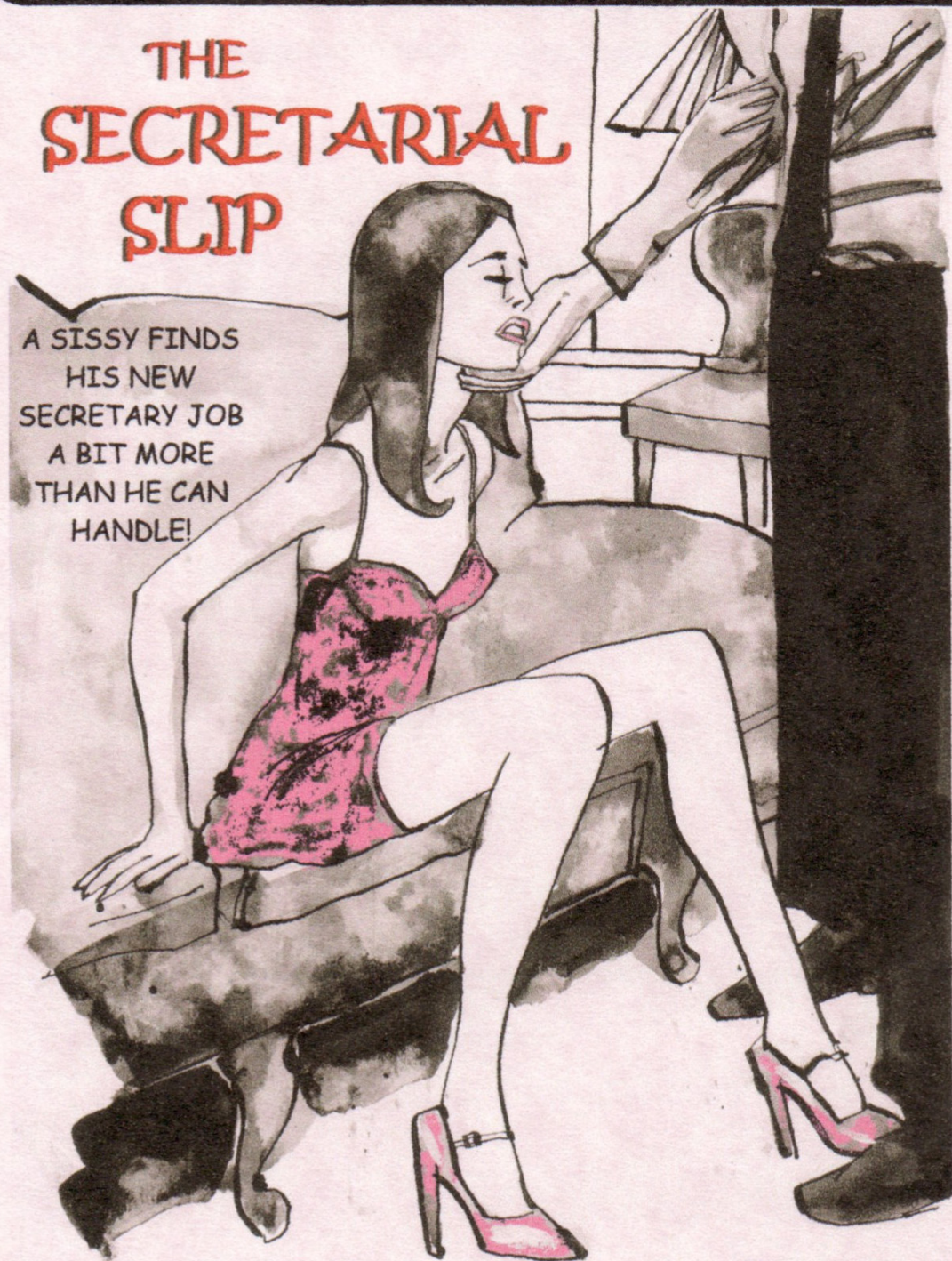




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## THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

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**SISSY TALES...VOLUME 5**

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Volume 5

# THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

*By Nancy Jane Komar*

Cover Illustration by CJ

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# THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

By Nancy Jane Komar



Nancy could not help but know one thing as she stepped off the city bus and put the three inch heels of her bone colored, open toed, city sandals onto the downtown sidewalk and started to hear her heels click, click, click as she swished down the avenue on her way to work at the Tower Building. She knew one thing. She knew that she was very thankful to be working and very grateful to be working as a girl.

Then, as she continued down the avenue and felt the gentle fresh morning breezes waft up under her chocolate pleated skirt and very gently and softly flutter the lace hem of her pretty snow white slip around her stocking tops—that feeling that once again served to remind her that she was out in public—in the open for all to see—and was all dressed up like a girl, so free and wear-



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ing a pretty skirt—she couldn't help but reflect on how all this had not been that easy.

Nancy had grown up in the suburbs of this city, but not as Nancy. Because under all the pretty makeup and her shoulder length page hairdo—under her pretty lipstick, pencil thin eyebrows, pierced ears and sweet perfume—under the navy blue polyester business skirt—under her pretty lace trimmed slip, matching brassiere and open bottomed girdle that held up her sleek nylons with their stretchy garter straps—and pulled up high on her waist as her Mother had taught her long ago--were her matching snow white and lace trimmed nylon, full cut brief style panties. And under those sleek panties and tucked way back and away and hidden deep inside her panty gusset... was her little limp nub of a peenie. Because Nancy, as it was and always will be... was really a genetic male--a pansy.

But who was to know? Who was to even care? And what business was it, really, of anyone's that Nancy liked to wear a pretty skirt and go to work as a girl—as a secretary in the big office of a downtown insurance and real estate company? Who really was to know whether some others of the hundreds of other “women” walking the city sidewalks that bright summer morning—all dressed up for their jobs in pretty skirts and dresses—were not actually and really males underneath their panties? What difference did something like that really make? How did it even matter in society? And again... who should even care?

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Nancy always relished the feeling of her pretty hems billowing and fluttering in the breeze. It served as a constant reminder to her that she was a pantied pansy in a dress and in full view of all the men.

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Nancy got her secretarial job, several months ago, through an employment agency that had advertised in the city newspaper. She was nervous, to be sure, for that first interview and testing. Like any girl would do, she got up early that morning, showered, dressed in a pretty, but businesslike, pleated chocolate brown skirt and white nylon dressy blouse-- after putting on her makeup to get herself ready to go downtown to her interview. It was just like any working girl had to do on any weekday morning.

She barely remembered going through the big glass door and into the office building where the employment agency was located on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor. She barely remembered how her high heeled beige pumps had first clicked all the way down the sidewalk with every step she took—and again on the marble floor of the first floor of the office building as they echoed almost like gun shots-- and then were silenced on the lush thick carpeting of the 5<sup>th</sup> floor hall. She barely remembered how the morning breeze had wafted and fluttered her chocolate pleats and the lace hem of her candle glow beige slip around her stocking tops and garter tabs. She barely remembered that morning how she walked into the office of the agency and was greeted by a young receptionist.

“Good morning. I’m Nancy Brady and I have an appointment to see Miss Barnes.”

“Oooo,” cooed the dark haired, gray skirt-wearing and high heeled receptionist. “Yes. Please have a seat for a moment, Nancy, and I will page Helen. She should be right out to get you.”

“Thank you.”

Nancy went over to a business office type straight backed couch and sat down very ladylike as Mother and Auntie had taught her in days long ago when she was but a teen. She first put down her beige leather purse and cordovan leather briefcase onto the seat next to where

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she would sit, then turned backwards toward the seat cushion, smoothed the back of her skirt with her feminine manicured hand so her skirt would not wrinkle from sitting and so her skirt would not droop down as she sat down to reveal any slip lace—as the women had taught—and she sat down gently and quietly with her nyloned knees pressed together very ladylike and her skirt hem pulled well down over them. She placed her folded hands in her skirt lap and waited politely and graciously for Helen Barnes to come out and get her... to take her... and to hopefully take her into her new career—her new life—her life as a working girl.

The young receptionist seemed to glance over at Nancy and seemed to smile most amusingly at her. This put Nancy somewhat ill at ease and even more nervous than she was already in her preparation for this most important interview. *“Did the receptionist know?”* Nancy thought to herself. *“Does she sense or does she know that I’m actually a male?”*

Helen Barnes was a tall woman and of middle age and with barely noticeable touches of gray in her permed dark brown hair. Though very well groomed in her navy blue business suit, she appeared well traveled, business wise and definitely no-nonsense. She greeted Nancy and led her back down a short hallway to her office. Once again, Nancy sat down very ladylike in the seat facing Helen Barnes’ oak desk. Nancy reached into her briefcase that she carried with her purse and produced to Helen the folder containing all of her pre-filled out forms and her computer generated resume.

Mrs. Barnes, took them and immediately read them and spoke to Nancy as she did so.

“I see. Yes. I see.”

“Well, Nancy. I see you have some credentials but hardly any office experience, albeit that you seem fairly proficient in typing. Your resume is very well done.”

“Thank you Miss Barnes.”

“But you must level with me, honey, or I won’t be able to help you land a job. I see your birth certificate here and I know what’s going on. I have been in this business for twenty five years, dear, and I’ve seen just about everything. So you can relax. I have seen and interviewed and placed many girls just like you. So just relax and don’t be ashamed. I understand. You have a lot of courage, dear. Now let’s just see if we can find the right fit for you..”

The streetwise and business-wise woman knew. She knew that Nancy was a femme—a sissy—a little pansy—a nellie. And she had seen, interviewed and found jobs for many, just like Nancy, before. This knowingly put Nancy even more at ease as she sat ladylike, in her chocolate pleated skirt, in the leather office chair.

Nancy had been to other agencies, had been treated politely, had taken all the tests and done okay on them, but had never received a job lead or one single call after the initial interview. It was, to be sure, discrimination at its subtle finest. But now she sensed that this woman was different and was possibly about to help her. And this, Mrs. Barnes, did.

With luck, for Nancy, Mrs. Barnes accepted Nancy’s State Unemployment Division typing test results that Nancy had taken in less stressful conditions and she didn’t have to retake a typing test when nervous, which would have undoubtedly lowered her typing speed and increase her errors. So Nancy went home and waited—waited for a call that would hopefully come from Mrs. Barnes. And the call came the next afternoon.

Nancy would start on the following Monday at Tower Home Insurance Company. Downtown...where all the fancily dressed secretaries worked. So she literally spent the preparation weekend going through her wardrobe over and over to decide what to wear on her first

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day at work as a secretary. She even, intelligently, went downtown and scouted the building and took mental notes of how the women there dressed.

Most secretaries, she observed, just wore sensible and coordinated skirts and blouses--no overly fancy frilly dresses or any gaudy clashing colors. Not in this building, at least. Perhaps they would in some other, less conservative business, but not in the insurance and banking world of corporate professional stuffiness. So, somewhat inspired by what Mrs. Barnes herself had worn the day of Nancy's interview with her, Nancy chose a simple navy business skirt, a thin beige nylon, short sleeved blouse and her matching navy blue mid-heeled pumps. To be even more properly accessorized, she chose a matching navy leather purse. This summer outfit would be very acceptable and would cause her to just blend in with the rest of the working girls downtown and in that office. She didn't want to stand out and draw attention. She just wanted to blend in, be accepted, and go about her work in peace and harmony. What more would any pansy want that was going to work as a girl and who desired no undue attention?

Sunday night, Nancy did her hair up in rollers. She prepped herself by shaving her legs the night before in her bath. She did her fingernails and painted her toenails. She laid out what she would wear to work. She did all she could in order to save time in the morning and not have to struggle to be on time for her first day at work. She got lots of sleep and on Monday got up early to prepare for her first day at work as a girl.

After a shower, a quick feminine douche, and a little application of a little EstroFem hormone to her infibulated, limp little noodle, she tucked the little nubbie way back--and put on her panties and went to the cosmetic mirror. Panties. After all these years of her wearing panties every day, they had become almost routine for



her. In her early teens, when her Mother and Auntie had first put her into panties, THE panties were a threat at most and a novelty at least. But now, they were just something she wore—HER panties. Millions of women put on panties every day and give their panties no thought whatsoever. Panties are simply something that women wear. And so did some sissies.

Still... it's fun for a girl to have on pretty panties. All girls love wearing them. Girls are completely unlike boys, who could wear a burlap sack for shorts and not care. But girls care. Pretty panties and pretty lingerie always make a girl feel pretty and soft on the inside. And pretty on the inside always stimulates pretty on the outside as Nancy's Mother and Auntie told her many, many times when they finally got her into dresses at about age sixteen.

