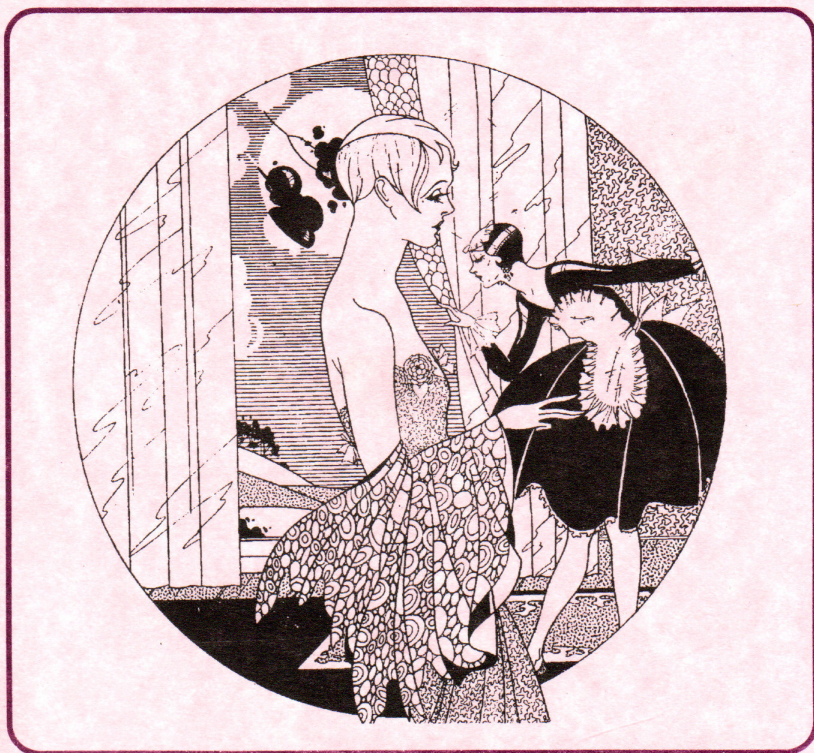


TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY VOLUME TWO



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION



APARTMENT OF FEMININITY II

By
Sandy Thomas
& Alice

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APARTMENT OF FEMININITY II

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY

BOOK TWO

By SANDY THOMAS

Bill carried his box home in silence, after they stopped at another store to buy knee sox and shoes to match the sales lady's description.

Bill's body had gradually adjusted to the corset. At least, it no longer hurt him so much, even though it was still far from comfortable.

On the evening of the dance, Mrs. Johnson helped Bill to dress in his outfit. She could not help praising his looks to the heavens, and it gradually convinced Bill that he did look good in it.

When the doorbell rang, Leona heard Ann open the door and when she heard several voices, she went downstairs to greet the group. Hank had brought another friend, and his girl, Bettie. She was dressed in a cute colorful cotton gypsie dress, trimmed with rick rack, straight out of HeeHaw country.

Bill came down shortly after her, with everyone exclaiming how pretty the outfit was.

Bettie just could not stop admiring it, as she fingered the beautiful embroidery on the apron. From the boy's looks, Bill could tell that they admired it also, but from a different viewpoint. It was true, the way the vest cleverly was laced tightly under the bosom, lifting the twin prominences and making them obvious under the tightly fitting cotton blouse. This made the outfit terribly feminine, especially with Billie's very narrow waist.

“Hey, I sure like that outfit on you,” Hank said pleasantly. He put his hand familiarly around Bill's small waist, hugging him tightly to his side. Bill just gave in to this strange feeling of feminine submission, which this gesture caused in him.

He knew that as a girl, he had to smile sweetly at his date in appreciation of his compliment, but, inside, he felt annoyance creeping up every time Hank moved him closely like this. Nevertheless, smile he did, making Hank feel happy and masterful.

Outside, it was quite windy and Bill had the dickens of a time keeping his modesty. He was glad that Mrs. Johnson had given him a black elastic headband to wear; “It will help keep the hair out of your eyes while you're dancing,” she had said.

He sure would not have been able to control his skirts, his hair AND his date without it, he thought.

Most passers-by gave this pretty girl in her outstandingly pretty costume a second glance. Some gave even a third. As Bill noticed that the males were practically unable to keep their eyes off his figure, he felt femininely proud, and had to admit to himself that he felt pleased as well. It showed in his posture and his glances, which were almost getting to be flirtingly provocative. Hank noticed the admiration also and it made him proud as Bill's escort as he possessively held Bill's waist.

It was the same at the dance, where Bill received so many compliments that he wore a constant blush of pleasure and excitement.

dancing as a girl the whole evening, just like the other females, made him feel so feminine that at the end, when Hank walked him home and kissed him good night, he found himself involuntarily putting his arms around Hank's neck, as he submissively let himself be hugged and kissed, feeling completely natural about it.

Only when it had lasted a little too long and Hank's hands began to roam, did he come back to earth and struggled free, feeling that same darn distress again. He was grateful that Ann just then opened the door in response to his earlier ring.

"Bye, Hank, thanks for a lovely evening," he said, quickly entering the house.

Ann admired his costume very much. "You look very, very pretty in the dress, Miss Billie."

"You don't look so bad yourself, Ann," Bill replied, critically eyeing Ann's neat, trim, aproned appearance.

Arnold blushed in turn, but Bill could see that he was pleased with the compliment, nevertheless. He wondered whether Arnold was all ready beginning to feel as feminine as he did. It made him forget the annoyance of a moment ago with Hank.

"How was the dance, dear," Leona asked, as Bill kissed her.

Throwing all inhibitions to the wind, he told her, shaking his hair, which had fallen across his face as he'd bent down, "It was just wonderful! I really had a great time."

He twirled around in abandon, his flaring skirt forming a large circle around his thighs, showing the lace of his panties.

"Just about everybody admired my dress," he added with real pleasure and gratitude in his eyes, "and my corset did not hurt one bit."

"I'm so glad you had fun," Leona remarked, smilingly, "I told you that this dress would be just right for the occasion.

"Mrs. Hagers was here earlier, and when I told her about your beautiful outfit, she wanted to see you in it very badly. So I promised her that we'd get some pictures of you. She even had Ann fetch her Polaroid camera; so, let's make some souvenirs of this evening."

She took almost the whole film of Bill in different poses, after he had carefully straightened the embroidered apron over his skirts and patted his hair into place.

The color photo's came out beautifully. Bill just could not realize that this sweet young thing in the pretty dress was really him. No wonder he felt so much like a girl inside, lately.

Mrs. Johnson thought, as she looked at Bill's happy face, that this would be a good time to mention Bill's facial hair problem to him. "You know, Billie, I think we should try some electrolysis on you, also. It does help so much with Ann."

Bill considered for a moment. "I guess it's all right," he agreed, thinking that now he would no longer have to hide his shaving gear from Ann.

That very night, Mrs. Johnson gave him the first treatment. She treated him a little more gently than she had done with Ann, and stopped after half an hour. Still, Bill had tears in his eyes from the pain it had caused. From then on, he had regular sessions with Mrs. Johnson, just like Ann did.

During the weeks that passed, Bill had exchanged some more letters with the other two TV's, Diana Langley and Alice Richter. They were both anxious to meet Bill and his stepmother. They said they would love to come. Leona had instructed Bill to write them that she would charge ten dollars for help and assistance in make up and dress.

As Ann had become more efficient as a maid, where she no longer needed constant supervision, it was decided that the party would be the first Saturday in December and Bill invited them for eight o'clock.

As the weeks turned into months, Arnold showed continued, remarkable improvement. He now walked in a completely feminine manner and seemed to begin to feel natural in his skirts and aprons. Mrs. Johnson made sure

that he always used plenty of depilating cream everywhere it was needed, and with the electrolysis treatments for his face, he now had hardly an unfeminine hair showing anywhere.

His hair had begun to grow out nicely. It was especially remarkable how quickly he had lost weight, almost 18 pounds, since he moved in with Mrs. Johnson. Of course, she had worked him hard, and saw to it that he ate small portions, while at the same time encouraging him to improve his appearance. He had become quite dainty, and his movements began to match his clothes completely.

Leona had noticed that his face seemed to become softer, the skin clearer. She remarked on it as she was plucking his eyebrows one day, "You are getting prettier, everytime I treat your face."

Arnold agreed politely, "Yes, Mrs. Johnson. Thank you."

He almost started to tell her about that strange development of his chest. He had felt it a few days ago, when he was taking a shower. He suddenly became aware of the ampler softnesses, when he washed them. But, he decided to remain silent. Maybe it was his imagination, thought. it was just his mind fooling him, because he felt like a girl so much. Yes, that is what it must be.

With her full time maid, Mrs. Johnson slowly was beginning to have to look for work for Arnold. She decided that as soon as he was ready to go out, she would give him some time off. She realized that he had no clothes to wear on the street. "I'll have to buy him some dresses, I guess. He can't stay in the house all the time...it's just not healthy," she thought, "Next week, maybe."

The problem of finding work for Arnold to do, was soon solved. Mrs. Hagers, of course, knew that Ann, the new maid, was a TV. She had been interested in the progress of his transformation, as she frequently came over in the

afternoon for tea and a chat. This particular afternoon, she had admired the photo's of Bill in his square dancing outfit.

After Ann had served the tea and left for the kitchen, Leona remarked, “Ann is getting to be good enough to pass outside, don't you think?”

“I would think so,” Mrs. Hagers replied. “His whole walk and posture has changed; he keeps his shoulders back...and he certainly serves to perfection now.

“I wish I had one like him,” she sighed.

“I am going to meet some more TV's in a couple of weeks...who knows?” Leona smiled. “In the meantime, would you like to borrow him a few days each week?”

“Oh, could I?” Louise Hagers asked, eagerly.

“Well, I'm going to miss him, but for Seventy-five dollars a day, I could spare him two days a week, from nine to five.”

“I'll be glad to pay him that,” Mrs. Hagers replied with shiny eyes.

“No, no. You'll pay me...and not say a word about money to Ann, or the deal is off,” Leona said in a hard tone of voice. “I have a special, confidential, arrangement with Ann,” she explained.

“All...all right...I don't care who I pay, as long as she does the work.”

“But, I insist that you don't mention money, ever, to Ann, if you ever want any of my maids again, is that clear?”

Mrs. Hagers nodded, a little taken aback by Leona's ferociousness.

Leona whispered, “Also you must not mention to anyone...ever...that your maid is really a man. That would put both of us in a funny position. Do you realize the publicity, if a thing like this ever came out?”

“But, you told me,” Mrs. Hagers objected.

“That was because the whole thing was new to me then, and because I trusted you as my best friend. Since that time I have had time to consider the ramifications of the situation if this ever came out. We would not look too good, either, you know. Imagine having to explain that we, two mature ladies, were both completely fooled by two men, no less, accepting them as girls.”

“Oh yeah,” Mrs Hagers stated.

“And the hormones I am giving them is also a touchy matter, since they don't know they are taking them, and I had to promise my nurse friend that no one would ever know she got them for me. No! We must keep this whole thing a deep, dark secret between ourselves. In the meantime, we'll have to see to it, that the boys become so completely feminine, that they themselves are no longer sure of their sex, and feel they're girls, who would not think of wearing trousers.”

As she spoke these words, Leona remembered Billie's remark the evening of his first date, “I really feel like a girl now.” She smiled, treasuring that moment again.

Aloud, she said, “Poor Billie would be so embarrassed if it ever came out that she is not what she seems.”

“I see your point,” Mrs. Hagers replied, “and I think you're right. I promise to be discrete; you can count on it.”

Mrs. Hagers settled on Tuesday and Friday as her days to have Ann as a domestic. after she left, Leona rubbed her hands. That would be more money a week coming in. Yes, she would buy Ann some nice dresses, and maybe even a new hairpiece.

Poor Arnold was in the kitchen all this time, polishing the silver, completely unaware that he was being traded as a maid, like a bonded slave.

That evening, when Arnold, wearing his black uniform, was serving dinner to Leona and Bill, Leona mentioned the new arrangement.

“Ann, I have decided that you could help Mrs. Hagers, next door, a couple of days a week. We are pretty well caught up with cleaning and she has been unable to find a girl of her own.”

Bill looked at Ann's face to see how he would take this news.

Arnold just nodded placidly, saying, “Yes, Mrs. Johnson.” He minced out of the room, the pretty bow of his apron fluttering above his wiggling behind.

“You may have to do your own ironing and room cleaning, Billie, but,” she added, “then again, maybe it won't be necessary.”

“Doesn't Ann ever get tired working as a maid from morning to night?” he asked.

“She does not seem to,” Leona replied coolly. “Still, I am planning to give her some time off each week. We'll have to go shopping for some dresses for her.

“Remember the time you went out for the first time with me?” she asked, impishly.

Bill blushed, remembering only too well how nervous and uncomfortable he had been. How things had changed...now he flitted just about everywhere in his skirts and heels, and felt right at home living as a girl in dresses.

“I have also decided that Ann's figure is now ready for some training. She has lost quite a bit of weight.” She continued, smiling at Bill, “That means that she gets your corsets...and you will have to start wearing the new ones, which are a little smaller.”

Bill made a face. What a nuisance, just as he was used to the ones he wore now.

“Must I, Mother?” he asked, unable to hide the annoyance in his voice.

“Yes, dear,” Leona replied firmly, “but don't worry. These are only two inches smaller, and won't be so terribly

uncomfortable. After all, your first corset took your waist in more than three and a half inches.

“But it means that I have to take in all my dresses and skirts again,” Bill protested, not liking the idea at all.

Leona nodded, “Well, so what? You don't have too much to do lately, anyway, with Ann doing all the housework.”

Bill fell silent. It was true, he had hardly had to do any chores, except an occasional errand. On the other hand, Leona had seen to it that he always kept his hands busy anyway, with needlework, crochet, or knitting.

The next Saturday, right after lunch, Leona laced Bill into his new corset. It did not take much pulling, but he did experience again that uncomfortable feeling of restriction. However, he did have to admit that his figure was now really getting to be fabulous.

When Leona closed the busks in front, she noted how completely the cups of the corset were filled. “The hormones are really working,” she thought with amusement. She wondered whether Bill himself had noticed it also. She decided to say nothing, leaving it to her “daughter” to bring up the subject if he wanted to. As she regarded his figure after finishing the lacing in the back, she thought that he must have noticed the various improvements. His complexion was softer, his face more rounded and the curves more pronounced everywhere. Yes, he was almost a real girl, now. She impulsively hugged Bill tightly to her body.

Bill wondered what had brought that on.

Seeing the question in Bill's face, she said, “Well, can't I give my own pretty daughter a hug, if I want to?”

“You're such an adorable girl...I have become very fond of you.”

Bill was touched at her admission. He smiled softly at her, his expression one of gratitude, as well as affection, as he, in turn, kissed her affectionately on the cheek.

He chose a new, red, sleeveless Princess style dress, with softly flaring skirt and zipped it up in the back. Before the mirror, he put on a simple single strand pearl necklace, which offset the high jewel neckline very prettily. He noted that the close fitting dress, looked just a little smaller than it was. When he fixed his makeup he reflected on the fact that his skin had improved much in texture; it looked and felt softer. He blamed it on the diet. Arm in arm, they went downstairs to Ann's room, Leona carrying the corsets which Bill had worn, up to now.

