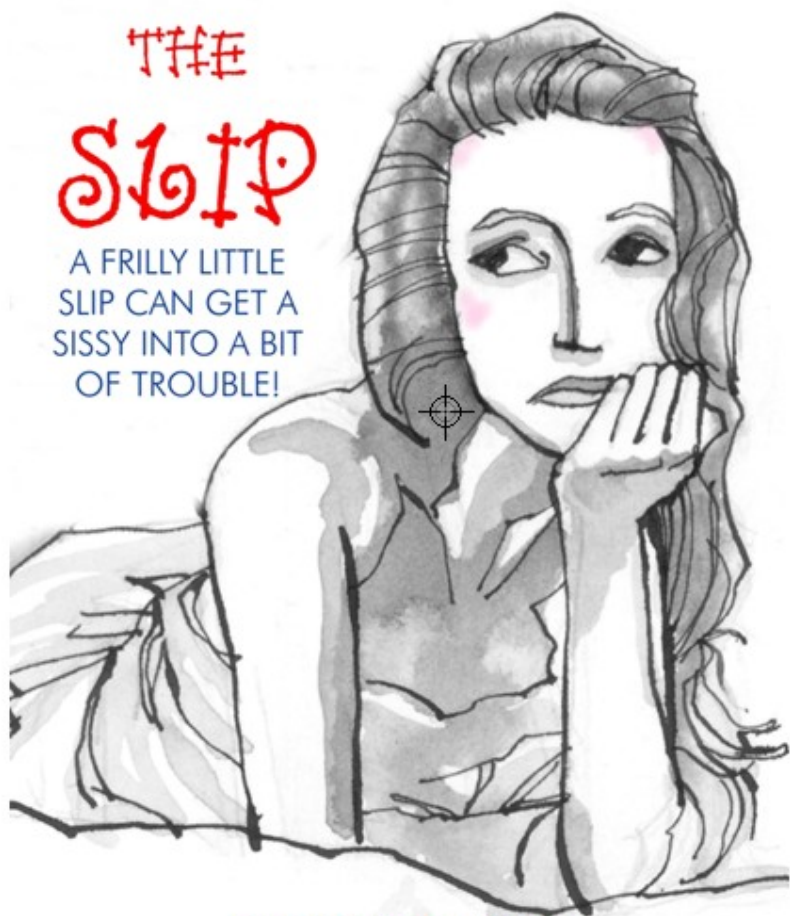




THE
SISSY
SERIES

THE
SLIP

A FRILLY LITTLE
SLIP CAN GET A
SISSY INTO A BIT
OF TROUBLE!



SISSY TALES...VOLUME 4

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



Volume 4

THE SLIP

By Nancy Jane Komar

Illustrations by CJ

POSTED ON LULU.COM ONLY

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

2 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

© 2007 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

“THE SLIP”

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express prior written permission of the publisher



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

sandythomas@cox.net

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

The absence of alternatives in your closet clears the fashion choice marvelously.

THE SLIP

By Nancy Jane Komar

"Oh my goodness!" A tickle of panic flew up Nancy's stockinged legs and caused little goose pimples to form for a millisecond on her naked thighs, just above her stocking tops, as it dawned on her that the dark haired man standing about five steps below her on the escalator may be looking right up her dress.

"Oh my!" She fussed with the hem of the full skirt of her thin, navy with white polka dot, silky polyester, shirtwaist dress as best she could while holding her purse over her elbow of one arm and holding her packages of recent drugstore purchases with her opposite arm and hand. But all she could manage was to near helplessly rustle a little handful of silky dress fabric in her vain attempt to draw her hems tightly around her stockings.

She took a quick look down at the man. He had a mischievous smile about him and a glint in his ice blue-gray eyes.

"Really. After all," Nancy thought to herself. *"What could he possibly see, anyways? My slip? My stockings and maybe my stocking tops? What really is there for him to see?"*

Nancy had taken her shortcut back from a trip to the downtown drugstore to her office building on the hilltop avenue. But rather than struggle up the sidewalks going up the hill from the waterfront below, she had learned to go into buildings and take the escalators up, instead, to save her from having to hike those steep walks in her flimsy high heeled city sandals. She had been riding the escalator in the big five story May Build-

4 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

ing—the final leg of her journey to the top of the hill—when she noticed the man below her that appeared to be staring up her dress.

Mother and Auntie had always warned her about such men and their lusts. After what her father did to them, they were understandingly suspicious of men—which is why as soon as they put Nancy into skirts once and for all and for her betterment, at age 16, they instructed her near mercilessly and continuously in proper ladylike comportment. She was always grilled by them to take smaller and more delicate steps—to sit upright and with her knees together like a lady and not sit like a truck driver—to stoop gracefully and not bend over at the waist like a stevedore—to hold her arms properly with elbows closer to her sides and hands almost always above her waist—even when walking—as a proper lady should walk.

They even put her through their method of “purse training.” Nancy was given a little black leather purse and was instructed to carry it with her everywhere—even in the house. Gradually they filled it with all of her feminine necessities, such as a lipstick, compact, some Kleenex, etc.—and later on some spare feminine napkins. It became routine, after the months passed, for Nancy to ask herself, “Now where’s my purse? Where did I put my purse.” It became “her” purse and she was referring to it as “her purse.” Just like her panties no longer were referred to by her as “THE” panties—but became “MY” panties. “MY” slip. “MY” dress. “MY” lipstick. This was, of course, all transition and emasculation that was happening to Nancy over the months she spent in skirts at the behest of the women at home.

It took months and months of this under the near constant tutelage of the women before the mannerisms became subconscious to Nancy and almost second nature. That... and her constant dress and skirt wearing

at home. For Nancy, literally since her teenaged years, had been denied the wearing of pants or slacks of any kind at home under the guidance of the women. When she got older, out of high school, and finally came out to the neighborhood in her skirts the rule even went for outdoor picnics and excursions to the amusement parks when all the other girls may have worn slacks or jeans or shorts, Nancy had to wear either a dress or a skirt. It was only on extremely rare occasions when Nancy was permitted to wear a cullotte or a skort—that were shorts but looked like a skirt from the front. And even then, Nancy was always required to wear feminine shoes and even her nylons most of the time.

“It’s only good for you,” they said. “If you are going to learn to be a proper lady, then you must learn in skirts. No pants or slacks or jeans will be allowed.”

“It’s better for you to be safe and clean and healthy at home in a pretty dress and helping us women than to be outside with all those neighborhood boy ruffians on their bikes—doing damage and vandalism and getting beat up and into trouble.”

“Those boys will only end up being a drunk and womanizer like your father. They will be no good. But you, dear, will be nice and clean and polite and refined. And you will learn valuable home making skills that you can use for your entire life. Some boys are much better off as girls, anyhow, and you are certainly one of those. You would only be a failure as male. So you are much better off as being female and living as a girl,” the women would say.

“Do you always wear a skirt or a dress?” the neighborhood girls would question Nancy. “Why don’t you try wearing, at least, some ladies slacks? You’d look nice in a nice pair of slacks.”

6 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

“No,” Nancy would always have to blushinglly respond. “My Mother and Auntie won’t permit it. I’m not allowed.”

And with that the girls would usually only nod in approval and understanding, for the girls within Nancy’s loop of friends all knew she was a nellie. Some had even known her before her teen years, before she was put into skirts. And all the initial girlish amusement of having one of their neighborhood boys now wearing dresses and acting like a girl had long ago worn off. To them, Nancy was just like one of them... a girl.

But for the neighborhood boys it had been quite different. To them, Nancy was a sissy, a pantywaist nellie, the neighborhood pansy, “Mommy’s little sissy helper” and their Little Mary. They constantly called Nancy names, like “fairy” and even “fag.” It was torment for Nancy, to be sure and she did her best to avoid being in the presence of the boys at school or in the parks—and was always in fear of being bullied by the boys or having them paw at her hems with their dirty hands in order to loft up her skirts and view her panties.

“Hey look guys! The sissy is even wearing girl’s panties. Pantywaist! Sissy! Nellie! Hey Sissy Girl! You wanna’ suck on my weenie?” So the derisiveness would go whenever she was confronted by the boys. But she managed to find solace and protection in the neighborhood girls and soon befriended many of them and was accepted into their little “sorority.” After the amusements wore off, the girls took Nancy in tow into their clique—helped her—consoled her—taught her—encourage her. And soon she became almost like one of them.

It was that way until that one evening when some boys caught Nancy walking by herself on her way home, through a neighborhood park—when the horde of little jackals grabbed her and physically led her into an abandoned garage and made her commit the most decadent of

acts. In a tirade of name calling and derisive laughter, the boys made Nancy get down on her knees and raise her dress and little half slip up well above her waist in order to show them the dainty pink, full cut brief panties she had been wearing that day. She remembered how mortifying it was to have to kneel before all those boys as they threatened her—and how she attempted to smooth her skirts around her knees on the floor to maintain as much ladylike composure as possible in that situation.

But the boys insisted. “Get that dress up, sissy! We want to see your panties.”

She remembered how absolutely humiliating it was to have to raise her dress in front of those boys. Then the lace hem of her slip. Up, up, all the way up over her pink lace panties that she was wearing, as the boys derided her.

“Look at her sissy pants! What a pussy.”

“Hey look guys! The little candy ass is even wearing girls’ panties. Like a girl! What a sissy! And lipstick, too.”

“Hey, I got something she can put those rose colored lipsticked lips around. Let me show her something. Let me show her what a MAN has.”

And with that, the abusive boy unzipped his jeans and hauled out his semi-erect penis and put the head of it right in front of Nancy’s face as she knelt there on that garage floor while holding up her skirts with both hands—well above her waist so all the boys could get a good glimpse of her pretty pink lace sissy pants with the little white elastic garters coming out from under her panty legs and holding taught to the cinnamon beige welts of her thin nylons.

“Put your mouth around it, you pussy. I’ll show you what sissies have to do.”

8 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

So with tears of ultimate humiliation welling up in her eyes, Nancy, for fear of physical abuse, did as she was told. She put her lips around the plum shaped head of the boyish weenie.

“Yeah....! That’s it sissy. Show us what all you sissies like to do.”

Then the boy grabbed her head and literally shoved nearly the full length of his weenie into Nancy’s mouth, causing her to nearly gag in repulsiveness and humiliation. By now she was also crying in shame. Her tears were roiling down her cheeks.

“Yeah, that’s what a guy likes. Suck my prick, you sissy. Show us guys what sissies do.”

Nancy’s ordeal lasted maybe all of a half hour as one after another the boys in the gang stepped forward to her and made her put her mouth around yet another weenie. Another and another and another until they were finished with her and her jaws ached. Their semen was dribbling down her chin and onto the bodice of her blue cotton shirtwaist. Her lipstick was smudged and tears and more semen stained her face. She had more semen even in her hair from the boys’ premature dribbling. Some of them came and some didn’t. Some just derided her and called her names and encouraged the other boy with his penis in her mouth.

Then it was over. She was left there alone on that garage floor with her dress and slip rucked up and wrinkled--and her face a mess of smudged lipstick and the dribbles from the boy’s weenies.

Nancy, of course was absolutely mortified and traumatized by this first experience in performing fellatio. But over the coming months, she discovered that the boys started to treat her nicer. They started to treat her like a girl, rather than like the neighborhood sissy-as long as she continued to suck their weenies for them now and again.

And of course the neighborhood girls found out—found out that Nancy had been sucking the boys’ weenies. They giggled and gossiped, of course, amongst themselves. But to Nancy they were always very nice and helpful and literally took her under their feminine wings. At their frequent little pajama parties—when doing each other’s hair or makeup—in between their discussions of music and clothes and feminine hygiene and makeup and, of course the subject of boys—they would quiz and test Nancy.

One girl would ask another girl, “I wonder what it’s like to suck a boy’s weenie. I heard that some girls like to do it.”

“Oh, it’s not that bad,” would answer another girl in full hearing distance of Nancy. “I’ve done a few myself.”

“Eeeeeew! You’re kidding me.”

“No really. It isn’t that bad. Lots of girls do it. And the guys really like it too. They’ll practically do anything for you to get you to do it again for them. “See?” she quipped as she raised up her limp wrist “One guy from Evergreen High even bought me this watch.”

“Ooooooh, what does it taste like?” would ask another girl. “I mean... did he come? Did he do it in your mouth?”

“Oh, it isn’t bad. It doesn’t taste much like anything at all. It’s almost tasteless-just kind of bland. You’ll get used to it.” And with that comment the girls would all giggle musically and gaze over at the blushing Nancy.

“My secret, that I learned from Brendy, is to drag your lower lip on the penis. Especially just under the plum. Guys like that. It makes them get off fast and you get it over with fast and are done with it.”

“And when he starts his howling and wiggling, the secret is to just hold still with your mouth around it and

10 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

let him do all the work. He will finish soon. And then you swallow so you won't make a mess. It's usually really not much. Only about a spoonful or less. Most guys think they are exploding volcanoes by the way they act, but really they only just dribble a little and then it's done.

So this was how Nancy learned from the girls—how she learned the finer secrets of sucking guys' cocks.

Nancy had once seen a cocksucking for real. She always expected some day to come walking in on her older sister making out on the couch with one of her many boyfriends. But it was not her sister she caught in the act. It was her Auntie.

