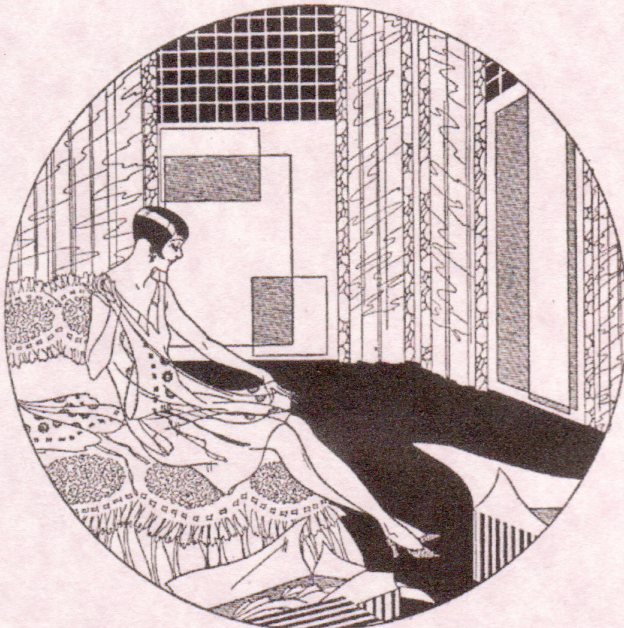


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THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY

VOLUME THREE



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APARTMENT OF FEMININITY III

By
Sandy Thomas
& Alice

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APARTMENT OF FEMININITY III

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOK THREE
BY SANDY THOMAS

Loaded down with the packages, they still had to do some gift shopping. Don wanted to buy a little gift for his landlady, so, as he entered a jewelry store, he said, "I'll be out in a minute, Mrs. Johnson," intent that she not find out what her gift would be.

"All right," Leona responded, smiling. "Meet me in the restaurant across the street. We'll have some coffee and cake there."

Now inside the store, Don found himself facing an eager young salesgirl, having completely forgotten that he was dressed as a girl. It was suddenly brought back to his attention when the clerk asked, "Can I help you, miss?"

He almost went into a state of shock, and barely controlled a strong urge to run as fast as he could out the store. The fact that several other people had come in after him, making an exit difficult, helped him recover his composure. He managed to stammer, in a small voice, "Can I look around for a gift?"

"Of course," she replied, then turned to another customer.

Her kind face did much to put Don at ease, at least for the moment. He put his packages down on the counter, and soon found a nice gold brooch for Mrs. Johnson. For Ann, he chose a silver bracelet in fine filigree. Nervously, he fumbled with his handbag to take out the money. Today had made a very substantial dent in his savings. He almost fainted as he remembered that his man's wallet

would be visible to the girl, but she did not seem to notice, although she looked several times at Don because of his nervous movements.

Finally, the packages were giftwrapped and Don stuffed them in his handbag. With a “thank you” he left, feeling glad that he got out of the store, but at the same time being rather elated that he had passed completely as a girl. It helped him over the next hurdle...finding Mrs. Johnson in the crowded restaurant.

Fortunately, he located her at a table in the back, and, blushing, he tried to ignore the admiring male glances as he walked past the bar toward her. He put the packages on a chair, his handbag on the floor, and started to sit down.

“You'd better take off your coat, dear; it's warm in here,” Leona suggested.

Don nervously obeyed, hanging the coat over the chair, behind him. Remembering to smooth his skirt below him, he sat down, constantly aware of the people at neighboring tables staring at him.

Leona noted that Don seemed terrified, as he toyed nervously with the brightly colored scarf, which made the dress so elegantly attractive. She began to wonder if she'd been too much in a hurry, taking him into the streets like this. After all, Billie had spent two months in training before she took him out in full daylight. Don had only been in her home two days. He was not yet fluid enough; his movements were nervous and jerky. Still, he had seated himself correctly, his knees and legs neatly together, his hands in his lap. She saw that people around them had stopped looking, except for an occasional flirtatious glance from one of the young males. She wondered whether a crash program might be a much faster method to feminize Diana. It was either sink or swim this way, and the subject would have to try that much harder to be a girl.

She grinned as she watched him sit there so shyly, his face flushed, his eyes . There was no running away from it. He just HAD to face the world as a girl in a pretty dress, exposing his shapely legs under the short skirt.

“What are you thinking about, Diana? You're so quiet.”

“I'm scared? and it makes me nervous,” he replied softly. “Suppose someone finds out?”

“As long as you behave like a girl, no one will ever believe that you're a man,” she replied. “Take it from me, you look very attractive, and that scarf really dresses up your nice outfit; it gives it distinction and flair. You look much too pretty to be a man. You must train your mind to think like...and believe that you are...a girl, now. Forget that you were ever anything else. Then, you will automatically begin to act in a naturally feminine manner, just as Billie does.”

She felt confident thinking that having to go to work as a man would be a handicap in Don's training. No matter how much lingerie she made him wear underneath his trousers, it would still make him feel different. She sighed at the undeniable fact that it was far too early to get him to work as a girl. Still, it would not do any harm to think about it and try to line up something for him here in Newburgh. Could she possibly get him apprenticed at Dorothy's beauty shop?

They finished their cake in silence, each busy with personal thoughts. Don had become a little more relaxed, having something to do. He might not have been, had he known what Mrs. Johnson was planning for him.

Then Leona mentioned the Christmas Eve party, “Too bad it's going to be an all hen affair,” she said, mentioning the names of several of the ladyfriends she was going to invite. “I'll ask Mrs. Hagers if I can borrow Ann, so you won't have so much to do in your new dress,” she offered.

Don's face showed some worry about the prospect of being exposed to so many strange women, but he was too shy to mention it.

Apparently, Mrs. Johnson thought that he was good enough to pass as a girl. After all...here he was, sitting in a crowded restaurant, wearing a brightly colored dress, and everyone was accepting him as a girl. He could not suppress a satisfied smile, which Leona was quick to notice.

"There...that's a good girl...a smile always becomes a young lady; it makes her prettier."

Leona let Don pay the bill and they left for home, Don too occupied with his load of packages and his handbag to give much thought to his skirts.

Before retiring, they trimmed the Christmas tree together. Leona was in a happy mood; and Don readily caught the Christmas spirit, what with the pungent pine resin stirring fond childhood memories of brightly colored decorations and shiny trimmings. As the final touch, they wrapped some gifts and placed them under the tree.

When they retired, Leona had not forgotten the need for a corset.

"You'd best get used to it right away, so you won't be too uncomfortable on Christmas Day," she advised. "The first days are the worst, and you can't wear your pretty formal without it."

She went to Ann's room and soon came back with one of Billie's old corsets. She wasted no time lacing Don into it. Because his figure was all ready slender, she managed to lace it nicely closed.

"How does it feel?" she asked, leading him toward the mirror.

"It is terribly tight," he replied.

Then looking into the mirror, "but my figure certainly has improved. It's worth some discomfort," he added, cheerily.

“You'll probably think differently tomorrow, but, if you keep that spirit and attitude, you will be able to stand it without too much trouble.”

Putting her hand light on his hair, she said, “You're a good girl.”

Don flushed with the way she said that. It sounded so definite and sincere, as if he really WAS a girl...and the mirror certainly reflected a completely feminine torso with all the bulges in the right places.

Leona helped slide his long blue nylon nightgown over his head and tucked him into bed, like he was a little girl.

“Good night, Diana,” she said, as she smilingly left the room, thinking the even a grown man enjoyed some mothering now and then.

Don suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to rinse his lingerie. Quietly, he stepped out of bed and did this as quietly as possible.

Leona was still in a good mood when she entered his room the next morning.

“How did you sleep, dear?” she asked, finding him in bed, his eyes open.

For a moment there was shock in Don's face as he noticed that she was in her revealing nightgown, without a robe. Then it occurred to him that she must be thinking of him as a girl, and he tried to hide his blush, while he climbed out of bed, his face strained.

“I did not sleep too well,” he admitted, his hands painfully rubbing his waist. Then, taking off his nightgown in front of the mirror, he added, “but, I guess it's worth the pain...if it doesn't last too long.”

“It won't,” she lied, admiring his trim waist and stroking her hands lovingly over his nicely curved hips.

“Good,” she commented.

“Today, we'll also start electrolysis treatments. They're uncomfortable too, but we might as well get all the

unpleasant things over at one time. Besides, you'll be happy with a smooth, hairless face, I'm sure.

“Now, if you'll get dressed and straighten out your room, you can start breakfast,” she told him as she was leaving the room.

Don decided to dress in his blue cotton shirtwaist dress with a demure Peter Pan collar, as he knew he would have to do housework. When he had brushed his hairpiece and done he makeup, he dusted the room, made the bed, and straightened out the room and the bathroom. Satisfied with the orderly look, he went downstairs feeling and moving completely like a girl. His steps were small and his posture attractive, thanks to the discipline of the tight corset.

It became more painful after he had breakfast, but when he saw in the mirror how nicely his bosom bulged under his pinafore, from the narrow waist, softly rounded and natural, he decided to try his best and think about something else.

Leona made sure he had something to think about, putting him to work with a vengeance. Although she noticed from his face that he was in pain, she ignored it and made him do everything that was necessary, mopping floors, waxing, vacuuming; cleaning the house from top to bottom. Mopping the bathroom with his tight corset was no sinecure. When Leona saw his pain-contorted face, with beads of perspiration appearing on his brow, she smiled at him.

“You're a brave girl. Remember, in a few days, you won't even know you are wearing it...and this week, we'll get you some made to your own measurements. They'll be much easier to get used to. Here, let me measure you.”

Don stood straight, with his arms in the air, as Leona ran the tape across his chest and waist and then measured the length she wanted, jotting down the figures.

She was surprised at his measurements: 34 -27-33. "He must have soft bones," she thought, "being able to be laced down to 27 inches."

In her mind, she decided that with this one she would experiment and see how far she could get his waist down. With the "vitamin pills", she knew that getting the other measurements up was easy. She could not help smiling at the idea that, in a few months, this boy's figure would be so feminine that there would be no hiding or turning back. He would have to be a girl or the rest of his life, whether he wanted to or not. Yes, she would have his first corset made to 25 inches and order two more with 23 inch waists for later.

She spent the morning on the telephone, inviting her friends for dinner on Christmas Eve. Fortunately most of them, being unmarried or widows, had no prior engagements. Six accepted. All expressed enjoyment at the idea of dressing up in formals. When she talked to Louise Hagers, she asked whether she could borrow Ann, to which Mrs. Hagers happily agreed, saying that she was looking forward to the dinner party.

"Well, we're all set for tomorrow night, Diana," Leona announced. "Now we have to finish with the house, as tomorrow we will be too busy dressing, preparing for the dinner and making snacks, with Ann's help."

So Don was put to work, again, after lunch. Leona made him wash the windows on the inside. Don was at first embarrassed to expose himself in his flowered apron, but there were few passersby. Soon, he was so involved in his task that he forgot all about his exposure, until Ann came by carrying two large bags with groceries. She smiled a greeting.

Finally, the work was done, and Don had just about had it. Leona saw that he looked pale, his face strained. "You take a nice long bath, now, dear. You've earned it.

Then we'll make dinner together, and, after that, you can do the ironing and we'll both set our hair.”

It was a dead-tired girl who tumbled into bed that night. Don fell asleep almost immediately, blissfully dulling the restricting pain of his tight corset.

As Christmas fell on Tuesday, Don's office was closed Monday. Leona let him sleep late. It was nearly eleven when she finally entered his room to awaken him. She found him daydreaming in bed, his hands under his head.

“Good morning, Miss Lazy Bones; time to get up.”

Don had been awake for quite some time, thinking about his three days of feminine training, enjoying the soft feel of his nightgown and savoring the idea that he would be wearing a long formal...his first ever...that very evening.

Smiling at her, he replied, “Good morning, Mrs. Johnson.”

Unfazed by her presence, he stepped out of bed in his long, light blue, nylon nightgown.

While he was slipping on his mules, Leona noticed with a smile that he had put nail polish on his toenails. From the frown on his face, she could tell that his corset still hurt him.

“We have a busy day ahead of us, Diana, so get dressed and then we'll have brunch.”

Don disappeared into the bathroom. He put on his makeup and brushed his hairpiece. When he had put on his light blue blouse and the narrow tweed skirt, he saw how the corset had reduced his waist considerably. He had to tighten the black patent leather belt two more holes.

Just when he had finished making his bed and dusting his room, Leona came in, also all ready dressed. She was glad that he had done his girlish duties so nicely.

“Good, Diana, you're learning fast.”

Then, taking in his appearance, she complimented him again, making Don blush with pleasure and satisfaction.

He almost felt like kissing her, and flushed with the thought that he was becoming so emotionally affectionate. Were his feelings and thoughts all ready becoming so feminine?

“How does the corset feel, now?” Leona asked with sincere interest.

“It's only a little better,” Don replied, “but I guess I'll live.”

During a leisurely brunch, they discussed the coming party and Leona wondered whether Billie had arrived safely at his home.

Then she made Don do the cleaning up. She thought that it was about time that he took over all the chores without help from her. When she thought that it was taking too long, she went to the kitchen, where she found Don just untying his apron. The kitchen was in good shape. She saw, however, that he had spilled some soapwater on the floor in front of the sink, and told him to keep his apron on and mop the floor. Don was just feeling glad that the drudgery was done, and displayed a little annoyance at the additional work. He had decided that everything was in apple-pie order. Although he tried to hide his feelings, Leona had sensed them.

“That will teach you to work more neatly all the time. You don't want to ruin the perfect waxing job you did yesterday, do you?”

Finally, it was done. Don's corset had begun to hurt again, from all the bending.

Next, she took him up to his room for an electrolysis treatment. She kept at it for a full hour, ignoring Don's protest of pain. It got to the point that, during the final 15 minutes, tears were welling up in his eyes.

Leona pretended that she did not notice them. She wanted Don to catch up with Billie and Ann as quickly as

possible, so that he could begin to circulate freely with Billie's friends without the fear of discovery. She did fake some pity, when she finally put her needle down, "There, dear, that's all for today. I hope you will be as brave tomorrow."

"You mean I have to do this every day?" Don responded, with disgust in his voice.

"Of course, dear...tomorrow and for several months. We did only a small part today. I don't know why I go through all this work and trouble for you.

"Now you go ahead and take a beauty nap, because later, we will be awfully busy. Our guests will arrive at six-thirty, and I want you to look your best and well rested.

"Mrs. Hagers promised that Ann would come at three, but we still need to do an awful lot of little things before everything is ready to receive company. Plus I need plenty of time to help you dress and make sure that you look your prettiest in your beautiful new dress."

Don just nodded. Taking off his outer clothes, he fell onto the bed, feeling unhappy with the thought that the torture would be with him for some time to come. Also, his corset hurt more, now that he had nothing to divert his mind. He thought it was odd that, during the electrolysis treatment, he had not felt his corset at all. That prompted him to remember how the dolometer in the hospital worked, by substituting one test pain for another, so that the degree of the original pain could be obscured.

He tossed and turned trying to find the most comfortable position. For a moment he even considered loosening the laces, but he thought better of it. If he did that, he would never get used to wearing a corset. Finally, he fell into a light slumber until Leona awakened him at three o'clock.

