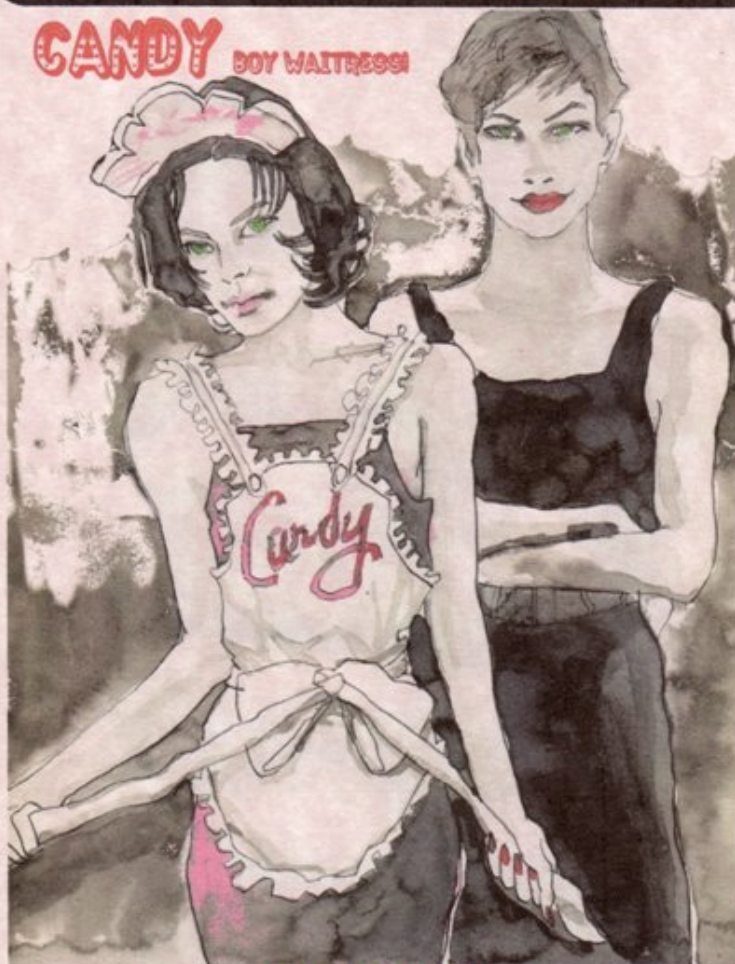




THE  
**SISSY**  
SERIES

**CANDY** BOY WAITRESS



**ADULTS ONLY!**

**SISSY TALES...VOLUME 8**

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CANDY

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS - 1



Volume

**CANDY—**

# **Boy Waitress**

**By Nancy**

**[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)**

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“CANDY – Boy Waitress”

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## **QUOTE BOARD**

Male beauty contest judges are like eunuchs in a harem: they know what to look for, they've seen it done and worked with beautiful women, but they're unable to do it themselves.

Crossdressing is 90% mental, the other half is physical.

# CANDY --

## Boy Waitress

The middle-aged couple had just entered the restaurant along Interstate 12 in South Dakota, had been escorted over to a window booth and had just taken off their jackets and sat down when the short haired waitress in her white waitress dress and frilly, peach colored waist apron came over to their table.

“Would you like some coffee?” she asked them as she laid down the menus before the man and his wife.

“Yeah, I like mine strong and black,” answered the man who was dressed in jeans, boots and a cotton shirt—and wore a green John Deere baseball cap. His wife, dressed in black slacks, black loafers and a pull-over sweatshirt-type top wanted her coffee with cream and sugar.

“I’ll be right back to take your order,” said the mincing waitress with the short brown hair that was parted in the middle in almost a rather boyish cut. The farmer looked at her as she minced away and noticed the opaque silhouette of the lace of her slip as it could be seen through the material of her thin, white, polyester waitress dress. His wife, upon noticing her husband gawking at the waitress’s slip lace and her slim, yet jiggling pantied bottom just kind of frowned in tight-lipped neutrality at him.

“That waitress almost looks boyish,” added the man. “Could almost be a teenaged boy in a dress.”

“Oh hush. It’s just some high school girl with short hair. You should see the hairstyles they have nowadays. At least her hair isn’t purple or green. But you never know,” answered his middle-aged farm wife.

“I think it is a boy in that waitress uniform.”

“So? who cares? Just drink your coffee. If a boy wants to wear a dress and be a waitress, who cares. Maybe he’s better off in a dress and being a girl. Lord knows, lots of them would be nowadays. It would sure keep a lot of them out of trouble and out of jail.”

The boyish looking girl waitress came back to their booth in a few minutes with a full pot of coffee and took their breakfast orders. The man noticed the name tag which said, “Candy” while the woman, as only a woman could do, noticed that Candy was wearing a little white, lace hemmed half slip under the waitress uniform, a white brassiere and the woman could detect the evidence of little garter tab bumps on Candy’s thighs and evidence of lace panty lines.

*“If that is a boy, good for him,” the farm wife thought to herself. “If he’s learning how to be a girl, it’s just as well that he learns in a dress, bra, and slip and with garter pan-tees as opposed to pan-tee hose like most of the girls wear. It will teach him ladylike skirt management and modesty. At least he won’t learn by being a little trollop like some of these modern girls.”*

“Candy” Coris had actually just turned eighteen and had just graduated in the spring from a small town South Dakota high school where Candy was then known by the given name of Cameron or “Cam.”

All through high school—on weekends and in the summers--“Cam” had worked at Mabel’s Roadhouse as a dishwasher and bus boy. But business from the Interstate had been good for Mabel and just this past year she had purchased an automated dish washer which all but eliminated the need for the three dish boys she had employed before. Her one problem, however, was the turnover in waitresses that the restaurant seemed to constantly have. The girls Mabel could get didn’t seem to be committed, and a lot of them had difficulty especially in the cruel South Dakota winters where a lot of the girls simply quit their waitress jobs at Mabel’s to find something in town where they wouldn’t have to drive out on the snow drifted Interstate early in the morning and late at night.

Mabel had to eventually confront Cam with the dilemma of having to lay him off as a dishwasher. It was then that Mabel made the comment, “I wish I could get and keep waitresses as easy as I have been able to keep you. If you were only a girl, I could keep you working all you want.”

It was then that Cam seemed to seize the opportunity that he sensed when he said, “Why can’t I wait tables? I’ve been a bus boy here for almost three summers and on weekends. I know everything there is about waiting on tables from being around the waitresses and working with them. And I will be dependable as I have always been. I just live a mile away in the trailer town down the Interstate.”

“But all of our servers are girls,” countered Mabel. “I don’t think that all the farmers and truck drivers that are my steady customer base would favor having any boys serving their coffee. It might be something okay and accepted for in the city, but not out here in the farm country.”

Mabel then looked over Cam. She noticed that Cam was slim and had nice, clear skin. He was also rather frail. The thought flashed past Mabel that Cam could almost pass as a girl with only a little help with makeup and dress. But she shrugged the idea off quickly as being ridiculous until Cam responded, "I really need this job, Mabel. It's the only opportunity I have out here in the country. I need the income to support my elderly mother and auntie in that trailer where we all live. They are on fixed income and we need my income to survive. Please. I'll do anything to keep a job here. I'll even wear a dress and be a girl and wait on tables if I have to."

Mabel looked him over again. She knew Cam's mother and auntie and knew of their need. Mabel started to feel bad about clipping off their source of income and her conscience took over when she said, "Okay. You can try it for awhile. See if your mother and auntie will help you. We'll pick out one of the waitress uniforms from the uniform closet and you can try it on at home and see if it's something that you will really want to do. If you feel that you can do it, come back on Saturday morning dressed and ready to serve tables and we can take it from there." She then took Cam in the back to the closet, looked at him to guess his feminine size, held up a few uniform dresses against his body and selected two that looked like they may fit. Then she gave the two dresses on their hangers to Cam along with one of the restaurant's peach colored flounce aprons.

"Take these two dresses home with you and see if one of them fits. Then see if this is something you really want to do. Your mother and aunt will have to help you with under things. You probably should wear some female under things, and especially some kind of white colored slip under these white uniform dresses as everything will show through this thin material. Your mother and auntie

will know what to do for you to help you. And I guess you can just wear some white tennis shoes like some of the girls wear. I don't like them as I think they look too tacky with the uniforms, but maybe you can get yourself some more appropriate uniform shoes later on if you want to continue with this."

Mabel had seen some transgendered waitresses before—and especially in her youth when she worked for awhile in Chicago. Ordinarily, she wouldn't consider such a thing in rural South Dakota, but now she seemed to have few other options. She needed servers and needed them badly for her business. So she went with the seeming wild idea of sissifying Cam.

For Cam, it would really be not much of a big deal. In school, he had always been one that was bullied upon and called names. He was frail. He was terrible at sports and always shunned and picked on by the high school boys. Almost all of Cam's close friends were the girls. In school, he had "hanged out" with the girls and had become very acquainted with their feminine ways and wiles while they seemed to take him under their wings to protect his frail being from the bully boys.

He even took several traditional girls' classes in high school, such as home economics and sewing and typing—with some aspirations of continuing in the food service and restaurant business after graduation. The high school boys, of course, continually made fun of Cam and called him all the usual demeaning names, such as "sissy" and "pussy" and "candy ass." This all became ever more accented over the school years after Cam was seen taking girls' classes and hanging out with them and befriending them while seeming to avoid the boys. And while the farm boys could be slovenly and crudely dressed, Cam was always neat and clean and wore city slacks and clean colorful shirts as opposed to ragged,



course jeans and boots and male farm clothes. His dress only further fueled the farm boys' distaste for him and their suspicion that Cam was a sissy and a "fag."

Cam had also, as it turned out, worn a waitress dress before for Halloween parties with the girls—and where he was a big hit with them. For one Saturday night party, the girls even took him to a beauty salon that morning and had his hair and makeup done for him to prepare him for his party costume. And for that day, Cam had to spend the entire day of preparation at home and with the girls in a house dress with makeup and earrings and as a girl. Funny was, that Cam really enjoyed it. He *liked* it. He *liked* being a girl even if it was only to be for one day and one evening party. He had a lot of fun wearing the girls' frilly underwear and pantyhose under his costume dress—and the lipstick and earrings and delicate shoes. And he would somehow fantasize for the rest of the year about any *next* time when he would be able to again be a girl. So, this being a waitress for real, for Cam, was sort of an opportune fantasy come true. He didn't know why and it made no common sense to him, but he knew he could do it and he knew he'd probably end up, for some reason, to end up liking it.

Cam didn't want any help from his mother and aunt in doing this. After leaving the restaurant with the two waitress dresses and the apron, he went to a discount store and spent almost all of his money on accessories and underwear. He bought pantyhose, a bra that looked like it would fit him, a nylon half slip with a little bit of lace trim at the hem, a package of plain white nylon panties and some basic makeup. He had to read the packages to figure out what size to buy and could only hope that everything would fit.