Their kitchen sink had backed up. The trap was blocked and they had called a plumber. Auntie came home early from work that day to meet with the plumber as he unstopped the blocked drain. But with household funds always so tight, Auntie did what she had to do to make ends meet—and especially when unforeseen emergencies came about. She agreed to “pay” the plumber for his work in a way that Auntie knew how.

Nancy first heard the grunting and her Auntie squealing in her Auntie's bedroom. And she could not help but look inside through the crack in the door. What she saw shocked her at first and then simply mesmerized her and froze her eye to the crack in the bedroom door as she watched what was happening on her Auntie's bed.

Auntie was lying on the bed on her back. Her chocolate brown skirt had been hiked up well above her waist along with the nylon white of her lace-hemmed half slip. She was wearing a white open-bottomed girdle that day with attached beige stockings and the plumber had her legs well up in the air and back towards her shoulders as he literally was plunging his big thick and fully erect penis in and out of Auntie's lipsticked mouth.

Nancy could not help but watch—watch as her Auntie sucked cock and sucked cock good. The plumber was really giving it to her—really feeding it to her. With her girdled fanny and her garter straps in full view to the man, her Auntie gagged and slobbered on the neck of his penis. Nancy could hear the unmistakable slishing and gurgling sounds as his big loaf plunged and pistoned almost ruthlessly in and out of Auntie's mouth.

And then he shot. He seemingly exploded forcefully into Auntie's mouth with a grunt. With his cock still well into her mouth, the ejaculation bubbled out and spilled out the corners of Auntie's lipstick-kissed lips. It looked to Nancy like the man was shooting a quart of it into her when actually it was probably only about a tablespoonful. Auntie gagged and slurped on the semen that now filled her mouth. And when he took his penis out and allowed her to put down her stockinged legs from in the air, the fresh semen ran down her chin.

That was the first time that Nancy actually witnessed a female in the act of performing fellatio on a man. And it would certainly not be the last.

And then sometimes the girls would ask her. "What are you going to do if some guy tries to put his thingy inside you? Are you going to let him?"

"I don't know," answered Nancy. "I hope that never happens."

"But it will, honey. It will. So you better prepare yourself for it. All guys want that of their dates and girlfriends."

"But what should I do?" quivered Nancy at the very thought of having some guy try and put his erect penis inside her from her behind.

"Oh, just relax, dear. It ain't so bad either once you get used to it. In fact it can be really wonderful if you really like the guy. You must learn to use the little pussy you were born with in order to please your boyfriends,

12 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

dear. Lots of girls have their boyfriends do them like that anyhow—so they won't get pee-gee. It isn't so bad, honey. It doesn't hurt much after a while. You'll get used to it. And the guys will treat you nicer."

And with that, the girls would giggle some more. So went the conversations at their pajama parties.

At the top of the escalator, Nancy turned around again and took a quick glimpse. The dark haired guy was still there and still following her. Then to the second flight of escalator and he still followed about five steps below her. She started to think to herself.

"After all, what could he be possibly seeing up my skirt. There's really nothing. Just my slip lace and maybe my stocking tops. That's nothing. The skirt of my dress is too long for him to see my panties. Especially if I hold my legs together when I stand on the escalator. Then he won't be able to see anything. So WHAT if he sees my slip. Let him stare. Let him knock himself out."

And with that thought, Nancy even wiggled her pantied fanny a little at him. *"Oh, let him look."*

She remembered her first time outside in her dress and petticoat. Mother had told her to go outside and check the mailbox in front of the house.

"Don't worry, honey. Nobody will notice you in your dress. And nobody will even care. It's none of their business, anyhow, what you like to wear."

She remembered walking out the front door and having the wind grab the hem of her dress and billow it out in front. How exhilarating that seemed to feel. It reminded her immediately that she was a sissy and wearing a dress like a girl. And then, as she walked down the driveway to the mailbox, she felt what girls feel in their dresses—the fresh breeze wisping up their legs and towards their panties—the flutter of their skirts and the delicate floral lace hem of their slip against their

knees and thighs—and the sunshine on the skin of their hairless legs. It was a feeling that no guy would ever experience or even understand. It was a feeling of being feminine. For some reason, to Nancy, this girls' only feeling was a wonderful one and one she'd never forget. She LIKED wearing a dress. She LIKED being a pansy.

The man on the escalator was actually getting a very delicious and enticing view up Nancy's navy with white polka dot dress. He could see the bottom six inches, or so, of her lace hemmed slip under her dress. And when she moved he got some quick glimpses of her dark cinnamon stocking tops with the little white garter tabs. This really amused him. He didn't think girls wore gartered stockings anymore in lieu of less than male enticing pantyhose. But Nancy did. Nancy had worn garters and stockings since her first day in church in a nice Sunday dress—the stockings and garterbelt that her Auntie had bought her to wear for church--her first set of garters and stockings and perhaps her most exciting.

She remembered how she felt that September day outside the church—in the presence before all the men in her white floral Sunday dress—with her white high heeled, open-toed city sandals. How feminine she felt that day in her new stockings and in her pretty dress with the lace hemmed nylon slip underneath—that Aunty had also bought for her to wear. It was a slip like the real ladies wear. Sleek nylon and snow white with lace trim at the bodice and hem. Just like all the ladies in the department stores and the downtown banks wear under their dresses. Just like the secretaries. Nancy felt so grown up that day and ladylike as she stood out there on the walk in front of the church and felt the morning breeze flutter and billow her skirts--her fluttering skirts serving to constantly remind her that she was in a dress like a girl and being a sissy just like the boys were always calling her.

But she LIKED it. She LIKED being pretty and being able to wear her pretty dresses and skirts and her lipstick. She LIKED having her hair done in a girlish style—sometimes even with ribbons in her hair. She LIKED the taste of her own lipstick and how it felt so juicy and smooth on her lips. She LIKED being a girl. She LIKED being a sissy.

“So what if that guy can see my slip. So what. Let him look.”

She wiggled her plump nylon pantied fanny at him again on the escalator and fluttered her skirts at him.

Another floor. Another flight of escalator steps. Only this time the guy had dropped down even lower. Now he had the angle of sight to see all the way up Nancy’s dress. All the way up to her pantied fanny.

With her arms filled with packages from the drug-store, along with her purse, she could do literally nothing to prevent him from seeing her panties. All she could do was stand there as ladylike as possible and just let him look. She felt a bit afraid now—defenseless—vulnerable.

Dressing for work as a girl had become so routine for her now, after all the months in skirts, that she barely thought of it anymore. She barely thought in the mornings of how she was putting on panties, slip, stockings and dress and being like a girl. Being like a sissy.

Like any girl, her thoughts were more focused on just getting ready, getting her makeup done and being on time for work. To her now, putting on panties and her slip in the morning was just a routine thing and gave her little sense of amusement anymore, like it did at first when she first started wearing dresses.

She was used to it. Used to it all. Used to being a sissy and all that went with it. And she LIKED it. She knew she did, as humiliating as it might necessarily be. She no longer cared if the boys and men read her out in

public and maybe even called her names. "Sissy.... Pansy.... Pussy." They were just names and nothing more. And most of the time they were just mumbled and barely audible to her—and after she had already passed the men by. *"Who cares what they think? Who cares whether I'm wearing a dress. It's none of their business."*

She had learned from her experiences with such readings and confrontations that the best and only thing for her to do was to ignore them—avoid them—block them out of her psyche. And to act as ladylike as possible as she passed by them. She learned that if she acted like a little slut, they'd treat her like one. But if she acted like proper lady, in all but very unusual instances, they would just leave her alone, spout their macho remarks and then just let her pass unmolested. It was always the best way.

But with the women she could always be more open and honest to their questions and quizzes. Women are always seemingly quizzing at first as they experience their first amusement with seeing a sissy in a dress. Then the amusement starts to wear off and they get questioning as they go thru their natural stage of worrying about threats. Then once the women determine that Nancy isn't any sexual threat to them in the ladies room and is in fact quite harmless, the women start their clucking and cooing and approving and assisting. Perhaps it is that women all get some kind of inherent satisfaction from seeing a genetic male living their life and experiencing what only women experience.

"Perhaps it's best that you sit to pee in the ladies room like the rest of us women. You may as well. We can see that you're not going to be any good at being anything male. So you may as well just be a girl."

But now she had a man following her... albeit a very attractive man--a man that had been gazing up her dress at her pretty lingerie. Suddenly she felt even more

16 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

vulnerable in her frilly dress and lingerie and the almost non-existent protection the thin fabrics would provide her. Her navy blue polka dotted dress was so thin that one could literally see the opaque of her slip lace right through the fabric. And really... the only thing between the man's big strong hands and her fat sissy fanny with all her feminine charms were but the thin layers of the fabric of her dress and her frilly slip and her wispy lace trimmed panties that she chose to wear this day to work. A few thin layers of delicate fabric that any man with a mind to could literally rip away with one pass of his muscled hand—to fully expose any sissy's secrets.

Sometimes she wore a girdle to work. And today she wished she had so she could have the extra protection of it, if not for anything more but psychologically. She tried panty girdles but shunned them in favor of the more traditional and old fashioned open-bottom style. Mother and Aunty taught her how to properly wear a girdle when she was about seventeen—how the proper ladies wear their girdles.

Open girdles were to be worn over the panties, but garter belts, for some reason, were proper to wear UNDER the panties with the garters coming out under the panty leg hems. Except in England, Nancy would learn, that the girls there traditionally wore their garter belts (or suspender belts as they call them in England) OVER their panties. But American girls, being practical, discovered that their garter straps were much easier to deal with in the ladies room when sitting to pee if the garters were on the inside of their panties. So they could just lower their panties, do their girlish thing, raise their panties back up, fluff out their skirts and go. It saved them all the rituals of unhooking, unclasping and re-clasping garter tabs. But for some reason, unknown to Nancy, proper ladies always wore their open girdles over

panties. Perhaps this was done to keep their girdles clean from perspiration. Who knows.

So sometimes and with certain outfits—especially tight skirts—or on certain moody days--Nancy liked to wear her open bottomed girdles with her nylons under her dress to work. And Mother and Aunt, being both proper ladies, instructed and always insisted for Nancy to wear either a slip, half slip or petticoat under her dress or skirt as proper ladies should always do.

Nancy's wardrobe of slips, petticoats and half slips were her pride and joy. As the women taught her, she ALWAYS wore a pretty slip or petticoat. For some reason, they made her feel feminine and she liked the idea of being femmy and pretty underneath her dress—even though her frillies were not to be shown and were her secret alone. "Pretty and ladylike on the inside is pretty and ladylike on the outside," her Aunt June used to tell her.

The slip she was wearing today, that the man below her on the escalator could see and was looking at, was pretty but really not overly frilly. It was snow white with about an inch of pretty floral lace at the hem. It was nothing really special but just a common everyday slip for any girl to wear to work. But to the man, the lace was especially enticing. And the bulge forming under his tan slacks was beginning to indicate his approval.

Then another thought struck Nancy. *"I wonder if he knows. I wonder if he knows I'm a sissy and not a real girl. Oh my!"*

The top floor and the end of the escalator. Finally. Finally Nancy could just walk away from the man and the scene that was so concerting to her. Except that now he had caught up with her on the floor.

"Excuse me. Excuse me, Miss."

Nancy stopped and turned to face the handsome man—literally shivering in her stockings with her knees beginning to quake a bit.

“Excuse me if I seem overly forward, but I just had to talk to you. My name is Jack. I’m an officer at the bank over on Fourth. And you see, I find you quite attractive and would like a date. How about it? How about we have lunch this week and talk. We could meet or I could come to your office. Whatever you please.”

And for some reason, Nancy said, “Yes. Yes I think I would enjoy that. Thank you.”

“We’ll go tomorrow. After work would be better. Maybe meet at Flanigans on Third. We can have some dinner if you want.”

“Okay. I’ll meet you there,” responded Nancy.

“Oh,” added Jack, and just as Nancy noticed the bulge in his tan slacks, “and I hope you wear a pretty slip like you have on today.... Sissy Girl.”

THE DATE

It had been years since Nancy had an actual date with a man. Through most of her teens and twenties, she just “met them somewhere” or went with them after meeting them in a bar. But no real, old fashioned, traditional “dates.” So this was exciting for her.

She had met Jack the next day at Flanigans—the day after he looked up her dress on the escalator. Everything went fine. It was mostly small talk and introductions. Jack, it turned out was divorced. He had married in his late twenties to a woman who, right after the wedding, let herself go. Right after the wedding she let herself get fat and plain. No more dress wearing. She resorted to wearing jeans and cheap stretch pants or shorts. She absconded from makeup. She got lazy about her hairdo. But most of all, she just laid around all day watching the man-hater talk shows on television, con-

stantly complained to Jack about anything and everything he did or said--and became a total shrew. And, of course, any sexual activity between them became out of the question. Most of the nights, Jack just slept on the couch. That got old very fast for Jack and he managed to get her to leave and got a divorce. Fortunately, for Jack, they had a pre-nuptial agreement, so when she left she only had a few more suitcases and boxes than when she moved in. She contributed nothing to the marriage and that's what she took with her when she left. The divorce was thorough, just and swift--the way they should always be.

Jack relished femininity in his women. It was something that his ex-wife gave up. He liked all the traditional feminine frills on a woman—the tasteful makeup and lipstick—the sweet smelling perfume—the pretty dresses and skirts—the legs encased in nylons—and most of all the frilly lingerie. What he didn't like, besides their attitude, was the seeming direction women were heading—into that of man-hating storm troopers.

