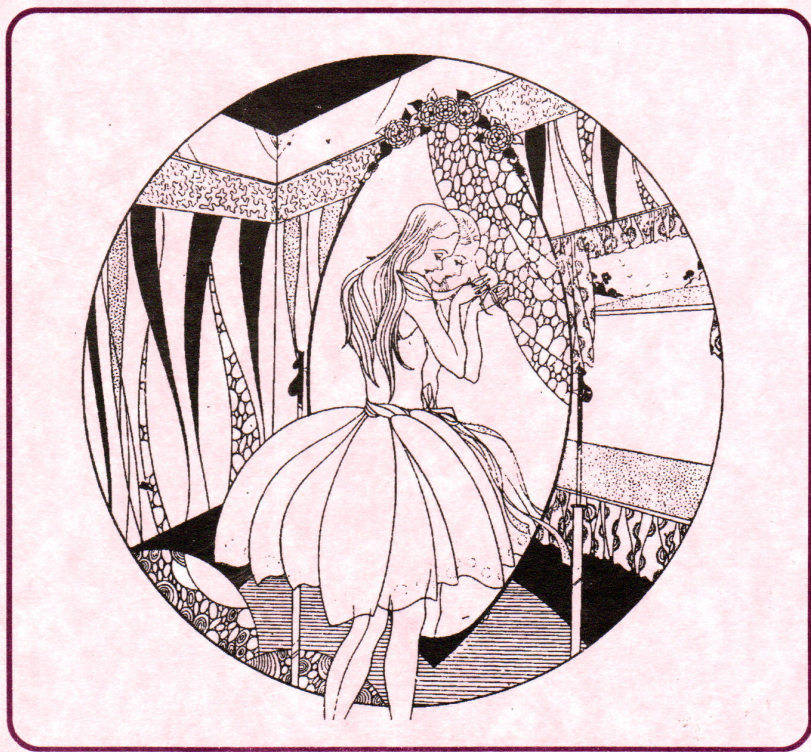


# TV SERIALS

MAGAZINE

## THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY

VOLUME FOUR



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION



## **APARTMENT OF FEMININITY IV**

By  
Sandy Thomas  
& Alice

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sometimes it hurts.”

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## APARTMENT OF FEMININITY IV

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY IV  
BOOK FOUR  
By SANDY THOMAS

“Why, Mr. Langley, what pretty nails you have.”

Don embarrassedly tried to put his hands into nonexistent pockets, then checked himself, took a glance at them, and put them behind his back. It was a shock to him that he had forgotten to remove the clear nail polish from New Year's Eve.

His nails were long, nicely filed to shape, and gleaming...all too obviously feminine. He couldn't suppress his blush, and, embarrassedly, did not know what to say. Finally, in annoyance at have been caught by her, he replied, curtly, “So what.”

To cut off any further personal remarks, he followed with, “Will you please get the file on Anderson Metal and bring it up to date; i want to see if their shipments are keeping up with last year's.

It was too obvious a send-off, because she smiled in a funny way before she turned and walked toward her own desk.

After that, he nervously continued to watch the clock. Mr. Burin usually came in at nine-thirty, having taken the bankers' train from White Plains, where he lived. He had to pass Don's desk to get to his private office.

Just before Mr. Burin arrived, Don's attention became occupied by a telephone call from a customer. With a friendly, “Good morning, and Happy New Year, everyone”, Mr. Burin passed right by Don's desk without stopping.

Don sighed with relief. Still, Joyce's remark about his nails had increased his self consciousness. It made him angry that he did not even have the few dimes necessary to buy some nail polish remover at the drugstore. It made him feel so helpless, being forced to undergo all these agonies and risks of discovery, without being able to do anything about it, except parade about in this partly feminized state.

Like the week before, it all was detrimental to his work. He kept on forgetting to do certain things and his mind just did not seem to be able to concentrate on what he should be doing. He became further annoyed when Joyce had to remind him several times on cargo deadlines and follow-up phone calls necessary to expedite certain important air shipments.

He continued to be terribly conscious of his beautiful nails and he even considered biting them. He realized, however, that this would look even worse. At lunch, he saw the girls talking with Joyce, giggling and then looking at him. It was terribly frustrating embarrassing, as he had a pretty good idea what they were talking about...especially since he could do nothing about it but try to work his way through the day, while trying to hide his hands, feminine underclothing, and girlish looking pants.

Thus the day dragged on, difficult for Don at the office, and, wearing his skirts, busy with feminine tasks at home. Mrs. Johnson had told him that she wanted him...like Billie...to go to sewing and dressmaking classes. "A new course starts next Monday evening, and it will always come in handy for a girl," she said, with a significant smile. "Now that you've learned to handle needle and thimble, you won't have any trouble. Billie actually liked it," she added, "and she was proud to wear the things she'd made for herself."

Don started to object, then thought better, and meekly held his tongue. He'd learned that it was no use to argue with his landlady.

One good thing, of late, was that his corset hurt less each day. And a blessing in disguise was that he was kept so busy in the evenings that he actually forgot to think or worry about his problems at the office, or consider his future. As the days passed, femininity gradually, inexorably, took hold in him. After all, twenty four hours each day in feminine underwear or nightwear, with a tight corset constantly reminding him of his new status, had to have its effect...especially since he only wore trousers 10 hours a day, and even then, exhibited the outward appearance of an effete male.

It began to show, in the way he walked, his arm and hand movements, the way he held his head...indeed, his whole posture...even in the way he talked. There were so many, many things that reminded him constantly of Mrs. Johnson's efforts to force him to become a girl...his soft clinging underwear, his nylons, his long nails and hair. All continually made him aware.

Leona observed the changes with pleasure. Of course, she said nothing, other than to constantly nag him if he did something in an clumsy manner, or if his fading masculinity showed through, as it did on increasingly rare occasions.

Concluding that his hair would need a trim soon, she decided that she should do it herself, so she could sculpt a more girlish shape...and keep him away from the barber. Still, there was no hurry. He had no money for a haircut, anyway. She smiled at the thought.



*Bill, Don, and Arnold  
Leona had demasculinized, sissified, and feminized  
the three young men to react only like girls!*

Tuesday evening, upon arriving home, Don found his landlady in an awful mood. Serving the tea, he saw an envelope on the table, bearing Billie's handwriting. Leona was walking around, often muttering something under her breath...about ungrateful wenches, TV nuts, etc.

He surmised that something Billie had written had made her terribly angry. He did not dare to ask what the trouble was as he didn't want to antagonize her further, so he did his chores quietly.

Even so, she found fault with him all evening, nagging about every little thing, eventually making him flush with annoyance and even anger.

At eleven o'clock, he was still ironing, standing in his immaculate white apron, which covered his blue blouse and tweed skirt...and extremely tired. As soon as he'd finished the last piece, and picked up the basket of completed work to take to the linen closet, she ordered him to make the customary chocolate milk. It was only after he had served it and finally had a chance to sit down, that Leona opened up.

"You better make sure that you're not going to play the same trick on me as Billie.

"The ingrate...and after all I have done for her."

"What has she done?" Don asked. "How did she make out at home?" Without reply, she nodded toward the letter lying in the table.

Just to make sure he had interpreted her gesture correctly, he asked, "May I read it?" She just nodded, her eyes indicating anger and terrible hurt.

Don began to read:

"Dear Mrs. Johnson," it started. Don wondered right away why Billie had not used the term "mother", which she had always used for his landlady and adopted stepmother. He read on, thinking how girlishly Bill's handwriting appeared.

I am sorry that I had no opportunity to write to you earlier. Mother and my sisters have kept me terribly busy with one thing and another. Some evenings I felt so terribly ashamed and humiliated that I just could not bring myself to write.

My homecoming was far from pleasant, and actually difficult. When I arrived home Sunday morning, after an uneventful but tiring trip, my sisters were in church and mother had been waiting for me. She opened the door as soon as the taxi stopped. I was so surprised when I discovered that she all ready knew I was a girl now. However, she seemed none too happy about it. She studied me with mixed emotions. Still, we embraced, and after talking for a little while, she sent me to bed to catch up on some sleep.

My sisters woke me up at tea time. I felt so ashamed when they laughed out loud, seeing me in my frilly nightgown and then ogled my figure. They, of course, had all read your letter. I wish you had not written it - or, at least, had told me about it.

They treated me like I was some strange fish until mother came in and shoed them out of my room. At least that gave me a chance to dress in peace. I desperately wished that some of my old clothes were still around, but no such luck, mother had given them all away.

I decided to put on that pretty, black knit cocktail dress, the one I wore for the first TV party with Diana and Alice. As long as I was going to be exposed as a girl, I was making sure that I would look my best. The only pleasure I had that day was to see the unbelieving eyes and looks of envy from Cathy and Marianne. I knew I looked more elegant and better dressed than either of my sisters. It made it even harder for me to get along with them. Marianne, the sister nearest to my age (she is one year

older) seemed most inclined to accept me for what I seemed.

Another difficult moment came when my oldest sister, Helen, her husband, and their three year old daughter arrived. My brother-in-law kept staring at me making me feel terribly uncomfortable, while Helen acted terribly disgusted - yes - as though she was ashamed of me. She studied me from my high heels to the cute ribbon in my prettily waved hair. Peter, my brother-in-law, asked how I ever got through three years in the Army. Plus, I had a very hard time trying to explain how it all happened. Helen said that you were a terrible person to do this to me. I tried to explain that I had WANTED to dress as a girl, but it did little good.

As the initial shock wore off, my youngest sister had all the fun, making me help with the feminine tasks around the house. Soon, I was serving the cocktails, taking little Theresa to the John, helping cook dinner, and so on. I was glad I had something to do which made me feel natural and useful. As I took on more than my share of the work, they finally began to accept how much I had changed.

Nevertheless, I could see that no one really understood how I felt. It sure was not the happy homecoming I had expected, feeling almost like a visitor in my own home. It made me feel so unhappy and humiliated having to listen to their sometimes catty remarks or gestures.

It will take me too long to tell you what happened the following week. Two days after Christmas, I caught Cathy and Marianne whispering. It was obvious it was about me. That night at dinner, they dropped their bombshell. It appears that they had wanted their freedom and had been pestering Mother to allow them to live in their own apartment. They had been trying for a long time, but Mother is rather old-fashioned. She had soft pedaled the

idea with the excuse that it was not proper for young girls to live alone.

They argued that they had done their share long enough and now that they had another “sister” who had never done anything in the past, that it was time that I chipped in and come to live with Mother. To my consternation, Mother seemed open to the idea. When I brought up my job, they argued that it would be easy for me to find work in Cleveland.

Cathy, my youngest sister was really gloating at Mom's receptive mood. Mother said that she'd think about it. All my arguments that I did not want to move to Cleveland, and that I was just making some nice friends in Newburgh were ignored by her. She said that “those friends” were what bothered her most. The next morning Mother announced her decision. She said that I needed close supervision as a girl. I even think that, secretly, she wants to change me back into a man. I know that this has become impossible, but I just could not convince her, even after I finally showed her my full figure.

She insisted that I live with her. I am sorry to tell you this, and I am very sad that I cannot come back. My sisters could tell that I had cried and Cathy made a nasty remark about weeping like a girl. Unless I can change her mind promptly, I will not be coming home tomorrow. I shall write to the bank with my resignation, also.

I know that you will be unhappy about this, but I really cannot help it. Mother say that as long as I dress like her daughter that I must be obedient and dutiful, like she used to be in her youth. I must tell you how grateful I am for your helpful adoption - making an ugly duckling like myself into a believable girl.

Maybe Mother is right, and things have gone too far...way too far, considering how completely I feel like a girl now.

I do hope that, eventually, I will be able to change Mother's mind, bringing to her attention the many dangers of discovery, here, in a town where a lot of people know me. I hate to think what will happen if some of my old school friends recognize me.

If, someday, I can return to Newburgh, I hope that I will still be welcome as your adopted stepdaughter. While living with you has not always been easy, I have nevertheless become very fond of you and I will very much miss your helpful hints, devotion, and love. You've made me what I am today.

Your loving stepdaughter,  
Billie

P.S. Will you please ask Diana to have my things shipped to Cleveland via Railway Express?

Don dropped his hands, the letter resting on the skirt of his pinafore. He too felt a sense of depression, learning that this pretty, vivacious girlfriend would not be coming back. He could guess how hurt Mrs. Johnson must feel. After all, Billie was her creation. He knew how fond she was of Billie; she really must be angry and sad. Yes, he understood her bad mood of this evening better, now. He felt a feminine urge well up inside to try and console his landlady.

\* \* \*

Sunday morning, Don woke up late, seeing with a shock that it was all ready 10:30 A.M. Obviously, Mrs. Johnson was still in bed, as the house was quiet.

He dressed in a simple white shortsleeved blouse and a blue flaring denim skirt, accenting the waist with a tight red leather belt. That out of the way, he decided to make breakfast and bring it to his landlady in bed.

Leona was visibly pleased when Don came in, carefully carrying the tray, to serve her favorite breakfast of pancakes with honey, and a fried egg, sunny side up.

“I think I'm going to make this a regulation for Sunday morning,” she commented, sighing with contentment.

Although she smiled when she said it, Don clearly sensed that it was an order to be obeyed...or else. Resentment began to well up, which he dissipated, somewhat, by sighing resignedly as he put the tray on her bed, in front of her. Straightening out his pinafore skirt, he turned to leave the room.

“We have to do something about your hair, dear. Maybe we can tend to it this afternoon.”

Passively, Don replied, “Yes, Mrs. Johnson.” He hadn't a clue as to what she had in mind.

After Don had done the lunch dishes, Leona joined him in his room, to give him his usual electrolysis treatment. As she worked, she noticed some slight stubbles on his arms and legs.

“You'll have to use your depilatory cream more often, Diana. You'll snag your stockings, otherwise...and it's so important for a girl to have smooth, soft, arms and legs.

Don was always glad when the painful needle treatments were over. “How long do we have to do that?” he wondered aloud.

