores for a change.

Leona told Arnold to sit down and silently looked him over. He was young looking, with a clean open face; small of stature, and dressed in cheap, wrinkled slacks and faded sportshirt. His arms and hands were rather hairy

and he slumped rather unmannerly in his chair. She sure could not tell that this was a TV.

She wondered why he would want to be a maid. What attracted a man to such a lowly job. Was it just masochism...or were other factors involved?

She sure would have her work cut out for her, she thought as she took in the sight of his clothes, his stance and his masculine manners.

Arnold began to blush as Mrs. Johnson studied him from top to bottom without saying anything. Finally, Mrs. Johnson concluded that sight might be successful, although it would be much harder than her own Billie. However, Billie had been in a dress, and that made lot of difference, she admitted.

Finally, she began to speak, "So you are a cross-dresser?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Arnold replied, "I've wanted to be a girl ever since I was 12 years old."

Leona began firing questions at him, a session which lasted over half an hour. Ann was an orphan, brought up by his grandparents, living in most modest circumstances. She learned that he disliked his grandfather, who drank and was a rough-and-tumble construction laborer. He therefore was much closer to his grandmother, who had made him help around the house, praising him highly when he performed the typically feminine tasks properly.

He had been unable to get a job, since he had left high school, and this formed another point of argument with his grandfather. His grandmother had died two months ago, and he was now most unhappy at home. His grandfather becoming angrier at him and was drinking more and more.

He told her that he had been beaten several times in the last few months. From the conversation, it became clear to Leona that Arnold was not exactly a bright boy.

"But why do you want to be a maid?" she asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

Arnold blushed sharply. "I...eh...I don't know, Ma'am. I know how to clean and do most things around the house...and that's the only thing I know how to do.

After a long pause, he added, "I like the uniform, I guess.

"Please take me," he begged, "I'll do anything you say...please?"

"Do you realize that I demand nothing but hard work, complete perfection in everything that you do and all without pay?" she asked, then added "Of course, I will in return help you to become as pretty and realistic a girl as I can."

Arnold just nodded.

"You will have to serve myself and my step-daughter Billie, and I also expect to take in more boarding guests soon, and I will accept nothing but complete obedience, without arguments or backtalk."

"I don't mind, Mrs. Johnson, really I don't," he replied.

He seemed so anxious, she thought, he must be ready for my next requirement. "And, I expect you to sign on for at least three years. I don't want to train you and make you into a pretty maid and then find that you are leaving for whatever reason."

Arnold thought for a split moment, his eyes glassy with the effort of it. Then, shoving all hesitation from his mind he said, "That'll be OK, Ma'am."

Mrs. Johnson felt that sense of triumph again. What a crazy situation this was. Nevertheless, it was happening. Here was someone who would, in this day and age, agree to practically become a bondservant, just so he could wear skirts. He must be really miserable at home, she thought. She arose and said, "All right, Ann, I'll give you a try; when can you begin?"

"I can pack tonight," he said eagerly, and he also stood up.

“You'll have to wear uniforms, of course,” she said, “do you have any?”

Arnold shook his head.

“Well, be here tomorrow morning at nine and we will buy some, first thing.”

“I'll do my best, Ma'am, really I will,” he assured her.

Leona nodded, saying, “We'll see...we'll see.” Then, asking, “Do you know your way out?” she dismissed him.

“Good night, Ma'am,” Arnold said politely, as he left.

“At least he has some manners,” Mrs. Johnson thought.

In the hall, Arnold met Billie. “Gee, that's a pretty girl!” he thought, “I wish I could look like that.” Aloud, he said, “Good night, Miss.”

Bill watched Arnold leave the house and then entered the living room.

“Well, Billie, we have ourselves a maid, beginning tomorrow...at least, as soon as I can make him into one.”

“He really wants to be one all the time?” Bill asked.

