

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"THE GIRLS WITHIN"



LIKE A WOMAN # 6 PART TWO OF TWO

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Volume 6

“THE GIRLS WITHIN”

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SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

Contact: Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sandythomasbooks.com

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QUOTE BOARD

“He was addicted to swirling around in a skirt,
but he turned himself around.”

For revenge, Emma convinces others that her macho stepbrother has “A Girl Within”. Then she makes a career of “helping” other boys cope with their “Girl Within”.

THE GIRLS WITHIN

By Alice Trail and Sandy Thomas

Despite his defiance, he was drilled in femininity every waking moment, and there were incentives to improve his feminine skills at every turn. He slept in a silky nylon gown between satin sheets with a beauty mask on his face and his hair set in prickly curlers. Being absorbed in femininity 24/7 for weeks on end had a marked affect on his masculinity, such that he forgot how he did many things as a boy.

So it was the little things that Winston had to learn about dress wearing. Skirt management was a foremost one. He had to be extra cautious with his skirts in order to emulate the other girls. He was to watch and study other women and notice how they conduct themselves and manage their skirts.

It was easy for Winston to see right away how embarrassed a woman can be if she is careless with her hems. And then there were the other little problems that males never have to deal with—such as a loose bra strap or a lace trimmed slip hem that bunched up under a dress—and a slip or skirt that may stick to legs on hot days or stick because of static cling and bunch up.

It was all about the details and being aware. Winston had to be always conscious of frisky little winds that could blow up his skirts and billow them so as to reveal his lingerie, stocking tops and even his panties to any onlookers.

He was taught how women handled these little problems even though some women simply seemed not to care and they simply allowed their skirts to blow around and up.

Did some women actually want the men to be able to see their panties? Or maybe they were just careless? He took notice of how women would simply reach down at any opportune and private time to untangle a slip hem or fluff out a slip that may have ridden up under their dress.

And in the ladies room, when Winston only go where only girls and women go, he got used to seeing women unconsciously standing with their skirts rucked up above their panties and girdles and adjusting an errant garter strap—smoothing out their stockings--or fluffing out their slip or shucking down their riding-up or drooping girdle or pantyhose—even as they casually chit-chatted with other women.

In the ladies room, that one female sanctuary where men are not allowed, a place Winston could only go now. He had begun to appreciate women in their privacy as they dealt with managing their skirts.

Winston learned that when wearing a dress and panties, it was a lot more practical for him to sit to pee—just like all the girls. In the ladies restroom, it was the only proper way to conduct himself as not to offend any of the other ladies.

In fact, he preferred sitting to pee because the seat was never left up and there were never any dribbles as males tend to leave. He would sit there with his panties down, knees together and holding up his skirt and slip up carefully. It allowed a few moments to reminisce, and try

to figure out how he ended up with this most time-honored, intimate female-only characteristic.

As fate would have it, Winston's father died about three months after his enforced femininity began. Until then, he had not been out in public in his feminine finery. He didn't want to attend his father's funeral because he knew he would have to go in a dress and would be seen by friends of the family who knew he was a male...not to mention his own mates! When Ms. Cabot told me of her husband's death and the dilemma facing her, I advised, "This is the perfect time and venue for *Winnie's* debut." Thus, his fate was sealed.

Following my advice, she took him to their home boutique and *purchased* his bereavement ensembles. She chose two mid-thigh length black dresses with straight skirts, two black miniskirts, and six translucent silk blouses that would show the outline of his bra, slip, or camisole.

Two were gray, and there was one each in white, royal blue, pink, and yellow. Of course, matching bra, panties, slips, camisoles, and garter belts were a must for each ensemble. So were nylons and black pumps, none with heels lower than four inches, chic purses, and gold jewelry.

The funeral was a formal affair, so makeup in darker shades was required. That meant Winston had to sit through several makeovers to get just the right hues, shades, and colors. Despite his pleadings, he spent much of the day before the funeral in the beauty salon in a black minidress, a gray silk blouse that did little to hide his black bra, and knee boots with five-inch stiletto heels.

When his harrowing day was over, not only did he have an ultra feminine hairstyle, his ravishing red tresses

were given highlights to make it more brilliant. Tears filled his eyes as he viewed his new *look* in the mirror. Vera warned him not to cry because tears would ruin his makeup, but try as he might to obey her, he shook with sobs.

Winston arrived at the funeral with Margaret and his stepmother, all wearing black dresses. This was the first time he had seen Margaret in a dress in ages, although her skirt was longer than his and her heels lower. When her husband's friends and business associates asked why Winston was wearing a dress, Ms. Cabot calmly explained that he had a girl within that he kept suppressed until his father became incapacitated. Now, he wanted her to come out and *flourish!*

Winston knew all his father's friends watched as he minced around before them, rather limp-wristed, almost as if he was trying to show off his sissy ways. He could hear the heels of his dainty black high heels as they clicked on the floor and caught whiffs of his own dainty floral perfume.

"You look so different," one lady asked. "My husband wants me to get lips plumped up. Who did your lips?"

Winston blushed, knowing she had noticed how his sissy lips looked so plump and shiny and smooth with their fresh creamy rose colored lipstick.

There was no hiding. After the long session in the beauty shop having his hair styled, his eyebrows plucked and his nails manicured and painted, the fresh coating of creamy rose lipstick was the least of his embarrassment.

He tried to keep his posture in his high heels as he delicately held his small black clutch purse. He knew some of his father's friends were giggling and whispering about his emasculation. And a frisky little mid-morning

breeze billowed the skirt of his dress and, he was sure, gave the men a nice glimpse of her black lace trimmed slip.

Perhaps never before had Winston felt so completely vulnerable and submissive in his thin, black short dress and slip, his black colored nylons, black brocade garter belt and his wispy black nylon panties that he was wearing out of respect under his dress that day.

For some reason psychologically, he actually didn't mind the ordeal and even the subtle giggling when he walked by the women.

He heard others whisper, "Winston decided to be a girl for awhile...." He knew some of the men were staring at him as they would a "pretty girl" as he minced and swish about with extra limp wrists. As people consoled him, his voice that seemed higher pitched than ever before, as he took on a daughterly role...feeling more feminine than ever before.

In fact, if he had the least remnant of any male ego left, it was suppressed, all tucked away and hidden in the gusset of black nylon panties. Now, more than ever, Winston felt like a real woman.

One woman came up to him and said, "Honey, now don't be ashamed, its okay. Its okay if you feel like you belong in a dress instead of pants. Lots of boys should girls. It's really quite common, you know."

He overheard one of the women tell another, "You'd better watch out. I saw your husband staring at his bottom!"

The other woman giggled and cooed with glee.

As Autumn approached, *Winnie* had to shop for and purchase his school wardrobe. Against his efforts to resist, he was taken to an upscale boutique. Trying on and selecting stylish dresses, skirts, and blouses and the appropriate bra, panties, and other lingerie for each outfit in a public setting was very traumatic for him. By then, he was an expert at applying makeup and styling his scarlet tresses, so selecting new colors of makeup, lipstick, and nail polish was routine, although very humiliating.

When Ms. Cabot took *Winnie* to Miss Hadler's school to register, he pleaded not to be sent there in skirts, "I'm a boy and shouldn't have to wear dresses. I was accepted at Windsor. It isn't right to make me sit around in silky girl's clothes sewing, knitting, applying makeup, styling hair, and doing other girlish things. I should be out running, exercising, lifting weights, studying mathematics, science, and history, and sharpening my computer skills."

She squelched his protest saying, "Your sedate life in skirts has reduced your muscle tone and prepared you for Miss Hadler's where your girl within can fully emerge. Margaret will be attending Windsor in your stead. An intense academic education will prepare her to be tough, aggressive, and assertive in a male dominated society for when she takes charge of the family business. A few years at Miss Hadler's in skirts and silky lingerie will teach you to be demure, graceful, refined, and educate you to comport yourself with class and decorum. Most importantly, you'll become sensitive to the women's issues you used to ridicule."

"I am the male in this family and my father's sole heir! According to his will, I should have a proper education and take charge of our family affairs. I hate flitting about in dresses, skirts, high heels, and being

humiliated by my mates. Father said I would be the man of the family, not a simpering sissy!”

“Your father is gone, and as a family, we must face our future with wise decisions. I have a much better aptitude for business than your father, and as proof, I’ve more than doubled our assets in the years since his illness incapacitated him. Therefore, it is logical that, as a female, Margaret would be much more suited for the rigors of the business world than you. That’s why you are wearing dresses and enrolling in charm school, and she is attending the university.”

“If I had known you planned to keep me in dresses, I would have gladly traded places with father at his wake. I have never been more humiliated than when you invited my mates to see me in the black dress, heels, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish you made me wear to his funeral!”

“I understand that you were embarrassed to be seen by your friends in your bereavement dress. On the bright side though, your blushes and tear filled eyes were hidden behind your veil much of the time and couldn’t be seen.”

“The veil didn’t hide my dress or makeup or the bright coral lipstick and nail polish you made me wear! I was aghast at the way you adjusted my black slip so the lace and nylon showed in the back walking slit of my tight skirt with every step. I was totally mortified when the blokes saw my sissy slip and jeered at me!”

“Why are you still fretting about that? Your mates have seen you in your pretty dresses and skirts many times since then. For instance, they saw you at the makeup counter in your pink tunic dress with the full skirt and a white satin blouse decorated with intricate lace at the collar and cuffs. They hardly teased you at all. Oh, they did ask if your panties and bra were pink to match your dress and if your boyfriend liked you in that

dress. Okay, they did suggest some things you might do to make them happy. All in all though, you didn't suffer nearly as much ridicule as one might expect when a boy in a dress, heels and makeup appears before other boys or his former mates."