Bill felt pretty uncomfortable again, with the newly imposed restriction on his body, but he decided not to mention it. It would do no good anyway, he knew.

They met Ann in the hall, downstairs, just coming from the kitchen, still in his grey morning uniform and apron.

“Today, we're really going to improve your figure, Ann,” Leona announced. “From now on, you'll have to wear corsets, just like Miss Billie does.”

Arnold politely answered, “Yes, Mrs. Johnson, not knowing what was in store for him.

“Miss Billie will lace you up,” Leona said.

“But, but...she's a girl,” he replied, with agitation, making Bill blush with real pleasure.

After all this time of close living together, Arnold still had not discovered the truth.

“Well, you're a girl now, too, don't you realize that yet?”

“So start undressing,” she ordered.

Soon Arnold was standing embarrassedly in his bra, panty girdle and panties. He had to take his bra off as Bill closed the busks in front.

Bill was amazed to see the unusual development of Arnold's bosom.

“That's not boyish at all,” he thought to himself. Then again, he had noticed the same thing on his own chest, but he had blamed it on the corset he was wearing, which

pushed up the flesh. So as not to embarrass Arnold further, he did not mention anything.

As he started lacing the corset in the back, he wondered how they were going to feel on Arnold. After all, they were made to his own measurements, and Arnold was not only a little taller, but also somewhat heavier...even after losing a lot of weight.

Under Leona's supervision, Arnold's waist began to decrease rapidly. But try as he could, the corset just would not close in the back.

"You'll have to lose more weight, Ann," Leona advised.

Arnold object strongly to the painful constriction.

"But I can't work in this, Mrs. Johnson. It's cutting me in half."

"Yes! And see what it does to your figure?" Leona rebutted, moving Arnold towards the large mirror, which Leona had cleverly put in his room.

Arnold sighed. She was right. Brother, that corset sure helped to make his figure more feminine. His face contorted with pain, he pressed his sides with his hands, trying to relieve some of the terrible pressure.

"You'll get used to it soon, and then we'll be able to lace it closed.

"Isn't that right, Billie?"

Bill nodded, and looking at Arnold said, "It will hurt only a couple of weeks, Ann. I have a smaller corset now, and I know how you feel."

At the moment this was small consolation to Arnold. It really was painful and he knew it would get worse as time went on. However, he realized the Mrs. Johnson would have her way, and the was nothing left to do but get dressed. Leona gave him one of his nicer slips and told him to put on a black uniform.

"You don't have to wear a cap and apron, we are going shopping for some dresses for you to wear on your days off."

Arnold reddened and protested strongly, “I can't go outside dressed like this.”

“Of course you can, and you must,” Leona said firmly. “You look like a girl now, and if you watch your movements, as you have been doing lately, nobody would even begin to guess you're not a real girl.”

“Here, put this on.”

She had brought in a lined dark blue sporty raincoat, that used to belong to her oldest daughter.

After he had put it on and belted it tightly, he admitted that it did look real good on him. The open collar showed the prim white collar of his uniform in a most feminine manner.

Leona and Bill slipped into their coats and with Arnold between them, they started walking to the nearest bus stop. Just to be sure, Leona had decided to shop in neighboring Ossining again, where no one knew them.

While she had gone shopping for Billie's things in the more expensive stores, which she frequented herself, she decided that for Arnold, Lerner's was good enough. They had nice dresses for career girls and the prices were not too bad. Arnold kept looking around in the crowded bus to see if anyone was watching him, but no one paid any attention to the three women, so he calmed down a bit.

In Ossining, they went to a wig salon first. She let Arnold choose his own style. He could pick what he wanted, provided it was not too long. “We don't want to risk getting hair in our food,” she said, nastily.

“I want you to pick one that matches your own hair,” she added. “That way you can discard it, when your own hair is long enough and no one will be the wiser.”

Arnold looked at several. He really liked one that was labelled ‘Veronica Lake’ but realized that it was too long for a maid. The one that he decided upon was marked ‘Betty Grable’. While Bill watched for curious onlookers, Leona quickly changed the hairpiece on Arnold. No one

saw anything. Arnold did look much nicer now. He let the salesgirl comb it out and style it a little better.

Wearing his new hairdo and having seen in the mirror how much nicer he looked, Arnold became a little more confident. He left the shop walking a naturally as Bill.

“Now to Lerner's, Billie,” Leona directed, “three blocks south.”

She let the girls precede her, so she could watch them.

Billie was happily stepping along in his tightly belted shorty coat, the flaring skirt of his red dress showing attractively. A leather shoulder bag dangled jauntily from his left shoulder, while his ponytail, tied with a matching red scarf, fluttered fetchingly over his shoulders. His fine posture and smiling face were those of a proud female, who knows she is pretty.

Arnold, his coat belted just as tightly, was walking with his handbag girlishly over his left arm, and his right arm swinging naturally a little away from his hips.

Their heels clicked merrily on the pavement.

Leona could see that Arnold still lacked the complete confidence and poise which Billie had acquired. “But it will come, as we work on it some more,” she thought. She smiled with pleasure at the sight of her girls. She was contented, almost happy, and more fulfilled, than at any time since her own daughters had left home.

At Lerner's, they helped Arnold choose some new outfits. One he liked was a light blue knit suit with a narrow skirt and white frilly blouse underneath the severely tailored jacket. They also bought some sweaters, blouses, skirts and a green after-five dress, “for when you go on dates,” Leona explained to a blushing Arnold.

Leona insisted that Arnold try on the dresses and suit. He was terribly embarrassed, having to take off his coat and let everyone see his short sleeved, black, maids uniform. The suit fitted him very nicely, although the

skirt was a little shorter than those of the uniforms he was used to.

“Really, Ann, it's just right,” Bill assured him.

“May I keep it on, Mrs. Johnson?” Arnold asked shyly.

“Certainly,” she replied, “but you'll have to get some new stockings for it.”

They bought a beige pair, and Arnold changed in the cubicle he had used for the fittings. Leona also picked out a cute hat for Arnold, as well as some gloves, lingerie and pink nylon nightgowns.

Bill saw how Arnold blushed as they were in the lingerie department. He smiled, remembering his own uneasiness, which seemed so very long ago. Today he felt completely at home in such intimate apparel departments.

Finally, they were ready. Leona frowned when the time came to pay for all the purchases. She sighed. Then she remembered that she would have her money back in just a few weeks, when Arnold worked for Louise Hagers. After that, he would make a profit for her, so she did not mind too much.

Arnold was very grateful for Mrs. Johnson's generosity and thanked her politely, not knowing that he was going to pay for it himself, eventually.

With Arnold carrying most of the packages, Leona decided that they would eat out. It would not do any harm to have their maid eat with them this once. It would give her a chance to see how well Arnold passed in public. She need not have worried. Everyone who looked at the three women...and almost every male did...saw nothing unusual. The waitress might have noticed the deeper timbre of the girl's voices, but, apparently, she found it nothing unusual. After dinner, Arnold's corset hurt him even more than before. It became almost unbearable. However, the outing was not yet finished; Leona had decided to finish the day with a movie. Arnold still did not complain, although his face showed great distress.

After eating, Bill felt far from comfortable, also. Nevertheless, Leona paid no attention, and blissfully led the way to the movie house.

It was late when they finally walked home, Arnold still burdened with most of the parcels. Notwithstanding the pain, he still managed a thin smile to himself, thinking that he had been in public most of the day, and everyone had called him "Miss".

That night Leona would not let the boys take off their corsets. The night was essentially torture for Arnold, but he suffered through it somehow, remembering what Mrs. Johnson had told him. If it was loosened during the night, it will be even more painful in the morning. He did not sleep a wink and fervently wished that he never had started this crazy idea of becoming a maid and a girl.

The whole weekend was pure misery for Arnold. Leona made no concessions at all, and he had to do all his regular chores, notwithstanding the fact that he could hardly bend down.

"Don't be such a sissy," she had admonished Arnold. "Billie went through the same thing and she was much braver than you." She did give him some aspirin before he went to bed, and the second night, Arnold at least caught up on his lost sleep. Monday, which was house cleaning day, was worse, although Arnold had to admit to himself that his flesh seemed to settle just a little. Within a month, Leona managed to lace the corset completely closed in the back.

The following Tuesday was the first time for Ann to go to work for Mrs. Hagers. Leona had instructed him to take an extra black uniform and apron set so he could change for the afternoon. When he was ready to go, Arnold started to take off his apron and cap.

"No need to do that," Leona said, "it's only next door, you can go as you are." With that, she pushed him out the door.

Arnold felt very conspicuous as he walked to Mrs. Hagers' house in his full maid's regalia. Louise Hagers was obviously waiting for him.

He found quickly that she was a difficult taskmistress, extremely hard to please. She made him vacuum and dust the living room and dining room three times, giving it the white glove test. By the time it was noon, Arnold was practically in tears, especially since his corset hurt him so much. However, he was too embarrassed to mention this to her. The place really needed cleaning badly, and the strict training by Leona came in good stead. Arnold continued to do the best he could, and when Mrs. Hagers saw that he really was trying hard to please her, she stopped riding him so much and even condescended to give him a little encouragement and praise.

After all that cleaning, mopping and waxing, Arnold looked a mess, so she gave him some time to take a shower. Afterward he put on his fresh, black uniform before he prepared lunch.

Mrs. Hagers seemed real pleased at the neat correct way he served her. "A real waitress could not have done better," she said smilingly.

Arnold nearly went through the floor.

"You...you know?" he stuttered, blushing as never before.

"Yes," she nodded, "so you'd better watch your step.

"Oh, don't worry; you make a nice maid, and I won't tell anyone, if you behave correctly.

"As a matter of fact, I am planning a bridge party for next Tuesday, and I'm sure that none of the ladies will be able to tell that you're not really what you seem to be."

She looked at him, standing there wordless, nervously fingering his lacy apron. "You have a remarkably small waist for a man," she remarked.

"Mrs. Johnson makes me wear a corset," he explained.

"It hurts terribly, too."

“Well, it certainly gives you a great appearance, so it is worth it.”

The rest afternoon, she gave him light work to do, ironing, and more dusting upstairs, broken only by the tea hour. After he cleaned up, she let him go. It was just five o'clock.

Arnold was tired and his mind was so preoccupied with the thought that Mrs. Hagers knew of his deception that he found himself outside the door, again in full uniform and cap. He realized it only after some ladies passed him on the sidewalk and looked at him. Except for a possible envious look, showing that they wished they had such a neat, trim maid, nothing unusual occurred.

When he rang the doorbell, Leona opened the door.

“How did it go, Ann?” she asked. “Was Mrs. Hagers satisfied with your work?”

“I guess so, Mrs. Johnson, but my corset hurts something awful. And...why did you have to tell her all about me?”

Leona was perturbed by the rebellious tone in his voice. “Now see here, young lady,” she replied, snappily, “you're the maid her, and you can't dictate to me to whom I talk and what I say.”

“For your information,” she added, “I deemed it necessary to have a witness, who can vouch that you came here under false pretenses, in case your behavior ever might make it necessary to call the police. So, you had better behave as I say, or I won't hesitate to call them.”

Arnold paled, suddenly realizing the full import of his situation. He was completely at her mercy, and there was nothing he could do about it. Nothing whatsoever.

Leona watched him closely. She seemed to have scared him, all right, but she did not want to antagonize him either. Was he angry?

She tried to patch the wound a little.

“I'm sure it won't be necessary to take such a drastic step, ever. So far, you have done nicely what I've told you, and as long as that does not change, you have nothing to worry about.

“Now go get busy with dinner.

“Imagine, being so ungrateful, after all the help I gave you.”

Arnold was close to tears and sullenly left for the kitchen, his hands before his face trying to keep back the tears. As soon as he was alone, he dried his face with his apron. He sat down on the kitchen chair, his head in his hands, reflecting on this incident. He wondered why he was so emotional lately; he had also noticed this in the movie, where he found that he had to swallow hard to keep the tears away, when the heroine's love was so rudely rejected by some male cad. Was his mind and soul becoming feminine also?

Adding to that was the terrible thought that he was completely in Mrs. Johnson's power. With the constant pain and pressure of the corset, and the hard work, and the emotions of the day, he broke down completely. He put his face on his arms and began to cry his heart out. He just could not seem to stop, but kept sobbing, neither willing nor able to do any work.

Half an hour later, Bill came into the kitchen.

“Mother asks how you're coming with dinner, Ann,” he said as he closed the door behind him. When he saw Arnold's miserable face and eyes red from crying, he moved close and put his hand on Arnold's head. “What's the matter, Ann, why are you so sad?”

Arnold just sobbed, shaking his head. He did not feel like telling this pretty young girl about his troubles, about being forced to be a maid and a woman, without ever having a chance to escape the situation.

Seeing that Arnold had not even started dinner, Bill offered, “Here, I'll help you with dinner.” He went to the

linen closet and took one of his frilly aprons and efficiently started things going.

Arnold finally stood up with a grateful look in her eyes. "Thank you for helping me, Miss Billie...it's just that your mother told Mrs. Hagers that I'm really a male...and...she said that I will have to be a maid...always...and she said that she'd call the police if I don't do exactly as she says."

"But, I thought you WANTED to be a maid," Bill said.

"I thought so, at first...but Mrs. Hagers was so terrible today...and my corset hurts so much...oh, I want my own clothes back," Arnold whined.

Bill was on the verge of revealing his own secret, so they could commiserate, but he remembered what Mrs. Johnson had told him about keeping his distance. So noncommittally, he said, "You'll feel better tomorrow, you'll see. Don't give up now, when you're just getting to be a realistic girl. You looked very pretty in your new dress, Saturday."

Arnold's face cleared up just a little. "Do you really think so, Miss Billie?"

Bill nodded. "You saw for yourself how everyone in the restaurant thought you were an attractive girl. I know you noticed the men looking at you. Now you go ahead here, and I'll set the table for you...watch the oven," he said as he left the kitchen.

When Leona saw Bill in his apron, straightening the table cloth on the dining room table, she demanded, "What's going on, why are you doing that?"

"Ann's crying in the kitchen. She's all shook up, and wants her man's clothes back," he replied, torn between his devotion for his adopted stepmother and his feelings for a poor fellow TV, who just like himself, was now forced to be completely feminine to the point of no return, all the while suffering the terrible constriction of his corset.

“Well, she can't have them back,” Leona said, callously. “I gave them to the Salvation Army, just like yours,” she added.

“I think she's having a terrible time with her corset,” Bill explained, knowing only too well how Arnold suffered; his own waist had been even smaller.

Leona said, “I'll give her some aspirin after dinner and send her to bed early. She has worked hard lately.” Calmly, she returned to her newspaper, occasionally glancing at her pretty stepdaughter mincing around the dining room.

Arnold remained in an unhappy mood all evening. As he served the food, his face was drawn and his eyes still red.

Bill felt very sorry for him. “I'll help you with the dishes tonight, Ann,” he offered, after dessert and coffee had been served.

After Leona had given them the “vitamin” pill which each obediently swallowed every night and morning, Bill followed Arnold into the kitchen. They did not talk much while they worked. Bill wondered whether he should try to cheer up Arnold. However he reflected that he could not relieve the terrible pain Arnold was suffering, so he kept quiet. Finally, he blurted out “You know, my corset hurts too.”