So Jack was attracted to Nancy on that escalator—by the lace of her pretty slip.

Jack had been around sissies before. He grew up in a city neighborhood. Every city neighborhood and every city school has at least one sissy. When he was younger, he may have been one of the boys in the park that ridiculed and harassed and demeaned the sissies. He may even have been one of the bullies that made the sissies suck weenies. But, nonetheless, he knew about sissies and he knew what he was doing—and what he wanted. He knew he had something special in Nancy the moment he talked to her on that escalator and after looking up her dress and seeing that she wore a pretty slip. He had seen and talked to common drag queens in bars many times and noticed one thing about them—that they were still men underneath their ball room gowns and feather

20 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

boas—men in drag. Most of them still walked and talked like men and, most importantly, wanted to be men. They weren't authentic sissies like what attracted him. Jack wanted a sissy that not only liked being a girl but WANTED to be one. Slip wearing was a good indicator. Drag queens and impersonators may wear a frilly gown, but underneath was usually only some kind of gaffe contraption and maybe pantyhose. They didn't wear a slip like a woman would wear. Some even still wore mens' shorts under their gowns. Some didn't even bother to shave their legs or the hair off their arms. This especially, to Jack, was obscene and he could never figure it. But in Nancy, he knew he had met a real sissy... a pansy... a feminine nellie through and through.

Just that fact that Jack knew all about her—the fact that she would never have to break any “critical news” to him--put Nancy at ease right away--and Jack treated her like a perfect and proper lady.

Nancy's date with Jack was for a Saturday evening. About all he told her was that he planned on taking her to a nice place to have some dinner and maybe to do some dancing to the house band. He didn't say where. All he told her was to dress up in something pretty.

Nancy knew. She knew he would want her in a pretty dress—and from her experience with him on the escalator and from what he hinted to her, (*“I hope you wear a pretty slip like you have on today, Sissy.”*) Nancy knew what she would wear on her date with him.

She chose what she called her “Rita” dress. It was a navy blue short-sleeved, full-skirted shirtwaist of a spun cotton material that felt to the touch almost like a velour or a light terry-very soft and very feminine. Plus, it was easy to accessorize. She coined the dress as her “Rita” dress from an inspiration she got once from a woman she had met who wore a similar kind of dress to the office where Nancy worked. It looked nice on the woman and

Nancy took the inspiration, along with some money, to the dress shop. The woman named Rita had long since faded into Nancy's memory, but the "Rita" dress remained in Nancy's closet as one of her favorites.

Nancy gave names to a few of her other dresses, too, from other inspirations she got. There was her "Jane Pauley" dress from an impression she got from watching the pretty TV news lady one day. There was her "Barbara" blouse from the inspiration she got from one that Barbara Streisand wore—and her "Carol" skirt from one she saw a girl named Carol wearing one day. She even had her "June Cleaver" dress, which was a very full skirted navy blue paisley shirtwaist that was hemmed about to her mid-calf and to which she could wear over an old fashioned 50's style full petticoat, if she felt that mood for a certain occasion or for a certain day at the office. And of course, there would always be her "Nancy" dress.

Her "Nancy" dress was her first dress that her mother and auntie had put her into when she was a teen. It was a pastel blue cotton, full-skirted, short-sleeved shirtwaist that her sister never wore and which the women just grabbed from Nancy's sister's closet for Nancy to wear to do housework.

The women had seen the marked influence and seeming magic that panty wearing had done for Nancy—after they made Nancy wear a pair of her older sister's panties to school one day after Nancy had neglected to do her laundry and had no underwear for school. In the panties, Nancy immediately became so meek and polite and obeying, that the women decided to not only extend Nancy's panty days, but to also add.

As time went by, they added a waist apron for Nancy to wear when doing housework. This evolved into a bib apron of which there were also some frills and flounces. Finally, one day when Nancy made the mis-

22 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

take of complaining to the women that her flouncy bib apron looked ridiculous over her jeans, the women put her in the pastel blue cotton shirtwaist dress. The label on the inside of the collar read "Nancy Frocks." So, thus, the dress became her "Nancy" dress and the women started calling her "Nancy" whenever she was wearing it.

Months went by and then pretty soon the summer came with Nancy's vacation from school. But her housework chores would never let up. She had her chores. She had to do her share of the work in that all-female household—as the grown women had to work to support the family. And the little "panty punishment periods" became more extended. The women liked how Nancy was when she was pantied. She was meek and polite and attentive and clean. Not at all like those unruly ruffian boys outside in the neighborhood that the women despised and didn't want their "Nancy" to emulate. So for the flimsiest of excuses, the most minor of infractions, Nancy was made to wear her panties—and then her "Nancy" dress.

Pretty soon, as the time summer vacation arrived, Nancy was in panties and her dress at home almost full time. Of course, the women bought Nancy more panties to wear--panties of her own so she would no longer have to wear her sister's extras. Auntie bought her some new packages of panties from the department store. One package, that Nancy remembered, was a package of "Day-of-the-Week" panties that were popular with the girls at that time--each of a different pastel color for a different day. And each with the day embroidered on the hip or loin. Snow white was for Sunday. Mauve for Monday. Lavender for Tuesday. Lemon for Wednesday. Nancy blue for Thursday. Ballet pink for Friday and shiny black for Saturday.

And as time went by, the panties that Auntie bought for Nancy to wear got frillier, too. A little lace was added to the leg openings. And later on, when the women started to teach Nancy the art of sewing, one of the projects they assigned to her was to learn basic sewing machine skills by sewing lace trim on her own panties. The lace, more than anything made Nancy's psyche squeal of her sissification and cause her to constantly be conscious of every move she made so as not to expose any tell-tale panty elastic or panty lines to any onlookers. Especially the boys, but also the neighborhood and school girls who could spot and identify panty wearing almost immediately. Woe be to Nancy if the kids in school ever discovered that she was wearing panties.

But the women knew it would be good for her to craft her own panties and then wear them. Then, not only was Nancy always psychologically conscious of wearing panties but the panties were, in fact, ones that she made for herself to wear. The women knew that this would do a number on her psyche and would only plunge her further into total emasculation—for they didn't want their Nancy to mature into a male beast like Nancy's father. They didn't want their Nancy to be out carousing around with neighborhood boys and getting into trouble, getting beat up and dirty and doing destruction. And they didn't want their sweet sibling to learn from all those street urchins the wiles of becoming a macho pig like Nancy's father—a pig that would, as an adult, exploit women, maybe even abuse them--and then simply abandon them in times of need.

Their feminine intuition seemed to be their guiding force as they seemingly had some sense that their nancy-boy would only evolve into a male failure anyhow and would most likely be better off in the role of a female.

They had seen a few examples before. Especially Nancy's auntie who worked in the various department store ladies departments where sissies of all kinds came in to buy dresses and lingerie for themselves—or as they came in with knowing mothers who bought them panties and petticoats for them to wear. Nancy's mother, in her experiences at beauty salons had seen sissies, too, as they got their hair permed and nails done either on their own or, if they were younger, as escorted by their mothers or aunties.

So the women knew what they preferred and their intuition told them what would be best for their nancy-boy—and it wasn't going to be the wearing of any male pants. They were going to put their little pansy into panties once and for all and keep "her" in them. In a way, poor Nancy didn't stand a chance with those women and was seemingly, in a way, doomed. Doomed to a life of panties and dresses, bras and pretty slips—and perhaps even at the bidding of men.

Who is to know, the women would say to each other in their kitchen conversations, whether the woman you see at the supermarket--or the wife down the street—or the secretary or bank teller that you see downtown—is really a genetic female? Who is to really know that she may actually have a little infibulated peenie tucked away in her panties except maybe her family and some close friends—or perhaps her husband? Who is to know? And who is to know that such a thing is not more common in society than people would think?

Another thing the women did was to choose only full cut brief style panties for Nancy—the kinds that she had to wear up high on her waist. Whenever the women saw Nancy slouching, they would reach under her shirt and pull up her panty elastic—high on her waist—and say, "Girls should learn to always wear their panties high to keep things covered." This only caused more

problems for Nancy in having to keep her panties hidden from view—if she bent over and her shirt came untucked—and having her identifying panty elastic to show.

So, in panties, Nancy learned proper comportment and posture. She no longer could bend over at the waist. She learned to stoop like a girl. To keep her pantylines from view, she always stooped with her fanny pointing away from any onlookers as a lady would bend or stoop away from the eyes of any on looking men. This caused her to keep her knees together and to stoop at an angle away—like a girl would do.

It got worse for her in her “Nancy” dress. The women were constantly critical of the way she sat and moved. Nancy had to learn proper skirt management as any maturing girl would learn at the auspice of a mother or auntie.

As the weeks passed, her dress wearing had almost become second nature to the sissy as she learned to sit, move, stoop and walk like a dress-wearing girl. It was as if the panties and dress by themselves were working emasculating magic on her. Soon, even when wearing pants to school, Nancy found herself sitting down like a girl—by first smoothing the back of her pant legs as she would the back of her skirt so it would not wrinkle and would not drape down as she sat down to reveal her lingerie. And she sat with knees together or legs crossed as high as possible and tight at the knee as girls would do. Nancy was developing totally subconscious sissy mannerisms—and this further reinforced the attitude that the school boys would have towards her when they called her “pantywaist” and “little Mary” at school.

Then one day, Nancy made another error. She complained to Mother about how her dress kept sticking to her legs and causing discomfort on a hot day. It was just an excuse, of course—an excuse that she hoped

would get her out of that sissy dress and back into pants. But it backfired when Auntie came into the kitchen and handed Nancy a pretty white lace-hemmed half slip to wear under her “Nancy” dress. “This pretty little petticoat will make your skirts slippery and keep your skirts from sticking,” she said with a giggle. “A girl should always wear a pretty slip with her dress, anyhow. And now you will too.”

Her first “Nancy” dress led to other dresses. One dress was simply not enough of a wardrobe and it wouldn’t possibly hold up from all the wearings--so more dresses for Nancy came home from the dress shops in the arms of Nancy’s mother and Auntie. Soon she had more dresses to choose from in her closet. There were plain cotton house dresses for her more indulging household chores. There were afternoon frocks and day dresses and shifts for her to wear on weekends at home. And the women even bought her a couple fancier polyester prints for her to wear on Sundays and especially if she were to start attending church services as the women were thinking of having her start to do.

Her panty drawer was expanding as her male underwear was gradually being secretly disposed of and not replaced. Soon her dresser drawer became all panties and no more shorts.

One day, Nancy’s sister, in a fit of witchiness, called her “Sissy Pants.” Then, “Sissy Pants” evolved into just plain “Sis”—short for “Sister” as well as for “Sissy.” It became routine. They all started just calling her “Sis” on a routine basis. Of course, Nancy’s older teenaged sister would never let up—especially when mad about something. She called Nancy all kinds of humiliating names, like “Sissy Pants” and “Panty Nellie” and “Pussy Pants,” too.

“Oh, quit being such a pussy,” she would intimidate. “You are such an absolute sissy.”

About this same time, Nancy was beginning to wonder about something else. Was she really becoming a pussy like the names her sister was calling her? She had long ago learned that her panties fit better and more comfortable if she “tucked” her peenie backwards between her legs as much as she could when she put her panties on. The elastics simply didn’t dig and irritate. Her panties seemed to fit better that way. But at the same time, after many weeks of “tucking,” Nancy became suspicious that she may also be actually shrinking down there. Her tucking became easier and easier. And the few instances when she sat down abruptly without taking precautions, no longer hurt like they did at first when she first started tucking. Was she shrinking down there? Was all this panty and dress wearing physically changing her body? Was she turning into a girl? Were her sister’s names actually justified?

Nancy remembers how she started checking herself out down there in the bathroom mirror to see if her peenie was actually infibulating. She did notice that she seemed rather small down there and limp all the time. She began to wonder if all the panty wearing was responsible for it—after having read somewhere in one of the womens’ magazines that they had around the house—that her mother and auntie suggested she read to gain domestic housekeeping tips. A magazine said that some men were experiencing a form of gelding from wearing tight brief style shorts—as opposed to wearing loose fitting boxers. Nancy then began to wonder whether the snug fitting nylon panties could be doing the same thing to her.

Panties. Wearing panties. Was her constant wearing of ladies’ panties actually gelding her? Were they literally castrating her? Was she becoming pussified by wearing panties? She wondered this to herself and also noticed that her hips seemed to be getting wider, like a

woman's hips and her fanny seemed to be getting more plump and jiggly like a girl's.

For sure, Nancy didn't get much muscle building exercise like other boys who participated in sports and worked out with weights. No. Her only real lifting was maybe from the weight of a laundry basket as she did her laundry chores. Consequently, her arms were thin and lax of muscle—like a girl's arms. The women kept her on the various diets with them so her waist remained small in her youth. She was basically frail and weak. Yet whatever fatty tissue she was building seemed to be in her hips, thighs and fanny. Just like a female. Just like a girl—and right inside her sissy pants—her sissy pants where she kept her little infibulated nub of her hairless peenie tucked way back and hidden—almost hidden away in shame.