"I'll never forget that awful day because you made me wear three white crinoline petticoats under my full skirt and adjusted them so they would show constantly. While I was sitting at the lighted vanity mirror in the makeup department trying to match lipstick, nail polish, blush, and eyeshadow to my red hair and complexion, you brought my mates in to watch. I wished I were *dead!*"

"Put your masculine pride away and be logical, Winnie. You can help the family most by proudly wearing pretty dresses and skirts while supporting your sister. Hence, your education at Miss Hadler's where you can blossom into a lovely young lady. After you graduate in a few years, I'm sure Margaret will find a position for you as a file clerk or girl Friday to fetch and serve. In time, she may even make you her personal secretary, which should be very exciting with the emergence of your girl within."

That set him off! Using profane expletives that earned him punishments in the past, he shouted, "You bitch, you know damn well that my name is Winston, not Winnie, and that I don't have a girl within! You made me wear dresses, and now, you're making me attend this sissy school so you can get your hands on father's fortune!"

She hissed angrily, "That is true, but it will remain a secret between the two of us. If you breathe one word of that accusation to anyone *ever*, I will make you the trophy wife of a gay executive who needs to keep his sexual orientation secret. If you don't believe me, look in the mirror and see what I have done so far and picture

yourself walking down the aisle in a white satin wedding gown!" His fate sealed, her last comment gave her ideas for his future.

When I received my final check in the mail, it contained a very generous bonus and an accompanying note. It seems that Winnie is still as adamantly opposed to wearing dresses and soft silky lingerie as ever but, due to Miss Hadler's time proven methods, he is becoming quite a lady despite his protests. Regardless of his desires to the contrary, he flits about like a butterfly in silk, satin, and lace and never has a coarse cotton fabric caress his soft velvety smooth skin.

Once a rowdy energetic lad who scurried about at will, he now has to make a concerted effort just to move across a room. That is due to the massive volume of his skirts and petticoats and the limited stride dictated by his hobble slippers and stilt heels. Quite an about face for a boisterous lad who used to charge about unimpeded while taunting everyone about his pending inheritance and superior social status, wouldn't you say?

As for Margaret, she is enrolled at Windsor University and is progressing ahead of schedule toward her degree in World Banking and Finance. Reflecting the influence my agenda for Winnie imparted upon her, she has assumed the dominant role in the relationship with her live-in fiancée. To enforce that position, she requires him to wear silky nylon panties and a matching slip under his kilts on a daily basis. It's clear who wears the trousers in that relationship!

A NEW PATIENT....

“Very impressive that you directed all that without ever meeting any of your clients or setting foot on English soil,” Dr. Stern smiled as she slid a packet across her desk to Emma. “In my opinion, your qualifications for this position are well documented, and I am prepared to offer you this salary and benefit package.”

“Very generous,” Emma said, looking over the contents. “I accept. Where do I sign?”

“Excellent. I expect to identify at least one boy with SBS each year here at Susan B. Anthony. Our current victim...uh...*candidate* has already been selected. I would have preferred to confer with you on the choice, but this one more or less fell, or more specifically was *shoved*, into our lap. By next year, you will be familiar with our student body and be more qualified to nominate your preference. With that in mind, feel free to appraise our students for a possible mark. Your recommendation will be given serious consideration.”

“Agreed. Tell me about this year’s victim...uh...*patient*.”

“As fate would have it, this case is eerily similar to your brother’s. Our *patient*, as you so aptly put it, has symptoms similar to those that led you to diagnose Patrick’s condition.”

“How so?”

“His name is Dalton Wade. He’s an A+ student and the best athlete on campus, but even so, our situation with him is different than yours was with Patty. In this case, Ms. Veronica Watson, a very civic-minded citizen and generous benefactor of our school, brought me a proposition. More specifically, she brought it to *us* now that you are on board. As it happens, her son, Ryan, is the

second best athlete in school, and Dalton is always showing him up in their eyes. Having heard of programs such as yours, she has offered a million dollar endowment to this school if we remove Dalton from the scene and allow Ryan to blossom into a star athlete. Can that be done?”

“I need to know more about Dalton, his parents, his home situation, and things like that before I can venture an opinion as to whether we can convince everyone that he has our imaginary SBS. Tell me all you can about him, and I’ll do some investigation on my own. I’ll give you my evaluation in a few days.”

“Perfect! Dalton lives with mother, and being her only child, she dotes on him no end. In an effort to get her to move away, Ms. Watson had a headhunter offer her a much more lucrative position with an out of town firm last year. During a discussion with Dalton, she learned that he preferred to stay enrolled here because he had a better chance to get a college scholarship in football or baseball. Yielding to her son’s wishes, she declined the offer. In my opinion, she will be a tough nut to crack, but once we have her hooked, she will be in for the entire ride.”

“Okay, let’s give it a shot!”

THE CHOSEN....

Carol Wade was curious when she was summoned for a conference with Dr. Hillary Stern, the principal, and Ms. Emma Price, the counselor, for a discussion about Dalton. After pleasantries were exchanged, the trio got serious with Dr. Stern saying, “Ms. Price has been reviewing the psychiatric profiles of our students in preparation for the coming school year, and she has discovered some rather disturbing facts regarding your son, Dalton.”

“Disturbing facts?” Carol asked in a skeptical voice.

“Yes, it appears that Dalton has a variation of a rare gender dysphoria malady called *Innate Femininity*. That means he has a girl within him who is desperately trying to get out and a deep secret desire to wear dresses and comport himself as a female. For simplicity, this condition is commonly called *Sissy Boy Syndrome* or SBS for short.”

A pin could be heard to drop for several tense moments before Carol said, “Dalton is an athlete who excels in every sport in which he participates. He is very popular among the girls, and I’ve never see any signs that he harbors any secret desire to wear dresses.”

“Don’t feel badly,” Clare cautioned. “Most parents miss the subtle signs that their boy is a girl on the inside, but certainly, a loving mother like you has noticed certain telling signs. For instance, have there been times when the things in your closet or drawers weren’t exactly as you remembered leaving them or your favorite panties were in the laundry when you were certain that you had just washed them? Maybe you’ve seen your son looking dreamily at the lingerie catalogs you get in the mail. If so, he’s probably fantasizing about wearing silky panties or having womanly breasts that need the support of a pretty lacy bra. You may have noticed that your lipstick needs to

be replaced, even though it seems you just bought it. Things like that.”

“Oh my!” Carol exclaimed putting her hand over her mouth. “You’re absolutely right! I’ve noticed *all* those things at one time or another.” Hillary and Emma exchanged a knowing look. The power of suggestion being a powerful thing, they both knew what was coming next. “You know, now that I think about it, Dalton is always fighting with me about his hair,” Carol continued. “I believe men, especially star athletes like Dalton, should look like men with short hair like a crew cut. He claims he wants to let it grow out because girls like long hair on boys, but....”

“How perceptive!” Dr. Stern exclaimed. “That’s a perfect example, and I’m sure there are others. Although Dalton would certainly never admit it to you or anyone else, he’s dying to have long, girlish hair in a gorgeous feminine color that he can set in pretty curls.”

“Of course, that’s the only explanation. Why else would he contradict me like that?” Carol sighed thoughtfully.

“It’s unusual, but there are a few boys whose thoughts, desires, and dreams are as feminine as yours or mine. Publicly, they appear to be perfectly normal, or like in the case of your son, they excel in so called manly pursuits. Never in a million years would one of them admit to having a feminine side. Their goal is to make it impossible to distinguish them from their normal masculine counterparts. In fact, they often appear hyper-masculine because they’re trying so hard to hide their true personality.

These boys will go to any extreme to hide their girl within so, in my profession, we call them *reluctant sissies*. If they would just be honest with their families and

friends and admit openly that they adore bras, silky panties, skirts, dresses, girlish hairstyles, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, and jewelry, they would be much more content with their lives. Instead, they immerse themselves in traditional masculine behavior like competitive sports, hunting, fishing, camping, auto racing, violent video games, and the like to camouflage their true feelings.”

“Why, I never heard of such a thing,” Carol gasped.

“People are hesitant to discuss matters having unusual sexual ramifications, but left untreated, the results of SBS are inevitably tragic,” Emma explained dramatically in her well-practiced speech. “Boys with this malady go through life unhappy, unfulfilled, and never reach their true potential. Over time, many of them become a suicide risk because the conflict between their girl within and outer façade becomes simply unbearable.”

“How terrible!” Carol gasped. “Those poor boys and their families! Are you sure Dalton is one of them, a...a *sissy*?”

After patiently allowing Carol to vent, Emma explained in a syrupy-sweet voice, “It is only natural that you’re upset, but I’m one hundred percent sure Dalton has the syndrome. I appreciate that he has always appeared to be all male, but that’s because he is so deeply closeted. In his heart and mind, he’s every bit as girlish as most girls his age, but his conscious intellect won’t allow him to express that identity. Honestly, I’m afraid it never will.”

“I’m not sure I...”

“It’s obvious to me that you’re one of the few mothers who care enough to see that her son gets the necessary therapy...for *any* ailment. To mothers like you, the well being of their children has always been paramount.”

“I try...I really do...”

Emma continued to pour it on saying, “You might not believe it, but many parents refuse to accept this truth about their sons. They reject my years of professional experience and are perfectly content to let their son’s SBS go untreated until it’s too late. It’s tragic the way they claim to love them, but yet refuse to acknowledge their illness, much less authorize the necessary therapy. I’m sure you have seen the type of parents who don’t enforce rules or discipline their children. Having reviewed your family history, and now having the pleasure of meeting you in person, it’s obvious that you’re a model mother who cares about the well being of your son. You appear to love him too much to ignore his symptoms and my professional advice. Am I right?”

“Uh...yes, I’ll do whatever it takes to help Dalton now that I know he’s a..a..”

“A reluctant sissy.”

“Yes, that’s it a...a reluctant...*sissy*. What should I do? Does he need medication or counseling, and you mentioned therapy. What kind of therapy?”

“If you’ll permit me to brag a bit, my success rate with this treatment is without parallel. In my experience, you must learn to ignore the patient’s rants and denials because this is literally a matter that directly concerns his future sanity, not to mention his happiness. Can you do that?”

“If that’s what it takes to help him become happy, then yes! I’ll try my best to do whatever it takes to cure him.”