Arnold just nodded, busy with his own thought. He was trying to think whether it would be possible to escape from his feminine prison. But where could he find clothes? He would have to bide his time and find the right moment. He needed some money, too. And where would he go? He could not return to his grandfather's house...not in dresses, anyway. He sighed deeply. What, in heaven's name could he do?

The next morning, Arnold did feel a little better. A good night's sleep had helped, although the corset still pinched terribly. Being in the old established routine also

helped. No nagging from Mrs. Hagers. He could follow his own work schedule, carefully avoiding those jobs which required much bending. He did complain several times to Leona about his very tight corset, starting in the morning when she wanted to check it for the proper closing.

Leona ignored his whining, the first few times. Later, she began to feel a little sorry for him, especially since he was doing his work faithfully and well. Finally she said, "Complaining will not help one bit, Annie. You may take some aspirin if the discomfort becomes too strong."

So, Arnold suffered all day, although the aspirin did help and Leona let him rest a few hours in the afternoon.

That night while undressing before the mirror, he had to admit that his smaller waist did make quite a bit of difference. Maybe he would get used to that darn corset eventually as Miss Billie had promised. In his slip, the curve of his hips was quite noticeable and pleasing, while it also did things for his chest.

He noticed that the cups were almost filled, with an intriguing valley between the flesh, which actually wanted to spill over a little. He cupped his breasts with his hands. He blushed as he felt the weight and bulk of them. Was he getting to be like a real girl there? Was his mind playing tricks on him? If he ever managed to get hold of some men's clothes and leave this house, would these bulges show? Would it be possible to wear a man's shirt now?

Pulling his nightgown over his head and straightening the skirt around his legs, he fell into bed, too tired to think clearly, his thoughts too confused to answer his own questions.

Both Arnold and Bill were kept busy the next evenings, taking in Ann's uniforms. "We want them to show your nice waist," Leona had said.

Another week passed and the Saturday for the TV party approached. Both Diana and Alice had sent in their ten dollars. Neither of them dared to come all ready

dressed in girls clothes and Bill answered affirmatively when the inquired whether they would be given an opportunity to change clothes there.

“Mrs. Johnson has promised to help you with your dresses and makeup,” he wrote.

Bill, while looking forward to meeting other TV's felt so much like a girl now, that he sometimes forgot that he was a TV himself.

Arnold had received strict instructions from Leona, when she told him that some TV's would come for an evening's visit.

“Although they are also TV's, I want you to remember that they are the guests and you and the maid, here. So be aware of your position. I want no familiarity. You will call them Mr. Langley and Mister Richter...or, when they are dressed, Miss. Do you understand?”

Also, make sure you look your best, so you set a good example, one that I can be proud of. You know enough about makeup, now, that you can help them if they need it.

Passively, Arnold nodded, “Yes, Mrs. Johnson.” Of course he was intrigued that he would get to see two other men, dressed as girls, just like himself.

The Saturday afternoon of the party, Bill felt a little nervous. After all, he now was going to be exposed as a boy in girls' clothes to two complete strangers. Of course, he remembered reading in the TV magazine that TV's always help each other, and never, ever, caused trouble for a sister.

“But, won't Ann find out about me?” he asked Leona.

“Not if we're careful. She'll be in the kitchen most of the time anyway,” Leona replied confidently.

“What shall I wear,” Bill asked.

“How about the dirndl outfit? It does things for you.”

“No, I don't think so, Mother. It looks too much like a costume. I want to look as real as I feel,” Bill replied, thoughtfully.

Leona smiled, "You know, you're right dear. How about that knit black cocktail dress with the roll collar. That will look very nice with some accessories to dress it up for the occasion."

Bill nodded, "Yes, that's a good idea." He knew that this slinky sleeveless number really showed off his figure because of the snug fit.

Somewhat absently he added, "It's too bad that I wrote them saying that I was a TV also. I would have liked to have met, with them thinking that I was a real girl."

He went to his room and started to get ready. He spent a long time on his hair, which was now long enough to style into an attractive pageboy flip. Paying special care to his makeup, he finally slipped the dress over his head and zipped it up the back. Rummaging in his now fairly large jewelry collection, he came up with a single strand pearl necklace and a wide golden slave bracelet with matching hoop earrings for his pierced ears.

A final inspection before the mirror showed that he looked quite nice, not overdressed, but just right for a girl his age. The flaring skirt showed off his pretty nyloned legs and the self belt really made his small waist pronounced, adding to his curves which appeared perfectly natural.

For a moment, he considered putting on false eyelashes, which Leona had bought for him, "in case you ever want to look really glamorous for your boyfriends", but he decided against it. He wanted to appear completely natural and not like some cheap chorus girl.

When he came downstairs, he could tell that Mrs. Johnson was really pleased with his looks. "You look absolutely adorable, Billie. You'll have a hard time convincing them that you are not a real girl."

"Thank you, Mother," Bill said smilingly as he whirled on his heels, showing off his lacy slip. He was very pleased

with her compliment, and he no longer cared that she knew it.

Leona had also dressed rather carefully and conservatively. Bill noticed it and said, “You look like the headmistress of a girls' school, Mother.”

“Well, then, I'm exactly in tune with the situation, because I'll be teaching them to be proper young ladies. I'll give them real value for their money.”

Even Ann had been told to dress in her fanciest uniform, and she looked every inch the part of a fashionable, decorative maid, as she tripped around after dinner, bringing in a tray with cookies and some clean ashtrays.

At eight o'clock sharp, the doorbell rang. Ann opened the door and ushered in a shy young man, carrying a suitcase.

“I am Don Langley,” he said, “are you Mrs. Johnson?” He blushed uncomfortably and appeared as though he were ready to escape at the least provocation.

“Welcome Diana,” Leona said with a big fat smile, “this is my stepdaughter, Billie.”

Langley's breath stopped, taking in Bill's girlish appearance. “You are Bill Cole?” he asked, his face wide with admiration and disbelief.

Bill nodded shyly.

“I don't believe it,” Don said. “You must be a real girl.”

“My stepmoth...I mean, Mrs. Johnson...helped me to look like this,” he explained, his hand elegantly waving towards his dress.

Throughout the introductions, Leona was studying the new arrival. He seemed good material...nice open face, regular features; a little too soft for a man, she thought; not too tall, she guessed about a size 14. His demeanor was polite, showing deference as he stood there, becoming aware of Leona's penetrating look, but still unable to take his eyes off pretty Billie for long.

“Well, let's get started,” Leona said, taking the bull the horns. “Billie, will you show him his room? It's the one next to yours.”

“Call me, when you're decent enough for the finishing touches,” she said to Don. “I'll come and help you.”

“Follow me, Diana,” Bill directed.

Langley blushed, being called by this feminine name in front of Mrs. Johnson. Still, he knew that all TV's were usually addressed by their adopted feminine name when meeting each other. Going up the stairs behind Billie, he could not help admiring Bill's pretty stockinged legs and heels, the skirt swinging so nicely from his small waist.

“You must be wearing a corset,” he remarked.

Bill nodded, “Yes, my stepmother just started making me wear a smaller size.”

“It sure makes you look good...I suppose I will have to buy one some day,” Don remarked as he followed Bill into the guest room.

“They hurt like the dickens in the beginning...just ask Ann, our maid, he is just being trained in one.”

“You mean your maid is a TV also?” Don asked, unbelievably.

“Yes! Didn't you notice?” Bill replied.

“I'm getting confused,” Langley said. “Neither of you look anywhere near a man...are you sure I'm not being boondoggled?”

“Of course not; want proof?” Bill asked a little annoyed.

“No, please,” Langley replied quickly. “I'll just believe you...but I can see that you had plenty of professional help.”

Bill was glad that Don did not take his bluff. He would have felt terribly immodest lifting his skirts. As a matter of fact he probably would not have done it.

“I sure wish that I could look like you,” Don said wistfully.

“You will...if you let Mrs. Johnson get her hands on you long enough.”

“That sounds like a warning,” Don said with some apprehension.

Bill blushed. Had he really said something disloyal about Mrs. Johnson? He hesitated a few moments. “I guess I should not complain,” he finally started, “I always wanted to dress like a girl, and now she's made me into a girl full time. It's just that she never gave me a chance or even a choice, feminizing me so much that now I even feel, act, and think like a girl”

“That's bad for a TV?” Langley asked with a grimace.

“It is, if one ever wants to go back to being a man,” Bill replied.

“Who would want to,” Langley stated, “if a girl looks like you.”

Bill turned to leave the room then. It was no use explaining to this stranger how he sometimes still wished he were back in his men's clothes, doing all the things he used to do, but could not now. How annoying the constant pressure was...to look pretty; to behave femininely; to be a modest, demure, obedient daughter...with always the unspoken threat hanging above his head of what would happen if he did not behave as Mrs. Johnson wanted him to. Closing the door behind him, he thought, “Well, at least I tried to warn him.”

The doorbell rang again. Ann ushered in another young man, who entered the living room just as Billie returned also.

“You must be Alice Richter,” Billie said with a sweet smile and offering a handshake. “This is Mrs. Johnson, my landlady.”

Richter had exactly the same reaction as Don had, but more controlled.

“You're absolutely beautiful,” he exclaimed with real admiration. Then turning to Mrs. Johnson, he remarked, “It was kind of you to let me come.”

Leona looked at the new arrival. He was the college type, neatly dressed with tie and coat, clean shaven, crew cut, medium height and cool grey eyes. She remembered that he had written that he was in the service.

“He must be an officer,” she thought, “He has an air of authority and sophistication about him.

“Well, we'll cut him down soon enough. This one was going to be a real challenge.”

Aloud, she said, “I'm glad to help TV's. I've been interested ever since I found out my pretty stepdaughter here.”

“Diana is all ready upstairs dressing. I'll show you where you can change.” She preceded him up the stairs and showed him the other guest room.

“You can start dressing,” she said. “I'll be with you to help, as soon as I am through with Langley.”

She closed the door behind her and went to her room, where she had readied her beauty shop paraphernalia. She knocked at Diana's room and entered without waiting for a reply. She found Don just putting a slip over his head, still in his stocking feet. He blushed sharply at the intrusion.

“Don't be bashful,” she said. “I've seen TV's in their slips before.

“Where are your wig and dress?”

He took them lovingly out of his suitcase, along with his high heeled shoes.

Leona noted happily that the wig was of good quality. It was real hair and fairly long. She put it on his head, brushing the pageboy style into shape. It went very nicely with his oval shaped face. “There, that's better all ready,” she remarked.

“What do you know about makeup?”

“I've experimented a little,” Don replied, “but I don't have much stuff as yet.”

She made him sit down in a chair under the light and put a cape around him. Then she began in earnest, starting with his eyebrows. She plucked an awful lot and his face told her that he wanted her to stop, but he was too shy to actually say anything, and too passive to make her stop.

“That's good,” she thought, “this one will be even easier to train than Billie.”

She deliberately shaped his eyebrows so it could be noticed if anyone looked closely. “That'll remind him of this makeup lesson every time he looks in the mirror,” she thought, grinningly.

Then she went to work on his face, showing him how she did it and why. In about 15 minutes, she had transformed his face into that of a pretty girl.

All the time, she asked lots of questions. Some of them were rather personal, but Don did not dare to evade her inquisition. After all, she was nice enough to help him dress, even if she did charge a ten dollar fee for it.

Carefully, she lifted the dress over his head. Leona checked and noted that it was a stylish number from Altman's. It was pretty and simple, revealing good taste. It was made from Navy blue linen, with white piping on the round neckline, short sleeves and hem. It fitted him nicely too, although just a little snug at the waist.

“You'll have to lose some weight, dearie,” she said, patting him familiarly on the tummy.

While he slipped on his matching navy heels, she left the room and came back with a small red hairbow, which she pinned on the right side of his head, just where the part was. “Now look in the mirror,” she commanded.

Don walked a little funny in his heels.

“You need a lot more practice,” Leona remarked. It became a slogan, which she repeated all evening.

Diana blushed, then smiled as he saw his reflection in the mirror. "I look real good," he exclaimed. "Thank you very much for your help, Mrs. Johnson." He was quite pleased with the result, noting how that little red hairbow added that final feminine touch.

"I would really be neat, if I could get a job as a girl," he mused, thinking aloud.

"You could, if you really wanted to," Leona answered. "Just look at Billie. She works as a girl teller at the bank, and everyone loves and admires her."

"Of course, you'd have to get a lot of training, first. Billie needed eight weeks before I even let her go out in the streets."

Don did not reply, being too engrossed in the image in the mirror of the pretty girl smiling coquettishly back at him.

"Now you go downstairs and enjoy yourself, while I help Alice," she said, leaving him alone.

Finally, he tore himself away from the mirror, and went downstairs, where he found Billie in the living room. Don carefully sat down, straightening his skirt under him.

"You look very nice, Don," Bill said softly. "That's a really pretty dress."

"You really think so?" Don asked. "Blue seems to go well with my complexion...the same as when I wear a blue business suit.

"But I don't look half as good as you do;" he added, eyeing Billie's nice figure and feminine posture, "you're so natural."

"Don't forget that I have been doing this, full time, for six months, now...and with my stepmothers constant supervision and nagging. I had little choice.

"She's not really your stepmother, is she?"

Bill blushed, "No, but we've become quite close, since she found out I was a TV, and she wanted me to act as though I were her daughter."

Then he told Langley the whole story...how he was discovered and how, with hard effort, training, lots of domestic chores and enforced femininity, every hour of the day, he had learned to be a girl, completely.

Langley could not take his eyes of this attractive girl as she sat opposite him knitting, knees and ankles nicely together, the nimble fingers handling the needles, as though he had knitted all his life. He tried to copy Billie's stance as they talked.

In the meantime, Leona entered Richter's room, just as he was hooking his bra. She immediately noticed his hairy chest.

“You'll have to shave that first,” she said.

“No, I can't. I live in the B.O.Q. and everyone would notice.”

“This one is stubborn,” Leona thought, “won't be too easy to manage...knows his mind.” It seemed to be a challenge to her. She would just love to tame him and make him a submissive, obedient girl. She tried to picture him in a fancy white pinafore. “Yes, how wonderful,” she thought. She decided that she would try to rope this one, as well.

Aloud, she said, “I am here to help you become a pretty girl, but how can I, if you won't cooperate?”

Richter hesitated for just a split second, “No...it's too risky.”

“Just you chest then. Lots of me have no hair on the chests. How can you even begin to feel feminine with such ugly hair?”

Richter hesitatingly considered, and Leona took advantage of it immediately. Before he could protest further, she had smeared shaving cream from his neck to his panty girdle and, taking a razor, she none too gently managed to get rid of the hair in front, plus the hair under his arms.

“There, that's better. Now your arms.”

Richter drew back sharply, “No...no thank you, everyone would see it, I'm sure.”

“Nonsense! That's just your egocentric nature...assuming that everyone has eyes for no one but you. Now hurry up and give me your arm.”

But Richter was firm, and, finally, Leona gave up, deciding not to press too much this early in the game. There would always be the next time.

She watched him refasten his bra, noticing that he must have done that many times before.