The panties that Nancy laid out for her first day at work were ceremonially pink. Pink for luck, she thought. She remembered pink from her first package of old fashioned "Day-of-the-Week" panties that her Auntie had brought home for her from the department store to wear to school. She remembered feeling so conflicted as she opened the package as the women watched. They were all shiny nylon in different pastel colors and with the "Day" embroidered on the loin. Sunday's panties were snow white for purity on church day. Monday was pink for shyness and blushing on the first day of school. Tuesday at school seemed always to be dress wearing day for the girls. Tuesday's panties were pastel lavender for sissiness. Wednesday's panties were pastel nancy-blue. Thursday's panties were practical beige that would not show under any color dress. Friday's panties were lemon yellow for sissy shame. And Saturday's panties were sultry shiny black for Saturday night parties. She remembered her panty colors and for luck,

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this Monday, chose her favorite lace trimmed sissy pink full cut nylon panties.

Nancy simply was used to full cut brief panties. It was the style that her Mother and Auntie first put her into when she was about fourteen—and made her wear to school as punishment and as a reminder to do her laundry chores. She had neglected her laundry and didn't have clean underwear to wear to school that day. So as punishment and to serve as a reminder, the women made her wear girl's panties to school that day.

What the women saw that day was remarkable. Their sibling had become so pleasantly quiet, obedient, polite and meek. Just like a nice girl and quite unlike any unruly and ruffian male, which the women despised. Just that one day in panties had somehow changed their sibling much for the better. So the women decided to continue the panty regimens and extend the panty wearing periods more and more and longer and longer, much to Sissy Nancy's consternation. All the while, of course, they were slowly and secretly disposing of all their sibling's male shorts. And by about age fifteen or sixteen, all Nancy had in her bedroom underwear drawer was an entire array of colorful, soft, and delightful ladies' panties to wear.

And it was the women who instructed Nancy to always wear her panties "high," as they said. High up on to her natural waist like proper ladies should always wear their panties and not bunched down low like men wore their course male shorts. Besides, the women surmised, with her panties worn high and the chance that some pretty pastel and identifying panty elastic might show whenever their sibling's shirt came un-tucked or whenever he bent over, just the thought of revealing any panty wearing evidence to peers at school would compel him to use good upright posture at all times and to keep his shirt tucked properly. He would have no un-tucked

and disarrayed shirts or sloppy posture and comportment. Not THEIR sibling. Not unless he wanted to take the chance of the ever-observing school girls to spot his identifying panty elastic—which any one of the gabby, gossiping little magpies would immediately recognize. At that time and at that age, any slight thought of his being caught in school wearing panties and then having to face the likely humiliations and derisions from his school peers, both from the boys as well as the girls, was absolutely mortifying.

So full cut briefs they were for him--and always worn “high” like a proper lady. Day after day, week after week and month after month, especially during the summer vacation—panties were put onto him by the women and he was made to wear them for punishment, for posture, for cleanliness, and most importantly, for attitude.

Nancy almost subconsciously put on her panties for the day. She slid them up her shaven legs and pulled them up high on her waist and then smoothed down the sleek nylon over her almost womanly hips. Hips. It was another thing that her constant and daily panty wearing seemed to do—and all by itself. Her constant panty wearing had seemingly changed her body. After a couple years, her hips actually seemed to be getting wider and womanish. Her rump grew to be smooth, soft, pleasingly plump and almost jiggly. Her thighs became also soft, supple and womanish. And most importantly, her little peenie seemed to shrink to almost nothingness between her legs where it was seemingly nothing more than a pink, hairless, little limp noodle down there--a little nub that became easy to simply tuck back into the gusset of her panties to not only hide it from view—and from thought—but to give Nancy the appearance of having literally nothing between her legs in her panty vee. Just like a girl. Just like she had nothing between her legs.

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Perhaps her ridiculing and teasing older sister was right when she used to call Nancy "Sissy Pants" and "Pussy Pants" at home. Perhaps the neighborhood boys were correct when they used to tease and bully poor Nancy and call her a "sissy", a "fairy", a "pansy" and, of course, a "pussy."

"You pussy," they would deride in gym class or in the playgrounds. "You can't even throw a ball like a guy. Why don't you just get out of here and go take gym over there with the girls and wear one of their gym bloomer-skirts and play their stupid girly games. Get out of here, you pathetic sissy!"

Well, that is exactly what Nancy did. She went with the girls and learned to just hang out with them and soon was befriended by them and accepted into their little "sorority." In the playgrounds, she sat with the girls and watched the boys play ball. She sat on the porches with the girls, gossiped with the girls, giggled and simpered with the girls and watched all the crude ruffian boys parade by on their bikes. At dances, she sat with the girls. She went to the girls' parties and even got invited to their girly pajama parties.

In school gym class, Nancy just tried to stay out of the way in her most hated class, until her Mother finally managed to get her exempted and excused from having to take gym with the boys. Now, her Mother figured, she could wear her panties to school EVERY day and not have to worry about hiding them in gym class. And besides, the women really didn't want their nancy-boy mixing with those coarse and crude ruffians in school, anyhow. In fact, the women even went so far as to assemble a ballet barre in the basement that their nancy-boy could now do her own ballet workout with. The stretch exercises of the ballet workouts would be much better, healthier and certainly more appropriate for their budding nellie.

Nancy's sister, of course, who had already been doing her own ballet exercises, giggled with glee when she saw her "Sis" come down to the basement in little silk shorts and wearing a new pair of ballet slippers—in order to start ballet workouts.

"What an absolute pantywaist pansy," the sister mumbled—then giggled again in her amusement.

By about age 16, Nancy was a total and well known neighborhood sissy. It would have been no surprise to anyone to learn that Nancy even wore girls' panties and at home had also started wearing a dress to do traditional women's chores like laundry, ironing, cooking, sewing, and even beginning embroidery. Many a Saturday for her was spent over an ironing board and a basket of laundry—while wearing a dress, panties, and a frilly lace hemmed half slip that the women gave her to wear—doing "girl" things--while looking out the front window to see the boys go by on their bikes as they did their "boy" things. This was how Nancy grew up at home in that house full of women.

With her panties on and "high" on her waist, Nancy went to the makeup mirror and did her face. For this, like any girl, she had a system and a method—and could do her makeup in about 15 minutes if in a hurry. She started with a face washing in facial cleanser and cold water to close her pores. This was followed by an application of astringent for sterility and cooling. Then came the liquid makeup in a subtle beige to match her skin tone--and not too much of it so as to make it look painted on. It was blended gently into her facial skin. Then came an application of subtle, but a pretty shade of pastel frosty cinnamon eye lid coloring that would look good with her beige blouse. Above this coloring, went a barely perceptive application of shiny translucent white. She penciled her thinly arched bewitching eyebrows with

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light brown pencil. Then she brushed on her eye liner in a deep brown thinly painted liquid--just above her eyelashes on her eyelid in a well painted thin line.

She finished her eyes with a nice coating of mascara to her top lashes and a subtle touch of color brushed into her lower lashes. Some translucent face powder followed in order to set her makeup. Then came just a touch of blush to her cheekbones. Finally, came her lipstick—a nice pleasant rose-plum frost that would look nice with her blouse and not be too gaudy for office wear. She lined her lips first with liquid lip liner. Then she smooched on her lipstick to make her lips look plump and inviting—inviting to any man who would just love to use them.

A nice set of pierced earrings followed for her pierced ears. Simple pearl buttons and nothing dangly or bangly for today. Her earrings went in easily and were preceded by a dab to each ear of alcohol with a cotton ball for sanitation and protection.

Then she stepped over to her bed, where she had laid out her lingerie for the day, and picked up her brassiere—snow white with a little femmy sissy lace trim atop the soft nylon cups. It was one of her favorites. She had thought about wearing a pink bra to match her panties, but was afraid the pink would show through her thin nylon blouse, so for today she chose the white Bali underwire that she loved to wear. As her Aunty had taught her years ago, she first put her arms through the shoulder straps of the bra. Then with the bra hanging loose in front, fitted the soft cups to the pert little mounds on her chest.

This part was always somewhat of an enjoyment to Nancy. She LIKED her sissy titties that she had worked so hard and had taken so long to grow naturally with her hormone regimen. They were not huge dangling mammaries like some girls had. Nor were they rigid and



plastic like other girls had from having implants. Nancy's titties were natural, with blossoming nipples and puffy areolas--and just supple enough to jiggle a little when she moved.

She always remembered that very first sensation of having real titties and the pretty little shock waves that the feeling sent through her body and her psyche. One day, while hand washing her lingerie and not wearing a bra under a simple t-shirt, she reached quickly to her side to catch a pair of panties that she almost dropped from their soaking in suds in the sink. It was then that she felt the sensation for the first time. There was a movement on her chest...the sensitive, pointed little mounds pressing outward under her t-shirt jiggled. It's a sensation that no male could ever know, but only a girl would know. And to Nancy, it was an unbelievably pleasant sensation. She had titties--real soft and jiggling breasts like a girl. The feeling was absolutely electrifying and decisive.

Male clothes would never fit properly again and people would comment if she didn't wear a bra. Nancy liked that her chest had a gravitational force all its own. It could stop guys in their tracks, guys who had nothing but an admiring expression on their faces. The breasts were there to stay, and Nancy would have to let the world see them.

Before nestling her titties into the soft nylon cups of her brassiere, she once again seemed to look down and admire them. They were nice and soft--totally soft--and about as big as a medium peach with swollen pink feminine nipples that were surrounded by darker pink areolas. These were not the kind of breasts any boy could have. These were real girly titties—filled-out little future feeders—and definitely in need of a pretty brassiere.

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Nancy fitted her bra and in a fluid motion that came only from lots of feminine practice, she fastened the hooks of the back of her bra. She took a quick glimpse of herself in the bedroom mirror—in her bra and panties.

Bra and panties-or as many women would correctly say, “bra and pan-TEES.” Panties and bra—the everyday basic foundation for any girl or woman—or an abject sissy. This was something any male would definitely NOT wear or ever experience. This one basic set of underwear screamed of total and absolute femininity. Nancy loved her bras and pan-TEES, for which she had many in her dresser drawers. She loved wearing them and she loved being a near dickless, little sissy.

And once again, as she habitually did many times in her young life, she took a quick glance in the mirror down to her white nylon panty vee in front. Nothing showed there. Nice and smoothed over just like a girl. And with that she could only smile inwardly to herself in pleasure. Nancy LIKED having the appearance of labial lips—nothing male-- in her panties. She LIKED being and feeling like a female.

Nancy sat down on the edge of her bed and picked up and shook out her girdle for the day. It was a white Crownette open bottom with eyelet brocade on the front and a side zip for easy entry—a real old fashioned ladies’ girdle just like the women wore when she was young—and for which a lot of women still had a fondness for.

Her first girdle. What a memory. Nancy was perhaps about seventeen when the women decided it was time for her to go outside the house in her pretty dress—that “it would be good for her.” They had decided on having their “Little Nancy” start to attend church services on Sundays—but in another town about fifteen miles away where she was unlikely to be recognized as the absolute and total pansy she was becoming.

“Church will be good for you, honey. It will be a nice opportunity for you to dress up pretty, as you like to do, and wear a pretty dress-up dress.”

Nancy’s heart skipped a beat. “I can’t just wear a dress to church!”

“Of course not...we will have to get you some nylons to wear with your Sunday dress—and perhaps a garter-belt or a little girdle for your stockings—and some pretty Sunday heels. Would you like that, dear.”

“I guess-th,” Nancy could only lisp a little bit as the shame first started registering. Go to church in a dress! What would the boys at school say NOW about her if one of them spotted her?

And horror of horrors... she had also literally, for the first time, just asked the women for a new dress, slip, girdle, stockings and panties to wear.

Auntie took Nancy downtown that Saturday to the big department store where she worked in the various ladies’ departments. She practically had to yank Nancy by the wrist to get her to follow down to “Basement Lingerie” where they sold the girdles and foundations. She took Nancy to the counter and introduced Nancy to Margaret Whitley, the store’s fitting expert.

“Hi Marge. This is my nephew that I told you about the other day. We need to fit him into a nice girdle to correct his poor posture, as I was saying to you. I thought perhaps we should try some on today.”

“Oooo, yes,” said Marge. “Good idea. Why don’t we women just take him back into the dressing room where he can take off his pants and try on some pretty ones that we have in stock. But first we should measure his hips so we can figure his size. So, come on. Let’s go in back.”

The two women practically had to propel sissy Nancy into the back dressing room. It was a fairly large room, almost like a locker room, carpeted and with mirrors on

the walls—and arrayed with various little couches and stuffed chairs for the women to sit and rest in between try-ons. Along the wall was a row of privacy cubicles and the women showed the nancy-boy into one of them.

“Here, honey. Take off those pants so Marge can measure your hips without your pants on--so she can get the right size for you.”

Very reluctantly, the sissy boy started to fiddle with his belt and zipper in front—in abject shame—as he hesitantly started to take down his own pants in front of all the women.

“Oh, come on, dear. No one will see. It’s just us women in here,” Auntie interjected.

Auntie knew exactly why Nancy was hesitant. For underneath the pants, Nancy was wearing panties—and undoubtedly was mortified at showing them to Margaret Whitley.

“Come on. Hurry up. Marge will be right back with her tape measure.”