“He’ll definitely need therapy, but I’m afraid there’s no cure for SBS. The only way to help your son is to feminize him, make his deepest, secret fantasies become a

reality despite his denials. You see, reluctant sissies like your son will never admit the truth about their desires, so we have to force it on them. You and I will work as a team to see that Dalton appears and acts as girlishly as he secretly wishes he were. Of course, we'll have to be firm."

"Mom, I swear to you, I don't have a secret desires to wear dresses and look like a girl!" Dalton insisted.

"I knew you would deny your malady, sweetheart," Carol soothed as she hugged her son affectionately. "It says that in no uncertain terms in this passage from the medical journal Ms. Price gave me." Actually, the pages she showed him were a mock up Emma prepared to look like it came from an actual textbook. As Carol showed them to her son, doubt was placed in his mind. Still, he insisted that he had never had any such desires.

Pulling Dalton closer, Carol cooed, "Like Ms. Price suggested, let's buy you a supply of pretty silky panties to wear for a while in secret. No one will know but you and me, so come on. Let's give it a try." After much pleading, she finally resorted to threats, giving him no choice.

In the boutique, Dalton's face burned like fire when his mother informed the clerk that they needed to purchase a supply of panties for her son who had a girl within who wanted out. When he tried to shush her, she quoted the manual, "This therapy is more effective if done openly." All he could do was look down and continue to blush as he was led to the lingerie counter. Just as he thought things couldn't get worse, she insisted that he choose a dozen of the silkiest laciest panties on the counter. Things went ballistic when she told him to select his *favorites*, go to the dressing room, put them on under his jeans, and throw his briefs in the trash.

Dalton was at a loss at home as his silky panties kept him constantly aroused. He tried watching a ballgame on TV to avert his mind, but that didn't help. No matter what he did, he couldn't forget his damnable *panties*. His mother erased all his efforts to forget his dainty undies by having him remove his boxers and briefs from his drawer and store the panties in their place. Further embarrassing him, she drove him to the Goodwill outlet and made him donate his old underwear, leaving him only panties to wear. He pleaded with her to be allowed to keep just *one* pair of briefs or boxers in case he had to go to the doctor or something. She denied his request saying, "A doctor will understand your SBS and Immersion Therapy. You'll wear panties full time, and I'll check to make sure you do."

Emma had her first session with Dalton after he had worn panties for a week. When she asked about his feelings while wearing *his* panties, he snapped, "I don't have a girl within! I'm not a sissy, and I shouldn't be wearing panties!"

She reminded him that all boys with SBS deny their secret desire to wear girl's clothes, just as he was doing. Probing his mind while planting subtle ideas, she asked, "Do you have more erections than usual since you started wearing panties?" When he turned bright red and nodded in the affirmative, she said, "That's a classic sign that you have a girl within. Look, it says so right here in the medical book. Read it for yourself."

Reluctantly, he read: *A classic symptom of SBS is that the patent will experience increased erections, sometimes being almost constant, when wearing silky feminine lingerie. This act demonstrates that his girl within is happy and is demonstrating her joy with sexual*

stimulation. "But I don't enjoy wearing panties!" he insisted. "I'm humiliated and embarrassed. If my friends ever found out..."

"You say one thing, but your body says another," Emma insisted. Dalton was far too sexually inexperienced to know that many normal males were stimulated by sexy feminine lingerie, so he couldn't dispute her claim.

Many embarrassing questions later, Emma called Carol in to join them. She started by telling her about his increased erections brought on by the wearing of panties and their significance. "What can be done to prevent these unwanted and distracting erections," Carol inquired.

"According to the manual they can't be prevented, but they can be hidden," Emma lied. "I recommend that you buy him a *Smoothie*. It's a gaffe designed to prevent a masculine bulge in the panties and tight skirts of cross dressers, or in his case, his jeans. The down side is, he would have to sit to relieve himself. In case you want to go that route, Smoothies can be purchased from a company called, UCI. I'll give you their website if you like." At the end of the session, Emma said, "Your son is still in deep denial of his girl within, so we should get a bit more aggressive with his therapy."

"What does that mean, get more aggressive with my therapy?" Dalton scoffed in a cynical tone.

"In addition to wearing panties, you should shave your legs and..."

"I'm not shaving my legs, I don't care what you say!" Dalton wailed in the most adamant tone he could manage. "Having to wear panties is bad enough!"

"Now, now," Carol soothed in a calm voice. "Ms. Price helped her brother and several other boys come to terms with their girl within, and she can do the same for you.

Before you go off half cocked, let's hear what she has to say."

Seeing Dalton calm a bit, Emma continued, "As I was saying, you should shave your legs, sleep in silky nighties, and wear nylon camisoles under your shirts. That will help you to grow accustomed to soft fabrics caressing your skin and begin to bring out your girl within. You should go with your mother when she purchases your nighties and camisoles. That way, you can help in the selection, and she won't bring home something you don't wish to wear."

"I don't wish to wear any silky girl's clothes!" Dalton insisted in an angry tone. "It won't matter if I go or not!"

Again, Carol had to calm him saying, "We discussed this sweetheart. Ms. Price is only trying to help. You know you've been much calmer since you started wearing panties full time, so let's give her other suggestions a chance." Dalton grumbled that he hadn't been calmer since she made him wear panties. Being outnumbered two to one and in a no win situation, he reluctantly gave in and agreed to shave his legs, wear silky camis, and sleep in girl's nighties.

He was then asked to wait outside while the women talked. As Emma convinced Carol that Dalton had a severe case of SBS, she gave her some books on the subject: *You and Your Feminine Boy*, *A Parent's Guide to Raising a Sissy*, *Feminizing your Teenage Son*, *His New Life in Dresses and Curls*. Emma said to read the books and she would understand a lot of what Dalton was experiencing as these books were widely accepted by professionals engaged in male femininity. There were also several issues of *Teen Queen Magazine*, a monthly that dwelt primarily with the subject of crossdressers and

forced feminization. Emma advised taking out a subscription in the name of *Miss Dalton Wade*.

Flipping through the pages, Carol was amazed at how girlish the boys and the clothes they wore appeared! The darling dresses and chic little outfits were even frillier and prissier than anything she had in her closet. Feeling positively butch in comparison, she sighed, "I never imagined there were so many boys with desires to be feminine. How could I have been so blind about Dalton's needs and out of tune with his *true* nature?"

Dalton was utterly dejected as he followed his mother into the boutique to purchase his camisoles and nighties. Wearing silky panties and having shaved legs was having a profound effect on his psyche, and a bright blush covered his face. Things got worse for him when his mother told the clerk, "My son has Sissy Boy Syndrome and is undergoing therapy to bring out his girl within. He's already wearing panties and has shaved his legs. Now, he needs some camisoles and nighties to help him grow accustomed to wearing soft silky fabrics against his skin."

"In that case, I assume you prefer nylon and satin camisoles and nighties rather than cotton," the clerk surmised.

"Of course."

"In that case, you might consider at least a couple of satin camisoles designed to be worn as outer garments as well as several in nylon for underwear."

"Mom, I can't wear a satin camisole with no shirt!" Dalton panicked.

“Don’t fret sweetheart, we’ll only purchase a couple of satin camisoles for you to wear as blouses for dress occasions, and you’ll need a half dozen or so that match your panties to wear under your shirts.”

Dalton was near tears, and his face burned like fire as he tried on a number of satin camis. Finally, Carol selected two, one pink and one gold. “Mom, I can’t wear these silky things with my jeans!” he complained. “My shoulders are bare, and these colors are so girly. Can’t we get maybe black and blue so everybody won’t think I’m a sissy?”

“You *are* a sissy,” Carol said. “What *should* they think?”

“Mom, I *can’t* wear this sissy camisole with my jeans!” he cried near panic as he looked down at his shiny gold cami.

“Very well, we’ll buy you some shorts,” Carol sighed in exasperation. Come over here.”

“These are girl’s shorts, Mom!” he wailed, his face turning bright red. “I can’t wear girl’s shorts!”

“You said you couldn’t wear your new camisoles with your jeans, and now, you can’t wear shorts!” Carol said, her voice becoming irritated. “What *can* you wear...skirts? Is your girl within telling you to wear skirts with your panties and satin camisoles instead of shorts? If so, we can purchase a few nice skirts for you while we’re here.”

“No Mom,” Dalton insisted in a defeated tone. “I don’t want any skirts. I’m sorry for complaining. Please buy me some girl’s shorts to wear with my new satin camisoles.” After accepting the lesser of evils, he tried on girl’s shorts for the next half hour. In the end, his mother bought two pairs, both very short. One was white and very form fitting and showed his panty line. The other was navy

blue, wasn't quite as tight, and had slits on the sides to show more of his smoothly shaved legs.

Smiling at her son's feminine appearance, Carol said, "To get used to the feel of the satin and having bare shoulders, wear the gold camisole and your new white shorts while we shop for your other camisoles and nighties."

Not surprisingly, Dalton was a bundle of nerves as he was forced to select six nylon camisoles in varying pastel colors that he *wanted* to wear. One was white, with others in pink, baby blue, mint green, yellow, and lavender. Selecting his nighties was another major embarrassment, especially having to try them on in the busy boutique. Finally, he had a pink baby doll set and a yellow knee length nylon gown with short sleeves, each with matching slippers. There was also a white knee length see through negligee. Never had he been more humiliated.

For his session with Emma the following week, Dalton arrived wearing his pink satin camisole and white girls' shorts, his panty line and shaved legs very obvious. At his mother's insistence, his fingernails were polished pink to match his top to appease his girl within. Fearing someone he knew would see and recognize him in his girlish shorts and top, he was a nervous wreck and blushing beet red when Emma saw him. Experience telling her this was time to push the envelope, she produced a tube of lipstick that more or less matched his nails and said he would feel more relaxed with it on. After smoothing the feminine cosmetic on his lips, she told him to press them together to even out the color.

Looking in her compact mirror, he saw how the feminine cosmetic made his boyish face look girlish. Tears filling his eyes, he sobbed, "Please don't do this to me, Ms.

Price. I don't have a girl within, and I swear I don't have a secret desire to wear girl's clothes and makeup."