“Only a couple more months, I think; we're making good progress. The hair on your upper lip is almost completely gone all ready, you never had more than a little fuzz on your cheeks, anyway.”

“Now for your hair,” she said, putting a large sheet around him and getting a comb and scissors ready. She took off his hair piece and what she found underneath inspired a smile. As she combed out his longish and rather thick hair, she thought, “Yes, I can definitely do something with that.”

It was too bad that he still had to work as a man. Otherwise, it could be bleached, and maybe even styled into a short pageboy. She grinned broadly as she remembered how she'd had the beauty shop bleach, cut, and set Billie's hair, such that he could no longer pass as anything but a girl.

"Well," she considered, "it's too early, yet, for Diana. I'll have to wait a little while longer. Nevertheless, the time will come.

Expertly, she brushed and cut and combed away. Don let her have her way...letting his mind just float. He always was sleepy at the barber's. He could see, of course, that she was not cutting off very much, apparently just enough to shape it. However, he was convinced that she would not render it other than reasonably masculine. After all, he had to work, and she sure wanted his money. So his mind went adrift, his bracelet-ringed wrists resting on the arms of the chair.

Finally, she was finished. "Now, I'll wash it for you," she said firmly. "At the beauty shop, this treatment would cost you a pretty penny. Do you realize that?"

Bending his head over the wash basin in the bathroom, she proceeded to clean and rinse it thoroughly, then applied a nice smelling bodybuilding lotion. It gave Don a pleasurable sensation to feel her gentle, experienced hands massaging his skull, and the warm water made him even more sleepy.

Back in the room, she put him under a hair dryer.

"This will make it dry quickly, and nice and fluffy," she explained.

Don cringed when she used that word. Still he felt certain that she would not give him a girl's hairdo. After all, he did have to go to work tomorrow.

While his hair dried, she tended his eyebrows, plucking and shaping until he no longer could hold his tongue.

“Please, Mrs. Johnson...they'll notice.”

“Oh, don't worry,” she commanded. “I know what I'm doing. After all, there are plenty of men with neat eyebrows. She even gave him a manicure, saying that he should take care of his toenails, himself. She observed that his nails were all ready nicely shaped, and really much too long for a man.

While waiting for his hair to dry, she touched his ear lobes, and said, “Your ears should be pierced soon. Then you can wear some of those nice earrings...it will help you feel even more feminine.”

“But, I often feel like a girl, all ready,” he blurted out unthinkingly. Then he blushed, realizing what he had admitted.

“That's good,” Leona confirmed, with that fat smile of hers. “You've made good progress, but we have a long way to go before you're like Billie, or even Ann, next door.”

“How can I go to the office with my ears pierced?” he demanded, raising one of his thin eyebrows.

Leona remained silent for a moment, wonder whether to lower the boom again, or handle the matter diplomatically.

Finally she replied, “Here I am, slaving away to make you look more pretty, and you argue about a little thing like that,” using her best rendition of a hurt tone of voice.

“I won't do it...it's too dangerous,” Don asserted, a little more strongly.

Leona stood firmly before him, looking him straight in the eye with the cold willful stare of hers.

“You'll have nothing to say about it, if you'll remember. You have put yourself unconditionally in my hands and I'll do anything I think is best for you.”

Don began to rise, in fear and anger. He hit his head hard against the dryer, causing tears to well up in his eyes.

“There! You see? Evil punishes itself,” she said. Then, mimicking his voice, she taunted, “I’ll do anything you say...I’ll pay anything, Mrs. Johnson.” Then becoming serious, she said, with a smirk, “Anyway, we won’t do it now...maybe some other time.”

The urgency gone, Don calmed down a bit, as he silently sank down again and sat pensively, busy with his worries and fears.

How could he ever get out of her possessing claws? How far would she go...relentlessly dominating and pressuring him ever more deeply into femininity?

Meanwhile, Leona silently reviewed her plans. As she studied the neatly skirted figure, sitting there so quietly, slim ankles neatly crossed, skirt barely reaching his smooth rounded nylon covered knees. Yes, he would be ready in another month or so...maybe even earlier. Little did even she know that in just a few short weeks, Don’s life would be changed completely and irrevocably, humiliating him to the depth of his very being.

His hair was finally dry, and Leona started brushing and combing it until it had a healthy, beautiful sheen.

“You have really nice hair, Diana. Any girl would be proud to have it. I can hardly wait for it to grow out more.”

“But Mrs. Johnson...”

“I know; I know,” she interrupted, “you’re afraid of what the people will say. You TV’s have no backbone at all, do you? Lots of men wear their hair long these days. So what do you care? Be yourself; and to heck with what other people say or think. If they really like you, they’ll do it for what you are and not for how you look.”

“Mrs. Johnson! With my plucked eyebrows; the hairless, soft skin; and...”

She interrupted him again, “Don't be silly. You just THINK that people are looking at you. I don't want to hear another word about it. You're just imagining things and worrying about nothing.”

She never gave him a chance to tell her about HIS feelings, so Don ended up just keeping silent. Still, his mind worked feverishly, agitated by fear and uncertainty. His anger began to return...after all, it was HIS body she was monkeying with.

He started to argue again, “My secretary, Joyce, all ready called me Mr. Pretty; so I'm not imagining anything.”

He was almost sobbing, now, “I have all ready lost her respect, and she's started treating me like an equal.”

Leona pricked up her ears.

“What's she like?” she asked.

Don described his Girl Friday and what had happened in the private office of Mr. Burin.

“I felt terrible, having to lie about ‘my sister’ to him.”

Leona smiled a little, trying to picture his discomfort.

Maybe that Joyce would come in handy, one day, she thought, as she heard about how tall and dominating she was...and how ambitious.

“And she almost walks like a man. She also has too big a nose, for a girl.” Don ran out details to recite.

“Well, it takes all kinds,” Leona replied, punctuating the last stroke of her comb, as she finished with Don's hairdo.

She took the sheet off his shoulders and surveyed his face with a pleased smile. His new hairstyle had turned out well. It could pass perfectly for a short girl's cut...especially the way she and shaped it in the back. Yes, it could be a girl's, but yet was short enough that a man could wear it, if slicked down enough. Still, it would attract some attention from the back, in view of the neat

waves and feminine shaping. Still, he wouldn't notice that part himself.

Without giving him a chance to look in the mirror, she immediately fit his hairpiece in place and immediately began styling it.

"You still look much better with your long locks," she advised.

To continue diverting his attention, she asking him to go and make some tea for them. Later, she proposed they have dinner in town and take in a movie.

"Just slip that green jumper dress over your head, without the blouse," she suggested. "You look very pretty in that, and it is dressy with the bare arms."

Don did as he was told, dressing up the stylish outfit with a gold-colored necklace, matching bracelets, and a tight black patent leather belt, three inches wide.

When he had repaired his makeup, he could not fail to notice how nicely his eyebrows were shaped.

"How can I go to the office like this," he wondered. However, as he studied himself in the mirror, he put aside all about that worry. The shaping had added considerably to his feminine good looks.

As long as he was wearing this young looking outfit, he decided to put his hair into a ponytail, again, using a gold-colored barrette to keep it neatly in place. He primped for a few extra minutes, admiring his curvaceous figure, attractive face and hair. Taking his handbag, he went downstairs, where he was greeted by Leona's compliments about his attractive looks.

She was all ready to go, so Don struggled into his cloth coat and put a sheer red scarf over his hair.

Leona surveyed him, from his black high heels to the ponytail peeking out from under the scarf.

"Diana, you are a very beautiful girl," she told him.

This made Don blush and modestly avert his eyes.

Leona could tell he was pleased with her compliment, which was especially gratifying because he knew that she would not casually flatter him.

During the fifteen minutes they walked together along Route 9 to the Italian restaurant just outside town, Don felt so natural that he did not give his appearance and clothes an second thought. He even smiled sweetly at the young policeman, who was standing on the corner, watching them.

When they entered the restaurant, he felt as though all male eyes were centered on him, watching him divest himself of his coat to reveal his small, neat, waist and curved figure...a feast for their eyes. He started to blush as he carefully and elegantly sat down, carefully straightening the short skirt, trying, as far as possible, to cover his knees with it.

Leona grinned as she noticed the attention Don was receiving, and how he was reacting, so shyly and demurely, sitting with his shapely legs together, his hands in his lap. His corset made him sit correctly upright, unable to do anything about hiding his eye-catching protruding prominences.

“That dress does things from him,” she thought, as she looked at the demure, moderately high, square neckline, offset by the completely bare, nicely rounded shoulders. It's funny how some girls just wear their clothes well. She was coming to know that Don was just such a girl.

She ordered a cocktail for each of them, giving Don a chance to relax a little while he studied the menu. She caught him looking about the room, and felt the tension and nervousness beginning to wane.

After his drink was finished, they conversed naturally. Even through dinner, they continued to discuss the dresses and hairstyles of the other girls and women. She even got Don criticizing some of the men, completely from a feminine point of view.

All the while, Leona observed stealthily how daintily he acted, eating completely unlike a man, with his left hand quietly in his lap. When they finished their dessert, Don had acted so naturally as a girl, no one would ever have guessed that underneath that pretty green dress beat the heart of a young male. All this in such a short time...it was amazing.

Eventually, Don caught her watching him. He blushed and asked shyly, "How am I doing...all right?"

"I'll say," she confirmed. "You're just about perfect. I'm very proud of you."

As Leona was paying the check, a group of people passed nearby through the narrow passage from the back of the restaurant. The man inadvertently bumped into the waitress, just as she turned, making her drop the money. A young man in the group stooped to pick it up for her, making use of the opportunity to also look upon the nice legs of this pretty girl. As he looked up, he came face to face with Diana.

Frank Bowie's eyes lit up with happy surprise.

"Diana! How are you? `Great to see you. Fancy meeting you here."

He warmly took Don's small hand. Then, pulling Don up from his chair, he turned toward a meticulously dressed lady in her late forties. "Mom...this is Diana, the girl I was telling you about."

"Diana...this is my mother."

Don blushed furiously, inanely mumbling, "How do you do, Mrs. Bowie?" while trying to ignore the searching and critical look of this lady. Next, he was introduced to Frank's father, and then, to his sister, Julie, who was a year older than Frank.

Eventually, Don remembered to introduce Mrs. Johnson. "She's my landlady. We are on our way to the movies."

"Are you going to see Waterloo?" Frank asked eagerly.

When Don nodded in confirmation, Frank offered, “Why don't we go all together?”

“That'll be fine,” Leona answered, leaving Don with no alternative. So he donned his coat and scarf and followed the Bowies outside, with Frank bringing up the rear of the procession.

Outside, the young people led the way, with Don taking his small, dainty, steps between Julie and Frank. He was, of course, completely accustomed to his heels, which made his hips wiggle so invitingly.

As the older people became acquainted, Julie took charge of the conversation with Don.

“I love your dress,” she complimented. “Did you buy it in the city?”

“Mrs. Johnson bought it for me,” Don replied, truthfully, hoping that she would catch the implication that he, himself, would not choose such a youthful outfit.

“It makes you look very young,” Julie observed.

“And pretty,” Frank added quickly smiling gallantly.

“Why, thank you, Frank,” Don said, directing a soft, shy smile back at him.

Julie asked hundreds of questions about Don's work and hobbies. When he admitted that he was going to a dress making class, they discovered that Julie would be there also.

“That's fun...then we can go together,” Julie said.

“All right,” Don affirmed, pleased with this development. Now he would not have to go alone to that place with strange women.

Frank muttered, “I may take up dress making, too, just to be around you, Diana”

Julie tittered, “That'll be the day. I can just see you stitching the hem of a skirt.”

Don smiled also, but wanly. Only a few months ago, it would have been just ridiculous for him also. But now, this feminine pursuit, forced on him by Mrs. Johnson,

dress-making no longer seem so outlandish. It felt normal for him to be sewing evenings, nowadays. He certainly had learned how to handle the needle.

At the movies, Frank insisted paying for Don. Mr. Bowie gallantly paid for Leona. It seemed the mature people were getting along fine also.

Frank, of course, maneuvered himself to sit next to Don. Mr. Bowie ended up on his other side. Both men vied for the attention of this pretty girl.

Although very nervous at first, they managed to make Don feel at ease during the few minutes before the showing began. He had thrown his coat over the back of his seat, and he blushed as he saw Frank glance frequently at his figure and specifically his bustline. He could hear Mrs. Bowie, Julie and Mrs. Johnson talking animatedly, but could not hear what was said.

During the movie, everyone's attention was absorbed, except that Don was distracted momentarily when Frank shyly sought his hand and captured it in his firm grip. Don's first instinct was to withdraw it, which he proceeded to do. Then when he saw Frank's surprise, hurt expression. In an almost involuntary, conciliatory gesture, he took Frank's hand and squeezed it a little as a friendly gesture. He blushed when he saw Frank's eyes light up.

While wondering what made him touch Frank's hand, he was at the same time intrigued. Imagine, having this kind of influence as a girl over a man.

From then on, Frank held onto Don's hand, occasionally squeezing it gently or caressing it with his fingers.

Don found himself with no alternative, but to let himself be passively captured this way. Occasionally, it tickled, but Frank seemed to get a charge out of it, so why not?

Returning his attention to the movie, he discovered with some surprise that he was quite interested in the

young ladies of Lord Hamilton's court, and their fabulous, bulky, 19th Century dresses. He wondered how he would look in those crinolines, dancing in the arms of a handsome young Lieutenant. Then a terrible, most embarrassing things happened. He was so absorbed by the movie, that during the scene where Hamilton's adjutant says a hot farewell to his fiancée, in a close embrace, he found himself giving Frank's hand a squeeze. It was completely involuntary and subconscious, and it made him blush sharply.

The situation was made even worse when Frank took advantage, by slipping his hand around Don's small waist, pulling him close, so that he had to sit, from then on, leaning on Frank's shoulder.

Don's bare arms felt strange against Frank's tweed sport jacket.