Carol came back and could not help but giggle a little immediately as she saw poor Nancy standing there in the cubicle—with her pants now off and hanging on the hook behind her on the wall—and standing there dead still and dead caught wearing pink, lace trimmed panties. But Margaret knew what was going on. In this job, she had seen many, many sissies before--and she stifled her amusement and just got down to the business of measuring Nancy’s hips for girdle size. She circumvented Nancy’s hips with one measurement and then took the cloth measuring tape and measured from the small of Nancy’s back, down through and between her legs and then up to her waist again in front—in order to determine her fitting girdle length. As she did this, Margaret could not help but notice the pathetic evidence of Nancy’s little limp peenie that had been tucked into the gusset of her panties. And with this, she could hard-

ly stifle another giggle. Then Margaret and Nancy's Auntie left the room to go back out into the store to select a pretty girdle for Nancy. They left Nancy standing there, by herself, in her panties and in her shame. But Nancy could hear bits and pieces of the two women talking.

"Oh, I can see now why you should get "her" into a girdle. It's obvious from what I couldn't help seeing in "her" panties that 'she's' not going to grow up into being very much of a male. She may as well be in dresses. It would probably be better for her, after all. I have seen the same type of thing with others--that other mothers and aunties bring to me to be fitted for a bra or girdle. Oh, it's only good for them and the only practical thing to do for them."

"Yes. That's what we thought and had in mind. We're going to start putting her in dresses for Sunday church and she needs a girdle to hold up her stockings. We thought of just a little garterbelt, and may end up getting her some, too, later on. But we thought some good old fashioned girdle wearing would be good for her right off and would help correct her little slouch and aid in training her proper ladylike comportment."

The women came back in. Smiling broadly. And holding forth a snow white satin elastic smoothie open bottomed girdle. Carol handed Nancy a thin tissue paper pair of disposable "pants" to put on—used for sanitary purposes by lady customers when trying on girdles in the girdle salon. Then they had the nancy-boy step into the spandex and cotton brocade sheath and they helped him skootch it up—well high—and over the pink panties.

"Now that's nice and it will only fit better with wear. These new materials use steady, gentle pressure over time to move shape everything into their proper positions. They don't feel like they're doing much but in fact,

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every moment of wear, there's something happening to "her" figure. The fabric tries to return to its original shape and applies pressure to actually flatten that little-bump. It may look like nothing is happening but we're giving "her" a new shape here. Thanks to the material and design, all this happens much quicker than ever before. It's kind of an engineering feat."

The ladies all nodded.

"Her" hips and bottom should fatten out a bit but the girdle will stretch with them and these girdles should last for quite some time even with daily wear."

"Yes, and it will look much better with some stockings. Here. I have some for "her" in my purse," added Nancy's Auntie.

So the women added stockings and showed Nancy how to put them on and how to clip them to the garter tabs of the girdle.

"There. You are hooked now, dear--in a girdle--your very first and a pretty and sleek one, too. Soon you will find that you won't want to go anywhere without it and will become dependent on its support. Just like us women."

This was so embarrassing...having the challenge of standing in a changing room, with a middle aged woman commenting disparagingly at maleness like it was some unfortunate appendage. Too big or too small - it wouldn't have mattered. She said, "And now, you will have no other choice but to sit to pee like the rest of us ladies."

With that, the hens clucked to themselves in knowing agreement and with approving smiles.

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The hens in the girdle department clucked as Nancy stood there before them while wearing her very first girdle. "You are hooked



now, dear to a lifetime of girdle wearing and with no other option but to sit to pee like a lady.↑

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And that Saturday, Nancy went home wearing her first girdle and nylons with her panties under her pants. When she got home, the women had her put on her brassiere and her lace hemmed half slip and a pastel pink shift to wear for her housework chores that day. They had her wear her new Sunday shoes for awhile, too—the pretty beige pumps that they had purchased in her size—that she would be wearing to church. And in girdle, panties, slip and dress, Nancy spent the rest of that Saturday. That evening, the women taught her how to rinse out her stockings and girdle in scented suds—and to hang dry then to be ready for morning. This was an evening ritual that Nancy would be doing from then on, and on almost every evening for the rest of her life.

While Nancy had to change out of the housedresses before daring to show her face at school, she had the advantage in that she was becoming accustomed to wearing a girdle.

Nancy's Aunt said, "You must wear a girdle with your pretty clothes or you will make the angels weep."

Nancy didn't really understand that but her aunt and mother had worn a girdle every day of her life since menarche. Wearing one under a house dress on Saturday to vacuum the living room was "just done." So Nancy became used to the girdle-housedress combo.

Years later now, with well practiced hands, Nancy slid on the white Crownette girdle up her legs, up over her pantied hips and rump and well up high on her waist. She then zipped up the side and reached for her nylons.

Cinnamon, suntan brown. Seamless and very sleek and silky. The sissy Nancy just loved wearing her nylons and wore them almost every day—even if wearing slacks, sometimes. She fluidly fettered the stocking tops to her dangling garter straps. First she sat on the bed and attached the back tabs on each leg. Then the front. Then, now in her girdle, stockings and brassiere, Nancy stood up for her slip.

She had chosen one of her very favorite slips for this, her first day at work in the new office—her snow white lingerie nylon *Lorraine* slip with a pretty one-inch band of floral lace at the hem and bodice. Nancy always wore a slip or half slip with her dress or skirt. It was from the way she was brought up by the women and a practice that stuck with her in her adult years. “A proper lady should always wear a pretty slip with her dress or skirt,” they would say.

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“A proper lady should always wear a pretty slip with her dress,”  
the women would say to Nancy. If you’re going to learn to be a girl, you must learn in a dress and slip. Pants of any kind will not be allowed.”

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Nancy lifted the thin frilly slip above her hair and carefully lowered it down around her neck and then put her arms through the ribbon straps. She slid it downwards onto her body as she fitted it around the cups of her brassiere—then sliding delicately and soothingly around her girdled hips and bottom—to where the lace hem circumvented her thighs just below her dark cinnamon brown stocking tops. She fluffed out the lace hem a bit to make sure it wasn’t tangled in her garter straps and then she went to the closet door where she

had hung her blouse and skirt that she would wear that day.

Her blouse was a peach colored, thin wispy cap-sleeved nylon affair. It was very feminine and thin but still durable for work wear. She fastened the button front and then put on her navy blue polyester skirt.

Again, with her well practiced hands, her feminine skirt went on in seconds. Like any lady would do, as she slid the skirt up her legs and onto her hips and waist, she kind of clamped the lace hem of her slip between her stockinged thighs so it wouldn't ride up with her skirt and get all tangled and bunched. She tucked the blouse, smoothed the waistline of everything and zipped up the side zip of the pretty navy skirt. Then she reached down and fluffed out her skirt and slip hem to where things hanged just right.

She easily slid into her matching navy pumps and now she was ready. A girl. Just an ordinary girl ready to just pick up her purse, head out the door and go downtown to work as an ordinary, everyday secretary.

## **WOMEN'S WORK**

Work. Ugh. That first week flew by for Nancy as if she was in some kind of fog. It didn't take her but a couple hours in that office to realize what a struggle it is for working women.

She was put into a back office room with perhaps twenty-five other women—all doing data entry, typing correspondence, accounts receivables and payables and book keeping. It was literally a hen house in there with desks backed up to one another and narrow aisles between desks and low walled cubicles. They put Nancy at a desk just below a short stairway that went up to a loft, halfway above the main floor of the room, where the files were kept. For the entire week, Nancy was put to filing and entering data on her keyboard. Someone would

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stack some files in her basket. Then she'd have to enter the data and when finished, take the file up to the loft and file it in some cabinets. Most of it was insurance policies and real estate contracts with the hard copies of associated correspondence. In one manila envelope file after another, the paperwork passed across her desk.

The women in there were gracious to Nancy in their conversations, but of course when she was first put into the office the women seemed to grade her over carefully. Some winked and some smiled to Nancy as if to convey that they knew that Nancy had a little peenie tucked away into the gusset of her lace trimmed sissy pants. A few of the older women seemed more no-nonsense, as if they had seen it all, already and could be amused by nothing.

The ladies room was another adventure for the sissy. It was down the hall and with all the women on that floor, it was used a lot. About mid-morning on her first day, after drinking a couple cups of office coffee from the coffee makers in their coffee and vending machine room, nature inevitably called and Nancy had to get up from her desk, smooth out her skirt in a ladylike manner and mince, in her high heeled pumps, past everyone's eyes and then down the carpeted hall to the ladies' room.

She pushed through the door and passed the sign that said "Women" and immediately came into what was somewhat of a spacious ladies' lounge with carpeted floor and a few couches, an end table, coffee table, and even a landscape painting on the wall behind one of the cushioned couches. She could see that this was definitely the women's sanctuary away from the men and specifically away from any male bosses. A couple of the older ladies were in there, sitting on a couch, and gossiping about something inane. Another middle aged woman was standing by them and had her black slim skirt and beige slip hiked up well over her waist and was adjusting the

fit of her pantyhose around her waist and hips—as if her pantyhose had skootched down on her under her skirt. It was just the first of many such scenes Nancy would see in the ladies' room--of various ladies in there adjusting skirts, untangling slips that had ridden up and bunched, girdles that had ridden down, nylons that had come unfettered from errant garter straps or broken garter tabs-- and pantyhose that had twisted and bunched under their dresses and skirts. This was truly a henhouse where no males were allowed. Nancy simply walked past them without much glancing much at them and went towards the line of stalls.

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Nancy soon became accustomed to the ladies room and seeing the women in all stages of adjusting their skirts and garters and fluffing out their pretty lace-hemmed slips.

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In there, she had to raise up her navy skirt and pretty Lorraine lace hemmed slip—well up and above her girdle and panties, unzip her girdle, slide it down off her hips to around her knees—with her stockings still attached to her garters—then lower her pink panties to follow the bunched down girdle—and while continuing to hold up her dress and slip, she sat on the cold seat to do business. It was at moments like this, sitting in there in this time honored position of femininity, and looking down at her bunched down panties around her knees that she felt the most vaginal and like she had a real vagina between her legs and was a total woman. Very often, to her, it even felt like she was peeing through a vagina.

Inside the stall, Nancy could hear bits and pieces of the gossip from the other women in there as they talked to each other and with other women that came and went into that ladies' room. The words seemed to flow out of

their lipsticked mouths, along with the various giggles, mewls, simperings, clucks and coos.

“Say, I hear they just hired another sissy femme.”

“Is she working with US,” the woman answered just loud enough to purposely allow Nancy to hear.

“No, I think she may be up on ten with the I.T. people. I heard that she’s pretty, though... and fairly young.”

“Well, who cares. Good for her. More males should experience and have to go through what we women go through and to spend a few twelve hour days in a skirt, nylons, a girdle, bra and high heels. THEN maybe they’d appreciate what we women do for this company.”

“Say, by chance do you have any quarters in your purse and change for a dollar? I need to buy a napkin.”

From inside her stall, Nancy could hear a woman come off the carpeted lounge area and could hear her high heels click on the tile room of all the sinks and stalls as she went over to a dispensing machine that was mounted on the wall next to the row of sinks. She heard the coins drop and then a grinding sound from the dispenser. Then she heard a stall door close about two stalls down from where she sat to pee. She heard some rustling of clothes and unrolling of tissue—then a flush--and then the stall door opened back up and the woman clicked towards a the sanitary napkin waste dispenser and disposed of her tissue wrapped napkin. Then Nancy could hear the click of her heels again as she left that ladies room, now wearing a fresh napkin. This was what ladies do. This was the world of women that males never see and the one in which Nancy was now living first hand and in real time.

Another thing Nancy began to notice as the day wore on into late afternoon was how the women started getting sloppier with their skirts as they started getting tired and more careless. Half slips began to skootch



down and slip lace began to show from under their hems. Stockings and pantyhose began to sag on their legs and nylons began to run from brushing against furniture and cabinets. Nancy could really see it all from watching the women go up and down the short stairway to the file room in the loft. Nancy's desk was right below the little stairway and she could look up at the women as they went up and down—and could see their skirt hems from underneath. She saw sagging or bunched slips of all colors and trim under their dresses and wrinkling stockings in all forms. She noticed that some of the young girls didn't even wear a slip under their skirt but just pantyhose—and that all of the older women seemed to always wear a slip. Most all of the women wore white slips but a few, usually in lighter colored skirts or in thin dresses, wore beige and only once in a while Nancy witnessed some black lingerie worn with a black skirt.

But Nancy mostly looked down to her own keyboard and the fabric of her own skirt as it lay across her stockinged thighs. Very often if she moved in her chair or skootched over to pick up a file, she could feel the sliding, as if like on ice, of her own silky slip against the stretch satin rump of her Crownette girdle and the thin nylon of her panties. She'd cross and uncross her nyloned knees. She'd fiddle with her skirt hem to keep it down on her thighs and to keep her slip lace from showing—and try to constantly retain her ladylike posture. Perhaps then... perhaps hopefully then-nobody in that office would be able to tell that Nancy was really just a little pantied and skirted pansy.