Leona nodded, then thoughtfully she added. “We won't worry about the why's and wherefore's. I guess you TV's don't know yourselves what makes you tick...and why you want to be girls so badly...so I'll just enjoy it. By the way, you don't seem to mind much to be a full time girl, lately,” she added, pointedly.

Bill did not reply, thinking about that. It really was not fair. She had never for a moment given him any choice in the matter...never a chance to object much. What bothered him most was the fact that lately, he felt so completely like a girl. It was true. His whole mind seemed to have changed. So much so, that the mere idea of wearing trousers again, seemed unthinkable. It was as though they were no longer his proper attire.

What had she done to him? Or had he done it to himself? After all, he had to admit to himself, he was the

one who, without much demurring had adopted the feminine tasks and clothes, until he became so used to them that they now seemed natural. On the other hand, she had practically blackmailed him into doing all these things.

He sank into his chair, picking up his sewing basket to repair some lingerie. Well, at any rate, it WAS nice to be pretty and convincing, as long as circumstances had made him into a girl. But what about the future? Would he always have to be a woman? He frowned as he thought about Christmas. He was sure that his mother expected him then. Indeed, he WANTED to be home then. But go as a girl? What could he do? He decided to feel out Mrs. Johnson.

“I can't go home for Christmas like this.”

Mrs. Johnson had been watching Bill all this time, silently observing his girlish figure, and trying to read his mind. She soothed his worries, “Well, Christmas is not here yet, we're sure to think of something by then.”

The next morning, after Bill had left for the bank dressed in a yellow knit dress, the doorbell rang, announcing the arrival of Arnold.

“Good morning, Annie. Put your suitcase in your room there, next to the kitchen. We're going shopping first, as soon as you've signed this employment agreement.”

Arnold was so nervous that he barely glanced at what he had signed. Mrs. Johnson snatched it away with the ink barely dry.

“Good! I know that you will enjoy your three years here,” she said, as she folded the paper and put it away in her desk.

She had decided against shopping for her new maid in Newburgh, as she didn't want to cause any talk. Therefore, they took the bus to neighboring Ossining, where no one knew her.

Down Main street, she made him enter a uniform shop specializing in nurse's and serving uniforms. It was early yet and there were no other customers. The two sales girls, one a matron and the other a young girl in her early twenties, were busy dusting and rearranging the shelves.

“We need some maids uniforms,” Mrs. Johnson announced, making Arnold blush uncomfortably when she accented the work WE.

“What size, please?” the older lady asked.

“They should fit him,” Leona replied, nodding her head in Arnold's direction.

The woman's eyes grew wide in astonishment, while the girl started to grin.

Mrs. Johnson ignored their reactions.

“We need three morning uniforms and three black serving one's, one to be fancy for special occasions.”

The lady started to smile, when she heard this large order. So this boy needed a maids uniform. It was none of her business. A sale is a sale, she thought.

She guessed at Arnold's size and brought out a neat grey uniform dress with concealed grippers and a white Peter Pan collar with matching cuffs on the short sleeves.

Mrs. Johnson took it from her and held it in front of Arnold, who by this time wished he were dead. She made him hold it full length while she regarded him critically. “Yes, that'll do. We also need some slips and other underwear.”

The saleslady became happier by the minute, as she produced various white nylons, slips, bra's and panties. Mrs. Johnson picked the ones she liked and also chose aprons and caps to match the uniforms. She also bought some white stockings, as well as panty hose, and white shoes.

She picked some feminine looking pairs and wanted Arnold to try them on.

“He'll have to wear his stockings, then,” the lady said.

“Maybe he should try on the whole outfit,” the young girl giggled, “I’d like to see what kind of maid he makes.”

Arnold shook his head feverishly, “No...No...Mrs. Johnson, please...not here.”

Leona ignored his worried outburst.

“Good idea,” she said. “We want to make sure that everything fits nicely and perfectly.”