"Hurry up, it's time to get dressed."

As he stepped out of bed, he saw Leona looking at his corset.

"It still hurts a lot," he commented, "but I resisted the temptation to loosen it."

"Good girl," Leona replied with a smile. "Next Saturday, when you get your own 25 inch corsets, they won't hurt as much."

"Twenty five inches?" Don asked, unbelievably.

"Oh, yes. You didn't know it, but your waist is all ready twenty seven inches, and I didn't even have to pull hard. Billie is down to a twenty four inch waist, and I bet we can get yours down to twenty three within a couple of months."

Don did not know what to say. He knew that he should be pleased to have such a slender figure, but, if it hurt so much all ready, how terrible would it be at four inches smaller?

However, Leona gave him no time to reflect on the new prospects for torture. She pulled him into the bathroom.

"Put some bath salts into your bath, dear, and check if you need shaving anywhere."

Don had difficulty getting out of his corset, but finally managed to undo the laces and loosen it enough so he could open the busks in front. His torso was all marked and red from the steel stays. Then he noticed that cold made his nipples react. He had never felt that before, but he paid no other attention to this as he stepped into his nice-smelling bath, with his shaving gear, enjoying the relaxing hot water.

Unannounced, Leona entered the bathroom.

"Come on out," she demanded, without any consideration for Don's nakedness. He tried to maintain his modesty by stepping out of the bath with his back toward her, but Leona stayed around until he had to accept the fact that he was to be treated as just another girl now.

She gave him a clean panty girdle, which he pulled on with difficulty. As always, it felt so nice and soft as he pulled it on and felt the elastic grip his waist and thighs.

“Too bad we don't have your new corsets yet,” she said, as she laced him back into the old one. She had no trouble lacing it fully closed. Next she put some flesh-colored, liquid-filled inserts into the cups.

They felt heavy and so realistic that Don could not help shaking his shoulders to feel them sway and swing with their own gravity. Over this she made him wear a green combination panty slip, which was festooned with lace, and had elastic at the top so that it just covered his bulging bosom.

Powder base on his neck and shoulders followed, so that after powdering them they had a delicate white appearance. Then she really gave him to works in the makeup department, spending close to twenty minutes perfecting his looks, until there was no trace of masculinity remaining.

She carefully slipped the beautiful green dress over his head. As she zipped it up in the back, she smiled as she saw what a perfect fit it was around the waist and in the bodice. She then went to get a fragile necklace of semi-precious green stones set delicately in silver, along with a matching bracelet and earrings for him to wear.

At last, she combed and brushed his wig until it framed his face so prettily that she could not hide a big smile of satisfaction.

“Diana, dear, you're perfectly beautiful.

“While you put on your slippers and gloves, I will get something to put in your hair.”

In his high heeled shoes, Don minced toward the mirror, with gloves in hand, delighting in the feminine rustling sound of his long skirts around his ankles...a sensation he never before experienced. He could not believe what he saw in the mirror. Returning his gaze was

a beautiful, seductive young lady, in a divine evening dress...with a very low neckline and bare shoulders. The whole appearance was completely authentic and stylish, yet almost understating his real beauty.

Leona came in with the Christmas corsage they had bought Saturday, and she pinned it into his hair on the left side near the temple.

“There you are Diana...you're absolutely perfect...too bad there are not going to be boys to admire you,” Leona said, herself please with her work.

Don blushed. She made him feel so terribly feminine. The long tight gloves made his arms and hands look so much smaller. Mrs. Johnson could see that he had changed ...completely and obviously happy, his red lips forming a gentle smile.

“Come dear, you can help me dress,” Leona said, taking him by the hand to her room. “Ann's too busy with dinner preparations.”

The rustle of his long skirts intrigued Don so much that he did not even think. He came to his senses when Leona removed her dress. Imagine him...a boy...going to help a lady with her gown.

“But, Mrs. Johnson,...I can't...I shouldn't...be in here. I...”

“Oh, nonsense. You're a girl now, don't you know that yet?”

“Remember, you promised to forget that you were ever anything else. So, bring me my gown; it is in there,” she said, pointing and then sitting down in front of her vanity to fix her makeup.

“It is the pretty one,” she added without looking up.

Don, trying to avoid looking at her in her underwear, minced over to the closet, out the evening dress, and carefully spread it on the bed.

Leona made him help her with the dress and zip it up in the back.

Funny, she looked like royalty now, her posture perfect and erect, like always.

“You look like a queen in this,” Don remarked, speaking his thoughts out loud.

Leona smiled at the compliment, her eyes cool and distant.

“Good, girl...make sure that you don't forget that you're my subject. You'll be my Lady-in-Waiting for the evening.”

“Don't you have gloves,” Don asked.

“No. They are only for demure young girls. Mature ladies don't have to wear them,” she replied.

“Now, let's go down and see how Ann is doing.”

She took his arm and showed him how to lift his skirts while going down the stairs. Daintily, Don followed her example. His high heels no longer caused him any difficulty.

They found Arnold in the living room, setting out some trays with pretzels, peanuts and potato chips.

As Arnold looked up, Leona noticed the envy in his eyes as he admired Don in his magnificent evening gown.

“Oh, Miss Diana, you look beautiful.”

He said it with such sincerity that Don blushed all over again in his pleasure.

“Thank you, Ann,” he responded, “it feels heavenly to be dressed up like this...as a real lady.”

Leona remarked, “I see Mrs. Hagers has bought you a new uniform.”

Arnold nodded. “She had it made to my measurements by her dressmaker.”

“It is very becoming to you,” Leona complimented, with Don nodding agreement.

Arnold was wearing a form-fitting black dress of a crepe-like material. It had a demure white satin collar, which had tiny pleats all around the edge. The cuffs on the long narrow sleeves matched the collar and the apron

and cap were similarly finished, as were the straps going over her narrow shoulders.

His hair was nicely done with a fringe over his forehead, a short pageboy covering his ears.

“New shoes, too?” Leona asked.

“Yes...Mrs. Hagers says that these 3-1/2 inch heels make my legs and ankles look better.”

“They sure do,” Don said, as he studied Arnold's shapely, black nyloned legs.

Leona added, with an approving smile, “You've certainly come a long way, young lady.”

It gave her great pleasure that she really was the creator of this pretty, dainty, perfect-looking maid. The soft pleats on the collar and apron made his appearance so completely feminine and attractively delicate. He must have lost some weight, too, judging from his slender figure.

On the other hand, his chest was far from slender, now, she noticed with a smile. She was glad that she had remembered to supply Mrs. Hagers with a generous quantity of the “vitamin pills” so that growth could continue. Arnold's bosom had actually grown faster than Billie's, and from the bouncy movement underneath the apron, she knew that they were really all his own.

She couldn't help from commenting, “You really have a nice figure, Ann.”

Arnold blushed deeply, his hands involuntarily moving to cup and lift his heavy breast. He blushed even deeper seeing Don's wide eyed, astonished stare.

“You mean...they...it's...real?” he asked.

Leona answered for Arnold, “Yes...of course...just like Billie's. It proves that she really should have been a girl all along.

Ann's complexion darkened to near purple by that humiliating remark. Leona had hit the nail on the head. In the last few weeks he had felt himself completely feminine, a feeling Mrs. Hagers had encouraged and

abetted by complimenting him and making sure that he always looked attractive and insisting that he carefully kept himself hairless and dainty. Every time he saw his soft girlish figure in the mirror, the feeling of passive femininity increased, so that he sometimes began to wonder whether he really ever was a boy. He was now completely to be Mrs. Hagers maid, especially since she'd had these pretty uniforms made for him.

“Well, girls, there's work to do. Come Ann. Diana, you can help with the other snacks.

“In this dress? With my gloves on?” Don asked in consternation.

Leona cocked her head doubtfully, “Oh, dear, no. You're still such a messy worker. Well, you can help carry the trays from the kitchen. But, you must be very careful. We don't want to ruin that lovely dress, do we?”

The three women went to the kitchen, where Leona checked Arnold's dinner preparations. The menu was vegetable soup, and chicken tetrazini, with strawberry shortcake, coffee and cordials for dessert.

“With the main course, we'll serve Italian wine,” she instructed Don. “You'll have to pour it, as Ann will be too busy serving and clearing the soup plates.”

On the dot of 6:30, the doorbell rang.

As Arnold went to answer the door, Don became nervous. His mind had been so occupied, that he had not given any thought to the fact that he would be exposed to a number of strange people for the rest of the evening.

Leona noticed his perplexed, pale, face.

“Don't worry, Diana. You look lovely...no one would guess, in a million years. Just take another look in the mirror; it will give you self confidence.”

Don did as he was told. “Yes,” he thought, “Mrs. Johnson is right.” He did look perfect, and absolutely feminine. Anyway, there was nothing he could do now but

clench his teeth and make the best of it, hoping that he could act as girlish as he looked and felt.

Ann ushered in the first two guests. They were Mrs. Brent and Mrs. Rizzo.

They looked at Don, then greeted Leona with a kiss.

“This pretty young lady is my newest boarder: Diana,” Leona announced.

Don stood stock stiff, his hands demurely folded in front of his skirt, desperately hoping that his knees would stop shaking. Then he approached them with what he hoped was a friendly, girlish, smile. “How do you do, Mrs. Brent? Glad to meet you, Mrs. Rizzo.”

Mrs. Rizzo was a rather plump woman, in her fifties, with grey hair, blue eyes, and smile wrinkles around her mouth and eyes.

“How are you? You're a lovely-looking girl,” she smiled.

Don felt a strong sympathy for her and shook her hand, almost too strong for a girl.

In the meantime, Mrs. Brent had been studying him.

She seemed younger than the others...about 35, Don guessed...with shortish brown, curly, hair; dark brown eyes which did not smile, although her face grimaced with the effort of making an approximation of one. She seemed a little envious of the presence of such a young girl.

While Josephine Rizzo had made him feel at ease, Mary Brent was making him self-conscious all over again. He did not like her, he decided, a feeling which seemed mutual as she turned away to talk to her hostess.

More guests arrived, and Don was introduced, giving him an opportunity to make small talk with the guests in his softly modulated voice.

When Louise Hagers arrived, she made...as always...a grand entrance, wearing her fabulous evening gown and wearing a sparkling diamond necklace which must have cost as much as many, many weeks of Don's pay. She

kissed Don, then held him at arm's length and looked him over...from his high heeled slippers, just peeking out from under the skirt, to the Christmas bow in his hair.

“Diana! You look absolutely beautiful,” she asserted. “The boys will be swarming around you like bees looking for honey.”

Of course, Don blushed at this. Why did she have to gush so, knowing full well that he was a male under these feminine trappings?

Mrs. Hagers kissed him again, saying, “You're just too lovely for words. Don't be so shy, I didn't mean to embarrass you. Anyway, there won't be any boys here, tonight.”

“Yes there will,” a voice responded. Everyone's attention turned to the last guests just entering the room. Horrors! Accompanying the two ladies were a girl, dressed in slacks and a white blouse, and a young man...about Don's age...wearing a dashing, but somewhat ill-fitting, tuxedo.

There were a lot of introductions, which gave Don a chance to recover.

Mrs. Rutgers explained, “My son, Charles, came home for Christmas, after all. I hope you don't mind if I brought him.

“To make sure he would have company his own age, I asked Mrs. Muller to bring her daughter, Judy, along. I hope you don't mind,” she said, pleadingly, “I did not know you already had such a lovely young guest.”

“Of course I don't mind, dear,” Leona replied. “I understand...and there will be plenty to eat. It will be nice for Diana, here, to have some company her own age.”

When Don was introduced, as Diana, to Judy and Mrs. Muller, Judy's mother commented, “Now look, dear, how lovely you could have looked in your evening gown.”

She then turned to Leona, to add, "I just can't get her to dress attractively. She is into women's liberation and does not believe in looking pretty just to catch a man."

Leona eyed Judy with a strange smile. "I see. Well, maybe Diana, here, can talk some sense into her...she's just the opposite."

"Oh, I hope so," Mrs. Muller said, "I would be so happy having a pretty daughter like Diana, dressed so beautifully and elegantly."

All this time, Don had stood there, frozen to the spot, his hands clasped in front of him, his nicely slippered feet together...and his mind in complete turmoil. He blushed even more fiercely when Charles was introduced to him, as he watched Charles' eyes roam over his figure, his face beaming a flirting smile.

"I would not mind being caught by you," he remarked, causing Leona to grin fiendishly.

Judy also shook hands with Don, looking at him and saying in a disparaging manner, "So you're just another clotheshorse after a man, are you?"

Don could think of absolutely nothing to say in response, so, in utter confusion, just shook his head.

Leaving the young people to themselves, the ladies sat down in the living room and started to talk. Poor Mrs. Muller had an awful time trying to explain the unattractive appearance of her daughter at such a formal party.

"I just don't know what to do with her," she sighed.

"She is so darned stubborn and aggressive. All she wants to wear is pants and do the same things as men."

Mrs. Rizzo responded, with a friendly smile, "Oh, don't worry...she'll grow out of it, I think. She just needs to meet the man who can make a proper woman out of her.

“She sure has competition tonight. That Diana is a gorgeous girl, and so nice, too, even though she seems unusually shy.”

“She and Charles would make a nice pair,” Mrs. Brent interjected, making Leona smile again.

This was becoming very amusing to Leona. In the past, she had not had an opportunity to see her Billie react to boys. Now she could enjoy this strange confrontation, and study Don's behavior. The rest of the evening, she was constantly trying to keep watch, out of the corners of her eyes.

Don, meanwhile, was desperately trying to keep his wits together, and his knees from knocking. Fortunately, Judy kept much of the attention on herself, trying to promote women's liberation. This allowed Don some space to collect himself.

“The time when you men could give the orders has past,” she expounded to Charles.

“Maybe so,” he replied with sarcasm, “but, I still prefer to see a pretty girl, in skirts.”

Turning to Don, he remarked, “You're just beautiful, Diana.”

Don blushed anew, and managed a shy, “Thank you, Charles.”

Judy displayed a little annoyance, turning to Don, “Aren't you tired of catering to the whims of boys and wearing uncomfortable clothes just to please them?”

“These are easy to wear, economical, and a cinch to clean,” she asserted, gesturing at her own clothing.

Don blushed even harder, knowing what his reply had to be.

Softly he said, “I feel very pretty in these clothes.”

“Yes,” she acknowledged “You are. But just look at you. You're just a doll to look at...you can't do anything in these gloves and silly long skirts.”

“For a such a beautiful doll as this, I'll gladly do anything that needs to be done,” Charles interrupted, flashing another of his flirtatious smiles at Don.

“And with your narrow waist, I'll bet you're wearing one of those horrible tight girdles,” Judy added, putting her hands on Don's waist.

She gasped, feeling, instead, the steel stays.

“Why...she's even laced into an old-fashioned corset. It's unbelievable...in this day and age.”

She said it so loudly that all the other guests looked up and Don found himself blushing down to his very navel.

Mrs. Muller angrily said to her, “Judy! Behave yourself. You don't discuss ladies underwear in public...and certainly not in front of gentleman.”

Leona stepped into the breach.