The week wore on through the same routine for Nancy. Get up in the morning, shower, do makeup, put on panties, bra, slip, blouse, skirt and shoe, grab her purse as she hustled out the door to the bus stop and then to the downtown city sidewalks. In the evening she'd have to repair or polish her nails, roll her hair, tend to her

clothes and rinse out her nylons and lingerie to hang on a rack in her bathroom.

It was on that Thursday after work that Nancy's Auntie visited her apartment. Nancy greeted her unannounced visit with really little apprehension as Auntie had not only put Nancy into panties years ago, but had seen Nancy in skirts a million times. Nancy had just gotten home from work and had taken off her print shirtwaist dress that she had just worn for 10 hours for that day, and then had sat down on a living room chair and had unfettered and taken off her stockings from her garter belt and taken her stockings to the bathroom counter to be soaked in suds and hand washed later on that evening. Then she put on her terry robe and was standing in the kitchen, wearing the robe over her slip, bra, panties and with her garter straps dangling loosely from under the lace hems of her panties when Auntie had barged in. Auntie was happy to see Nancy in her pink terry robe in the kitchen at the stove and just beginning to heat up some leftover soup for dinner—and was glad to see evidence that Nancy had spent the day in a pretty dress. She was even more enthused whenever Nancy's robe would part as she moved about in the kitchen as Auntie could get a glimpse of the pretty slip lace from Nancy's snow white Vanity Fair full slip that she had worn all that day.

"My, THAT'S a pretty slip. Did you just buy it? It looks new."

"Oh, I've had it for a couple weeks," Nancy answered blushingly at the very thought of having the woman catch her wearing such a frilly slip.

"Regardless, honey. I'm glad to see you have such good taste and wear such pretty things."

Auntie reached into her purse and took out a newly purchased tube of feminine Estro-Crème.

“Here, honey. I was at the pharmacy and picked up another tube of crème for you, in case you were out. Have you been using your crème and taking your purple pills?”

“Yes-th, Auntie” Nancy lisped at the very thought of taking a female hormone pill every day which flooded her system with castrating estrogen—and from applying the crème to her breasts and to her little dangling, already infibulated and limp little nub.

Nancy could still feel the effects of the crème that she had applied to her little hairless and limp noodle that morning after her shower and how it seemed to still tingle down there, tucked away in the gusset of her crystal white panties, and just as it did right after putting it on.

“Good, honey. I’m glad you are using the crème. It’s only good for you, you know, and will care for your breasts.”

“Yes-th, Auntie,” Nancy answered again with a sissy lisp that Auntie was always grateful to hear. Nancy immediately, at that thought, sensed the little occasional jiggle of her hormone induced sissy breasts, whenever she moved—her sissy titties with her swelling nipples and blossoming areolas that were now sheathed comfortably within the confines of the tricot cups of her white soft tricot cupped brassiere. She also, at that moment felt the defining femininity of the straps of her bra and her slip on her shoulders.

Auntie was soon enthused even more again when she went into Nancy’s bathroom and saw all the pretty lace trimmed lingerie drip-drying on the clothes rack—and noticed the open bottomed girdle that had been carefully rinsed out in suds and was drying while laid out flat on a towel on the counter. It was just as Auntie had taught Nancy to care for her first ladies’ girdle, those years ago. With that, Nancy’s Auntie could get a lot of feminine satisfaction.

"My, you certainly have some pretty lingerie now, honey. I can see that you have been shopping."

"Oh just some to wear to work, and what I need. Nothing special."

"But pretty, I can see. I can see that we women taught you right on how just enjoy being a girl. And you just love it, don't you, honey. You love being a girl."

"I guess so. It seems to be working out so far. At least I'm working now and supporting myself."

"Well of course it's working out. We women could see that coming years ago. You were such a weak hopeless boy. We could see that you would not be much good for anything as male and would be better off in panties and dresses like a girl and living as a woman when you got older. We could sense that. And I'm glad we made that choice, dear. You make a very pretty young lady."

"And I can tell from the pretty lace hem on your slip—and the pretty lace that you have added to the legs of your pan-TEES that I saw hanging to dry in the bathroom--that you LIKE being a girl, don't you Nancy? They don't have pan-TEES with lace on them like that in any store anymore that you can buy--at least not like they had when I was a young girl. Everything now seems so plain. You added the lace to your pan-TEES yourself, didn't you, dear?"

Nancy could only blush at her Auntie's noticing that she had been adding sissy lace trim to her panties.

"I thought so. I'm glad that you are using the sewing and embroidery skills that we women taught you. Remember how you used to struggle at first with your sewing and embroidery? And such pretty lace. Such pretty panties. You really LIKE being a girl, don't you honey?"

"Yes'th," Nancy seemed to lisp blushing again like a typical little mary. She remembered how the women insisted that she spend some hours in the afternoons, after her chores, on her sewing and embroidery projects. She

remembered how sissified she felt at that time, while sitting at her sewing machine and wearing her little pastel blue cotton frock and her lace hemmed half slip that the women made her wear—and sewing lace on her own panties that she also had to wear, and even wear to school—while looking outside through the window and watching all the neighborhood boys riding by on their bikes and doing their normal boy things.

“Are you dating or anything? Seeing any men?”

“No, Auntie, of course not. I don’t have time with work and all. Besides, I’m not sure I want to or am ready for that.”

“Oh, you should dear. You should get out and meet some men. You’ll be surprised how many men can become attracted to and even enamored with a pretty femme like yourself. A lot of men even end up marrying, making the sissy become their wife. Wouldn’t that be nice, honey, to have a man take care of you like that?”

“Oooo, I don’t know, Auntie. I’ve never thought of it that way.”

“Oh, I’m sorry if I keep calling you a sissy, honey. I know I really shouldn’t and that the names hurt your feelings.”

“That’s okay, I guess,” Nancy responded. “I guess I’m used to the names by now. They don’t bother me anymore as I know they mean no harm.”

“Oh, you’d make such an excellent wife for some lucky guy, Nancy, with all your domestic skills that you learned from us women. You can cook and sew and things that most modern girls no longer even know how or even care to do. Most of these modern girls can’t even boil an egg and couldn’t cook anything unless it came in a box and with microwave directions. Have you ever been with a man, honey? I mean, you know how...?”

Nancy could only blush at the idea of being asked such a question. Nancy had some experience but she never really had ‘gone all the way.’

“Oh, it will come. It will happen one day, dear. It’s inevitable. I just hope it is pleasant for you and that you have chosen a nice, gentle man to do you and to become your husband. Stay away from those rough, course men like your father was, honey. They’re brutes and drunkards and womanizers and will only hurt you and then abandon you like your father did to us. Pick out a gentleman. That’s best for a girl. Pick out one that treats you like a lady and will buy you nice things.”

“Yes, Auntie.”

So Auntie then left and was fully pleased to know that Nancy seemed to be living happily as a lady. She would go back to the neighborhood and to the other women in the know—in the stores and beauty salons and in all the kitchen coffee clatches and gossip sessions—and they would cluck and coo and yak for the months to come about the pretty pansy that they had raised. Raised, to be sure, for her own good.

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Yesth, Auntie, Nancy could only answer in a sissy lisp—at the very idea of her applying her estrogen crême to her boy part. She could almost feel it tingle within the gusset of her panties—at her very thought of how it was shrinking and infibulating even more at this very moment.

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Nancy had heard the other girls talk about men and sex with men. It seemed that women talked about sex even more than men did—but in their own feminine subtle ways that men could and would never understand. And at work at her new job, as the weeks passed and as

she got to know the women, she heard the stories in the ladies' room and in the break room.

"Oh, I hear that the new girl upstairs, the young one named Mary has really got the hotties for that guy that repairs the copy machine. What's his name, Rex or something? The tall blonde Adonis looking guy? Someone saw them kissing back in the file room and he had his hand way up her skirt and even down her pant-teens on her rump."

"Oooo, he must be doing her, I bet."

"But here's the real kicker. I also have heard that she may not even be a real girl—that she's really a guy in skirts—a pansy. Can you believe that, girls?"

"I heard that they hired one. I heard it weeks ago from Sylvia Thurston in payables. She used to work in personnel and told me they were hiring some sissies now and then. Something about discrimination laws or something. But I don't know if it's that Mary or who it may be in our building."

"Oh, I think that's hilarious. Men in skirts and working as secretaries. What's next?"

"But I think it's only good for them. Good for some of them to see and have to live what we women live and struggle through from day to day, and every day."

"Well, if that girl Mary has been dating that guy Rex, I'm sure she's been getting a good dose of what being a girl is all about by now. I know another girl that used to go out with him and she said that he has a really huge and almost unmanageable you know what—a real loaf. If Mary is tending to that thing, I'm sure she's learned what being a girl is all about by now."

"Really."

"The pansies should have a husband, too. Ugh."

"When I was in Business College, there was a pansy in there with us that was allegedly married to this guy. At least they acted like husband and wife. She was

kind'a pretty too and looked just like a pretty little suburban wife for him. But boy did they ever seem to make out a lot. He was always coming around during lunch and they'd go off somewhere together—perhaps out to his car—and she'd come back with her lipstick all smudged and her dress all wrinkled.”

“Oh, he probably was making her suck his weenie. Men always do that.”

“Or maybe giving her a quickie in the back seat for lunch.”

“In HER back seat.” The women giggled.

“Anyhow, she'd come back into class with her skirt all mussed up and wrinkled and we girls could almost tell what just happened. Especially when she looked like she could barely walk or sit down without losing something in back.”

“Yeah, she was probably gettin' it good and leaking all day in her pan-TEES that day,” (More giggles) “and REALLY knew then what it's like to be a woman.”

“Oh, it's only good for them. I really can't see why a pansy would not make an excellent wife for a guy, after all. Who cares? Who really cares if she's just a pansy in a dress? It's none of anybody's business anyhow, as long as they are happy together. I know quite a few guys that would be much better off in being a wife for some guy—and would probably make a really GOOD wife, too.” (Giggles and clucks)

So, Nancy's daily routine carried on and on for the weeks that passed. It all became so ordinary that she almost completely paid no mind to the girl's clothes she was wearing that day. To her, it became just her panties, bra, slip, stockings and a dress or blouse and skirt. No more thrills or embarrassment like she felt when she first started wearing girl's clothes. In fact, she hardly



ever even admired herself in the mirrors anymore except for entirely practical reasons.

It seemed that the wearing of panties, bra, girdle and slip was no longer any kind of novelty anymore to her, but just feminine routine. She learned that skirts and blouses were more practical and much more frugal because she could interchange them to make different outfits for work—so it wouldn't look like she was wearing the same outfit all the time. So with her paychecks, she budgeted carefully and added to her wardrobe.

Soon she had many different blouses in her closet and skirts of all kinds and colors. There was her box pleated navy skirt which she wore a lot. A chocolate A-line with back zip that she also liked. A tan polyester back-wrap skirt. Her gray A-line that she could wear with almost any color blouse—and of course some basic blacks from tight to A-line to pleated to full. She also had added shoes. Navy and beige and black pumps. One pair of shiny black patent pumps for more formal wear. Her white pumps for summer occasions and for church. Lots of different open-toed city sandals in black, bone, white, navy, and even a pair in pink that she used in coordination with her various skirts and dresses. And some winter boots.

By shopping frugally at the second hand and discount stores, she picked up some pretty sweaters and blazers to go with her skirt outfits—and a nice coat and raincoat for the rainy or colder days downtown. She had umbrellas and purses, shawls and scarves and stockings and tights—and a lingerie drawer stacked with panties and brassieres and girdles and garter belts and slips and half slips and even a flouncy taffeta petticoat.

But, on her budget, and in her basic feminine lifestyle, everything was well selected, well thought out, durable and practical. Her slips and panties, while being trimmed in lace and very ladylike, were still chosen for

practicality. They were made from good lingerie nylon and chosen to survive many launderings and wearings. Her undies were not at all like those sold in the frilly and slutty lingerie specialty shops in the malls—all wispy and thin and that would fall apart after one night out or one day at work. Nor were her undies plain cotton, like some women wore. Nancy LIKED being like a girl and she liked wearing pretty panties and slips and bras. It was like her Auntie had taught her, “Pretty on the inside is pretty on the out.” Nancy LIKED doing what a pretty lady would do.

That meant men would certainly come into her life, and she’d have to deal with them. Already, in her office building and in the stores she could sense how some of the men looked her over—staring at her blossoming hormone enhanced titties—fixing their eyes on her jiggling pantied bottom as she walked by them—or staring at her nylon legs and the hem of her fluttering skirts.