One moment, he saw Julie look at them, and she threw Don a knowing wink. Don lamely winked back, realizing that Julie considered him as one of her sex, and thus familiar with all the femme wiles and tricks used by a woman to captivate a man she likes and keep him interested. He was supposed to have the instincts of a woman now, and know how to let a man enjoy a girl's company, and yet remain within the bounds of good manners, as well as retain her own self-respect.

Moreover, sitting there, in his figure-hugging dress, with Frank's arm around him, gave him that delightful girlish feeling again...stronger than ever. It made feel as though he really was a girl, and meant to be one...weak, sensitive, and in need of protection. This emotion surged through his entire body as he distinctly became aware of his restrictive soft clothes, happy that he had a good figure, slim legs, and a soft attractive face.

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Frank responded with a gentle squeeze of his arm, and the couple returned their attention to the movie, in time to watch the sequence where Wellington was marching on Waterloo.

Another notch had been turned in Don's mental makeup. The realization that he was beginning to feel like a girl deep inside...and react like one. He could not help feeling that way when dressed in skirts, any more than he could stop breathing.

When the movie was over, Mrs. Bowie asked Leona to join them at home for a cup of coffee. Without consulting with Don, she accepted.

"That will be very nice, if it is not too far. Diana has to get up early tomorrow for work."

As they walked toward the Bowie house, Frank never let go of his girlfriend.

Meanwhile, Julie was all ready talking to Don as a sister, telling him animatedly about her various femme

pursuits and experiences, which included a vivid description of her current beau.

Don let the waterfall of words submerge him, constantly being aware of Frank's touch, feeling his skirts swirl around his knees, and the gentle bump of his wiggling hips each time they met Frank's side.

Arriving at Frank's home, Mrs. Bowie immediately went to the kitchen. Don politely asked what he could do to help, but Mrs. Bowie gave Julie such a significant stare, that she responded, "All right, Mom, I'll help."

During coffee, the Bowies conversed with Leona, giving Don a chance to observe the others. Frank and Julie both had a strong resemblance to their father. Frank even had the same strong square jaw and angular face, even to the eyes sparkling with humor and the ready smile. He was built like his dad also, with a lean frame, wide shoulders and sensitive big hands.

Julie was a more feminine version, with softer facial features, smaller in stature, more like his own, he guessed. She had a very short boyishly pert hairdo and wore no jewelry with her simple sporty skirt and sweater. Don actually looked much more feminine in his sleeveless green dress, with the attractive necklace decorating his bare neck.

Leona, who had seen Don study Julie, suddenly said, "I like your hairdo, Julie. It's so neat and must be easy to take care of. It is quite becoming."

"I think it is much too short for a girl," Mrs. Bowie interjected, with a sigh, "but these modern, active, girls find it so much easier and comfortable."

Leona responded, "I just styled Diana's hair about the same way."

Frank looked at Don. "You mean you're wearing a WIG?" he asked, in shock.

Don, blushing deeply, nodded.

Julie giggled and said, "Can I see your hair, please, Diana?"

Mrs. Bowie frowned at Julie. "Julie! You don't ask a guest to do such a thing, especially since you have only recently met."

Don was ready to sink through the floor when his landlady said, "Oh, it's all right."

"Go ahead, Diana; show them how nice I styled your hair."

With a knot in his stomach, Don knew that there was no escape. He was in for it. Not only was he unaware that his hairstyle could pass, but he especially hated the fact that Frank would know his nice, long, locks were phoney.

Julie walked over, and, although Don desperately was hoping he could prevent it, gently slapped his hands away so that she could carefully lift his hairpiece off, leaving Don in his own short hair.

Tears welled up in his eyes, and he saw Frank's surprised, and somewhat disappointed, face.

Julie giggled again, "Oh! It's even shorter than mine."

"You have such nice thick shiny hair," she added, stroking it with her hand.

To Don's utter surprise, and relief, he discovered that it apparently could pass as a girl's hairdo, for Mr. Bowie said, "These days, with women, one never can tell what's real and what's phoney."

Mrs. Bowie softened that remark somewhat by saying, "It does become you, Diana, in a pert sort of way, but I must say, I prefer you with long hair."

"So do I," Frank said firmly. "Long hair makes your face much more beautiful and soft."

"I'm sure that Diana will let it grow out for you," Leona offered, smiling naughtily, making Don blush even harder.

"Will you, Diana?" Frank asked pleadingly

Don could not bring himself to say that we would wear long hair just to please a boyfriend. So, instead, he said, “Mrs. Johnson usually helps me to decide such things.”

“Then she'll let it grow, I'll promise you,” Leona affirmed.

Don was relieved when Julie finally replaced his wig. He took a mirror from his handbag, and excusing himself, combed it until it had its former near and pretty appearance.

When it was time to leave, Frank begged for a date for next Saturday evening. Before Don could think about what to reply, Leona broke in, “You have nothing else, dear, go ahead and have some fun.”

Don was stuck again, with no alternative but to accept, which, of course, made Frank very happy.

It was not until later that night in bed, when Don lay thinking about the events of the evening, that he realized that his hairdo could indeed pass as a girl's. Worse, he would have to go to the office with it that way, the next morning. It kept him from falling asleep...worrying about it...until well past midnight, when his tired, corseted body and enervated mind exacted its toll, granting only a fitful sleep.

When he washed his face that morning, he cringed when he saw how girlish his face appeared, with its soft skin, thin eyebrows and fluffy full head of hair. He blamed it on the new hairdo and managed to slick the longish strands with water, sufficient to make them lie down flat. It even didn't seem to bad in the back, that way.

Just as he finished putting on his shirt, over his pantyslip and corset, Leona came in with another pair of slacks.

“Here are some new trousers for you, Diana.” She continued with sarcasm, “You'll note that they have a front zipper.”

“Oh, Mrs. Johnson, they are girl's slacks,” he started to object.

Nevertheless, he took them from her. Sure enough, they were obviously made for a girl, straight cut without flare at the bottom, but too obviously feminine, knitted from a tan-colored synthetic stretch material.

“They'll go very well with your brown sports jacket,” Leona replied. “Come try them on.”

Knowing enough not to argue further, he obeyed her. They did fit very nicely, if just a little tight at the hips and seat. Somehow, they even seemed more comfortable as well, as though they had been made just for him.

“I expect that they are warmer for you, too...which will be nice, since it is quite cold outside.”

When Don tried to thread his own belt through the loops he found that it was too wide to fit. Leona solved that problem by bringing a thin feminine belt of light tan leather, which had a large obviously feminine buckle.

Seeing his expression, she preempted a protest, “Nobody will see it under your jacket.”

Thus, Don found himself sitting behind his desk, now in real girl's slacks. Fortunately, Joyce did not notice his trousers, or a least never made any remark about them.

However, one of the office girls he had met in the hall had asked whether he was wearing one of those new knit slacks for men. He had replied, “Yes, I just bought them,” and she'd let it go at that.

What he had not realized, was that as his hair dried, it regained its former fluffy looseness. Late in the afternoon, when his secretary came over to his desk to have him sign the dictation, she let go with another catty remark.

“I see you now go to a hair stylist, instead of your former barber, Langley.”

Don became red and touched his hair, to discover the terrible truth. Trying to regain his composure, he

responded rudely, “So what?” Even as angry as he was, he realized that it still hadn't come out very aggressively.

“So nothing,” Joyce replied, using a fresh tone of voice, “except that it makes you look...pretty,” then she added, sarcastically, “...like your sister.”

Blushing fiercely now, he searched for a suitable comeback, but was unable to conjure one. He became angry at himself for his weak hesitation in putting her in her place.

It didn't help any, either, knowing that what she'd said was true. Whatever had happened to his backbone? Was he becoming weak and easily dominated by a crass female? Confused and bewildered, he looked up at Joyce, who was staring him straight in the eye.

He received another shock, when he found that he could not find the strength to out stare her, but shyly dropped his eyelids...for all practical purposes admitting her mastery.

With a triumphant smile, Joyce stroked his head.

“You're a cute kid, Langley,” she said. Then she turned away and marched to her own desk.

Don was left utterly unnerved, emotionally upset and feeling like a complete nothing...a worm. He was angry at himself for failing to put his own secretary back in her place, at Mrs. Johnson for getting him into this situation, and especially at Joyce. How did she dare to treat him like this. Of all the nerve...

She would never have done this a few months ago, he knew. Nor would she dare to talk like that to any of his male colleagues in the office. Did Joyce's intuition tell her that her boss was changing...becoming more of an equal...more feminine?

Was he no longer able to boss around other people?

Worrying about this and also about all the other happenings of the past few weeks, he did not get any more work done that day. He sighed with relief when it was finally time to go home.

Leona noted right away that Don seemed unusually subdued and preoccupied. She decided to ignore it, while Don, like an automaton, followed the usual routine of changing out of his workday clothes and into a dress.

When he finished and took time to study himself in the mirror, he felt as if a load had fall off his shoulders, seeing how nice he looked, again, in his favorite blue dress with the white piping.

Now, he could be himself again...feminine...a girl without responsibilities and workload, except his housewifely duties. He put his hairdo into a pony tail. It was becoming his favorite hairdo; it was so neat, easy, and comfortable, without stray locks in his face.

Leona was happy to see that his mood had changed completely, as he neatly served the tea.

"He's actually happier as a girl now," she thought, smugly. She told Don, "You look much nicer this way, Diana," in an attempt to get him to talk.

Before he could stop himself, he replied, "I feel much nicer also." Then, realizing what he had given away, he blushed sharply and began to fiddle with the skirt of his white pinafore.

Leona smiled knowingly at him...like a fat cat who had caught another mouse.

"Troubles at the office?" she queried.

"It's that catty Joyce," he replied. "She's getting on my nerves, always calling me `pretty, like my sister'. And today, she said I was `cute'. And she calls me just `Langley', now. She's sure changed these last few months," he blurted.

"Has it ever occurred to you that it might be you who has changed?" Leona asked innocently.

"I wondered about that," Don admitted, "but just changing clothes would not do that...could it?"

Leona grinned mysteriously. He still knew nothing about the female hormones she'd been giving him. Well,

she wasn't about to tell him, either. So she replied, “The clothes alone could not do that, of course, but you realize that lately, you've often felt like a girl. I think that, subconsciously, you have all ready accept that you are one. Someone like Joyce...with feminine intuition...would sense such a change in personality, not consciously, but it would gradually sink in.

“She sounds like a strong girl with a lot of masculine traits. While you have a lot of girlish traits in your personality. Now that you wear skirts most of the time, you can't help let it come out more and more. After all, that's only natural. You should accept it as `progress', because that's what you wanted all along, remember?”

Don's face became pale and then red. He slowly nodded for lack of words.

“You could not be so convincing a girl, if you were not really meant to be one. Mrs. Rizzo phoned me this afternoon, raving about how nice a girl you are, and how pretty, and how the children had liked their baby-sitter. So, you see? You were your own natural self last Saturday, and mentally at peace, it made you look more beautiful, graceful and self-possessed. Easier to love others...and be loved.”

Don remained silent, thinking about all of this. Could it be true? Did Joyce's intuition tell her that her boss was changing, and no longer was...or wanted to be...an aggressive male?

Was his own mental makeup and intuition tell him, that she was the stronger now, with more spirit, a fiercer will, born to dominate others?

Maybe his landlady was right. She realized that constantly wearing the clothes of the opposite sex and always doing feminine tasks **MUST** have some effect, in the long run. And it was also true, that with Mrs. Rizzo he had been happy to go out of his way to please her. Not at all like a self-respecting male.

Not wanting to let him brood too deeply, Leona interrupted his train of thought, "You'd better hurry with dinner, dear. Remember? Tonight is your first dress making class, you have to be there at 8:30.

Obediently, Don stood up, his mind diverted by this new duty. He straightened his skirts and, putting the cups on a tray left for the kitchen.

Leona smilingly watched her former male boarder mince away, his cute ponytail swinging as he turned, his neat, shapely legs an attractive sight, with his heels and flaring skirt.

During dinner, Julie Bowie called, saying that she would pick him up, since her father was driving her to class.

As he told Leona about the phone call, he secretly felt glad again that now he would not have to face a lot of females alone. It was much easier to have a friend along.

Julie arrived at 8:20. Don was still busy with the dishes and Leona answered the door and let the Bowie's in. It was a surprise for Don to find them in the living room as he came in, his hands full with a pile of dishes and clean glasses. He blushed fiercely as he saw how Mr. Bowie and Julie looked at his frilly, ruffled, childish pinafore. He nodded shyly at them, and, taking the plates to the dining room cupboard, quickly removed his apron there.

"Good evening, Mr. Bowie. Hi, Julie."

"Hello, Diana," Mr. Bowie replied. "You look cute...I can see that you'll make someone a sweet, domesticated daughter-in-law. My wife has difficulty in getting Julie to even do the dishes...and wear an apron at all...let alone do housework.

"Why can't you be like Diana?" he asked Julie, smiling, but only half in jest.

“I’ll make my husband do the work,” Julie replied snappily. “Frank and you have it too easy, being served hand and foot by Mom and me.”

Julie wore a well cut pantsuit, in a dark green knit, with a tight fitting tunic. She looked nice in it, albeit not as feminine as Don in his dress.

“More power to you,” Leona told Julie. “Long live women's liberty.”

“But, some girls, like Diana, here, are old-fashioned, and are happy to become dutiful housewives and make a career of serving a man, and making him comfortable.”

Don blushed deeply when she said that, and wished he were at the North Pole. Mr. Bowie smiled approvingly at him.

“Good for you, Diana. A woman is happiest in the kitchen.”

“Come on, Diana...let's go,” Julie broke in, dispelling an uncomfortable moment. “I can see I have a lot to talk to you about. Otherwise, you'll spoil Frank to death.”

Don was only too glad to get an excuse to leave the room, and hide the revealing blush. Imagine, him being connected with Frank that way.

When he returned with his coat, gloves, and handbag, Leona directed, “Make sure you come right home, Diana.”