“As long as the secret IS out...it was I who suggested some figure training for Diana. A small waist looks so attractive and appealing on a young girl.”

The other ladies all agreed, and Don found himself the center of attention, with compliments heaped upon him from all sides because of his nice figure. Little did they know that the most obvious part of it was phoney, and the thought that Judy might extend her exploration to his prominences almost made him run from the room.

Judy, in a real fighting mood, now, exclaimed, “Well, I would not want to be tortured in a thing like that for a million dollars. It's not worth it. These things belong in the middle-ages...like chastity belts.”

Mrs. Muller stood up.

“JUDY!” she almost screamed. “Shame on you. Please keep quiet...what will Diana think?”

“Well, maybe the poor girl should be liberated. Look at her. A demure, prissy, helpless heap of tortured femininity, trying to catch a man with her small waist and appealing stiff gloves.”

Mrs. Muller almost burst with indignation.

“Apologize to Mrs. Johnson and Diana, right now,” she demanded, “and then go home immediately, and stay in your room until I tell you you can come out.”

Her finger pointed to the door, in a gesture that brooked no refusal.

Judy flushed disconcertedly for just a moment, at being sent away like a child. She finally said to Don, “I’m sorry for you...you just don’t know any better, having been brought up this way, like a female slave.”

With a curt, “I’m sorry” to Leona, she stalked from the room and a moment later, the slamming of the front door announced that she had left the house.

The room was silent for a few seconds, until Charles broke the tension. “PHEEEWWWW,” he voiced with a smile.

Then everyone started talking at once, with Mrs. Muller trying to make excuses and apologies for her badly behaved daughter.

“I don’t know what’s come into her lately,” she sighed.

Charles turned to Don, “Is it really all that bad to be a pretty girl?”

Don lowered his lashes, “Not really...well, sometimes it can be a little uncomfortable.”

“Well, we men also get uncomfortable, with a stiff shirt, a tie, and a warm jacket, so I guess we’re even.”

Don nodded, “I guess so,” without mentioning how much longer it had taken him to look so pretty, how much his girdle hurt, and how much more hampering his long skirts and gloves were, compared to just a jacket and tie.

In the meantime, Ann had come in and served Dubonnet on ice. She came to Charles last.

Leona, who had been watching her said, “I guess a man likes something stronger, Charles...would you prefer some whiskey?”

Charles eagerly responded, "Yes, Mrs. Johnson, I'd love some Scotch on the rocks, if you have it."

Mrs. Johnson replied, "I think we do. Ann..." leaving the rest unspoken. Scotch was Don's favorite drink, also, but he realized that as a young girl, he could not very well ask for hard liquor, especially with all the other women drinking wine.

Charles was obviously enjoying the company of this pretty girl.

After the first drink, Don loosened up a bit, and soon found himself on the couch, animatedly talking with Charles. He learned that Charles also worked downtown. It crossed his mind: suppose we met...would he recognize me?

Before long, Charles was suggesting, "Let's have lunch together sometime soon."

Don found himself feverishly searching for an excuse. The best he could come up with was, "We only get half an hour for lunch, so that we can get out early, before the subway gets packed."

Charles wasn't that easily put off, "Well, then, we can have a sandwich together on the green."

"In this weather?" Don smiled, "I don't think so. Besides my boss likes me to stay near the telephone."

"What a slave driver," Charles remarked, "chaining such a beautiful girl to her desk."

"Maybe you would like to become MY secretary? I am looking for one."

Don was quick to reply, "Oh, no thank you. I really like my present job." But he was thinking, "imagine, being a secretary to this young jeck...who does he think he is?" He felt a twinge inside, as he realized that as a girl, now, he was expected to be satisfied with such a subordinate position. After all, in his job, he had his own secretary,

Grace, who helped him with his Airfreight forwarding department.

Charles looked disappointed. His male ego was hurt when this pretty girl brusquely refused to work for him. But he wasn't ready to give up, yet.

“Well, how about a dinner date, then?”

“Persistent devil,” Don thought, “won't he ever give up?”

He replied, “Sorry, but Mrs. Johnson always wants me to come right home after work, to help with dinner.”

Leona was walking past them just then, on her way to the kitchen, “Did I hear you mention my name?”

Charles explained the situation to her, and Leona began to smile.

“Well, it's true that I want Diana to come right home from work, but that's no reason why you can't pick her up here for a date, if you give her some time to freshen up.”

Don thought with annoyance. Why did she have to interfere. He was not about to go on a date with a boy. He shook his head and started to speak, but Leona cut him off.

“Come on, Diana...don't be so shy.” Then she added, looking him straight in the eye, “It's good for you to be out of the house once in a while.”

Don saw the glint in her eyes and he realized that she would not accept any talkback from him.

He blushed all over, but he lowered his eyes in deference to her will...and softly said, “Well, maybe after the holidays.”

“Good,” Charles beamed, “I'll call you at the office and set a date.”

“No,” Don exclaimed, almost shouting, “please don't call me at work. We're not allowed to have personal calls. You'll have to phone me here.”

He could imagine the twitters of the switchboard operator if someone was to ask for a 'Miss Langley' or 'Diana'.

"All right. Whatever you say, Diana," Charles smiled...his ego restored. He had succeeded in landing a date with this very attractive chick.

Leona left grinning widely, thinking, "Swim or drown, little Diana."

The wine was beginning to do its work and the conversation became louder and more animated. As soon as Don saw his chance clear, he moved away from the couch. Crouching near the chair in which sat Mrs. Rizzo, to whom he felt himself attracted, for some reason, he started to chat with her.

As she was asking him where he had bought his pretty dress, they were interrupted by Leona announcing, "Dinner is ready.

"Diana," she added, "we need you to help carry things in."

Leona made Don remove his gloves, and gave him a very frilly ruffled organdy party apron, which had a long old-fashioned skirt and very long ties, which she tied a big fussy bow in the back, leaving the streamers to hang all the way down to his calves.

Don flushed when he entered the dining room, his hands full, feeling the eyes of everyone on him. All the ladies obviously approved of his thoroughly domesticated, terribly feminine appearance.

Charles evidently also agreed, as his eyes were almost bulging from their sockets with admiration and adoration.

Don caught his breath when he realized that he secretly enjoyed the power of being able to evoke such feelings in a man.

Charles was enlisted to pour the wine, and everyone joked about the only male in their midst, agreeing that Diana had first rights to him.

The dinner was excellent and successful. Everyone seemed happy and merry.

Mrs. Rizzo entertained the guests with a story about a classy hospital where she worked as a volunteer. It seems that the place had made a rule that it would try to be genteel and avoid the usually embarrassing word “bedpan”, substituting the word “vase”. All the patients and staff were soon used to this new term. However, one new candystriper had not yet been told. When one of the patients had asked her for a “vase”, she had replied, “Sure thing, Ma'am, how big is your bouquet?”

Although the hilarity was unanimous, Leona frowned just a little. Obviously, she abhorred off-color jokes, especially in the presence of a young girl like Diana.

The rest of the evening went quickly, with Arnold running around, serving, and later clearing the table.

Finally everyone had left except Mrs. Hagers, who remained for a chat. “Diana,” she teased, “was Charles getting a bit forward with you?” She had noticed that Charles had tried to steal a kiss as he was saying goodbye.

Leona interjected, “Change into something comfortable, dear. I want you to help Ann with the cleaning up.”

Don obediently went upstairs and changed into his blue shirt dress.

In the kitchen, Arnold was busy amidst a great pile of dirty plates, pots and pans. Between the two “girls”, however, the washing and drying was done quickly, and within an hour, Don started to bring in the clean plates to be put away in the dining room cupboards.

“All done?” Mrs. Hagers asked with a smile, looking approvingly at Don's pinafored appearance.

Don nodded, and commented, "Ann's a very fast worker."

"Oh, yes. That reminds me," Mrs. Hagers remarked, looking at Leona. "I am giving a formal party on New Year's Eve. There will be 15 couples. You all ready know most of them. Can you come?"

"I'd love to come," Leona replied. "I haven't been to a New Year's party in years.

"That's a lot of guests and work," she added. "Would you like Diana to help Ann that evening?"

"That would be wonderful...but would Diana mind?" She looked at Don, who had just taken off his apron and was ready to join them.

"Of course she'd like to help," Leona replied, looking at him with those steely eyes.

"But it's a formal party, and Diana would have to wear the same uniform as Ann."

"The one Ann wore tonight is quite attractive," Leona responded.

"Yes. So I guess I can have another made for Diana to wear. I'm sure that my dressmaker can finish one during this week."

"That sounds just fine," Leona said, "I all ready have her measurements, that you can use...they were for her new corsets, which also might be ready by then."

She, of course, never gave Don a chance to object.

He was far from happy at the idea that he was going to be exposed as a serving girl to a lot of people. Why, they'd think he was a lowly maid, or something.

After Mrs. Hagers had left, Don decided to air his complaint.

"Mrs. Johnson, I don't like the idea of going to that party as a maid...not at all."

Leona said nothing for a moment, creating an awkward, almost ominous silence. Looking at Don, as if

she wanted to hypnotize him, she finally said, “Now, young lady...you do as I tell you...understand? That's what you promised when you came here, I intend to keep you to your promise.” Then her voice took on a threatening tone, “Or do you want me to write to your boss about your strange activities here?”

Don turned pale, and he shook his head violently, not finding any words for a rebuttal.

“Then you had better do exactly what I tell you, and always do it immediately, without the slightest argument...do you understand?”

Don didn't answer.

“I could make you dress as a maid all the time if I felt like it,” she boasted. “and maybe I will, someday. You're in no position to object to anything, and the sooner you realize that and impress that into that girlish mind of yours, the better it will be for you.”

Don lowered his head, feeling terribly small. How had he ever let himself get into this terrible position? She had him over a barrel. How could he have done such a stupid thing as signing himself into this house.

Without a further word, he stood up and left the room.

Leona let him go, knowing that she had given him plenty to think about. Then she thought to call out to him, “What train do you have to take in the morning?”

“The 7:05,” he replied.

“The 7:05 WHAT?” she demanded, following him.

Don turned around on the stairs. He saw in Leona's hard demanding eyes what she wanted from him. She expected him to ‘curtsy down’ and show deference to her authority.

Feeling like a small child, he replied, “The 7:05, MRS. JOHNSON.”

“That's better,” she remarked, “and don't you ever forget for a moment that you owe me respect and obedience. I'm never going to let you forget that.”

“You'd better set your alarm for 5:30, because I want your room in tiptop shape and the breakfast dishes done before you leave for work. What suit will you wear tomorrow?”

“The brown slacks and my sport jacket,” he replied, wondering why she wanted to know that detail.

“Give me your slacks, so I can see whether they need pressing,” she demanded.

Don was surprised about her concern, but gave her the trousers anyway.

With a final admonishment, “don't forget to rinse your undies,” she went to her bedroom.

Don neatly hung away his evening gown and did his other chores before he stepped into bed and almost immediately fell asleep. It had been a long and very busy day for him.

The next morning, Mrs. Johnson must have heard his alarm go off, because she entered his room still in her nightgown, carrying his pants over her arm.

“Take your shower, dear, and I'll get your clothes ready.”

Again, Don wondered why this was necessary, but complied.

He found out, when she came into the bathroom to hand him a panty girdle.

“I can't wear that to the office,” he exclaimed.

“Of course you can...and you will. From now on, you can wear only your proper underwear, so that you'll remember all day long that you're really my girl-guest, even though you may be wearing pants for a little while.

“But...” Don started to object.

“Now Diana,” she interrupted, in an annoyed voice, “I don't want to hear any more arguments from you...EVER. Remember what I told you last night. You WILL do what I think is best for you.”

She looked at him with those steely hard eyes which made Don lower his own submissively with shame.

What was happening to him? He felt completely reduced to the status of a little girl, as he obediently pulled on the tight panty girdle. He was so flustered and ashamed at himself that he even forgot to turn his back to her.

Together they went back to his room, where Leona gave him a lacy, white combination pantyslip. He pleadingly looked at her again with. Leona met his glance with the same forbidding strong stare, so that he obediently stepped into this soft garment also...raising it over his hips, then putting his arms through the straps until it was neatly in place.

“Now for your corset,” she told him, as she began to wrap it around his torso, and closed the busks in front. Next she laced it tightly until it met properly in back. Her final touch was to tie double knots in the strong laces. She grinned a moment when it occurred to her that her girlboarder better not need to relieve himself at work. He could not take off his panty girdle because the combination slip prevented access to it. In turn, the pantyslip could not be removed, because it was securely held in place by the corset, which was secured in the back by laces which would be covered by his shirt.

“Until you're used to working in your new underwear, WE WON'T PUT the falsies in,” she said, in a tone of voice as if it was a sin not to have a proper bosom.

Leona was surprised to see how much loose flesh was pushed up by the corset. His nipples had a definite bulge which was fetchingly covered by the lace of the pantyslip. Still, it was nothing, yet, compared to the firm prominent busts of Billie and Ann. Nevertheless, when he had his white shirt on and was tying his tie, she could see a definite small bulge, where a man should be completely flat.

She had him wear nylon hose under his ordinary short socks. Then she gave him his trousers.

As Don pulled them on he nearly fainted when he saw that the front was sewn closed, and the zipper moved to the back. They were so tight that he had to wiggle to get into them and pull hard to get them over his hips, where they fitted as tightly as they did in the waist.

“Please, Mrs. Johnson, don't make me wear this. They'll all think that I'm weird or something.

“No they won't,” she replied firmly, as she zipped up the back for him.

“The fly in front still looks the same as always and the back zipper will be covered by your jacket, which will also hide your lingerie.”

Don walked toward the mirror, trying to put his hands in his pocket, only to find that they were sewn up also. He gasped, “Where...”

Leona interrupted him, “I'll give you something to carry your lunch in, and your money. It looks slouchy for a girl to put her hands in her pockets and you know that skirts and dresses do not have pockets either. A girl can't have unsightly bulges in her pants.

“Here, you can put your hanky in your shirt-sleeve or breastpocket,” she added as she handed him a tiny ladies' handkerchief.

Still standing in front of the mirror, Don almost cried, “These looks like girls pants, now.”

“Of course they do,” she assured him. “I have taken in the waist and look how nice they fit over your fanny,” she continued, giving him a playful pinch there.

Don recoiled as his attention was drawn to those round firm protruding globes, that could match any girl's. How could he ever keep those from being noticed by his friends and the employees at the office? He was almost beside himself as Leona ignored his frantic expression.

He was allowed his own shoes, which felt very heavy and awkward. As he put them on and tied the strings, he realized that he'd better not cross his legs during the day. The dark beige nylons would almost certainly show above his short ankle-length socks.

“Now put on your pinafore, and let's get your chores done,” Leona said, firmly.

Desperately trying to ban the horrors of his clothing from his mind, he made his bed, dusted the room, dry mopped the floor and cleaned up the bathroom...all chores to which he was rapidly becoming accustomed.

Leona came to inspect his work, then send him downstairs to make breakfast and set the table.

“In the future, you'd better set the breakfast table at night, before we go to bed,” she instructed him. “You'll save some time that way.”

While the coffee was perking and the eggs boiling, she made him put the laundry into the washing machine.