She handed him a tissue to dry his eyes and was pleased when he only dried his eyes and didn't attempt to remove his lipstick. Placing her hand on his back, she caressed the satin of his top while guiding him to her couch. When he was comfortable, she gave him a dry tissue and asked, "Did your mother order you a Smoothie?"

"Yes, it was delivered the day before yesterday."

"Are you wearing it under your panties?"

"Yes," he replied with a renewed blush at the mention of *his* panties and confirming that he was wearing them.

"I don't see a protrusion in your shorts. Does it conceal your maleness and suppress the bulge in your panties as well?"

"Yes, but it's very uncomfortable. Having to sit to go to the bathroom is a bitch too."

"Did you read the excerpts from the medical journal I highlighted for your mother?"

"I read the first part."

"Then, you know reluctant sissies like you never admit their desire to be feminine."

"Yes, but I don't have any..."

"I know you can't admit your desires, but your manhood and your tears prove they exist," she said, cutting him off and placing questions about his masculinity in his mind. "As I said, those are symbols of happiness from your girl within who is finally being heard and sees a possible way out. Don't you see? Now, tell me

how much you enjoyed wearing panties for the second week.”

Lying on his back, he placed his hand on his chest and felt the satin of his pink top. Jerking his hand back, he tried to concentrate on the question. Finally, he stammered, “Panties are soft and silky, and they keep me hard most of the time. I’m a boy and shouldn’t be wearing them, but I have no other underwear.”

“Tell me how you felt when you shaved your legs.”

“I was miserable because only girls shave their legs. My outerwear satin camisoles show so much of my upper body, I had to shave my underarms as well. Everybody who sees me in these girl’s shorts will think I’m a sissy.”

“That’s because you *are* a sissy, or to be more precise, you have a girl within. How many camisoles did you buy?”

“For outerwear, Mom bought me this one in pink and another in gold. The style and shiny satin are so girlish. I’m embarrassed to wear them, especially in public where someone I know might see me. Then, there are six made of nylon to be worn under my shirts. They are all in different colors, and Mom makes me wear one style or the other all the time, and she says my camisole and panties have to match.”

“Did you buy some nighties as well, like we discussed?”

Blushing brightly, he admitted, “Mom bought me two, a pink one she calls a baby doll that came with matching panties. The other is a silky yellow nylon gown. She got me matching slippers to go with each and a see through robe she calls a negligee that doesn’t hide anything. I hate having to wear it and sleep in those nighties.”

“Maybe, but wearing lipstick and talking about your therapy has calmed you to the point that you’ve stopped crying. Here, let me feel your silky smooth legs.” When she ran her hand over what was supposed to be smooth flesh, she pretended to be appalled to feel stubble. “This will never do!” she scolded. “You should shave your legs every few days and use moisturizing cream morning and evening to keep them soft and smooth. I’ll remind your mother to assure that you do.” She wanted to add, *‘for when you wear nylons,’* but deemed it too soon to pop that on him.

“I was thinking about football,” he uttered in his defense. “Practice starts in a couple of weeks, and I wanted my leg hair to grow back. Also, I’m concerned about the guys seeing my panties and camisoles in the locker room unless Mom buys me some new briefs and lets me leave off the camis.”

“That is a legitimate concern,” Emma agreed. “Tell you what. Wear your panties and camisoles, sleep in your pretty nighties, and keep your legs nice and smooth without complaint for the next two weeks, and I’ll come up with something to resolve that issue. Oh yes, wear matching lipstick and nail polish as well. Ask your mother to buy you some different colors so you can experiment like a girl.”

“Lipstick and nail polish, but Ms. Price...”

“I said without complaint! Do you want my help or do you want to go to football practice in your panties and a matching cami?”

Hearing her harsh ultimatum, he hesitantly settled back on the couch and cringed at the feel of his pink satin top as he admitted, “I want your help.”

Noticing his reaction, Emma smiled and said, “See, your lipstick and nail polish are calming your nerves like wearing panties does. Don’t tell me you don’t have a girl within.” Her words had the planned effect. They raised doubts in his mind about his masculinity.

Carol didn’t share her son’s concern about his shaved legs, panties, camisoles, lipstick, or nail polish. Saying he should be himself and not worry or be ashamed of having a girl within, she refused to alter his manner of dress. She also bought into Emma’s claim that wearing lipstick made him tranquil and calm. After buying three different shades as suggested, she insisted that he wear it constantly. She also made sure that he spent hours practicing lipstick and nail polish application until he could apply them perfectly. Feeling totally exasperated and ashamed, he was constantly on edge for fear of being seen by his friends while wearing lipstick, nail polish, girl’s shorts, and a satin camisole.

With no reprieve in sight, the dreaded first day of football practice arrived with no action from Dalton’s mother or Ms. Price concerning his panties, camis, lipstick, and nail polish. Even though he was slated to be the starting quarterback as a junior, he was seriously considering quitting the team to avoid the unavoidable humiliation that was almost certain. The first few practices would be held in shorts and tee shirts, so he wouldn’t have to change in the locker room, so he decided to give it a try. He did; however, omit his cami, lipstick, and nail polish. Panties being his only underwear, and since he couldn’t hide his shaved legs, he wore white panties so they would be less obvious.

At the appointed time for the first practice, the coach blew his whistle and summoned the team to gather

around him. When Dalton saw Ms. Price standing with the coach, he had an awful premonition and was severely tempted to run away. He wished he had when the coach said, "Team, this is Ms. Emma Price, the school counselor, and she wants a minute of our time."

Ms. Price began by saying, "Good morning, boys. I'm here to inform you that one of your teammates is not who or what he appears to be. Dalton Wade has a girl within him and *she* is desperately striving to get out. He is undergoing intense therapy for this malady. As part of his treatment, he wears silky nylon panties and a matching camisole under his clothes. He was supposed to be wearing lipstick and matching nail polish, but being defiant, I can see that he omitted them today. You will notice; however, that his legs are smoothly shaved like a girl. He is not aware of this, but in the future, he is to be known as Dolly."

That was the first time he heard that he was to be called *Dolly*, and he wanted to crawl into a hole. Before he could speak or react, his teammates swarmed around him and yanked his tee shirt up and his shorts down to verify the counselor's claim. When they saw for themselves, loud complaints were heard like, "He *is* wearing girl's panties, but he doesn't have a silky top like she said." "His legs are prettier than my girl's!", "Are you a fag, Dalton?", "Why the hell are your legs shaved?", "Hey coach, we can't have a sissy queer quarterback named *Dolly!*" , "Yeah, how would we feel when the announcer said, 'Wimpy pass from Dolly Wade falls woefully incomplete.?'"

When the coach restored order, Ms. Price explained that Dolly would be wearing certain articles of feminine clothing to help remedy his *condition*. The coach then stepped in and said that, with the team's concerns, he thought it best that *Dolly* not be a part of the team until

his sexual issues were resolved. Unknown to Dalton, Emma had briefed the coach and planned this outcome before the team meeting.

Dalton had never been more dejected than when he walked off the practice field and heard the coach yell, “*Watson*, get in there at quarterback!”

Looking at Emma, Dalton snapped, “You said you would come up with some way to keep me from being embarrassed in my panties around the guys! All you did was humiliate me, name me Dolly, and get me kicked off the team!”

“I did much more than that!” she countered. “I brought your condition out into the open, so you no longer have to hide your feelings or wear your pretty feminine clothes and makeup in secret. Also, since you won’t be breaking nails playing football, we can get you a pretty manicure with acrylic nail extensions that won’t fall off or break. We can also increase the intensity of your therapy by having you wear pretty polish on your fingers and toes with matching lipstick in public. In fact, your mother has a hair and nail appointment for you this afternoon.

“What are you doing to my hair?”

“You’ll have to wait and see.”

By then, Emma and the deceptive literature she provided had thoroughly convinced Carol that her son had SBS. Therefore, she was pleased that he was off of the football team and had come out as Dolly to his former teammates. After that, when he insisted that he didn’t have a girl within, wish to look pretty, or wear girl’s clothes, his appeals fell on deaf ears. To his total despair, she merely pointed to the first paragraph of the excerpt from the medical journal that stated, “Reluctant sissies

will *never* admit the truth about their desire to be feminine.”

Carol was; however, disappointed with herself that she hadn't checked to make sure Dalton kept his legs smooth and free of hair. When Emma brought him home from the team meeting, she angrily sent him to shave them and change into his gold camisole and the navy girl's shorts she bought. Noticing that he wasn't wearing lipstick or nail polish, she told him to leave them off for his trip to the salon so they could experiment with different colors.

Dalton felt like a complete sissy when he entered the salon in his navy girl's shorts and gold satin shoulder baring camisole. When he asked what they were going to do, he was told to sit and place his hands on the manicurist table. While he watched in awe, acrylic extensions were secured to his nails and filed into neat ovals well past the end of his fingers.

After the technician polished each of his newly acquired talons a different color, she matched them with varying shades of lipstick. After selecting four matching lipsticks and nail polishes, she led him to the hairdresser. Before he could react, she washed his hair and was putting it up on pink curlers. While he sat in awe, she trimmed bangs low on his forehead and tied his light brown hair in a high ponytail. “I...I look like a *girl!*” he gasped as he was led out to meet his mother.

His teammates were aware that he wore panties; so being called *Dolly* sealed his fate. When his mother said she was taking him shopping for a supply of dresses and skirts, he sat down and cried, a common event these days.

Once *Dolly* was in skirts full time, Emma teamed with Carol on his training. Remembering her intense sessions with Patty, she had him practice walking and standing in

skirts and insisted on him sitting with his knees together. When he needed a break, she made him sit at his vanity and practice makeup application, hairstyling, and raising the pitch of his voice. Then, he was likely to be walking a chalk line in a tight skirt and stilt heels. His feminine training only stopped when he slept, and even then, he wore a silky nightie with his face creamed and his hair up in curlers.

Emma had not a minute to lose. With Patty, she all summer to get him in full feminine mode, but with Dolly, she had only three weeks after his exposure at football practice until school started. If he balked or complained about the intensity of his feminine training or the clothes he was forced to wear, she reported him to his mother.