Don became more than a little annoyed. She treated him like a little girl in front of the Bowies. He wished she'd stop running his life.

Mr. Bowie courteously opened the door for Diana, something Don had not experienced before.

He managed a gracious “Thank you” as he slid next to the driver's seat, forcing Julie to take the rear seat.

“I hate having to go to this silly dress making class,” Julie sighed aloud. “Mom's making me go,” she explained to Don.

“It's about time you started doing something useful in your evenings. Those terrible records of yours drive me

batty,” Mr. Bowie cracked. “I hope they'll teach you to make skirts and dresses. For all I've seen lately, you could be walking on wooden stilts.

Julie giggled. “I like slacks. They're warmer and easier.”

“I'm glad you're in skirts, Diana,” Mr. Bowie remarked. “You've certainly nothing to hide, either.”

Don blushed at this compliment. Somehow, he felt that he should be on Julie's side.

“I wear pants to the office every day,” he said defensively.

“Good for you,” Julie affirmed. “Now we'll have to get you to wear them at other times, also.”

“Mrs. Johnson does not like me in slacks,” Don responded, as if he needed an excuse.

“Maybe I'll have to lay down the law, too...like her,” Mr. Bowie mused, sounding somewhat serious. “I think you're getting out of hand, lately. It's about time you realize that you're a woman and stop trying to look like a boy.”

“Oh, Dad. You're just old-fashioned, and still living in the time of crinolines and stays.”

“It sure made the girls more pliable and obedient,” Mr. Bowie argued.

Fortunately, they had arrived at the high school, so the discussion would have to end. Nevertheless, Don was petrified with the thought that Julie might find out that he wore an old-fashioned corset.

“You girls will have to walk home. I don't know when my meeting will be over,” Mr. Bowie advised.

Don was surprised that he soon felt completely at ease with all the other females. Having Julie as a companion seemed to make it pleasant and completely natural for him to be there. He felt as one of them, as he listened intently to the lady in charge outlining the course and explaining what they were going to learn, as well as what

material they needed to buy and what things to bring to class. He wrote it all neatly in the little notebook which he foresightedly had put into his handbag.

The class over, the girls, together with another friend of Julie's, walked stiffly armed in the direction of Don's house. Don was in the middle, and being flanked by these two pretty girls suddenly made his masculinity rear its head.

Thelma, Julie's friend, made admiring remarks about Don's dress. That, and talking about the class diverted his attention enough, so that things came under control again. Soon, the three girls were stepping in time, talking about clothes and, then, quite naturally, about boys, making Don feel all feminine again.

"You made quite an impression on Frank, Diana; he likes you a lot," Julie said. Seeing him blush uncomfortably, she added, "Come on, don't be so shy."

Thelma sighed, "I think he's super...but he doesn't even know I'm alive."

"He does not like my short hair," Don heard himself say. How happy he was, when the subject switched over to hairdo's and wigs, and more clothes.

As the threesome walked and gabbed, their heels clicking in unison, Don's skirts swirling about his knees, he was silent, worrying about how much he felt like them. Was he being dragged further and further into femininity, so that he no longer could feel or act like a man? How come his interests were changing so? Even when reading the newspapers these day, he looked more at the fashion advertisements and the women's page, hardly glancing at the items which use to interest him: sports, politics, airplanes and cars.

Julie finally noticed his silence. "Is something the matter, Diana? You're so quiet."

“Nothing, really. I was thinking about what Mrs. Johnson said about me wanting to be an old-fashioned girl. Do you think it's true?”

“Well, you're not exactly a standard bearer of women's lib,” Julie replied, lightly.

Further discussion was forestalled, as they were just reaching Mrs. Johnson's house. With a friendly “good night”, the other girls walked on.

The rest of the week went by uneventfully, except that Don constantly became more used to his dresses and no longer was conscious about his feminine underwear, hardly feeling the compression of his corset.

Leona watched Don's progress into womanhood with pleasure. Occasionally they would go shopping together, for lingerie or a new dress. She always admired Don's good taste; he managed, unerringly, to pick out the most stylish, simple, fashions...which were so becoming to him. He also had an excellent eye for color, materials and combinations, she discovered. This became especially apparent when he selected a good quality woolen material for the skirt he was going to make in class.

Physically, he also continued to change rapidly. A nice little valley all ready showed in his low cut dresses. Leona wondered how much longer it would be before he...or someone in his office...would become aware of the firm bulges which began to fill his bra.

He also had lost a little more weight, and Leona guessed that he could soon begin breaking in a smaller corset. His skin was soft and smooth. He seemed more rounded in the face, and, indeed, in other places, as well. Even his eyelashes seemed to have grown longer. His walk had become terribly feminine. Even when he walked to the office in his slacks, he seemed to move more like a girl than a man.

Leona had noticed it as she watched him hurrying down the street one morning, when he was late for his

train. Amazingly, he did not seem to be aware of any of these symptoms himself. That morning he had even put his briefcase over his arm, and she had to laugh when he corrected himself, quickly, spying around to see if anyone had spotted him. Even the way he carried himself and held his arms, or used his hands, had changed markedly. She realized that his good posture was, of course, forced upon him by his corset.

Yes, he was following nicely in Billie's footsteps.

She'd better start planning for his full conversion soon. Too bad he would be earning much less as a girl. Still, that could not be helped, and maybe he could earn the difference back as baby-sitter, waitress, or maid. If he were discovered in the office as a masquerader, it would be much worse...what with the police, maybe...and then he would have no job at all.

That Saturday, he did not have to be reminded of his date with Frank. All during the week, he had many times worried and thought about it. He could not make head or tail of his own emotions. He disliked the idea of going on a date with a boy. Still...on the other hand...he liked Frank, and the nice way he treated him...like a girl: courteously and gentlemanly.

Don admitted to himself that Frank managed to make him feel pretty and attractive, giving him that feminine feeling that somehow excited him and made it okay. He flushed sharply at that thought.

He wanted to think that Frank liked going out with him, because he was good company and they got along well together, like friends...not just because he was a girl. However, he could not quite convince himself that this was how it really was.

Friday evening, after the dinner dishes were done and he was doing the ironing, he thought out loud, "I wonder what I should wear tomorrow night?"

Leona replied, "That depends where Frank is going to take you. Did he mention anything?"

"No. He just wanted to go out," he replied.

"What time is he picking you up for your date?"

"Date?" The word made him tremble. "I think: six o'clock...but."

"Well, in that case, you'd better figure on dinner, and wear something dressy. Why don't we go shopping together tomorrow, and look for something pretty and new, to really impress him?"

"That would be nice," Don admitted, with a smile, blushing when he realized that his face had shown pleasure at the idea of buying some new girl's clothes. "I saw a wonderful Kay Windsor dress in the window at Cecilie's dress shop," he continued, hoping that his blush would not be noticed.

"All right, we'll go shopping tomorrow morning," Leona promised.

The next morning, they walked together down to Main street, where the nice shop was located. Again, they passed that policeman on the corner. Lately, he seemed to be there every time that Don passed by.

In the shop, they had Don's size. He now wore a 14. The lady in the shop even expressed approval of the outfit Don's was wearing. He had on a grey wool skirt, topped by a black nylon turtleneck sweater, with a nice, long, pendant around his neck, giving his bosom a special stylish accent.

Don tried on the dress and he saw in Leona's eyes that it did things for him. It was sporty and dressy at the same time, made of soft grey wool, with a turtleneck which was red, which was repeated at the ends of the short sleeves.

As he buckled the matching red leather belt, his waist was displayed to advantage. Furthermore, the way the dress hugged his bosom was definitely provocative.

Leona was amused by his enthusiasm, expressed so girlishly when he said that it fit “divinely”.

“It's even dressy enough for dancing,” Leona remarked, with a smile, as Don stood primping in front of the mirror. He turned this way and that, to see how the dress looked from the back.

They also went to a lingerie shop and bought some beautiful soft underwear. Don again showed excellent taste in his choices.

In a happy mood, Don walked next to his landlady, completely unaware of his swinging skirt...thinking only about how nice it would be to wear the new dress that evening. When Leona stopped in front of a jeweler's shop and then entered, he followed unthinkingly.

He came back to reality with a shock, when her heard her say, “this young lady wants her ears pierced.”

Paling with fright, he blurted softly, “No...no! You can't do that...please!”

“Why not,” she asked curtly, right in front of the man.

With a flush, Don realized that he was stuck. He could not very well make an argument and state his objections and the real reasons why, without the man getting wise to his masquerade. Nor could he make a scene in the crowded shop, which could only call more attention to himself.

“It hurts so...” he finally stuttered, feeling that he had to come up with some sort of objection which would prevent this terrible thing.

“Now, Miss...don't you worry your little head about it. Just sit here, and it will be done in a jiffy.”

The man pressed Don into an armchair. Don tried to get back up, but Leona pushed him right back saying, “Now don't be like a silly little girl,” she said loudly, giving him that forbidding look, which he had come to know so well.

Tears sprung up in his eyes as he realized that he would not be able to avoid this at all. So, quietly, he let the man have his way with him.

It did not hurt much physically, but the pricks felt like they were going straight through Don's soul. He just knew that this was an irrevocable step.

Mrs. Johnson had, in the meantime, chosen an attractive pair of pendant earrings for pierced ears. Soon they left the store with Don wearing small, gold, keeper rings in each earlobe. They felt as though they weighed a ton. His face was like a rain cloud as they silently walked home.

At first, Leona ignored his pouting. She had been through this will Billie, and she knew that her victim would soon realize that there was nothing he could do about it...pouting would not help at all...it was done, final, and forever. Once home, she tried to cheer him up while he did his house cleaning.

“Don't look so sour, Diana. Most men like girls to wear earrings, and the ones we bought will look beautiful on you.”

Don just glared angrily at her, afraid to argue with...or use strong angry words toward...his strict landlady. It would only make life more difficult for him.

She tried to divert him by putting him to his usual tasks. At lunch, she told him, “As long as Frank is so fond of girls with long hair, we will try something new tonight. I have a good idea for a style that'll look marvelous with your new dress.”

Even so, Don would not be cheered. He morosely all afternoon without saying a word, silently performing his household chores. His hurting earlobes constantly reminded him of the degrading experience of that morning.

Frank phoned at four o'clock, with a reminder that he would be there at six.

“We are going to have a bite to eat, and then I thought of taking in a movie. Will that be all right with you, Diana?”

“Yes, Frank, that will be fine,” Don answered in his soft lilting voice, “whatever you decide. I’ll be ready.”

Leona helped Don dress. She gave him new, soft, black briefs with matching bra and slip. His corset was easily laced closed, and she noted with a grin how the bra cups all ready lifted quite a bit of flesh. Nevertheless, she thought that the clinging woolen dress deserved his liquid inserts. Don donned long, black, opaque stockings. After she paid particular attention to his makeup, she worked on his hairpiece. She parted the long, dark brown locks in the middle, then pinned the hair on each side with a bobby pin, so that the tresses hung freely behind his ears to his shoulders, fetchingly framing his face and just showing the new earrings. Then she carefully help him into his dress, giving his hair a last brush so it looked perfect.

Tightening the red belt, Don walked toward the mirror. Not withstanding his angry mood, he just could not help smiling at his trim stylish reflection. The knit dress followed his curved contours faithfully, but not too tightly, as though it were made just for him. He felt his anger evaporate as he saw how attractive his new hairdo was. It made him appear to be even younger than he usually seemed to be in a dress.

“I look a lot younger,” he remarked, “but it is a nice appearance.”

“Well, that’s good,” Leona responded, smiling. “Men always like their girls to look younger. It makes them feel older, wiser, and more experienced. That way they think they can boss their girlfriends around. And you like being told what to...admit it.”

Shamefully, Don remained silent. It was true. One of the secret reasons why he felt attracted to Frank was because he seemed decent and strong...someone he could

rely on to make the decisions...and he felt secure with. This had never consciously occurred to him. But, now that Mrs. Johnson had brought it to the surface, he blushed sharply, as he pushed a stray lock into place. When by accident, he touched the earring, he felt less a man than ever before. He finished by putting a wide single chain bracelet on his right wrist.

Even with the sporty black loafers, he walked completely like a girl. Leona noticed it as they walked downstairs. This was his first pair of low-heeled shoes, only 2 inch high. His black stockings did not hide his well-shaped, trim, legs.

Frank arrived a few minutes before six.

Leona remarked, "He's certainly eager, Diana."

Don felt a strong sense of exhilaration when he saw Frank's eyes light up at the sight of his pretty appearance.

"Diana, you are one beautiful doll," Frank told him with such conviction that it made Leona laugh out loud.

Don responded by modestly lowering his eyes, trying not to show too much how pleased he was with Frank's reaction.

"Thank you, Frank," he whispered, extending a limp hand, which Frank grabbed and cavalierly kissed, making Don blush ever brighter. He had never experienced having his hand kissed, and it made him feel so terribly feminine.

Soon, the young couple was on their way. In the street, Frank put his arm around his date's waist. While Don knew that this was not the best of manners in public, he simply could no longer fight that strong feeling of femininity that seemed to take over his entire being. He surrendered to it, and let his pretty clothes have their way with his mind.

He leaned over into his escort, having decided to enjoy the evening, and ban all those other thoughts from his consciousness. He was daintily stepping along, in his

skirts and girl's loafers, with his soft hair bouncing around his shoulders, and a cute black handbag over his arm, feeling, and appearing, completely, to be a beautiful girl.

With an apology, Frank took his date to a coffee shop on Main street. “Some day, I will be able to afford a more snazzy place,” he affirmed.

Don sweetly responded, “this is fine; I don't eat much anyway.”

“Don't tell me you're one of those diet watchers...like Julie?”

“Every girl has to watch her figure. You wouldn't like me to look like a fat butterball, would you?”

Frank's eyes roamed over his girlfriend's figure, while he politely pushed a chair in under her.

“Don't ever change, Diana...you're perfect,” he answered fervently.