Then he slipped an expensive looking slip over his head.

She sat him down for makeup and, like she had done with Langley, she spent a great deal of time plucking his eyebrows. He objected twice, but she calmly proceeded, doing the same as she had done with Don, making sure that a close observer would be able to see it...insuring that her victim would detect it every time he looked into a mirror.

As she progressed with his face, she became intrigued by the great change which occurred. While Richter's face had not seemed particularly feminine, his features now became downright girlish. Especially, his lips were sensuously inviting, after she had carefully shaped them.

He had a nicely styled wig, also of excellent quality.

When she had adjusted it and pinned the tresses on top, as it had been, she could not believe her own eyes.

This young “lady” was beautiful. Not girlish, like Billie or Don. Not at all. Richter had an aura of sophistication and intelligence and the almost provocative beauty of a woman in her twenties, who had loved and lived, and enjoyed whatever life had in store for her. It was absolutely amazing.

Trying to hide her admiration, she helped him with his dress. It was also expensive, a dark green knit with a sleek

skirt, a medium high round neckline, and long tapering sleeves, which closed with small zippers for a tight fit.

Richter went to his suitcase and took out some gold colored costume jewelry necklace and matching bracelet, which were set off nicely by the tight green dress. He even had high heeled shoes, dyed to match the dress. “It truly is amazing,” Leona thought, “these men actually seem to have better taste and sense of style than my own daughters.” She was glad that his dark colored pantyhose hid at least some of the hair on his legs. She watched him walk towards the mirror with a fluid movement, which befitted a siren. He primped and turned, his eye-catching lips forming a beatific smile. It seemed as if a complete change in personality had occurred.

Leona finally had to nudge him away from the mirror. “Come on, Miss Richter, let's join the party downstairs.”

“You've done a wonderful job, Mrs. Johnson. I don't think I have ever looked better,” he said in a soft voice, as left the room without waiter for her to go first.

“If I were a man, I could not keep my eyes and hands off you,” Leona stated, in honest admiration. “You actually have sex appeal. Compared to you, Billie is a naive school girl, pretty as she may be.”

Leona watched Richter sashay towards the stairs, his face expressing a happy mood. She wondered whether this was a good time to get him to do something about those hairy legs.

“It is too bad about the hair on your legs,” she remarked, “it's the only thing which mars your appearance.”

Richter stopped and blushed. Lifting his skirt, he nodded, studying his legs. He remained silent for a moment, then said, “It does look ugly, doesn't it?” Then, as if afraid he might change his mind again., he said, “All right. I might as well go all the way, Mrs. Johnson.”

Quick as a flash, Leona led him back to the room, where he quickly removed his pantyhose. Leona happily helped him to shave his legs clean, right up to his thighs, which was as far as she dared.

Richter obviously liked the smooth feeling of the pantyhose on his now completely hairless legs. Together, they went downstairs, Leona praising him all the way down.

In the living room, the mutual admiration society had a long session. Then Leona said, "Now, I want you girls to tell me how I can help you."

Langley spoke first, "I wish you could make me as good as Billie."

"Well, I probably could, but don't forget that it took six month of hard work, with Billie not just PLAYING, but BEING a girl...cleaning house, learning to cook, sew, and serve, and wearing a tight corset the entire time."

"I would love every moment of it," Don said, enthusiastically.

"I bet you a dollar that you would not," Bill flipped out, before he could stop himself.

Leona frowned a little, then smiled.

"Billie is right. If she had the chance, she would have gone back to trousers several times...especially during her early corset training; right dear?"

Bill blushed and nodded.

"Why didn't you?" Richter asked pointedly of Billie. Then, turning to Leona, he asked, "What do you mean...IF she'd had the chance?"

"Don't worry; I did not lock her up," Leona said sharply. She was clearly annoyed at Richter's questions.

Everyone looked at Bill, then, and he saw that he was expected to explain, how and why he did not go back to his pants.

"Well," he stammered, "I...I did not want to go home in skirts, but my, uh, stepmother had my male

clothes...and...and I did look pretty...and, uh, she HAD helped me so much to improve...with clothes...with everything...and I'd gradually come to feel so completely natural as a girl..."

He stopped, not wanting to admit to the others...nor to himself, now...that lately he had doubts, deep inside, as to whether he would ever want to, or ever could, be a man again. Also, he did not want to say, that he really had been too passive, too easygoing to resist Leona's strong will and determination.

"That's the danger of this TV business," Richter remarked. "It gets you further and further into the world of femininity, until there eventually is even a change in personality, which can never be changed back. I know...I feel as a completely different person when I am in dresses, almost like someone I don't really know."

"Well, maybe the person in skirts...Alice...is a nicer human being than Richter in pants," Leona commented. "So, what's the danger?"

Richter shrugged his shoulders. He just did not feel aggressive anymore...not wanting to argue with his hostess. He clearly realized, now, that he felt much more placid and calm as "Alice". He just did not want to start a debate, which might antagonize this woman, something he would have done with fervor and bite when dressed in trousers.

But Langley did not give up. The completely feminine and beautiful looks of Billie made Don wish to be like him. "I would not mind...really, I wouldn't. I'd do anything to be like her...eh, HIM," Diana said with conviction.

Leona smiled again. She'd caught another fish. No use reeling him in just now, she thought. Let him motivate himself a little more. Aloud she said, "Well, it was a lot of work for me...constantly criticizing, reminding, teaching, and risking exposure when I took Billie outside. I don't know whether I would want to go through all that

again. Remember, you'd have to be in skirts all of your free time and obey all my orders and instructions completely. I would not want to invest all my efforts only to find them wasted because you changed your mind after a few months. That's what I meant when I said, 'if she had the chance.' I did not want all my...and her own...effort to go to waste, not to mention all the money for clothes and cosmetics. You would have to move in and be under my supervision all the time...no turning back...I wouldn't accept it. You'd better think about it a little longer, Don," Richter counseled. "That would be a BIG step."

However, Langley was all ready too far gone. His submissive nature was intrigued by the idea that he would be under the thumb of this seemingly nice, but strong willed woman.

"I'd do anything to be like Billie," he repeated. "Mrs. Johnson, how much do you charge for a room here?"

"I'm not sure you can afford it, dearie; also, think of all the new clothes we would have to get you."

Bill looked at Leona. That's twice she mentioned the cost of clothes. He darn well knew that he had paid for everything from his won earnings. Of course, with Arnold it was different, but he put in a lot of work as a maid without pay. It did not seem fair. Nevertheless, he decided not to mention it, not wanting to spoil the evening.

Langley persisted, "I'll pay anything I can, Mrs. Johnson. Please let me rent a room here."

Leona continued to act doubtful. Then, turning to Billie, she said, "Billie, will you please ask Ann to serve the coffee and cake?"

Obediently, Billie rose and left for the kitchen, ardently watched by both guests.

"It's amazing how completely like a girl Billie moves and behaves," Richter remarked, admiration on his face.

“Well, for all purposes, he IS a girl now,” Leona asserted. “Here is a cute picture of Billie, when he went square dancing with her boyfriend.”

“Oh, that's beautiful...what a nice dress that is,” Langley said enthusiastically.

“You mean he goes out on dates...with boys?” an astonished Richter asked.

“Of course,” Leona affirmed. “He's a girl, and a pretty girl should circulate. He can't sit moping around the house all the time.

“Does he like dating boys?” Langley asked.

“Actually Billie had a great time at the square dance...he told me so himself. I don't think he cares much for petting though,” she added, with a derisive smile. “Of course, he also goes out with his girlfriends and he's getting on pretty good with his dress making classes.”

Bill came back in, carrying a tray with a large cake on it, followed by Ann, carrying another tray with the coffee pot and cups.

Leona noted that both Diana and Alice were very much intrigued by Ann's correct behavior and her pretty uniform. The narrow corseted waist was made very obvious by the tightly bowed straps of her lacy white bib apron.

“You may serve our guests, Ann,” she ordered.

“Yes, Ma'am,” Ann replied, dropping a little curtsey. She handed Richter a cup. “Cream and sugar, Miss?” she asked politely.

“No, thank you, I drink it black,” Richter replied. He couldn't take his eyes off this maid, whom he also knew to be a TV.

When Ann came to Langley, he blushed deeply as she caught him staring at her. He stammered, “...cream AND sugar...please...lots of it.”

Bill smiled at Langley's discomfort. He seemed unable to accept that this correctly trained maid, with the

excellent figure and shapely, black nyloned legs, was really a male.

When Ann finished serving the others, Leona said, "Thank you, Ann. Leave the coffee pot here. You may retire, if you wish. The girls will wash the cups later."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Ann said, curtseying as she left the room.

As Alice and Diana enjoyed the refreshments, getting more and more at ease in their skirts, Leona used the opportunity to get all the information she could from her guests. She asked about their families, their work, their background and education, as well as when they had become TV's. Both Diana and Alice were off guard, now, and answered freely. They also took some Polaroid photos, from which Leona kept one of each subject, leaving them with the rest.

When it was twelve o'clock, she asked Billie to get some soft drinks, encouraging Diana to help her. Bill let Don do most of the work, as he seemed to enjoy doing it, judging from the way Langley neatly put the glasses on a tray.

Some time later, Richter came back to earth. "I'm sorry, but I really have to leave now." He arose and went upstairs to change.

"I guess I'll have to go, too," Langley said with a long face.

Leona smiled at the disappointment in his voice, "I'll tell you what, Diana, why don't you stay the weekend with us? Billie can loan you a nightgown. That way I get a chance to get to know you better. But, remember, you'll have to behave like a girl at all times...understood? And, it will cost you fifteen dollars more for room and board."

"Yes, Mrs. Johnson, I'd love to," Diana answered.

"All right, you can start right in with cleaning the cups and glasses. Billie will show you around in the

kitchen and give you an apron, so you won't soil your pretty dress.”

While the two girls carried the things to the kitchen, Richter came down, carrying his suitcase, his face still red from washing and rubbing to remove the makeup.

Again Leona noticed how his demeanor had changed back. Now he seemed the same self assured young man again, in control of the situation and suavely thanking her for a most enjoyable evening. It was quite different from the girl Alice, who had acted much more subdued and delicate. She was quite intrigued by the change, hoping that she could find out more about this symptom. It might give her the key to controlling her TV girls.

“You can come again, anytime you like,” she said, shaking Richter's hand.

“Maybe I will,” he replied coolly and noncommittally. “In that case, I will give you a call.”

“That will be fine,” she responded. “You know your way out?”

“The girls are in the kitchen, if you want to say good night to them.”

Richter called out, “Good night, Don and Bill.”

Diana and Billie came out of the kitchen, both in frilly pinafores and shook hands with Richter, while Billie politely preceded him to the front to let him out.

Richter departed, shaking his head about this funny TV business, which made two grown young men do housework and other “girls' activities”.

Leona was fairly sure that he would be back...and soon. A few minutes later, Leona went to the kitchen to check on her girls. She found them talking at the sink, Diana washing the dishes and Bill drying them. Langley was trying hard to do a good job, but Leona could tell that he had not done this work very often...if ever. No matter; she knew from experience that he would soon learn to be

efficient in his girlish chores, once she had him in her home.

When everyone went to bed, Don was smiling happily with the thought of spending a whole day as a girl.

Leona lay awake or hours, working out her plans. If Diana moved in, she could loan Arnold full-time to Mrs. Hagers. Let him sleep there, too, so Diana had a chance to learn all the chores, the hard way, just like Billie had to do. She would charge Mrs. Hagers seventy-five dollars per week for Arnold's services. She knew that she could easily afford it.

Then her thoughts wandered to her stepdaughter, Billie. Christmas was not too far off. She knew that he would HAVE to go home, especially since he had missed Thanksgiving there. But, would he go in skirts?

He seemed awfully firm about not exposing himself as a girl at home. She tossed and turned, unable to find a solution acceptable to her. She knew that she did not want to lose her pretty stepdaughter. She had become too fond of Billie, she had to admit to herself. If he went back home in trousers, now, most of her efforts would be in vain. "Maybe I can talk him into going home in one of those cute pantsuits?" she grinned. "That way, she could say to him that he would be going home in pants." Still, she knew that Billie would look like a girl now, now matter what he wore. If she could only make him realize that. One thing was sure...she was not going to let him go as a man. He would have to wear his skirts. Having all his money, he could not buy male clothes anyway, and he would have to wear what she gave him.

On the other hand, what about his family? Maybe she should write to his mother, in Cleveland, so she knew what to expect. Yes, that's what she would do...and enclose a snapshot of him in his pretty dirndl outfit.

Selfishly, she ignored Bill's feelings in the matter totally. Finally, she dozed off, her final thought being that

she would not give Bill a choice in the matter. After all, his sisters would have to find out, sooner or later, that they had a girl for a brother, now. She would discuss it with Billie tomorrow. The next morning, Leona entered Langley's room without knocking. She found him standing in front of the mirror, in his pink shortie nightgown. He blushed sharply as Leona smiled knowingly at him. Looking around the room, she saw his feminine and masculine clothes carelessly strewn around the room.

“You have to learn a lot, young lady. You did not even rinse your lingerie last night. You'd better do it now. You can wear a robe until they are dry...unless you have some extra underwear with you.”

“No, I have just these,” Don replied guiltily.

She made him rinse his panties, slip, and nylons in the bathroom and showed him how to hang them up to dry.

“Now, you take a bath and shave your arms and legs; here are some nice smelling bath salts. That will make you smell feminine. I'll bring you one of Billie's robes and mules later,” she said, finally leaving him alone.

Langley smiled happily as he stepped into the bathtub with his shaving gear. He was tickled with the idea that some woman was in charge, telling him what to do. It sort of felt like he had an excuse now...not having a choice but to dress the way she told him to. It eased whatever guilt feelings he had harbored. The very idea that a young man would dress as a girl, it was a thing that maybe no “real male” would even think of doing.

He spent a long time in the tub soaking up the pleasant, fresh, fragrance. Eventually, Leona came into the bathroom carrying a robe and mules. She grinned as she saw Langley blush, trying to hide the lower part of his body with a towel.

“You don't have to do that,” she said. “There's no one here but us girls.”

She felt so much in control, saying that. Even with Billie, she had always allowed him at least some privacy. However, somehow, after last night, she felt that this was no longer necessary. Now she knew four TV's all ready and she learned, quickly, how much they depended on her for assistance, acceptance, and...especially...discretion. So, why should she act coy? They better do and behave as I want them to, she thought...and the heck with their personal feelings and privacy. "Put this on over your nightgown," she said. "That will keep you modest enough until you get dressed after breakfast. Here, your panties are all ready dry." She left him, still blushing uncomfortably.

While drying himself, Langley enjoyed the feel of his smooth hairless limbs. He put on the quilted long skirted robe, over his bra, panties and nightgown. He decided to put on some lipstick and powder. When touching up his eyebrows, he became a little concerned about their terribly feminine appearance, but he soon forgot about this as he admired his girlish looks.

Bill was all ready dressed, in a skirt and sweater set, reading the Sunday morning paper. His hair was done in a ponytail, tied with a matching scarf. It struck Langley again, how absolutely feminine Billie looked, even in loafers and casual attire. His posture seemed so naturally girlish, with his legs curled under him.