Without further ado, he was pushed into a small fitting space, closed by a curtain. She told him to undress completely. As there were no hooks or shelves on which to place his clothes, Mrs. Johnson took them as he undressed himself. She then handed him a pair of white nylon panties, then the bra and slip. The girl thoughtfully brought out some pads and a cinchbelt for the stockings.

“You can come out now,” Leona commanded.

With hesitancy, he opened the curtain. Mrs. Johnson helped him into the uniform and then showed him how to put on his stockings and fasten them to the garter belt.

Then they made him try on the shoes. Everything fitted nicely, although the dress was a little tight around the waist and shoulders.

Leona was amazed at the change which had all ready occurred.

Arnold was terribly embarrassed, seeing a nurse outside, who was looking in through the window and showing a definite interest in the strange goings-on inside, where Arnold with his short hair was clearly visible. He sighed with relief when she did not come into the shop.

Finally, he was allowed to take the uniform off, but Mrs. Johnson made him keep the underwear and stockings, ignoring his protests.

Arnold by now was in a daze of fear and embarrassment. He pulled on his pants and shirt over the slip. It caused a funny bulge near the seat of his trousers, and his chest bulged prominently.

“I can't go out on the street like this,” he said, close to crying.

“Now, young man,” Leona said tersely, “you agreed to be a maid...and pretty soon you'll be shopping everyday for groceries in your uniforms, so stop being silly, you hear?”

Just for now, though, she decided to take out the bust pads, realizing that she could not travel with him like this without attracting attention.

It made Arnold feel just a little better. he hoped that the straps of his lingerie would not show through his dark striped sportshirt. He noted in the mirror that the bra cups, empty now, still caused two funny wrinkles in his shirt front.

Loading him with all the parcels, she preceded him out the door, the two ladies both smiling now.

Arnold felt terrible carrying all these items, the boxes being clearly marked “The Uniform Shop, for working girls.” Nor was his ordeal over yet. They went to a ladies shoe shop, and in front of all the help and some customers, she made him try on some black higher heeled shoes.

“For your black uniforms,” she explained while the man was fitting him.

When he stood up, completely off balance, a few female customers could not help laughing out loud at this incongruous picture. Arnold hated to think about what these people were thinking. Mrs. Johnson obviously did not care much. What had he let himself in for?

In another shop, they bought some black stockings and fancy black lingerie. “To help you feel dainty, when you wear your fancy uniform,” she explained, again in full hearing of the sales girl.

Arnold had never felt so humiliated in his life. He would have run away if he had not been so loaded down with packages, not to mention feeling Mrs. Johnson's eyes on him all the time.

Finally, they took the bus back home. Arnold imagined that everyone in the bus was looking at him, and Leona grinned at his uneasy glances. Arnold sighed with relief when they finally entered the house.

However, there was no rest for the weary. She immediately made him put on one of the new morning uniforms, after filling up the bra with pads again. She made him put on a pair of white shoes and then tied a cute white bib apron on him and pinned a cap in his hair.

"There, that's better," she said. "Now give me all your old clothes." She made him put them in a box and carry it to the basement. Then he had to unpack all the new purchases and store them neatly in drawers and cupboard.

"Now, we'll fix you up a bit first," she said. "You're still looking a mess. Let's go upstairs."

She took him to Billie's room and fitted him with Bill's old auburn wig. Then she started to pluck his eyebrows, taking off so much that Arnold started to protest.

"Now Annie, stop being silly. You wanted to be a girl; I'm making you one...and you'll be one from a long time to come. So shut up and let me do what I think is necessary."

Arnold kept quiet and let her have her way.

Mrs. Johnson ended with some make up, powder and lipstick.

"All ready," she said as they both arose. Leona stepped back to look at the results.

"A maid you wanted to be...and a maid you are," she said with a great big smile.

Arnold looked in the mirror. It was shock to see his new appearance. Even in his wildest dreams, he had never thought that he could look so feminine. His figure nicely curved, his face realistically girlish.