On the bus, she was often groped by the men. The male groping were usually just “accidental” brushings against her silken pantied bottom or an ‘accidental’ running of a hand up under her dress when the bus stopped quickly or made a quick and unexpected turn. On the escalators and stairways and in the lunch rooms, she just knew that the men were doing everything they could to get a good glimpse up her skirt—at her pretty slip lace and maybe even up far enough to see her stocking tops and garter tabs and the bare skin of her thighs above her nylons—and maybe even all the way up to her pretty silken pantied fanny.

Men were just being men. Men seemingly could not resist putting their paws on a nice, plump, silken, feminine rump or their fingers against some sleek, shiny nylons. It was something a girl just had to learn to deal with every day—even if she WAS really only a pretty pantywaist.

Nancy always wondered to herself about the men and what they'd do. When she was in high school and bullied in the neighborhood, she eventually learned how to deal with them. She learned that the neighborhood boys would treat her better if she allowed them to treat her like a girl rather than a sissy. She allowed them a little feel or touch of what they couldn't get from the other girls. Just a little peak up her skirt and they would no longer bully her, pick on her, or call her names. Sometimes, when her mother and auntie were away and she was home alone doing her chores, some of the neighborhood boys would drop by to catch her in a dress. That ALWAYS set them off—and they'd make her do things like a girl before allowing her to go back to her laundry or ironing or sewing or embroidery.

They'd sneak in the back door, catch Nancy in there in her dress, ridicule and shame her a little and only call her, "girl" and "girly." That was better than the more demeaning names, like "sissy" and "pansy" and "candy ass" and "nellie."

They were so interested in what Nancy was wearing: the slip, panties and pretty dress. "You are really like a girl, aren't you?" one said.

Nancy nodded and they talked about what they'd do to her if she was really a girl.

Then they'd all take her one by one into a bedroom, they'd sit on the edge of the bed and Nancy would have to kneel down before them and suck their weenie until they squirted their boy juice into her lipsticked mouth. Then another boy would take her, and another, until they were all done and appeased. She then would cry in shame to herself for awhile after they had left and for what she had just done—but then she'd simply go back to her housework while wearing her pretty house dress that the women made her wear and with the lingering bland taste of fresh semen in her mouth.

But what could poor Nancy do? Could she even dare telling her mother or auntie that she had been sucking boys' weenies? Heaven forbid her older and gossiping teenaged sister! Could she dare go to the police and claim that those boys were breaking in and accosting her—when she was all dressed up like a pansy and wearing a dress? The scandal alone would get all over town and would shame her to death. And the cops would probably only laugh at her. No. She just had to learn to deal with it and keep quiet about it. “After all,” as the girls at the pajama parties had told her, “it isn’t so bad. You’ll get used to it. You’ll get used to the taste. It’s just kind of bland tasting and really nothing. It’s just something that girls have to do, now and then. Just learn to drag your lower lip near the bottom of the plum and he will shoot faster and will get it done with. Then it’s over. It’s really not that bad. It won’t hurt you.”

So, by the end of the summer following graduation, Nancy had been spending almost her entire days in dresses and skirts and had been sucking the boys' weenies now and then. By her eighteenth year, she was already a full blown and over-the-top, lipstick and dress wearing--and hopeless neighborhood pansy--and bound only for a life as a girl in dresses—and maybe bound for a life as a pretty suburban, dress-wearing wife for some lucky and caring husband who would keep her in skirts and would keep her on a good steady wifely regimen with his manly and husbandly maleness.

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Nancy spent many a day at home in her iNancy Dress^ and slip while standing over an ironing board or laundry basket and learn  
ing how to even-  
tually become a proper wife for a guy that would some day als  
o keep her on a steady regimen with his husbandly penis.

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## SUNDAYS IN PANTIES

Sundays were always very eventful for pansy Nancy. Since her late teens, her mother and auntie had insisted that a good experience for her would be to dress up pretty in her best old fashioned Sunday dress and to attend services in a neighboring town where she would not likely be recognized in her girl attire by any boys or girls from her school or her neighborhood. The church they chose was fundamentalist. It was new and had a large flock of worshippers attending every Sunday for Bible School in the morning and then followed by the hour long church services that started at 11 AM. After services there was always a Sunday potluck meal for any who wished to participate. This was more for the elderly and the poor parishioners and an opportunity for them to eat a nice traditional Sunday dinner. But also on almost every Sunday, and especially during the summer months, they held assorted social events, such as bake sales, open potlucks, dances and picnics on the park-like acreage adjoining the church. At the insistence of her women guardians and mentors, Nancy was made to attend almost each and every activity—and, of course, always in a frilly Sunday dress.

Sunday was always special, too, because it was the one day of the week where she wore her garter belt and nylons and her dressy heels. Around the house, she usually just wore a house dress with half slip and panties and no stockings—and with casual shoes for which to do her housework in.

The house dresses commonly had a very tailored look, with special attention to collars, sleeve details, and style lines. While sometimes rather plain, the dresses were designed to emphasize the female form—a natural emphasis the bust line, a small waist, and skirts tailored to enhance the look of womanly hips.

It was on Sundays when the women put her into a fancy dress—usually a full skirted polyester shirtwaist in some kind of floral print—just as the old fashioned church ladies seemed to prefer. There were no mod fashions in this old fashioned Christian following and no pants were worn by the women. Rules were many. They were old fashioned and strict—and women simply were content to follow them. Sissies, too.

The church following actually had quite a few sissies now and then. In its old fashioned teachings, the method of old fashioned petticoat punishment was used frequently as a tool for the taming any recalcitrant and unruly boys. It was rather common to see boys in their early teens that had been to church the week before in trousers, only to show up the next Sunday after having been put into a girlish dress. And for these nancy-boys the after church events were always the most trying.

Nancy could remember a pair of boys, Mark and Michael Minter that this happened to. Mark Minter had been the oldest boy of just barely eighteen and Michael Minter was younger at about fourteen. They had been unruly at home and had gotten totally out of the control of their working single mom. They had gotten bad grades in school and were starting to get into trouble in town and in school. In fact, Mark Minter had flunked out of school and would have to go to extra pains just to get a high school diploma—and Michael Minter started getting into trouble and was about to follow the path of his older brother.. So at the suggestion of the church elders and church matrons, it was recommended that they spend some time in skirts, “to calm them down and teach them some manners, respect and discipline.” Most important to the elders of this fundamentalist church, where women were shown their traditional place and wore the panties and dresses while the men wore the pants, was that the weak and frail Mark Minter had just

turned eighteen and was now of legal age. A few of the church women were then asked to serve as nannies and to help Mrs. Minter with some good old fashioned petticoating. This they immediately proceeded to do in a huge way.

Nancy remembers seeing them for the first time at an outdoor potluck during the summer following her graduation from high school. Nancy remembers being dressed up pretty in a nice full skirted white Sunday dress with a little daisy pattern that sunny day. She remembered standing at the buffet table with the rest of the women, and wearing a little flounce apron to protect her pretty skirts, while she helped to dish out servings from various crock pots and pans to the church men as they filed by the long serving tables. She remembered how her thin frail skirt would flutter and billow in the breeze as she stood at that table and how the men would look at her then and get nice glimpses of her pretty slip lace and maybe even her dark beige stocking tops as her dress billowed about. This, of course, always served as a constant reminder to her that she was a sissy wearing panties and a frilly dress and in the open presence of men.

The Minter boys—or girls as they were now known as for all intents and purposes—were also helping at that serving table that day and were helping the women at the desert table when Nancy saw them. Mark Minter had been renamed as “Marsha” and was now called Marsha by all the women and girls. As the older of the two, it was obvious to all that he really LIKED being a sissy. One could certainly tell from his appearance and his comportment in skirts. His hair was long and had been permed. His eyebrows had been plucked thin into bewitching feminine arches. His ears had been pierced and he wore pretty pierced earrings. His lips had been almost permanently stained from his now constant day-after-day wearing of lipstick. And his mannerisms, as

compared to his younger “sister” were all the more mincing, limp-wristed and sissified.

When he spoke, his lipsticked lips seemed to chatter like a little squealy birdy. He was wearing a pastel blue full skirted afternoon frock of thin cotton with a floral pattern border trim at the hem of what looked like pink and white pansies. The dress was absolutely appropriate for a Sunday outing for a total pantywaist. “Her” shoes were black strappy feminine heeled Mary Janes with lace trimmed anklets.

For Michael Minter, the younger of the two “sisters,” it was obvious that “he/she” had been the more difficult and the more recalcitrant for the women. He was now called “Mildred” and each time he was addressed as such, one could see how much he hated it. He was dressed, also in a pretty candle glow colored floral print cotton dress and wearing black strappy Mary Janes with lace trimmed anklet socks. It appeared that his ears had just been pierced at the beauty shop as he sported only a little gold stud in each earlobe. His brows while not bushy at all were still natural and not yet plucked. And while wearing lipstick this Sunday, one could see that he was ashamed of it and did not like it.

It was his hair that was the dead give-away. Although the women had made an attempt to style his hair as girlish as possible, including by brushing whatever length they could brush straight upwards and then adding a little yellow ribbon clip-on bow to the top knot of his scrunchied up hair, his hair length was still yet that of a boy. While his older “sister” Marsha sported an over the ear light brown feminine page that had been rolled and curled and groomed, sissy Mildred still had her boyish haircut to deal with—and with the yellow bow tied in the top middle-gave her the appearance of something that absolutely screamed, “Sissy! Sissy in a dress!”



Nancy could remember them at the serving table in their billowing dresses and their white flounced pinafore aprons and crackling taffeta petticoats as both of them helped the women to cut the cakes and pies and to dish them out to the men on the plastic picnic plates. She remembers them standing there in full view and in their humiliation in skirts—with their pretty dresses fluttering in the breeze to reveal to the men the lace trim and bows of their pretty billowing and crackling petticoats. She remembered hearing the tap, tap, tap of their sweet Mary Janes as they were propelled down the church sidewalk by their mother and the other attending church nannies that were assisting the mother in the petticoating of the two nancy-boys.

“Oh what darling sissies,” Nancy heard one of the women exclaim. “I bet they’re not going to be bad boys anymore, now,” another woman chuckled.

“Serves them both right. But it appears that the older one seems to LIKE being a girl. Look at him mince and listen to him speak with a high pitched lispy voice. I think he may LIKE being a pretty sissy.”

“Perhaps,” said another church hen. “A lot of them do end up liking the girl stuff. In fact, we have even had weddings at this church before where a sissy ends up becoming a bride for a real man and then becoming his wife. I have attended one of those weddings myself and it was quite delightful to see.”

“Oh, it’s probably only the good thing for some of them to become wives, after all. After wearing dresses and learning to LIKE it, a lot of them will never amount to anything as a male. So they may as well just go ahead and be women and live a life that is best suited for them.”

“I hear that those Minter sissies will both be going to England and will be attending an old fashioned English Academy for Girls next fall—as girls, of course. The old-

er one attended last year and you can certainly tell the effects of it. Look how he minces. Look at his posture and mannerisms. Just like a teenaged school girl. Isn't it always a wonder what a few good solid months in dresses and petticoats will do."

"Yes. I even know some GIRLS that could stand a little of that. So I can only imagine what a regimen of dress-wearing will do to a boy," she giggled.

Next to the women stood a group of school girls in their best pretty Sunday dresses. Nancy could see how they also stared over at the Minter sissies and whispered and giggled to each other. Perhaps it was they who would be looking forward in anticipation of seeing the two Minter sisters next summer, after a solid year at girl's school.

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The church women could tell. Mildred LIKED being a sissy and dressing up like a girl. The women knew that a LOT of them ended up liking it.

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Later during the potluck, Nancy could see the younger Mildred Minter, with the yellow ribbon still clipped in her boyish looking hair, standing off to the side of the group by herself. One of the men had evidently given her a big pink lollipop with a pink ribbon bow tied around the stick to suck on. She stood off to the side by herself, as if totally unknowing, and sucked on that lollipop as her skirts and taffeta petticoat swayed, fluttered, crackled and billowed in the wind. Nancy could also hear more giggling from some girls that were watching her—giggling at the very sight of the pathetic sissy in a dress, Mary Janes and white lace anklets, but perhaps also giggling at the symbolism of the pink lollipop with the pink ribbon bow and the way she put her lipsticked lips around the knob of it as she sucked.

It was following the church potluck picnic when Nancy witnessed her first sissy molestation. She had been working in the kitchen afterwards with the women when she excused herself to go downstairs in the church basement to the ladies restroom and to then pick up some clean dish towels from a basement storage pantry. She was just about to exit the pantry and go back upstairs when she saw one of the church elders come downstairs with older Sissy Marsha Minter. He was saying, "Your dress is just like one that my mother used to wear to church. Come with me and I want to show you something..." He clasped her little rose painted fingers as he led her downstairs and into a private office. It was then that Nancy began to hear a squeal and soft voices. So in a bout of curiosity, Nancy crept up on the door and peeked through a half inch gap in the partially repaired door frame.

Frank, an elder, was in there and seated in a desk chair. And on her knees before him was the sissy Marsha Minter as he held the top of her head firmly in one hand and seemed to propel her downward towards the end of his thick and engorged penis. Nancy looked shockingly at what she could see and she could hear them talking.