Ann was setting the breakfast table in her morning uniform and apron. She curtsied politely and said, "Good morning, Miss Diana," in reply to Don's general "good morning, everyone". Leona was also present, reading a part of the fat newspaper, but, like Diana, still in robe and nightgown.

During breakfast, Leona outlined her plans for the day. "I'm giving Ann a half day off, so Diana can get the feel of what it means to be a girl. I'll even let Billie show you how to prepare the meals."

Don was hungry and could have eaten three times the amount of toast and cereal Leona allowed him.

“No, Diana; a girl always has to watch her diet. You want a neat, trim figure for the boys to admire, don't you?” Langley blushed again. She made him feel so feminine, saying that.

In the past, as a TV he had dressed to please himself, just wanting to look as closely as possible to his ideal of a beautiful girl. Now, he was made to realize that a girl really dressed and prettied herself to look attractive and seductive to the males of the species. Instead of the gaper, he would now be the gapee. He became even redder in the face with that thought, remembering how he had always stared at the pretty legs, swinging skirts and bulging bosoms of the girls. It was really a revelation for him to realize that he now belonged to the “opposite” sex, subject at all times to appreciative male glances.

Leona was watching him with an amused smile. Her psychology was working well, she noted. What, with her experience with Billie and Ann, she could make this one feel like a real girl in no time. She made everyone take the usual “vitamin” pill, telling Langley to take two, “You need all your energy today, Diana.”

When breakfast was over, Leona said to Arnold, who had entered to clean off the table, “Miss Langley will help you with the table and dishes. Then you may take the rest of the day off.”

Diana obediently rose and started to pile the plates. Billie watched him, being a little annoyed that he would be stuck now with some of Arnold's work for the day, just because of Diana's training. He decided to put up with it without complaint for Don's sake; maybe he'll find out that being a girl in not all fun.

Leona said, “You'd better get dressed, first, Diana, and then you can put on your apron for your housework.”

Don obeyed and went upstairs to dress. He put on the same dress as the previous night and carefully checked his make up. Finally, he was satisfied, and went downstairs to the kitchen. Soon, he reentered the living room tying the bow of his ruffled white pinafore in the back. Bill watched him with a little smile. He now began to realize that Mrs. Johnson's insistence on the boys wearing such a girlish, neatly starched apron was deliberate. No doubt she felt that it made them feel more feminine while doing their girlish chores. Certainly, the soft ruffled pinafores made them look girlish.

Diana seemed completely at home in his swinging skirts. The square neck of his pinafore contrasted attractively against the dark blue material and white piping of his stylish, pretty dress.

In the kitchen, Arnold showed Don what to do and how to do it, always politely addressing him as Miss Langley or Miss Diana. While Don was doing the dishes, he could not help noticing how efficiently and gracefully Arnold did his work.

"You have a real nice figure, Ann," Don said with a complimentary smile.

"Thank you, Miss Langley. It's the corset Mrs. Johnson makes me wear."

"Well, it sure does wonders. I would not mind having a small waist like you and Billie."

"Wait until you start wearing one, Miss Langley. It hurts too darn much, especially when I'm doing heavy housework. I've worn this one for three weeks, now, and it still pinches, pushes, and pains me," Arnold sighed.

"How did you become Mrs. Johnson's maid?" Don asked. "It's a long story. I put an ad in one of those magazines and she replied. I never realized how much hard and long work it is to be a maid."

"Still, it must be fun to be able to be a girl all the time," Don insisted.

“I thought so too...at first...but now I'm not so sure.” He wanted to add that he was practically a prisoner of Mrs. Johnson, but thought better of it. Maybe it was not wise to trust this houseguest too much.

Don remained silent, then, thinking about this. It still seemed fun to him...even if one had to earn his living being a domestic servant. On the other hand, there might be drawbacks. Little did he know that, a few months from now, he too would be a lowly full-time maid in some household.

Don's task soon took his mind off the subject. Finally, the dishes were done, and they straightened up the kitchen together. Meanwhile, in the living room, Leona had decided that now was the time to bring up the problem of Christmas with Billie. “Billie, dear, have you given any thought as to what clothes you will take home for Christmas?”

Bill looked up from his paper. He nodded, “Yes...I have.” He hesitated a little, fearing Leona's reaction. “I can't go in skirts, as a girl...my sisters will make fun of me...and I'll be laughed out of the house.”

“I think you're exaggerating. Maybe you could wear one of those cute pantsuits, if you insist on wearing trousers.”

“No...I HAVE to go in men's clothing,” Bill stubbornly insisted.

“But you no longer have your old clothes, dear...and, anyway, if you had, they would no longer fit you. I think you should admit to yourself that you're a girl now, and no longer hide it from your family. It's just not honest at all. You don't want to be a phony do you?” She looked Bill straight in the eye and he began to waver, just not knowing what arguments to use.

“But,” he started, “...I'm my mother's only son, and...”

“Most mothers prefer daughters,” Leona interrupted him, “and as for your sisters, they can't make fun of you.

You look too pretty and attractive for that. You just have to be your real self and you will find that your sisters will accept you for what you are...a real pretty, well dressed female, and a beautiful sister.”

Leona's mind worked like a computer. Should she force the issue...now? An idea occurred to her. Bill's figure and appearance was so feminine now that he could no longer hide the growing firm breasts and small waist. His face, also, was too softly girlish. Yes, she'd risk it.

“I'll tell you what...ask Diana if you can try on his men's clothes, you are about the same size,” she lied, knowing that Bill had lost so much weight that he would drown in Don's suit.

Bill's face lit up. “Yes, I would love to see myself in boy's clothes.” He blushed as he said it. It came out sounding so terribly feminine, just as though he were a real girl who wanted to dress up as a man for fun...and that while trousers were really his own natural attire.

Bill could hardly wait to ask Don. Finally Don came back from the kitchen, still in his white apron.

Leona greeted him, “Ah! There you are, young lady. Now, we'll go and inspect your room. I'll bet you have not even made your bed.”

As they were walking towards the hall, Bill asked Don, “Diana, could I ask a favor of you? I'd like to try on your suit; would you mind...please?”

Don turned. “Of course you may...but why the dickens would you WANT to?”

Leona interjected, “Billie has a silly idea that she wants to go home for Christmas in trousers”

“My family does not know that I dress as a girl now,” Bill explained lamely.

“Oh, boy,” Don exclaimed. “They're in for a pleasant surprise.”

“Pleasant?! That's what you may think. They'll probably think I'm some kind of pervert or something.”

Leona stopped right in her tracks. “Billie! Don't say such terrible things,” she demanded, in a hard tone of voice which Bill had not heard from her lately. “A nice girl does not use such uncouth terms...I won't have it. Do you understand?”

Bill blushed at the sharp admonition. Nevertheless, he stood his ground. With his hands on his hips, his shoulders back, his chin out in a challenging manner, he replied, “Well, it's so.” Leona looked at him in this provocative posture. His short sleeved sweater clinging closely to his soft figure, his skirts flaring smoothly from his hips around his knees, his feet firmly apart...yet so elegant in his high heels. The colorful scarf in his longish hair seemed to flutter as if sharing in his indignation.

Leona's eyes became soft. He girlish he looked. How pretty and pleasing his face was with his eyes sparkling with anger. She just swallowed an angry retort which would have put him in his place.

Yes, she'd let him find out for himself that he no longer could be a boy. It would hurt him, maybe, but it had to be done. “All right, dear,” she said, in a businesslike voice. “If it means so much to you, go ahead and try on Don's suit. Let's see how much of a man you are now.”

That took the wind out of Bill's sails. He calmed down immediately, his passive nature regained possession of him as he followed the other two into Don's room.

Leona picked up Don's socks, pants, shirt, tie, and jacket, giving them to Bill. “Here daughter, dear; have your little fling.” Bill took the pile and left for his own room.

Leona turned her attention to Don, “As for you, Diana, just look at the mess. If my daughter ever left it like this, she'd get a good spanking.”

So Don was put to work, making his bed, vacuuming the rug, dusting the room, not being allowed to stop until everything was in apple-pie order. She even made him

clean up the bathroom. Finally, everything was the way Leona wanted it. "Now we'll have some time before lunch. I'll teach you some needlework."

They went downstairs, Leona criticizing Don's posture and his walk, with Don trying his best to correct his faults and follow her instructions. Soon, Don was sitting on the couch, knees and legs modestly together, trying to master some simple embroidery. Leona smilingly watched him as he seemed engrossed in the new feminine activity. He was still wearing his fetching white pinafore.

Bill, alone in his room, rapidly divested himself of his sweater and skirt. Leona had not given him Don's underwear, so he had to wear his panties and slip. However he DID remove his corset. He first put on the white Arrow shirt, fumbling with the buttons, which close the "wrong" way now. It fitted loosely everywhere except across his chest. As he stood before the mirror he cringed as he saw the two firm prominences, which pushed the shirt out almost three inches. He cupped his breasts with his hands. They felt full and soft but unyieldingly feminine.

A burning fear crept up his spine. What had happened to him? Was he becoming a real girl in body, as well as mind? He pinched the flesh to prove to himself that it was really his own. Was it the corset which had pushed up and pinched the flesh for many months, until the fat deposits had settled permanently there?

He grabbed the pants and quickly pulled them up. Another shock awaited him. They were far too tight in the seat, while the waist was so loose that the belt did not even have enough holes on it to close.

He proceeded with knotting the tie slowly having to think and remember how to do it. He hoped it would help to hide the bulges. It did not. To the contrary, it made his breasts more pronounced, as the striped tie faithfully followed the curvaceous girlish contours. Next he put on

the jacket. It slapped around his frame, except at the hips, where it suddenly fitted tightly.

He went back to Don's room to get his shoes, but they were far too large to fit him, so he substituted a pair of his own girlish loafers. He again studied himself in the mirror and shook his head in disbelief.

Panic began to fill him. Seeing his ponytail wave prettily with every head movement, he ripped out the scarf. That made matters worse, as his long blonde curls now framed his face softly and made it look even more feminine.

White with shock, he went to the bathroom and, in desperation, wetted down his locks and combed them back until they lay flat on his skull. He also washed off all the makeup. All that was to no avail, as it made his soft facial features, long eyelashes and thin eyebrows even more obvious.

Tears started running from his eyes as the realization came that he looked precisely like a girl in boy's clothes. He put his face in his hands and started to cry...even harder, when he noticed that he had forgotten to take off his pretty charm bracelet. He unlocked it, trying to hold in the tears. In spite of his efforts, they turned to a flood when the thought occurred to him that he even behaved and cried like an unhappy, emotional female would.

He sat down in front of the mirror on a low bench. A thoroughly unhappy and disgusted girl, as he came to fully realize the truth; it was impossible for him to go home as a man. He was a girl...like it or not...and it would be a long, long time before he could even hope to become a man again...if, indeed, he ever could. He would never be able to hide his too well-developed bosom.

He sat there sobbing for a long time, trying to think of a way out, but he could find none. His figure and face were there to stay. He'd have to be a girl from now on, and his mother and sisters would find out about it.

Eventually, he stood up and slowly went downstairs. The trousers felt uncomfortable and itchy. His breasts, freed from the support of his corset, bounced and flopped loosely with each step. Becoming conscious of this made the tears come again. He wiped them off with the back of his hand before entering the living room. Leona and Don looked up.

Leona could barely hide her feelings of triumph as she saw the girlish figure looking ridiculous in men's clothing. He could never go in the streets like this.

Don, totally unaware of the depth of Bill's misery, started to laugh. "I hope I look more like a girl in girl's clothing than you look like a man when wearing trousers."

Bill started to cry again and rushed upstairs to his room. Leona followed him, finding him on the bed, face down, sobbing his heart out. "Come on, Billie, dear," she said, sitting next to him on the bed and petting his hair, "don't cry so. It's not the end of the world.

"I tried to warn you, but you would not listen to me. Now you've discovered for yourself that you're really meant to be a girl."

Bill, sobbing in misery, put his head on Leona's lap. "I can't go home like this," he managed to say between sobs.

"Of course, you can't...not in those terrible pants...but we can pack some pretty dresses for you to show off to your sister, so you can prove to them that you are a better dressed girl than they are."

Unfortunately, even the promise of pretty new clothes would not console Bill. He kept on shaking his head, repeating over and over again, "I can't...I just can't...not in skirts...I really can't."

Leona sat with him a long time, patting his back and trying to calm him down. "There...there...you get it out of your system, dear."

Feeling his frail figure shaking with sobs, she even felt a pang of her conscience for what she had done to this young man. He seemed so desperate.

It only lasted a moment, though. “After all,” she reasoned, “this is what he wanted to begin with. I just helped him a little bit.”

At last, Bill's sobbing diminished and he became calmer. “Now, dear, relax...come on, put on one of your pretty dresses. You look so nice in your own clothes...and I promise you can wear a pantsuit when you travel home.”

When Bill did not make any sign to get up, she added, “Life must go on, you know...you'll have to show Diana how to make lunch.”

With one last pat, she stood up and left the room. With a sigh, Bill stood up. Used to obeying his landlady, he started to remove Don's clothes, then hung them neatly in Don's room. He discovered that he was glad to get rid of those rough pants and jacket. He laced on his corset, noting how easily it closed in the back and how he was now used to its support; once again his breasts were held firmly up in place.

After putting on his stockings and slip he felt like his old girlish self again. He went to the closet wondering what to wear. He ended up choosing the old navy blue outfit with the prim white collar and cuffs...the one that had started him off on his career as a girl. He wondered if all this would have happened to him if he had never bought it.

Looking in the mirror, he realized that he still liked this demure stylish dress. It still did things for him. He used the portable hair drier, thinking to himself that he would have to wash and set his hair tonight if he was to be presentable tomorrow at the bank.

He carefully put on his makeup and tried to mask his red eyes as much as possible. Slipping his feet into his heels, and refastening his charm bracelet in place, he was

finally satisfied with his appearance. His hair was finally dry and he combed and brushed it into a ponytail again, tying it with a navy blue scarf. Then he went downstairs, a sadder but much wiser girl.

Leona smiled widely as he entered the living room. "There, dear, now you are my own daughter Billie again."

Don said, "That's a very pretty dress, Billie, where did you get it?"

"I bought it in Cleveland in a large department store. It wasn't very expensive."

"You both look very nice in your navy blue dresses," Leona commented.

"Do either of you girls feel hungry?"

Don nodded with conviction, "I am, Mrs. Johnson."

"Well, then, you girls had better get busy," she said, picking up her newspaper.

Don and Bill obediently stood up and left for the kitchen, leaving Leona with a fat smile of satisfaction, which reappeared as the girls returned a little later to set the table. Both appeared so cute and efficient in their matching white, frilly pinafores.

Billie moved confidently and completely naturally in her skirts, while Don tried to copy him. It was obvious that he, also, was beginning to get used to his new role and girlish clothes.

After lunch, with the dishes done, Leona suggested that they call Louise Hagers for a game of Bridge. Don immediately reddened, freezing in his steps.

"You mean like this?" he said, nervously fingering his necklace.

"Of course. She knows all about TV's, and Billie, so she won't bite you."

She phoned her neighbor, who arrived shortly afterward, looking, as always, like the best dressed woman in Newburgh. Leona introduced her new girl, "This is Diana...formerly Don...Langley."