When he got home to their twin bath, three bedroom, double-wide mobile home in the trailer park, a mile down

the highway from the restaurant, Cam found that his mother and aunt were away. There was a note pinned to the cabinet telling that they would both be home late that evening from some kind of church meetings. So now having some hours to himself to prepare, Cam got started. He laid the two dresses and apron down on his bed and went to the bath.

Fortunately for Cam, he was almost free of body hair. For some reason, and unlike the other boys in school, he had not matured as much and his body was still hairless.

In his bath, he shaved what there was with a razor he found in the women's bath. He also added some rose scented bath crystals to his bath that he had found. The scented water seemed to add to his psyche as he began to transform himself into being like a girl.

Following his bath and soaking in the sudsy scented water, he toweled himself and then went for his newly purchased panties. With some unknown excitement he slid the nylon briefs up his legs and into position high on his waist. Glad that they seemed to fit him nicely, he went over to the mirror to look at himself in panties, but was a bit disappointed with the little tell-tale bulge at his crotch. What to do? He knew he'd have to do something down there to gaffe himself lest the bulge down there might be evident under his dress and would cause nothing but trouble for him in the restaurant. So he simply tucked. He had to try several ways and after a few attempts found that he could manage by simply tucking his smallish penis downwards and backwards into the gusset of his white nylon panties. When he managed to put on the somewhat controlling pantyhose over his panties and got them up to his waist, any give-away evidence between his legs seemed to disappear. Satisfied, and for some reason rather pleased that he looked like a girl "down there", Cam went for his makeup.

He had watched his mother and auntie and his girlfriends do makeup enough that he had a pretty good idea what to do and how to apply it. He started with some liquid makeup base in a creamy beige that he rubbed into the skin of his face and under his chin onto his neck. The makeup really seemed to smooth out his already smooth skin and he was surprised how little of the liquid makeup he really needed. For the next hour, Cam experimented with trial and error with eye liner, mascara, eye shadow and brow pencil until he was satisfied. Then he went for the tube of rose colored, creamy lipstick that he had purchased and he carefully applied the sweet tasting feminine lipstick lips. He absolutely loved the taste of it. He had remembered what it was like on Halloween when he got to wear lipstick for almost an entire day and how much he liked it then. For him, there was something about wearing lipstick that made him feel like a girl. Perhaps the feeling came a bit from some of the derogatory comments that the bullies had made to him on occasion in school.

“Hey guys. Look at the little pantywaist today. Maybe the girls in his sewing class ought to put him in a dress with lipstick and a ribbon in his hair,” they would tease and demean him.

Nonetheless, there seemed something about lipstick that equated, to Cam, about being femmy and like a girl. And there was something about it that seemed to enliven him in some strange way.

Cam stood at the bathroom mirror and experimented with his dark brown hair. While not long enough to fully brush out and curl, it was long enough to brush down with a center part that looked somewhat girlish. Knowing little if anything about forming a feminine hairstyle on himself, he simply did the best he could with a lot of experimentation in front of the mirror. He

thought about borrowing one of his auntie's expensive wigs for this, but put the idea aside for fear she would be offended by it.

With makeup and hair done—and wearing his pantyhose and panties—Cam went back to his bed and picked up the white brassiere that he had just bought for himself in the discount store. He carefully cut off the plastic tags and put them in the waste basket—and carefully and excitedly unhooked the hooks and fiddled with and lengthened the shoulder straps. Then he put the brassiere around his chest—on backwards—and fastened the hooks and eyes on the back strap. It fit around him firmly and this pleased him. Then he turned the bra around on his chest and managed to skootch his arms through the straps without tearing the bra. Then he adjusted the bra cups upon himself. This was not the right and proper way to put on a bra, he would learn to know—and he would have to learn the proper way of putting a bra on correctly and fastening it at his back so as not to stretch it out and ruin it. But for now, and for his first experiment in dressing himself as a girl, the wrong way to put on a bra would do.

Then he put on the little half slip after once again clipping off the plastic tags from the store. He stepped into it and slid it up his legs to his waist. The sensation was intensely feminine when he felt the silky half slip around his pantied hips and bottom and felt the little lace hem flutter around his panty hosed legs for the first time. He moved about in sheer femmy bliss at the very feeling of wearing the pretty half slip and enjoying the feelings of silky nylon upon silky nylon against his body. Now he knew what girls felt under their pretty dresses. Now he was starting to not only feel like, but to start to act like a girl. He minced and sashayed around in the bedroom and enjoyed the feeling of his pretty bra and panties and

pantyhose and half slip—and with the taste of his creamy lipstick--as if in some kind of feminine trance.

The first waitress uniform dress he tried on was too small. He got it on over his head and put his arms through the short sleeves but could tell right away that it was small, so he slid it back off and tossed it onto the bed. The second dress, two dress sizes larger in a woman's size twelve seemed to fit him perfectly and the front zip of the white uniform dress zipped up easily. The feeling of being in a dress again felt absolutely *wonderful* to Cam. He *loved* it and felt like he belonged. He put the frilly peach nylon apron around his waist with a bow in back as best he was able and for the next hour he literally swished and sashayed all over the house in sheer enjoyment of the feeling of being in a dress, half slip and panties. His fantasies seemed to run wild. He was on a total feminine high with a total rush of sensations when suddenly the front door opened and in came his mother and aunt into the living room to find their son standing there right before them all dressed up like a pretty waitress.

With a totally amused look on her face, Cam's auntie could only say, "Well, la-dee-da! What do we have here? A pretty waitress are we now." Cam's mother, also appearing totally amused, could only stand there and stutter, "What the..." And then both women broke out in giggling, clucking and cooing as the stood there and looked at their pantied and petticoated and lipstickied son.

It took a while for Cam to explain. He told the women about his being laid off and how he came up with the idea to serve tables. He told them about the restaurant owner, Mabel, and what she had told him and what she had agreed upon for him to keep his job. He related about how they needed the income and the women could only agree on that aspect. And then, after telling them the truth about everything, he simply put his head down and

into his hands, as he sat there on the couch in his white uniform dress with the peach frilly apron and he almost began to cry in shame.

That was when the two women, as only women can do, began to console the budding sissy. The both moved and sat on either side of Cam on the couch. His mother put her arm around his shoulder while Auntie put her palm down onto his silken thigh.

“Well, it’s okay, dear,” Cam’s mother said. “We understand.”

“It’s okay, honey,” Auntie added, “if you want to try being a girl for awhile to keep your job. We agree that it’s a good thing. And maybe we can help you, honey, so don’t be ashamed. We understand and it’s okay.”

“If you feel like you should be wearing a dress, honey,” added Mother, “then maybe you *should* wear a dress. God only knows that we’d much rather have you in a dress and working and earning money and being clean and safe at home—rather than running around with all those teenaged ruffian, ragamuffin boys and getting into trouble with their beer drinking and racing cars and accidents.”

“But one thing you will have to know, dear. And I’m sure Mabel would totally agree. There can be no half way about it. Either you will be a girl or you will be a boy. Nothing half and half will work. If you want to work as a waitress in that restaurant and to be able to pass as a girl everyday in public like that--to do it right and to do it the *only* way right, you will have to live full time as a girl—even at home. Otherwise your inborn male mannerisms will show and you will have trouble. To be a girl, honey, you will have to *really* be a girl. And that means full time. Are you ready for that?”

“Yes,” Cam answered sheepishly while gazing down at the hem of his white dress about his pantyhosed thighs.

"I guess I see what you mean and that you are right. I just see no other way. I can't get another job around here. We need the income. And it's a job I know I can do. Waiting tables in that restaurant is easy compared to what I have been doing in there for three years. And some of those girls get as much as fifty bucks or more a day in tips. The pockets on their dresses were always full of tip money. That's good money and a lot more than I was making as a dish washer and bus boy.

The next morning Mother and Auntie went down to the restaurant and met with Mabel where some ground rules were laid out. Cam would start in two weeks as a new table server. In that two weeks, it would be up to the two women to emasculate Cam as much as possible to prepare him for his new role. One agreement the three women came to that morning was that Cam should spend the next two weeks entirely in dresses or skirts and that no pants, whatsoever, should be allowed. "It would be better and more effective and practical," they agreed, "that if Cam was going to learn to be a girl, that *she* learn in skirts." Then Mabel went and brought out a shoebox full of name tags from girls that had quit the restaurant. The women shuffled through them for a new name tag for Cam and came up with one that would seem appropriate. Cam, would from here on, be called Candy... Candy it was.

So with all the pin money the women could come up with they took Cam into town and to the local Mode-O-Day dress shop. It was a conservative type dress shop where the farmer's wives bought their dresses and had a good selection of classic and conservative styles. The women decided that Cam should learn to be a girl in skirts and dresses, that he should learn to be a "real lady" and never wear anything slutty looking. So they decided to stick with a rather old fashioned, conservative ladies

dress store. They called ahead and talked to Helen Miller, the dress shop owner and a friend of theirs from church. After some discussion, Helen agreed to help Cam become a girl.

“Oh, so this is the new Candy,” Helen greeted them in the store when Mother and Aunty walked in with the sheepish Cam seemingly hiding behind them in his white waitress dress with a covering coat that he borrowed from his auntie. It was the only dress that he owned. “Well, take off your coat, honey, so we can get your dress size.” Cam blushed deeply but took off the raincoat and Helen looked him over.

“I see what you mean,” Helen said to Cam’s mother. She turned to Cam and said, “Ooookay, let’s get you on your way with a real nice dress. With a bit of work, you will make a really pretty girl when we women get done with you. Come into the back dressing room and we’ll see if we can find a pretty little dress that you will like.”

Cam followed the women into a back dressing room and was told to take off his waitress dress. Then in just his bra and half slip, he stood there in front of the women while Helen took measurements with a cloth tape.

“Hmmm,” Helen said. “It looks like a size eight will be a little tight around the shoulders and arms. We better look at size ten or maybe even a twelve in some cotton dresses that won’t give as much and may shrink a bit after a washing.”

“There’s only one thing worse than a boy in a dress...a boy in an ill fitting dress!” She laughed at her joke. “Seriously, he’ll will be learning at home for the next two weeks, so we thought it better that we keep him entirely in dresses.”

“If you want him to really feel like a girl, that’s a good idea. He’ll need a few?”



“Perhaps one dressier day dress that he can wear outside, if we decide to go somewhere and maybe a couple of house dresses to wear at home,” Auntie added.

“Getting him out of the house in a pretty dress is just what he needs....”

So Cam stood in the room in his bra and half slip while the women went into the store and came out with their selections. One they picked was a yellow and white checked, zip front, A-line cotton house dress that was cut very similar to the waitress dresses that he would be wearing. It was short sleeved and had a self-fabric tie belt. The women helped Candy get into it and then had him stand before the mirror while the women plucked at the hem and bodice and cooed and clucked.

“Oh, we’ll have to get him a nice full slip to go with that,” his Mother commented. “This cotton material is so thin, you can almost see through it. Yes, he’ll need a slip to wear.”