She also began to wonder about her nipples. For quite a few weeks then, they had begun to get really tender and itchy all the time—and sometimes almost unbearably itchy and downright aggravating. She even detected them, in one particularly itchy moment, to be swollen, pinkish and even dribbling a little bit of clear fluid—as if she was lactating.

One day, in the kitchen while baking a cake with her mother and auntie and sister, she was particularly itchy in her nipples and the women noticed it.

“What's wrong? How come you keep scratching yourself on your breast?”

“I don't know what it is. I get these terrible itches sometimes that won't stop. My nipples get red and swollen and I can barely stand it.”

As Nancy then went into the living room, she could hear the three females in the kitchen whispering and heard her older sister giggle. Then her mother went into the bedroom area of the house and came out holding a brand new shiny white nylon brassiere along with a tube

of some kind of feminine crème. The females all came out of the kitchen to catch the occasion.

"Here, honey. Put this on after applying some of this crème to your tender nipples. It will relieve the itching. It has nice, soft nylon lined cups that will keep your nipples from chafing against your dress bodice. Besides, we noticed that your dresses were starting to look rather frumpy. A nice brassiere will make your dresses look and fit better."

Nancy took the bra very delicately from her mother's hands, as if she was touching something that could burn her fingers. It was snow white, of elastic with soft nylon tricot cups and had a tasteful amount of lace trim stitching around the tops of the cups. She saw the label on it. It read "Playtex."

"Oh mother. I can't be wearing this! It's a bra! For girls!"

Nancy's sister giggled some more.

"Don't be ridiculous, Nan-ceeeeee! You already dress up like a girl. You have been for months. Besides, nobody but us women at home will even know. It will help protect your tender nipples and keep you from scratching all the time. Put it on. It will feel nice and will make your dress look better, too."

On that particular day, Nancy was wearing a yellow and white checked gingham house dress that the women had bought her for doing housework when her "Nancy" dress started wearing out--with a zip front bodice and an A-line cut skirt. Around the waist she had tied the matching self-fabric belt into a little bow as the women had taught her.

Sheepishly and in deep shame and humiliation, Nancy unzipped the front of her yellow and white checked dress—right there in the living room in front of the females. Auntie came around and helped her lower down the top of the dress to her waist—to expose her

bare, hairless chest and naked shoulders—and to take her arms from the sleeves of the dress. The top of her dress dropped to her waist. and she stood there half-naked in front of the females.

Nancy took the little tube of crème from the women and applied a dollop to each tender nipple. Her nips seemed to immediately tingle and then the aggravating itch seemed to subside to her great relief. She read the label on the tube. It read, “ESTRO-MAMMARY PLUS.”

“You need to put on some of the crème every morning, honey. It will relieve the itching and will be good for your breasts.”

Breasts??? Did she say, “breasts?” That word alone almost stunned the nancy-boy and caused a rolling psychological swoon. Was she developing breasts like a girl?

Aunty was an expert from working in the various ladies departments all those years. She could tell a woman’s sizes from just looking at her. She was the one who had personally picked out a bra for Nancy to wear and had guessed the size exactly right—without the use of any tape measure. It was Aunty who helped Nancy put on the bra. First, each arm thru the straps and the bra hanging loose in front. Then Aunty gently placed the bra cups against Nancy’s chest and saw the swelled pink nipples. With that sight, Aunty smiled knowingly. Nancy didn’t know, but the women had been slipping estrogen estradiol powdered tablets into Nancy’s food almost daily now for about six weeks.

Nancy didn’t know it, but she had started growing real titties like a teenaged girl. And... as Nancy also didn’t know... the estrogens were also infibulating her little limp peenie.

The two adult women really despised men from after how Nancy’s father had treated them. Plus, they always watched all the man-hater talk shows on TV dur-

ing their days off and were thoroughly brainwashed to be anti-men in general. They literally hated penises and saw no value in them. They preferred for Nancy to not have one, either--at least not one that worked and would cause problems for women. Just the idea of having Nancy non-functional down there pleased the women. They already had Nancy sitting to pee—to negate ever having the toilet lid left up as most women despise—and to also eliminate any dribbling on the toilet seat as crude men sometimes do. Even when not wearing a dress, Nancy was relegated to sitting to pee. Even in school, instead of using the urinals, she went into a stall for privacy, shut the door, and sat to pee. Besides, she didn't want any boys to detect she was wearing panties—which made it nearly impossible to pee standing up at a urinal anyhow.

So the estrogens were part of the women's plan for Nancy—all to her unknowing.

"Here, honey, let Auntie help you with the clasp in back. Soon you will learn to do it yourself easily. It's always best to put on a bra with the arms thru first—fit the cups to your breasts and then clasp the back. Some girls try and turn the bra around and clasp it first in front of them, then turn the bra and then put their arms through the straps. But all that ends up doing is stretching the elastic and eventually ruining the fit of the bra. This the proper way, honey. This is how a proper lady always puts on her brassiere."

"You'll get used to wearing a bra, dear," Mother added. "Pretty soon it will become second nature and you won't even notice the straps. In fact, you will welcome the support."

Nancy's sister stood in the background against the hall and giggled to herself at the sight of her "Sis" now wearing a bra like any girl. She giggled more when she saw Nancy fussing with the straps and hearing her

mother tell Nancy how the bra would become second nature. That, of course, only meant that Nancy would be wearing a bra for some time to come from now on—along with her panties. Just that thought made Nancy's sister giggle with feminine glee.

As the women helped her with her new brassiere, what remained of her dress managed to slide down her hips to reveal her pretty half slip. Auntie went over to help her and as Nancy's hands were hobbled above in her bra fitting, Auntie raised up the lace hem of Nancy's little petticoat in front and exposed the front of her snow white, lace trimmed panties to full view of the women.

Nancy's sister immediately giggled upon seeing Nancy's panty vee.

"She's got nothing down there. Look. It even looks like she's got a pussy."

"Oh quit teasing your sister," Nancy's mother interjected. "She looks very pretty in her panties. She can't help it if she's not ever going to me much of a male down there. Perhaps it's for the best anyhow that she just remains as a girl."

"No wonder why she wears girly panties," said Nancy's sister. "She may as WELLLLLLL!" she giggled almost musically

Nancy could only stand there before all the females in her total and abject shame as she fussed about her with her new brassiere and her lace hemmed petticoat.

"It's okay, dear," Auntie added. "You are becoming very pretty like a girl. That's nothing to regret, I'm sure, honey. You will see how much better off you will be."

Auntie then just stood aside and nodded and clucked in womanly approval. Mother helped Nancy put the top of her dress back on, stood back and looked, and said, "There. Your dress looks much better now. Your dresses will fit better."

Sister giggled again. Then the three older females went back into the kitchen and left Nancy alone to her thoughts in the living room. Nancy could hear them clucking and cooing and whispering—and her sister giggling in the kitchen. She knew they were whispering things about her.

First, she smoothed the back of her skirt and sat in a chair to relax after her ordeal of her very first bra fitting. She felt the bra straps with her hands under the cotton material of her gingham dress. She touched the silken bra cups under her dress and noticed the little lace trim as she looked down at the top of her new snow white Playtex bra. And she noticed that her nipples DID feel better and seemed somewhat soothed from being nestled in the silky tricot cups. The bra seemed tight and somewhat restricting around her midsection... but comfortable.

She then pulled back the hem of her dress and slip a little to view her panty vee from her position sitting on the couch. Nothing. Seemingly nothing there. Nothing between her legs. Only a smooth looking nylon panty gusset. It looked like she was a real girl inside her frilly white panties. She could only then quickly flick back down the front of her skirts and sit there in her petticoated and pantied and gelded humiliation.

A little later in the day, Nancy went to the hallway wall mirror, faced it, and on a whim she hoisted up the front of her yellow and white checked house dress again—along with her lace hemmed white half slip—one of the newer ones that Auntie had bought for her just last week—and gazed at her panty vee front.

“My goodness. I DO look like a girl in front. It looks like I have nothing between my legs. It looks like I DO have a pussy like a girl.”

It was right then that Auntie caught Nancy right there—holding her dress and petticoat up and staring at her snow white nylon panties in the hallway mirror.

“They do look very pretty on you, dear. Pretty panties. You look good in panties. You should be wearing panties all the time, dear and not any ridiculous course male shorts. Would you like if we got you some more pretty panties and slips and bras and dresses, dear? We could just throw away your old pants and shorts. Would you like that?”

Nancy didn’t answer her. She just rucked down her dress quickly in shame and stood there blushing deeply in total humiliation and with her lips quivering. But Auntie knew. She knew the answer. For it was at that exact magical moment that it dawned on Nancy that she actually **LIKED** wearing panties and a dress and being like a girl. Although frozen in shame, Nancy really meant to say to her Auntie, “Yes, Auntie. I **LIKE** dressing up like a girl. I **LIKE** being a pansy and I wish I had real titties and a real pussy in my panties, too.”

She would wear her matching navy blue, high heeled, strappy, city sandals and carry her matching navy blue leather purse on her date with Jack.. In case of any chill, she would carry her light pink Chanel sweater that really looked nice with the navy dress as it provided somewhat of a delicate feminine contrast in colors. And, of course, the lingerie she chose to wear under her “Rita” dress would be her prettiest and most favorite of all.

Before she even took her bath, and took the rollers out of her hair, she prepared what she would wear. Her “Rita” dress was taken out of her closet and hung over the door on it’s hanger to freshen and to fluff out in the air. She chose a full slip from her lingerie drawer—one of her new ones that she just bought—A Shadowline, stretchy strap, snow white nylon with about three-

quarters of an inch of pretty floral lace at the hem and on the cups. She liked the stretch straps for work and their comfort and resistance to slipping down when she reached for the higher filing cabinet drawers. It wasn't an overly fancy slip or one with any extravagant slits or lace or cut--or one of those from the mall lingerie shops that would nearly dissolve after one or two launderings--but just a good durable slip like the downtown ladies wore--of nice silky lingerie nylon that she could wear under her dresses for work. A feminine pretty slip, yet one that would last a long time with her proper care.

Her bra would be matching snow white—to match her panties and slip. It was new and also her favorite brand of bra with a little lace also at the cleavage. Her matching Vanity Fair panties for her “date” were to be very pretty full cut glistening snow white. Vanity Fair panties were her favorites. Not only were they feminine and pretty but they held up after washings. And on her sewing machine, Nancy even added lace trim to the leg openings and on some of her panties even added a little embroidered appliqué to the loin.

She remembered how her sister did that to her. One time, when Nancy went to her panty drawer after her morning shower, she reached in and pulled out a pair of pink panties that just happened to be on top. And on them, in dark pink script had been hand embroidered the single word, “*Sissy*”—along with a little appliquéd pansy-like flower. Nancy knew right then where the panties came from and who put them in her drawer. They were from Nancy's older teenaged sister—who at the time was doing embroidery. And it was Nancy's sister who always called her “Sissy Pants” and “Pussy Pants” and always called her “Sis”—even in front of the sister's teenaged girlfriends and much to all their amusement, chagrin and giggling.

Nancy never really knew for sure if her sister's girlfriends knew what had been going on in their house. Whenever the girlfriends visited, if Nancy was in her dress, she would scurry off to her room, lock the door and hide from them. Sister was always instructed by Mother and Auntie to not tell their secret about Nancy being in panties and dresses at home. Except for later on in her teen years when Nancy attended church in a dress, she never left the house except a few times to get the mail out front. And her sister was long gone from the house by the time Nancy finally came totally "out" and into the neighborhood as a girl. Was Sister blabbering the secret of her petticoated and pantied brother all over town and to her girlfriends? Nancy didn't know. But surely, high school girls will be high school girls and no secret is kept very long in their gossip sessions.

There were suspicions. The girlfriends would smile and wink at Nancy... and then giggle almost musically to themselves. Did they know? When they came over to do hair and makeup and nails as all teenaged girls gather to do at each others' houses, Nancy would sometimes sit in the TV room with them and listen to their conversations. Occasionally a girl would teasingly ask Nancy,

"Would you like for us girls to put curlers in your hair, too, honey? Your hair is almost long enough for them and it would look good with a few nice curls."

Or, "Would you like some of this nice nail polish on your fingers, too? Just to try it out and see how it looks on you," they'd wink and giggle.

And the ultimate was during one of Nancy's sister's pajama parties—with perhaps four or five teenaged girls sitting in the TV room, doing makeup, nails, hair and gossiping about boys. They were all wearing various styles of nighties. A couple of the girls had on babydoll nighties with matching fluffy slippers. Another, more shy, would be wearing a terry robe over her nightgown.

Nancy's sister always wore shorty pajamas with boy-like shorts. Just the kind of pajamas that Nancy wore at the time.

"Maybe we should put you into a pretty silk nighty, honey. And put your hair up in curlers. Then you'd feel like one of us girls when you sit and talk with us. I bet your sister has an extra one that would fit. And you'd learn what it's like to sleep with a head full of curlers, and really know what it's like to be a girl." Then the girls would giggle furiously.

Did they know?

It was also at these pajama parties where Nancy overheard all the conversations about having sex with boys. Here she overheard how to, "drag your lower lip" when sucking off a boy in order to get him to shoot his semen. Here she overheard, "It doesn't taste that bad" when the girls talked about having semen ejaculated into their mouth. Or, "You'll get used to it," when they talked about having to fellate the guys.

