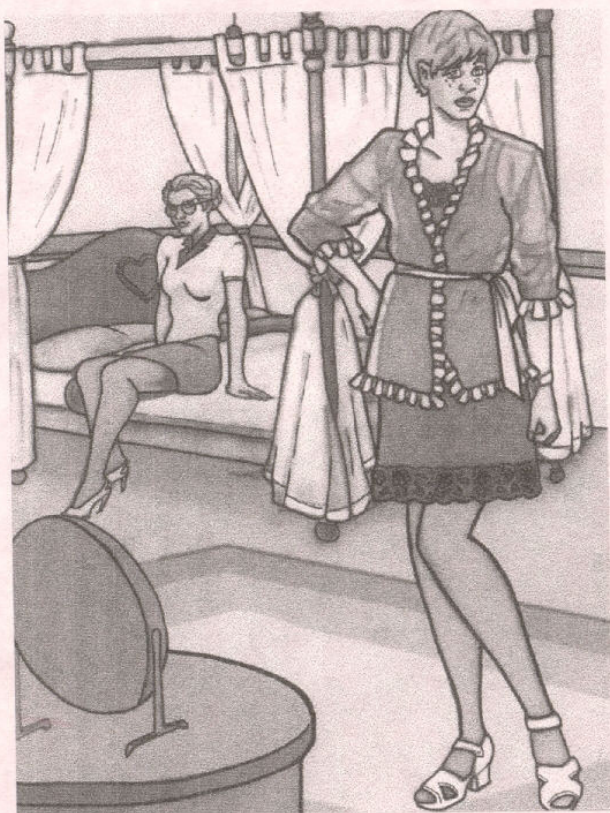


TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"AUNTIE GETS TOUGH"



**AUNTIE TEACHES HER RUDE
NEPHEW RESPECT, OBEDIENCE
AND A "NIECELY" FASHION SENSE.**

VOLUME 72

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME 72

"AUNTIE GETS TOUGH"

By Alice Trail



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“AUNTIE GETS TOUGH”

By Alice Trail

“Get out of the way, sissy!” Dana Darby scowled at his cousin Adam Carter as he made his way toward the kitchen for a snack. “Unlike you two pansies, we real men have to eat to keep up our strength.”

After the death of his parents in a tragic accident, Dana came to live with his Aunt Helen, who became his guardian. She had two sons, Adam, a year older than Dana, and Terry, a year younger.

Dana was athletic and popular with his fellow students and especially the girls. His biggest character flaw was his chauvinistic, rude, selfish attitude. In contrast, his cousins were studious, had fewer friends, and except for an occasional game of tennis, shunned competitive sports in favor of surfing the web and playing video games. That led Dana to degrade them by calling them computer geeks, nerds, or sissies as the mood struck him.

Being unable to calm her nephew’s rude behavior, Helen agreed to let Dana to spend two weeks back in New Haven, two thousand miles away, with his long time friend Ned Nelson. In case the trip didn’t change his attitude, she contacted a company, she found on the Internet, which guaranteed to make unruly boys demure, considerate, and obedient in a matter of days.

Miss Maggie Verner, an English woman in her forties with a rather severe demeanor, quickly contacted her, and after a short discussion, laid out a plan of action. “I’m not sure I want to do anything that drastic,” Helen mused upon hearing the plan. “Your service is very expensive, and besides, Dana would never go for such a program.”

“Leave his acceptance or rejection of our program to me. As for the cost, since you are his guardian and control his money, call it an education fund, and take it out of his inhe-

ritance. Don't make a decision in haste. Call me if his attitude hasn't improved when he returns.”

Sure enough, when Dana returned, his manner was as bad or worse than before. Helen called Miss Verner and sighed, “Just as you predicted, his holiday didn't change him one iota. I desperately hoped a visit with his old friends would improve his attitude, but obviously, I was being overly optimistic. I'm not sure I like going to the extreme you suggest, but I don't know where else to turn.”