Carol, being thoroughly convinced that her son was hiding a secret girl who was striving to get out, would quickly have him across her lap with his skirt at his waist for a sound spanking on his silky panties. The only reprieve he got was time to dry his eyes and repair his streaked makeup. Then, it was back to girl training.

In spite his intense instruction and practice in the feminine arts, Dalton never let up on his claims not to have a girl within him or a desire to dress as one. No matter how often or how adamantly he made that claim, his rants only served to earn him a severe reprimand more girl practice. His lessons were so extreme, and he was immersed so deeply in femininity that he began to forget how he walked, sat, and spoke when he *used to be* a boy.

Carol awoke Dolly early the Saturday before school started saying, "You have to get ready for your appointment at the salon. We have to get you a new hairstyle for school, so wear a casual skirt and go light on the makeup."

“Why do I have to go to the salon again?” he gasped,

“Ms. Price feels a few changes at the salon will encourage your girl within to emerge sooner than later,” Carol said while looking him over as he sat at his vanity in his bra and panties. “You should be excited to be getting a makeover with colors that match your complexion and your new hairstyle and color.”

“New hairstyle and color...what style...what color?”

“I’m not sure,” she lied. “Ms. Price has something cute in mind, but we didn’t talk specifics. Hurry and get dressed. We don’t want to be late.”

Unsure what was in store for him, but quite certain he wouldn’t like it, Dolly reluctantly pulled a loose fitting blouse over his head, stepped into a red pleated miniskirt, and slid his feet into a pair of girl’s sneakers. Quickly applying base makeup and light lipstick, he was ready.

As promised, Emma was waiting when they arrived at the salon. She escorted them in to Nell, the owner, who looked at him, smiled, and said, Okay doll, get undressed so we can get started with your body wax.”

“Body wax?” Dalton screeched. “Mom, I thought I was getting a new hairstyle and makeover, not a body wax!”

“You are, doll, but we’re starting with your waxing,” Nell informed him. “When we finish and apply the soothing lotion, you’ll look and feel like a million dollars. Don’t worry; we’ll get to your hairstyle and makeover later. Go ahead and strip. We have lots to do today!”

His face turning red with shame, Dolly looked toward his mother for mercy. Seeing none, he reluctantly peeled off his top, stepped out of his skirt, and placed them over the back of a chair. “Bra and panties too,” Nell insisted. “Your Smoothie can remain for modesty if you like.”

“No Mom, please!” he called out in a pitiful voice. “This girl within stuff has gone far enough. Please, don’t let them do this to me!”

Seeing compassion in Carol’s eyes, Nell stepped in and said, “Don’t fret so, sweetie. You’ll feel so much more feminine without all that hair on your body, and your smooth legs will attract the boy’s attention when you wear short skirts to school.”

“I don’t want any boys looking at my legs, and I don’t want to wear skirts!” he insisted as he hung his bra with his skirt and top and positioned his Perky Prides in the chair.

“I’m afraid that ship has sailed,” Emma confirmed as he peeled off his panties. “Now, do as Nell tells you, because we have lots to do like she says. School starts Monday, and you’ll want to look your prettiest for your first day as a girl, so stop complaining and lie on the table.”

The wax felt warm going on, but he cried out in pain when the first strip was ripped away. “Don’t be a ninny!” Nell admonished. “Girls have this done all the time. Anyway, you’ll feel much better when we get rid of that unsightly hair and massage the cream that retards hair growth into your skin.”

For what seemed like an eternity, the hair was pulled out of his arms, chest, back, under arms, and even his brows. Nell was right though, the cream did feel soothing as she applied it. Just as he thought he was in for a reprieve, she took a needle and began performing laser electrolysis on his face. “Hey, that’s permanent! I’ll never be able to grow a beard.”

“Don’t worry,” Nell soothed. “Beards are overrated. Anyway, look on the bright side. With all that dreadful

hair gone for good, you'll never have to shave again, and your smooth face will be much more receptive to makeup."

He definitely had mixed emotions about that! Not having to shave was a definite plus, but he wasn't too keen about his face being receptive to makeup. Finally, after a two-hour session, he was told to replace his panties, given a short robe, and led to a shampoo sink. As he leaned back, the warm water and the manipulations of the shampoo girl felt very nice compared to the waxing and electrolysis he had just endured. Never had he taken so long to wash his hair, but eventually, she wrapped a towel around his head and helped him sit up.

Nell joined them, and when she removed his towel, he saw his reflection in the mirror. "I'm *blonde*," he gasped. "Please, I don't want to be a blonde!"

"You're not going to be a blonde," she assured him. "We had to neutralize your hair color so it wouldn't clash with your new shade. That's all."

"What new shade? What color are you going to dye my hair? Please don't make it too feminine. I don't want to look like a *girl*!"

"If I tell you now, it'll ruin the surprise," Nell said in a teasing tone. "Just lie back and let us do our work. You'll find out soon enough."

While Nell ran several rinses through his hair, Dolly tried desperately to get a glimpse of even a small tendril that would give him a hint as to his new color. Despite his best efforts, she colored his hair and put it up in curlers, without him having a clue as to the color. Sitting under the dryer, he became aware that his short robe left his smooth, hairless, recently waxed and creamed thighs on display to anyone passing by. At long last, she pronounced him done and led him into another cubicle. While

removing his curlers and brushing his hair into his new style, she again kept him from seeing her handiwork.

When she finally turned him to the mirror, he gasped in disbelief, “M...my hair is pink...*pink!* I can’t have pink hair...I *can’t!*” Hearing the commotion, Emma and Carol hurried into the cubicle to calm Dolly and look at his new hairstyle and color. Upon seeing him, they complimented his new *look* and said it was a perfect way to encourage his girl within to appear. He insisted that he didn’t have a girl within and that he hated having pink hair. Again, his complaint was ignored.

“Come now,” Carol consoled him. “You want to look good at school in your pretty dresses and skirts, don’t you?”

“None of the other girls will have pink hair, so why do I?” he cried as tears filled his eyes. “I don’t want to wear dresses or look good for any boys either!”

Quickly picking up on his reference to the *other* girls, Emma tried to soothe him saying, “Don’t worry, you’ll be very pretty. We’ve worked very hard to bring out your girl within. You’ve made significant progress in managing your skirts, applying your makeup, and raising the pitch of your voice. When you learn to style your hair, you’re sure to be one of the cutest girls in school.”

“I don’t want to wear skirts and be a girl, and I don’t want to look good for any *boys!*” he moaned. “They all made fun of me at football practice, and they’ll give me hell if I wear dresses, skirts, makeup, and have pink hair! I just want to die!”

Nell interrupted his misery saying, “While you’re drowning in your tears, let’s attach your Perky Prides. Slip your gown off your shoulders, and I’ll apply the adhesive.” When he was ready, she stuck the Perky Prides

to his chest and blended the edges to his skin tone with liquid concealer. "There!" she said while stepping back with a broad smile. "These babies look like the real thing now that you can't see the seams! Here, let me help with your bra." When his bra was secured behind his back, she instructed him to replace his robe so she could select his makeup.

Having gained certain knowledge of makeup over the past several weeks, he got into the selection of makeup in colors that matched his skin tone and pink hair. More than an hour later, he had new foundation, blush, eyeliner, and dark mascara. He blushed when Nell said he should always wear pink lipstick, nail polish, and eyeshadow to compliment his hair.

"Now, will you un-stick my Perky Prides and let me get out of here?" Dalton asked glumly.

"I'm afraid not," Nell asserted. "The reason I had you wear your bra for more than an hour was to give the adhesive time to set and permanently adhere to your chest. The only way to remove those babies is with the special solvent, and it won't be used until Ms. Price gives us the okay. Therefore my *girl*, you are *stuck*, so to speak, with your Perky Prides for a while. As for leaving, you may do so after I pierce your ears a couple of times each."

Dalton didn't want his ears pierced, but so much had been done already without his approval. While pondering what he should do, Carol appeared at his side and said, "Of course you should have your ears pierced, sweetheart. All the girls have them! Besides, you can't wear stylish hoops and pendants without pierced ears."

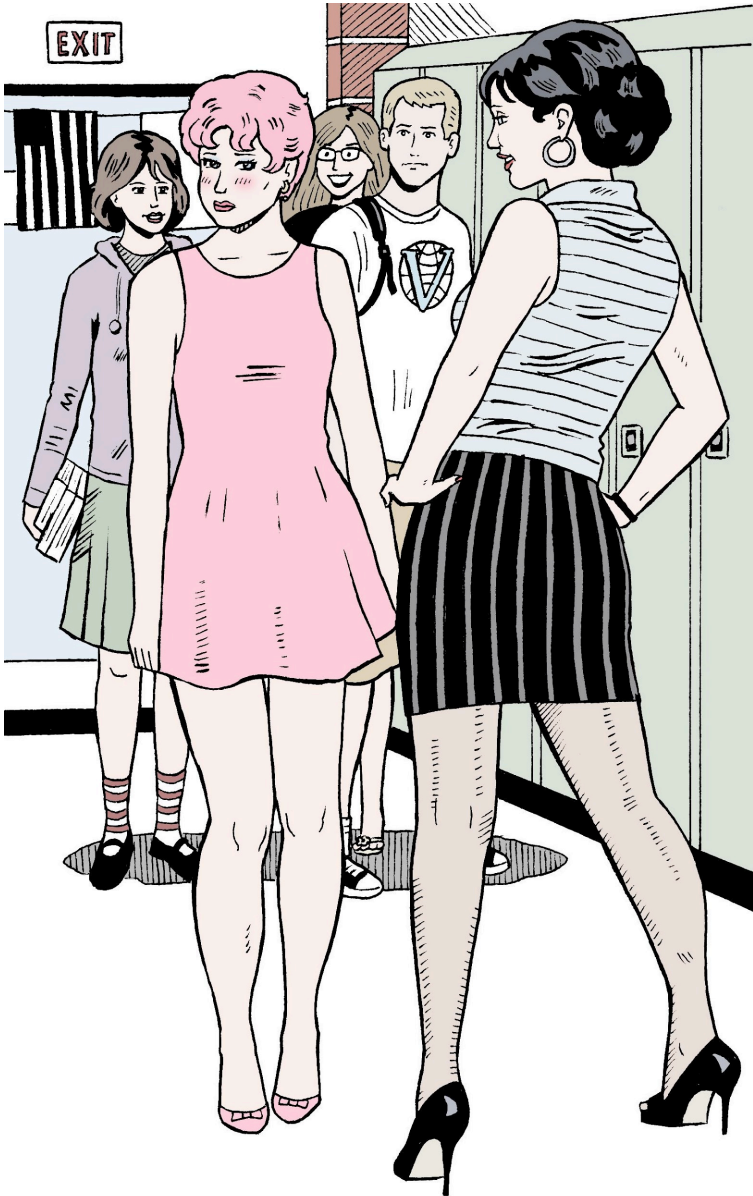
As if in a trance, his ears were double pierced. The top holes were sporting gold keeper studs and the bottom, medium pearls. As he stared at his reflection in the mirror, he was in awe at his protruding *breasts*, pink hair,

feminine makeup, full dark pink lips, and decorated ears, doubt filled his mind for the first time. In awe of his feminine image, he wondered, 'Could Ms. Price be right? Could I have a girl within that I don't know about who is striving to get out?'