“How nice. How do you do, Diana?” Mrs. Hagers responded, with her usual aplomb, smiling craftily at Don's embarrassed face and uncomfortable stance. “Did you pick that dress yourself?” Don nodded shamefully, “Yes, Mrs. Hagers”

“Hi, Billie,” Mrs. Hagers said, kissing him on the soft cheek. “I think this is your prettiest outfit, even nicer than the one you wore when we first met, remember?”

“Yes, Mrs. Hagers; thank you,” Bill replied politely. “I think you look gorgeous in that costume.”

Mrs. Hagers was very pleased with Bill's compliment as they expertly discussed the style and material.

Then everyone settled down for the game. Leona occasionally embarrassed Don when she remarked on his posture or reminded him to keep his legs and ankles nicely together. He still had an occasional tendency to sprawl like a man, especially when he was absorbed by the game. Towards dinner time, Leona said, “Why don't you stay for dinner, Louise, so we can play some more afterward?”

“I'd love it,” she replied. Billie started folding the bridge table, and chairs, showing Don where they were kept. “Come on girls; let's start dinner,” Leona ordered, leading the way to the kitchen.

They decided on a menu. Don was appointed to peel the potatoes, while Leona warmed up some chicken and rice soup. Billie was delegated to make a meatloaf.

Leona grinned when she saw Don automatically grab his apron even before Bill put on his. “When she's finished with the potatoes, let Diana serve some Sherry, Billie.”

While the meal was cooking, Bill helped Don put the glasses neatly on a tray, explaining that the glasses should never be filled completely. “According to ‘Emily Post’ Johnson, anyway, they should be only half full.”

He put some cheese on crackers and followed Don into the living room after having taken off his apron. Don served the wine, while Bill sat down busily disengaging his

charm bracelet, which had caught on the threads of his white cuff.

Don also took off his apron before sitting down, making Leona smile again, thinking that he must be constantly aware of his appearance...like a real girl.

Mrs. Hagers said, "Billie, the dark roots of your hair are beginning to show. You'll have to bleach it again. Your blonde hair looks even more attractive, now that it is longer."

"Yes," Leona agreed, "before he goes home for Christmas, we are going to give him the full treatment at Dorothy's beauty shop." Bill's face clouded. He was far from reconciled to the idea of having to go home in skirts. His mind never stopped searching for some solution, somewhere.

One thing he knew; he had to go home, especially after he missed Thanksgiving. However, the events of this morning had taught him that he could no longer pose as a man...and Christmas was only three weeks away.

He remained thoroughly unhappy and preoccupied the rest of the evening, no matter how Leona, Mrs. Hagers, and Don tried to cheer him up.

It was thirty minutes after 10 P.M. before Don came back down to earth and realized that his dream was coming to an end. He rose in a hurry, "Oh, no! It's late...I have to catch the 11:37 to New York."

"Well, there's plenty of time yet," Leona calmed him. "It's only a seven minute walk to the station.

"And how did you like your weekend as a girl? Do you think you want to be one all the time?"

Don hesitated briefly. "I can't go to work as a girl," he proclaimed, then adding, enthusiastically "but I would love to rent a room here."

"Well, Diana, you have been a good girl, today, and I have decided that you would fit in well enough here."

“You will take me then?” he asked blushing with excitement. “Yes, but only under the same conditions as Billie. I don't want to see you in pants at any time...and you'll have to learn all the chores and duties of a girl, including all the housework. Ann will be working for Mrs. Hagers full time, so there will be no maid and you'll have to do everything. Of course, in return, I will help you to become an attractive, accomplished, pretty girl. But, remember my speech yesterday...WHAT I SAY GOES. I expect complete obedience, deference, and respect to my authority at all times.

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson,” Don promised. He would have promised her the moon, if she had asked.

“Well, you think about it some more,” Leona advised, “then phone me when you can come, if you insist on going ahead with this. Now get upstairs and into your silly pants.

Louise Hagers and Bill had listened silently to the conversation.

Bill thought, “Well, at least Don has a chance to think about what he is doing, and he knows what it is going to be like. I never had that chance and had to obey and fall in line right from the moment of her discovery.”

A little later, Don came down, carrying his suitcases. “It's funny, to see you as a man now,” Mrs. Hagers said. “You look so much nicer as a girl.”

Don blushed, but could not help looking pleased just the same.

Leona grinned inwardly at his thin eyebrows and wondered whether anyone would notice.

Thanking Leona for her hospitality and the nice weekend, Don left the house, after shaking hands with Mrs. Hagers and Bill. That night, after they had retired, Leona came into Bill's bedroom wearing her long decollete pink nylon nightgown. She no longer bothered with a robe lately, feeling that Billie was her daughter now, and,

therefore, she had nothing to hide. "Billie, dear, you looked so unhappy all evening," she said, as she sat on his bed, taking his well manicured hand in hers. "I am so scared to go home as a girl," he admitted.

Leona was silent for a moment. "I guess I understand," she said, "but remember that first day at the bank? You were afraid then, and there was really nothing to it, was there?"

"Your mother and sisters love you, so with them it will be even easier to be yourself." She tried to flatter him into a better mood, "I'll bet you're even prettier than your sisters." Bill blushed...that's exactly what he had thought many times. "But, I...I'm supposed to be a man," he insisted weakly. His voice was thin, almost as if he was beginning to cry again, "and a lot of people know me in Cleveland."

"Now Billie, stop that. Don't be foolish, everyone here knows that you were meant to be a girl. I know it; Louise Hagers knows it; the people at the bank know it; and your boyfriend Hank is CERTAIN of it...I saw from the window how you kissed him and let him hug you that night of the square dance."

Bill became red as a beet just then. Lamely, he explained, "I just couldn't help it...I was doing it before I knew it." "Exactly," Leona responded, in a firm voice. "You had accepted yourself for what you are, a girl...and you acted upon that premise quite naturally."

"Remember how happy and relaxed you felt that evening? It made you even more beautiful and feminine and lovable. And this morning...you cried precisely like a girl would. A man would have been able to control himself and his tears. Dear, you have made me so happy with your pleasant company as my pretty daughter. I could not stand it, to see you ruin it all by trying to go back home in trousers. I just know that you would be unhappy dressed

as man. Anyway, you can't go that way...as you found out this morning.”

Leona fell silent for a moment, racking her brain for more arguments.

“You really should have written your mother all about your dresses long ago. Well, it's too late now, so please stop worrying. Accept yourself as you are, a VERY pretty girl...and a very nice one...in all ways. Now go to sleep dear. Pleasant dreams.”

She kissed him on the forehead and left the room, leaving behind her a becalmed boy in a pretty nightgown, more confused than ever about his own identity.

Christmas approached rapidly, as the next weeks passed uneventfully.

Arnold still worked for Louise Hagers two days week, who was completely satisfied with her work and services. “He's the best maid I ever had,” she told Leona, “willing, obedient, respectful, and he now looks perfect and works hard. All my friends are envious. I wish I could have him all the time.”

Leona wasted no time, “All right. You can have him for seventy five dollars a week, after I have trained Diana enough to take over.” That made Mrs. Hagers most happy, as she had also developed a certain feeling of attachment for this maid who was really a man.

On Saturday, Bill went shopping Leona. The bank had unexpectedly given him a small bonus.

When he gave the check to Leona as usual, she told him, “Let's use that money to get some presents for your family in Cleveland.”

Bill kissed her gratefully for her thoughtfulness. They bought some pretty lingerie, stockings and scarves for his sisters and a beautiful gold pin for his mother. They picked out a nice alligator wallet for his brother-in-law.

As they did some window shopping, admiring the nicely decorated windows, Leona noticed a beautiful, moss

green woolen pant suit in the window of a rather exclusive dress shop. "There, dear, that's just the thing for you to travel home in. Let's go in." She was absolutely certain that Bill would look completely girlish in it, pants or no.

Bill agreed that it was very smart, and he tried it on. The tight pants with wide bell bottoms fitted him "to a tee", confirming the fact that he now had a completely girlish figure, below, as well as above the waist line. He looked very attractive in the snug fitting jacket, with its matching fringed scarf.

Mrs. Johnson could see that he liked it as he stood before the mirror, so she insisted that he buy it.

"But, it's so expensive," Bill exclaimed, when he noticed that the price tag read \$75.00.

"That'll be my Christmas present for you, Billie," Leona said smilingly, "so don't worry about it."

Impulsively, Bill went to her, embracing and bussing her gratefully. "Thank you so much," he said, "it's beautiful." Leona held him tightly for a moment, being touched, as he rested his head on her shoulder in a girlish gesture of affection. Leona almost had tears in her eyes; she had not felt such an affection for anyone in a long, long time.

This warm feeling remained with Leona all evening, and she could not understand it herself. Was she becoming a sentimental old fool...a softie? After all these years, was there still something more to life than money and security and material possessions?

She even felt a pang of jealousy, knowing that he would go home to his real mother and family. She was preoccupied with these thoughts and feelings the next day also. What had this person done to her? And what had she done to him? Was he happier now? Or would he be a misfit the rest of his life...an "in between", neither one nor the other?

She finally managed to still the voice of her conscience, thinking that, after all, he HAD wanted to be a girl. She had not started it; he had. Still, the question continued to occupy her mind together with a feeling of concern. Would he have a terrible time at home? She had not meant to spoil his Christmas. The bank had given him seven days vacation to visit his family, which was nice, as he had not even been there a full year yet. Maybe she could make it easier for him...prepare the way? Yes! That's what she would do. That same evening, when Bill was at his dress making class, she penned a note to Bill's mother.

Dear Mrs. Cole:

No doubt you have heard from Billie about his landlady, so I should not be a complete stranger to you, I hope. The reason why I'm writing to you is to spare you a little surprise, and, hopefully, to make Billie's homecoming a little easier on him.

I have become very fond of your son, whom I have adopted almost like one of my own daughters. And I make no mistake when I write "my daughter".

I imagine that you will remember the time that Billie was dressed by his sisters to look like a girl some years ago. He apparently took a liking to those soft clothes, and this feeling has grown over the years, as he went through puberty and into adulthood. It became so strong, that after his years in the service, he could no longer resist the temptation of buying some lingerie and dresses for himself.

I discovered him in a dress one evening and learned that he secretly wanted to be a girl...or at least to dress like one. So, I helped him and now he has become a better person and a sweet, modest, pretty girl that any mother should be proud of.

Billie has helped me over my loneliness as a widow, and has given me a new lease on life. I love her almost as

my own daughter. I know that you will love Billie just as much as a girl, and I ask that you please make sure that his sisters also accept him and make it easier for him as their new sister. Billie is very sensitive and still somewhat unsure of himself, although he has lived completely as a girl, now, for over six months.

I enclose a photo of Billie, as he was dressed recently to go on a square dancing date. So, you can see that I do not exaggerate when I say that he is a really pretty girl.

Please consider your new beautiful daughter as a Christmas present from me to you.

Sincerely,

Leona Johnson

She let Ann take the letter to the mailbox right away, before she had a chance to change her mind. She sighed. Finally, that was off her mind. She felt a little better now, with no guilt feelings left. She had done all she could. She also decided not to mention this to Billie.

That evening she received a phone call from Don Langley, telling her that he had decided that he would very much like to become a boarder at her house. She could sense the anxious excitement in his voice.

With complete equanimity, she replied, "Well, if you're sure that's what you want, then you can come."

"My lease expires at the end of this month...but, if possible, I would like to come right away," Don said eagerly. "All right. Why don't you come Friday evening after work, and I'll see that your room is ready. It will be the same room you had last time."

With a short "Good night, Diana," she hung up.

The next day, Leona and Arnold gave the room a good cleaning, and Bill helped in changing the decor to a completely feminine style...as Leona had done with Bill's room.

Bill was amused with the fact that Mrs. Johnson now would have another girl to work on. He wondered how Don would take it. He had no doubt that he also would be send to the office in feminine undies, with his pockets sewn closed. Bill had only had to walk to the bank; he realized that for Don it would be much harder. He would have to commute to the city and be exposed to copassengers at the stations and the subway, as well as at his work and on the busy streets of New York City.

“I should have warned Don a little stronger,” he thought to himself. On the other hand, he knew that these things would constantly remind Don that he was a girl boarder, even as he had experienced. He finally shrugged his shoulders. There was really nothing he could do about it, anyway. Don's decision had been made and seemed final.

The weather had turned cold for several weeks, and, during the last week before Bill was scheduled to leave for his Christmas vacation, Hank had called, asking Billie to go ice skating with him. “There is a small pond in the memorial park and a whole bunch of kids are going,” he'd said.

Leona heard him discuss it and said, “Go ahead, Billie. It will be fun for you...you don't get very much fresh air.”

So, Bill accepted a date for the following night.

Leona said, “My girls loved to go skating and sledding, and they looked so divine in their short skating skirts.

“I'll bet I still have some of those clothes here,” she said, going to a storage closet, where a lot of old clothes were kept. Soon, she returned, beaming, carrying a bulky knit red turtleneck sweater with warm long sleeves, and a short, navy blue, pleated skating skirt.

Bill took it from her and held it in front of him. He shook his head doubtfully. This skirt was much shorter than any miniskirt he had ever worn. “This is too short for me,” he said, “I can't go in the streets wearing this. It's

immodest.” “Oh, come on, now. You've worn miniskirts before. With your panty girdle and those nice red pantyhose you have, you'll be absolutely adorable.

“Go ahead and try them on,” she encouraged, “you'll see how cute they are.”

Obediently, Bill went upstairs to his room to put the outfit on. He was a little curious himself how he would look in it. When he was ready, he studied himself in the mirror and had to admit that Mrs. Johnson was right. The bulky sweater hid absolutely nothing of his figure, while the high turtleneck framed his face nicely. The red color seemed to make his bosom even more prominent and eye-catching. Furthermore, the red tights made his legs and thighs equally appealing. He went downstairs to show off this exciting new look.

“See, what did I tell you,” Leona said with a big smile. Even Ann, who had been busy setting the table, said, “You look darling in it, Miss Billie.”

Bill blushed with the compliments.

“You'll have to take in the skirt, dear, and then wear that wide leather belt of the sweater to show off your nice, small, waist. Use the one with the gold buckle I bought you last summer. You know which one I mean?”

Bill nodded slowly, trying to get used to the idea that he would go out on a date in this abbreviated costume.

That evening, he took in the skirt. Sewing the seam neatly, he could not help thinking how strange it was that he, a boy, had a smaller waist than Mrs. Johnson's real daughters.

Also that evening, during dinner, while Arnold was serving the dessert, Leona told him that he was moving to Mrs. Hagers' full time. “She has a nice room ready for You,” Leona commented. “Miss Langley will move in with us and take over your work here,” she explained.

Surprisingly, Arnold did not seem to mind. He had established a nice relationship with Louise Hagers, who

seemed to appreciate his work. It would be easier, too. There would be only two persons in the Hagers' house, while the addition of Langley would have made four in the Johnson household.

“You can move your things tomorrow morning,” Leona told him. The next evening, Friday, Don arrived, carrying all his belongings in three suitcases. Bill opened the door to let him in, as Arnold had all ready moved over to Mrs. Hagers' house. “Hi, Billie...here I am,” Don greeted, grinning broadly. As Bill helped him with one of his suitcases, he said, “Well, I hope you'll be happy here...and don't say I didn't warn you.”