“I feel sure you will be pleased when you see the rapid improvement in your nephew's attitude and disposition once I put my plan into action,” Miss Verner assured her. “And, like I said, if your aren't pleased with our program after two weeks, we will cheerfully refund your money.”

“I hope you're right,” Helen sighed with hesitantly in her voice. “I do so hope you're right.” Then, when she saw her nephew take his sandwich into the den and turn on the television without even speaking to her or her guest, she said, “Okay, let's get on with it.”

Under the threat of physical violence, Dana made his cousins clean his room and make his bed as usual the next morning. After warning them not to touch his girlie pictures or magazines, he went downstairs and saw Miss Verner. “Who is she?” he demanded with a scowl.

“This is Miss Maggie Verner,” Helen replied. “She's from England, and she is here to be a companion and tutor for you, governess, if you like.”

“So nice to meet you,” Miss Verner purred in her thick English accent. “I'm sure we'll get along fabulously.”

“I don't want a companion, and I don't need a tutor or a governess, whatever that is!” Dana spat without acknowledging Miss Verner's greeting. “I just graduated from high school, so I don't need to learn anything from this dried up old English broad!”

“We shall see about that,” his aunt replied.



“Okay, you geeks!” Dana threatened. “Make my bed, and clean my room, but don’t you dare touch my private stock of girlie magazines!”

“On the other hand, my sissy cousins could use some help! Adam hasn’t had a date since I’ve been here, and I don’t think Terry has ever talked to a girl.”

“I’ve asked you time and again not to call them derogatory names,” Helen admonished while thinking, ‘If Miss Verner’s scheme works, I won’t be hearing those kinds of insults and innuendoes much longer!’

“What else should I call them?” Dana growled, interrupting her thoughts. “They never go out with girls, and they have no interest in sports.”

“Please try to be tolerant of them, dear,” she sighed. “You are a guest in this house, you know.”

When Dana came in for lunch, he exhibited only ill manners and insulting remarks while eating. When he finished, he got up from the table and stormed from the room without so much as an acknowledgment that he enjoyed his food.

“The boys and I took the liberty of storing your things away while you were watching the telly,” Miss Verner informed Dana.

“Good!” he replied. “Maybe you’ve found something to make yourself useful.” That said, he went to the stairway and gingerly bounced up the steps two at a time.

Upon entering his room, he received a shock as everything was changed! Gone were his pin-ups of gorgeous, scantily clad women, along with his posters of athletes and rock stars. The walls were painted a soft shade of pink, fluffy white carpet covered the floors, and his bed was now a four-poster topped with a pink and white lace edged canopy!

“What’s going on here?” he wailed in abhorrence. “I can’t sleep in this sissy place! What have you done to my room, and what did you do with my stuff?”

When he turned to leave and protest the changes in his room to his aunt, he ran into Miss Verner. To his surprise, she shoved him back, locked the door behind her, slipped the

key into her pocket, and declared, "You're about to change even more so than your room, you surly brat!"

"Get out of my way, you bitch! What are you doing in my room anyway?"

"As your aunt said, I am your new governess and tutor," she declared while taking his arm, twisting it behind his back, and shoving his face into the door. "Your lessons start now!"

"Let me go!" Dana gasped as he struggled to free himself from this forceful woman.

"Will you do as I say without question if I release you?"

"Yes! Yes! Anything, just turn me loose!"

Supposedly taking him at his word, but not trusting him at all, Miss Verner released him and stood back. As soon as Dana was free, he assumed a defensive stance, and snarled, "Okay, bitch! After that little episode, I'm forgetting you're a woman! You're in for it now!"

To his surprise; however, when he lunged at her, she nimbly steeped out of his path, grabbed his wrist, twisted his arm behind him, and threw him to the floor while remaining on top of him. Before he could react to counter her move, she jammed her knee in his back and shoved his arm to his shoulder blade, causing him extreme pain. "Now, will you do as I say?"

"Go to hell, you stupid bitch!" Dana growled through clenched teeth. "I'm getting out of here!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth then she pulled a wide thick leather strap from her belt and brought it down on his buttocks hard...time and again! After a dozen swats, she inquired once again, "Now will you do as I say?" When he was slow to reply, she added, "I can do this all day."