The next dress they chose was a cotton-poly, short sleeved, blue and green paisley print—with a bit of a more fuller skirt, button front with also a self-tie fabric belt. “This will be nice and light and airy for you, honey, for wear around the house,” said Helen. “And you can also wear it outside with some accessories and maybe a nice cardigan if it’s chilly or windy outside. Lots of the farm ladies choose this type of dress that they can wear at home and also wear into town if they need to run any errands or do some shopping. And the hem length is just below the knees on you, so it’s not too revealing and somewhat modest. That’s what you need to learn to be a proper but pretty lady.”

Cam fidgeted in from of the mirror. His hands brushed at his skirt awkwardly. He felt terribly stupid and like a total loser in the dress.

“Don’t you worry honey,” added Aunty. “You will learn proper ladylike skirt management. Wearing a dress is not always easy, dear. You can’t just throw one on and walk down the street like a truck driver. You have to wear it right and learn to control your skirts with one hand while holding your purse with the other. It is something that ladies start learning to do in youth. But you will only have two weeks to learn, so we will be correcting you a lot. You will have to learn to walk, sit and move like a proper lady in your dresses.”

His mother added, “Honey, I know you can do it....”

For Cam’s dressier dress, the women selected a navy blue, spun poly, full skirted, short sleeved, back-zip shirtwaist with fabric buckle belt. The dress was hemmed two inches below the knees in a very conservative length. “Oh, you will like this spun material, dear,” Helen said. “This dress will feel airy and light, yet warm and comfortable on chillier days, too. And the solid navy blue color will go with anything. Lots of the women choose this type of dress to wear to church or to their office jobs in the city. They can wear their black shoes, matching navy shoes, or even white shoes with this dress in the summer and spring. It’s an all-occasion type dress and will be very good starter dress for you to learn to handle, honey.”

“Yes, added Mother. “I think we have enough dresses for his initial training. We should get him a pretty slip and some pan-tees to wear, too. And maybe at least two more brassieres for when he starts working.”

So the women had Cam stand in the room and remove his little half slip while the women went back into the

store to select lingerie. Right then, a farmer's wife and her young daughter came back into the open dressing room with a few selected dresses from the racks in the store.

At first, the farmer's wife paid no mind to Cam as he stood in the room in only his bra, pantyhose and panties—and the navy blue, wedge heeled pumps that he had borrowed from Aunty to wear into town. But then the lady noticed Cam's short, boyish looking hair and she gave Cam some scrutiny. The eleven year old daughter seemed to whisper something in the lady's ear and the lady just smiled and whispered something back. Then the little girl giggled as she looked at sissy Cam standing there in panties.

Cam could only feel like a total and absolute pantywaist pansy standing there now before the woman and her young daughter. He blushed with shame and held his thighs tight together with his hand down over his panty vee. They stared and Cam had to stand there in sissy humiliation, knowing that they had just pegged him as a little nancy-boy. Cam could hear the little girl whisper again to her mother, "But he's dressed like a girl?" And there was the mother's whispering response back to the little girl where Candy could only make out one word in the whisper... "...pansy boy..."

The little girl became even more amused and wide-eyed when the three women came back in with a selection of slips for Cam to try on. All three slips were trimmed with lace at the hem. Two were snow white and one was in candle glow beige. "We thought we should start you out with some nice lace at the hem of your slip, honey. It will make you feel feminine underneath and help teach you good skirt management," said Aunty.

The little girl beamed at hearing this and grinned broadly and giggled to her mother as she watched the

women lower a white Vanity Fair full slip with floral lace trim over Cam's flushed face and head—and as the women plucked at the lace trimmed bodice and hem, the ladies clucked and cooed in their approval.

Helen asked, "Doesn't that feel nice?"

For embarrassed boy, the slip felt absolutely heavenly on his body as he could only relish in the feeling of its daintiness and how it seemed to totally envelope his midriff, pantied bottom, hips and pantyhosed thighs in total silkiness. It was a feeling he (or few boys) never before experienced—a luxurious girl sensation—and one that he would never forget. Even as he had to stand there in total shame in front of all the women and the little girl, Cam could not help but enjoy and relish the femmy feelings now running through his body and psyche.

After making Cam admit he liked the feeling of a slip, the women decided on the white Vanity Fair slip and the candleglow beige full slip to go with Cam's new dresses. Then Helen came in holding up a pretty cotton brocade garterbelt.

"Oh, how about a nice little suspender belt to hold up his stockings?" Helen added, "It will be easier for him to learn ladylike mannerisms and proper skirt management in garters and stockings. He will have to learn to continually keep his slip lace and his garter tabs and stocking tops hidden whenever he sits or moves."

The women could only cluck with their approval in knowing what it takes to keep garters hidden from view and what good practice it will be for the boy in learning how to walk, sit and move like a girl. They all agreed that it was old fashioned but the boy had a lot to learn.

To save further embarrassment in front of the mother and her daughter, Helen simply lifted up Cam's candleglow slip that he had just tried on and Helen

clasped the pretty white cotton garterbelt about Cam's waist to determine the proper fit. The white elastic garter straps dangled loosely about the boy's legs as Helen adjusted the garter belt in back to fit tightly.

His Mother added. "You will learn to wear your garterbelt under your pan-tees. It's how girls do. You will find it is much easier that way and more convenient in the ladies room. You will remind you to sit like the rest of us ladies." And with that, the three women clucked and the little girl giggled.

Cam was shocked. There was so much more than just slipping on a dress. He had never even been in a lady's restroom before and just the thought of being in there in a dress and lipstick with perhaps a bunch of on-looking women made him shiver in apprehension.

Auntie sensed Cam's fear of using the lady's room when she added, "Oh don't worry about other women, dear. They won't care. You aren't a threat. Just go in there and mind your own business, go into a stall, sit and do your thing. Then get out and be polite. The women will care less as long as you sit to pee just like they do."

The women all laughed. Helen came up behind Cam and said, "I can't wait to see you in a couple weeks. It will take a lot of hard work, patience, and some embarrassing moments...but you have what it takes to be classy young lady."

"Gawd," Cam moaned, "You really think I can pull it off?"

The women laughed at his choice of words. Helen smiled at the sissy boy. "You are on your way to 'pulling IT off.' The integrity of fashion and your soul is very important. What you will be wearing now sends a message about who you are...and who you become. The

more you're dressed like a young lady, you're more you'll feel like a young lady.”

They left the Mode-O-Day store with packages in hand. The bashful boy was now wearing his yellow and white checked cotton A-line sheath with his new candleglow Maidenform lace hemmed slip underneath. He carried the pink store bags with his two other new dresses, his white Vanity Fair slip, the garterbelt and the half slip and waitress dress that he had worn into the store.

They then stopped at a Goodwill store and found Cam a couple skirts—one in navy blue and one in chocolate brown—that would fit him, as well as two nice blouses and two purses and a cardigan sweater.

“I think I have enough,” Cam said as they left Goodwill.

“You are going to be wearing these all the time,” his auntie stated.

And in yet another stop, they went into a discount department store and bought Cam some stockings and another half dozen pairs of full cut brief ladies panties in white, with one panty in pink, nancy-blue and another two in beige.

“Now you will have plenty of your very own panties to wear,” commented his Mother as the boy could only sit in the back seat of the car, look at the hem of his new dress across his pantyhosed thighs, feel the lace of his new pretty slip underneath his dress and blush in sissy shame.

The culmination of their trip into town was their stop at the beauty salon where Cam was to have his hair and nails done. It was a typical small farm town, old

fashioned beauty salon where all the farmer's wives went to get their perms and to sit under the driers and gossip with the other women. It was almost a total sanctuary for them away from the men where they could sit and gossip and talk about girl things and was almost a way of life for these small town rural women. Hardly a thing went on in town that was not gossiped about and dissected by those hens in the beauty salon.

Connie, the middle-aged beautician and stylist was all smiles of amusement as she led the dress-wearing boy back into the salon and had him sit in a styling chair. "Well, look at you. Pretty dress, now we will see if we can make you really feel like a pretty girl," Connie giggled.

Cam looked scared with a bright red face.

"Oh, it's no big deal, honey. Just relax. When I worked in the city I used to have a lot of sissies come in— young ones and older ones. It's really quite common in the big cities."

Cam looked around with his face bright red.

"Just let the old ladies have something to gossip about. They will just gossip about you for a while and then move on."

Cam glanced around the beauty salon and saw the women doing women stuff. One lady was having a permanent and a stylist was putting her hair up in curlers. Two other ladies were sitting under the row of driers along one wall and were gossiping with each other as they leafed through some women's magazines. One of them seemed to look tight-lipped at Cam while the other seemed to be smiling in total amusement. Then they both began whispering to each other as they looked at Cam.

An older lady in curlers in the styling chair seemed to pay Cam no mind at all and acted like she simply didn't care if a boy in a dress was there.

Connie put a pink vinyl smock about Cam's shoulders and tipped his chair backwards toward a stainless steel sink. "Just relax, honey," Connie said as warm sprays of water washed and rinsed Cam's boyish hair and then toweled it in a nice soft white and slightly scented towel. Then Connie sat the boy in the styling chair and seemed to pluck and pick at his hair with her fingers.

"Well, we shouldn't trim off much. We want your hair to grow out a bit first before we do any serious styling. For now, I think I will just trim the nape a bit and snip a little here and there to give the hair a basic feminine shape. Then in a few weeks after your hair grows out more, we can trim it to keep it girlishly shaped as it grows out."

The boy was given a little trim by Connie. Then she showed him the basics of makeup. "You have very nice and clear skin, dear. You won't need much foundation. Just a few dabs here and there and some light powder. You don't want to overdo it for daywear." Connie then said, "Those brows have to go!" She plucked Cam's brows and applied some light eyebrow pencil.

"Very expressive now," she said, "keep it light for daywear with just a little liquid eyeliner on your eyelid, maybe a slight touch on the lower lashes, some light shadow that matches with your eye color and your dress, and some good mascara. That's all you need dear. Don't try to overdo it and make yourself look too garish. Most of these farm women don't wear any makeup at all and just maybe a little mascara and some lipstick if they come into town—and especially during the day. For evening parties or for church they may dress up a bit and wear more makeup but during the day they just keep it light and



plain. You don't want draw any undue attention to yourself and you just want to blend in with the women. Just enjoy being a pretty girl and always be a lady."

Cam looked around and saw the women staring at him.

Connie said, "Pretty soon they will just forget about you and go onto gossiping about something else."

Connie finished off Candy with a nice rose colored lip-liner and some creamy rose colored matching lipstick which tasted absolutely heavenly. Connie turned the chair around so Cam could see in the mirror. What he saw was literally the face of a short-haired teenaged girl with a center part in her slightly naturally curled and waved brown hair and the beginnings of forming bangs in front. Her face seemed flawless and with plucked, bewitching feminine eyebrows. The girl in the mirror didn't look anything like of how Cam normally saw himself. He gaped, "I look like a girl."

"I think that was the idea," Connie laughed. "Now you look like you belong in a dress. I have an idea...."

Connie decided that Cam should have his ears pierced, too, so he would be able to wear pierced earrings. This was a simple procedure that only took a few minutes. With the use of some special equipment, and only a few pricks of slight pain in Connie's skilled hands, Connie managed to pierce both of Cam's ear lobes and put in some hypo-allergenic studs.