Don was too excited to even hear Bill's disclaimer. In the living room he greeted Leona politely.

“Good evening, Diana,” she replied. “I see that you did not waste any time coming here.” She could see, from the clock, that Don must have taken the very first available train after work. “You go on up, quickly now, and change into something more suitable. Hurry, because you'll be needed to help with dinner, like a good girl...Ann is gone.”

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson,” Don said placidly, then turned to lug his belongings up to his room. Bill, carrying the third suitcase deposited it in Don's room and then went to his own to change also...for the skating party.

Don decided to dress in a simple light blue, open necked, front buttoning blouse, and a tweed skirt, adding a poppit necklace and bracelet. He brushed his wig until it framed his face softly, and then did his eyebrows, powdered his face, and applied lipstick and nail polish.

He began to feel really girlish as he studied himself in the mirror with a satisfied smile. His legs really looked good in his brown leather heels. On his way downstairs, he bumped into Billie.

“You look very nice, Diana,” Bill said, really meaning it. Don way unable to reply right away, staring speechlessly at this dream of a girl, in her short, wispy,

pleated, flaring skirt, with the extremely dainty waist, and the red sweater displaying a voluptuous figure. His eyes roamed from the blonde hair, down to the shapely long slender legs in their red pantyhose.

Bill's hair was tied into a ponytail with a matching red scarf, the streamers resting gracefully over the front his shoulder. He blushed under Don's admiring scrutiny.

"I have a skating date this evening," he said, rather superfluously. Embarrassedly, he toyed with the gold buckle of the leather belt, which matched his shoes, and really accentuated that tiny circumference of his middle.

"You're just the greatest...the living end," Don finally managed to say.

Bill did not reply. He had seen himself in the mirror and he knew that this outfit could hardly be improved upon...and neither could his figure. Still, it gave him enormous satisfaction to see his own estimate confirmed in Don's eyes.

Downstairs, Leona looked at the two girls.

"If Hank does not absolutely flip over you tonight, he'll have to have his head examined," she told Bill with a big smile. It made him blush sharply, all over again.

Turning her attention to Don, "As for you, young lady, follow me to the kitchen, dear; there's lots of work to do."

"Do you want me to help?" Bill asked.

"One helpster in the kitchen is enough. Why don't you set the table and then begin packing for your trip home. You leave tomorrow, remember? Are all the presents wrapped?"

Bill nodded, "Except for one or two, which I can do tomorrow."

"Don't forget your appointment at the beauty shop at ten," Leona warned. "There is not too much time left, dear."

“All right, mother; I'll wrap them after I set the table, and then begin packing after I come back tonight,” Bill answered sweetly, leaving the room.

“Good! I'll help you pack,” Leona called out, thinking that she wanted to make sure that Bill took his prettiest dresses. In the meantime, Leona took Don in hand, and soon had him wearing his ruffled, white apron, standing in front of the stove. His face was red with the exertion of learning to cook a meal. His teacher had him rushing around until he began to feel nervous. Noticing this, she calmed him down, “Don't worry, dear, you're doing nicely for a beginner. Now you know there is a lot to learn before you're a full-fledged girl. Anyway, experience IS the best teacher...in no time you'll be able to make a decent meal for your boyfriends.

That remark made Don blush to the roots of his hair with embarrassment, with his realization that he was being trained to serve the stronger...male...sex, as was the proper role of a female.

Eventually, dinner was ready and Leona called Bill down, while Diana carried in the food. After Bill had scraped his plate clean, he complimented Don, “Not bad, Diana, for your first try.”

Don's face shined with pleasure.

Bill noted with amusement that Don had forgotten to take off his pinafore and how stained and rumpled it was. Apparently, he had wiped his hands on it, as well. He was surprised that Mrs. Johnson had not said anything about it. With him, she had always insisted in daintiness and immaculate, clean, and fresh aprons. Leona had other things on her mind.

She had been unable to banish the thoughts from her mind about Billie's going home. She thought about how she would miss his company over the holidays. She also was concerned for him, wondering whether it would be hard for him, and whether his family would talk him back

into trousers. She sighed. They could not...or could they? Well, there was really nothing she could do about it now. She had made him as girlish as she could, and for the rest, she just would have to hope for the best. Absentmindedly, she finished dessert, scarcely noticing how efficiently Diana cleared the table and served the coffee.

On the dot, at eight o'clock, the doorbell rang. Leona looked up as Billie went into the front hall to open the door. Then she noticed Don's messy appearance. "Oh, for goodness sake, Diana, look at you, how can you ever feel dainty like that. Hurry up and put on a clean pinafore."

Obediently, Don left the room to change. Meanwhile, Bill had opened the front door, still hesitant and self-conscious about his very brief skirt.

"Hi, Hank," he said with a smile. "You're right on time." "Hi, Billie," Hank returned, giving her a peck on the cheek. "I see you're all ready to go." Then looking at Bill from top to toe, he added, "Boy, are you ever ready. You look absolutely beautiful; you're the cutest chick in all Newburgh." Bill blushed, then turned, preceding Hank into the living room, with Hank's eyes glued to the girlishly exposed figure.

Just as Hank greeted Leona, Don came back into the room wearing a fresh ruffled pinafore, immaculately starched. He froze when he saw Hank and tried to withdraw beyond the kitchen door.

Leona saw him first, and said, calmly, "Come on in, Diana; I want you to meet Billie's boyfriend, Hank Fowler."

Don had no alternative but to approach the group, blushing deeply. He felt so terribly little-girlish in this frilly apron. Shaken with nervousness, he took Hank's offered hand.

"Hey! You have a strong handshake for a girl," Hank remarked, making Don nearly faint from the thought that he had been discovered.

Fortunately, it was a false alarm, as Hank continued, “Mrs. Johnson, where do you find all these pretty girls?”

“You'd never believe it, if I told you,” Leona answered with a fiendish smile. Bill blushed sharply; Don began to feel nauseous.

Bill was dismayed. “Why does she have to say such thing,” he thought. “She knows we cannot defend ourselves.”

Don just stood there, petrified, his hand in the little pocket of his apron.

Leona had to break the awkward silence, “Now, you kids run along...and have fun.”

Hank hesitated a moment. Looking at Don, he said, “Don't you want to come along, Diana? There'll be plenty of single boys who will be terribly glad to see you.”

Don stuttered, his voice almost boyish, “No...I...I...have no, uh, skating outfit. Thank you...anyway.”

Leona saved the day for Don, knowing that he was far from ready for such public exposure...yet.

“Diana hasn't finished her chores yet. And she had all ready planned to wash and set her hair tonight. You two go on ahead.”

Hank carried Bill's skates for him, and, hand in hand, the couple left the house.

“You are prettier each time I see you,” Hank offered. “I like this outfit even better than the one you wore to the square dance.”

Bill smiled sweetly, “Thank you. You're very handsome, yourself.”

And it was true, the two attractive young people, stiffly armed now, drew many admiring glances along the walk to the park. When they arrived at the skating pond, they saw that the Lions Club had arranged for special lights, benches and a refreshment stand. There was a festive atmosphere and dozens of fun loving boys and girls were enjoying themselves.

Hank, who had attended the local high school, seemed to know most of them, and Billie was introduced to many of Hank's friends...most of them young swains who were particularly eager to meet this very pretty girl. Hank led Bill to a bench and chivalrously knelt down to tie on his skates, saying, "I told you that you were the cutest chick around."

Bill smiled again, all the while desperately trying to keep his little skirt down as far as it would go...which was not very far. While he had skated before, he instinctively figured that, as a girl, he'd better act like he was less accomplished than his escort. He also soon found out that acting like he was off balance gave Hank all kinds of opportunities to hold him, to keeping him from falling.

Soon, Bill was used to his skates, and the couple, crossing arms, were gracefully skating around the mirror-like surface of the frozen pond. Bill noted that several girls were looking at him enviously, either for his handsome escort or the pretty outfit. The weather was beautiful, just under the freezing point, with little or no wind, and an almost full moon overhead.

Bill's cheeks became red as an apple from the fresh air and exercise. With the sparkle of enjoyment in his eyes, he made an eye-catching figure. His little skirt was swirling, and the scarf in his ponytail was trying to keep up with him, fluttering in the air behind his head. Movement on skates all ready tends to be more fluid and graceful than usual motion, but combined with Bill's recently acquired elegance and flair, he became the center of attention, as he tried a couple of figure-eights and fast turns, his brief little skirt flaring wide around his hips.

Some of the fellows started applauding and Bill modestly lowered his eyes and embarrassedly dropped a little curtsey. As he was approached by some of his admirers, he tried to avoid any confrontation and unwanted invitations by quickly skating over to Hank and

putting his arms around Hank's waist, showing that he was all ready taken for the evening.

One tough looking bearded hippy came over anyway, and asked for a turn around the pond. Billie refused, blushing. His unknowing suitor then requested for a date for the next evening. When Billie explained that he would be away, the man persisted, asking for a date when he would return.

As the man did not seem to take no for an answer, Bill looked helplessly at his escort, who promptly moved between them, saying “Scram, my dear fellow...she's mine.”

The man shrugged his shoulders and slowly turned away.

Bill smiled gratefully at hank. It made him feel even more completely feminine, realizing that he had had to rely on his escort for protection against males on the prowl. Hank's ego was, of course, inflated as he domineeringly put his arm around his date.

Later, it was decided that, with five other couples, they would go to the Grasshopper for some dancing.

At first, Bill objected, “I can't go in a public place in this outfit,” plucking at his short, short skirt.

However, Hank pointed to some of the other girls who were also wearing skating skirts, so he conceded and willingly let Hank lead him from the park toward Main street.

The kids had a great time dancing to the rock and roll music of the juke box. Many of Hank's friends cut in on him frequently.

Bill, by now, was so completely used to taking the girl's part that he followed easily and naturally wherever his partners led him. Still, he always felt more secure Hank's strong arms, even though he had gotten the habit of pressing Bill very closely and insisted on dancing cheek-

to-cheek. Bill still flushed everytime he felt his breasts pushing against Hank's chest and was constantly aware of the feminine sweet smell of his perfume which wafted around them and which his escort sniffed with appreciation.

The combination of all these experiences that evening had changed Bill completely. He no longer had any boyish thoughts left at all. He even found himself in the ladies room with one of the other girls, without even having given this a thought. He was quite used, now, to the bother of having to pull down his panty girdle and pantyhose and afterward checking to see that they were straight and neat.

The other girl, Nancy, said, "Your boyfriend, Hank, is sure falling for you, did you see how his eyes follow you everywhere?"

He paled a little. Heavens, he could not let that happen. What would he do?

But back at the party, he soon forgot his fears as he twirled around the room with Hank until everyone was tired and left for home. As they walked, stiffly armed, their hands intertwined, Bill told Hank about his trip to his home in Cleveland. Near Mrs. Johnson's house, Hank pulled a small package from his pocket.

"Here's a Christmas present for you, Billie."

Bill was terribly surprised.

"Oh, Hank, you shouldn't have done this. Thank you very much."

He started to unwrap it, but Hank quickly said, "No! You have to put it under the Christmas tree...so you'll think of me when you're in Cleveland."

Bill felt a new strange sensation towards his escort. He could not analyze what it was. It seemed more than just friendship, something a girl might feel being with a strong handsome male...a sense of deference, of belonging. His thoughts were rudely interrupted when he felt Hank

grabbing him by the waist and initiating a clinch of major proportions.

Billie was no longer in control of herself. As if under hypnosis, she felt herself throwing her arms around Hank's neck and lifting her face, offering her sweet lips for the caress she knew was coming. As contact was made she found herself kissing Hank back with conviction, while stroking his hair in the back. She felt her small frame and soft flesh being crushed against Hank's hard chest, as she was literally swept off her feet in a moment of perfect bliss.

Bill felt so completely girlish, passive, and natural at his submission, that his usual feelings of disgust never materialized. There was only a completely feminine feeling of delicate, helpless surrender, until she almost blacked out.

It was only after he had closed the door and was in the hall, trying to catch his breath, that he realized what a new experience he had undergone. Heavens! He had really BEEN a girl that time...indeed, the whole evening. He shuddered a little, when he felt how his nipples were erect and sensitive, his bosom heaving with agitation. Had Mrs. Johnson completed her work? Was he really a girl in body and soul AND mind? Was he experiencing all the emotions and feelings of a female and reacting as one?

He stood there for a few minutes, leaning against the wall and blushing fiercely with the idea. He wiped his lips, like there was poison on them, thinking about that terrible situation and the strange and shameful feelings he'd had. That's where Leona found him as she came from the living room.

"I thought I heard something," she commented.

"Did you have a good time dear?" she asked, giving him a searching look. She sensed that something was wrong.

Bill, unable to speak coherently just nodded as he kissed her on the cheek. He was upset and confused about the things that were happening to him, those feelings that had overpowered him and had so strangely excited him.

He was quiet and silent the rest of the evening, even though both Diana and Leona tried to pump him about his outing. He did show Hank's present to Mrs. Johnson, saying that he was to open it on Christmas.

Leona was obviously pleased, although she was dying to hear more about her stepdaughter's date.

Don just listened. He had his hair in curlers, not wearing his wig. His face had obviously received special treatment, because with the skillful makeup and soft peachy complexion, his face was still completely girlish. Bill saw that Don's eyebrows had been thinned again, this time quite noticeably, and he was also wearing false eyelashes. It was amazing to see the new boarder sit there quietly, trying to do some needlework. There was absolutely no remaining sign of the sprawling, restless, aggressive young man.

Seeing that Bill looked a bit peaked and tired, Leona said to him, "You'd better go to bed, dear. Tomorrow will be a hard day, and then there's that long overnight bus ride. You want to look your best when you arrive home."

Bill nodded listlessly and stood up.

"We might as well all retire," Leona added as she, too, arose.

Don stood up obediently and also went to his room.

In a daze, Bill took off his skating outfit, carefully hanging up the dainty, short skirt and sweater. It all seemed so odd as he put on his pink nylon nightgown and cleaned off his makeup for bed.

Sleep did not come easily that night. That strange feeling of being "dated" was still with him...an emotion he dared not analyze, nor could he decide whether he had

liked the experience or hated it. At last, he fell into a troubled slumber.

The next morning, Leona awakened her girls. She supervised Don's dressing, scolding him for having forgotten, again, to rinse his lingerie. She sent him down, dressed in the same skirt and blouse, to start breakfast. Then she went to her "daughter's" room for Bill.

"Good morning, dear...better get up. We have to pack yet."

Obediently, Bill set up on the side of the bed, not even noticing or caring that his short gown exposed his hairless thighs, or that Mrs. Johnson was studying him. When he saw her looking around, he said, "I have all ready packed some things. Those are the suitcases I will take."

"Well, you go ahead and get ready," Leona directed. "I'll pack the rest for you."

She took Bill's nicest underwear, his spare corset, a few nice lacy bra's, and several pair of shoes. She also grabbed some of his favorite scarves, stockings, panty girdles, blouses and skirts.