Dolly was understandably nervous as he walked into his school wearing a skirt for the first time. He expected to be ridiculed and teased unmercifully, but no one appeared to recognize him as the former quarterback and athletic hero. Instead, he heard an occasional hushed voice mention the hot new girl with pink hair.

He was further blown away when Ms. Price announced over the intercom, "As several of you know, Dalton Wade has a girl within who is seeking her way out. He is to be called Dolly, and you may have seen him in the halls wearing a cute blouse and skirt with pink hair. To help with his *condition*, he will be wearing dresses and skirts for the foreseeable future. While he is doing so, he will be treated like any other girl student. Anyone ridiculing, bullying, or abusing him in any way will be dealt with accordingly." At the announcement, every head in his class turned toward him, and he blushed fire engine red at the attention.

During the day, he was teased about his sexual orientation, called faggot, queer, fairy, and other derogatory names. He was asked about the color of his panties, if his tits were real, if he went down on his boyfriend, and other sexually embarrassing innuendo, but only if no teacher, counselor, or administrator was around.



When Dalton left school for summer vacation, he was a sports hero. For the fall term in a cute a dress with pink hair, he was an object of ridicule and scorn.

Mascara laden tears streaked *Dolly's* cheeks as he left school at the end of his horrible day dressed as a girl. He thought things were about to get worse when Ryan Watson rushed up to him. Smiling, Ryan surprised him by saying, "Don't take this so badly. We've been teammates for a long time, and I know it's not your fault that you have a girl within who wants to wear dresses."

"Actually, I don't have..."

"If I see the guys giving you a hard time, I'll do whatever I can to keep them off you," Ryan cut him off without hearing his explanation. Hey look, I have to hurry. I'm already late for football practice. See you around."

"Thanks Ryan," *Dolly* sniffed as he stood in his sissy skirt and blouse and watched Ryan sprint away to play the manly game of football, a game he was no longer allowed to play. For some reason, he wished he hadn't cried and ruined his makeup. He had no idea where that emotion came from because he certainly had no desire to look good for another boy. At least, he never had before!

The next day Carol had *Dolly* wear a mid thigh length pink polyester A-line sundress with a scoop neckline. It had two inch shoulder straps that were just narrow enough to allow a peek at an occasional wayward bra strap. His light skirt was difficult to keep in the range of decency as it moved sexily about his thighs. To his astonishment, he received many positive comments on his dress and very few derisive comments.

During lunch, he received another shock. He was sitting alone when Ryan brought his tray over and sat with him. As they exchanged greetings, they were joined by several other football players. To *Dolly's* disbelief, they

were all jovial, and no one teased or made fun of him because of his dress, pink hair, and makeup. Unknown to him, Ryan had his teammates put out the word that he wasn't to be harassed or otherwise hassled. More than that, Ryan became a more or less fixture around him, meeting him in the halls, escorting him to his classes, and the like.

At the beginning of school, most of the girls wore shorts or jeans and casual blouses or tee shirts, but when they saw Ryan, the heartthrob of every girl in school, paying attention to Dolly in his chic ensembles, they began to pay more attention to their appearance. Some even asked where he got a certain dress, skirt, purse, shoes, jewelry or what shade of lipstick he was wearing. As they began to dress nicer, they asked his opinion of their skirt, hair, or makeup and if he thought a particular boy would like it. They even began to say how brave he was to admit his girl within as they accepted him as *one of the girls*.

Before the end of the second week of school, Ryan stunned the entire student body when he asked Dolly to be his date to Megan's party. Hearing Ryan's request, Dalton, the boy, immediately rose to the surface. Feeling totally vulnerable in his dress, he looked at Ryan in his manly jeans and tee shirt with awe. He definitely did not want to date another boy, but he was too intimidated by Emma and his mother to outright refuse. To stall for time and to assure that he carry out their wishes, he blushed bright red and replied, "I'll have to ask Mom and let you know tomorrow."

Being captain of the cheerleaders, Megan was very popular, had a major crush on Ryan, and was very jealous of the time he spent with the former quarterback in skirts. When she heard of Ryan's *date*, she was filled with

jealousy. Looking Ryan in the eye, she snapped, "That jock in dresses is not welcome in my house!"

"Then, I won't be there either," Ryan responded in a matter of fact tone.

"Be an outcast if you like," Megan huffed as she haughtily tossed her hair and walked away.

Word of Ryan's date request and Megan's snub spread like wildfire throughout the school. When it reached Emma, she called Dolly into her office for a discussion. Watching him adjust the skirt of his chic dress over his smooth hairless thighs, she learned of his delaying tactic and said, "You should have accepted on the spot. What could possibly bring out the girl in you faster than dating a boy, especially a popular sports hero like Ryan?"

"You know I don't have a girl within!" Dalton asserted. "I don't know how you did it, but you convinced Mom and everybody else that I do. That's the only reason I've been wearing dresses!"

"Oh come on. If you didn't have a girl within, you wouldn't have grown accustomed to your feminine lifestyle so quickly or been able to convince your fellow students that you did. Your mother will be thrilled that her *girl* has a date with the most popular boy in school, so go find Ryan and accept his offer before he changes his mind."

Having no choice, Dolly stood, brushed his short skirt into place from habit, and took his leave. As he walked along the corridor he wondered, 'Could she be right about my having a girl within that I didn't know about? I *am* kind of excited about going to the party with Ryan.' Taking his compact from his purse, he refreshed his

makeup and added a coat of lipstick in anticipation of seeing Ryan.

To counter Megan's arrogant mind-set, Ryan gave a party at his house on the same night and invited the same people, setting up a fierce confrontation. In any event, he was so thrilled to hear Dolly's acceptance of his invitation that he kissed his *date* on the lips then and there.

Dolly wasn't sure how to feel about his first kiss from a boy, but what could he say or do? As if on automatic pilot, he replaced the lipstick Ryan kissed away.

Carol was beside herself when she heard the news of Dolly's date, and her first response was, "We have to get you the perfect dress!" A dress was the last thing on Dolly's mind, but at his mother's comment, he realized he *did* need a pretty dress for Ryan's party.

During the shopping trip for *the perfect dress*, Dolly suffered some embarrassment, but not as much as when he bought his dresses and skirts for school. After much looking and trying on more than a dozen dresses, his mother insisted on a form fitting electric blue sequined minidress, matching pumps with five inch stiletto heels, and a clutch purse. Even though he said the skirt was too short and the dress too tight, she insisted on it. Not surprisingly, she also bought matching panties, bra, and garter belt.

When she saw Dolly stumbling in his stilt heels, his mother had him wear them whenever he was home for practice. At Emma's suggestion, she also required him to return to the chalk line and walk with a book on his head to develop grace and poise. After hours of intense practice, he was begging for mercy and walking more like a girl in the highest heels than most girls. Taking short steps, each foot landed directly ahead of the other, his hips rolled seductively, his forearms were parallel to the floor,

his wrists limp, and his perfectly manicured nails flashed attractively with every step.

An all out war developed between Megan and Ryan concerning whose party would have the most guests. Megan and her friends, Erin and Ellen, used the promise of sex to lure boys while some of the larger football players resorted to threats of violence on Ryan's behalf.

Dolly spent much of the day of the party at the hairdresser. Despite past complaints, he was looking forward to getting out of the house and having fun even if he did have to doll up and go with a boy. At least Ryan was nice to him. With that on his mind, he didn't complain about getting *the works* at the salon like in the past. He ignored the discomfort as his body was waxed, sat patiently while his hair roots were dyed pink and he received a French mani/pedi. He even asked questions and made suggestions about products and colors used by the beauty technicians.

By the time Dolly saw Emma, he was having second thoughts about his new look and his date with Ryan. Also, his suspicions that she set him up to wear dresses returned with a vengeance. Confronting her with anger, he spat, "You know I'm all boy and don't have a girl within. I don't know how you convinced Mom that I wanted to wear dresses and date boys!"

Leaning near, she whispered, "More importantly, since this is your first date with a boy, there are some things boys expect from their dates and some obligations you have to fulfill to make him happy. This is what you must do..."

After listening to a detailed litany of aggressive behavior he should expect from Ryan on their date, Dalton gasped in disgust and shock, "We're both boys, I can't let him do *that* to me, and I certainly can't do *that* to

him!” Following a dumbfounded pause, he asked with alarm, “Will he really try to take off my dress?”

“And more,” Emma grinned wickedly. “You had better respond to his advances like I advised. How else can your girl within get out of the dark closet where you have her hidden? My advice is to put a smile on that pretty face and ask your mother to help you dress for the party. While you’re dressing, think about the things I just told you.”