"You should wear these silver studs day and night for a couple weeks during your training. The holes should heal quickly if you keep dabbing them with alcohol to keep them clean. Then, when the holes heal open, you can start wearing other earrings. Pendent and large hoop earrings look good with the shorter hairstyles."

“Am I done?” Cam asked while staring in the mirror.

“You are getting there, young lady!”

Next step was having the boy’s nails done by the nail technician, Mia. In his dress, Cam sat in a little chair that almost looked like a school classroom chair and desk. Mia sat opposite him with her trays of equipment. First, Mia soaked and scrubbed Cam’s nails in warm water and soap. Then she pushed back the softened cuticles with a clean orange-wood stick and brushed the boy’s nails with a stiff brush until they literally shined. Then with an emery board, Mia commenced to form his nails into nice feminine shapes. “You’re fortunate that your nails are in such nice shape to begin with. It will make it much easier. But you should still allow them to grow out a bit longer.”

Mia applied a clear polish base coat and then one good layer of rose colored fingernail polish and a final cover coat while letting each coat dry thoroughly before the next one. Now Cam had feminine painted finger nails—and now with his painted nails, his pierced ears and his plucked eyebrows and feminized hair—even if he wore pants, he’d look like nothing but a bewitching female. He’d look like a girl in boy’s pants. Mia giggled, “looks like your days of wearing pants are over....”

His days of permanent dress wearing had only just begun. Cam was much more like a girl now—still a nancy-pancy, dress-wearing, sissy but feeling more confident than ever.

One of the old ladies came over and said, “You poor boy. I feel so sorry for you. Hazel said you damaged yourself when jumping over a barbed wire fence....”

Yes, the rumors were starting.

Connie made Cam several future hair and nail appointments before they left the beauty salon. Cam walked out meekly in his new dress and slip and with his new hairstyle, plucked eyebrows, pierced ears and painted nails...and they walked right into a group of girls out on the sidewalk in front of the salon. Cam spotted them immediately as a bunch of girls that he went to high school with. At first the girls just looked through him as they came out of the salon. But then, one of the observant girls spotted Cam and recognized him.

“Ahhhhhhh?” she went in total amazement. “Cam? Why it’s Cam! All dressed up like a real girl!”

“Eeeeeee! How pretty,” a dark haired little vixen in a short pleated skirt squealed. Then the girls seemed to completely surround him as they cackled and giggled in their total amusement.

Cam’s mother stated, “Cam is going to try being a waitress for awhile and serve tables at Mabel’s Roadhouse for the summer. We call him Candy now.”

The girls squealed and giggled. “Really? That’s cool,” quipped a little blonde pixie in jeans and a pink top.

“A girl waitress?” Another asked, “I always figured Cam to be a little bit sissyish but I never dreamed *he* would wear a waitress uniform just to make a few bucks.”

Cam wanted to hide but his mother said, “We are going to keep him in dresses for a while...”

The girls scrutinized his styled hair, makeup and his dress. “How did you ever get him to do this?” one girl asked.

“There is nothing to be ashamed of, honey,” his mother said to Cam. She turned to the girls and stated, “Cam is just learning but I doubt if he will be going back to male clothes. We just bought him several very pretty dresses.”

“Cool! We’re going shopping at the mall. Want to come with us, Candy?” she giggled.

Another girl added, “Some of the guys will be there, but we girls will take good care of you, so you don’t have to worry about those guys. Most of them are just crude jerks, anyhow.”

“I don’t think being around boys would be a good idea right now, dear,” Cam’s mother added. “Our Candy has to get used to being in dresses and dealing with his skirts. We’re going to be keeping him pretty close to home for the next couple weeks as he learns. Then he’s going to go to work in the restaurant and see if it will work. You girls are welcome to come over and visit anytime. Maybe it would be good for him to have some girls around. But no boys. He’s not ready for that now.”

“Okay,” another tall and thin blonde answered. “Maybe we’ll come over and we can order a pizza or something. That might be fun.” And with that the group of high school minxes left walking down the street while giggling, chattering like magpies and gossiping the entire way. The women knew now that it would only be a matter of hours, between the gossiping women in the beauty salon and the chattering and giggling little high school honeys at the mall, before the entire small town would know all about the new dress-wearing pansy in town. Cam moaned.

For the next two weeks, Cam underwent rather strict training and emasculation. First of all, his aunt and mother took all of his male clothes away, put them in boxes and padlocked them up in their storage shed in the back of their mobile home.

His mother announced, “Now you have no choice but to wear either one of your dresses or a skirt for the day.” A

dress along with his new panties, brassieres, slippers, stockings and the pairs of ladies shoes that the women picked up for him from a used clothing store. "You have only weeks to learn to be comfortable in skirts," they told him, and they meant it. He would soon be a waitress in public!

At first, the apprehensive boy was critiqued almost every minute of every day in how he stood, how he walked, how he sat down and got up, how he walked, and how he moved. Regardless of what Cam thought it was going to be like, being a girl is not like being a boy in a dress. He was beginning to understand this right down to the tips of his high heels.

As a girl, it seemed like there was ALWAYS someone telling him what to do, when to do it, and how to do it. Sometimes they told him to do something that he didn't want to do, or told him in a way that made him angry.

"Ladies don't bend over at the waist, honey. They stoop down. And keep your knees together tightly and your bottom pointed away when you do. Watch your skirts. Always manage your skirts, dear, so your slip lace and stocking tops won't show whenever you move."

They taught him how to sit. "Just back up to the chair, dear, smooth the back of your skirt so it doesn't wrinkle and hold it with your hand at the back of your legs so the hem doesn't droop down and show your slip lace—and THEN sit down. Always sit nice and erect and keep your knees together. If you cross your legs while you sit, cross them above the knees if you can and always keep your skirt managed and down. Don't cross your legs at your ankles or calves like men do. That's not ladylike. And when you get up from your chair, again manage your skirt with your hand in back of your knees and keep your knees tight as you stand up."

And how to walk. “Take smaller steps, dear, like ladies do. Don’t walk like a farmer in the feed lots. Walk graciously like a lady. Try and keep your hands always above your hips when you walk and not dangling down like an ape. When you swing your arms when you walk, swing them with elbows bent and across your body. Not swinging low at your side like a man would do. Hold your purse over the crook in your elbow in front of you and swing your other arm, elbow bent, across you as you walk.”

“You don’t have to have such limp wrists, honey. You’re a girl. Not a mincing little sissy. Take nice steps in your high heels. If you try and walk in them like hunting boots, you will probably fall down or break a heel. Watch how we ladies walk and emulate us. See how we take smaller, daintier steps than the men? And when you stand, stand up straight and don’t slouch. Keep your heels with one in back of the other at an angle. Don’t stand like a bow-legged linebacker or everyone will read you right away. You have pretty legs, honey. Don’t be afraid to show them but always keep them ladylike.”

Failing to heed what they taught him was not an option. Cam realized that ignoring their orders could get him beat up.

“If anyone starts calling you sissy, just keep walking like a girl away from them.. Names won’t every hurt you dear. And men are always looking. You will just have to get used to their staring and their comments and sometimes insults. Just pretend you didn’t hear them and just keep walking. Most of the time they will call the names after you have left, anyhow, and you won’t even hear them. They don’t matter. It’s okay you’re wearing a dress. Lots of people wear dresses...but you must never feel male.”

As a girl, he had much more to do around the house and doing it all in heels and a tight skirt was his only option. If he complained about the discomfort, he'd hear, "If you are not willing to put fashion before comfort, you aren't going to be much of a girl...."

Another preparation item the women came up with was to have him carry a purse almost every minute of every day. It was purse training. Wherever he went and whatever he did, the women made him carry his purse. When he sat and relaxed, his purse was always to be right next to him within arms reach. They started him out with a little purse—almost like a little girl's purse—and then graduated to a real woman's purse after a few days. They also filled his purse with a little red wallet and coin pouch, some Kleenex, safety pins, a compact and lipstick, some clear nail polish to use on his stockings if they started to run, a little hair brush and some bobby pins, a little spritzzy bottle of cologne, a nail clipper and emery board, and extra garter tab in case one of his would break—that he could fasten with a safety pin to his garter strap—and as an afterthought the women put in a little package of spare sanitary napkins.

Being a girl everyday, all day was nothing like what Cam expected. The rigid routine and absolute control over every aspect of his life was disorienting. Sit to pee, getting just the right wiggle, priming properly, and taking pleasure in painful fashion. It was the job of his Auntie and mother to either adjust his attitude to a feminine way of thinking or put him back in pants.

They did this by applying significant degrees of physical and mental stress, while at the same time teaching him the fundamentals of etiquette, and customs of being female.

"It will be good practice for you, honey, to wear a napkin in your pan-tee every month for four days. Just

like the girls do. Not only will it be good practice but it will make you feel like a girl.”

So the women had Cam circle four dates on a calendar—about every 28 days—as “her period” days when he would have to wear a napkin. For the first two of the days, he’d have to wear a pad—for the second two (her “light” days), a simple winged panty liner.

One of the first things the women had “Candy” do in public in one of his new skirts and blouses was to go into the town drugstore and purchase some napkins and panty liners for himself. The women made Cam go into the store by himself while they waited in the car and watched. It was to be good experience for Cam in being a lady out in public. They could watch through the front window in the store as Cam went to the napkin section and picked out a box of napkins and a box of winged panty liners. They also had him purchase a tube of vaginal crème and a feminine disposable douche. They watched the boy by the shelf as another woman shopped right next to him but never even gave Cam so much as an inquisitive glance.

The woman just smiled as she passed by Cam in the aisle. Then at the checkout in front, the checkout girl never even gave Cam any undo attention whatsoever. She simply rang up the purchases and put them in a little plastic bag. Then Cam went into his purse, took out his girlish wallet and paid for the articles—and simply picked up the bag and walked out. The girl at the cash register and the woman in line behind her never gave the feminized boy so much as a glance as he walked out of the drugstore.

“See how easy?” Auntie said to Cam as he got into the back seat of the car—keeping his knees together, his skirt properly managed, and his purse over his elbow. “I told you nothing would happen. People see what they *want* to



see. If you act like a lady, you will be seen as just another lady. If you move crudely like a male, they will read you as a weirdo. You did fine in there, honey. That's how you need to be in public. Just, stay relaxed, mind your own business and don't even care what other people may see or think. It's none of their business anyhow."

The training went on as Candy underwent heavy petticoating and emasculation at the hands of her mother and auntie. Every waking minute of every day was spent in either a skirt or a dress. Absolutely no male clothes or movements were allowed.

While it sometimes seemed sadistic to Cam, his wards did not derive any particular pleasure in his discomfort. They had undergone the same social training only it had taken many years of their youth. They only had weeks to build from scratch a little sissy into a dedicated member of the female sex...and Cam was finding it all simply getting just a little bit easier each and every day.