During the meal, Frank talked about his job, and Don encouraged him, making him feel important...as if his career really mattered to his date. After dessert and coffee, Frank gallantly helped Don up, proudly noticing the many admiring glances his date drew with an eye-catching figure so plainly visible in the form-fitting dress.

Don noticed it too, as Frank helped him into his coat, and it caused him to blush sharply.

In the movie theater, Frank grabbed Don's hand almost as soon as they had taken off their gloves. Soon after, Frank's arm went around his date's shoulder, pulling Don close to him.

Don acquiesced, letting his femininity remain in control. Later, about the middle of the feature, he felt Frank's lips brush his cheek. He blushingly found himself smiling at Frank, and snuggling even closer.

Suddenly, the impact of what he was doing sunk in. He blushed so much with shame, that he feared his face would be all lit up, like a red stoplight. He stopped leaning, and Frank withdrew his arm, assuming that his

girl had become uncomfortable sitting so long in one position.

The movie was good, and absorbing, so Don quickly forgot his disturbing emotions.

Afterward, on the way home, Frank said apologetically, "I'm sorry not to have provided a more exciting evening for such a pretty girl."

Don smiled, "Don't be so modest. I really enjoyed your company...and the movie...everything."

"Did you really?" Frank asked, with happiness in his eyes.

Don, not knowing what possessed him, gave his date a little peck on the cheek. "Thank you," he told Frank, then blushed sharply at his own action and the feelings that prompted it.

Frank was obviously in seventh heaven as the couple continued walking silently through the dark, cold, street toward Don's home.

Each of them was busy with his own disturbing thoughts, walking in step, their arms interlocked.

Don was trying to make sense out of the confusing emotions that kept on stirring him at the most unexpected moments, making him do things which he would not have dreamed possible for him to attempt. How was it that he felt so different from Frank, now. The skirts and long hair could not explain everything. After all, they WERE both men...once anyway.

Now he felt poles away, somehow, looking at things from a different angle...another perspective.

Then a sudden insight hit him. He had really begun to behave like a girl, not just in body movements, but his mind and emotions also.

His feminine inclinations were getting control of his mind, emotions...indeed, his very being. He no longer thought as a man. He began to get an inkling of how much he had really changed. He felt truly different...in

some indefinable manner...the opposite of the man that was his date, Frank. It made him feel uncomfortable all over again, uncertain and even nervous at that idea.

When they arrived at the house, Don quickly and strategically asked Frank to come in for a cup of chocolate milk. He was scared suddenly of any fond farewells, which...he knew...would make him feel strange, weak, and dizzy, all over again.

“Did you have a pleasant evening?” Leona asked, as they entered the living room.

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson. It was perfect,” Frank replied with enthusiasm and obvious sincerity.

“I’ll go and make the chocolate,” Don announced, mincing from the room before he could be asked for his comments.

Fifteen minutes later, he found Frank and Mrs. Johnson talking animatedly.

Leona looked up and frowned. “Why, Diana! You don’t want to spill anything on your new dress, do you?”

“Uh, well...no, Mrs. Johnson,” Don replied, blushing with annoyance, as he left the room to fetch his pinafore. Why did she have to treat him always like a little girl, especially now, in front of Frank?

He felt tears well up with the humiliation of it all, as he slipped into the frilly, starched, garment. He felt terribly ashamed as he reentered the room and started serving.

Frank was good enough to act as if nothing had happened, except for the remark, “You sure look cute, Diana.” Then he turned to Leona, saying, “she’s the prettiest girl I ever dated.”

“Yes. Diana is a very attractive girl,” Leona allowed evenly, “but she has to learn to follow the rules of the house.”

When Don was settled in the couch next to Frank, Leona said, "Diana, show Frank the nice sweater you're knitting."

Don blushed with embarrassment, "No. Frank wouldn't be interested in such things."

"I'm interested in everything you do," Frank rebutted firmly, leaving Don no choice but to get his sewing basket and show him the light blue, half-finished wool garment.

"I don't know how you girls can do that slow precise work with such patience," Frank stated admiringly.

Leona responded with a big grin, "it's all a matter of training. Of course, being a girl helps, isn't that right, Diana?"

Still blushing uncomfortably, Don just nodded, meekly.

After a while of talk, Leona decided it was high time, to adjourn.

"Do you know how early Diana had to get up, to get to the office in time?"

Now it was Frank's turn to blush.

"I'm sorry. I enjoy your company so much, I just forgot about the time."

He stood up and shook hands with Leona. Then Don led him toward the hall closet and help him into his coat, awfully glad that Frank was hurrying now, giving him time only for a light peck on the mouth, as he went through the front door.

At the last moment, he pushed it open again.

"When can I see you again? Can we go out again next Saturday?"

"I can't next week. I have to help at a party in my bosses home."

He was annoyed at himself for actually feeling disappointed, but he also had to agree to another date, before Frank would leave. This date had been a strain. Still, he had to admit that he had enjoyed himself. He felt at ease with Frank...most of the time...almost natural, as

though he were able to be himself, without putting on an act.

He cringed inwardly at that thought; “natural?” Was he all ready accepting a girl's dress in his mind as his “natural” attire? Was being a girl his “natural” function now?

His thoughts were a whirlpool of conflicting thoughts and emotions. His head too tired to make any sense out of it at all. Once in his room, he fell asleep, exhausted, his last thought being how soft and nice his pretty nylon nightgown felt.

Sunday morning, Don awakened refreshed, but with his mind still in turmoil. He had a feeling that his whole life was mixed up...topsy turvy...his identity gone. His body was changing, as was quite noticeable when he stood in front of the mirror in his underwear. His girdled waist was small, with bulges both above and under in the back.

Combing his hairpiece, he could not miss realizing what a picture of complete femininity he presented...his earrings, soft skin and the recent but obvious valley between his breasts.

He touched them. They felt soft and heavy. He hardly needed the pads any more. How could THAT be? Did the clothes...his corset and his feminine existence have such a thoroughgoing effect on his body? On his whole physical system?

No wonder it was affecting his mind, also, he thought as he zipped up the back of his long sleeved, black, nylon, turtleneck blouse. Coordinating it with his grey woolen A-line skirt, he again brought breakfast to his landlady, and was rewarded with a smile.

The rest of the weekend passed uneventfully, except that in the evening Leona invited Mrs. Brent and Mrs. Hagers over for dinner and bridge.

Don did not mind the extra work, as it helped keep his mind off things he preferred not to consider. However, he most certainly resented Mrs. Brent's catty remarks and superior smiles at his childish, frilly, white apron.

Nevertheless, taken as a whole, the comparative rest he received that day had done him good.

Monday morning, Leona let him take out his earrings, putting in their place a small, strong, nylon thread. Covered with makeup, they could hardly be seen...only when one looked very closely.

All the next week at the office, things went from bad to worse. His work continued to suffer, terribly. His secretary Joyce, became more fresh and annoying each day.

Moreover, as the day drew nearer, the worry over having to play maid at Mr. Burin's house grew greater. He tried to avoid the boss as much as possible, figuring that thereby Mr. Burin would have no recent clear image of him to compare with "his sister, Diana". Although a brother and sister could reasonably be expect to look alike, he still feared that, in his case, the close resemblance would be too much to escape detection.

Mr. Burin phoned the house Thursday night to make sure Diana would be coming.

Friday even, Julie Bowie called all excited, asking for Diana's help for a church affair.

"Our church is seventy five years old, and we are planning a money raising affair for the building fund," she explained. "We'll be wearing costumes of the period and we need some more pretty girls to help. Will You come? It will be loads of fun," she gushed. "It'll be two weeks from Saturday, and there will be other activities on the following Sunday."

"Let me ask Mrs. Johnson," Don said hesitatingly. "Hang on a moment."

Leona gave her enthusiastic consent, thinking that it would be “good” exposure for her boarder.

“It's all right,” he told Julie, “I can come.” He did not like the idea of parading in “funny” costumes with those long skirts, but he had not idea how to refuse.

“Does she have to approve everything you do?” Julie asked.

Don tried to explain the situation, knowing that Leona was listening. “Well...she's interested in her boarders...and sort of feels responsible. She likes to know where we're going; she doesn't want any shady ladies in her house,” he finished.

Julie's laugh tinkled. “Only virgins are acceptable, right?”

“Something like that,” he replied.

“Well...I'll call you as soon as I know when we go to fit the costumes,” Julie closed, hanging up with a “so long, Diana.”

Don had enjoyed talking with Julie, as he was very attracted to her.

That thought comforted him, somehow. He still had his masculine instincts, all right. It put him in a better mood for the rest of the evening, almost...but not quite...forgetting the dangerous exposure he must endure the following night.

During Saturday morning and forenoon, he again did not have much time to think about what lay ahead. In addition to his house cleaning, he had to buy groceries at the local A & P, and run some other errands for Mrs. Johnson.

Every time he had to go outside as a girl, it bothered him less. So many of the people knew him all ready as a girl that he always wondered why nobody had recognized him when he went or returned from the office as a man. Just lucky, he guessed.

At four o'clock, Leona helped him get ready, again letting him soak in a heavily perfumed bath for half an hour, which he thoroughly enjoyed, these days, because of the pleasant relaxation. She dressed him in a black bra and a black, lacy, combination slip. Black nylons were tautly fastened to his corset, to give him smooth, girlish, beautiful, legs.

When the white, bulky, ruffled petticoat was in place, she did his makeup. Next she parted his hairpiece, again styling it with a prim bun in the back...the way he had worn it at Mrs. Hager's party.

"If my hair is loose, it will hide more of my face, then there'd be less chance of Mr. Burin recognizing me," he objected.

"Don't worry, Don. Nobody would guess in a million years that you're not a girl. It's just not possible.

"As a matter of fact, you no longer are much of a man...considering your figure."

Leona grinned as she ran her hand over his protruding fanny, and narrow waist. It finished its wandering by cupping each of his breasts.

Don blushed angrily at her familiarity, having touched his body so intimately, as well as saying the things she had. He pushed her hand away in annoyance.

The trouble was, he reflected, it was true. There was just no denying it. In silence, he finished dressing.

Leona helped him pin up the cap where it would look its cutest. Then she tied his pleated apron strings in a neat, attractive bow, smiling at how impeccably he had starched and ironed it.

"There, dear. You're perfect," she told him, watching as he primped before the mirror. "Watch out for the boys."

Don could not help smiling a little, before the realization that he, an executive, stood there dressed as a maid, had sunk in and put a knot of anger in his stomach.

Promptly at five, Mr. Burin's son rang the bell. Don took his coat from the hall closet and he started to take off his cap.

“Better leave it on,” Diana, Leona cautioned. “It's just right as it is, and you don't want to have to bother with it at your work.”

With a shrug, Don let it remain in place. He had been exposed as a maid before. Anyway, in the car it shouldn't be too bad.

“Be a good girl, now, and show them that I've trained you properly, dear.”

Don blushed furiously, when she called after him, “And don't forget your curtsies.”

The young Burin politely opened the door of the car, to let Don into the front seat.

Don thanked him with a shy smile. He studied his driver as he was entering from the other side.

He was a 19 year old student...who acted as though he knew everything and owned at least half the world. Before he started the engine, he turned toward his passenger, giving a thorough visual once-over, with special attention at the bosom.

Don became red with embarrassment and was about to say something, when the fresh young man turned the key, and said, “You're sure a cute girl, Diana.”

In silence, they drove to White Plains, a trip of almost 45 minutes.

Mrs. Burin was very glad to see her helper and welcomed Don warmly, albeit just a little standoffishly.

“Oh, Diana, I'm so glad that you're here,” she said shaking his hand perfunctorily.

Don remembered to curtsy politely.

She took him directly to the kitchen and started to explain what she wanted done. She told him how many guests were coming to this shower, as she ran back and forth, becoming completely flustered.

“Oh, dear! I have not had so many people for dinner since I can remember.”

When Don helped her set up the large side table for the buffet style dinner, the inevitable happened. He almost bumped smack into his boss, Mr. Burin, who was entering the living room just as Don was leaving it.

Don fervently prayed that he would disappear promptly from the spot or become invisible...or anything. Such was not his luck. Once again, dressed in his pretty maid's uniform...with cap, apron, and all...he had to face his employer.

He almost lost his balance when he curtsied, saying, “Good evening, Mr. Burin.”

“Oh, hello, Diana. It seems we especially need your help tonight,” Mr. Burin replied. Then looking over Don's face, he added with a smile, “Oh, yes. Now I see the remarkable resemblance to your brother, Don. You're almost the spitting image...but much prettier, of course.

“Thank you, sir,” Don responded, blushing and wishing that he were at the North Pole.

“Why didn't you tell me New Year's Eve that you were Don's sister?”

“I...eh...I never thought of it, sir. It was my first job, and I was very nervous.”

Mrs. Burin broke in, “Now you get the boys and get out of this house. This is a hen party, and the girls will soon arrive. So, shoo...shoo!”

“All right...all right...dear. We're going,” Mr. Burin responded, and called to his sons.

Soon, the guests started arriving. Don found himself rushing from the kitchen to the front door, to take a lady's coat, and greet her politely, with the obligatory curtsy, of course. He no longer felt foolish doing it. “It goes with the job,” he said to himself, and he did it naturally and almost elegantly.

Mrs. Burin directed him, “Now, Diana, most of the guests are here. I’ll let the rest in, while you start serving the punch.”

In a minute, Don was in the living room with a tray full of glasses. He could not help blushing when he heard two older women comment favorably on his figure and attire.

“Where does she find such attractive help?” he heard one lady ask.

“She gets them from a new agency. I must ask her for the phone number.”

There were only two glasses left on the tray when the bomb exploded, as Mrs. Burin ushered in some new guests. When Don turned and saw who had entered, he lost his breath, and...in complete shock and terror...dropped the tray, glasses and all.

The loud crash made him the center of attention, with Mrs. Burin fussing, “Oh, dear...oh, dear...”

Don stood stock stiff, face to face with his own secretary, Joyce Downing.

There he was, an executive, now uniformed and aproned, with nowhere to hide.