His hair and makeup immaculate from his trip to the salon, Dolly stood by in his Perky Pride filled bra, panties, garter belt, ultra sheer nylons, and stilt heels. Experiencing a case of last minute jitters, he knew were caused primarily by Emma’s *advice*, he said, “Mom, I don’t think I should go through with this date to Ryan’s party. I *am* a boy, after all.”

“Boy, my aunt Hilda!” Carol scoffed. “After all you have been through these last few months to encourage your girl within to emerge. Now, just when she is almost out, you have second thoughts!?! Well, I don’t think so, young *lady*! Get in here so I can help you into your dress after you look in the mirror and tell me how much boy you see!”

Looking over his dainty feminine bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, heels, recently styled pink hair, freshly applied makeup, tri-tone pink eyeshadow, dark pink lipstick and nail polish, he gasped, “I don’t know. I never thought I could look so much like a girl.”

“If your girl within isn’t out, she will be after tonight, I’ll bet,” Carol mused. “Just don’t let your date take too many liberties, and keep his hands away from your panties.”

"I'll try to fend him off, Mom, but I feel so exposed in this short dress," he insisted while thinking of the things Ms. Price said were likely to happen. "That would definitely be easier if my skirt was longer."





Dolly puts the finishing touches on his makeup prior to the party and posing for photographs with Ryan.

Paying little attention to his grievance, Carol had him step into his dress to prevent messing his recently styled pink hair and watched as he struggled to pull the tight garment up over his hips. When it was finally in place, she raised the back zipper from his waist and advised, “You’ll have to be careful when you sit because your skirt hem falls only slightly below the top of your nylons. I would have solved that problem by having you wear sheer to waist pantyhose, but Ms. Price says boys prefer their dates to wear garter belts and nylons for easier access.”

Before Dolly could respond and explain that he didn't want Ryan having *access* under his skirt, the doorbell rang announcing his arrival. In near panic, he hurried to the mirror to check his hair and makeup. After brushing a bit of blush high on his cheeks and adding a coat of lipstick, he hurried out of the room. Holding onto the stair rail to keep from falling in his stilt heels, he carefully made his way to meet his date.

"Wow!" Ryan gasped when he saw the vision of femininity he knew to be a boy. Walking over, he put his arm around Dolly and kissed him gently to avoid smudging his lipstick. After exchanging greetings with Carol, she insisted that they pose for several photographs. Ryan was extremely pleased to pose with his arm around his date, but Dolly was very apprehensive.

Finally, Ryan guided his date out to his car and held the door for him. Even though Dolly had practiced entering and exiting a car in short skirts and stilt heels, Ryan got quite an eyeful as he sat and adjusted his skirt as far down on his nylon clad thighs as possible. When they arrived at the party, Dolly was relieved that, as Ryan's date, he was accepted as a special *girl*.

Most of the boys at school feared broken bones from the football players, so they shunned Megan, Erin, and Ellen and took their dates to Ryan's party. This gave Ryan the crowd he needed to witness the outing of Dolly set up by Emma and his conniving mother. Unfortunately for the three usually popular girls, they had a deserted party and little fun.



Ryan's party started much like most teen parties Dalton attended as a boy. He was surprised when his date brought him a stiff drink and pulled him to the center of the room for a lively dance. After a few drinks and dances, someone put on a slow song, and the floor filled with couples. As they danced, Ryan kissed Dolly passionately and his hands began to roam freely over his feminized body. Complicating the issue, he noticed several girls giving him envious looks as they wished they were in his place. His initial reaction was to move away from his partner, but Ms. Price warned him that boys expect a few liberties from their dates. As she predicted, Ryan started with a few kisses and then began to feel him up. She also said if he stopped these caresses, he would make a scene and appear to be a prude. Quickly accessing his situation, Dolly pretended to enjoy Ryan's caresses.

After the dance, Ryan guided Dolly over to an easy chair and pulled him onto his lap. Surprised to be in this unfamiliar position, his skirt rode high to expose the dark tops of his nylons, his garter straps, and give an occasional glimpse at his panties. While watching the others dance and have fun, Ryan openly caressed Dolly's breasts and legs. When Dolly was distracted, he slipped his hand down the bodice of his dress, inside his bra, and began rolling his nipples between his thumb and forefinger. By then, with the effect of the alcohol and Ryan's caresses, he was so aroused that he failed to notice Ryan lower the back zipper of his dress. Before he realized what was happening, his bra was unsnapped, and his *breasts* were bare. Jumping up, he grabbed his bra, held his skirt at his waist, and ran from the room as fast as he could manage in his heels.

While Dolly was gone, Ryan stood among a chorus of cheers, laughter, whistles, catcalls and high fives. Holding his hands up for quiet, he said, "I'm sorry I had to

embarrass Dolly like that, but I wanted to prove to all of you that, even though *he* was once a boy, *she* is now a girl. Now that you know what I've known for some time, she will be treated with respect. If anyone, boy or girl, teases or makes fun of her, you will have to deal with me. You boys know what that means. As for you girls, watch what happens to Megan, Erin, and Ellen. They made Dolly unwelcome at their party, so any boy who dates them will be beaten within an inch of his life. We'll see how they like being outcasts. Any girl who disses Dolly will find out how that feels."

When Dolly returned with his dress replaced and his makeup restored, he was expecting to face a room full of mockery, laughter, and scorn. Instead, he was greeted the group rushing up to him and happily welcoming him back. One of the football players lifted his glass and proposed, "Here's to Ryan and Dolly, the first couple in our school!" The others joined in, and, as if by magic, the past was seemingly forgotten.

After that, all the dances were slow. Ryan and Dolly pressed their bodies sensuously close, they kissed almost constantly, and Ryan caressed Dolly's sexy buttocks through his skirt and panties. However, whenever he would move Dolly's hand to his crotch, he would snatch it away. Even as they sat close on the ride home, Dolly refused to put his hand inside Ryan's fly.

The next day being Sunday, Emma came by to question Dolly about his date with Ryan. She told Carol the reason for her visit was a follow-up session to access how his date affected the progress of his girl within. She found Dolly wearing a casual skirt and blouse, pink sneakers, and light makeup. Unknown to him, she had already talked with Ryan and knew what happened at the party. Her purpose that day was to determine if he would

answer her questions truthfully. Mostly he did, but she had to prod him about his feelings when he told her about Ryan encouraging him to massage his manhood.

Her pointed questions obviously irritating Dolly, he replied in an irksome voice, "I let him kiss me and play with my tits, legs, and ass! We're both boys, so that's not right even if I was wearing a dress! Isn't that good enough for you?"

"Your behavior shows definite progress in bringing out your girl within, but I'm afraid you'll have to go farther than letting Ryan feel you up to keep him happy," Emma insisted. "You'll have to *do* something to make him happy and keep him satisfied. He did put your hand on his crotch, didn't he?"

"He'll have to satisfy himself!" Dolly snapped angrily. "I'm not touching that disgusting thing again!"

"You will unless you want to chance things returning to the way they were at the beginning of school," she explained. "Remember when the other students abused, humiliated, harassed, berated, and insulted you for wearing dresses? Ryan is the reason they accepted you as a girl. If you refuse to keep him happy, he could walk away, and everything would return to the way it was. Is that what you want?"

"You expect me to play with his...his...oh I can't say it. I already let him take down my dress, I can't ..." his voice trailed off.

"It's not what I expect that matters, but Ryan wants and expects," she advised. "I can probably convince him to be satisfied with hand jobs, but only if you agree to do everything I tell you with no complaints."

“But I’m not gay, and I never had a girl within,” he cried real tears. “You did this to me. You made me into a girl!”

“Be that as it may, all I’m saying is give some serious thought and consideration to what I am offering. Only you can decide if you had rather remain the most popular girl in school because you date the star quarterback or return to a life of scorn, contempt, and insults because you’re a boy who wears dresses.” His body began to shake from tears.

Megan, Erin, and Ellen met a wall of silence in school. Even the geeks wouldn’t speak to them. Everyone they asked what was going on simply turned and walked away without a word. In desperation, Megan slipped a note to one of her fellow cheerleaders asking what was happening. The reply was that by Ryan’s decree she, Erin, and Ellen were being shunned for snubbing Dolly. Megan immediately got with Erin and Ellen and apologized to Dolly. They promised to include *her* in all future social events. When Ryan heard this, he knew he had won a significant victory.

Seemingly, unable to think of little other than Emma’s ultimatum, Dolly reached a decision. He told his mother of his decision, and she smiled. The next day at school, instead of eating lunch, he found Ryan, pulled him into a vacant classroom, and kissed him passionately. Ryan was caught by surprise until he felt Dolly’s fingers lowering the zipper of his jeans. Being instantly aroused, he undid his belt and lowered his pants.

As fate would have it, Megan, Erin, and Ellen happened into the room at a very inopportune time. As Dolly gently caressed Ryan’s manhood to climax, he silently motioned the girls away. The three former snobs

went away giggling and told the other girls what they had to do to keep their boyfriends happy.

When Ryan relayed news of these events to Ms. Price, she said, "Tell your mother to proceed with the next phase of the plan."

Carol was surprised to receive a call from Veronica Watson inviting her to lunch. Veronica was the *crème de la crème* of local society so Carol wondered why she wanted to meet with her. Was she angry because Dolly wore dresses to encourage his girl within to emerge? Was she upset because he went to a party with her son? With all that on her mind, Carol was understandably nervous when they met. Veronica quickly put her at ease by ordering an expensive bottle of wine. Looking at Carol, she smiled brightly and said, "I've so wanted to meet you because of our common bond."

"How so," Carol asked curiously, not imagining what the two of them could have in common.

"We both have children with, shall we say, gender issues," Veronica replied as she took a sip of wine.

"What do you mean?"

"Your son has a girl within who is trying to emerge, and my son has an affinity for boys who dress as girls. That's why he's so totally smitten with Dolly, why he's been protecting her, and why he escorted her to the party. According to Ms. Price, Dolly's relationship with Ryan is rapidly accelerating the emergence of his feminine persona."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"As mothers, I believe we should help our children work out difficulties in their lives. For example, I could

invite Dolly for a swim or a pool party with a few of his friends. You might invite Ryan over for dinner and maybe watch a movie. That way, you could conveniently leave them alone to get *acquainted*, if you know what I mean.”