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At night, he was given a pink, waltz length nylon night gown to wear to bed with matching sleep panties. Each morning, what he was doing finally started to really hit him when he tossed back the covers to get up and felt down to feel his own pink panties that he was wearing. His nightgown had ridden up above his waist as he slept and he felt the little lace hem of it against his sleek panties. He looked down at himself and saw his painted fingernails against his pink panties and enjoyed a bit of luxurious feminine bliss. *"Was he beginning to like wearing panties and lipstick and being a sissy girl?"* he could only think.

Every morning he would get up, put on his robe and then go out and have coffee and breakfast with her aunty and mom in the kitchen. Then he would have to go in and

take a shower, wash his hair, do his makeup and put on his panties, bra, slip and dress for the day. Makeup was a learning experience and it took Cam a full week of doing it every morning and before they would go out anywhere. He seemed to always draw smiles of approval from his auntie and mother whenever they saw him come out wearing fresh makeup and lipstick. And before long, with the lipstick he had been using, which was actually more of a permanent lip stain; it looked like Cam was wearing lipstick even when he wasn't. There would be no way now that he could go out in public and be seen as anything but either a girl or a sissy with his plucked brows, pierced earrings and his rose stained lips. For fear of being recognized and ridiculed as a pansy, the boy strove even more and more to be as girlish as possible in all dress and manners. After a week, it even got so bad that his auntie had to comment, "Oh honey, you don't have to be so swishy and limp-wristed in your dress. You're not a little sissy, you're a girl just doing what girls do."

It was obvious that the magic of being pantied and petticoated alone had been working on Cam's mannerisms. Every day he displayed fewer and fewer inborn male mannerisms as he was constantly being corrected by the women. The women really noticed this—how just some quality time in skirts and panties alone had been so emasculating. Whenever they saw him sit or stoop like a girl and manage his skirts in a ladylike manner, the women would always seem to cluck in their approval. When they would detect the opaque evidence of his slip lace through the thin fabric of one of his cotton dresses, the women would always smile in knowing satisfaction.

As the emasculation progressed suitably, they bought Cam several other dresses and skirts and blouses at the second hand clothing store, so he could have a fresh dress

to wear for every day of the week. Most of them were just simple cotton shirtwaists in pastel colors of pink, coral, yellow and nancy-blue. A few had border prints of flower patterns around the hem and on the collar. Cam had also gotten some ladies shoes for pennies at the used stores and was now learning to coordinate his shoes with his dress every day. And everywhere he went, even in the house, he had to keep his purse nearby. It became almost habit now, for Cam to just routinely string the straps of his purse over his arm—even when just going from room to room. Purse carrying was now becoming a natural force of habit for him and this, of course, contributed even more to his emasculated mannerisms in his dresses.

Then, one afternoon, when Cam's mother and auntie were away, the local girls came over. At first, Cam was mortified when he saw them drive up and get out of their car. He wished he had a few male clothes for emergencies. But he remembered what his auntie and mother had told him, "One of these days those girls might come over and you will have to answer the door in your dress. Just do it and don't feel ashamed. They already know that you are being petticoated, so you can't hide from them. Just answer the door and let them in. Those girls will probably be impressed with your progress and will probably have some fashion hints."

So, most sheepishly in his pastel blue, full skirted, cotton shirtwaist with the little border print of white daisies around the hem, Cam went to the door and opened it to the girls. When he did so, a little frisky breeze caught the front hem of his thin cotton dress and billowed it up a bit in front—enough that the girls got a quick glimpse of his snow white, lace hemmed slip and stockinged knees. This sight immediately drew a little squeal from a pixie blonde minx and a wide smile and giggle from a knowing brunette.

“Oh my, it’s true. You are still in a dress!” the brunette said as she looked at the petticoated boy in the doorway. “And such a pretty dress! And you are beginning to look so much like a girl. Oooo! This is going to be so much fun,” she beamed.

Cam invited all four girls into the house and seated them in the living room while he hosted the girls to some iced tea and lemonade with some little tea party cookies.

“You baked these cookies?” one girl asked.

Cam blushed and said, “I’m learning to cook.”

“How domestic,” a girl beamed in amusement at the very sight of the total lipsticked and perfumed pansy before them. Then Cam took his seat on the couch between two of the girls and they immediately started to pluck at his pastel blue cotton dress with their feminine fingers.

“Oh, I used to love wearing a dress like this,” one of them said. “I had one just like this that I wore to church and sometimes to school. It was so light and airy. I loved it especially in the summer. Dresses like this are timeless and always in fashion for a lady to wear,”

“Yes,” added an auburn haired girl in jeans and sandals. “It’s good that you learn in a dress so you know what we girls go through and how we feel. Most boys don’t get to feel and enjoy their clothes like we girls do. It’s so much more fun to be a girl...as you are obviously learning.”

“Are you wearing a panties, too?” quizzed the little pixie blonde with her amusing smile.

“Well, of course he would wear panties,” added the auburn hair. “How else would he learn how to be a girl without wearing panties?”

“Ooooo, let’s see,” beamed the blonde. “We want to see your pan-tee and what your are wearing under your dress. Stand up and show us. Don’t be shy, honey, you are one of us girls now.”

“Yeah. We all wear panties, too. See?” asked the brunette as she simply lifted up the front of her denim wrap-skirt and her little pastel blue half slip underneath to show the boy her matching pastel blue bikini panties with the little thin blue gusset hardly covering her privates. “We girls simply love wearing pretty panties. Don’t we, girls?” The other girls simply cooed and giggled in their glee at the very thought of seeing the sissy boy’s underwear.

So they had Cam stand up before them. “Oooo, just lift up your dress in front, honey and show us your pretties that we just know you are wearing.”

Cam crossed his forearms in front and stooped down and plucked the hem of his pastel blue cotton, border print dress with his painted nails. Then very sheepishly and in total blushing humiliation, he began to lift his dress in front.

“Ooooo, how swish! Such a pretty slip, too!” quipped the now totally amused pixie blonde. “Lovely little lace. I bet a pretty slip makes you feel so much like a pretty girl underneath.” She reached forward and plucked at Cam’s slip lace with her feminine fingers as she smiled and clucked in feminine approval. “Don’t you just love knowing that you are so pretty and feminine underneath your dress? Fess up now, honey. You really like being a girl, don’t you?”

“It’s okay I guess so far,” answered the boy with almost a sissy lisp. On hearing his little lisp the girls all smiled and almost squealed at his girlishness.

“Sweet! He’s keeping his voice high and talking like a girl. It’s okay. Relax. We don’t care. In fact we think it’s neat that you will be wearing dresses like a girl and will be working at the truck stop restaurant as a waitress. Now lift up your dress in front high so we can see your panties.”

Almost overwhelmed by now in his shame at standing there before the four girls, whom he knew in school and who all knew him as a boy before. But Cam could do nothing else but comply. He simply took the hem of his dress and lace hem of his slip in his fingers and hoisted them up in front all the way to his waist and the elastic of his snow white, lace trimmed, full brief, nylon sissy panties.

The wide-eyed girls immediately riveted their eyes on the boy’s panty vee, as all young girls would immediately do. They were looking for any evidence of a little maleness there. When they saw no evidence, they almost all put their hands over their mouth to stifle their amusing squeal and beaming smile. One giggled, “Where is it?”

“It’s tucked back....” Cam blushed.

“Oooo, you must be learning to tuck it really well,” said the more worldly brunette.

“It’s really there?” giggled the pixie blonde. “I don’t see anything there?”

“Oh, maybe his mother took scissors and snipped it off,” the auburn said jokingly. Just the thought made Cam cringe and push his thighs even further together in protection of his panty vee. But this pose made him look even more femmy in front and the girls all smiled in amusement again at the boy’s most femmy pose.

“Ooooo, such pretty pan-tees,” exclaimed the tall thin brunette with short hair that up until now had said little but just smiled in amusement. “Such pretty lace, too. Where did you get the pretty lace pan-tees? You can’t hardly find them like that anymore. They are so old fashioned and the stores don’t hardly sell them like that anymore....”

Then the girls noticed the sewing machine in the corner of the room and figured it out. “Are you learning to sew too?” one girl asked.

Cam said, “I’m learning how to sew and for practice I’ve learned to sew lace trim on my underwear.” The girls were in awe. This boy had not only been sewing like a girl, but he was also *wearing* what he had sewn. And just that thought made him appear even more pansy-ish before the discriminating eyes of those girls.

“Oh and stockings and a garterbelt, too. How feminine,” added the thin brunette. “So old fashioned and girlish. My mother still wears stockings rather than pantyhose. And I have worn them once in awhile for special dressy occasions or to church. They’re nicer in the summer when it’s hot outside and so much cooler than pantyhose.” She seemed to reach forward with her fingers and kind of pluck a little at Cam’s white garter tabs where they held up the dark tops of his suntan colored nylons.

Then the bold little blonde simply reached out with her pink nail painted finger and flicked it at Cam’s panty vee. He boy cringed as he still held his dress and slip up high so all the girls could see his snow white, lace trimmed nylon panties. “Can you still ‘be a boy’ down there?” asked the girl most boldly. The other girls sat in awe at her forwardness.

Cam didn't answer. He could only blush and cringe in total shame.

"Come here. I want to see how real," cackled the blonde. "Come closer," she added.

Cam stepped forward a step closer to the blonde. He was curious too. As she sat on the couch and the little blonde simply took ran her fingers from his panty elastic down his white nylon panties to the "V". "It's like there is nothing there!" the blonde announced. The girls all broke out in squeals of glee and total amusement.

"Ooooo, look at it. It can't be very big. No wonder why you were always such a sissy in school," quipped the tall, slim brunette. "Looks to me like you belong in panties and a dress, honey."

Another girl said, "You ain't much of a boy down there and won't do much good for a girl...but I guess you knew that."

"It's so like gone?" squeaked the auburn. "I thought they were all big enough to show but I guess if he's going to be a waitress?"

Then the brunette came over and she felt for it. She felt for any sign of Cam's little limp peenie.

"Ooooo, even if I stroke it, he doesn't get a stiffy," she giggled as all the other girls simply beamed with amusement. "When I do this for my boyfriend, he's huge in a second!"

"Wait....I think I feel it! It's so little...like a little noodle lump," said the blonde pixie.

Another girl said, "My boyfriend gets stiff just seeing my panties under my skirt. But I guess Cam is used to seeing what's under a skirt."



The girls continued to “check him out.” Even Cam was amazed he still didn’t get stiff at all. He remained limp and girlishly flat to the diddling fingers.

“Well no wonder why they decided to put you into pan-tees and a dress. You certainly wouldn’t be any good as a boy with that thing. I thought all boys were big....”

“Yeah,” said the auburn. “Maybe we ought to get one of the guys to come over next time with us and show Cam what a *real* man’s thing is like. Would you like that, honey? The other girls squealed and giggle at the very idea of it.

Tears came to Cam’s eyes.

“No tears. You’ll just love being a pretty waitress?” the brunette teased. “You can wear a pretty uniform and slips and pan-tees and wear lipstick and be completely girlish—and you will be able to tease all the truck drivers in the restaurant. They will all look at your pretty pan-teed bottom and will give you nice tips. Won’t you like that? Fess up, now honey. That sounds like fun, right?”