“I'll hang it up to dry for you, so it will be ready for you to iron tonight,” she told him, as though she were doing him a big favor.

When he carried the food to the dining room, he noted that his pinafore felt funny over his trousers. However, since the corset and panty girdle forced him to take small steps anyway, it did not hamper his movements very much.

There was not much time left, but Leona saw to it that the dishes had been done and the dining room was in order before she released him.

“Diana, you'd better get your jacket and coat on...it's time to go.”

Hurriedly, he took off his apron and hung it in its customary place in the kitchen. Feeling miserable, he said good bye to his landlady as she handed him a small briefcase.

“Your lunch is in here, along with trainfare and 60 cents for the subway. Make sure you come right home after work.”

With that, she pushed him out the door before he had a chance to say anything at all.

As he started to walk, his shoes felt odd, and, although he tried to avoid it, the corset and girdle forced him to take small girlish steps. His belted raincoat showed a definite bulge in front, pushed out by his new bosom. He blushed as he noticed it, even more when he found that he could not slouch to avoid showing the prominence, because the tight corset kept him nicely erect, with his shoulders back.

He examined the briefcase which Leona had handed him. It was smaller than the usual man's size, but not quite as small as a ladies' handbag. He opened it and found inside a ladies purse containing a five dollar bill, a lipstick, a comb, a compact, a mirror, and other feminine paraphernalia. In addition, there was a brown paper bag containing two sandwiches.

He decided to take the money out and keep it in his hand. He certainly did not want to be embarrassed by having to open his purse and the station, under the watchful eyes of his fellow passengers.

On main street, he saw by the clock on the bank that he'd better hurry. For a moment, he'd forgotten about his feminine underclothes...that is, until he noticed that in walking fast, he had been moving his right arm horizontally, exactly like a girl. The train was just pulling in as he arrived at the station. He had difficulty negotiating the high step into the train car, due to his tight panty girdle. He looked quickly left and right, but no one seemed to be paying any attention to him.

Inside, all the men took off their overcoats, and some, even their jackets. Don dared not, of course. He just loosened his coat, making sure that it amply covered his

chest. He wished he had a newspaper to hide behind, like the man next to him. He made a mental note to be earlier the next morning and buy a Times at the stand near the station.

During the 50 minute ride, he sat quietly, mulling over his terrible situation. In the office, he always took off his jacket, as working in shirt-sleeves was much easier. He knew he could no longer do this. The straps of his slip and his corset would surely be discernable through the white shirt.

Then...horrors...he thought of the zipper at the back of his pants. Stealthily, he felt behind himself for reassurance that it would be hidden by the jacket, only to find that the vent slit, should it open, would clearly display the unusual closure of his formerly male trousers.

How did he ever get into this mess? What could he do? Desperately he tried to think of a means of escape, but his mind failed him. Where could he go in his feminine underclothes? With no money?

Now he remembered Billie's warning. "Wait `til Mrs. Johnson get her hands on you," he had said.

Still...last night HAD been wonderful. He sure had looked beautiful in that nice evening dress, and everyone had admired him as a pretty girl. But...was it worth all the trouble he had now? He could not make up his mind, being confused by all these conflicting emotions, and feeling harassed by the terrible situation he was in.

One thing he knew...he was stuck...and good. It was no longer his choice. Mrs. Johnson had the reins in hand, and he just knew that she would never let them slip.

He felt the eyes of a man across the isle staring at him, and, with a shock, discovered that he was sitting like a girl, ankles and knees neatly together, hands in his lap, his erect posture forced upon him by the corset. He blushed furiously and spread his legs...only to discover

that this might expose the nylons. It was a terrible ride for Don.

In the subway, it was worse. As always, the cars were jam-packed, and he subject to close scrutiny by the other passengers. He noticed two girls looking intently at him after one whispered something to the other. Don blushed again, feeling terribly uncomfortable and nervous. Did they see anything out of the ordinary? His eyebrows? The girls started to giggle when they saw him blush so.

It was terrible...he was completely trapped...could not move, could do nothing but submit himself to their stares. He was so glad when he finally reached the Wall Street station and he could get out.

He hurried to his office at 23 Broadway. Several office girls entered at the same time, but, fortunately, they did not look too closely at him. In the men's cloakroom, he took off his overcoat, then, quickly, also his jacket...hoping all the while that no one would come in.

Horrors! The straps of his pantyslip clearly showed through his shirt and the tightwaisted pants over his corset gave him a hippy girlish figure. He quickly put his jacket on again. How would he ever get through the day without being discovered? What a terrible situation he was in.

Joyce Downing, the girl who worked for him in the air freight department he managed, raised her brows as he seated himself at his desk still wearing his sportcoat.

"Do you have a cold or something, Mr. Langley?" she asked, surveying him with those cool eyes of hers.

He never did like her very much. She was always pushing and even when her face smiled, her eyes never did. Furthermore, buttering up Mr. Burin, the boss, was her forte. Of course, he remembered, she WAS distantly related to Mr. Burin's wife.

Rather curtly, he replied, “No, I'm perfectly comfortable.” To get rid of her, he turned his attention to the papers on his desk, shuffling through them.

“Well, all I did is ask,” she responded, using a very snooty tone of voice. Having turned to walk away, she raised her shoulders in a gesture and muttered, “I don't get it.”

All morning long, he received a ribbing from his fellow employees about wearing his jacket. He saw Joyce talking to the other girls and looking at him, making him feel even more self-conscious than he had been. All day, he had hardly been able to keep his mind on his work. He found himself looking around stealthily to check if anyone was watching him. He just could not concentrate and barely got any work done.

With a sigh of relief, he noted that it was finally five o'clock. He waited until most of the staff had departed, then quickly left the building only to find himself again going through the same misery in the crowded subway.

He could not remember when he had felt more depressed in all his life, as he finally trudged the streets of Newburgh, walking in those funny little steps forced upon him by the corset and girdle. He was constantly aware of the small bulges under his coat. He kept asking himself how he ever allowed himself to be caught in such a mess. He wanted to throw the little briefcase he was carrying onto the street and stomp on it.

...

What a terrible predicament he was in; where would it end? If he went to the office dressed like this every day, he just knew that, sooner or later, he would be found out by someone. The idea of what Joyce might do, if she learned what he wore underneath his shirt, gave him the shivers. His feeling of anger shifted to a sensation of foolishness when he had to search in his briefcase for his housekey.;

Leona noticed at once that her boarder was far from happy. She was certain it had to do with his experiences of the day. She decided to ignore his feelings for the time being.

“Ah, Diana. Go upstairs and change quickly, girly, there is a lot to do.”

Don, not feeling at all like dressing up, responded belligerently.

“Mrs. Johnson...I'm sorry, but I can't wear corsets and feminine underwear to the office. It was just terrible. I felt as though everyone noticed my lingerie and altered slacks...and I just did not get any work done. If this keeps up, I'm going to lose my job, and I just know who's going to replace me.”

Leona, hesitated a second before answering. Should she be firm now, and lay down the law? Or, should she commiserate with him for a while? She decided on the latter as the best course, taking into account her boarder's indignant and miserable countenance.

“Oh, Diana...I'm sorry that you feel that way. After all, you're the one who wanted to dress as a girl, and it's not all that bad. Soon you'll get used to your corset in the office and it's just your imagination that makes you think that people are seeing anything. Your jacket really covers everything, so no one call tell at all.”

He hardly noticed the shift in her attitude, as she continued, “More important, I'm positive that wearing your correct underwear is essential to remind you of your new status all day, and to help you feel dainty and feminine. It's impossible to be both a man and a girl, you know. You've chosen to become my girl boarder and to be like Billie, and now we'll see it through together. I'll see to it that you will be my girl boarder...and a pretty one, at that. So let's here no more about it.”

He tried to protest again, “But, Mrs. Johnson...” Then, looking into her forceful eyes, he realized that he was just

too distraught, and too tired, to hold up against the strong will he saw reflected in her look. He felt a sudden surge of despair and helplessness numb his mind. The emotions of the day had sapped his strength.

With his head hanging, he obediently went to his room, pushed along by her directive, “Now hurry up dear, and get into your proper skirts.”

What strange force did she have over him? Was it because he realized that he could no longer escape her clutches? Was it the restrictive feminine clothing, such as the tight corset, that made him feel so weak, defenseless, and submissive?

He thought about this while he took off his shirt, pants and jacket, then washed up, still in his stocking feet. Whatever was happening to him? He found no answers to his questions. He just knew that he had to do what he was doing and there seemed no way out.

When he had put on his hairpiece, his makeup, and his light blue shirtdress, he began to feel a little better. He wondered whether it was because now he was a girl again...`in his proper clothes', as Mrs. Johnson nastily had called it.

Downstairs, Leona gave him little chance for his morbid thoughts. She put him to work in the myriad girlish tasks that abound in a house. That, with her constant remarks and suggestions regarding his work, his posture, his movements, and his behavior, kept his mind constantly occupied.

He was glad when the chores were finally done and he could relax after dinner, watching television.

Even then, Leona made him do some needlework.

It seemed strange, but he found such feminine activity as knitting and crocheting very relaxing. His hands did the work and he did not have to think much. He shifted uneasily with that thought.

Imagine...if Joyce, from the office, could see him like this, in his skirts and heels and pinafore, doing embroidery work. Subconsciously, he pulled down his skirt over his knees...as if that would change them into pants. Feeling Mrs. Johnson's gaze, he looked up to discover her smiling at him.

"I'm glad you're so modest, dear," she grinned. "Actually, you have no reason to hide your legs, or your knees, either. They are well shaped, and the boys will enjoy looking at them."

Don blushed, being annoyed first that his landlady would say such things, and that she had even noticed his modest gesture. Why the dickens did he take all these remarks lying down? What happened to his fighting spirit? Had he all ready become passive, like a girl...not wanting to say anything which might upset someone else? Like a scared rabbit?

Strangely enough, Leona was thinking virtually the same thing? It must be the hormones that are making him so obedient and submissive...and maybe the clothes, too. After all, a corset pinching one's body into a feminine shape...relentlessly, day in and day out, and at night, too...might well sap anyone's strength and fighting spirit. Maybe she should speed up the progress, she thought. Then, without men's clothes...or money...he would just have to give in completely and be a girl full time, just like Billie.

Still, it was sort of early. Perhaps she'd give him a couple more weeks. She did decide to stop by the beauty shop soon, to see whether there are any positions likely to open up.

The rest of the week, Mrs. Johnson made Don go to work in exactly the same predicament. The constant fear that someone would discover what was under his jacket made him shy away from the men in the office, with whom he used to go to lunch. However, since Mrs. Johnson had

not allowed enough money for buying lunch out, he had to eat his sandwiches right in the office, like the girls.

He had a terrible time making up excuses to account for his change of habit, but the men finally left him alone, except for cracks about his jacket, or about his working through lunch hours as though he were bucking for a promotion.

It also seemed to him that Joyce, his secretary, was becoming a little fresh with him.

On Friday, she asked him, "What has come over you, Mr. Langley? First, you start wearing your jacket in the office, and now you stay in for lunch like the girls. Is something the matter with you? Joan says that you walk funny, too."

Don blushed deeply, desperately trying to find something to say...another excuse to be made.

"No...I've been having some back trouble, and I'm wearing a brace. I just didn't want anyone to notice."

"Oh, poor boy. What did you do, lift something heavy?" she asked, acting as if she could truly be concerned.

Don saw through her apple-polishing.

He lied, "No. It came on suddenly. I just woke up with it one morning."

"Too bad," Joyce commiserated, "I hope it hasn't ruined your plans for the holidays."

"I'll just stay in my apartment," he replied. "I promised to help my landlady with some things."

He blushed again with the thought that she would laugh in his face if she knew what housework he had to, and how he would be dressed.

Joyce stepped away, and, seeing Mr. Burin, the boss, coming back from lunch, walked speedily toward him, to see what she could do for herself in that corner.

While finishing his lunch alone, Don discovered that even his thoughts were changing. Where in the past he

had enjoyed watching the pretty legs and figures of the girls, he now found himself looking at their dresses and judging their taste...mentally criticizing their behavior, stance, and mannerisms.

Also, he sometimes had felt an inclination to walk over to them and join their little gab circles...almost as though he all ready felt himself to be one of them.

How terrible and humiliating this was for him. He no longer wanted to have lunch with his men friends. He soothed his mind with the thought that he could not risk discovery of his lingerie and therefore did not like joining his former friends.

As always, it was a great relief when the day was over; he sighed deeply as he installed himself in the train, hiding behind his evening paper. Occasionally he glanced outside. The snow covered the countryside, making the old dilapidated houses alongside the tracks look even dirtier and shabbier. The thought of someone having to live in one of them made him shiver.

Then he came to a realization that he was actually looking forward to another long weekend, nice and snug in a comfortable home, while wearing soft clothing and skirts. If only Mrs. Johnson wasn't making him do all the housework. There was something to do all the time, and he was becoming tired of it.

Then he remembered, with a flush, that he would have to play maid on New Year's Eve. What a disconcerting thought...he, a male executive, serving in a maid's uniform. How did her ever get so deep into this mess?

He hurried home from the train, partly because of the nasty and cold weather, annoyed that the corset and girdle prevented him from taking larger steps and made him move in such a terribly feminine manner.

Leona welcomed him with a smile.

“Glad you're home, Diana? It certainly is nasty outside.”

Don nodded his agreement. The cosy warmth of the living room felt good as he hung his coat in the closet. He made a beeline for an easy chair, but even before he could sit down, his landlady chased him upstairs.

“Oh, no, girl...you're not wearing pants in this house. Remember your promise; go change quickly into something nice, and then you can make us some tea.”

Don felt annoyance well up inside him, but he nevertheless managed to hide it. After all, he HAD promised to wear skirts whenever he was in the house. As he stood in the bathroom, stripped down to just his lacy panty slip and the tight corset over it, he became a little frightened as he noticed his trim waistline. Moreover, as he was about to put the liquid inserts into the corset's cups, he blushed at the sight of the loose flesh on his chest bulging a little through the lace. They looked so much like the real thing that he began to worry about it.

The image he saw in the mirror appeared so terribly feminine. Everytime he studied himself in the mirror...which was quite often lately...it seemed to change something inside him. Like a key of a clockwork that was turned and once it was turned it could not be turned back...another irrevocable step along the way toward complete womanhood.

Shrugging his shoulders, he picked up the beige, princess style, woolen dress and lifted it over his head. Once that was in place, he wanted to experiment a little...first with the colorful scarf. Mrs. Johnson had pinned it on the last time he'd worn it. Finally, he decided that it looked very nice just wound loosely around his throat with one end floating in front and the other behind.

He slipped into his brown heels and then brushed up his hairpiece so that it framed his face softly, the way he liked it on other girls.

On his way downstairs, the idea of having hot tea to sip seemed particularly attractive, so he went directly to the kitchen to prepare it. As he put the kettle on the stove, he reflected how only recently he had come to enjoy tea, something he had never drunk as a boy. He prepared the cups and some pound cake on two trays. How odd, that it would feel so completely natural doing these things now.