"C'mon you little pansy. Put your mouth around it like a nice little girl. Show me what a good little sissy cocksucker you are. I've heard that you have been doing it already for the boys, now let's see if you can do it for a man," demanded the middle-aged executive lecher. "That's it, honey. Now suck my cock and suck it good for me."

Nancy could see poor Marsha in there and with her lipsticked mouth stretched fully around the neck of the lecher's penis as she began to bob her head up and down and as his big sausage slid in and out of her mouth. She was even leaving a lipstick ring around the stiffened

neck of his penis. She bobbed and bobbed and was beginning to make slishing wet sounds—the sounds of submission.

“That’s it, dear. Good girl. Get good at this and you’ll have a lot of boyfriends and be doing this a lot.” Frank moaned and sighed, “That’s it. Just pretend you are a pretty little housewife and you are preparing me to give you a few inches up your pretty little fanny. Would you like that? Would you like it like that, too, girly?”

Nancy could only hear the sissy gaggle and gurgle a little on his cock in her impossible response and could see some tears of total shame welling up on her cheeks. The back of Marsha’s pretty pansy border print cotton dress had risen up in back a bit to just under the cheeks of her pink pantied fanny as she undulated on his penis with her mouth—and Nancy got a good glimpse of her rustling crystal white taffeta petticoat, with its lace trim and with its little pink ribbon bows as it also shook to and fro and rustled and crackled around her bottom as the sissy was made to service the old wrinkled and lecherous thing.

“Now get up, sissy.” Nancy heard him command. “Get up and go over and bend over that couch. Put your hands down on the cushions. Bend over and put your bottom up nice and high in the air for me. I decided to really show you what it’s like to be a wife. Now get over there.”

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Sissy Marsha got up off her knees in tears of shame and fluffed down her skirts as she obediently walked over to the couch, bent over at the waist as commanded by the church elder, put her little femmy manicured hands down on the cushion and then waited for him to come to her from behind. This he did. He did so with authority and thoroughness. He picked up something from the drawer of office the desk and then walked up behind her and lofted the back of her pretty dress and her ultra sissy petticoat way up and over her back and almost all the way up over her shoulders in back. The poor sissy had to bend there before him and wait, with her dress and petticoats bunched way up over her back and almost all the way up to her neck in back—and her pretty lace trimmed pink sissy panties now in full view of the church lecher.

Nancy could hear the man chuckle to himself as he unbuckled his suit pants, let them drop down his legs a bit, and then hauled out what looked to Nancy to be about a full foot of sausage out of his fly. He then began to rub something he had fingered from a jar onto his stiff necked penis. Then he took another dollop from the jar on the end of his middle finger, moved forward towards the quivering bent-over sissy, and with his free hand grabbed hold of the thin pink elastic leg band of her flimsy lace trimmed panties and pushed it aside to fully expose her open rosebud. Then he put his jellied finger way up inside her little exposed sissy pussy as she squealed from the confines of her gathered up dress and her petticoat.

“Oh shut up, you don’t want to be a little pantywaist. Be quiet. It’s only my finger with a little lubricant so this will be easier on you. Just keep your head down and your pretty bottom up for me. I’m gonna’ make a real girl out of you so you can wear your pretty dresses

forever. Now straighten up and keep your dress and petticoat up...and keep quiet."

Marsha did what she was told. With one of her sissy hand she struggled to keep the hems of both her dress and her petticoat hoisted way up over her hips in back in order to keep her naked ivory bottom fully exposed and open to the lecherous man. Then the man sat down in his desk chair and told her to back up towards him. Poor Marsha really had no idea what would be coming next as she took a step backwards and felt the man grab her firmly at her naked hips, yank the thin elastic of her panties aside just below her rump until the elastic of one panty leg gave and ripped apart--and then held her and started to lower the poor pansy down onto his big stiff and impaling penis.

With that, Nancy could see him place the end of his big penis up between the cheeks of her soft white fanny and up against her pink rosebud. He took hold of her firmly at her hips, and then he lowered her down onto his lap and buried his stiff penis well up into her from behind.

"Eeeeeeeee,' she squealed, trying to catch her breath. "NOoooooooo eeeeeee. Ohhh myyyy!"

He gave her a little slap on her naked ivory white fanny—her fanny that was now completely stuffed with rock hard maleness, and told her to, "be quiet and quit your squealing. Now hold still and quit wiggling to get away. This will only take a couple minutes. All the girl's love this and you will too...like a sweet loving wife."

Marsha was struggling to keep her weight on her legs but was losing the battle.

"Relax honey. Try to get used to it because you are gonna get every single inch of it."

Then he commenced to press into the sissy with authority and with little regard for the sissy's comfort. He

had hold of her hips and physically seemed to bounce her up and down, full length on muscled neck of his stiff penis. He first started to bounce her slowly as his stiff prick went in and out of her as she squealed and mewled. Then he picked up his pace and began really giving it to her, in and out, in and out, in and out with long copulating strokes.

“Oh yeah. You’re a nice tight little piece. You’re gonna be a nice little wife for some guy some day. Just how I like it. Nice and tight.” It even appeared to the onlooking Nancy that Marsha was more concerned about her dress than what was happening inside her belly. She seemed to be holding her dress and her petticoat up high and wide with her hands as she bounced in his lap, and seemed to be almost in good spirits with her mixed tears of shame and with her now swooney and dilated eyes.

“That a girl. Just let it happen and you will have the boys come a knocking!”

“Eeee, oooo,’ Marsha squealed as she was bounced up and down--sometimes almost willingly by herself.

For Nancy, who continued to stoop down and spy through the crack in the door at poor Marsha being molested by that lecherous church elder, started to get some funny feelings as she watched him do her. Her sissy breasts started to get warm and to mysteriously stir inside. Her sissy nipples puckered. And the little ring of tissue around her sissy pussy, her sphincter, and the little part between there and her peenie between her legs started seemingly to twitch and flutter like a little butterfly—as she could only imagine in feminine imagination what the poor sissy inside the door was now feeling with that big sausage going in and out--sliding in and out of her inside--sliding almost ruthlessly now, in and out—being used like a girl. Like a woman. Like a wife.

And then Nancy could see him stand up from his chair with the naked bottom of the poor pansy Marsha



still impaled on his thick sausage. He bent her forward over the couch again to finish her. He again threw up her dress and petticoat well up her back and almost up over Marsha's head, grabbed hold of her naked hips once again and commenced to piston his penis almost ruthlessly in and out of her fanny to the sounds of Marsha's high pitched squeals.

Frank grunted, "You won't be a virgin on your wedding night but you can still wear a white wedding dress."

Nancy could hear him start to grunt and then shove way up inside, seemingly as far as it would go. There was no longer any resistance; Frank's maleness had seen to that.

"There...I've taken your virginity...let's see if I can knock you up too!" Frank laughed.

With a few more hard, deep thrusts, Frank suddenly held tightly up against the soft, white cheeks as he emptied his testicles into her and flooded her insides with his warm creamy semen. By now the sissy bent over before him was totally swooned and totally squealed out. Her lipsticked mouth was open as if to squeal but no sounds came out. She was breathless. Nancy could see her turn her head back a little and could see how her eyes now were swoony and dilated as if someone had injected her with some kind of mind numbing drug. It was absolutely the look of total surrender and of total submission and reception. And the look of her total relinquishment of anything in her psyche that remained as male.

The little sissy had just been juiced. She'd been spermed. She'd been impregnated. She'd been womaned. Now she was like a real girl and definitely knew now what it really felt like to have a man inside. No, she had not been "storked" and would not be getting pregnant but it was as life changing. Because of that very moment, Marsha would hardly ever be wearing

pants again for the rest of her life. But neither would Nancy.

After seeing poor Marsha being accosted, Nancy didn't wait for the sissy to get back into her panties and fix her dress. Nancy went into the restroom and hid inside a stall to catch her breath. A few minutes later, she heard some women come in. They were yakking furiously and were dragging poor Marsha behind them by her limp wrists.

Nancy peeked through the crack in her stall door so she could see what was happening.

"Oh honey, you have to be more careful. Those stains are impossible to get out," the woman said who had Marsha pinned, standing up, facing up against the wall next to the Kotex machine.

Another woman had yanked up her dress in back, along with her frilly petticoat and was holding the hems way up while yet another church nanny was preparing to put the poor sissy into a pair of fresh, new, snow white panties. One of them got a dampened towel and was telling the poor squealing and blubbering Marsha to wipe off her ivory white behind.

Marsha's mother said, "Shame on you. And you got gooeey all over your church panties and it's soaked through to your new pretty dress. If you can't control yourself, you'll have to wear a napkin.

One of the women came forward with a fresh sanitary napkin from the Kotex machine and stuck it into the gusset of Marsha's fresh panties forcing the end of poor Marsha's limp little noodle way back as far as it would go. Marsha shrieked at this. The woman then pulled Marsha's new panties way up high on the sissy's waist to secure the pad well up into Marsha's bottom. The other women then lowered Marsha's dress and her petticoat.

"If she's 'gonna be like this, I think I good shot of estrogen is in order," remarked one of the church nannies.

"That always calms them down," said another woman.

Nancy realized that the women thought Marsha had gooyed her own panties. She guessed that was less embarrassing for Marsha than telling what happened.

"There. Now you have your very first pad," snapped Marsha's mother with a tone of voice that sounded like a whip crack yet was also somewhat knowing in tone. "You will wear a pad in your panties at least until Tuesday and I'll teach you how to change into a fresh napkin. Now you're really gonna learn what it takes to be a pretty girl. Now go fix your mascara and your smudged lipstick. Shame on you."

After they were done with Marsha in the restroom, they took her back outside and Nancy went back upstairs to the kitchen—and just in time to see the women leaving with Sissy Mildred and Sissy Marsha. The mother led the way and had hold of Mildred's hand as she dragged her down the sidewalk in front of all the men and on the way out to their car. One could hear the clacking of Mildred's Mary Janes and could see the fluttering and billowing of her skirt and her frilly petticoat in the wind.

Behind them came the other woman church matrons and in the middle of them all was Sissy Marsha. Marsha, seemed to be barely able to walk straight. She seemed to walk with her bottom cheeks clenched while still trying to be ladylike. It was a definite sissy mince and a sissy mince of one that had just received a good dose of manhood and was now also wearing fresh new panties and her very first feminine napkin in order to soak up any leaking and to keep the little panties clean.

She was almost crying in shame, yet before the on-looking men and especially before the church elder

Frank, she seemed to be trying to sway her hips and wiggle her pantied fanny like a little minx. And she could probably really now seem to sense the warm creamy liquid feeling of his male sperm that was now actively swimming and wiggling around in her soft nellie belly.

“Look at that little sissy swish,” one of the women in the kitchen said. “If she’s not careful, she’ll get it good! Look at her limp wrists. Look at her wiggle and mince like a little nellie in front of all those men.”

“Yes,” said another woman. “One of those guys is going to take advantage of that! Once that happens, it’s all girl and they’re hopelessly gone.”

“Once THAT happens, they never go back to being male,” added another woman.

It would be that for sure, and that by the time Tuesday came and Marsha’s fleshy bottom had fully recovered--she would already be thinking about the NEXT Sunday—when she would once again be able to wear a pretty dress, petticoat and panties and could again be a sweet little sissy to be paraded in front of all the men and possibly selected by one of them for yet another “Sissy Sitting” session.

For Marsha, as she was seen walking down that sidewalk in front of the men, showed every bit of all indications of what had happened to her, not only physically, but psychologically. Although she blushed and walked with her shaking knees and nyloned legs, one could see that she seemed to have a new feminine wiggle—she wiggled her soft pantied fanny at the men like the other women, as if to try and entice them. And although her sphincter had been totally smooshed from her just being taken from behind in a most decadent manner, could it possibly appear that the little pansy had actually LIKED IT?

Walking with the entourage of church women, most wearing stern looking hair styles with graying hair and wearing mid-calf length strict looking straight gray tweed skirts and suits, there was Marsha.

Sissy Marsha was wearing a pretty pink, semi-sheer dress with floral details on the shoulder. It was a extremely feminine dress made of a thin soft fabric printed with pink and peach flowers. The puffy short sleeves and it's scooped neckline with a scalloped edge showed off a newly enhanced bustline.

She was carrying a new, white purse that showed and new church lingerie. Her panties—lace trimmed and brassiere padded to show off what would become a budding girlish figure.

It had been late August, with school coming on—and it would be a very long time before Nancy would see Sissy Marsha and Sissy Mildred again.

## **BACK TO WORK**

After three months, being a working girl was not any easier for Nancy, although her daily routine became much more fluid. She could literally get up in the morning, if need be, and take her shower, throw on a blouse and skirt, do her makeup and be out the door and on her way downtown in less than a half hour if she was running late.