Joyce stared back at him in complete disbelief, the sparkle of beginning recognition in her eyes striking Don like lightning.

Mrs. Burin repeated, now a little accusingly, “Oh, dear. What happened? What did you do, Diana?” bringing Don back to his senses.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered, as he awkwardly kneeled down to pick up the broken glass, grateful that it gave him the opportunity to partly hide his strawberry red face. Trembling, he put the pieces on the tray. In his extreme nervousness, he lost his footing and tumbled forward at Joyce’s feet, cutting his wrist on some broken glass.

Mrs. Burin continued, "Oh, dear!" as she bent down and helped pick up the glass, then led Don into the kitchen.

"Did someone bump you on the arm?" she asked.

Desperately trying to keep back his tears, and attempting to swallow the big lump in his throat, shook his head.

"I...no...uh...don't know what happened," he answered. Tears came freely, in spite of his best efforts.

"Now, now, dear. Don't cry. It's not the end of the world. Here, let me put a Bandaid on your arm."

When it was in place, she gave him a dish rag.

"Here, this is to clean the rug. I don't think this punch will spot much."

"Come on, dry your tears, and we'll forget all about it."

Don took his small hanky from his pocketbook to dab his eyes and dry his cheeks, carefully, so as not to smudge his makeup. He knew that he had to go back into the living room, and that he would be forced to expose himself, still in skirts, to Joyce's curious stares. How could that go on for the rest of the evening? What could he do?

Running away would not do. Mrs. Johnson would never forgive him, and Heaven knew what she might do in spite. Anyway, leaving now would almost certainly give him away. So, with eyes lowered, he reentered the living room and quickly bent down on his knees, with his back toward the guests, to wipe the wet spots. He hoped that he wasn't exposing too much of his frilly petticoat.

That task done, he quickly left the room again, without looking up. His mind worked feverishly. Nevertheless, there was just no solution, but to go through with the job. His only hope was to act completely and naturally feminine, and make Joyce believe that he really was his own sister. Yes, that's what he would do, if it were at all possible. It was the only way he had to avoid a confrontation.

Straightening his back, he picked up another tray full of glasses and snacks and returned to the living room, as though nothing had happened. As he came face to face with Joyce, he felt his face grow red again. Regardless, he tried to smile...with his eyes diverted...as he said in a soft voice, “Would you like some punch, Miss?”

Joyce looked at him, up and down, still uncertain of what her eyes and mind were telling her about the person serving her. This pretty, uniformed, girl looked exactly like Langley, her boss. However, it couldn't really be him; not with that divine figure and shapely legs...not to mention the ample bosom. Nevertheless, she knew that this person had recognized her, and shown fear, when she had entered the room, earlier. Why would that be, unless she had something to hide?

When she realized that she was staring at this girl, she took a glass and some peanuts, saying “Thank you.”

Her eyes kept following the pretty maid around the room. “She moves so gracefully, and her posture is just about perfect,” Joyce observed mentally. Then, something clicked in her mind again. Her boss, Langley, had lately displayed the same posture, walking erectly and using those silly small steps. “No...it just could not be...not with those narrow shoulders and the way she walked.” Her eyes continued to follow Don. Entranced by the way the white pleated straps of the apron crossed her back and the bulky bow, which wiggled with every movement of the hips, she could not keep her eyes off Mrs. Burin's maid.

Joyce had never met a sister who looked so much like the brother. Or was it the other way around. She knew they weren't twins. Langley had told her that his sister was two years younger. She walked over to Mrs. Burin and casually brought the conversation to her maid.

“It's nice that you have such good help,” she commented.

“Yes,” Mrs. Burin agree, “she's a real find.”

“How did you get her?”

“I saw her at a New Year's party, where she was serving. She lives in Newburgh and works for a lady who takes in roomers. Leona Johnson is her name.” Somewhat vaguely she added, “I believe she's just started up an employment agency for domestics.”

“We picked her up and will take her back by car.

“Her brother works for my husband, you know.”

“Yes, I know...” Joyce replied, a little absently. “I'm his secretary.”

Don glanced at Joyce whenever he could do so unobserved. Seeing her talk with Mrs. Burin, he began to worry. While his employer did not know anything, one never knew what little bit of information might slip out and give Joyce a further clue. Still, there was nothing he could do about it, except make certain that he acted completely naturally as his younger sister.

The party was in full swing now. The women chattering excitedly among the pile of gifts being opened by the bride-to-be.

At dinner, Don and Mrs. Burin carried all the food in and displayed it attractively on the serving table. While the guests formed a line, Don stood quietly beside the table, his right hand in the pocket of his apron, with his right leg slightly bent in a most attractive pose, wearing a polite smile on his face.

As Joyce saw him standing that way, she lost all doubt that she'd had. She must be going crazy. This pretty girl could not possibly be her boss. Not a chance in a million. Yet, when one of the guests asked Don for catsup, and he politely replied, “I'll get it for you, Ma'am,” Joyce thought she heard a familiar timbre in this girl's voice, making her confused all over again.

“Newburgh is where Langley lived also,” she considered. When she passed by Don, their eyes met.

He could not help lowering his lashes modestly as he felt another blush creeping up his neck.

That was when Joyce noticed the little earrings hanging from pierced ears. Now she was sure; how could it be? No man would have pierced ears. She passed on to concentrate of her dinner and her friends, forgetting about this enigma for a time.

While the guests were eating, Don filled up the trays again, for seconds. Then Mrs. Burin send him to the kitchen with a plate of his own. He drank some of the leftover punch and slowly began to feel more relaxed.

So far, so good. He had passed muster until now, and there was no reason why anything should go wrong the rest of the evening.

Still, having Joyce here made it a close call. If he had know that she was coming, he would have refused the job...no matter what Mrs. Johnson would have threatened. He caught his breath. That was not true; she could make him do anything with that darned threat of exposure. What a strange position he was in.

His thoughts were interrupted when Mrs. Burin called him to collect the dirty dishes. He was kept busy cleaning up, washing the dishes, cups, pots and pans.

Finally, the guests were leaving, and he had to help them into their coats. When he came to Joyce, he had steeled himself to act correctly. Nevertheless, he nearly went through the floor when he heard her say, "Listen, Mary, I can drive your maid home. I'm going in that direction anyway."

"No...No..." Don started to interrupt.

He was cut off by Mrs. Burin, "Are you sure you don't mind? I don't know what time my husband and the boys will be home, and I don't want Diana to get home too late."

Turning to Don, she smiled and said, "You must be very tired."

She handed him seventy-five dollars, saying, "Here is the payment for your employer."

Don stood open mouthed or a long moment. Finally it had dawned on him: his landlady was actually hiring him out as a maid...for payment. Now he remembered the envelope which Mrs. Rizzo had given him. "Of all the nerve," he muttered under his breath, as he put the money loosely into his handbag. He took off his cap and apron and slipped into his coat, feeling terribly worried and nervous about the long and intimate exposure he would have to bear during the trip home with his secretary, Joyce.

Also, he especially hated to be indebted to her for the ride home. However, what could he do; there was no bus connection between White Plains and Newburgh. Silently, he entered her car, into the front seat.

Even as they drove away, Joyce began her inquisition. "Do you know your brother works with me, Diana?"

"I was not sure, Miss," he replied, hesitantly. He realized that he would have to weigh every word carefully. At the same time he was annoyed that she had said "worked WITH me", instead of admitting that she was just his secretary.

"You acted so strangely when you saw me enter the room," Joyce remarked.

Don remained silent for a moment, trying to think of the best reply.

That made Joyce wonder. "Well, what was the matter? Why did you act so scared?" she demanded.

"I...I...wasn't scared, Miss. Somebody bumped into me, just when you and the other lady arrived. I saw it coming and that's why I may have had some fear in my face; I didn't want to appear clumsy." Don felt very happy with the excuse he had so quickly invented.

"Oh," Joyce replied thoughtfully.

“You two look awfully alike,” she remarked, obviously waiting for a response.

“We ARE brother and sister,” Don said, matter-of-factly.

“What is the matter lately with your brother? He's been acting so funny. He moves differently, and he seems preoccupied all the time.

Don became quite annoyed about this criticism, from his own secretary. While it might have been true, she still did not have the right to criticize her boss...certainly not in front of his little sister.

“If he's your boss, you will just have to put up with it, Miss,” he replied, somewhat nastily, yet with the word “Miss” affirming that he still knew his place.

“Don't be so catty,” Joyce advised, “I may hire you as a maid someday.”

Don remained silent. Heavens, he hoped that this would never come to pass. He was about to say something caustic, when he remembered that Mrs. Johnson would give him no choice in the matter. So, he swallowed his angry reply and remained silent, only body language betraying his annoyance.

Joyce was not to leave him at peace. “How long have you been in the maid business?” she asked, using a particularly condescending tone of voice.

“I...I...only just started...as a favor to my landlady,” Don replied. “I had no job, so it helps pay for my room and board.”

“Well, there's plenty of demand for domestic help...IF you don't mind the low social status and servant's uniforms. I guess you could make good money. Me, I would not think of lowering myself that way,” she added snobbishly.

There was another long period of silence, with Don trying to hide his anger at her haughty attitude. She made him feel so terribly inferior.

“Do you see your brother often?” Joyce persisted.

“No. We hardly see each other, Miss,” he blurted out, knowing full well that he was in very dangerous territory.

He was most happy, indeed, when they finally crossed the Hudson Bridge and saw the lights of Newburgh illuminating the sky.

“Does your arm still hurt?” Joyce asked, pointing to the Bandaid.

“It was not a deep cut, Miss. I can hardly feel it,” he replied coolly.

He was angry at himself for calling her “Miss” all the time, as it was an admission of inferior status. He realized that he actually did feel as though she were superior to him.

With help from his directions, they arrived, so her gathered his apron, cap and handbag, saying, “Good night, Miss. Thank you for the ride.”

Joyce watched him daintily alight from the car, mincing on his high heels toward the front door. That scene began to erase any suspicions she had harbored; no man could look so femininely pretty and walk “that way” in high heels, let alone have such shapely legs.

Shaking her head about the strange intuition she'd experienced all evening, she drove on to the city, and home.

“How did it go?” Leona asked, as soon as Don entered the living room.

“It was just terrible,” Don replied with conviction. “Joyce, my secretary, was there, and I think she suspected something all evening. She even drove me home, just so she could question me.”

“Nonsense,” Leona replied. “How could she possibly connect you...a pretty girl...with a bumbling male from the office.

“Heaven's! What happened to your arm?”

Don told her what had happened.

“How clumsy of you,” she admonished him. “What will Mrs. Burin think of my maids?”

“Enough to give you seventy-five dollars,” he replied, in a caustic tone of voice. “I assume that I can keep it?”

“You know better than that,” she told him, her eyes gleaming angrily. “You're so far in debt with me, for clothes and electrolysis, that it will take at least two years to pay me off, at the rate you've been going.

“And don't you dare to be so fresh, or I'll take other measures. I used to spank my daughters with a can, until they knew how to behave, and I think I would find it a real pleasure to give you a good dose, also. Don't think for a moment that I would not do it, if I thought you deserved it.”

Don blushed at the humiliating idea, and lowered his eyes, making no reply.

Leona observed him as he stood there so defenselessly in his nice fitting black uniform with apron and cap dangling from his right hand.

In a softer voice, she said, “Oh, come off it Diana; you did not have too bad a time the last six weeks...now admit it.”

Her softer tone was disarming. He began to feel like jelly inside as he stood there, tears welling up and falling down his cheeks. That shamed him even more.

“Tonight was just terrible,” he whispered. “I was nervous all evening...and I just know she suspects something. She'll make trouble at the office...I just know it.”

“Come now, girlie. Cheer up; ninety-nine percent of the things fears never actually happen. Anyway, worrying about it does not help one bit. There is nothing you can do but hope for the best.”

Don sank into the chair feeling his fatigue, and terribly depressed and humiliated. The idea of his own

secretary seeing him as a maid, in skirts and apron, bothered him no end. Even worse was the notion of him, an executive and her boss, having to act as a common servant for her. The thought of having to confront her again, Monday morning, brought his tears to full flow.

“You go to bed now, dearie. You must be tired. You'll feel better in the morning...you'll see.”

Don was sobbing now, with both hands in front of his face.

Leona looked at her distressed boarder. The white pleated collar and cuffs of his uniform demurely offsetting his slender throat and wrists. A ruffle of the fluffy petticoat lay upon his black nyloned knee, peeking out from under his short skirt.

As he sat there, his feet modestly together, crying his heart out, there was just no trace of male left.

Leona considered this with some measure of pride. She had done well, in a short month and a half. She touched his soft, well manicured hands, noting how the slender silver friendship ring graced his ring finger.

“There, there...that ought to make you feel better. There's nothing that makes a girl feel better than a good cry.”

Don felt so washed out after all the emotions of the evening that he did not even reply. Listlessly, he stood up and followed Leona's suggestion.

In his room he studied himself in the mirror. A wry, sad, smile came onto his face as he saw the reflection of a smart girl with a divine figure in the tight and revealing dress. Her eyes were red and her face smudged from crying.

He began to undress, and, after washing off his makeup and rinsing his lingerie, he slipped into his long nylon nightgown. He was asleep moments after his head touched his pillow.

The rest of the weekend was uneventful. As a reward for his efficient cleaning, and finishing all the other constantly recurring feminine chores, Leona proposed that they have dinner in town and take in a movie.

Don was grateful that he did not have to cook.

As they walked the streets, Leona could not help smiling as she noticed that her boarder seemed unaware of his skirts. He simply accepted the wearing of feminine garb as matter-of-course.

She had suggested he put on the green jumper dress again. It was plain that he had become quite accustomed to having bare arms.

She stealthily watched him during dinner. Yes, she decided, he was now about ready to become a full-time girl. However, she did not have any plan yet as to how she might bring this about.

Maybe his secretary would recognize him. It might be the break she needed. That this would cause all kinds of grief and embarrassment to her boarder was no concern of hers, she callously estimated.