Leona decided that he was not half as pretty as Billie. "But he will improve, she thought after he has a corset and when all his hair has been removed. Yes, he'll do, eventually."

Arnold was then put to work with Mrs. Johnson constantly supervising him, as she had done with Bill. She noted that this one was not as intelligent and did not adept himself as quickly Hundreds of times she had to tell him, “don't march like that...take small steps, move your arms away from your body...feel feminine.”

Arnold did his best, but it was not good enough for Leona. Later, while mopping the kitchen floor he accidentally stumbled over the waterpail.

“You stupid female; can't you do anything right?”

She sighed again, realizing that this one would be much harder to train properly than Bill. Her face lit up as she considered how elegantly feminine her step-daughter was, compared to this hussar. “Maybe I should give him ballet lessons,” she thought, smiling at the idea.

After lunch was prepared, she let Ann serve her in the dining room, then let him eat his own in the kitchen. When the lunch dishes were done and the kitchen cleared, she told him to take a shower and shave off all his hair from arms, legs, and body. While he did this, she rummaged in her old trunk with beauty shop paraphernalia. She came up with the electrolysis equipment and putting Arnold in the kitchen chair, she started to work on him. Soon Arnold had tears in his eyes. It really hurt, but he had learned better than to complain.

The torture lasted almost an hour, but it seemed a full day to him. When he heard that he would have a treatment like this every other day, he felt sorry for ever having started this thing.

She ordered him to dress in his black afternoon uniform, with black stockings and heeled shoes. He walked so funny in the unaccustomed heels that she almost started laughing. However, they did make him take smaller steps. When she had pinned on the cap and let him tie the fancy apron on, he looked in the mirror.

Arnold started to smile.

“He looks like he is happy that his dreams came true,” Leona thought with considerable insight. “And, true enough, he did look feminine, although not quite pretty. If he only would behave daintier and move more elegantly,” she thought. She decided to keep on criticizing him every minute of the day, until he did it right.

“Now Ann, you're really looking the part, but you just have to stop moving like an army sergeant. You must think and remember all the time that you're a girl...a woman, now. You'll also have to loose quite a bit of weight, and even then you'll have to wear a corset. At least when your waist has reduced enough, my daughter's corset will fit you. I also want you to take vitamin pills each day after breakfast and dinner, because you'll be working hard and a sick maid is of no use to me. Also, to remind you of your position, you'll have to curtsy to me and Miss Billie, and to our guests, whenever you enter our presence or speak to us.”

Arnold, still intoxicated with the fulfillment of his dreams, blushed but prettily practiced until she was satisfied that he could do it attractively and naturally.

Then she took him downstairs to continue his chores and to teach him to prepare and cook dinner.

When Billie arrived at five o'clock, he could not find the key in his handbag, so he had to ring the doorbell.

When the door was opened by a blushing maid in formal uniform, his jaw dropped. What a miracle Mrs. Johnson had performed in just one day. He recovered his wits and said, “Good afternoon, Ann, I seem to have forgotten my housekey.”

He was even more surprised when Ann curtsyed nicely for him saying, “Good afternoon, Miss Billie.”

In the living room, after kissing Leona, as had become his custom, Leona gave Bill a significant smile as she said, “You may serve the tea, now, Annie.”

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson,” Arnold said politely, with a small curtsy, as he left the room.

“Wiggle those hips, Ann, walk straight and take shorter steps,” Leona called after him, making Arnold blush terribly.

He felt horribly humiliated, being revealed as a man, learning to be a woman, in front of this pretty girl. Miss Billie had not batted an eye, though, so her mother must have told her all about him. It was nice of her not to laugh or make fun of him, he thought.

Bill, watching this scene, considered that Leona had not recently corrected him at all. Apparently he now did everything correctly. She had not even mentioned his posture for weeks. Of course, with his tight corset, he just HAD to walk like a girl.