She got to be just like any ordinary downtown secretary—wearing a skirt and nylons and heels every day downtown to a menial paying job and living from paycheck to paycheck. It was hard for her just to budget for nylons with what she made in wages, and she had to buy a lot of her clothes at budget or second hand clothing stores where a girl could sometimes find a nice and serviceable skirt or blouse for a dollar or even less. Nancy learned to put together coordinates and to have an array of wardrobe that she could mix and match. But some-

times she would splurge and go to the department store and buy herself a nice Sunday dress or a pretty slip. And for Nancy, this was always enjoyable. She got to where she really loved her lingerie and especially her array of pretty slips and half slips, which became her pride and joy.

There were other pleasures. She still reveled in the feeling of walking downtown and hearing her high heels click on the sidewalk while her pretty skirts fluttered and billowed in the fresh breeze. She loved, especially, the free feeling of the afternoon sunshine on her nylons and the fresh little breezes that wisped up her stockinged legs to the bare skin of her naked thighs above her gartered stocking tops and up to the silken gusset of her panties. At those times, when she could feel her pretty slip lace flutter about her stockings as she walked or stood downtown, she was reminded again that she was wearing a dress downtown as a total hopeless pansy and in front of all the constantly observing men. It was at those times that she could almost feel her panties and sense the literal nothingness between her legs that made her feel even more like she had a vagina in her panties instead of a limp, useless little peenie.

And by now, her confidence at appearing in her skirts in public had become almost a non-issue and she didn't even think about it or even worry anymore about what any people would think or would see. "*I mean,*" she would think to herself, "*who really cares if I'm wearing a dress?*" It was quite different than what she felt the first time she went outside to check the mailbox at home while wearing her pretty dress—or the first time she went outside in the backyard in her house dress to hang some laundry out on the clothes line. She remembered how she felt that time, out in the sunshine with her skirt and half slip billowing in front and fluttering in back in the breeze as she hung out clothes in broad daylight. It

was that "free and open" feeling she got that day that she would never forget. And it was then that she really started to like being a dress-wearing pansy and started to not care what other people may think about it anymore.

Then after her neighbor lady, Mrs. Loer, dropped in on her one day and caught her red-handed and wearing a dress—and then really didn't make any issue of her wearing a dress. She even invited Nancy to come over and visit her. With that Nancy really started to gain confidence.

She would go over and visit Mrs. Loer in the afternoons after her chores were done. They chatted about life and Mrs. Loer began to show Nancy how to bake cakes and pies and cookies and strudels. Nancy became quite a good little cook. And Mrs. Loer would give Nancy things, like shoes that fit nicely, a new dress now and then, and even some pretty half slips. Mrs. Loer would ask her, "Are you sure you have enough dresses to wear, honey? Do you need a full slip or anything? I have some pretty things that I never wear that you may like."

And then Nancy would go home with a new half slip or other delicate, lace lingerie to wear with her growing wardrobe of dresses.

"Did you get a new petticoat, honey?" Mother or Auntie would ask if they noticed a different color or pattern of lace hem if Nancy stooped down in front of them to pick up a laundry basket, allowing her slip lace to show a little in back.

"Oh, that's a pretty slip. Did Mrs. Loer give it to you? Let's see?"

And then blushing Nancy would have to stand before the women and lift her own dress up in front to show the women her new petticoat that she was wearing. And this almost always drew coos and clucks of admiration and approval from the older women. The world didn't

need any more males in their eyes. It got giggles from Nancy's older teenaged sister as they approved of Nancy's smooth fitting panties.

"What an absolute sissy...a real panty waist," the sister would say.

And then if the sister was in any particularly catty mood, she might add, "Hey Missy Pussy Pants! Could you please bring me some water from the refrigerator while you're in there waiting on the women? If you don't, I'll tell all the guys in the neighborhood that you are wearing a girly pink petticoat today."

It didn't matter to Nancy. The things that Mrs. Loer gave her were expensive and chattels any girl would be jealous of.... There was a silk robe with a padded hanger even a delicate petticoat edged in lace. Mrs. Loer had a sweet tooth for color and fine lingerie. In her own closet silk robes spilled from padded hangers in streams of coral and peach and virgin white.

"I like fine things," she said to Nancy with a typical feminine shrug. "I don't care what it costs, as long as it makes me feel pretty. I know you understand."

Mrs. Loer was teaching Nancy that feminine didn't have to mean frilly. It could be quite understated, but dependent on superb fabrics, fit and workmanship. All her lingerie was ultra feminine--not fussy but perfect for feeling girlish and sexy.

"Most women don't care much for wearing bras," she stated, "but it's an important part of presenting yourself as a woman." She opened up her bra drawer and took out an assortment of various bras of different colors and textures: Bali, Maidenform, Cross Your Heart, Victoria's Secret, Frederick's of Hollywood and a lot of expensive French stuff that Nancy had to learn to pronounce.

"La Per-la," Mrs. Loer said. "La Perla lingerie will make you feel so feminine and drive the boys mad—how else to explain spending \$100 on a pair of panties?" She



laughed, "I'm going to give you a couple of these hon-eyes...you are going to owe me big for this. And I mean big!"

"You shouldn't," Nancy stammered.

"I shouldn't be giving the neighbor boy my used bras-sieres? Or I shouldn't because they are expensive?"

"Expensive," Nancy blushed.

"That's what I thought," she giggled. "I don't see how adding a few more bras to your wardrobe is going to change anything. You aren't going to suddenly start playing football or something."

Mrs. Loer always had a way of inspiring Nancy. A way of pushing to achieve a greater sense of femininity. Sissiness some would call it. What boy would want a stunning 1950's pink nylon nightgown with wide set shoulder straps, revealing a wide scoop of décolletage? What boy would appreciate it's straps of pink lace, edged with a sheer pink chiffon ruffle? What boy would thrill at the way the nightie gathered over the bust and appreciate the smooth, silky and slightly sheer nylon?

Together they shared sensual moments...sissy moments with lingerie and even brassieres? Mrs. Loer said, "Women have a very close relationship with their bra and you will too. Try to feel the bra while you put it on and take it off. Feel the material. Feel the way it's been made. Just close your eyes and feel the bra...feel the straps as you hook them...you are doing what girls do. It's all a mental thing. The more you do like a girl the more girlish you will become...and feel."

That was in contrast with being taunted by others about her sissy ways. Those people made her feel sick inside. When the boys yelled, "Go home and put on a dress!" Nancy did and went to Mrs. Loer.

Mrs. Loer was the kind of mother Nancy had never had. She was kind and understanding and constantly

coming up with intriguing sissy treats to tempt Nancy. There was that bustier in a fabric that felt like a cross between rubberized sheeting and suede. That pair of black, full-cut stretch lace panties with garter straps--one could even call it racy...and more.

### **THE OFFICE....**

In the office where Nancy worked, she had pretty much become totally accepted by the other women. Once in a while one of them might wink or smile at Nancy, as if she was in the know that Nancy was really a pretty pansy in their office, and not a real girl. Or the women might say, when Nancy arrived in the morning, "Well THAT'S a pretty dress you're wearing today, honey." And then they might giggle and coo. The older women were the ones that commented the most. The younger girls, and especially the teenagers that were just working in there for summer jobs, would usually only just giggle and smile amusingly.

And just like the women, by afternoon and when she started to get worn out and tired from working, Nancy would tend to get careless with her skirts. On many occasions, the women would notice some pretty lace peeking out from under the back hem of a wrinkled skirt—wrinkled and bunched from sitting at a desk all day long. Or maybe Nancy had been wearing a half slip that day and her petticoat was drooping a little and was revealing a pretty lace hem. One of the women may come up and whisper into Nancy's ear. "Honey, your petticoat is showing a little bit when you bend over or when you reach up." And Nancy could only blush and perhaps go down to the ladies' room and hike up the waist band on her half slip under her dress—or to un-bunch and fluff out her errant slip that had ridden up her nyloned legs and had tangled it's lace hem into her garters from her constant sitting, standing and moving in the office.

And many a day, when tired, she might get a little careless with her skirt on the bus ride home, and as she sat there on the bus, a little slip lace might be showing for the on-looking men. It was just as women tend to do, and especially on hot days when driving home in their cars—where a woman might hike up their dress a little, to cool off their legs as they are driving home—with the fresh breeze coming in through the car's vents. And they never seemed to think, or perhaps even care, about the man in the pickup truck next to them at a stoplight, who is able to look down at them in their driver's seat and perhaps see a hiked up dress and maybe some slip lace and even some garter tabs attached to dark nylons—or even an exposed panty gusset as the woman tries to relax and cool off after another hard and hot day spent in nylons, girdle and heels. It was just force of natural habit for any working woman and something that any male would never know, experience or understand. But after several months of working in skirts, Nancy was definitely learning.

Nancy would also take note of what the women were wearing. If she saw a particular skirt or dress that she thought she would like to wear herself, she may ask the woman where she purchased it and then go in and get one just like it for herself. A pretty girl named Carol, one day, was wearing a chocolate brown full cut skirt that looked extremely feminine from the way it hung on her full hips. And it was hemmed perfectly at Carol's knees with a perfect little "widow's droop" tailored to the rear hem. Nancy like it and then went to the same store and bought herself her very own "Carol skirt." Or another woman named Rita who worked up on the floor above Nancy was wearing a navy blue, soft spun cotton, full skirted shirtwaist dress that attracted Nancy's notice. Nancy asked Rita where she got the pretty navy dress and then went to the department store and bought

one just like it for herself. It became her “Rita” dress to hang affectionately in her closet at home and to be worn on special occasions or for church on Sundays.

And every 15<sup>th</sup> day of the month, Nancy would have her “period” and for the next four days would wear a napkin in her panties. This was just how she was brought up at home to do, by her mother and auntie. She would have to wear her napkin to work and would have to change into a fresh pad in the ladies’ room every “Aunt Betty” day during lunch hour. It became common for Nancy to see a lady in the ladies room nod at her approvingly and knowingly as Nancy walked up to the napkin disposal after changing and properly disposing of her tissue wrapped feminine pad. Or if Nancy was out and didn’t have a spare in her purse, she’d have to go to the coin operated dispensing machine in the ladies room, purchase a fresh napkin, and then head into a restroom stall to the nods of knowing and approval, and perhaps even clucks, of any on looking women.

But Nancy DID start experiencing mood swings and even some hot flashes or the feeling of being bloated as women do when they have their periods. When those feelings came, Nancy would sometimes decide to wear a napkin in her panties. The feelings were coming from the feminine hormones that she took every day and from the Estro crème that Nancy applied to her titties and to her boy-part every morning. She’d put on the mentholated crème in the morning and could feel a cool, little tingly feeling...the weird feel of her little peenie shrinking and infibulating before tucking it away into the gusset of girlish panties. In a way, it was kind of a pleasant and nice feeling and Nancy began to LIKE it. She began to really LIKE just the very idea that her titties were blossoming and that her little sissy lump was shrinking to nothingness even more in her panties.

It was the same with her sissy titties. Although they were not fully developed as a twenty-five year old woman's would be, they were REAL and they were Nancy's. Although barely the size of perhaps a "B" cup, Nancy's titties jiggled from any fast side-to-side or up-and-down movements—and this always gave Nancy an intense psychological rush of femininity. Bouncing and jiggling titties. It's a sensation that no true male could ever know—but only could be known by a woman with breasts--or a total, emasculated and hopelessly complete sissy.

In the mirror, whenever Nancy checked the hang of her dress or skirt, she was always concerned about the appearance of her hips and rump. When wearing her skirts, she would sashay her hips back and forth and then turn around to see the plumpness of her bottom. She was becoming more and more comfortable and even pleased with what she saw. From her ballet exercises, dieting and girdle wearing, her waistline was kept under control, while with her constant panty wearing while taking the Estradiol and Premarin pills and from daily applications of her Estro-Fem crème, her hips were becoming more and more wide and womanish. Any fatty tissue now was being deposited to her hips, thighs and now plump female-looking bottom—much like what happens to a young girl blooming into a young woman. Men are programmed to look for those "breeding signs" like breasts, and child baring hips that showed that a woman was "ripe and ready to be inseminated by a male."

Nancy liked that look. When in her panties, with her fleshy, wider hips and plump bottom, her panty vee looked all the more labial in front with her hairless, limp and infibulated peenie, which was always tucked way back into her panty gusset, out of the way and hidden out of view. All the months, now going on years, of her

constant dress and panty wearing—and her long term hormone regimen had made Nancy, both physically as well as psychologically, into an absolute femme and a total pansy. And, most importantly, she LIKED it.

Nancy actually had very little to do with the men that were employed by the insurance and real estate company. As it was, she worked on a floor with almost all women and the only men they would regularly see were the office machine repairmen and the mail room boys. But on occasion, one of the male executives would come down from the upper floors for some reason—or one of the girls would be called upstairs.

Nancy noticed that the girl, Carol, was frequently called upstairs and that when she came back down, she always seemed somewhat flushed and her lipstick was sometimes smudged or the back of her pretty skirt appeared wrinkled. Nancy became curious to what was going on up on the upper floors, so finally she began quizzing some of the women.