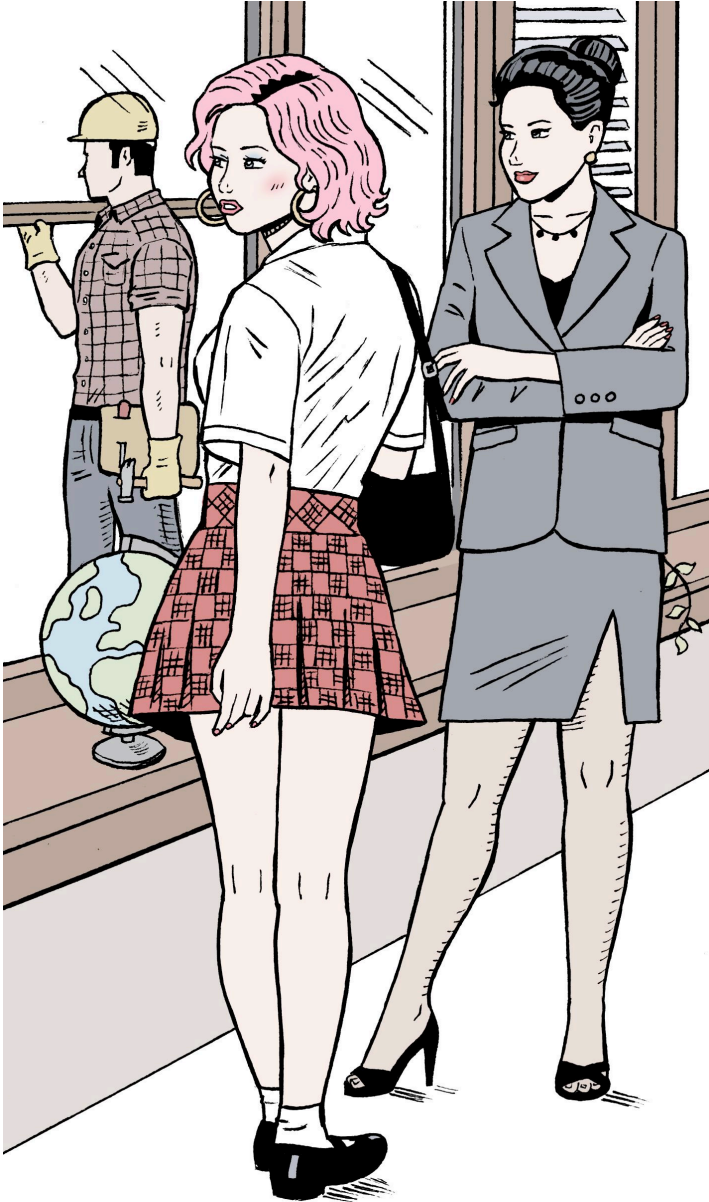
Carol thought over Veronica’s proposal for a moment before gushing, “You’re a genius. I’ll take Dolly shopping for a bikini that will knock Ryan’s eyes out as he swims or suns on the pool deck. Dolly is learning to cook, so after he prepares a delicious meal for Ryan, they could cuddle on the sofa and not watch a movie. That what you had in mind?”

“Exactly, now how about another bottle of wine?”

A couple of months later, a group of workers were busy building bleachers outside the school for a pep rally. With Ryan at quarterback, the team was playing for the championship, and everyone wanted to show their support and give them a proper send-off. Emma saw Dolly looking wistfully out the window and said, “I see you looking at that handsome worker with the rippling muscles. Are you thinking that you would like to make him happy like you do with Ryan?”

Turning bright red, he stammered, “N...no, *never!* I was just wondering how it would feel to wear jeans, coarse cotton shirts, and heavy boots like that guy instead of the silky panties, slippers, camis, nylons, and nighties you make me wear. I don’t...I wouldn’t...I *couldn’t* do *that* to him.”

“Don’t lie to me!” Emma accused with a sly smile. “I saw that look of desire in your eyes.



Emma watched with intrigue as Dolly tried to not acknowledge the handsome, yet rugged, construction workers and their lascivious stares.

“You know I never had a girl within. I don’t know how you did it, but you made me wear dresses and convinced everyone I did.”

“Perhaps you didn’t have a girl within, but we sure brought one out,” Emma chuckled. “Remember how humiliated you were when you first came to school in that pretty pink dress with your pink hair? Look at you now! You strut about in chic dresses and skirts like the Queen of the Walk.”

“I was so embarrassed in girl’s clothes back then, but now, dresses and skirts all I have to wear. Nobody teases me like they did either.”

“Not only that, your fiancé is the most popular boy in school, and your mother says you spend over an hour each night selecting your ensemble for the next day. She’s come into your room and found your bed covered with dresses, blouses and skirts, sometimes with bras and panties on them because you want to feel as pretty underneath as you look on the outside.”

“I...I can explain ...”

“When you were a boy, you simply jumped into a pair of jeans and grabbed whatever tee shirt was handy without giving a thought to your underwear. Now, you give thought to your every item of clothing and fantasize about making love with handsome young men.”

“I...I have to make sure I look good for Ryan, and that means my dress, hair and makeup are just so. If not, Megan or one of the other conniving bitches around here, will steal him away.”

Quite a change since your girl within emerged, wouldn’t you say? Come on, admit it!”

“I guess,” Dolly sighed with a renewed blush. As he walked away, his short skirt swayed saucily about his smooth hairless thighs, and he wondered, ‘Why did I look at that guy? He *is* handsome, but would I really do what Ms. Price said? Could she have really brought out a girl from within that I didn’t know was there? I *do* look good in dresses, and my fiancé is the wet dream of every girl in school. I have to make sure to keep him happy, but what about that macho construction guy? Life sure is complicated for a boy with a girl within or am I a girl with a *boy* within?’

Time passes and the more things change, the more they remain the same. With Dolly secure in skirts, Dr. Stern and Ms. Price didn’t rest on their laurels. They interviewed students, researched files, and observed interactions among peers. Several of the boys they identified had quiet submissive personalities and could easily be forced into skirts. However, desiring a challenge like Dolly presented, they rejected these boys off hand. Another group they eliminated was athletes because having two jocks in succession with SBS would raise too much suspicion.

Still, they desired someone with similar qualities, someone aggressive, arrogant, and accustomed to imposing his will on others. Also, someone who would truly hate having the will of others imposed on him. For that they had to find a new category of candidates. Finally, they hit on the solution, *bullies!* Imagine a bully who thrived on the rush he received from imposing his will on weaker students having the tables turned on him! When he showed up in a skirt with a girlish hairstyle and makeup, even the kids he used to torment would intimidate him.

With that in mind, imagine how Angelo, now Angela, felt as he handed his lunch money over to a smaller kid he used to harass. As penance for his misdeeds, the former bully arrived for the first day of school wearing a pink lace adorned nylon blouse, a form-fitting black miniskirt, bright red lipstick, and nail polish. His former dark tresses had been dyed golden blonde to contrast attractively with his dark skin and set in a chic girlish style with bangs across his forehead.

Another boy with SBS has been identified in the same school and subjected to an intense summer of enforced feminine training. Imagine that. What *are* the odds? Will there be more than one sissy boy in a given year at Susan B. Anthony High? Will being *selected* as a member of the *Sissy Squad* become a status symbol at SBA High? Who knows what Dr. Stern and Ms. Price have in mind for these hapless boys? Only the Shadow and Alice Trail, the renowned author and psychic, know! Stay tuned to this channel for details.

END

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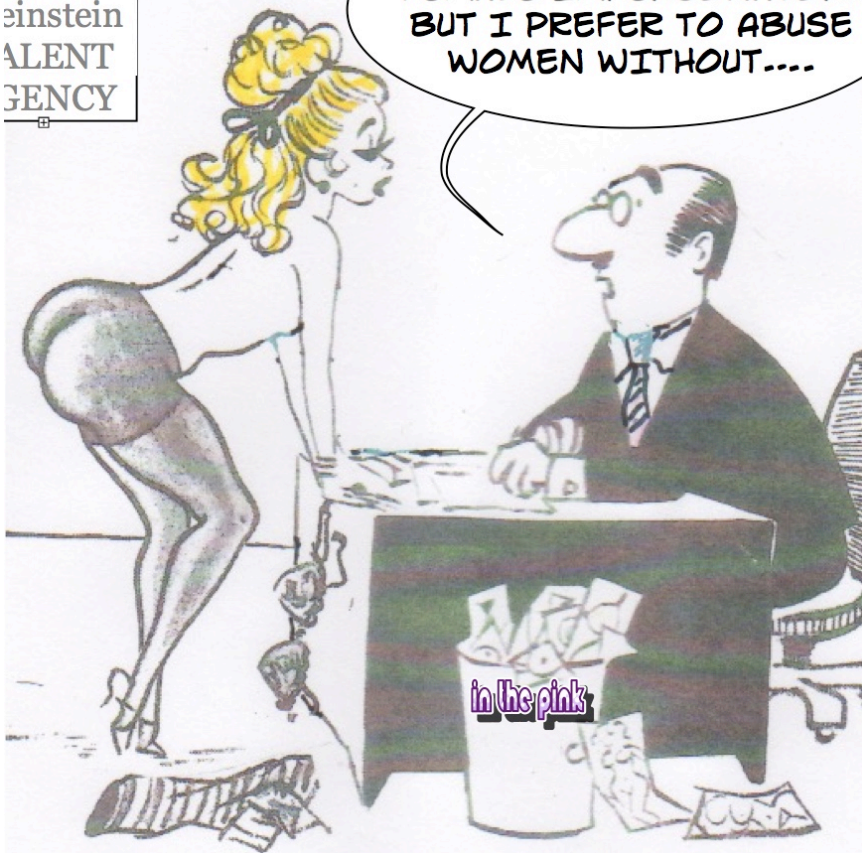
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