He sank back in his chair, stretching his arms above his head, exposing his girlish contours and luxuriating in the fact that now he was going to be the servee and not the server.

Mrs. Johnson smiled, seeing the pleased, content look in her step-daughter's face. He had not complained about his corset, she thought. Was he getting used to it all ready?

She felt a strange affection for this pretty girl, sitting there so relaxed in her attractive yellow dress. The miniskirt had ridden up to show her nylon sheathed thighs and a trace of her lacy slip “I must watch myself,” she thought, “I must not let him get the better of me.”

Still her eyes remained softer. She could not help thinking how nice and obedient a daughter Bill had become, how good his posture had become, and how much she had become used to his pleasant, unassuming company.

Arnold served the tea without spilling, while Bill and Leona talked about their plans to go to a concert in New York next week and when they would be able to afford a

car. "As soon as we have found some more boarders," she had promised.

When they had finished their cozy tea hour together, with Billie telling her all about his day, as he did every day, she asked, "Billie, will you show Ann how to set the table?"

She left for the kitchen to supervise dinner preparations, and Billie obediently put down the paper and followed her, saying "Yes, Mother."

In the kitchen, Bill said, "Ann, mother has asked me to show you how to set the table."

Mrs. Johnson smiled as Bill, from force of habit, slipped into his frilly pinafore to get ready for his task. He looked so terribly feminine and defenseless in this pretty short yellow dress and the cute white apron.

Yes, she had trained him well and successfully, she thought, watching the two girls leave the kitchen, with Arnold trying to copy Bill's stance and movements. She noted that both "girls" had "good" legs, a fortunate circumstance considering how the legs of her late husband had looked.

After 15 minutes, they came back into the kitchen. Mrs. Johnson asked Bill to make the salad, while she and Arnold finished dinner.

After Arnold had served them, Bill asked, "Can't Ann eat with us?"

"Of course not," she replied with a surprised look on her face, "He has to get used to his position as servant. So, please don't get too familiar with him. Keep your distance...even though he is a fellow TV," she added.

Bill just nodded, keeping his thoughts to himself. He still could not quite understand why anyone...boy OR girl, wanted to be a maid, or could be happy being one.

As the days passed, Arnold also became more and more feminine. He was soon used to his new clothes and Mrs. Johnson worked on all aspects of his development.

Like Billie, she made Arnold do sewing or embroidery in his room at night, checking his work before she let him retire for the night. Amongst all other activities, she also gradually began to teach him the tasks of a lady's maid. The first time she let him wash her hair, he was so nervous that he splattered some rinse water over her robe. She angrily slapped his face, such that tears appeared in his eyes.

“That will teach you to be careless.”

But he did learn that task eventually, his touch becoming gentle and proficient.

Yes, Arnold was improving quickly. Still, Leona did not think that he was ready to go outside as yet. Billie still had to do the errands and shopping which Mrs. Johnson did not care to do herself. Bill was not quite well known to most shop clerks in the area as “that nice girl who lives with Mrs. Johnson.”

Bill's dressmaking lessons continued twice a week, and he had all ready learned how to make a skirt for himself, which he proudly wore.

One night, Hank had called, asking Billie to go to a square dance with him next week. Mrs. Johnson had taken the call as Bill was at the movies with Gertrude and Margaret his colleagues at the bank. She had accepted Hank's invitation for him, to his chagrin.

“But, why don't you want to enjoy yourself?” Leona asked. “Most girls like square dancing.”

“But...” he started and stopped. He found that he just could not say, any longer, “I'm not a girl.” Somehow the words would not come out. Lately, he thought like a girl, acted like a girl, worked as a girl, and he certainly looked like a girl. Then he thought, what is the use arguing? He

shrugged his shoulders, knowing that she would get her way in any case.

So, in passive acceptance he asked, "But, what shall I wear?"