“I guesssth,” the red faced boy seemed to lisp. All the girls cooed and wooed in their feminine glee. It was all he could do to keep from bawling in absolute shame as he had to stand there with girl’s proving how girlish he’d become while holding up his dress and lace hemmed white nylon slip.

And with that, a girl told Cam, “Just don’t be a slut!” They all laughed as he lowered down his dress and his slip in front.

Then for the rest of the afternoon, the girls sat and chit chatted and made inane feminine talk with Cam listening and participating. They talked of makeup and clothes and femme hygiene and, of course, men. It was

definitely the kind of talk that no normal male would ever be included in, much less be forced to participate in.

Then came the subject of keeping their boyfriends happy.

“Oh, I’m starting to get so tired of Brad,” said the pixie blonde. “All he ever wants is for me to suck his thing and I’m getting bored with it. He doesn’t even want to go out anymore. He just wants to come over to my house and have me suck him off. And if my parents are home, he wants me to go out in the car and do it for him. We don’t hardly even go out anywhere anymore. And even if we do, like to a movie or something, he always want me to do him in the car.”

“Oh, you should get rid of him, honey, if that’s all that he wants. There are lots of other guys that will take you out to do fun things.”

“Yeah, all guys want that all the time. You’d think they all think that it’s what we girls are for, or something.”

The blonde said, “My older sister said ‘All girls do it to guys sooner or later—so you may as well just learn and be good at it. You’ll all learn...Get them to shoot fast and get done. It doesn’t taste bad at all...just kind of bland and tasteless.’ Plus, she said she had heard that it was actually kind of good for a girl’s femininity to swallow it.”

“Well, that’s a good idea,” added the brunette. “This one girl I used to know would only let guys put it up her bottom. She said it wasn’t bad after she got used to it that way—and she wouldn’t get pregnant, either. It was her safe way of pleasing her dates, she said, and that most guys couldn’t tell the difference anyhow.”

“Ooooo, I bet that would hurt,” said the blonde pixie.

“Yeah, but I heard that’s what sissies do,” giggled the brunette as she looked over at Cam as he was bringing out another tray of drinks and cookies for the girls. The other girls beamed too at that comment and the very thought of a Cam being bent over like a girl.

“Maybe I ought to get Brad to come over with us next time and...meet our Candy.”

“Oooooo, no. I’m not ready for meeting men,” gasped Cam.

“Maybe one of these days, though,” smiled the brunette mischievously. “Maybe in a few weeks. Brad could really make you feel like a girl.”

The girls finally left Candy to be alone in the house and his conscience began to run wild. “*Were they right?*” he could only think to himself. “*Do I really belong in a dress and as a girl? Am I better off as a girl, as they said?*”

Cam really started to wonder as he went over to a wall mirror and looked at his own image in his dress. He saw how nicely the dress fit him and felt how comfortable it was on his hips. He looked at his nyloned legs and his pantied bottom through the thin fabric folds of the dress.

He felt the lace of his slip shimmer around his stocking tops and wondered again if he “belonged” as the girls had said. He looked at his lipsticked lips and tasted the lipstick sweetness—and then thought about what it would be like to have to be a girl with a man. as the girls had talked about all afternoon. At first, the thought was revolting and repulsive. But then again, he thought, maybe it really wouldn’t be so bad, as they had said, if he ever had to deal with guys. It was one of those private

moments when Cam was really psychologically beginning to *like* being a girl and wearing a dress.

Time flew by.... Cam's resocialization had worked. He had been mentally and emotionally "re-trained" so that he could operate in an environment other than that a boy is accustomed to. Cam's training involved his complete change of personality so that he could function as a woman. Cam was now Candy; a "her" and a "she"!

### SISSY WAITRESS

Candy's first week at working as a waitress at Mabel's Roadhouse was now over. She had her waitress dress off and hanging on a hanger on her bedroom door and was sitting on the edge of her bed in just her white, lace hemmed, stretch strap Shadowline nylon full slip. Candy had learned the comfort and practicality of the stretch lace straps on the slip as she had to constantly bend, reach and stoop in her activities as a table server. She looked down at the pretty whisper light white nylon and the pretty floral lace hem of her slip across her thighs as she sat there on her bed. It was definitely a sight that no boy would ever see of himself, but only one a woman or a complete pansy would see.

Funny, she could only think to herself, that after only a few days in dresses she hardly even thought anymore of her panties that she had to now wear—and her shimmering slip. They were now just something that she wore—something that she just simply put on and wore to work under her waitress dress. She was beginning to think of herself simply as a girl now, rather than as a boy wearing a dress. Her psyche was changing.

The restaurant was typical of any interstate truck stop café. There was a counter that was served by one or two girls, depending on the time of day, and two or three waitresses that served the twenty five booths and tables. In the back, in a good sized stainless steel kitchen, Mabel oversaw and helped out wherever needed where she had employed two middle aged female cooks and one young high school boy to operate the dishwashers. Mabel also came out and greeted customers and chit chatted with the regulars when the traffic was slow—such as early in the mornings when habitually only a few farmers and truckers were in the restaurant. Later in the day, and especially around the lunch and dinner hours, when the restaurant was especially busy, Mabel would help in the kitchen or help wait on tables if the girls got flooded.

The days went fast for Candy as she hustled the tables with the rest of the girls. Customers would seat themselves and the mincing sissy in her white waitress dress and frilly peach colored apron would come to the table with a fresh pot of coffee. She's leave a copy of the menu for each at the table, would pour coffee for any that wanted it and then would leave to perhaps attend another table while the customers chose from the menu. Then Candy would come back, take their orders on a little ticket pad, would perhaps freshen their coffee, and then would swish off to deliver the orders to the clip carrousel by the heated kitchen counter.

She could almost always sense the eyes of the farmers and truckers on her. She sensed how they all seemed to gaze at the hem of her dress and her legs—at her pantied rump—and at her little falsy breasts. Most of the girls wore plain slips or half slips under their waitress dresses. Some wore just pantyhose with no slip at all. But the women had always insisted that Candy have a little lace on the hem of her slip—even if it did show through the

thin fabric of her white waitress dress. They thought it good for her to be pretty underneath and to then feel pretty as she minced about in front of all the men. Some of the men, of course, would stare at her lace hem through the thin fabric of her white dress as Candy moved about before them—and most would smile mischievously at her frills. The women would usually just cluck in knowing approval and just be more concerned with their meal.

For a lot of the farmers who waded in mud and cattle all day long, the restaurant with the pretty waitresses in their white uniforms was welcome refreshment. There would be the group of “regulars” that would show up every morning, sit at the same table, drink coffee and talk about politics, sports, farming and usually the same subjects over and over every day. By eleven o’clock, Mabel had to literally almost kick them out to make room for lunch customers. The old regulars would spend little, drinking mostly coffee with refill after refill, and almost became a business pain. But it was almost tradition and Mabel had learned to put up with the old geezers and had become friends with most of them.

Along one wall, at some booths, usually sat the truckers where the restaurant had installed pay phones in each booth so the truckers could call in to their dispatchers. It was the truckers and usually the ones that ran regular local routes everyday that tended to try and get the friendliest with the girls. On the adjoining property was a motel for the truckers and it was not uncommon for one of them to take one of the pretty little table servers over there after she finished her shift. And this was how Candy ended up getting her first taste at what it takes to really be a girl.

Candy had worked at the restaurant for about two weeks and had noticed this one particular grain truck driver that seemingly gave her extra attention and left

her nice big tips. He always tried to sit in the section of tables where Candy served. He flirted with her and she noticed how he kept looking her over and especially at her nyloned legs and the hem of her skirts. Candy, by now, had learned to wear pantyhose under her uniform. While her mother and auntie preferred Candy to learn how to be a girl in old fashioned stockings and a garterbelt or open bottom girdle, the garters were a hassle at work for Candy—always coming unfettered and needing to be re-attached to hold up her stockings, so the women allowed her to wear pantyhose. Plus, the stretch nylon pantyhose also served to keep Candy well tucked in her panties so as not to reveal any tell-tale, unsightly, sissy give-away to any of the truckers and farmers. By the end of the day and when she got home, Candy could help but notice that just from being pantied and pantyhosed alone seemed to literally geld her to almost smooth-panty-gusset nothingness between her legs.

“Hey, honey,” the grain trucker asked her as she poured his coffee. “Want’a make a quick and easy twenty bucks some afternoon when you get off shift?”

“How’s that,” Candy answered with her waitress smile.

“Just come on over with me to the motel after you get off shift for a few minutes and I will show you,” he smiled at her mischievously.

Candy, of course knew what he was talking about. A couple of the other girls were known to go over to that motel with a trucker on occasion. They had talked about it among each other—how the truckers would pay them for the quick blow jobs the girls would give.

At first, Candy was repulsed and for the following days did everything she could to not have to wait on that grain trucker’s table. But financial times were tough for Candy and her aunt and mother in their double-wide. They were

past due on almost every bill, so a quick, easy, extra twenty dollars that could pay a water or garbage bill was something that Candy gave serious thought to.

In the meantime, Candy confided what the trucker wanted with her brunette girlfriend who continued to visit Candy almost daily now and give Candy her diddlings. The brunette would come over when Candy's aunt and mother were out and make Candy lift her dress and slip and stand before the brunette while the brunette made a good habit of showing Candy her dark, moist pussy.

"Wouldn't you like to have one of these?" the brunette would always chide Candy. "Then you could really please the boys."

Then the brunette would lower down Candy's sissy pants and diddle her while telling her what a good girl she could be for some guy and how much she belonged in dresses and panties. Once in a while Candy would dribble some clear liquid but most of the time she was just limp and infibulated no matter how much the brunette diddled her—and this only led to even more chiding by the brunette about how worthless Candy was as a male and how she was much better off in dresses and maybe even eventually to become a pretty dress-wearing wife for some strong-cocked man.

"Turn around and bend over for me, honey. I want to see your little sissy pussy. Ooooo, that's a good one. I just know that some farmer guy would just love to put something big and stiff all the way up inside of it every day and make you squeal like a little sissy wife. Wouldn't you like that? Wouldn't you like to be like a real wife and receive and pleasure a husband like the real girls do?"

Candy could only stand there and blush in shame at the very thought of a husband coming home and bending



her over, lifting up her dress and her slip, lowering her silky sissy pants and taking her from behind as husbands do to their farm wives.

It was during one of her diddlings when the brunette was making particular fun of how small and limp and infibulated Candy's little peenie was becoming from being constantly pantied—that Candy simply blurted out almost tearfully with it that one of the truckers wanted to pay her to suck his weenie in the motel.

At first, the brunette just broke out laughing at the very thought of it—of Candy sucking a man's cock. But then the sheer amusement and decadence of it overtook the brunette and she encouraged Candy.