Don was busy with his own thoughts. The last time he was here, he had met Frank. He looked around, then reddened as he realized that he was actually hoping to see him again. He tried to rationalize that, after all, it was fun to be with someone his own age. He hardly had any friends, except Julie, Frank's sister, and Mrs. Rizzo.

"Mrs. Rizzo was nice," he silently reflected. "I'll have to visit her again soon," he promised himself.

As they left the restaurant, Leona noticed how most male eyes followed her attractive young companion. Her Diana did not seem to mind...indeed, he seemed to walk a little straighter and from the hips. She knew that he must be aware of the admiring glances, like any pretty girl would. He certainly seemed to take it in stride, as he tripped along in his heels...head high, avoiding the eyes of the onlookers.

The movie was nothing to shout about, but it did take Don's mind off things.

Leona asked, "Have you heard anything more about the church bazaar from Julie?"

"No. She is supposed to phone me this week to set a time for the fitting of the costumes. I guess she'll tell me then what they want me to do."

"It will be so much fun for you," Leona enthusiastically encouraged him. "You need some friends, and chances to get out a little more."

Don just nodded and heard himself say, "That would be nice."

Heavens! Could he really bring off an active social life as a young woman?

As they turned the corner onto Garden Avenue, they passed that young policeman again. For a moment, Don felt his blood pressure rise, as the officer seemed to stare at Don.

Leona greeted the officer, "Good evening, Pat."

The man lifted his gloved hand in greeting. Don reddened even more as he felt the bold eyes of the policeman taking in his whole appearance. When they reached the house, Don glanced back and saw the man still watching them.

He spoke to Leona, anxiety clamping his throat, "That cop is still staring at us."

"Don't worry, dear. Just remember that you're a real girl, now. Nobody ever would think otherwise, the way you behave and dress these days."

"That man is a local boy, who, as a teenager, used to be a real hellion. He seemed to be heading for trouble when something seems to have happened, and he sort of disappeared from the street scene. He's a smart boy...maybe a little too smart, I think," Leona concluded.

Then she mused, "I just don't know how they ever could have taken him on the police force. Maybe it's

because his parents are nice, modest people. I think he also has an older sister.” Her gossiping had lasted the rest of the distance to the house.

As Leona unlocked the front door, they could hear the phone ringing. Shedding his coat, Don ran as fast as his high heels would permit to answer it.

“Mrs. Johnson's residence,” he announced.

“Who is this?” Leona heard him ask.

“Oh! Alice. Alice Richter,” he repeated for the benefit of Leona who was obviously concerned as to who might be calling at this late hour. “She wants to talk to you,” he stated as he relinquished the handset to her.

Don walked away to hang up his coat and then make the usual chocolate milk.

Later, when he served it to Leona, she told him about the conversation. “It looks like we'll have another boarder, Diana. Alice told me that he has resigned his commission and wants to come and live here for a while...at least until he has decided what to do. He seemed quite anxious,” she added, with a sinister grin. “He's coming next Tuesday to talk it over.”

Don did not reply. He had found Tom Richter a little arrogant and overbearing. No doubt, that was partly due to having been an officer, while Don had only made corporal during his tour of duty. There was always that deliberate gap between the enlisted men and the officers.

Still, he thought, it would be nice to have some help around the house, as well as some company. Dressed as a girl, Alice had seemed to be nice enough. Don made up his mind that he was not going to play second fiddle to Alice...former officer or not.

“Will he have to help with the house?” he asked.

Leona smirked, “Of course...the same rules apply to all my TV boarders. I'll make a girl out of him just like I'm doing for you. Having to do all those feminine chores helps a person forget all masculine prejudices and chauvinisms,”

she reasoned. "Besides, I think Alice needs to be pushed a few steps down the ladder, don't you think?"

Don nodded, with a slight smile. Secretly, he had to admit that it would be fun to see an officer reduced to doing housework. Moreover, Mrs. Johnson had now revealed some of her method.

She has it all figured out, he thought. First Billie, next Ann, and then himself. She plays on our Transgender feelings just like a violin...or maybe "drums" is a more accurate simile. She certainly hammered it in...relentlessly...with the clothes she made them wear, in the chores she made them do, and in the mannerisms she taught them. Gradually, they'd make anyone feel like a girl inside. It was not just the dresses and underpinnings, he surmised. Being treated as...and having to act like...a girl, all the time...that was what had the strongest and most lasting effect.

He shuddered a little as he thought about the great finesse she had used, to have him gradually acquire total femininity. His bracelet ringed arms, otherwise bare outside his pretty dress; his bosom, quite pronounced; his waist small; his legs and posture completely girlish, while that ridiculously ruffled apron gave the final touch. All this, she had forced on him in her clever way, step by step, day after day.

She must have worked out some master plan, by now, he decided. Still, he had to admit that there was a certain small amount of pleasure and satisfaction, knowing how well he could pass and how beautiful she could make him look...pretty enough to be asked out on dates.

That was just what he had dreamed about in the past...only a few months ago...and now it had become reality. Too much so.

Pointing at the Bandaid on the underside of his wrist, Leona asked, "How is your arm? You'd better look at it

and put on a fresh dressing for the night. Here, let me help you.”

As she pulled off the old one, the wound appeared clean enough.

“It's a nasty cut, though. We'll put some antibiotic on and then one of the skin-colored Band-aids.”

Thanking her nicely, he went to bed. However, sleep did not come easily that night; he tossed and turned for a long time, his mind refusing to shut down.

Should he let go of all reservations and let Mrs. Johnson have her way with him? Should he just give in, or should he struggle to keep his body and mind as masculine as possible, given his present circumstances?

“Keep” wasn't exactly the right word anymore, he admitted to himself. “Regain” was more nearly correct, considering the way he was living.

Moreover, he expected a difficult confrontation with Joyce in the morning.

Eventually, he resolved to fight back as hard as he could. If he didn't, his conversion into girlhood would be discovered sooner or later in the office. The mere thought of such a disaster chilled his soul. He could just picture Jim and the other fellows smirking and jeering about the “pansy” or even “queer”. How horrible that would be.

He was going to be a man...even if he had to wear woman's clothes for a while yet. With that settled, he finally calmed down enough to fall asleep.

In the morning, Leona brought him still another pair of pants. These girl's slacks again had the zipper in the back. Fortunately, they were of a black wool material that could easily pass for men's wear. Knowing that arguing would not help, he obediently put them on. After all, he had all ready worn slacks which zipped up the back to the office, and no one had noticed anything.

Still, the fit was quite feminine, the way they firmly hugged his bottom, accentuating the globes. They were

absolutely streamlined, yet amazingly, they felt comfortable. Fortunately, his jacket would hide everything, as usual.

However, he completely forgot about his bandaged cut, during the walk to the office. As he passed various display windows, he surreptitiously gazed at his reflection, grimacing as he appraised the femininity of his thin eyebrows and soft hairless face. His longish hair, even slicked down still bespoke a boyish looking girl.

He became agitated as he considered that surely someone in his office, someday, would notice something strange. Or had the change been so gradual that no one could see the changes? Maybe Mrs. Johnson was right...that people were too busy with themselves, just as he was right then, to bother with giving time or thought to others.

With that comforting thought, he entered the office building. He was early, and few other people were there as yet.

He attacked the pile of papers on his desk, and was in the middle of a phone call, when Joyce finally entered. She was more than ten minutes late. He frowned at her, turning his eyes significantly toward the clock.

Joyce ignored him completely, as he motioned her over and gave her a lot of type work to do.

It was nearly noon when the bomb burst. Joyce came marching to his desk, carrying a pile of work ready for his signature. Don was completely off guard, and absorbed by a long distance phone conversation. He signalled her to wait there.

Nonchalantly, she sat down on the corner of his desk, eyeing him with an insolent stare. Finally he hung up, and made some notes, deliberately letting Joyce cool her heels for a few moments.

She started to talk. “I met your sister last Saturday. She is such a cute maid, and...” She stopped in mid-sentence.

Don had folded his hands behind his head, leaning back in his chair and looking at her with what he hoped was a disdainful stare. That was his great mistake. His underarm was exposed, clearly revealing the Bandaid.

Joyce immediately reacted. “What's that? What did you do to your arm?”

If Don had had enough presence of mind, he might have brazened it out, but his first, scared, reaction was to immediately withdraw his arms and put them in front of him on the desk, to hide the bandage. Accompanying that move, he blushed furiously. Realizing the danger he was in, adrenaline began to flow. He became so flustered and nervous that it was all too obvious.

Joyce realized that she was on to something. In a flash, it came to her: Diana, the maid, had cut her wrist in that exact place.

Once that connection had been made, she began to notice other things...his thin eyebrows, the bulges under his jacket, the tight pants, his fluffy hair.

She gasped audibly, still not believing her eyes.

Then she looked at his ears. A big grin came over her face, as she touched a lobe, revealing the piercing.

“Why, Langley...you're a girl. You're Diana!” she announced, in a fairly loud voice.

Unthinking and stupidly, he responded, “Sssh, not so loud.”

At the same time, he started to tremble, and his face turned pale. The agitation, confusion, and nervousness made him shake all over, as he realized his cover had been blown. The moment he had shushed her, he had given himself away...virtually admitting his masquerade.

There was a long silence as he hung his head with the shame of it all. The two adversaries eyed each other, only

to result in Don dropping his eyes in a silent but clear admission.

Joyce's eyes began to gleam. At this moment, she only partially realized the advantages she now had over her boss, yet her face showed great excitement, as her dominating nature obtained the upper hand. She stood up straight, her shoulders back, still looking searchingly at him.

Don was completely unable to even begin to meet her stare, and he sat there sullenly and shamefaced.

Coldly, she spoke to him.

“Follow me outside, Diana.”

“Ssssh...” Don admonished frantically, “please...”

“I'll call the others, if you don't get up immediately,” she threatened.

Things were completely out of hand for Don. Overpowered by her strong stance, he saw no alternative but to comply.

Joyce followed him out, observing him closely. With her new awareness, she was amazed that she'd missed the signs...his posture, the way he walked, the way his hair was so femininely shaped in the back. How could she have overlooked all these things in the past?

As she closed the door behind them, a surge of dominating feelings took control of her. In the hall she grabbed his ear lobe and dragged him unceremoniously into the ladies' rest room.

Don was so overpowered by the situation that it didn't even occur to him to resist, and he lamely allowed himself to be led along, grimacing with pain.

Fortunately, none of the other girls were there.

Joyce ordered, “Take off your jacket, Diana, my girl.”

He hesitated only for a moment, but a hard slap in his face made him change his mind quickly. He had to admit defeat and took off his coat.

A broad grin spread across Joyce's face when she saw his girl's pants revealed, with no opening in front.

“And now your shirt,” she demanded.

Don just stood there, frozen with shock. He could not even lift his arms, so completely unnerved he had become.

Roughly, she began removing it for him, starting with his tie, then the buttons on his shirt.

“I'll do it; I'll do it,” he exclaimed, feeling even more embarrassed at having her attempt to undress him.

As he wriggled out of his shirt, Joyce took a step back and looked at him with great satisfaction in her expression; revealed to her gaze were his corset and the lace trimmed straps of his combination slip and his bra.

“Take off your pants,” she ordered next.

“No. Please, no. What if someone comes in?”

“All right,” she replied condescendingly, “I'll lock the door...you go ahead.”

Her voice had a menacing quality, that he just did not dare to refuse, so numbed was his mind from the fast chain of events. He unzipped his slacks in the back, took off his shoes, then stepped out, feeling glad that at least the tight panty girdle would not expose anything.

Joyce kept on looking him over, up and down, as he faced her in his nylons, his feminine underwear all too obvious, and his lacy combination slip fitting him without a wrinkle, as if it were made expressly for him.

She cupped his small breasts next, making him feel terribly ashamed, and he drew back his torso as if a snake were biting him.

“I can see why you want to play man, dearie...you just don't have very much of what it takes to be a woman.”

She shook her head.

“How stupid I have been. I have worked my head off for two years as a girl Friday to just a wisp of a girl. I thought I was working for a real man...at first, anyway.

Lately, you have not been much of a man, but I still thought of you as a male.”

Still shaking her head, she was so surprised that she did not know what to do next.

“But why are you wearing the terrible corset? And why were you playing maid, girlie? Is it a hobby of yours, in your spare time?”

Don shook his head. He desperately searched for a strong comeback, something...anything...to help him regain control of the situation.

Instead, he just whispered, “No...uh...my landlady makes me do it. She practically blackmailed me, and she takes all the money I earn. She makes me wear those corsets, saying that my figure needed training, like her grandmother had.

“Oh...I see,” Joyce said, thinking that now she had the picture straight. “She threatened to tell the office that you really were a girl, did she?”

Don was having trouble staying with her train of thought. She seemed to think he really was a girl.

He finally stuttered, “Uh...ye...yes.”

Pursuing this line, Joyce continued, “And I can now do the same thing, can't I?”

The smile on her face turned to an especially nasty one, irritating Don so much that he felt like pulling her hair or kicking his in the legs.

Knowing that attempting this in his stockinged feet would not accomplish much, he didn't try. In the firmest voice he could muster, he said, “You wouldn't dare...you wouldn't even dare.”

“Just look at yourself,” Joyce replied. “You don't look like my boss, or like any boss, for that matter. I can do anything I want with you.”

Don glanced into the mirror, seeing himself standing so defenseless, in his tight corset, panty slip and smooth

nylon hose, with his soft face strained and red. Tears of anguish start to well up again.

The confrontation was broken when someone rattled the doorknob, trying to get in. Don stood frozen with fear, wondering who else would discover his secret.

Joyce, in full control of the situation, called out, “Just a minute. I'll be out directly.”

Then Don started to struggle frantically with his shirt and then his pants, throwing his jacket over the unbuttoned shirt.

“I'll divert their attention, so you can sneak out,” Joyce volunteered, as she stepped to the door.

Don found himself actually grateful for her help.