Mrs. Johnson's eyes brightened. "I saw the cutest dirndl outfit displayed on Main street...just right for such an occasion. You know, it has one of those white peasant blouses, with elastic at the neckline and the puffed sleeves, so you can wear it off the shoulders or on them. It comes with a vest that laces in front under the bodice. We'll go shopping for it Saturday," she promised.

"I'll look too conspicuous in that," Bill objected.

"Now listen, Billie, a pretty girl will always be conspicuous and you ought to be used to that by now. Sop you just enjoy it, that's all."

Bill shook his head doubtfully. What were those strange emotions, that battled in his mind all the time? On the one hand, he was glad to be pretty and to notice admiring glances of the males, showing off his narrow waist and good figure. One the other hand, it was still his first impulse to want to hide, to make himself unnoticed and blend in with the crowd, whenever someone would approach him, especially the males.

He just could not understand himself. He did not have these feelings at the bank, where he met people all the time, behind his teller's window. "Maybe it's because my mind is occupied with my work," he surmised. His friendly girlish smile just had become a habit, like saying "Thank you." It was all so impersonal, and that made it easier.

As usual, Mrs. Johnson had her way, and they went to buy the dirndl dress. She made him try it on. Size 10 fitted him perfectly. Even the sales woman allowed that she had never seen any girl look so well and completely natural in it. She said so as she tied on the apron that came with the outfit.

“Mother, I can't go out on the streets in an apron, like this!” Bill objected, as he straightened the attractively embroidered garment out over his skirts.

“Yes, oh, yes! They do it all the time...it belongs with this type of dress,” the shop lady hastened to say. “Didn't you see the movie ‘Sound of Music’? All the young girls wore an outfit like this...even Julie Andrews.”

Then she went on telling about her sister in Munich, Germany. In the area a great many women and girls dressed exactly like this. She explained that different regions traditionally had their own color combinations.

“The other day, I went to Kennedy Airport to meet someone. There were several girls, arriving from Frankfurt, dressed just like you, aprons and all. They wore white knee sox and black ‘Mary Jane’ shoes with low heels.”

“Wasn't everyone looking at them?” Bill asked.

“Of course,” she replied, “especially the males. They just love to look at a girl in such a typically feminine soft dress like this.”

“We'll take it,” Mrs. Johnson decided.

THE END of part one!

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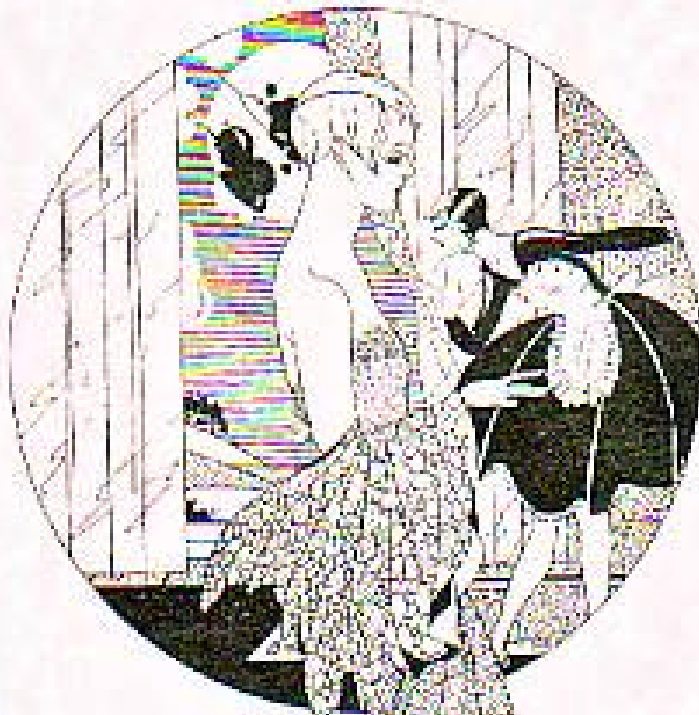
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