When Bill came from the bathroom in his negligee, he began to dress. It did not bother him at all that Leona was there while he put on his panties. He felt himself so completely a girl, that he never even gave a thought to the fact that she might see his extra equipment. Nor did Leona pay any attention. As far as she was concerned, her new daughter, Billie, just did not have any unnecessary appendages.

After Bill had dressed in his blue sweater and skirt set, he began to do his makeup.

Leona suggested, "Why bother, dear...the beauty shop will give you the works...just put on some lipstick."

Bill complied, and started to comb his hair. It did not even occur to him that only a few months ago he would have been dead scared to go in the streets without his

cosmetic aids. Now he knew it no longer mattered, everyone would know he was girl, anyway, makeup or no.

“Which dresses do you want to take, dear?” Leona inquired.

Together, they went to the closet, which was quite filled. Bill picked his old navy blue with the white collar and cuffs, his two cocktail dresses, two jumpers for daytime wear, and several street dresses. Leona watched with a smile as he lovingly folded them and neatly put them in the suitcase as if he had travelled in dresses all his life.

“You'll have to remember to iron or press them before you wear them, dear,” she reminded him. “I want your appearance to be perfect...you hear?”

“Yes, mother; I will,” Bill said, placidly.

Finally, they were ready and the suitcases were locked. It's a good thing that girl's clothes are so much lighter, Bill thought, finding that he could easily carry them. Each carrying a bag, they went downstairs, where they found Don, in the dining room, his face red and pinafore smudged, trying to pour the batter onto the waffle iron, spilling quite a bit in the process.

“It's almost ready,” he offered, “I was just going to call you.”

“You need a lot more practice, young lady. Just look at the mess you're making.” Leona decided not to say anything more. Don did seem to be trying as hard as he could...what more could she really expect, this soon.

After breakfast, they left Don to clean up. “When I come back, I want the downstairs all dusted and your own room in tip top shape,” Leona instructed.

At the beauty shop, it was quiet, and both Leona and Billie could be helped immediately. “Make us look our best for the holidays,” Leona requested. “Billie's hair needs bleaching again.

“Let's see, what style would you prefer, dear...that ponytail you've been sporting CAN be improved upon.”

Pointing to an advertising picture on the wall, she commented, “That style would look good with your oval face; it's a little more sophisticated and fitting for your age.”

Bill found the hairdo quite attractive, and readily agreed.

They were seated in adjoining cubicles for the washing and drying procedures. Occasionally Leona would loudly make a remark to Bill, such as, “You did not forget to pack your nightgowns, did you, Billie?” and other similarly embarrassing to him, since it was certain that the other customers were hearing every word that was spoken. Bill answered in monosyllables.

It was after noon, when they were finally ready. Billie was last, as his makeup also received professional attention. When he was released from his chair, he had to agree that he looked strikingly beautiful, with curled eyelashes and an absolutely unmarked, soft, peachy complexion and his lips cherry red with a new shade of lipstick.

Leona smiled happily, “I could not have done better, myself.”

Bill's hair was now parted in the middle, with softly curled flips framing his face beautifully.

“Your mother and sisters will love you like this,” Leona exclaimed.

This reminded Bill, again, of the difficult confrontation ahead of him, and morosely he paced alongside Leona, who kept on spouting small talk all the way back to the house.

As they entered, they found Don vacuuming the rug in the hall. Leona was happily surprised. “That's what I call initiative,” she said, by way of compliment. “I guess you finished the chores I gave you to do?”

Don nodded, “Yes, Mrs. Johnson.”

Directing her attention to Bill again, she directed, "All right, Billie, you go get dressed. Diana and I will have lunch ready in fifteen minutes."

In his room, Bill doffed his skirt, sweater, and slip and neatly stored them away. Then, he put on a nice nylon one-piece combination slip, which covered his well-filled bra with fragile lace. The straps were also of lace, and the pretty garment fitted him perfectly without a wrinkle anywhere.

Next, he pulled on the trousers of his new pantsuit and zipped them closed at the side. They fit snugly over the hips and waist, and especially tightly over his bottom. Bill liked the sleek feeling of the lined pants brushing against his nylons. A simple back buttoned white blouse with a jewel neck fitted neatly over the pants. Over that he zipped up the jacket and threw the scarf loosely around his neck, covering the nice, simple, pearl necklace. He added a charm bracelet on his left wrist and then some perfume in all the usual places. Finally, he went to the mirror.

He studied himself, one hand on his hip, the other adjusting his hair over his scarf. He was satisfied. Yes, he looked very pretty, indeed. Here he was, in trousers, and still he looked all girl. There was no trace of boyishness to be detected. With mixed feelings, he went downstairs.

Leona smiled as he entered the living room. "That's my girl...all ready to travel." She studied him from top to bottom; from his nicely manicured red fingernails to his soft, perfectly made up face.

"I think you should put on those gold loop earrings," she said, "they'll complement your blonde hairdo and give that final touch."

Bill had deliberately omitted putting on earrings, not wanting to call the attention of his sisters to the fact that his ears were pierced. However, he knew better than to argue and obediently went back upstairs to put the cute, thin rings into his earlobes.

With a small package in his hand, he went back downstairs. He handed it to Leona. “This is from your stepdaughter, to put under the tree,” he offered, smilingly, “hoping that you'll have a nice Christmas.”

Leona was touched. “Thank you, dear. The last few years I have not had a tree, but now I think I will again buy one. It really is too bad you won't be here to enjoy it with us.”

She looked at her watch, then said, “It's time to go, dear, we'll walk you to the bus station so Diana can help you carry one of the suitcases.”

Don turned red. “I can't go out there in a dress,” he protested.

“Of course, you can,” Leona stated firmly. “You are a girl now, and you have to start sometime, to show the world your new self.”

She handed Don one of Billie's cloth coats and showed him how to tie a scarf over his hair. She studied him carefully, and seeing nothing amiss, pushed him out the door.

Bill could not help smiling at Don's terrified glances up and down the street, to see whether anyone was there to see him. They started to walk. Four little girls and a small boy were playing in the street. They looked at the threesome, but saw nothing of interest, so they resumed their playing. Don sighed with relief.

When they passed the Hagers' house, both Mrs. Hagers and Ann came running out. “We want to wish you a Merry Christmas and a good trip, Billie,” Mrs. Hagers said. They each handed present to Bill.

“Why, thank you very much,” Bill responded, blushing from the sudden surprise. He kissed Mrs. Hagers and almost did the same to Ann, stopping just short of it, when he saw Arnold's uncomfortable expression. He settled for an awkward handshake, not noticing Leona's grin at the mutual embarrassment of the two make-believe girls.

“Good bye,” Mrs. Hagers and Ann shouted, as the trio resumed their walk toward Main Street. “Have a nice Christmas home.”

With Leona in the middle, they stepped onward, giving Don a chance to calm down a bit, and get used to the idea of being in the streets as a girl. He sure needed that, because soon they were turning the corner onto busy Main Street. Don trembled as he was exposed to so many people glancing at him. With great effort, he tried to control himself, walking as elegantly as possible...erect, with small the steps forced upon him by the narrow tweed skirt. The short walk to the bus station...in the busiest part of town...seemed miles to him.

At the bus station, the vehicle was waiting. Bill would have to change in New York, at the Greyhound station, to a direct run to Ohio. Bill checked his luggage, keeping his brown leather shoulder bag. Leona watched him closely. He looked so pert with his feminine figure in the sleek green pantsuit.

Then they said goodbye. Leona kissed Bill firmly. “I’ll sure miss You, Billie,” she said. “Please write s soon as you can, and tell me how things turned out.”

Bill could see that she was sincerely concerned and felt strangely touched and pleased.

Just then the driver shouted, “All aboard.”

Bill hurriedly gave them a goodbye kiss and entered the bus. He blushed fiercely, when the realization struck him that he had girlishly kissed Don also. He noticed from his window seat that apparently it had caught Don by surprise, as, fortunately, he did not show any signs of embarrassment.

The bus drove away, leaving Leona and Don waving until it turned the corner, taking Bill to an uncertain fate at his destination.

Leona sighed, then turned to her skirted companion, “Well, at least I have you to keep me company over the holidays. Nevertheless, you'll have to learn an awful lot before you become like my Billie.”

“I'll do my best, Mrs. Johnson, honest I will,” Don replied, just a little annoyed at the way she had said that.

On the way home, they bought a small Christmas tree, which she let Don carry home. It will give him something to do, so he'll forget he is dressed as a girl, she thought.

As usual, her insight was correct; Don was actually thinking how pleasant it would be to have Christmas in someone's home, with a real tree. Last year, he had been all alone in his apartment and he had come to know that there is nothing more terrible than to be lonely and left out on such family holidays, which everyone else enjoyed and shared with their loved ones.

Leona was also silent and in thought. This would be the first time she had bothered to get a tree since her daughters had left home. It would be nice and she was grateful to Bill for having suggested it. Somehow, she felt that she had returned to real living and caring. Even the company of this boy, posing as a girl would be nice. Maybe she should give a little party Christmas eve. Yes, it had been a lucky day when she took Bill Cole into her house. She attributed all her warm feelings to him. “He's a cute doll...I hope that he will make out all right at home,” the mused.

They stopped at another store to buy some tree trimmings and ornaments. On an impulse, she bought two attractive Christmas corsages and pinned one on the lapel of Don's coat.

“There. Now you're a real Christmas girl,” she said, with a broad smile.

To Don, the little bit of green with a silver bell and red ribbon was an extra touch of femininity, and he blushed with pleasure.

When they arrived at the house, both Leona and Don knew that he had forgotten completely about his skirts; he had passed easily as a girl. Leona decided that he could go outside again anytime she pleased.

At home, Leona soon had Don in his frilly pinafore, helping to make dinner. She was pleased with his willingness to learn and his desire to please her. While Don did most of the work, she talked about the party she was planning for Christmas eve.

"I think it would be nice if we dress up," she speculated, "I'll ask Mrs. Hagers to let us borrow Ann and I'll ask eight or ten of my friends...if I can get them on such short notice."

"Mrs. Johnson, I have no evening dress," Don remarked.

"Well, maybe I can find an old one of my daughter's...or maybe you'd like to go shopping for it tonight? We can still make it if we hurry through dinner."

Don hesitated. He would really love to go and buy an evening gown, especially with Mrs. Johnson to help him choose, but would he dare? "Do you really think I can do it?" he asked in an uncertain voice.

"Of course you can," she said. "We'll make sure you look your very best...but, do you have the money? A dress like that costs a lot."

"Oh, yes. I have some money saved. I also would like to buy a present to put under the tree for Ann."

"That's very thoughtful of you...and it reminds me...I have to get something for Mrs. Hagers, so let's hurry."

As she supervised Don setting the table, she could not help smiling at the way he moved and looked...so girlish. He all ready knew where the things were kept and even though in a hurry, he remembered to take small steps. His arms were forced away from his body by his bosom, and he was seemingly completely unaware of his skirts...as though he had worn them all his life. He was no longer

PLAYING a girl, he was trying to really BE one. “He must have a lot of inborn femininity,” she thought, “just like Billie.”

After dinner, she helped Don with the table and the dishes making sure that he took his two “vitamin” pills. “You have busy days ahead of you, and we must keep your pep up,” she told him, when she reminded him to take them. Silently, she hoped that with the double dose, she could speed up the process and get him some feminine outlines in a shorter period of time. “I’ll see whether he can catch up with Billie and Ann,” she thought.

When they were ready, she told him, “Now go and put on a pretty dress, quickly, Diana. I’ll help you with your makeup as soon as you have changed.”

Don rushed upstairs, excited with the idea of buying an evening gown for himself. As it was cold outside, he decided to wear a long sleeved, light beige, woolen dress. It had a round, jewel neck and a princess style with an up-to-date short skirt.

“That’s a really pretty dress, dear,” Leona complimented, as she began to do his makeup. “It needs some color, though. Wait, I have just the thing.”

She brought out a green, brown, and red silk scarf, which she draped around his neckline and fastened with a pin. Then she gave him a wide gold colored bracelet and matching earrings. She tried to tighten the belt of the dress, but found that it was all right as tight as possible. “You’ll have to lose some weight quickly, dear, and start wearing a corset, too. A narrow waist is so becoming on a young girl.”

Leona put on her fur coat and gave Don the same coat and scarf that he had worn that afternoon. It just covered the skirt of the dress and looked very nice. She also gave him a handbag for his money and said, “Let’s go.”



Having been outside earlier in skirts, Don followed her obediently out the door. Main Street was crowded with last minute shoppers, nevertheless, he remained fairly calm, until Leona led him into a fashionable dress shop. He glanced up and down the fairly crowded shop, as though he were a shoplifter.

Leona paid no attention, but walked right up to a clerk and said, "We want an evening dress for this young lady."

The shop girl, blonde and heavily made up, and in her mid-thirties, showed them to the rack full of shimmering long gowns. There were several that appealed to Don. He finally settled on a light green taffeta dress with a low, square neckline, and a selfbelt, with a bow accenting the waist.

"You can try it on in there," she directed, pointing to a small cubicle closed by a curtain.

Don froze.

Leona, seeing his consternation, took the dress and, with a strong grip, pushed him

into the little dressing room.

Once there, Don had no alternative but to take off his dress under the eyes of Leona and the clerk.

Seeing his slip, the girl advised, “She needs another bra and slip with this dress, so the straps won't show.” She left them for a few moments, then returned with the two items, not knowing that Don was near panic at the thought that he would have to take off his bra and risk exposure of the falsies.

Fortunately, Leona interceded, “I'll help her with the dress, dear, you go ahead and take care of the other customers.”

Don sighed with relief, and Leona helped him hook the strapless, longline bra, then put in the falsies.

“Too bad that you still need these,” she remarked.

Don blushed sharply, thinking, “What the dickens did she mean by that?”

The dress was carefully slipped over his head, as he put his hands out through the little cap sleeves. When she tried to zip it up, it would not close at the waist.

“You'll have to wear a corset with this dress. We'll borrow one of Ann's, then next week we'll get some expressly or you, made to measure.”

Meanwhile, Don was trying to get used to the strange feel of his long ankle-length skirts, which rustled sibilantly every time he moved. Holding the dress closed in the back with one hand, Leona led Don toward the long mirror. A smile of delight lit up his face. It was a beautiful dress, and he looked so wonderfully feminine, with the low exposed neck and the long skirts swirling around his ankles.

“Do you like it?” Leona asked.

Don nodded, speechless from the experience, and blushing that he...a male...would admit to liking an evening gown for his own wear.

“Good.

“We'll take it,” she announced to the sales lady, who had just rejoined them and remarked how beautiful it was on this young lady.

It was duly wrapped in a box while Don finished redressing. He had some difficulty draping the colorful scarf around his neck, and finally had to ask Mrs. Johnson to help him pin it.

While they were there, they also bought some matching green evening slippers, and Leona insisted that he also needed long, white kid gloves. They had some difficulty finding Don's large size, but ultimately succeeded, albeit with a tight fit.

"They make your arms and hands look so delicate," Leona remarked.

To Don, who had never worn any over-the-elbow gloves, it was a strange sensation, yet somehow pleasant, and he was glad that Mrs. Johnson had suggested them. At that moment, Don had never felt so delightfully feminine!

THE END of part two

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