Leona gave him a big smile as he entered the room, carefully carrying the trays in front of him, walking with dainty steps. She noted his nice posture and movements and admired the fresh, starched, sparkling clean pinafore which contrasted so neatly over his dress.

He put down the trays and poured cup for each of them. He all ready knew that she used only one lump of sugar and just a cloud of milk. He handed her the cup and then offered her the plate with cake. At last, he sat down, carefully smoothing his skirts under him, a gesture which had become thoroughly habitual, and completely natural to him.

Yes, he had come to enjoy the cosy tea hour as a moment of relaxation after a hectic day.

Leona, of course, studied the way that he sat...his ankles attractively and modestly crossed...and approved. She watched how he daintily held his teacup, with his other hand occasionally brushing his hair out of his eyes, in a typical feminine gesture...again, satisfied with this part of his training.

She was the first to break the pleasant silence.

“Mrs. Hagers phoned to say that your uniform is ready. Tomorrow morning we will go shopping and pick it up. You can try it on there to make sure it fits nicely.

“Also, your own corsets are ready, so we can pick them up at the same time.

“Oh, yes! And, where is your paycheck?”

“My paycheck?!” Don asked in complete surprise.

“Yes...you told me that you get it at the end of the month. We may try to find you some new dresses at the same time. You can use a nice cocktail dress.”

“Didn't Billie tell you that your entire pay is always turned over to me as soon as you get it, so I can deduct the room and board, and then decide what we will do with the rest? I always had the same arrangement with my daughters, and Billie, and it has worked out nicely.”

Don finally found words. “Nicely for whom? and what about pocket money?”

“You don't need any spending money. We always buy together what I think you need, and I'll give you enough for your commute ticket and the subway.”

Don stood up, quite angry. “Madam, it is MY hard-earned money,” he argued hotly.

Leona stood up also.

“Now, see here, young lady...there you go again, arguing with me.”

Her tone turned more biting, and loud, “I told you I don't want any backtalk from you. You promised obedience and respect.”

Continuing, in her forceful, almost nasty sounding voice, “You know what you faithfully promised when you came here. Don't you realize how much money you all ready owe me for electrolysis treatments and for all the counsel and advice I have given you during this month?”

Taking a step toward him, she added, with a fiendish glint in her eyes, “Do you want me to spread the word at your office that you're really a girl...or worse, that you like to play a girl?”

Don almost choked.

“You wouldn't...” he gasped.

“Oh, YES! I would. And I shall...unless you give me your paycheck, endorsed to me, right here and now.”

She looked him straight in the eyes, her figure tall and dominating, demanding unconditional surrender.

Don paled as he realized that she was not joking. Red hot in the neck he became confused, realizing he really had no choice in the matter. He was at her mercy...and they both knew it.

He felt completely brow-beaten, and nakedly defenseless. Slowly he turned, and, without a word, went up to his room, his stomach in knots. As in a daze, he took the check from the inside pocket of his coat...which she had forgotten to sew shut...scribbled his name on the back, and returned to the living room, his head hanging. He handed her the paper without looking at her or saying anything, in fear that he might say something which would cause her to take the drastic action she had threatened.

“Now, that's better,” she said in a much calmer voice...sort of pseudo-kind. “And let's not have these arguments each month,” her voice became more forceful, “because, so help me, I'll send you to the office in your skirts, and let you think up your own excuses and explanations.”

The atmosphere was livid with Don's resentment. The rest of the evening he went around doing his chores, the cooking, the dishes and the ironing...under Leona's close supervision, as usual...quite depressingly.

Leona seemed to be going out of her way to be strict with him. Whenever he did something less than perfectly, she made him do it over. She gave him no quarter, as if to say, “I don't care whether you pout or not; things will go the way I want...or else.”

Later, she made him wash his now longish hair, followed by having him set it on rollers by himself, then

she put him under the dryer. Next came another electrolysis treatment. She seemed rougher than usual...as if she deliberately wanted to cause pain and punish him.

He sensed her attitude of indifference to his feelings, and tried to stifle the tears which kept welling up during the session.

Finally, when she was finished, she let him don his robe over his nightgown...his corset was still in place, of course...then took him back into the living room.

“Now I want you to do your nails,” she directed, handing him a manicure set.

“You should file them neatly into long ovals, and then put some light rose polish on them. In the future, I also want you to put some handcream on your hands everytime you wash them or do the dishes. Pretty hands are SO important for a girl.”

Don just nodded, wondering how he could hide such feminine looking hands during a full day at the office. Nevertheless, he did nicely as he was ordered, while they watched “The Avengers” on the television. He could not help wishing that he were as pretty and graceful as the female star, with her lithe, athletic figure.

Still in a depressed mood, he finally was allowed to go to bed. After washing his lingerie and stockings, and hanging them up in the bathroom, he slipped between the bedsheets. Although he felt very tired, his mind would give him no rest. He felt cornered...trapped in Mrs. Johnson's silken cage...with no escape possible. Without control over his own money, and his corset as a constant physical reminder of his ongoing feminization and imprisonment, he could not imagine any way out.

The next morning, Leona awakened him early. It had snowed all night, and there was a thick, clean, blanket of

snow on his window sill. The sun shone brightly from a cloudless, clear sky.

As she entered his room, she admonished, "Come on, girl. Get dressed; we have a lot to do before we go shopping."

He crawled out of bed, then noticed that his corset seemed to have settled just a little. It did not seem to constrict and hurt as much.

He dressed in a white turtleneck sweater and his tweed skirt, with a sporty leather belt tightly buckled to show his figure to advantage.

Leona brought him a pair of kneelength, white boots which laced up the front to fit snugly over their entire length. She watched as he put them on, noting how amazingly well they fitted, and remarked, "Those will keep your feet snug when we're out shopping."

Don paused to admire how they made his legs appear so sleek. The boots were certainly cute and marvelously feminine.

The morning flew, with all the chores. He was vacuuming, dusting, waxing the kitchen floor, and doing the laundry...a never ending series of girlish activities.

Leona also sent him outside to clear the sidewalk of snow.

"I know it's not really a job for a girl, but, unfortunately, you have no brother. Anyway, the exercise and fresh air will do you good."

Don blushed self-consciously as he took off his apron and went outside with a snow shovel. The sun was warm and the temperature over 40 degrees.

"With your warm sweater and boots, you don't need a coat," Leona advised.

So Don found himself outside, inhaling the invigorating air. Even so, he was constantly aware of his bosom, which showed so prominently under the tight sweater. His boots did keep his feet nice and warm. With

the skirt swirling around his legs, he felt so girlish that he could even manage a shy smile when three boys passed by and whistled. All they saw was this attractive chick, her cheeks glowing healthily, her hair shiny in the sun, whose long-lashed eyes lowered modestly at their attention.

After lunch, they went shopping, Don still in the same outfit.

Don surprised himself, feeling so natural about walking the streets in his skirts, his boots in dainty step with Mrs. Johnson's feminine walk.

First, they stopped at the corset shop.

He had an uncomfortable moment when the lady told him to undress, but...as she had done with Billie...Leona stepped into the breach and sent the woman to fetch something while she laced Don's corset tightly. Not withstanding his groans, she managed to pull it completely closed.

"There!" She said with satisfaction. "Doesn't that feel better?"

Don, who now felt as though he were practically in two pieces, doubtfully agreed, "Yes, Mrs. Johnson. It does fit better. It also feels much tighter at the waist."

"Of course it does, silly, but your figure has improved a lot, too. Just look at yourself."

Don stood in front of the mirror, his hands feeling the new round curves of his hips. He blushed when he saw how the flesh of his bosom...helped by the pads, of course, not to mention the hormones...seemed like full-grown girlish breasts. He felt a surge of panic well up. How could he ever go back to being a man?

Leona saw him pale suddenly.

"What's the matter, dear? Are you all right?"

"Eh...Yes, Mrs. Johnson...It's just that my figure seems to have changed a lot since I moved in with you. I'm just wondering..."

She interrupted him, "Of course, dear. That's the good effect of the corset. You're really making very good progress."

Further discussion of Don's fears was postponed by the return of the lady. Leona had her wrap the old corset, along with the other two new, smaller, ones.

Don saw that she paid out quite a bit of money for them. Leona looked at him as she put the money down, "Now you can see why I need to have your whole paycheck, don't you Diana?"

Don nodded in a subdued manner, even though he knew that he, himself, would not have spent that much money on such darned uncomfortable things.

Still, after he carefully pulled the sweater over his head and buckled the leather belt, he knew that his waist had decreased quite a bit. Secretly, he liked the improvement.

As the lady opened the door for her departing customers, she remarked, "You look SO attractive, like that, Miss."

Don could not hide his smile at this unsolicited compliment.

Mrs. Hagers' dressmaker lived in a private apartment, above a shoe store, also on Main Street. An elderly, grey-haired lady, with a wrinkled face open the door.

Leona announced the purpose of their visit, "We have come to pick up the uniform for Mrs. Hagers."

"Oh, yes. Please come in. I would like to check the fit myself; Mrs. Hagers is such a good customer."

Again, Don had to drop his skirt and take off his sweater, showing the new corset, tightly laced over his slip.

The woman helped him put the dress over his head, then zipped it up in the back.

Leona smiled when she saw how beautifully it fitted. It seemed that his feminine figure was molded into the tightfitting bodice and waist. The skirt flared nicely and modestly to just above his knees.

“It needs one of those bulky petticoats,” the lady remarked. “They’ll make the skirt stand out a little better.

“You’d like showing your pretty knees and legs, won’t you, dearie?”

Purple with embarrassment, Don did not know what to do except nod shyly. There was no full-length mirror, so he could not see for himself what this maid’s uniform did for his figure. The trim, tapering, white cuffed and ruffled, long sleeves appeared to make his wrists look more fragile.

“Here are the matching apron and cap, Miss,” the woman said, giving Don a brown paper bag. “No need to try those on.”

Leona was obviously very pleased with Don’s appearance.

“I’d like you to make two more for her,” she said on an impulse, “one in pastel green for lunches and one in navy.”

Don looked up in shock. Was she going to carry out her threat to make him wear maid’s uniforms all the time?

Leona’s gaze met his eyes, and it clearly conveyed the message, “shut up young lady, don’t you dare say anything.

Don blushed with annoyance and shame, but he passively kept his mouth shut. What could he have said, anyway? The worst of it all was that she would make him pay for these maid’s uniforms himself...out of his own hard-earned money.

Mrs. Gari, the dressmaker, was, of course, only too happy to take the order.

“On the other ones, you can make the waist an inch and a half smaller,” Leona instructed her. “She will start wearing a new, smaller, corset pretty soon.”

Instinctively, Don's hands went to his waist. Horrors! It was so tight now. He just knew that he couldn't eat anything, and he had to breath from his chest, as it was.

Leona fingered the white pleated-trim satin collar of the uniform, which neatly encircled his neck.

"You are an excellent seamstress, Mrs. Gari. This dainty collar lies very smoothly, and the zipper can hardly be seen."

"I've been at it for fifty years, Madam, so I should know what I'm doing. I've made many maid's uniforms in the past, but lately everyone seems to be buying the cheap readymade ones."

"Yes," Leona agreed, "but these are for a very special girl, and yours fit so much better and look so pretty and dainty...especially with the matching aprons."

As Don took off the uniform, Mrs. Gari remarked, "It is so nice to see a young girl trying for a nice figure. Her waist is smaller than almost every other girl I have fitted lately."

Don reddened. How humiliating to hear that he...a man...had a better shape than real girls.

Leona agreed with a smile, "Yes. She is a real beauty."

Mrs. Gari was billing Louise Hagers for this outfit, so they left, promising to be back in 14 days to pick up the other uniforms. Don carried the large box containing his new outfit.

Their next stop was at a large lingerie shop where Leona made Don choose a most frilly, bulky, petticoat, which had many layers of lace and ruffles and net.

Don did not like it...it was so terribly feminine and so bulky that he just knew the lace would show with every move he made in his flaring uniform skirt.

Leona paid for the purchase, and Don had another box to carry. Outside she paused for a moment.

“Let's see...Black nylons you have...Black panty slip...Oh, yes! We'll get you some of the high heel shoes like Ann was wearing. I think you should be able to manage them now.”

Don shuddered at the idea that he would be forced to toddle on such terribly high heels. However, he knew there was no use in arguing; it would accomplish nothing. What she wants, she gets. He sighed.

In the shoe store Leona chose, Don found himself trying on some dainty, smart, gleaming, patent leather shoes. He could walk on them fairly well, even though his toes felt awfully cramped. He guessed that they would hurt after a while. However, he discovered that the constriction of the corset seemed a little less; at least that was some help.

Finally, they were ready. Don was awfully glad to be able to leave the young man who had been kneeling in front of him, trying to peek under his skirt while he was fitting shoes.

At home, he dropped his load with a sigh of relief.

“Let's make some tea,” Leona suggested. “Then we'll take a nap, so that we're rested and beautiful for the party tonight. It going to be very late, by the time you girls have finished cleaning up.

When she said, “LET'S make tea, Don knew she really meant HIM. So he obediently went to the kitchen, stopping only to change his boots for some more comfortable footwear with low heels.

Shortly, he returned from the kitchen with his tray. After pouring and serving, he finally sat down with his own cup.

Leona was again smiling, as she observed how neatly he managed sitting down, and how carefully he smoothed the skirts of his pinafore under him. In such a short time,

it was all ready habitual for him to sit properly and modestly like a girl.

"I'm sorry the Christmas season is almost over," Don lamented. "Those dreary January and February months always seem to last so long. Not many vacation days, either."

Leona just nodded. Her thoughts were with Billie. "We should have a letter from her tomorrow, I hope. She could have written a little note or card before this," she added with a frown. "She did promise to write."

Don considered, for a moment, trying to image himself in Billie's place. It must have been terrible for him to return to his parent's house as a girl, and expose his feminine figure and clothes to his sisters, his brother-in-law, and heaven knows who else. Aloud, he said, "There aren't any mail deliveries tomorrow, so we'll have to wait one more day, at least.

"She probably did not write until a few days after Christmas."

Again, Leona just nodded, her thoughts in Cleveland.

Finally, she stood up.

"Well, let's get our beauty sleep," she said, leaving Don with the cleanup.

That chore done, he went to his room, and undressed. His new corset really pinched, and he decided to take it off.

Unfortunately, the laces were doubly knotted, high enough in the back that, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't undo them.

With a groan, he rolled into bed, trying to ignore the discomfort. Eventually, he dozed off.

It was almost five o'clock when Leona awakened him.

"Hurry up, Diana. I promised Mrs. Hagers that you would be there early. There is just time for a relaxing bath."

Don blushed when he had to ask his landlady to undo his corset. With a great big sigh of relief, he rubbed his sides.

After he'd taken off his panties and slip, he saw how the steel stays of the corset had marked his flesh.

“Put in plenty of bath salts, dear. You'll have to work hard tonight, and you'll be in close contact with the guests. We want to smell nice and dainty for the New Year, don't we? Make sure you shave everywhere, also...you have half an hour,” she added, looking at her watch.

Don enjoyed the hot water, feeling his muscles relax. After shaving everywhere, he lay back with closed eyes, enjoying the sweet perfume. Frequently, he opened the hot tap to keep the water nice and hot. He almost felt like dozing off when he realized with a start that his half hour must be up.