Opening the door a little, Joyce encountered one of her colleagues in the office. “Just the girl I'm looking for,” she stated in perfect calmness, latching onto the girl's arm before she had a chance to enter the restroom. Over her objections that she wanted, first, to do what she'd come there to do, Joyce led her down the hall saying, “would you mind helping me with some files?”

Don carefully stuck his head out of the ladies' room, and, seeing the hallway was clear for the moment, quickly tripped...shoes in hand...into the men's room next door.

Fortunately, it too, wasn't occupied. So he redressed himself, completing the process with a sigh of relief.

At least no one else had found out about him. Only Joyce knew. Still, what was she going to do next? He pondered that notion as he returned to his desk.

Joyce was still talking to the other girl as Don sank into his chair, still sufficiently unnerved to concentrate on his work. He put his face into his hands and leaned on his elbows...a picture of deep distress and desperation.

The lunch hour and afternoon crept by as if they would never end. At four o'clock...mail signing time...Joyce came over to him with a stack of letters to be signed, as well as invoices and airway bills to be checked.

When he'd finished with them, Joyce ordered, "Now, you go and file the copies yourself. Make sure you do it right...and promptly."

Don just looked at her for a moment, then whined, "No...not that...no. Everyone will see, and wonder...Please...what will they think?"

"I don't care. You're a girl, and girls always get stuck with those stupid routine office jobs. So get up, or I'll go straight to Mr. Burin.

"Oh, and take these originals to the mailing desk, also."

Don saw no way out. Pale, but obediently, he arose and went about his task. Soon he found himself standing, with a red face, next to Jim's secretary who was filing her portion of that day's mail.

She looked at him in surprise. He stuttered a lame explanation, "Just checking to see what condition the files are in."

Not accustomed to this work, it took him more than half an hour, while Joyce sat there all the time, wearing a big grin as she watched him.

At the same time, her mind was working feverishly. Imagine! Her boss turning out to be a girl. What a joke...especially, getting away with it for so long. The joke was really on her. How could she take her revenge, and get some advantage out of this situation?

An idea struck her suddenly, brightening her countenance. She had always wanted his job. If she told Burin about this, she knew Don would be fired. Then she might be able to take over his job, or at least talk Burin into giving her a crack at it. However, to make sure she would be successful, it would be safer to have Don around. He did know a lot about the air freight business, besides having lots of contacts among the customers and the airline people.

Another idea occurred to her...even crazier...which made her smile with the ingenuity of it. She could make Langley wear his proper skirts and then hire him as her own secretary. Yes! He could come back to work for the company as his younger sister, Diana, her own secretary. What a delightful switch. She smiled at her cleverness. what a retribution that would be.

She contemplated this plan further. He was making forty thousand dollars a year, now, but as a secretary he could not expect to make more than half that amount.

Hmmph! That's probably why she had masqueraded as a man to begin with. To get a better job.

On the other hand, she knew that Burin was rather old fashioned where women were concerned. She would have to do a lot of talking to get Langley's job. Perhaps her aunt could work on that for her. That's how she got this job in the first place.

Meanwhile, she would have to concentrate on Langley. He did not have much choice in the matter. Finding another job would be difficult these days. She knew how many applications Burin received and how many people in this business were unemployed. He had said that his landlady had taken all his money. That also meant he had nothing to fall back on.

Therefore, the landlady seemed the key to the whole matter. Joyce would have to go see her and try to make a deal. At least, that was worth a try.

She decided to drive to Newburgh that very night; she still remembered where he lived.

Joyce imagined that Don's landlady would rather take five thousand per year, than have an unemployed girl on her hands. No doubt, she wouldn't relish having the story get around that she had harbored a girl who was masquerading as a man for so long. There, too, was some leverage.

Joyce's grin grew wider.

Even with the filing done, Don still had his own work to finish. He hurried to avoid missing his train.

As Joyce was leaving, she remarked in a fairly loud voice, "Good night, Diana, dear!"

This caused Don to look around nervously, to see if anyone else had heard her.

"Good night, bitch," he muttered under his breath, making sure that she could not hear him.

Nevertheless, she could hardly miss the look in his eyes that testified to his distinct lack of love for her at that moment.

It was a discouraged, highly upset young man that entered Leona's house that evening. He was dragging his feet, and his face drawn.

"Now what's the matter?" she demanded. She wasn't in such a good mood either, as she was not yet old enough to have outgrown her PMS.

"Well, you finally did it," he answered in a tight voice, unable to swallow the lump in his throat. He clenched his fists, hoping that this would keep him from crying.

He sank dejectedly into a chair, and, between sobs, he told her the whole sad story, with special emphasis on the humiliation he'd endured, as well as the terribly nasty way Joyce had acted.

"And it's all your fault," he concluded. "If you had not made me wear girl's underwear and slacks...and had let me cut my hair...this would never have happened.

Leona was quick to respond.

"Hold it right there, young lady. Don't you dare talk to me that way. You are the one who begged to come here, wanting my help to make you like Billie. Remember?"

Don did not reply.

"Well? I'm right, aren't I?"

"You're the one who wanted to wear skirts; you're the one who wanted to be a pretty girl. But, now that your

secretary discovers you and thinks that you ARE a girl...showing that my efforts were successful...you want to BLAME me?

“I’ll have none of that, girlie. Furthermore, if YOU had not forgotten about that Bandaid, it would never have happened. It’s really your own stupidity you have to blame. After all, I can’t think of everything for you...you’re a grown-up girl, and responsible for your own actions.

“Now get upstairs, and get dressed properly. Pronto!

“March, young lady...or do I call the police?”

Don sat, open-mouthed, as the angry words poured over him. He just did not know what to do. He had expected at least a LITTLE pity, a few words showing that she cared.

A lot of her arguments were correct, he knew, but, still, SHE was the one who had forced him to go to the office in feminized clothing. He began to argue again, but stopped when she slapped his face soundly.

“Not another word,” she demanded loudly. “Get upstairs, and get dressed.”

His cheek stinging from the blow, Don passively turned. He realized that he HAD wanted to be like Billie, and Bill had also been required to lingerie to his work at the bank. Moreover, he realized that he was quite afraid of Mrs. Johnson.

Even without seeing her, he could feel her eyes glaring at him, watching his every move. He had no doubt that she was very angry, and her threats quite real. After all, if he was going to lose his job anyway, he was no longer of monetary value to her. She might very well expose him completely. What would she have to lose?

As if under hypnosis, he went to his room. Remembering that Monday night he had to attend the dressing class, he put on his dressy beige dress, and accented it with the colorful scarf. Then he repaired his

makeup and put on his wig, brushing and combing the long hair until every strand was exactly in place.

While he made and served tea, then later, as he cooked and ate dinner, not a word was spoken. He hated his landlady, his secretary, and the entire feminine world.

Leona just let him stew. There was nothing she could do to make him feel better, anyway. The worst had happened, and there was nothing any one could do about it now. She concentrated on wondering what Don's secretary would do next.

Don's own thoughts were on that very topic as he did the dishes, as usual, by himself. If he could only know what Joyce was planning for her next move. He cursed, as he considered what a mess he had gotten himself into. In anger, he kicked the kitchen chair, regretting that act immediately. His toes hurt like the Dickens inside his tight high-heeled shoes. Tears welled up in his eyes. That was all he could take.

Blinded by his tears, he sank into the chair and broke down, crying his heart out. His misery was complete; he felt washed out, and hopeless entangled in a web of his own making, with no one he could turn to...nowhere he could go. For almost half an hour, he sat there, sobbing, and thinking, without finding even the smallest solution. When he'd cried himself out, he began to calm down, and got back to putting the kitchen in order.

He had barely finished carrying the clean dishes and utensils back into the dining room, when Julie Bowie and her friend Connie Howard arrived, to pick up him for class.

Leona showed them in just as he put the last item away.

"Hello, Diana," Julie greeted him, then kissed him lightly on the cheek.

Don blushed as he saw Connie look at his childish, frilly, white pinafore.

“What's the matter, Diana?” Julie asked. “You've been crying?”

Don rubbed his eyes, making them even more red. Manfully, he tried to contain another crying spell before it could start.

“Oh...it's nothing,” he answered softly, but he turned his face away from her, as he removed his apron.

Leona came to his aid.

“She's had a bad day at the office. One of the girls there was nasty to her, and Diana is so sensitive and easily hurt, the poor girl.”

“What happened?” Julie pressed.

“I'd rather not talk about it,” Don told her as he stepped toward the stairs. “I'll be down in a moment.”

In the safety of his room, he repaired his makeup, taking extra care in an attempt to mask the redness around his eyes with extra powder.

Later, walking toward the school, the fresh air made him feel a little better. Moreover, his friends had managed to divert his thoughts from his terrible problem, such that he actually got to enjoy a part of the evening.

Leona looked at the clock, wondering who would be ringing the doorbell at such a late hour. Opening the door she found a tall, hard faced brunette on the doorstep.

“What can I do for you?” Leona asked the stranger.

“Does Mr. Langley live here,” the brunette asked, with a sarcastic emphasis on the “Mr.”

Leona hesitated a moment, just a little worried.

Then the girl continued, “I'm Joyce Downing, and I work in Langley's office.”

Now Leona understood, and she could guess the reason for the visit.

She replied coolly, “Won't you come in?”

Taking Joyce's coat, Leona showed her into the living room.

She watched as her visitor marched to a chair and plopped down into it. Don had described her well.

Joyce was tall, gangly...almost husky...and dressed far from elegantly, wearing a mannish shirt and slacks. Her hair was thin and short, her face had very little makeup, and her untended eyebrows and large feet made her appearance even less attractive.

While disliking her for what she had done to Don, Leona felt a sense of identity with this woman. She must be the dominant type, too...a competitor, as it were.

Leona sat down, facing her visitor, without saying anything. There was no point in being pleasant with this woman, she thought, after the way she had treated Don. She deserved some kind of retribution.

"I've come to talk to you about Diana...the Diana I discovered for the first time this afternoon," Joyce announced, cynically accenting the name "Diana".

Leona responded, deliberately using his male name.

"Don told me something about it."

"You don't have to call him 'Don' anymore. I know he's a girl, now," Joyce said, in an accusatory manner.

"Whatever you think," Leona responded uncommittedly.

"Not THINK, Mrs. Johnson...KNOW," Joyce insisted.

Leona shrugged, without speaking, but her mind was working like a computer. She could see that this woman could be trouble, with a capital "T". She could very well ruin her whole setup, if she wasn't handled well.

"I am so mad," Joyce exclaimed. "Imagine, that little snip, bossing me around, like she was a big shot. All that time, she was masquerading as a man. I won't let her get away with it...not any more.

"I'm related to Mr. Burin...the boss...and I know how he feels about such masquerades. She'll get thrown out on her ear the moment I open my mouth.

“And without references, she won't get another job very easily; she'll have to wiggle her fanny on the street corners of the city,” she added, nasty and gleeful at the same time.

“Now, now. Don't go overboard,” Leona cautioned, firmly. “Diana is not that kind of girl, and you know it.”

“Well, I want to talk to her,” Joyce demanded. “I have a plan, and if she does not agree, I'll go straight to the boss.”

Leona responded calmly, “Anything you have to say, you can say to me. Diana is at a dressmaking class, just now, and won't be back until late. Anyway, whatever I tell her to do, she does. That was our arrangement right from the beginning.”

“I see...I see. Then I'll just have to wait, just the same,” Joyce insisted.

She began to get a picture: the girl, Diana, was completely dominated by this woman. Knowing about the masquerade, she had been taking all Diana's money, and, probably, her freedom also. That made her position weaker than she had hoped. She would have to deal with this Mrs. Johnson, also.

For her own part, Leona, began to realize that here was a woman with a very strong will...an opponent not to be underestimated. She seemed to have some very high trump cards. Indeed, this girl's thought processes seemed very much like her own. Maybe she ought to try and find some common ground...make her a partner, and get her on her own side. She considered this for a moment. It meant betraying Don behind his back. Was that right?

Then her train of thought changed tracks...would Don be loyal to her? She was certain that he would not. She couldn't believe that anyone was capable of any better morals than her own.

Leona imagined that he would not hesitate even a second, if he got a chance to find some men's clothes and

escape her clutches. She surely did not want to lose him. He had brought in a good salary, and now, with the possibility of a new boarder coming in, she needed him to set an example.

If Richter came, she'd need Don to encourage him in his transformation, and to serve as competition to spur him onward.

That had worked well between Billie and Don; she was sure that it would do as well between Diana and Alice.

Furthermore, she still hoped to establish that domestic employment agency.

Yes, she would take it easy, and try to feel out this woman first, just to see what HER plans might be.

"Well, what sort of plans do you have for Don?" Leona finally asked.

Joyce silently considered this probe, then responded, "Oh, all right. As long as Don, dear, has no choice in the matter, anyway, I might as well tell you.

"I want Langley to resign from the office immediately. Any excuse will do. Mr. Burin won't be able to get a replacement on such short notice. If I play my cards right, I'll inherit her job. I was doing most of the work anyway, she has been so absent minded, lately."

Leona was flabbergasted.

"You can't just put him out on the streets like that; he hasn't done anything wrong," she exclaimed.

"He? You mean, 'SHE' don't you," Joyce corrected.

Leona was taken aback for a moment. She had almost shown her ace card...or rather, her joker, as it were. She recovered quickly and asserted, "I won't allow that to happen. If necessary, I'll go to that Mr. Burin and explain the situation to him myself."

Joyce became equally assertive.

"Fat chance," she replied coolly. "I'm a distant relative of that fool, and I know exactly how he feels and how prejudiced he is. Why, he won't even allow boys with long

hair in the office, much less a girl who has been posing as a man for all these years and made a fool out of him and everyone else who works there.

“I see,” Leona said, desperately trying to find some solution.

“Anyway, I won't put her out of a job,” Joyce continued. “She can become my secretary!”

All that was left was to break the news to Langley. Another boarder had made the big move from male to female.

THE END for now!

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