"Why, honey, you should go with him. You know you need the money. And it won't be bad, just like we girls always told you. Just kneel down and make a nice "O" with your lips and let him put it in your mouth until he's done. Remember to drag your lower lip when you do it. That will make him finish faster. Then just swallow it and take the money. It's that easy. It really isn't that bad, dear. You will find out. And you get a whole day's tips in just fifteen minutes. If I were you, I'd certainly do it," she lied.



For a week after that Candy continued to sashay her pantied fanny in front of all the truckers and farmers in her white waitress dress and frilly apron. The only thing that could possibly betray her by now was her still short, almost boyish, hair. It was starting to grow out into a nice pixie, center parted wedge cut with a few little curls over the ears, but it was still short. If the truckers and

cowboys read Candy as a sissy, they never said anything. Perhaps, as truckers can become, they were simply just horny and could care less if it was a pretty lipsticked sissy that was gagging on their big loafs in the motel or in the back in their sleeper rigs in their trucks.

Finally, more from curiosity than for any money, Candy agreed to meet the grain trucker at his motel room after she got off work. With much apprehension, she grabbed her purse and still in her white waitress uniform she sashayed her pantied fanny across the truck parking lot to the honks of a few horns.

Candy knocked lightly on the door of Bud Talik's motel room. She was surprised in going in that there was another guy in there with Bud—his farmer friend Lew Ferguson. Ill at ease to be before these two strong men in her frail white waitress dress and with her dainty lingerie underneath, Candy sat down on a chair and began making small talk with the men. She could notice them both eyeing her dress hem and her pantyhosed legs as she sat. Whenever she moved her legs, her pantyhose made nylon-against-nylon swishing sounds and this always attracted the men's eyes. The men presented her with an alcoholic drink—the first that Candy had ever had. She liked it. It was tasty and warmed her insides. Then the refills kept coming until after an hour she began to feel the effects and she began to relax and become less afraid and inhibited. She had gone into the bathroom to touch up her makeup and had come back out into the room with the men when her ordeal really started.

Bud, the grain hauler, took Candy into his big strong arms and he began kissing her full on her lipsticked lips. At first, Candy was repelled, but then she simply gave in to his advances. It wasn't bad, she could only think to herself as Bud held her tightly and kissed her long and

thorough. The girls had told her that she would have to kiss the guys before long and that it was just part of being a pretty girl, so Candy simply submitted to Bud's advances. But it wasn't but a minute or two before she felt Bud's big hand start to fondle her pantied fanny as he kissed her and Candy felt the back of her dress going up along with her thin, white, frilly lace hemmed slip that she was wearing under her dress. She tried to fight off his advances and get her dress back down in back, but he was too strong and she couldn't reach her hands down to push down her dress. His hand was now firmly onto her pink pantied bottom when she heard Lew's comment.

"Pink panties. That makes sense for a sissy. Wouldn't you know that she wears pink sissy pants. Now how about we show 'little candy' what it really means to be treated like a girl."

Candy could feel Bud pushing her shoulders downward towards the bed where Lew sat and turning her to face Lew. Before she knew it in her tipsy state from all the drinks she had in just an hour or so, Candy was on her knees on the carpet and facing right at the end of Lew's erect penis.

"Now come on, girly. Show us what girls like to do. Suck my cock, honey. Suck it nice."

Lew, by now had hold of Candy's head and held her firmly just inches from the end of his fully erect penis. No matter how she tried to twist or turn she could not back away from it. It was mere inches from her lipsticked mouth. All she could see now was the neck of it before her and his big scarlet colored plum. She could smell his cologne and almost taste it on her lipsticked lips when his hand pushed her head forward and downward to his erect penis. Finally, as the girls had told her so many times, Candy simply made a nice sissy "O" with her lips and she

went down with it. She put her lips around the base of Lew's plum.

"Oh yeah! That feels good. She's gonna be a good little cocksucker. Just like we figured. Now come on, honey. Suck my cock. Suck it good and show us what a pretty girl you are."

At first, of course, repulsed, Candy could not back off Lew's stiff penis as he had firm hold on the back of Candy's head with the still short and slightly boyish hairdo. He made her face it and he made her stay down on it. He took the lead and set the rhythm and literally fed Candy a couple inches at a time in pistoning movements. His cock began to slish and slide in and out of Candy's mouth.

But then, just as quickly as it had started, Candy felt Bud's hands again on her sides and she was being brought up to her feet and off Lew's cock. She was put onto her knees on the edge of the bed and was pushed downward with her head down on the bed, while her bottom was up high.

Then she felt it. She felt her dress going up in back. Bud was lifting up her dress. She tried to protest and to lift up from the bed, but strong hands held her down to the bed. She felt her dress going up, up, up—and then her lace hemmed slip as she felt it, too, being slid up way over her pink, lace trimmed, shiny nylon panties in back. Then she felt some hands take hold of the waist elastic of both her panties and her pantyhose and start to shuck them both down her legs.

"Oooooo, not my panties. Ooooo pleeeee...." Candy could only plead as she felt her panties being pulled down to her knees, along with her rolled down pantyhose. She heard a man chuckle after she pleaded that with them. Her pantyhose and panties now almost hobbled her

around her knees as strong hands continued to hold her shoulders down onto the bed while her naked fanny was still up and open. Candy felt the air of the room on her naked and fully exposed fanny now and then felt something liquid and slippery being applied in a big dollop to her little rosebud and gooped into her with a probing finger. Then, while she began to squeak and squeal faintly, she could only know what was soon to come when she heard Bud say, "Now I'm gonna give her something that will really make her feel like she's a girl."

Candy could feel something spongy pushing against her rosebud--pushing, pushing, pushing. Then finally the head of Bud's penis popped into her and Candy gasped and then squealed as Bud gave her but an inch or two and held it there for Candy to get used to his girth. Bud did not have an overly long penis, fortunately for the now squealing sissy, but he was thick.

"Quit your squealing," Bud grunted. "I'm being gentle." Then Candy felt more pressure and pushing until finally Bud had her impaled completely. "See? That wasn't so bad," Bud stated. Candy now had the full length of Bud's penis way up inside her from behind. He held it there as Candy could only gasp and squeal as it stretched her and filled her up with its stiffness.

"Oh yeah! Nice and tight. Just like a girl. Yeah, you are gonna be a *nice* piece of ass. Now hold still, girly, and quit wiggling around so much because you're gonna get it now. Now you know what it feels like to be a real girl. And keep that fat little ass of yours up high," he said as he gave her a slight little spank on her naked cheek. "Keep it up high for me because here it comes, girly."

And with that, Bud began to piston in and out of Candy's behind. At first he drew out slow and then shoved it back in slowly in long measured strokes. While the pain of being stretched in back was intense at first

and had made Candy gasp and squeal in protest, the pain had by now eased off and she could feel him sliding easier in and out of her—easier and easier with the lubrication. Candy relaxed and felt her insides stretch. Finally with some innate resistance defeated, she was getting every inch of him in and out of her, in and out, in and out as he pumped his erect penis in and out of Candy's sissy bottom.

She looked around to her sides and could see hardly anything except the bed cover and the lace of her pretty white slip and the hem of her white waitress dress as they were now draped over the back of her shoulders and almost up to her neck in back. She could feel Bud's muscled cock going in and out of her behind and Candy's eyes started to swoon and dilate and her vision became blurred. And then she felt it. His penis seemed to start to wiggle furiously inside of her as he suddenly pressed it fully up inside. She felt the pulsing and knew that he must now be ejaculating deep inside of her. Candy was getting the semen.

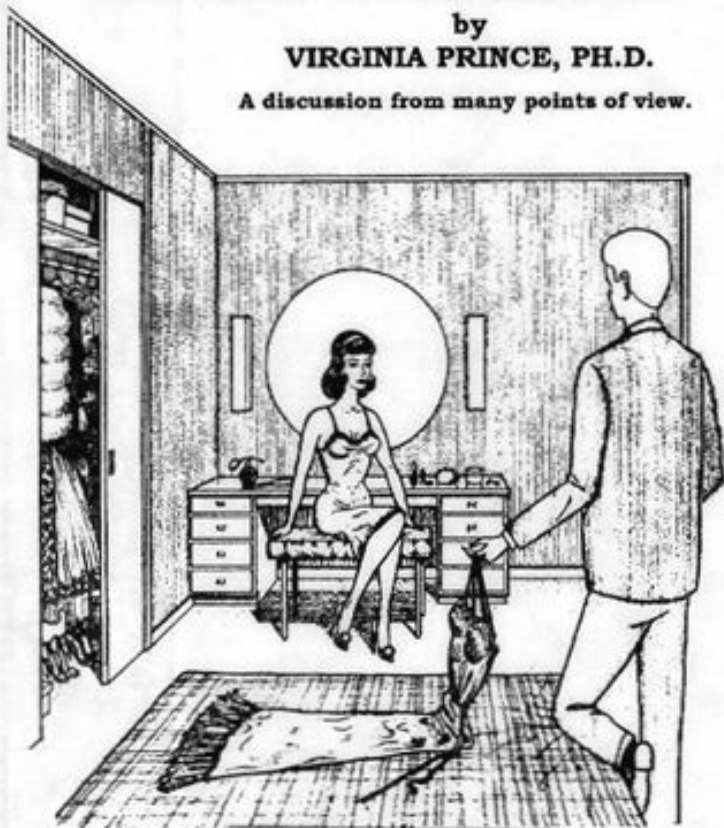
"Oooooo gosssth gee sip me gee goth," she began to lisp in sissy gibberish as his semen now flooded her insides. And then he was done. He pulled out of her behind with an audible slishing sound and Candy felt the immediate relief of having his stiffness withdrawn from her bottom. But it was not to last long. Before she knew it, different hands were holding her down and yet another stiff penis was being thrust up her bottom from behind. This time it was Lew Ferguson who also wanted a sissy piece of her.

Lew's penis was not as thick as Bud's had been, but it was longer and with a smaller plum. He slid into position easily and she once again felt filled up with male stiffness. Lew wasted no time and commenced to "break new ground", pumping into Candy good while she continued to squeal with her face now buried down into the bed covers.

# UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING

by  
VIRGINIA PRINCE, PH.D.

A discussion from many points of view.



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

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CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624



Before long, Lew slid in and out of her easily and there was no pain as Candy could only keep her bottom elevated up high to receive him. And by now it was not at all unpleasant. In fact, the fullness was starting to feel rather good and satisfying. Men... Candy never thought how wonderful a guy could truly be for a sissy girl.

Candy closed her eyes and lost track of time. Lew didn't seem to take very long. As he enjoyed the invasion, Candy squealed sissy gibberish. She could actually hear audible slishing sounds as his long maleness had jogged her bottom—and then just like Bud had done, Lew then filled Candy's bottom up with semen. His cock slushed and gurgled inside of her as he ejaculated his full load—a lot more seemingly than Bud had left inside of her.

As the pressure subsided, Candy felt a strange wave roll over her. She kinda felt crampy and then a light wave of queasiness before feeling an "electricity" in her belly. They were unknown sensations...throbbing contractions in her belly.