The pleasant fragrance surrounded him as he dried himself vigorously. He was, however, gentle with his chest, which lately had become strangely sensitive, with quite a bit of loose flesh.

He wondered why he had never felt that sensation before.

Heavens! Was he developing real breasts, like a girl? He stood in front of the mirror, sensing that his figure, somehow, seemed more rounded. Even his facial skin seemed clear and more delicate.

“It must be the electrolysis treatments,” he surmised, as he draped the towel around himself in a feminine manner, to cover his chest, and entered his room where he found Leona laying out his outfit.

“Here, you start with this,” she said, handing him a delicate, lacy, black, combination pantyslip. It felt like his own skin, and as Leona laced up his corset over it, he noticed how the cups pushing up the flesh were nearly filled even before she shoved in the falsies. The lace of the pantyslip intriguingly covered his red nipples. Sheer black

nylons were smoothed up his legs and tightly gartered to his corset. Then came the bulky, rustling, petticoat, with its elastic fitting tightly at his waist, and its hem tickling his knees. Because of the bulk, it flared out widely.

Leona paid special attention to his makeup, letting him do it himself, at first, but then improving it, here and there, with particular attention to his eyelashes and brows. She picked out a soft, red colored, lipstick to make his mouth seductively inviting.

Next she checked his hands, making him file his nails and then cover them with a colorless nailpolish.

“We'll put on an unobtrusive ring,” she told him, “to give your hands that final girlish touch.”

She found one and put a dainty thin silver friendship ring on his ring-finger. It looked like a ring such as a college student might give to his favorite girlfriend. It fitted nicely, and Don blushed as he realized how feminine it made his hand appear.

“That's all the jewelry a maid can wear,” she advised, with a grin, “except maybe some small silver earrings...but, I only have them for pierced ears. We will have to take care of that the next time we go shopping,” she added, as she picked up his black uniform.

Don was about to protest, but his head was covered while she was slipping the dress over him, after he had carefully put his hands into the sleeves. She zipped him up in the back, leaving Don with the feeling of his soft figure being tightly imprisoned in this form fitting dress.

Experimenting a little with his wig, Leona expressed regret that his own hair still wasn't long enough. At last, she decided to fashion the long strands into a prim bun at the back of his head.

“Your skin is so nice, and your face is rounded enough, that you don't need the aid of your hair to frame the features,” she commented.

She used special care in pinning the cute, pleated, cap in just the right place, where it would saucily feminine. Then she crossed the apron strings over his shoulders, tying a bulky bow in the back, with the wide satin streamers decorating the back of his skirt. Turning him around, she inspected him critically.

With a smile, she said, “The men won't be able to keep their eyes off you. You'd better watch yourself, or you'll have all the women mad with envy.

“Now, you'll have to remember to curtsy when any of the guests addresses you.”

She taught him how to do that, and, after 10 minutes' practice, she was satisfied with his gracious, demure, movements.

When she let him walk toward the mirror, Don was very much perplexed at the rustling noise made by his petticoat skirts.

Goodness! It was like a cat wearing a bell. Everyone would be able to hear him coming and going. He studied himself with complete amazement. He hardly recognized himself. His bosom absolutely bulged under the apron, out from his tiny waist. His head looked smaller with the hair in a bun, but his face remained completely girlish, with a soft, sweet, complexion, his eyes accented by the mascara covered, curled, eyelashes. The skirt flared prettily and when he twirled around to look at himself in the back, he saw that the fluff of his bulky petticoat peeped out for just a moment. The dress and apron strings faithfully followed his protruding fanny before flaring out to show the cute cavities in the back of his knees.

His ankles seemed diminished and elegant in the high heels...not unlike a racing filly.

As Leona made him put on perfume, it flashed through his mind that: here he was, a junior executive on the way up, dressed attractively...but still as a lowly housemaid,

who must be at the beck and call of her mistress and the guests.

Leona brought him back from his depressing thoughts, "Come on, Diana. It is time you helped me dress...like a good maid."

Obediently, he followed her to her room, where she made him brush her hair and zip her into a lovely evening gown. He had to fasten her necklace and bracelet for her. When she was good and ready, she said, "You run along over to Mrs. Hagers, now. I'll be there shortly."

With mixed emotions, and a confused mind, he swished downstairs, put on his cloth coat, and walked to the neighboring house.

Arnold opened the door, dressed exactly like Don, and looking just as delicately girlish in the attractive, pristine, carefully ironed, apron and cap.

Don noted that the pocket of Arnold's apron was embroidered with the name "Ann" in small red letters.

"Hi, Diana. We were just wondering where you were."

Don was a little annoyed when Arnold used the familiar form, having been used to the polite, "Miss Diana" or "Miss Langley"; it was as though he was now Arnold's equal or something.

Then he had to admit to himself that, right now, he really was a domestic, just like Arnold.

Mrs. Hagers came into the hall just as Don was hanging his coat in the hall closet.

"Why, Diana...your uniform fits beautifully. It becomes you very much. You girls will add a lot of decor to the festivities," she added with a satisfied smile.

Don was put to work right away helping with this and that until it was time for the guests to arrive.

Ann was delegated to answer the door and take the coats of the gentlemen, while Diana was stationed in the upstairs hall to welcome the ladies and help them out of their coats to be put on the guest room beds.

Don's hands felt clammy from nervousness and with the idea that he was going to be exposed like this at very close quarters to many men and women. Nevertheless, knew that there was no way out; he would have to perform the services demanded of him. He could only hope that he could play the part of a maid satisfactorily, and without revealing his true sex. When the doorbell rang, he gave himself a last quick look in the mirror, and straightened his apron. Then, as if in a bad dream, he turned to receive the first lady guests with a graceful curtsy. He was usually greeted with a haughty "good evening, Miss," as he took their coats and wraps. He blushed and had to turn away, when one of the ladies checked her stocking garters, lifting her skirts and exposing thighs and panties.

The guests began arriving in bunches, and he was kept very busy. He blushed when Mrs. Rizzo and Mrs. Brent came in. Mrs. Brent surveyed him with a cool stare.

"Well, Diana...that's a big comedown, from a beautiful young lady to a lowly housemaid."

She said it with such obvious relish, that Mrs. Rizzo took it upon herself to shut her up.

"Lisa! Don't be so terrible. I think it is awfully nice of Diana to help out this way." Turning to Don, her eyes smiling soft and kind, she followed with, "You look wonderfully attractive, dear, in that inform."

"Would you mind helping me out some day?" Don, appreciating her kind words, nevertheless did not know what to reply. He certainly did not want to hurt her feelings, but on the other hand, he had absolutely no intention of playing maid again, either. Blushing embarrassedly, and unable to think of a satisfactory answer, he just nodded.

Several of the other ladies, he all ready knew from last week's party. He received compliments from each of them.

Then Mrs. Muller arrived with her daughter, Judy. To Don's surprise, Judy was dressed in an elegant, long

evening gown, with over the elbow gloves and high heeled slippers.

He hardly recognized her.

When she saw Don's surprised look, she blushed sharply and hung her head in annoyance.

Don took her shorty coat, and said cheerily, "You look absolutely beautiful tonight, Miss Judy."

He could tell by the angry sparkle in her eyes she wasn't happy at his comment.

"Don't you dare talk to me, Miss. This is all your fault.

"I'm glad to see that you let yourself be further degraded and become an upstairs maid. It serves you right."

Looking right into his face, "So, remember your place."

Don lowered his eyes, confronted by her cold, dominating stare. Then curtsying submissively, he replied "Yes, Miss," at which point she turned away.

Finally, all the guests had arrived, and Mrs. Hagers called him to the kitchen to help serve.

"Ann, you take the drinks, as you have more experience.

Diana, you carry the hors d'ouvres, and just keep circulating among the guests.

"When your tray is almost empty, you can go to the kitchen and pick up another tray. We have a variety of snacks, as you can see. Serve the hot ones first."

With a pumping heart, Don followed Arnold into the crowded living room. With knocking knees, he approached the first group and cringed when he felt the appreciative eyes of the men.

One middle aged man appeared to be mentally undressing him, from the way he slowly and deliberately surveyed Don from his trim, black nyloned legs, right up to where his eyes came to rest, at Don's prominent bosom.

Heaving with agitation and apprehension, he blushed deeply and lowered his eyes modestly. Inside, however, he

cursed the cad, with his oily smile and rude stare. Apparently, some men thought that they could act that way to a maid.

Moreover, Don could do nothing but continue to swish around noisily, aware that several men behind him were making comments about his legs and beautiful figure. With both hands occupied by the tray in front of him, and his corset forcing his busts up and out, he just had to parade his femininity, for all to see. He approached a group of four men standing in the corner, each holding a drink, who were animatedly discussing the latest international developments. When he offered the tray, one of them turned around.

Don almost dropped his tray. Suddenly, he felt dizzy with fear, and had to swallow three times, while he remained rooted to the spot. There he was, confronted by his own boss from the office.

Mr. Burin looked at him with a friendly smile, displaying no recognition.

Don's face successively turned all the colors of the rainbow, as he desperately tried to get hold of himself.

As Mr. Burin put some cheese on a cracker, he inspected her with more interest and asked, "Don't I know you from somewhere, Miss?" Don, pale and trembling, now, was barely able to control himself. He lowered his eyes and stared at his toes, as if that would hide his face. Fear of discovery and unadulterated embarrassment kept him unable to move, allowing the other men to observe this strangely behaving waitress.

Leona, who had been following her pretty boarder with her eyes, anxious to see that she performed correctly, quickly came over to the group.

"Is anything the matter, Diana?" That brought Don back to his senses. After some more swallows, he found his voice, "No, Mrs. Johnson. Mr. Burin asked me if I had met him before."

He nearly choked, almost before he finished speaking. What a big boo-boo. He was not supposed to know the man's name. His knees started knocking from nervousness, his mind blanked out, returning to a single thought: here he was, an executive of Mr. Burin's firm, exposed in his skirts as a cute, attractively uniformed and aproned, maid.

His boss made another searching glance, and said, "There...you see...you even know my name. We MUST have met before."

Miraculously, Don recovered some of his mental agility, albeit not enough to keep from stuttering, and replied, "N-no, sir, I-I just heard your name mentioned earlier."

Fortunately, Mr. Burin didn't press the matter further. He just shrugged his shoulders, while Don, regaining some presence of mind, offered the tray to the next man.

The Don turned and walked, as quickly as he could...on his heels...toward the kitchen door. He was certain that the eyes of all four men in that group were glued to his back, and he realized how his corset and heels made him sway and swing his hips in an exaggerated manner.

Leona followed him into the kitchen, where Don sank into a chair, his hands before his face, tears a flow.

"Everything is lost. I'm just SURE he recognized me," he mumbled.

"NOW, what's the matter?" Leona demanded, curtly.

"That was my boss. Mr. Burin,...is my BOSS," he sobbed without taking his hands from his face. "I'm sure he knows who I really am. I just know it."

"Nonsense," she replied. "How could he ever connect such a pretty girl to that male employee of his?" "But, when I get back to the office, HE'LL RECOGNIZE ME. He'll notice my eyebrows...my nails...those silly tight pants. Then he'll know...I'm sure."

Leona, displaying her usual level of sympathy, responded, “Well, you don't have to worry about this NOW, do you? You won't go to the office until the day after tomorrow.

“So, fill up your tray and get going. You can't let Louise Hagers down just because of your silly notions and worries.”

Surprisingly, Don found himself rising...not realizing how accustomed he had all ready become to doing whatever his landlady told him.

Nevertheless, he had misgivings.

“But, what if he DOES recognize me? What'll I do?” he whined.

“Now Diana...stop being silly. He WON'T, and that's that.”

Then a thought came to her mind. “Or maybe it would be good if he did,” she added, with an impertinent smile.

“Then we could tell him that you're really a girl, posing as a man to get a better salary and job. Maybe he'll even offer you a position as his secretary, or a file clerk or something.”

Don flushed angrily at this humiliating remark. Imagine...him, a lowly file clerk or office girl, traipsing around at work in skirts, with a bulging bosom, where he'd formerly been an executive. He almost went into shock at the mere idea, and started to sit down again.

Before he could, Leona grabbed his arm. “No, you don't. You have work to do, young lady. Get your tray ready.”

In anger, he yanked his arm loose, and turned to his tormentor.

Before he had a chance to say something, Leona slapped his face hard, on the left and right, and told him, “You shut up and do as you're told. If you don't, I'll go straight to your Mr. Burin and tell him all.”

Don, now deathly pale, gasped, "You wouldn't...you wouldn't."

"Oh, yes, I most certainly would...and I will, unless you pick up that tray, right now, and march back into the living room."

Before Don could respond, Mrs. Hagers came into the kitchen.

"Diana! Where have you been? We need some more snacks.

"Come quickly, dear."

Don's shoulders sagged helplessly. What could he do but obey? He took the tray and left the kitchen.

Leona watched him closely, for any signs of rebellion, as he traipsed out on his high heels, the large bow of his apron bouncing with each movement of his hips. Seeing only obedience, she decided to rub it in a little.

"What did I teach you this afternoon?" she called after him.

His face flushed with barely controlled anger. Nevertheless, a defenseless and helpless Don turned and dropped a little curtsy.

Leona waved him on into the living room.

Having noted Don's mood, Mrs. Hagers asked, "Is anything the matter?" "No, dear, not really. His boss is one of the guests, and he thought..."

"Oh dear," Mrs. Hagers interrupted, "that must make him very nervous."

Leona grinned, "It's a good test for him. Let him worry a little bit...it will improve his demeanor. Did you know Burin was his boss?"

"Oh, goodness NO. I would not have risked it, if I had," Mrs. Hagers replied. Then another idea occurred to her.

"It will insure that he walks and acts like a girl, now...that's for sure. Oh, I hope that he won't make any mistakes.

He's so new at the job.

"I don't know what I would say, if he were discovered to be a man."

Leona assured her, "Don't worry, dear. He'll watch himself, all right. Just keep an eye on him to make sure."

"It IS remarkable, how he has improved in such a short time," Mrs. Hagers observed, "and, last week he looked so deliciously feminine in his evening gown."

"Yes," Leona agreed. "I can be proud of my efforts."

"You know," Mrs. Hagers confided, "everyone asks where I found these pretty maids...I told them that you trained them."

"That's all right," Leona responded. "Maybe I should even start an employment agency for domestics."

Mrs. Hagers grinned. "You'd better find some more of those TV's of yours."

"Don't worry," Leona replied, forming her own diabolic smile.

"There are plenty of them around."

"Well, I'm sure glad you found my Ann; he's turning out to be a jewel. Did you see how pretty he looks and how girlishly he walks?" Leona nodded, then with an impish grin she replied, "Yes, and I also noted his figure."

Mrs. Hagers continued, "It is amazing how those hormones work."

"Did you know that he really can't go around without a bra any more?"

"That's good," Leona answered, "it will be a constant reminder that there is no turning back any more. He must be a girl forever. You just make sure to keep him under your thumb all the time. You can't relax for a moment with them," she warned.