The girls were always giggling and talking about various high school boys' "stiffies" or "thingies" that they may have been introduced to on their dates. Nancy would overhear it all—and sometimes suspected the girls were even gossiping extra loudly for Nancy to hear. Later in Nancy's life, when she lived with older women, she would hear the same conversations again and again—and would learn more about what a girl must do to keep a good boyfriend satisfied. And the ultimate words of wisdom that were spoken to her by the women,

"You must learn to use the pussy that you were blessed with, honey, in order to please the men."

Nancy had bathed for her date. She took a nice long hot bath in perfumed suds where she also did her leg shaving to make her legs silky smooth for her shiny nylons. When she got done with her bath, she douched with some scented douche. The women in the rental

house she live in, when in her early twenties, had taught her to douche like they did. She had all the necessary equipment—the rubber bladder with its hoses and nozzle—and the scented douche that would make her nice and clean and sweet inside. It was something that, like all women, she learned to do on a routine basis.

After she douched, she finished with a cooling shower and application of some medicated lotion to her body. It was another little trick she learned for particularly hot days. The medicated lotion with its menthol was very cooling. Not only that, but when applied below, it tended to really shrink her peenie and remove any possible sensations of it—to make it fit and tuck better into Nancy's panties. Her peenie was still small, limp and basically "just there." More than anything for her, it just "was in the way." Except for bathing, she never even ever fiddled with it. The girls in the rental house called it her "sissy clittie," and Nancy guessed that's exactly what it was and no more. Sometimes in the mornings she'd wake up and notice a little bit of natural discharge from it into her sleep panties. But that was no more than some harmless watery clear fluid that was easily laundered away. Sometimes she wondered about having a functional penis. But most of the time she was glad she was infibulated as she was, because it was "just in the way." And really... most of the time she never even thought about it. It was just "there" and useless, sensation-less and "in the way."

Following the cooling medicated shampoo shower and her drying in a fluffy towel, she applied some vaginal crème to her sissy pussy and followed with a little dollop of scented, water based lubricant. This was something she learned from the girls she lived with in the rental house, when in her early twenties and when she just started dating men and meeting men in bars when out with the girls. "Just in case," they would tell her.

“You never know about men, when they start to get aggressive. And they are strong and a girl has to be ready for their advances and needs to protect herself.” That’s what the girls taught her about the men.

“You’re a girl now, honey. You have to learn to care for your pussy and the pussy you were blessed with,” they would say.

Nancy went over and put on the panties that she had laid out for herself on the bed—stepping into the lace trimmed legs, tucking her little infibulated peenie way back as far as it would go. She hoisted the panty elastic high on her waist as Mother and Auntie had taught her long ago—then turned each way as she smoothed the sleek panties down over her loins.

In her younger days, and especially when she was living the stage where she first LIKED being a sissy, she would stand before the bedroom mirror and admire herself in her panties. She’d admire her pussy-like panty vee in front and she’d admire how femmy her rump looked as it was framed in the lace of her panty legs. Today she did the same. She looked in the mirror at herself and was satisfied that her little peenie was well tucked away in her panties and was giving her the appearance of having nothing whatsoever between her legs.

Now...in this stage of Nancy’s life, they were mostly just panties. Her panties. Panties like she wore every single day and had been wearing for years. Panties that were frilly, to be sure, but also panties that were functional. They were a function of being non-male, a woman as any woman would know--nothing frivolous or novel or unusual anymore--just HER “pan-TEES” as women tend to say..

And today, she would not wear a panty liner in her “pan-TEES.”. It was not one of her “days.” Some time in about her sixteenth year, after she had been in panties

almost entirely at home for many, many months and wearing panties to bed at night, she began to get some unsightly, tell-tale natural emissions in the night. At first they were nothing. Just a drop or two in her panties in the morning and easily discounted and laundered away. But her nocturnal dribbles got worse at night, on occasions, and accompanied by some vivid and almost discomfoting nightmares when she dreamed of 'being caught while wearing panties' in various situations at school and by her friends and neighbors. They were weird.

But one morning things came to confrontation when Nancy's mother happened to come into her room as Nancy was showering, and noticed the giveaway stain on Nancy's bed sheet.

"What's this, honey? Are you having accidents at night? Are you dribbling in bed?"

Nancy could only stand there before her mother in her fresh panties and blush deeply. Yes, it was an emission. But in not really knowing what it meant or even what it was, what could Nancy say to the woman?

"Filthy," her mother said. "We will have to start tending to these unsightly things immediately. We can't have this."

With that, Nancy's mother went into a bedroom closet, where the women kept their various hygienic needs and she came back into Nancy's room holding a fresh sanitary napkin in her hand.

"Here, honey. You will have to wear a napkin in your panties whenever you dribble. It's what women do in order to keep clean and you will, too. Every month, for four consecutive days, you will wear a pad in your panties. You must choose your days and we will circle them on the calendar each month and about every 28 days in the calendar year. In the circled days, you will wear your pad. And you will have to keep some clean

pads with you and change your pad every four hours, or so. Even in school. You will learn what women have to struggle through in order to stay clean."

So, after that, Nancy had to circle her "days" on the calendar that hung in her bedroom. On her days, she had to wear a pad and change her pad regularly. On her first "day" of the month, her pad had to be thicker and more absorbent in her panties. After that, she was allowed to graduate down to the thinner panty liners. It was, of course, a very humiliating experience at first for Nancy—and especially so when she had to change pads in the restroom at school. Woe be to her if any of the school boys would see her changing her pad in the restroom.

Nancy had to learn to keep a few of them concealed in her school locker and to sneak off to the restroom and into a stall in privacy where she could lower down her panties and change her pad. And just as her mother had instructed her, she never flushed the soiled pad, but learned to wrap it in tissue and deposit it in the restroom wastebasket—hidden way down in the discarded paper hand towels to where no boys could find it.

This, of course was a very mortifying experience, but, as her mother told her, "was good for her." But after about a year of wearing a pad for four days every month, the regimen became almost routine and she literally didn't even think about it anymore. By the time she graduated from school, she was well accustomed to what all women have to do every month and was regularly purchasing her supply of napkins for herself at the neighborhood drugstore.. At home, of course, it was no big thing at all with all the women. To see a pad properly wrapped in tissue and discarded in a bathroom waste container was no big thing at all. Seeing one of Nancy's discarded pads would almost always bring a sly

smile of satisfaction and an approving cluck from the other women.

Nancy then went to the mirror and counter to do her makeup for her date with Jack. This she did while wearing only panties and while still with her hair in rollers. It took Nancy a few years to let her hair grow out. At home, in her teens, her hair was initially just over-the-ears length. But it grew fast in her teens and soon became almost collar length. One day, while in her house dress, Nancy's Auntie came up to her and said,

"Here. Come here, honey. Let's look at your hair. It needs some touching up to make it look better."

She had Nancy sit in the dining room in a chair while Auntie put a towel over her shoulders and went to work with just some scissors.

"Clip, clip, clip. Snip, snip, ship..." And then she was done. She had very craftily snipped Nancy's hair into a short femmy page—with bangs in front—and just over the ears in length.

"There," she said. "That will look much more presentable if anybody comes over. By summer's end, it will grow out nicely even more and we can keep it nice and trimmed for you. It might also be nice to take you with us to the salon and have Mildred style it for you. She's very good and I know she'd enjoy doing your hair, honey."

"*Shivers.*" Going to the beauty parlor like an absolute sissy to have her hair done by women?

Nancy remembers immediately hustling off to the bathroom mirror to see her new hairstyle that Auntie had given her. It turned out to be not too extreme, really, Nancy thought. Actually it was just kind of unisex. She could still go to school in the fall and nobody would notice. A lot of the boys in school had longer hair now. In fact, some had REALLY long hair then in 1968. So this would be no big deal.

As the summer went along, Nancy's hair grew and grew and Auntie trimmed and trimmed and styled and styled. It was then the women noticed that Nancy was constantly fussing with her bangs and the hair over her temples which kept falling over her eyes with the slightest movement or breeze.

"Here. Try these, dear. They will keep your hair tucked back so it won't keep falling over your eyes." Nancy's Auntie had just handed her, her first bobby pins to wear.

Soon, Nancy was wearing bobby pins in her hair almost routinely--almost constantly--everyday--and whether in or out of a dress. When her hair got longer--nearly shoulder length--the women gave her some metal barettes--and these she wore, too, over her temples.

Nancy then started experimenting with her hair in the privacy of her room. One day, she tried forming a pony tail but it was haphazard and the women just giggled when they saw her vain attempt.

"Here, dear. Let us fix it." And before long, Nancy sported a pretty pony tail. High on the back of her head and not like a guy would wear a pony tail low towards the neck in back--but high in the back--like a girl's. The women even added a colored elastic scrunchie band, which Nancy could not see. A PINK colored pony tail band that drew more amusing giggles from Nancy's older sister.

"What an absolute sissy," she would say to tease Nancy. "Miss Pussy Pants, herself."

"Oh you shut up, you little witch," Nancy would retort.

"Now you two just quit it!" would interject Mother. "You quit your bickering. And Sis.... You need to finish doing the pans and drying the dishes."

“Sis.” Everyone in the house was now routinely calling Nancy, “Sis.” But was it Sis for sister? Or Sis for sissy?

And so the pony tail stayed for weeks and weeks. Nancy got used to feeling it’s swish across her collar whenever she moved or bobbed her head. And she continued to experiment, too... with putting it up. Of course, the women were more than willing to help. Nancy was soon also wearing her hair up and encased in a little ballet-type snood—or sporting a hair band to hold her page style when not wearing a pony tail. Of course, the women loved it. She looked ever more presentable in her house dresses and much like a pretty suburban wife.

Makeup application was easy for Nancy, now, after having done it every morning for years in preparation for going to work. She wore skin crèmes to bed at night with no other makeup in bed. In the morning, after her shower, she had developed a routine that went fast. Her face, from taking estrogens for those years, was fairly hairless. Plus, she was blessed with a hereditary natural thinly haired face to begin with and only had to undergo a minimum of occasional visits to an electrologist. So on her freshly showered face, her makeup base went on easy and smooth and could be of minimal amount.

Nancy didn’t really like a lot of makeup and wore it lightly so it wouldn’t smudge and run during the day at work and necessitate her constant attention in the ladies room as other girls who “really painted it on” required. Just a light foundation, some light translucent powder, eye shadow in a hue to match her eyes or her dress—or to coordinate with an occasion or season—followed by some light brown eyeliner, some eye brow pencil to her femininely plucked eyebrows, perhaps a little blush to her cheeks—and then her lip liner and lipstick..

Lipstick... She remembered her first lipstick.

She had come into her bedroom after doing some ironing on a Saturday as part of her weekend chores and spotted the tube of lipstick on her dresser. At first, she thought it as her sister's or perhaps belonging to her Auntie who may have left it there. As it turned out, it was from her Auntie, but it was meant for Nancy. She remembered opening the cap, looking at the pretty shade of rose red and wondering what it tasted like on her lips. Then she put some on her lips. It was nice. It felt delightful and tasted wonderful. She did her lips with it in front of her bedroom mirror and admired herself and how nice she looked in her house dress and pony tail.

But when she then tried to wipe it off, it wouldn't. Very slyly, Auntie had bought her the kind of indelible lipstick that was actually somewhat of a more permanent and irremovable lip stain. Now, with or without lipstick, her lips would always be lipstick rose red. So Nancy just gave in and put some more lipstick on.

When she went out before the women who were in the kitchen, the women, of course spotted Nancy's lipstick right away, but didn't say anything. They just winked at each other and cooed and said nothing. They knew. They knew that Nancy now liked being a pansy and dressing like a girl. They knew that Nancy would be like this for the rest of her life and would probably even live her life in the feminine role. Women have a certain intuitive and practical sense for such things that men do not. Women understand. And in any household where a sissy can be left alone and unchecked by the bullying of men, her emasculation process can be left to blossom. Such, indeed, was the case with Nancy.

At this time in her life at home, Nancy was in panties full time. Any male underwear had long been disposed of by the women. She also wore her brassiere, a frilly half slip and one of her dresses almost entirely when at home. Her schooling was almost over and

graduation and summer was near. Nancy had to think about her future, whether it be college that they could hardly afford, or some kind of job. But nonetheless, by this time, she was becoming thoroughly emasculated. So her appearing before the women while wearing newly applied lipstick did not surprise anyone—and the women could only approve.

From then on, Nancy wore a dash of lipstick almost every day during the day and her lips became almost permanently stained a rose red. She started plucking her brows and she also started wearing face crèmes to bed at night. Soon, could be seen, some jars and tubes of feminine products on Nancy's dresser.

In the bathroom cabinet were kept her hygienic supplies. All female. No male. Any male cosmetic things were long ago thrown out by the women in there despise of men. Any shaving product, colognes, shampoos, soaps, etc. in their house was entirely feminine. And this included Nancy's things. Sometimes, visitors would come over and would notice the lack of any masculine things in the house. They'd notice as any woman would notice such things. But they'd never question or comment. Perhaps they all knew and didn't care. Perhaps they all knew and approved that Nancy was really a pantied nellie.

Nancy got caught red-handed one afternoon. Caught wearing a dress. Caught by their neighbor lady, Mrs. Loer.