Finished, Lew pulled out and allowed Candy to roll over onto her side on the bed, with her dress and slip still up almost to her neck and her panties and pantyhose rolled down to her knees and hobbling her. The men seemed to chuckle as Candy got up from the bed, fought her dress and slip back down, grabbed her purse out of her purse-training habit and hobbled off to the bathroom to take care of herself.

She was absolutely filled up with sticky, greasy sperm but some was now seeping out of her like warm creamy lava. She did what she had to, to care for herself—much as any woman would do after just being bred. She had to take care of her “pussy” much as any woman would have to do—her *sissy* pussy. It was all she could do to finally control the seepage and to clean herself up. Finally, she reached in her purse and drew out a

fresh panty liner and put it inside her pantyhose gusset before drawing them back up onto her hips, followed by her pink silken, lace trimmed panties.

She held her dress and slip up high as she now looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and could see evidence of absolutely nothing now between her legs—nothing but a smoothed over silken covered surface.

The room air felt cold as smoothed her skirt in place. She fluffed out her hair in the mirror and sighed then relaxed. It was over. A sweet soreness began to burn in her belly and she felt her smooth knees press together. More than ever before, Candy felt the psychological effect of “being laid” and that sent her into throes of pure femininity.

And what’s more, as she re-arranged the hems of her slip and her dress back down about her legs, Candy felt that wet warmth deep inside and some pinpricks of tenderness. The contrast between sensations was maddening. She felt the heat pooling in her belly. She felt like a woman.

She patched up her makeup and her smudged lipstick from having to suck cock, she felt so womanish and warm. Her sissy pussy had been stretched and smooshed and felt wide to her inside her panties. She felt like she had been opened, used and filled—yet she seemed to *like* it. She *liked* the idea of being womaned and having just pleased some men like only a woman could do.

Candy acted all girl now—all woman—as she swished back out before the two men who had both just taken her from behind. The men both chuckled to each other in their male empowerment when they could help but notice how Candy seemed even more girlie and swishy and limp-wristed before them than ever before. “*Gawd, he’s all girl now,*” both of them thought to themselves as they watched

Candy now exit the motel room and go outside into the fresh air of the evening.

But in one last gesture, Bud laid a wad of currency into Candy's purse.

"What's that for?" Candy asked innocently.

"To buy yourself something pretty." He added, "Maybe we can have another date next week. I'll let you know when we have another night in town, okay?"

"Okay," Candy lisped as she minced out the door and into the evening. She walked back across the truck lot and felt her pretty hems fluttering about her pantyhosed legs. She could feel the lace hem of her slip flutter against her nyloned legs and now more than ever before was reminded that she was in a dress—more like a female than ever. She felt her bottom swish about in her panties as she walked between the trucks and heard more whistles from the truckers—and sensed nothingness between her legs. She seemed to mince and swish more now than ever before as she walked before all those truck drivers.

She had survived the unthinkable. And for some reason, Candy was already wondering if the men would call her over to their motel room for yet another *date*—and would she once again would get to put on another pretty sissy slip and panties for them under her white waitress dress. She looked into her purse and saw the money that Bud had stuck in there. "*Men,*" she thought. "*It's just like the girls had said. They aren't so bad after all.*"

Fortunately for Candy, her motel room interludes with the truckers were to come to an abrupt end when Bud and Lew quit coming around. Evidently they had been transferred to another route. At first, this disappointed Candy as she had actually started looking forward to

their stops at the restaurant and her opportunity to sashay her pantied fanny before their strong, muscled cocks in hopes that they would later be giving them to her. But then came Roger, the farm implement salesman from Rapid City, who came through once a week on his route. He became thoroughly infatuated with the pretty sissy and soon he and Candy were dating whenever he came into town.

Roger was a lonely man and had been jilted a few times by less than honorable women, so for him and his disgust with all the games that modern women seemed to want to play, a pretty sissy was an ideal mate and would be an ideal little wife for him. And he had everything to contribute to Candy with his suburban home and his stable job and income.

By now, Candy's hair had grown out. She no longer had any sort of a boyish haircut. Her hair had now grown over her ears and she could now curl the ends. Now with her pretty hair, her plucked brows, her pierced ears, her long painted fingernails and her almost permanently stained lips from her constantly wearing of lip-staining lipstick, there was no way that she could ever again pass as a male. Even in pants and a work shirt, she would only appear to be a girl in men's clothes. So she wore dresses and skirts almost entirely now and had literally almost forgotten what pants even felt like on her legs.

After a few months of dating, Roger asked Candy to marry him and to become his pretty suburban wife. Candy, at first was taken aback at the thought of spending the rest of her life in skirts and as some guy's wife. But she consulted with the women and all were in agreement that it would be the best thing for her.

"Oh honey, don't feel ashamed. Some boys are just not meant to be male and are much better off in the woman's role. You are certainly one of them. Look at yourself.

You look and act like a girl. You haven't even worn pants for a couple of years. You *belong* in skirts, honey. Just accept it."

Candy sighed.

"You will make an ideal and pretty wife for him, dear. He will take good care of you and protect you and provide for you—and you can wear your pretty dresses for him and all you have to do is be his pretty wife. Won't that be nice?"

So it was agreed and they had a simple wedding commitment ceremony and a weekend honeymoon in a casino hotel. And in that honeymoon suite, Roger left no doubt in Candy's mind with his strong husbandly virility as to who was going to be wearing the pants in their relationship and who was going to be wearing the wifely panties.

By the time they left the casino hotel for their car and were walking arm in arm across the parking lot—and when Candy felt the hems of her dress and her slip flutter against her nyloned legs—and heard the click, click of her own dainty high heeled sandals on the pavement—felt the seeming nothingness between her legs--and somehow sensed the blobs of his semen now deep in her pantied belly—Candy felt like all-woman—all-wife. How could one not? She was hardly anything resembling male anymore. For all intents and purposes she was now a full-fledged and functioning as a female wife. And who was to really care what little thing she may or may not have hidden in the gusset of her pretty wifely panties? Her husband certainly did not care.

Six months later, in her suburban home, Candy found herself lounging on her bed. She had just gotten off work in her new job in a mall ladies apparel store and had just taken off her dress and was in her snow white Vanity Fair full slip when her husband walked in and decided to once again take her from behind with his strong, muscled maleness.

As had become almost routine for Candy and her new husband, the impromptu sex was thorough and quick. She just bent forward onto the edge of the bed and her husband raised the lace hem of her slip in back, lowered her matching crystal white nylon, lace-trimmed sissy pants and pushed his erect penis all the way up inside of her. Candy, by now could receive the full length of his maleness easily and almost effortlessly. She knew the routine and knew what he liked and what she should do. She held her bottom high and fully open to receive him until he was done and had ejaculated a fresh hot load of his male sperm way up inside of her—a fresh load of “baby batter” as some of the girls called it.

Ooooo, it felt so incredible inside of her belly now as she lounged on the bed afterwards. Candy felt so fulfilled and so warm and femmy inside. She looked down at the pretty floral slip lace across her stockinged thighs and the lace trim across her now swollen sissy breasts. Her stockings had come unfettered during their intercourse so she had just taken them off and her garters now dangled loosely from under the lace hems of her panties and underneath her white slip that she wore. She'd rest awhile and then put on one of her housecoats over her slip and then swish out perhaps more limp-wristed than ever before to her husband and with the nice dollop of his creamy seed now fresh inside of her—to prepare his supper. She tasted her own sweet lipstick and smelled her

own feminine cologne—and could help but wonder to herself,

*“Is it really all that bad being a wife? In fact, it’s rather nice. I think I really LIKE being a wife for him. I LIKE being able to wear my pretty dresses and slips and panties for him and being his wife in every way. In EVERY way. Ooooo, I feel so feminine now. How can it ever get any better than how I feel right now?”*

END

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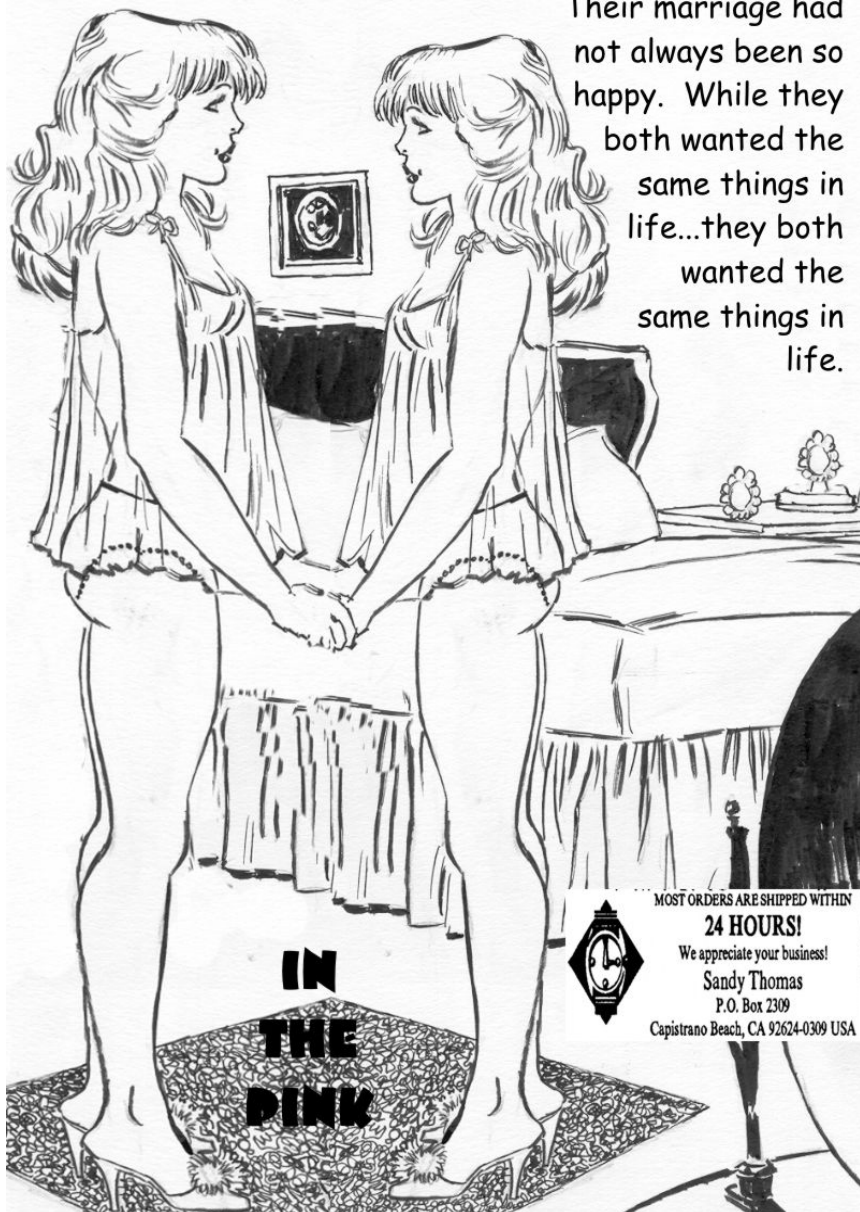
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