“Oh, don’t you know, dear?” one of the women would answer. There’s always a lot of hanky-panky going on upstairs with those men up there and with their secretaries. It’s almost common knowledge that if a girl wants to GET ahead in this company, she has to GIVE head to the executives. Carol isn’t the only girl that goes up there. A lot of others do, too, but you just have not seen it yet. We women who refuse to sully our marriage are satisfied to be confined to the positions we have. But for the girls that are worried about their job security or the ones that think they can advance, they try and do so by pleasing the execs in every possible way. If they ever call you upstairs, honey, you will certainly find out what goes on in this company.”

A few months later, it happened to Nancy. She got called to go upstairs and see a Mr. Morgan, one of the up and coming account executives. So, as summoned, Nan-

cy took the elevator up to the ninth floor to Mr. Morgan's private office. She was greeted by a pretty twenty year old, long-legged blonde secretary in a black pleated miniskirt and black patent high heels. She greeted Nancy with a catty little lipsticked smile and promptly escorted Nancy into Mr. Morgan's fairly plush executive private office. Then she closed the big oak door behind Nancy and left her alone in there with the middle-aged executive.

"Sit down please, Miss, I want to take this opportunity to talk to you."

Nancy sat down in the straight-backed upholstered chair opposite Mr. Morgan's desk. It turned out that Morgan was a real insurance hustler and made his bones with Tower Insurance by aggressive sales and deal closings with some large corporate accounts. In his personal life, he was married to a shrew. His wife spent little actual time with him at home but was more content to be about at various benefit events or artsy gatherings where she had learned to spend money and enjoy the benefits of being known as somewhat of a hobnobbing gadfly. So, Morgan, being the aggressive type of man that he was, would find his sexual appeasement from his utilization of any willing girls from the secretarial pool.

"I see that you have now been employed her almost a year. Are you happy with your position here?"

"Yes, Sir. Very much so."

"Well, good. However, because of some market conditions we may be forced to make some corporate moves and some cut-backs, you understand. So what I'm doing is talking to various newer employees in order to see what direction we will want to head from here. Now, Nancy, will you be willing to accept any alternative assignments with this company if need be."

“Why, yes, I guess so. What does the company have in mind, sir?”

“Well, we like our office girls to be open-minded and to be versatile. I was looking at your personnel file and read that you have a very unique and exceptional life situation. But worry not, missy, we don’t care about that. You are not the first and you will not be the last, I’m sure.” He was, of course, referring to the fact that Nancy was a pansy and not really a genetic female.

“But I must ask you if you are willing to go the extra yard with me whenever asked.”

“Yes, sir. Of course.”

“Well, good. Now stand up and raise your skirt.”

“Raise my skirt? Is that what you ask?”

“Yes, Nancy. Stand up there before me and get that skirt up. Up high. I want to see how truly sincere you are about making and keeping commitments. This will be my test to find out about your dedication and sincerity.

Nancy stood up from her chair. Her nyloned knees were shaking as she blushing reached down with crossed arms in front, as her Auntie had taught her long ago, and began hoisting up her navy blue box pleated skirt. She lifted it about six inches, very hesitantly before the on-looking man, with her rose painted nails and finger tips—and showed him the lace hem of her pretty ballet pink half slip..

“Come on, girl. Get that skirt up. I want to see your panties. Get it all the way up. And that slip, too.”

And with that, Nancy hoisted her skirt and slip up full length and all the way up over her waist and over the front of her matching pink lace panties. She then stood there in shame before the executive, blushing and holding up her skirt and slip so he could see her pretty sissy pants with their white garter straps stretched from



below her lace panty legs and down the ivory skin of her bare upper thighs--and holding taught to her cinnamon brown stocking tops. Mr. Morgan now had a perfect view of Nancy's feminine pink panty vee in front, and she could almost hear him mumble to himself, almost imperceptibly to her, "What a pussy."

Then she saw him kind of back away from his desk—and while sitting in his leather upholstered executive chair he started to unzip his suit pants and hauled out the thick light crimson head of his semi-erect penis.

"Now get over here and get down on your knees here. And keep holding that skirt up. I want to be able to see those panties while you suck my cock. Come on, girly. You know what to do. Do you want to work for this company, or not? If you do, then get down here and suck my dick."

Tears of shame began to almost automatically well up in Nancy's eyes as she remembered how this was the very thing that those neighborhood bullies had made her do for them, many years ago. And now here she was again, only this time as a twenty-five year old and still being commanded to do the same girly thing. Only now it wasn't near as frightening as it was when she was younger. Nancy continued to hold up the hem of her pleated skirt and her pink half slip as she minced around the desk and got down on her knees before the executive's ready-to-go maleness.

"Go ahead. Go ahead girl. Put your mouth on it. Put those lipsticked lips around it. I want to see how my cock looks in your mouth. And then start sucking. And hurry up about it because I have to make a phone call. And he started to dial the phone number of his wife's cell phone as Nancy went ahead with it and put her rose colored lips over the big crimson knob of the man's erect penis. She tasted it for a minute, tasted the little pearly drop of pre-cum with her tongue that had already

squeezed out of the little winky hole at the end of his prick, and then put her lipstick lips around the neck of his penis, just below the head. She did just as the girls had told her to do.

“Oh yeah. I like it. You suck cock very nice, girly. Now get with it and show me what a good pansy cock-sucker you really are. Show me what pansies like to do.”

Then he began talking to his wife on the phone while Nancy held her skirt and half slip up high to show him her pink sissy pants and bobbed her head and ran her lipstick lips up and down on the thick veiny neck of the man's stiff sausage.

“Yeah,” he said on the phone. “I don't care where you go. In fact, I could give a damn if you ever come home. Just keep going for all the hell I care. Mexico, England, Paris, Hawaii... Just quit spending all my damn money on that artsy-fartsy, worthless crap. We don't need any more of that trash. You already have a house full of it.”

“Yeah, I'm in my office and my secretary is working on some correspondence and on a deal. Ha ha ha. Then I'm gonna play some golf with the CEO at Raccoon Ridge, where we usually play. I should be home about nine o'clock. I'll have my dinner at the club, because I know that YOU won't be going home to make me any friggen dinner. So stay away if you want. Go to Italy or something. I could care less right now.” And with that, he hung up the phone and then looked down at the pretty girlish hairdo that was now going up and down in his lap.

Then he stood up to finish. He stood up from his chair and held Nancy's head onto his prick. “Now suck, honey. Let's get this done with. I have to go play golf.” So with him holding her head and Nancy still holding up her skirt and slip for him to see her pink lace sissy pants, he commenced to literally feed her the cock.

She slished and gagged on it as he pistoned it in and out, full length, of her receiving mouth. For Nancy, she could only receive it submissively and wait for what she knew was going to be the inevitable. She knew that she would soon be getting her warm creamy reward. So, by now with swooned eyes, she kind of tilted her head back a little and let him just use her lipsticked mouth for his manly pleasure. A ring of her lipstick had now been painted around the thick neck of his cock about six inches down the shaft. Nancy continued to gaggle and slush on it. Then it seemed to get even more stiff and swollen and to feel even thicker and more muscled in her mouth. And she knew what was coming, so she just held still and let him now set the pace and use her receptive mouth.

His semen exploded into her mouth in spurts of warm creamy jism when he finally popped. He grunted and shot a big jetting dollop... and then another and another. The sperm immediately filled her mouth and coated it and her throat. It bubbled and swirled in her mouth and started seeping out of the corners of her lipsticked lips and down onto her chin. She tried to swallow, but the very volume of it was too much for her to handle and his semen began to dribble down her chin and down onto the carpet. She slurped and gagged with obvious wet slishy sounds—the indelible sounds of fellatio—when he just pulled it back out of her mouth.

“Now lick it, honey. Just like a lollypop. Show me what a good little cocksucker you are. That’s it. Lick it up good. Get it all. Now did you like it, honey? Did you like sucking my cock?”

“Urgggle,” Nancy could only gaggle back to him. “Yesssphh.”

“Good. Good, honey. You did good. I’m glad you like it because I will be calling you again to do it again for me. Would you like that?”

“Ummmbbkay,” Nancy answered him with her mouth and her throat still coated with his creamy sperm.

“Good. Good. You are going places with this company! Now you can go back downstairs, girl. And by the way, you will be getting a raise in pay, too. I will see to that for you.”

So Nancy got up off her knees and put her skirt and slip back down and fluffed them out before she left Mr. Morgan’s executive office. As she passed by Morgan’s personal young, blonde, miniskirted secretary, with her lipstick now smudged and her throat coated with his fresh sperm, Nancy could detect an amusing, yet knowing smile coming at her from the young secretary’s lips. Nancy then scurried down to the nearest ladies’ room, went into a stall, hoisted up her skirt and slip again, shucked down her sissy pants and sat to pee while she tissueed off the remnants of her crying in shame at what she just did. When she finally recovered enough to get her wits back about her, she went to the mirror to re-do her smudged up lipstick... her rose colored creamy lipstick that had been smudged onto the thick neck of Mr. Morgan’s stiff muscled penis only minutes before.

Then she once again gave her skirts a final fluffing before mincing and sashaying her pantied fanny down the hall to the elevator and to her floor below—where all the secretaries worked. And once again, she could feel the silken lace of her pretty pink half slip slithering around her stockings as she walked by all the men—and reminding her once again of what a pretty pansy she really was and of how much she really **LIKED** it. Of how much she really **LIKED** being a girl—even if she **DID** have to go up and meet with Mr. Morgan again.

*“I mean, so what,”* she thought to herself as she walked back to her desk in front of all the women and could almost sense the man’s creamy semen now sloshing in her belly with all his wiggling male sperm. Just

the thought of it seemed to give her warm feelings in her breasts and cause her to feel more pussy nothingness between her legs, inside her panties.

*"Who cares if I wear a skirt and a slip, bra and panties to work and work as a secretary? And who cares if I have to do things on occasion for the men? Isn't it all just part of being a girl?"* she could only conclude. *"I LIKE the idea of doing what girls do--and I really think I LIKE being a girl!"*

## END OF PART TWO



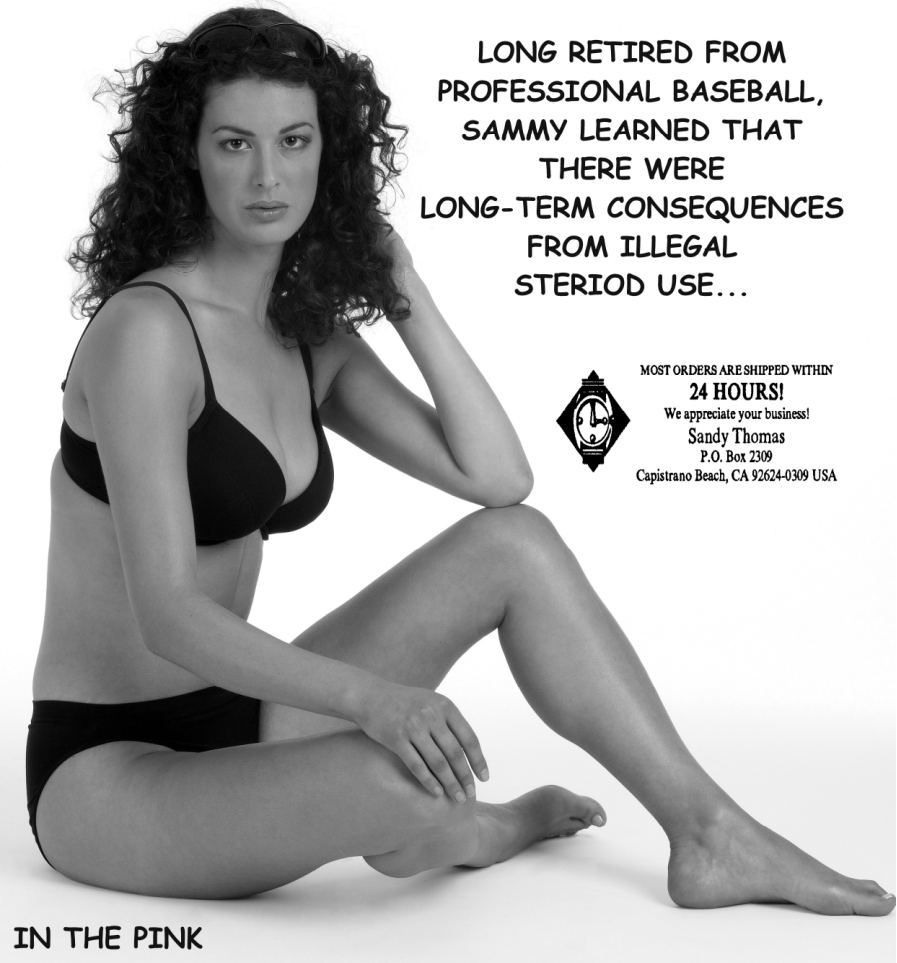
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