Mrs. Loer was a middle-aged widow that lived in the house next door. She was great friends with Nancy's mother and auntie and they would habitually visit over the backyard fence or would visit each other's house for coffee. When these visits took place, Nancy would always sequester herself to her room if she was wearing one of her house dresses. But one time, it was different.

It was when Mrs. Loer just walked in unexpected and un-announced.

Nancy was standing in her yellow and white checked gingham house dress and doing her Saturday ironing when Mrs. Loer sneaked in the front door. Nancy could only stand there in total mortification and shame at her being seen wearing a dress by Mrs. Loer—and blush furiously in humiliation. But surprisingly, at first, Mrs. Loer said nothing. She just went on into the kitchen where Nancy's mother and auntie were sipping coffee. Nancy could only then continue with her ironing. What good, after all, would it be to run to her room and hide?

As she continued her ironing, she could hear some whispering and an occasional cluck from the women in the kitchen. Then, Mrs. Loer came back out with Mother and Auntie to leave. Mrs. Loer looked over at Nancy.

"You should come over and visit me, if you'd like, SIS, she said. Perhaps you can join me some afternoon and we can bake something. Would you like that?"

"Sure... I guess," Nancy answered sheepishly as she stood before Mrs. Loer in her frilly gingham house dress. "Thank you," Nancy responded politely.

And right before Mrs. Loer exited through the front door, she turned once again to Nancy and kind of winked when she added, "And wear a pretty dress, honey. You look nice in a dress. Perhaps I can even give you a few more nice things that you can wear—when you come over to see me."

Did Mrs. Loer know what was going on in their house all along? Perhaps. Nancy could only know how neighborhood women gossiped and talked. She could certainly know how her older teenaged sister could "spill the beans" to her girlfriends and how the gossip would spread through the neighborhood women. But, in a way, Nancy felt at ease. Mrs. Loer had been kind. She never

made a big thing out of Nancy's wearing a dress but seemed more to just accept and approve. This, in a way, made Nancy feel better about her sissification. She relaxed—and for the remainder of the day in doing her chores, somehow felt more womanly in her dress.

For her date with Jack, Nancy continued to prepare. After makeup and after taking out her few rollers from her collar length page style hairdo, she put on her brassiere as Mother and Auntie had taught her that day and as she had now been putting on her bra for years--first, by putting her arms through the straps—followed by carefully fitting the dainty cups around her budding hormonal induced titties, and then clasping the back and adjusting everything for comfortable fit. Putting on her bra, now, took mere seconds after her years of practice and like other steps in dressing, was literally just second nature and not even thought of much.

Nancy had developed soft, jiggling titties, naturally through the use of a female hormonal regimen. Ever since living with those women in that rental house, Nancy took a little purple pill every day.

The outcome...peach sized mounds that any girl would be pleased with. Not big and plastic looking like some of the girls that had those surgical implants—but soft and nice, with tastefully swelled nipples and areolas. They had just the right amount of jiggle whenever she moved to constantly remind her that she had sissy titties. They fit and were nestled nicely into the soft tri-cot cups of her snow white brassiere—the brassiere that perfectly matched her frilly panties.

Bra and pan-TEES--the foundation for any woman. It is something that men would never experience or feel. Yet, for Nancy and like any woman, bra and panties were routine.

In bra and pan-TEES, Nancy went over and routinely took the few rollers out of her hair before her mirror—and then gave her hair a quick brushing and arranging into her lady-like collar length page.

She went over to the bed and picked up her white cotton brocade garter belt that she clasped around her waist and then poked and pulled the four elastic garters through the lace hems of her panty legs. It was actually more of a “girdlette” in that it was a bit longer and had more apron than a standard girl’s suspender belt. It nestled nicely around Nancy’s tummy in front, almost down to her panty’s vee, and aproned down to just barely over her fanny cheeks in back and was covered over by her thin nylon panties.

It was very nice, very feminine and very comfortable for Nancy. She had thought of perhaps wearing one of her open bottomed girdles, but in knowing she might be having dinner and dancing with Jack and in choosing to wear her “Rita” dress tonight, she selected the little girdlette type garterbelt that would look better under her dress and be more comfortable than a girdle.

She sat down on the edge of her bed and rolled up a new pair of nylons that she took out of the fresh package as she put them on. She worked just like her Mother and Auntie had taught her to put on nylons. First, she carefully put the toes of the nylons over her rose painted toes and feet. Then she carefully rolled the nylons up her silky legs and attached them carefully, first to the back and then to the front, to her dangling garter tabs. Then she stood up and smoothed out her garter panties and reached down for her pretty slip that she had chosen for her date.

Her slip was also snow white to match her bra and panties and one of her favorites with a pretty band of floral lace around the hem and on the bodice. It was, as her Auntie, would say, “a real lady’s slip.” The kind that

real ladies wear. As her Mother and Auntie had taught her long ago, Nancy put the full slip on over her head, fitted the elastic shoulder straps and then smoothed the sweet encasing nylon down over her panties and fluffed the hem out around her knees. Then she again sat down on the edge of her bed and had another memory.

She remembered her first full slip that her Auntie had bought her at the lady's store where she worked. It, like the slip Nancy was wearing tonight, was snow white nylon and with a pretty lace hem. Auntie had bought it for Nancy to wear with her dress-up and church dress—a pretty, silky, polyester floral print shirtwaist. The women thought that having Nancy to start attending church on Sunday would be good practice for her in learning to go out in public in her dresses. Plus, they knew that attending church was always a good thing to do.

So they started attending services in a town about 15 miles away, where Nancy was not known and would not have to fear being seen dressed up as a girl by any of the neighbors or friends.

After the first few Sundays, and being able to wear more pretty dresses, Nancy began to feel totally at ease out in public. In fact, she even started looking forward to Sundays where she could dress up pretty, attend church, and then spend the rest of the Sunday with the women preparing their Sunday dinner or perhaps going out for a walk in the park on a nice sunny day or perhaps attending one of the many church sponsored activities, such as the bake sales and Sunday picnics. Quite a few summer Sundays were spent by Nancy in her pretty Sunday dress, covered with a pretty flounced apron, and standing before a buffet serving table with the rest of the women and serving plates of potluck to the church men. It became routine for her that on Sundays she would

spend the entire day and evening in a nice frilly and pretty dress. Just like a perfect old fashioned lady.

She remembered sitting on her bed, just as she was doing now before her date, and looking down at her pretty slip lace hemmed across her legs—and thinking to herself, *“This is absolutely and totally sissy. No boy would do this. No male would be sitting here and looking at frilly slip lace across his legs. Only a total pansy would be doing this and see something like this—or a girl.”*

Then Nancy looked down beneath the hem of her slip and could barely see the crotch of her pan-tees--her totally smooth panty crotch—with nothing showing—literally nothing down there between her legs—silken and flat. It was just one more instance where Nancy could only think to herself how she actually had a pussy and WAS a pussy—just like the names her sister called her or the name the boys at school had teased and demeaned her with.

“You pussy,” the school boys would say. “You total pussy,” her sister would call her.

She slid off the edge of her bed, with the nylon silk of her panties gliding quickly over the silken nylon of her sleek slip and got up and moved over to her closet for her “Rita” dress on the hanger. Carefully and delicately she slid the dress over her head and smoothed it down her body over her slip. It was her Auntie who first told her the proper way for a lady to put on a dress. “Always put on a dress from the top, down and take off a dress from the bottom, up and don’t let the dress touch the floor,” was what Auntie had told her. And for this, she had to practice once in a while in front of Auntie and Mother until she got it right.

It was the same with putting on a slip. “Only a lazy girl would allow her pretty slip to drag on the floor before putting it on,” they would say. So Nancy learned

the proper way of sliding her slip over her head so as not to muss her hair, then straightening it around her neck, aligning it and then fitting her shoulder straps—and finally smoothing her pretty feminine slip down her body and fluffing out the pretty lace hem.

She fastened the button front of her “Rita” dress that she would wear tonight for Jack and then put on the navy blue self fabric belt and tied it into a nice little bow at her waist in front and just a little to the left over her loin—as her Auntie had taught her many years ago. As she then moved back over to her closet and to her shoes, she fluffed out the skirt of the dress as women do—fluffed it out so it would hang nicely over her slip.

Her shoes were matching mid-heeled strappy city sandals with open toes. She slipped them on easily and noticed her rose painted toes peeking and seemingly twinkling through the toes of her cinnamon colored nylons. She went over to her wall mirror to again check the hang of her dress—and was satisfied that her slip lace did not peek or show.

Her slip was the perfect length for this dress—just a few inches shorter to provide good lining for her dress and to stimulate a nice hang—yet not too long that her slip lace would show whenever she moved or bent forward for anything—and not too overly short that her slip would keep rucking up under her dress and tangling her slip lace with her garter tabs—and causing her to always fuss with her skirts to un-fiddle and fluff out things as some girls who were not so accustomed as Nancy to wearing dresses had to constantly do.

The finale was always another stand before the mirror and her fixing hair and adding any accessories and jewelry. Tonight she chose some pearl button earrings that fit easily into her pierced ears—and a pearl necklace that went nice with the navy dress, her rose colored lipstick and her navy strap sandals. Nothing gau-

dy or bangly in jewelry—just simple and tasteful the way proper ladies do.

Last came the perfume. Like any girl, she had her favorite. It came in a pretty crystalline pump spray applicator bottle and she spritzed a little on her pressure points, at her wrists, elbows, underarms, as the girls had taught her—and her little secret place behind her nyloned knees so the men would get her sweet alluring scents whenever her frail skirts would flutter and wisp about her stockinged knees in the breeze. And tonight, as a last thought, she lifted the front of her dress and slip and gave a little spritz of perfume to her panty vee. For some reason, her intuition told her that tonight... her demanding date would be seeing her pretty lingerie again... undoubtedly her slip and maybe even would demand to see her girlish feminine sissy panties.

Then with a little brushing and some scented hair-spray on a few wisps of her collar length page hairdo, she was now ready to be selected by her man.

Now she was ready for her date with Jack—all pantied—petticoated--made up—lipsticked—hair sprayed--totally femmed, sissified, dickless and emasculated. All dressed up like a pretty lady. She would be a nice date for him tonight.

BEING THE GIRL

Nancy sipped some tea, took an aspirin, and made trip after trip to the bathroom mirror to check and re-check makeup, hair, dress, stockings... and courage as she waited for Jack to come and take her... to literally take her... on the date. And wouldn't you know it, he was right on time and not fashionably late as some men like to do with dates. This, to Nancy, was an indicator and meant that he was probably demanding and would lead her down a path that perhaps she'd never been before with men. It didn't take very long for him to make

his statement and to clarify to her what their respective roles were going to be from now on. Jack didn't waste any time. Wasting time was simply not in his repertoire and certainly would not be anywhere on tonight's menu.

She greeted him at the door in her pretty navy blue spun cotton, almost a light wispy terry cloth, full skirted "Rita" dress. He immediately took both of her hands into his and kissed her authoritatively. Then he gave her a twirl on the carpet and her dress spun out and revealed to him a nice quick peek of the lace hem of her snow white slip.

"Excellent," she could hear him mumble to himself. "Very pretty," he said to her.

Then he pulled her close to him, while still holding both of her hands in his—and then placed his right palm onto the small of her back, right above her pantied rump. He could feel the silken fabric of her slip under her dress and the sheen where her slip rubbed against the backside of her sissy panties. It was then he knew he had something he wanted. He had an authentic sissy—a bonafide pansy—a complete nellie.

"You're even wearing pants, aren't you," Jack said in his macho reference to ladies' panties. For panties were seen as so ultra-feminine in society that real macho men never even used the term in conversation.

"Yes," Nancy only squeaked to him in a deep blush of seeming shame as she could only admit to the man that she indeed was wearing panties.

And her mind could only say, "*Yes. I'm wearing panties. I'm wearing panties because I'm a dickless sissy and an absolute pantywaist pansy.*"

And while his mind was already saying to him, "*What an absolute pansy. Maybe I can give her something nice and hard up her pretty pantied bottom later tonight-- and really show her what it means to be like a girl. Ha ha ha.*"

And as he held her and pressed her against him in preparation for yet another kiss on her lipsticked lips, she could feel his bulge against her pantied belly—his loaf. At first, she repelled back from against it, but he held her to it as if he wanted her to sense and to know it's prowess and its size. He pressed it firmly against her belly as he gave her yet another quick kiss.

He had just made his statement to her. Her role was clear and would become even clearer to her as the night carried on. The statement was to her that he was the man and wore the pants in this relationship and she was going to wear the panties and be the girl. It could and would be no other way.

As he held her free hand and walked her outside to his car—and as her high heels clicked along on the asphalt sidewalk and parking lot as she clutched her purse with her pink cardigan folded over the crook of her purse holding arm, she could sense and feel her total weakness and femininity in his company. She felt somewhat vulnerable to him in her sleek dress and lingerie. As he walked her and led her, she could feel the evening breeze just barely flutter her swinging skirt and could feel the gentle sweet tug of her sissy garter straps and the silkiness and lace hem of her slip fluttering around her nylons. All these sensations did, of course, was to constantly remind her that she was wearing a dress like a girl—like a sissy.

To Jack, this is what he wanted--exactly what he wanted in a date—a date with a sissy. He had grown sick and tired of modern day genetic women with their games and anti-men attitudes. Every one of them always had to have an agenda and an outline of a lot of rules and regulations--and any date with them became more like a business or political meeting with a lot of financial guidelines rather than it being a purely social interaction. With Jack, with women, there was really

only one basic rule: He was boss. He wore the pants. He led. What he said, went. He didn't have time for any other way or any redundant games.