"Oh, don't worry...I will. As a matter of fact, it gives me great pleasure to know that underneath that terribly feminine, attractive facade, there is really a man,

completely under my power and control. It is almost like owning a slave," she finished, with a blush of excitement.

The loud sound of rustling petticoats announced the return of Arnold to the kitchen. The women watched him silently as he curtsied to them and then began to ready another tray with liquid refreshments.

"You looked very nice, tonight, Ann," Leona could not help saying, again.

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson," Ann responded, blushing with what Leona thought could be pleasure and pride.

After checking the dinner preparations, Mrs. Hagers took her neighbor back to the living room. Over her shoulder, she said, "Figure on serving dinner in 45 minutes, Ann. Diana can take over all the serving, in the meantime."

Ann nodded, and said, "Yes, Mrs. Hagers. I'll be able to manage that."

Leona shook her head in amazement.

"It's unbelievable, how fast he has learned. Getting a dinner ready for so many guests is not easy."

"She slaved all day," Louise Hagers agreed. "But don't forget, I had the meat sent in, all ready cooked."

The party was getting noisier. Mrs. Hagers instructed Don, "Diana, you'll have to serve from now on, as Ann is getting dinner ready. Go slow with the punch," she cautioned.

Don nodded, offering them a snack from an almost empty tray, then leaving to get another from the kitchen, the strings of his apron fluttering.

In the kitchen, Arnold noticed Don's drawn unhappy face.

"What's the matter, Diana?" he asked with concern.

"Oh...I feel just terrible. My boss is in there as a guest, here I am, exposed as a maid in skirts and apron. I can feel him looking at me all the time, and I'm so afraid that he will recognize me."

“Heavens! How terrible for you,” Arnold commiserated.

“Still, you look so completely girlish and pretty in this uniform, that he'll never guess your identity in a million years.

If I were you, I would not worry too much. Just make sure that you behave and move like Mrs. Johnson taught us, and no one will ever believe that you're really a man.

“I'm sure trying,” Don admitted, not much cheered by Ann's words. With a deep sigh, he took another tray, this one filled with punch glasses and carefully minced out the door, still far from happy with the idea that he was dressed and treated by all these people as an ordinary maid.

Every now and then, he came upon Judy in the crowded room and their eyes met without a word passing between them, except for Don's “Would you like another drink, Miss?” Don was careful to conceal his glee at seeing her angry face, while wearing her man-catching decollete evening gown and the long stiff gloves.

Judy, on the other hand, was visibly pleased that this pretty girl, who had embarrassed her so much last week, was now reduced to servant status.

Nevertheless, it gave Don more than a little pleasure, knowing that he really had looked more attractive in his gown, last week, than she did tonight. Even so, he felt a little envy over the attention she was getting from three admiring men, while he had to appear in a blackdress uniform.

He suddenly blushed when he realized the implication of this line of thought. Why should he care? Fortunately, he soon forgot this feeling as he basked in the admiring glances of the male guests, whom he approached with his tray.

Dinner was ready exactly on time. When the guests were seated, Ann and Diana started serving the soup.

Then Arnold told Don to clear the living room of empty glasses, dishes, and napkins, to get it back in order for after dinner.

He could clearly hear the conversation from the dining room, and his attention held firmly when he heard some lady ask, "Louise, you're so lucky to have such nice help. Where did you find them?" He heard Mrs. Hagers mention Leona's name, but could not quite hear what was said, except when Leona spoke.

"Well, you just call me if you need any domestic help occasionally. As a matter of fact, I am thinking of starting a domestic employment agency.

Then he heard a man say, "Well, you sure know how to pick them...they're pretty and saucy girls."

Another woman remarked, "They're so well trained, too...they curtsy so politely, and seem to remember the place."

"They'd better," Don heard Mrs. Hagers giggle. He froze on the spot from fear. Was she going to divulge the secret? He sighed with relief when he heard Leona explain, "What she means is that I have a good training program and know how to motivate them so they mind what they are doing...and do as I say."

"Motivation, my eye," Don muttered. "Blackmail...that's what it is, pure unadulterated blackmail."

As he finished clearing the room, and went to the kitchen with a tray full of dirty glasses and ashtrays, he glanced toward the dining room, which was "en suite" with the large living room, and he caught the eye of Mrs. Hagers who winked at him. She'd obviously had too much to drink. It worried Don...she might yet give away the secret.

Arnold instructed him as to how he should collect the soup plates, "You take them away from the right side of each guest."

When he entered the dining room in a loud rustling of skirts, most of the guests looked up at him. Subconsciously...in a typical feminine gesture...he felt at his hair to determine whether the bun was still properly pinned up, moving a stray wisp of hair into place in the process. Neatly, he collected the empty plates, blushing fetchingly as he still felt the eyes of many at the dinner table following his every move.

He saw Judy stare at his obviously narrow waist, accentuated by the tight white apron strings. He didn't have to think too hard to guess what she was thinking.

Sure enough, as he was leaving the room with his full tray, he heard her say to the lady beside her, "I just don't know how she puts up with it."

"With what, dear," the woman asked.

Judy looked at her mother, across the table. She knew that she was about to overstep the line of propriety, again. That only caused her a moment's hesitation, then she observed, "Well...did you notice her tiny waist?" "I've been admiring above the waist, mostly," one of the men remarked, crudely.

Then Mrs. Brent, who had been following the conversation piped up, "There's nothing like a good old-fashioned figure training, to make your lady more pliable and well behaved."

The first woman gasped, then, looking at Leona asked, "You mean..., you're making them wear..."

Mrs. Hagers interrupted, "Yes...of course. Where did you think they got such trim figures?" "But, how do they stand it, in this day and age?" she asked, still not quite believing.

Leona explained, "I gave them no choice in the matter, at first. Later, they learned that men appreciate a small, dainty, waist in a girl. Then they gladly put up with it, just like their great grandmothers did."

“That's certainly true,” Mrs. Rutgers put in. “All the way home from the party, last week, my son could talk about nothing else but that pretty girl Diana, and her fabulous figure. He wants to date her badly.” Then she added, “But now that I see her here, I don't know whether it is a good idea.”

Mrs. Rizzo spoke up, “You're a terrible snob, Mary. Diana is a nice girl, even if she does have to work for a living. It's no longer a shame to be a domestic worker. Lot's of college girls work as waitresses during the summer.”

Mrs. Rutgers blushed at that remark. “Well! You would not want your son to marry just anybody.”

Leona put a halt to the argument.

“Now, ladies, stop it. Diana is not marrying anyone, so let's talk about something else.”

Shortly after that, Arnold and Don came rustling in. Like well-trained waitresses, they began to offer from the food trays.

Both were so intent on doing their task correctly...to avoid detection...that they hardly noticed that everyone was admiring them. Even though Don tried to move as femininely as possible, he was still ill at ease, constantly aware of his soft prominences pouting under the apron. Although he had to bend over, the corset forced his shoulders back, and he realized that his figure really stood out in a provocative manner. When he came to Mr. Burin, he felt his face flushing again.

While Mr. Burin helped himself from the tray, he said to Don, “I still think we have met somewhere before, young lady.”

He shook his head, muttering, “I must be getting old, not remembering such a pretty girl.”

Don silently continued serving the guests.

Leona, however, decided to tease a little.

“Maybe she'd applied for a job interview at your office.”

Don almost dropped the tray when she said that; he certainly wished Leona had dropped dead, right then and there.

“Maybe that is it,” Mr. Burin said, thoughtfully. Thinking that she should have remembered such a visit, he asked, “Did you ever apply for a job at the Atlas Shipping Co., Miss?” Don barely managed to shake his head, and, in a whisper, replied, “No, sir.” Then he quickly turned to serve the next guest.

In time, dinner was finished and Arnold served the cordials while Don served and poured the coffee.

Then the maids had a chance to eat. As they helped themselves in the kitchen, Ann remarked, “You did all right tonight, Diana. I'm glad you came to help.”

“I did not have a choice in the matter,” Don glowered. “You know Mrs. Johnson.”

Following Arnold's example, he took his apron off to avoid the risk of food stains, which would be so ugly on the pristine white garment.

“I know what you mean,” Arnold responded. “Still, it has turned out better for me than I thought it would. I get along all right with Mrs. Hagers, and she's real nice to me. Yesterday, she brought me a beautiful new cocktail dress for dates.”

As astonished Don asked, “You mean you're going on dates...with boys...like Billie?”

Arnold blushed. “Well...not so far...but, some delivery men have asked me several times. And, lately, I feel so much like a girl...Mrs. Hagers says I should go out evenings, so I should find an escort. She won't let me go out alone. Maybe we could go out together some times?”

Don just nodded. He was annoyed at the thought that here he was, dressed as a maid, being asked to socialize with one. He flushed at his own snobbishness. Then the thought occurred to him as to what his secretary Joyce would think if she saw him now. She REALLY was a

snob, coming from an old family, no longer very rich...and awfully ambitious...even a graduate of a well-known women's college.

Lately, he'd had the feeling that she was after his job. He had shrugged it off, though, thinking that a girl would never be given his executive position, which required a great deal of aggressiveness. He had no idea how wrong he might prove to be.

Arnold interrupted his thoughts as they finished their meal.

Giving Don a blue and white striped apron, as he, himself, had donned, he said, "We'd better get started doing the dishes."

Don stood up. He could not even finish his dessert, because of the tight corset. Neither did he have much appetite, after all the emotional stress of the evening.

It was almost eleven o'clock, and the "girls" were still working silently at the large pile of dishes and glasses, when Mrs. Johnson came into the kitchen with Mrs. Rizzo and another lady.

"Ann, may we have a glass of water, please?" Leona asked.

Arnold curtseyed politely and quickly served three glasses of ice water, neatly on a tray, while Don continued drying dishes.

Mrs. Rizzo smilingly walked over to Don and tugged on his sleeve.

"Diana, may I ask a favor? This next Saturday, I have my three grandchildren. They are such active little rascals, and I was wondering whether you would help me babysit them, while their parents are away to a wedding, out of town." She added, almost begging, "I'm afraid my legs aren't what they used to be."

Don blushed, and glanced at his landlady.

“Of course, he will,” Leona stated calmly, while looking at Don with that fierce stare of hers. That left him no alternative but to agree.

With a polite curtsy he answered, “I would be glad to, Mrs. Rizzo.”

He worried about being exposed to small children, knowing that they had sharper eyes than adults, not being prejudiced by assumptions or superficial appearances. Still, if Mrs. Johnson found that he could do it, there was nothing to prevent him.

Anyway, he liked doing Mrs. Rizzo a favor.

Then Leona followed with, “Mrs. Burin also has asked me whether you could help her with a party. It is to be held Saturday, January 23rd. I don't think you have anything then, do you, Diana?” Again, that expression which brooked no argument, only submission to her will.

“You'll be so decorative, in your attractive uniform,” Mrs. Burin urged. “It's a bridal shower for my neighbors daughter, and I expect quite a few girls.”

Leona answered for him again, “Of course. She will be glad to help you, Adele.

“I'm sure she would even break a date, if necessary,” she added with a fiendish smile.

Don blushed and, without thinking, started to say, “I have no date...”

He stopped and paled with terror as the implication became clear to him. There he would be, serving as a maid in his own boss's home. Horrors! Next, he flushed with anger, when he remembered that Mrs. Johnson knew that Mr. Burin was his employer. It was like tempting the gods. Was she deliberately trying to expose him to discovery and recognition, bringing terrible shame upon him? “Then it's agreed,” Mrs. Burin exclaimed with a happy smile.

“My son will pick you up in our car, and drive you back from White Plains when the work is done.”

Don was in such a state of shock that he could only nod. He even forgot to curtsy as the ladies left the kitchen. However, Mrs. Rizzo turned back, saying, "See you Saturday, Diana. Wear something pretty; we may be going out with them."

Don smiled back at her, remembering to curtsy, this time.

He still felt that nice feeling of kinship and understanding towards her, and unexplainable affinity. He appreciated her thoughtfulness in trying to tell him diplomatically that he would not be expected to wear his maid's uniform and apron.

As the door closed again, Don sank into a chair, feeling like the heavens had fallen in on him.

"What is she trying to do to me," he exclaimed, almost crying, now. Then, doubly embarrassed at his own girlish emotions, he swallowed hard in an effort to keep Arnold from seeing his tears. He put his head in his hands as he realized that, instead of standing up to his landlady, like a man would, he had passively agreed, and now was almost crying like a girl. What WAS happening to him? Was his character and personality changing so quickly and completely?

Arnold tried to console him, "If that Burin guy did not recognize you this evening, I'm sure he won't three weeks from now, either. Don't worry about it, Diana. After all, nobody...but nobody...tonight, had even the slightest hint or inkling that you were not what you seem to be. As a matter of fact, I heard one of the boys mention what a nice dish he thought you were."

Don dried his eyes with the striped apron. At least what Arnold said had some truth in it. He had passed, all right, and as long as he had to be a girl, it was nice to get compliments.

Silently, the two resumed working on the sinkful of utensils, dishes and pans. Occasionally, Arnold had to tell

Don what to do, but even the limited experience at girlish jobs Don had was enough preparation for most of his tasks.

It was a half hour before midnight when Mrs. Hagers came in, and most of the mess was cleaned up, the gleaming dishes in neat piles.

“Time to get ready for the champagne, girls.”

Arnold had, earlier in the evening, put the eight bottles in a tub with ice. Don was sent in to get goblets from the dining room cupboard. He quickly changed aprons, with Mrs. Hagers tying a nice bulky bow in back for him. She fussed with it until it stood out perkily.

Again, everyone looked up when the sibilant rustling announced his arrival.

Don felt himself blushing as he nervously kept his eyes straight ahead, trying to ignore the stares. He had to make two trips to get all the glasses on a large tray. Each time, he damned the corset, which made his posture so provocative, as if he were flaunting his good points in a flirting manner. Don was surprised when he saw Arnold inspecting the glasses for spots, just like a real housewife. Had he all ready developed a sense of pride in his household work? Just before midnight, he helped with the pouring of the icecold champagne, the bottles popping loudly with a happy sound.

Barely a minute before twelve, Louise Hagers led both of her maids into the dining room, where they offered everyone a glass. When Don came to Judy, she remarked, “I’m going to toast women’s liberation, so that you may be released from your corset slavery.”

Don blushed fiercely, noticing that two young men, standing nearby, immediately turned their attention to his small, dainty, waist.

“I’ll drink to better figures for girls,” one of Judy’s escorts rebutted, smiling, in an all-too-obvious compliment for the pretty maid.

That caused Don to blush even more fiercely, as he lowered his eyes in confusion.

Moreover, it made Judy angry, causing her to make a nasty remark.

“I guess your boyfriend leads you around on a leash, doesn't he?” Don quickly turned away from the group, toward the door. Just then, the clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Hagers turned off the lights, shouting, “Happy New Year.”

Suddenly, Don felt two strong arms around him, and, in the darkness, he firmly kissed on his red lips. He struggled, dropping the empty tray he'd been holding. Wrestling free, he tried to grope his way toward the kitchen door.

When the lights came on again, Don had reached the doorway.

Looking back, he saw one of the young men looking his way, with a lipstick smudge on his mouth. With an impish smile, he recovered his glass from a nearby table and raised it, calling out, “Happy New Year, Miss.”