And for the shy, quiet and submissive sissy, Nancy, this kind of social interaction would be perfect.

He drove a big and speedy, all-black Ford Crown Victoria with dark tan leather seats and lots of wood grain on the interior and instrument panel. The powerful V-8 Interceptor engine ran almost silently and to Nancy like a Swiss clock. Nancy could tell from his car that he demanded and got perfection in a machine, just as he would demand in any woman. They seemed to glide along almost effortlessly in that powerful car, through the city and on their way to Nancy's reckoning. Beside him in the car, she felt totally submissive—almost like a little girl. She had placed her purse down on the floor at her high heels and sat with her hands folded meekly and very ladylike in her skirted lap as Jack drove.

At times, it seemed to her that he would glance quickly down at her—to her skirts and her nylon knees—and kind of smile wryly to himself. While Nancy had no agenda and no plans, Jack did. And tonight, for sure, his plan would be executed thoroughly and to the total submission of the delicate pansy sitting next to him in his car.

He took her to a large restaurant and dance hall. In fact, it was somewhat of a Country-Western type of establishment with a large, but fairly luxurious steak and chop house type of restaurant that was attached and adjacent to a fairly large dance hall.

"You should like the menu here," he told her. "Great food and great steaks. I come here about once a month myself and bring my clients here all the time."

He parked the car, shut down the engine, got out, walked around and opened the passenger door for the

delicate, navy blue dress-wearing pansy. Nancy skootched on the seat and tried to exit the leather seats as ladylike as possible without giving the man too much of a glimpse or her feminine secrets. But inevitably her skirts still slid up a bit as she turned her stockinged knees to put her heels outside the car in order for her to exit—and Jack got another quick glimpse of her snow white slip lace and a quick shot of the dark cinnamon brown of her stocking tops. Again... he exhibited a wry smile as he helped her from the car door.

Once again, as she felt the flutter of her frail skirt and feminine slip about her stockings as they walked into the restaurant, she felt meek, sensitive, and totally led by this strong and demanding man. He was definitely the man and she was definitely going to be the girl for him tonight.

Dinner was quiet and very enjoyable. They made pleasant conversation and talked mostly about careers and about work. Life stories would be reserved for another time. Jack, as expected, dined on a slab of prime rib while Nancy ordered a light serving of very delicious marinated prawns. And they shared a good bottle of fairly expensive, Napa Valley Pinot Noir. The dinner was absolutely superb and the social interaction wonderful as they finished with their after-dinner cocktails and listened to the band in the dance hall as the band just started their tunings and warm-ups.

“Like to dance, honey?” he asked her. “This band is pretty good. I think they’re out of Cheyenne. They play some good stuff and a lot of good old songs. The mandolin and banjo player, especially, is out of sight.”

“I have never been out dancing much lately,” she added meekly. “I guess I like to dance and its fun, but I’ve never tried it very much since I was young.”

She remembered the bar hopping she did with the girls she lived with in that rental house when in her

twenties. As she was transforming into full-time Nancy, the girls insisted she go out with them and they literally dragged her along. But there was always one rule. While the girls could wear jeans or slack or shorts on their bar hoppings, Nancy was relegated to wearing a skirt or a dress.

Just as Nancy's Auntie had told her in her teens, the girls would say, "Honey, if you're going to learn to be a girl, it's best that you learn in a dress." So, sometimes seemingly over-dressed for some of the places they went to, she went along with them in her skirts and heels—albeit that sometimes her skirts were rather casual, such as those made from denim or woven cotton. Most of the time she wore stockings but sometimes, especially in the hot summer months, she went bare legged under her skirts. But still... it was always skirts and not pants... and always, as her Mother and Auntie had instructed her, with a slip or a little half slip underneath her skirt. Pants were simply not allowed and were out of the question for the sissy.

The girls dragged her into all kinds of bars and into all kinds of cultures. Sometimes they'd go to the gay or lesbian places. Nancy really didn't care much for the gay bars as she felt so out of place in them where men wanted men and a sissy was somewhat shunned and actually looked down upon. And in the lesbian bars, where women sought women, she was also somewhat out of place, although treated somewhat better and seemingly more accepted as a girl than what she experienced with the gay men. They went to the cowboy bars and danced with the truck drivers. This, Nancy rather enjoyed, albeit it that she usually had to almost constantly fend off from their pawing and groping hands on her pantied behind. And they even dressed up, on occasion, in their best dresses and went to ballroom type dancing clubs

and fancy hotel piano bars where they tried to soak all the traveling executives for dinner and drinks.

Before they went to the dancing area, Nancy excused herself for a trip to the ladies room and a touch-up of makeup and lipstick as all proper ladies do after a dinner. She took her purse and left her cardigan on the chair with Jack at the table.

The ladies room was in the back and between the restaurant and dance area. The sign on the door read, "WOMEN." Almost every time Nancy pushed through such a labeled door, she could not help but reflect how many years she had been using the "womens" and not the "mens." It had been years, since her late teens that she had been in a men's room.

Ladies' restrooms were always a bit fancier than the mens' in a nice establishment. They tended to be carpeted in some. Some even had upholstered couches and chairs in a separate ladies' sitting room. There were more mirrors and counters for the ladies to do makeup and lipstick. And, of course, no urinals and only the more private stalls for them to use. Mounted on the wall, in most were coin operated dispensing machines that sold condoms, lotions and sanitary napkins for any lady in need. And in one corner or another was always a special waste basket to use in the disposal of feminine napkins. These types of things, of course, were unseen in any mens' room where everything was Spartan. Men didn't fiddle around in there and gossip as women tended to do. For women, very often, the ladies' room was their place and their sanctuary where they could be away from the men.

Nancy went into the ladies' room and walked past some women sitting in the lounge area. They simply smiled at her as Nancy passed by them in her navy blue, full-skirted "Rita" dress. Could they know that Nancy was a pansy? "*Who cares,*" Nancy thought to herself as

she passed by the women. *"Who really cares if I'm wearing a dress."*

She went into a vacant stall, shut and locked the door behind her, and like any woman would do she immediately and fluidly backed to the porcelain and lofted up the back of her dress and slip over her panties, lowered her panties down to her stocking tops... and sat down. This, after all, was another thing she had been doing since her late teens—sitting to pee.

This was also always a moment when Nancy felt totally female—in this sanctuary of women where men are not allowed—sitting in here with her dress and slip up and her panties down—as only women do. This was a moment when Nancy felt vaginal as she sat there and could look down at her stocking tops, garter tabs and shucked down frilly lace panties that were wrapped around her stocking tops. As she held her dress and slip high and out of the way as she did her thing, this was when she felt the most like an absolute pussy.

Yes, Nancy danced. But she was not good and when Jack took her and led her out onto that big waxed wooden parquet dance floor, under the strobes and in front of all the on-looking men he felt totally exposed in her frail "Rita" dress. But he took full charge. He led and she seemingly swooned in her following. They danced to fast country music and slow "belt buckle rubbing" tunes.

Jack seemingly propelled her before the men and women out there. When he spun her about, she could sense her skirt swirling and billowing wildly about her nylon legs and giving the men a great view of her slip lace, stocking tops and perhaps even as far up as her garter tabs. She felt her dress and slip slither and billow about her—uncontrollably and unchecked as he twirled her about. Sometimes she could look down at her open-toed sandals and see her pretty rose colored

nail polish glisten through the toes of her delicate stockings. At times, she caught some quick glimpses of various cowboy types along the dance floor railings, smiling mischievously at her and her twirling feminine charms.

The other women in there were mostly in slacks and jeans and boots--not in a frilly dress with nylons and heeled sandals. But there were a few wives in dresses so Nancy was not totally out of place in there. In slow dances, Jack held her tight to him and she again felt his masculinity against her pantied belly. She caught glimpses of other women in dresses dancing with husbands and saw how on many occasions the hem of their dress came up in back to reveal the lace hem of a pretty slip as their men held them tight. Nancy could only wonder if she, too, looked like this to the eyes of the men while in the arms of Jack. His thick loaf rubbing on her belly, more than anything else made her meek and totally submissive in his arms. This, more than anything else was conveying to her his statement—the statement that told her that he was the man... he wears the pants in their relationship... and she wears the panties.

“Do you like being a sissy?” he asked her as they danced slowly and at a carefully chosen moment when he sensed that she was feeling particularly passive and feminine.

“I guess..th,” she almost lisped for some unknown reason as very sissy-like to him.

“I like sissies,” he said. “Especially really pretty and femmy ones. You are very pretty and very attractive to me, honey. I like you.”

“Thank you,” she could only answer. In a way, she could only feel shame in knowing that he knew she was really a sissy. But in another way, she was somewhat relieved that he knew about her and she would not have to hide.

And with that he pressed her seemingly even closer to rub her pantied belly against his semi-erect penis as they danced slowly and as he palmed her pantied behind with his big hand.

“Are you ‘gonna be a good little girl for me, honey?”

“Yes..th,” she lisped again meekly. It was all she could say against his great demanding strength and against his demanding and ultra-masculine big muscled cock.

WOMANED

Nancy would soon find out that Jack was a man that didn’t like to waste much time in his endeavors. He was a man that liked to get his jobs done with and his missions accomplished.

After leaving the dance hall in the completion of a very enjoyable dinner and dancing, and without saying much on their short drive back to Nancy’s apartment, Jack asked her, “Got any coffee up there in your place? I could use a cup for the drive home to stifle the effect of that wine we drank.”

“Of course,” Nancy whispered to him. What else could she say? Was she going to refuse and allow him to drive while intoxicated? Of course not. It was the only natural thing to agree to.

So they went up to Nancy’s apartment and Jack made himself at home on her couch as Nancy put down her purse and sweater and went into her kitchen to make her man some coffee. Jack was pleased to see her tie an old fashioned, white flounce and lace trimmed hostess apron around the waist of her navy blue full-skirted “Rita” dress.

“*How nice,*” he thought to himself. “*How June Cleaver-ish. Just like Donna Reed or a Stepford Wife. Ha ha ha.*”

She came out with his coffee—plain black as he preferred—on a little tray and in a fancy china cup with a matching saucer. She bent over slightly to place the saucer and cup on the coffee table before him and gave him yet another quick glimpse of the lace of her slip at the back of her dress as she stooped. He smiled wryly once again to himself as he saw the slip lace. And his penis started to stir and come alive, like a sleeping lion, once again in his slacks.

“Come here, honey. Come here and sit down next to me.”

He took her gently by her wrist and guided her down to sitting next to him on the couch. Then he once again demandingly led her forward to him again and kissed her fully on her rose colored, lipsticked lips. This was a long kiss and it caused Nancy to start to swoon in femininity. And as he kissed her, his hand moved to her stockinged knee—then slid mischievously up her silken thigh and well up under her skirt, above her stocking tops and the bare skin of her legs above her stockings--and almost all the way up to her panties.

She naturally tried to take hold of his wrist, as he continued to kiss her, and to fend away his hand from being up under her dress. But he held her wrist away from his hand. She was helpless to him. She literally could not stop him from going all the way up under her dress.

He seemed to finger and play with the lace hem of her slip as he felt her up under her dress. He fingered her garter tabs and the bare skin above her nylons... And he brushed very subtle against her silken panty vee to the place where her little limp nubbie—her sissy clittie--was tucked way, way back into her lace trimmed panties.

"I like the lace," he whispered to her. "Very pretty. Very feminine. You must like it when the men try to get a good peek under your skirts?"

"Not really," Nancy lied, squeezing her thighs together tightly.

Then he took her for yet another long kiss. Only this time she could hear and sense him undoing the front of his slacks. He was hauling out something for her to see and to touch.

He took her by the wrist and led her hand down towards his now liberated maleness—and he placed her fingers around it. Her immediate reaction was that of revulsion and she tried to take her hand away from it. But he held her there to it firmly by her wrist and made her put her fingers on it.

It was thick. Very thick. She couldn't even get her fingers all the way around it. It was that thick. And stiff. Yet somewhat spongy and velvety to her touch.

"*My goodness,*" she thought to herself. "*It's thicker around than my wrist!*"

Jack now moved her hand up and down on the neck of it and showed the sissy how he wanted her to move the skin along the neck of his cock. While first repulsed and trying to withdraw from it, the pansy now had a firm grip around the neck of his cock with her fingers as she slowly stroked him.

"Nice," he told her. "Real nice."

And with that, he took her hand away from his prick, stood up in front of her, took hold of the back of her head gently with his free hand. And with his other hand he simply plunged the end of his big cock into Nancy's lipstick-kissed mouth.

Her first reaction was to gag. To gag from the girth of it in her mouth as it was shoved almost to the entry of her throat. But he let her acclimate to it and to breathe. She sat there on the couch, with her dress and slip hiked

up to above her stocking tops and almost to her snow white lace sissy pants—and with her lipsticked lips wrapped around the neck of Jack's muscled cock to a length just below the head of it.

"Now suck, sissy. Show me what sissies do. Show me what a good girl you are."

He fed her the cock into her mouth, in and out in gentle and slow strokes. And Nancy began to suck. Nancy began to suck cock like a sissy.

"Oh yeah," he grunted. "That's good, honey. You look good with my cock in your mouth. And you had just as well get used to it because if you're 'gonna go out with me, you'll be sucking my cock a LOT, honey."

"Suck it, you sissy. Suck my cock good. That's a girl."

But this would not be all. This was not going to be the finish of it for Nancy. Not tonight. For tonight she was going to get it good. She was going to get the cock and Jack was just about to put her on it.

Unexpectedly to Nancy, Jack stepped back from her and he popped out of her mouth with a slishing sound. It had just started to thicken in her mouth and she sensed he was just about to ejaculate. She was simply waiting for the inevitable when he pulled it out and pulled away from her. Then he again took hold of her hands and led her up and off the seat of the couch. He turned her about to where she was facing the back of the couch and with one hand in the small of her back and another gently on the back of her shoulder, he bent her forward gently. He slowly bent her over before him.

And now she sensed what he wanted. He was going to take her from behind.

"Oooooo!" she squealed as she felt his hands go under the back hem of her dress and throw its navy blue spun cotton hem way up over her back and shoulders and almost over the back of her neck and her head.

And then... "*Oh my! There goes my slip, too,*" she could only think to herself as she felt his manly hands very demandingly move the lace hem of her slip. She felt it creeping up, up, and up further on the back of her stockings—up over her stocking tops—up over her pantied fanny—and with a final swish of thin snow white nylon, well up on her back to follow the hem of her dress.

And then his fingers were at the waist band of her panties.



"Ooooo! *Not my panties, too,*" she could only protest and squeal to herself. But by then, her pretty panties were already long gone. Long gone from around her waist and shucked down to her stocking tops and on their way down the her high heels when she reflexively kinked in her knees to prevent her panties from falling down all the way to the carpet. She reflexively spread her ankles apart on the floor, pointed the toes of her high heeled open-toed sandals inward and kinked in her knees in her attempt to keep her panties up and keep them from going all the way down to her ankles. But in so doing, she only presented her naked fanny to him in a most feminine and totally receiving posture.

Jack saw the soft smooth curve to her fleshy bottom and he liked it. He stepped back to admire the posture. He stepped back a bit to see Nancy there bent over before him, with the back hems of her dress and her slip gathered well up on her back—her panties shucked down to her stockinged knees, seemingly teetering on her heels, and with her naked fanny held up high in the air for reception.

He liked what he saw.

"Now wiggle it a little bit, honey. Wiggle your pretty fanny. Wiggle your pussy for me. Show me that you want it. Show me that you want me to give you the cock."

What else could the helpless Nancy do now for him besides obey him? She somewhat apprehensively started to wiggle her naked fanny at him from side to side and then around and round while she heard him chuckle to himself. She was going to get it. She knew what was going to happen tonight and she knew what would soon be coming. She now knew her role and it was crystal clear to her. She was the girl. She wore the panties in their relationship and he was the man. Right at this moment there could be no further doubting.

“That’s it, honey. Wiggle your fat bottom for me and show me that you want it. And tell me. Tell me you want the it. Tell me, girl, that you want me to give it to you.”

“Oh yesth,” she could only lisp and squeak in her total obedience and like the total pansy that she was from within the hems of her up thrust dress and slip. “Please give it to me, dear. Please give it to me good.”

And that was exactly what he commenced to do. Fortunately, Nancy had pre-lubed herself. Just in case.

“Face forward, dearie. Face forward, hold your pretty ass up nice and high and get ready, ‘cause here it comes.”

Nancy faced forward and downwards to the cushions of the couch. She braced herself with her delicate femmy hands and raised her naked fanny up as high as she could get it for him. Her pearl necklace dangled about her chin. When she tried to look to either side, all she could see was the hem of her dress and slip which were both now almost up and over the back of her head. She could look down and see her dress, slip and her frilly apron draping down in front of her and down from her waist. Jack never even gave her a moment to take off her flouncy apron. He literally commenced to throwing up her skirts and taking her right then and there.

She felt the spongy head of his big penis as it brushed the inside of her thighs on its way upwards to the crack of her naked fanny. Fortunately for Nancy, he didn’t have a big plum. It seemed tapered and would go inside her much easier and with less discomfort. She felt his hands on her hips as he held her fanny steady and felt the head of his penis part her cheeks and go towards the entry to her sissy pussy.

“Now quit your wiggling, you sissy. And quit your squealing and lets get this over with. And get your fan-

ny up high, pansy and keep it there. Here it comes. Here comes the cock, honey."

And suddenly it was there. He pushed gently and entered her. He gave her the first inch of it as the sissy gasped from beneath the hems and folds of her up-thrust dress and slip. Then another inch as he allowed her sissy pussy to get used to its thickness. And then another and another until he was buried into her all the way with the entire neck of his big thick penis all the way up inside of her.

Nancy began to squeal. "Eeeeeee! Ooooo, its so big and so stiff."

"Damn right it's big and stiff, honey. It likes sissy pussy. It likes it a lot. Oh yeah. That feels goooooood, honey. You have a nice pussy. Nice and tight and smooth. Now you're 'gonna get it good like a girl."

"Do you like being the girl for me, Nancy?"

"Ugh, yesth."

"Do you like getting the cock like this, sissy girl?"

"Eeeeeoooooshtttt," as Nancy started talking sissy gibberish as his big maleness began to move inside her.

"Good, honey. Cause I'm gonna be giving it to you a lot, just like this, if you want to be my girlfriend. "Wanna be my girl, Nancy? "Wanna be the girl for me and wear pretty dresses for me?"

"Ooooo yes, Jack. I'll be the girl and I will always wear a pretty dress for you. I promise."

"Good. Good," he added while feeling his male empowerment as he started sliding his big thick stiff penis in and out of Nancy's fat, jiggling, sissy behind.

"And you got a nice pretty ass, too, honey. Nice and fat. I like that. I like a pansy with a nice fat ass. Now hold still, you little cunt, 'cause here it comes. Here comes the cock."

And with that, he started to piston in and out of her with his cock. He started out slowly so she could get

used to it. Then he gradually picked up the pace and set the pace of delivery as the man should always do while the girl was to passively just receive. First out, to give her an artificial sense of relief and respite—then all the way back inside her again. Out then in. Out in. Out in. Out in. He began to piston.

“Eeeee,” Nancy squealed and mewled as she was now really getting fucked and getting it good. As his manhood began to piston, Nancy started driveling from within the folds and hems of her upthrust dress and slip. Her pearl necklace dangled and swung against her chin as he fucked her. Her eyes started to swoon and she began squealing sissy gibberish.

“Eeeee gok... gooooo nish waw weeee gooooo eeeee.”

What else could she possibly do now besides simply receive it? She tried to relax and open herself as much as possible in order to receive his demanding penis as he pistoned--almost ruthlessly now--in and out of her squishing and already good and smooshed bottom. He gave her a gentle little slap on her naked fanny and she took the signal immediately and put her ass up higher.

“Oh pleeeee,” she cried to him. “I’ll be good. I’ll be a good girl for you, dear.”

By now, her eyes were dilated and her vision was only blurry and she nearly swooned. She had that same look about her that a female gets when they are getting fucked good. It was the same look that Nancy’s Auntie had when she was receiving that plumber’s penis in and out of her mouth that day in her bedroom on her bed. The room, to Nancy now, was but a blurry fog. And she could now hear the slapping of his loins against the flesh of her fat ass as he fucked her—and the damp sloshing sounds made by her bottom.

Boy was she getting it good now. She was all girl now—all pussy. He was really giving it to her and now, more than ever before in her life, she felt one hundred percent like she had a real functioning vagina between her legs. Her little nubbie of flesh may have been dangling between her legs, but she didn't feel it or notice it or even think of it at all. Her mind and all of her feelings and sensations were entirely focused on that big stiff sausage that was pistoning in and out of her bottom.

"Oooooo eeeeeee ooooo!" she squealed and cried. "It's so big and so stiff," she lisped.

And then it happened.

She could undeniably feel him start to stiffen even more inside her—as engorged as she was on his big stiff maleness, it was getting thicker and going deeper! And then his penis started to wiggle and throb furiously inside of her. And she got it. She got the sperm. She could barely feel it, but more just sensed it and could hear the wet gurgling sound that her pussy was now making as he delivered a full load of fresh semen well up and deep into her belly.

She was getting the sperm now. He was making a baby with her-impregnating her-womaning her. Hundreds of millions of wiggling, male sperm were now swimming in her insides and were now looking for a ripe egg for which to fertilize. This, of course, was physically impossible, but the idea was still forever there and the psychology was certainly there in Nancy's emasculated mind.

He pumped a few more times making sure he'd fully emptied his testicles into the candy-assed pansy. And then he pulled his penis out of her fat sissy ass with a slight plopping, squishy sound.

Nancy could almost immediately start to feel the need to scurry down the hall to the bathroom as her pus-

sy seemingly and immediately started to overflow and to leak fluid. She could only grab hold of her skirts, and try and scurry and struggle down the hall in her heels with her panties still down around her stocking tops. At this sight, Jack could only laugh to himself as he simply zipped up his pants and sat back down to finish his coffee before he left.

In the bathroom, Nancy could only do what all girls have to do right after getting fucked. She had to attend to herself and straighten up her clothes and re-do her makeup and hair to make herself presentable again. After cleaning up her pussy and her thighs with a soft cloth, she applied some vagina crème to her opening and put on a fresh napkin inside of her panties for which to absorb any overflows.

Then she pulled up her lace trimmed snow white nylon panties, high around her waist as Mother had taught—and adjusted her garters and stockings from their becoming in disarray with some of them even coming unfettered during the passion. She pulled down her pretty lace hemmed slip and her navy, spun cotton dress and fluffed them out. Finally, she went to the bathroom mirror and touched up her lipstick, makeup and hair.

With yet one more fluff out of her pretty dress and her apron, she came back out to her man—came back out to the man who had just taken her from behind and had just violated her good in her pansy fanny. As she walked toward him, she could almost feel his sperm now sloshing around inside of her belly. And her sphincter, the little entrance to her pussy seemed to flutter like a butterfly and seemed to be stretched as wide apart as a baseball—even though it really wasn't at all. This feeling made her mince like she was walking with her ass cheeks clenched. Just the thought of having live sperm swimming and wiggling around inside her belly made her hips seem even the more wider and womanish to

her. She seemed to shake and wiggle them when she minced about. And this sight made Jack laugh to himself. He knew now that he had just womaned her good.

“Would you like some more coffee, dear?” she asked him most wifely and with an extra mince with limp wrists?

“Why yes, honey. That would be nice. Thank you.” And he gave her a quick kiss on her now freshly lip-sticked lips.

She minced and flitted off to the kitchen again--this time seemingly even more limp-wristed than ever before. He noticed that, too, and chuckled to himself in his male empowerment. And as she stood in the kitchen against the counter—in her pretty blue dress and her frilly white apron—and waiting for the coffee to brew for him—and while still sensing his fresh impregnating semen inside of her belly and the feeling and sense of absolute nothingness between her legs and inside her panties--she could not help but wonder about what it really feels like to be a wife—a pretty suburban wife to a big strong and demanding husband—with a big strong, muscled and impregnating cock that her husband would give to her on a regular basis.

END

LET ME KNOW IF YOU WANT MORE

BY THIS WRITER, LET ME KNOW!

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*
SANDY THOMAS ADV.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

CITY:.....**STATE:**.....**ZIP:**.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

**TITILATING TV
TALES**
WHAT SISSIES WANT



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A BUNCH OF
SISSY CLOTHES TO MAKE EVEN THE TOUGHEST
GUY FEEL LIKE A SISSY!
TITILATING TALES... VOLUME 15
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

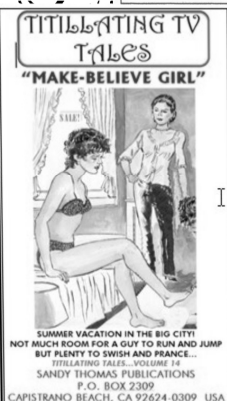


DRESS UP DAY!

**TITILATING TV
TALES**
WHAT GIRLS WANT



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A BUNCH OF
GIRLIE CLOTHES TO MAKE EVEN THE TOUGHEST
GUY FEEL LIKE A GIRL!
TITILATING TALES... VOLUME 16
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 75

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TV FICTION SERIES!	
HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO Sissy #1	10.00

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00

TV Fiction Classics:

HE'S THEIR SISTER II #95 NEW	10.00
HE'S THEIR SISTER I #94 NEW	10.00
BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
A PROPER LADY II #91	10.00
A PROPER LADY I #90	10.00
GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
GIRLISH #87	10.00
PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGH (circle) #72 & 73	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST & TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MISS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:

PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
DRESS or CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00
SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 & 50	20.00
SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
REDTOES #21	10.00
I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
GIRLIES #16	10.00
HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00

TRANSVESTITE Fiction Series:

MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00

EMPATHY TV FICTION

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
TV VACATION #3	10.00
BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

SISSY SERIES:

HE'S SO SKIRT NEW	10.00
THE SLIP	10.00
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

TOTAL ORDER —

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only) _____

USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max) _____

(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books) _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P. O. BOX 2309, CARISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp /

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

.....I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 1-10

The little purple pills had
saved Sam a lot of
money in razors...
and dinners!



IN THE PINK



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*
SANDY THOMAS ADV.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.