Don felt like slapping the jerk's face, but, instead, retreated into the kitchen, almost slamming the door behind him.

“Of all the nerve,” he angrily exclaimed to Arnold, and furiously wiped his lips.

Arnold grinned. “It is really some sort of compliment, you know. Remember? You're a girl now.”

Don blushed again, feeling very uncomfortable at that remark.

It was true the fellow had thought he was a girl. And he was well aware of how males assumed the right to take certain liberties with females on a festive occasions such as this. It made him so confused, to think that he, like a girl, was supposed to submit to this and enjoy it.

Arnold interrupted his train of thought, “Come on...we'll have a toast, too.”

Handing Don a champagne-filled glass, he offered, “To Miss Langley...may she always grow more beautiful.”

Don blushed, feeling terribly embarrassed.

“Happy New Year, Ann,” he said, finishing his glass with one swallow. It made him feel better and he refilled his glass and sat down, remembering to straighten his skirts nearly under him.

Both of them were silent for a moment, wondering what the coming year would bring each of them.

For Arnold, this last year had certainly been a complete change. Moreover, it had not been at all bad, compared to the miserable life he'd had with his grandfather.

Don, on the other hand, was not sure whether he was happy about what was awaiting him. Where would it all lead? Would it ever stop? What was he doing to himself? It was with mixed emotions and almost fearful anticipation that he entered this new year. He just knew that it would have a lot of strange and often unpleasant things in store for him.

Don and Arnold were called back into the living room to refill the glasses. With a bottle of champagne in each hand, they progressed from one guest to another.

When Don came to Mrs. Johnson, she raised her glass to him, and with a nasty grin on her face, offered her toast, “Happy New Year, Diana...may you have many boy friends.”

Don merely turned away, trying to hide his displeasure and discomfort at her remark.

The crowd was all standing, and the atmosphere festive and noisy.

When the maids returned to the kitchen with the empty bottles, Louise Hagers followed them. She'd obviously had more than enough to drink. In the hallway she grabbed Arnold, and, before he knew what was

happening, she kissed him squarely on the mouth, then giggled, "Happy New Year, Arnold."

Don was hard pressed to not laugh aloud at Arnold's embarrassed expression. For a moment it appeared that he was going to kiss her back, but, just in time, he remembered his place and status, and he lowered his eyes, his arms hanging down again.

When the guests started to leave, Mrs. Hagerss maids were again stationed where they could assist them, Don helping the ladies with their coats and wraps.

As Mrs. Rizzo left, she offered, "Happy New Year, Diana," then reminded, "and see you Saturday."

"Yes, Mrs. Rizzo," Don replied, politely, with a nice curtsey.

Mrs. Burin also reminded Don on his commitment to her January 23rd party, but she neglected to wish him a happy New Year. "I'll be counting on you," she told him.

Once again Don had no alternative but to agree that he would come and help her serve. He wished that he were dead, as he thought of the prospect of having to act as a maid-waitress again...in his boss's own home, yet.

While Leona and Mrs. Hagers discussed the party, Don and Arnold put the room in order, washed the champagne glasses, and put everything neatly away in the dining room cupboards.

At last, Leona remarked, "I'm tired. Come on, Diana, let's go home."

Don went to get her coat, as well as his own. When he returned, he saw Mrs. Hagers handing some money to Leona. He did not even suspect that his labors had earned another seventy-five dollars for his landlady.

Mrs. Hagers, still in her cups, kissed Don.

"Thank you for helping out, dear," she offered.

As the door was closing behind them, Don witnessed Mrs. Hagers taking hold of Arnold's arm in a very familiar

manner, such that it made Leona frown and shake her head. It certainly gave Don a lot of food for thought.

He walked silently next to his landlady. He hadn't even bothered to take his cap off; he'd just slipped into his coat over his uniform.

Leona watched him from the corner of her eye. He appeared tired and unhappy. She decided this was not a good time to ask about his pouting; she was pretty sure what the cause was, anyway.

After they were inside the house, she observed, "You must be tired, dear.

"Go on to bed, after you rinse your underwear. Tomorrow you can sleep late. I'll call you when I'm ready for breakfast."

Even in his weariness, Don felt rising irritation. "When SHE is ready for breakfast," he thought, "of all the egoist things."

However he was too tuckered-out to make a point. Moreover, the emotions of the evening had depressed him terribly. In response to Leona's "sleep well, dear," he just muttered, "Good night," and went straight to his room.

As he was taking off his cap, he saw himself in the mirror, and studied his appearance. Again, he blushed, as he thought about Mr. Burin seeing him this way. What would happen when they met again at the office? What could he say? Taking off his apron and then his dress, he felt as though he'd reached the end of his rope.

He had just enough energy to remove his makeup and wig, rinse his stockings and panty, and don his nightwear. Too tired to think more deeply about his problem, he rolled into bed.

As he pulled the top sheet over his babydoll gown, he wished that he had taken off his corset. But his eyes dropped shut and almost immediately his tired body and mind relaxed and collected its due in badly needed rest.

It was nearly noon when he awakened. He felt rested and much better. Stretching, he observed that the corset seemed to have settled a little more. It just didn't seem to pinch as much as before. Going to the window and soaking up the bright sunshine seemed to elevate his mood further; his troubles of last night longer seemed so pressing.

The house was still silent.

Feeling very hungry, an impulse struck him that it would be a nice gesture, this first day of the new year, to serve Mrs. Johnson's breakfast to her in bed.

With a robe over his short nightgown, he slid his feet into his mid-heeled slippers and traipsed downstairs to the kitchen.

Half an hour later, with the aroma of bacon and coffee filling the hallway, he knocked on Leona's bedroom door.

In response to her answer, "Come in," he entered and cheerily offered "Happy New Year, Mrs. Johnson," as he put the tray on her bed.

Leona smiled contentedly as she looked over his slight figure, with the ruffled white pinafore appearing incongruous over his robe.

"Thank you, Diana...this is very nice of you. Ummm! This is living.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked, as she sat up in bed, her ample bosom clearly showing through her diaphanous nightgown.

Don nodded. Nothing could have kept him awake after yesterday's hard and late work, plus the emotional stress Mr. Burin's presence had given him.

"How does your corset feel now? Isn't it much more comfortable?" Don put his hands on his restricted waist. "It doesn't seem to hurt as much," he admitted.

"Good! I told you that you'd get used to it soon enough."

Then she added, with a smile, “I would not be too surprised if Judy gets to wear a corset soon, too.

“Didn't she have a darling dress, last night?” Don nodded, then remarked, “But I thought that Mrs. Rizzo's dress was positively exquisite...so stylish.” He blushed even as he finished speaking. Here he was, talking about dresses, just as a girl would.

Leona changed the subject. “Mrs. Hagers has asked us to go to the city today, to treat you girls to an outing, in appreciation of the nice job you did last night. We plan to leave about four o'clock, and take in a show. I think your pretty black cocktail dress would be nice to wear.

“Before we dress, I'll give you another electrolysis treatment. We had no time for one yesterday, remember? We're making such good progress at getting rid of your facial hair.”

Without even a pause to change the subject again, she rattled on, “When your room is done, wash the breakfast dishes, then empty the laundry hamper and get the washing machine going.”

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson,” he said, almost curtsying. He managed to stifle that motion, but not before Leona had noticed.

“See how natural those feminine actions become? But, you don't have to do that now...only when you wear your maid's uniform,” she grinned.

Blushing, Don left the room to get dressed and obey her orders.

As usual, the hours flew by, and soon it was time to prepare for the outing. Don secretly had been looking forward to this opportunity...to go out in public dressed to kill...even if it was only to a show. It took him more than 45 minutes to get ready. However, when he finally put on his dress, and studied himself in the mirror, he could not help being pleased. The simple, black, stylish, sleeveless taffeta dress had a deeply scooped neckline providing

contrast with his pale skin. It fitted closely over his bulging breasts and down his waist. The skirt flared out below the hips, with a hem length that shows quite a bit of his dark beige nylons.

He decided to wear the same high heels he had bought for his maid's outfit, as they very attractively showed off his legs and ankles.

Louise Hagers had called a taxi to go to the station, and soon four stylish ladies sat in the train. Arnold was in a silk suit dress, almost identical to Louise's...except that his was navy while her's was light beige. The women each wore a fur coat, but the Don and Arnold had on simple cloth coats. Don's was belted to emphasize his tiny waist.

Both Don and Arnold wore black over-the-wrist gloves.

The group had drinks and dinner at Rosoff's. Mrs. Hagers could not hide her amusement at the amount of male attention her young girlish companions were attracting. A few times, Arnold even glanced back in a manner which might be interpreted as flirtatious.

Don, on the other hand, lowered his eyes shamefully. He knew that he looked perfectly attractive and girlish, but his mind was still too masculine, and the idea that other men were admiring him as a female absolutely terrified him. He began to get an inkling of what Billie had gone through, being forced into dates with Hank and having been obliged to act so completely female that, eventually, he had come to feel completely as a girl.

Would the same thing happen to him? As the drinks began to work, Don loosened up a little, forgetting his worries, so he began to actually enjoy the evening and the feeling that he did look pretty and seductive, just like the girls he had always admired. The dinner was delicious, and Don appreciated it all the more, realizing how much more enjoyable the food was when one did not have to prepare it or do the cleanup afterwards.

Mrs. Hagers had four tickets for the play '1876' at the Schubert Theatre...good seats, too: tenth row, center. The older women let the pretty girls precede them and Mrs. Hagers nudged Leona as they noticed how many eyes the beauties were drawing as they traipsed down the center aisle on their high heels.

Leona realized how self-conscious Don must feel, and how hard he must be trying to act completely feminine. She was quite happy that he was carrying it off beautifully, especially considering that he had been in skirts only a few weeks. Yes, her Diana was making good progress.

The show was so entertaining that Don found himself laughing loudly. A sharp jab from Leona's elbow made him realize that he'd better watch himself, and giggle in a more ladylike manner.

Don blushed furiously, as he glanced around to see if anyone was staring at him. Fortunately, everyone was absorbed by the action on stage. However, he knew from her frown that he'd be getting a lecture from Mrs. Johnson later that night.

The train ride home was uneventful. Don's feet had come to hurt terribly; he wondered if Arnold and the ladies were experiencing the same discomfort. There was no evidence that Arnold was experiencing pain anywhere, as he was sitting demurely, with a happy face and dreamy eyes, obviously having tremendously enjoyed the evening out. He frequently mentioned some amusing aspect or incident in the show and kept the conversation going.

It wasn't until Don was undressing that the terrible thought returned, that he would have to go to the office again in the morning and possibly confront his boss. Added to that was awareness of the ungodly hour he'd have to get up. It was upsetting enough to keep him awake for a long time.

The morning of January second arrived, and Don found himself back in the routine of the previous working days. Wearing the usual lingerie and feminized slacks, the trip to the office brought the same agonizing moments in the train and the subway.

At least he had remembered to buy a Daily News to hide behind.

Nevertheless, he remained conscious of people looking at him, often a little longer than was customary. It made him wonder whether they saw something effeminate in his stance or his face, or, worse, his figure. He had studied himself in the mirror this morning, noticing that his eyebrows were too nicely shaped for a man, his skin too soft and clear, and his hair too long. How could he go through this suffering experience every morning, day in and day out? In a morose mood, he arrived at the office.

Joyce, his secretary, came to his desk with a too cheery "Good morning, Mr. Langely. Happy New Year."

He mumbled "Happy New Year, Joyce," hoping she would go away.

Unfortunately, she tarried near his desk, apparently noticing his strange nervousness. After a moment of watching, she remarked, "Why, Mr. Langely, what pretty nails you have."

THE END of book three!

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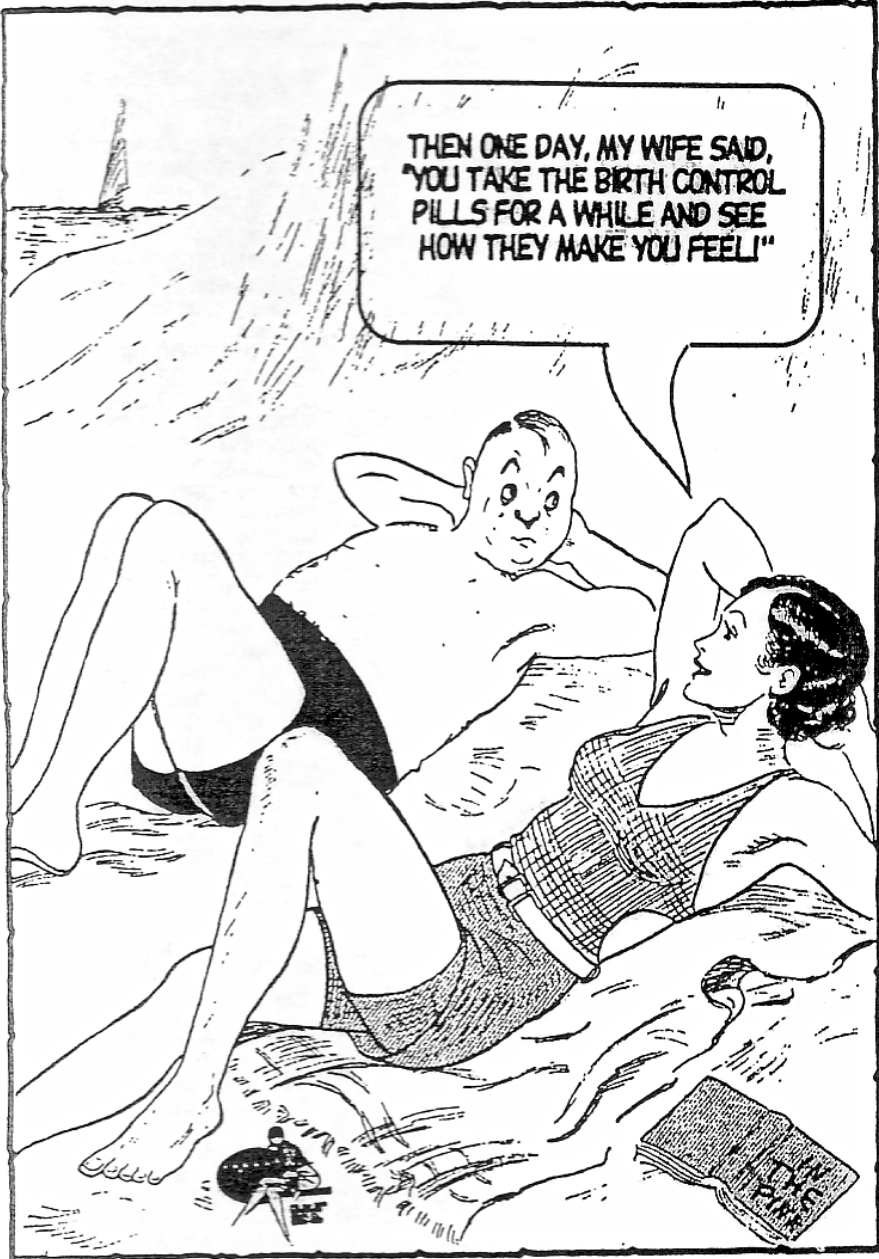
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