"Okay, okay! I'll do as you say. Just stop hitting me with that damn strap!" he cried out in pain.

Without warning, three more rapid blows stung his buttocks. “What was that for?” he wailed. “I said I would do as you say.”

“You will receive three of my best right on your panties for every profane, disrespectful, or defiant word that passes your lips.”

Dana didn’t like her use of the word ‘panties’, but he passed it off as having a different meaning in England.

“All right,” she said when she felt him relax a bit, “remove your clothes, and we’ll get you into a nice hot bath.”

“I don’t need a bath. I took a shower this morning,”

Whap! Whap! Whap! The strap stung his backside three more times before he could react. “Are you incapable of following instructions or will a sound spanking be required to teach you that I am serious?”

“No, please! Don’t hit me again. I’ll do as you say!”

“If you’re true to your word, you’ll be undressed when I return from running your bath!” When she returned, she nodded at the sight of this recently intimidating boy wearing nothing but jockey briefs. “Those too,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone. “You can’t take a bath while wearing panties. Don’t worry. I’ve seen lots of boys in the buff.”

After reluctantly removing his briefs, he stood before the intimidating woman wearing nothing but a bright blush. With a nod of approval, she said, “Let me show you how to prepare a bath as you will be doing it for yourself in the future.”

‘What the hell is going on?’ Dana seethed inwardly as he sat in the deep water and bathed with the soft cloth and fragrant soap Miss Verner gave him. As instructed, he added hot water from time to time to keep his bath warm and comfortable. Ten minutes later, she returned, handed him a pink ladies’ razor, and instructed, “Shave your legs, chest, and underarms.”

“Shave my legs!” he screeched. “What the hell for?”

“Stand, and put your hands against the wall while I deliver three blows of the strap for that burst of profanity, and don’t say you weren’t warned!” she commanded in a harsh tone.

“Please, Miss Verner!” Dana pleaded. “That just slipped out. I’ll remember in the future.”

“And three more for arguing and to help you remember to speak in a polite, genteel, and ladylike manner.”

Naked and completely vulnerable, Dana dejectedly and fearfully rose to his feet, turned his back to Miss Verner, braced his feet against the side of the tub to prevent from slipping, and placed his hands on the wall as instructed.

After delivering the six promised swats to his wet buttocks as promised, Miss Verner asked, “Now, will you shave as directed or will more punishment be required?”

“Oh no! I...I mean yes!” he blubbered. “I’ll shave my legs! Just don’t hit me again! Please!” Dana blushed brightly as he ran the razor over his legs, chest, and underarms. ‘Why is she making me shave my legs like a girl?’ he wondered as he performed his task.

When he was finished, Miss Verner instructed him to dry himself with a fluffy pink towel and powder his body with a large puff. When he returned to his room, he was taken aback by the array of feminine clothing on his bed. Remembering Miss Verner’s inferences about behaving and speaking in a ladylike manner, he stammered, “W...what’s all that stuff for?”

“For you, my precious,” she replied in a matter-of-fact tone while smacking the strap rhythmically on her palm as a warning. “Your aunt has decided that you will be a girl for a while, and these are the clothes she wishes you to wear. You will start with this gaff. It’s designed to hold your genitals back between your legs to give you a smooth feminine front. Of course, you’ll have to raise your skirt, lower your panties, and sit like a girl to relieve yourself.”

Dana had never wanted to protest anything in his life more than he did at that moment, however, his tender posterior and the tap, tap, tap of the strap against her palm quelled his spirit. Blushing bright red, he obediently took the gaff, stepped into it, pulled it to his waist, and painfully adjusted his genitals as directed.

“Good,” Miss Verner smiled handing him a pair of pink nylon panties. After stepping into them, pulling them up his freshly shaved legs, and adjusting them at his waist, she said, “See how that tiny bit of effort gives a flat front to your panties? Now for your bra.”

Reluctantly, Dana took the bra and threaded his arms through the straps, but try as he might, he couldn’t fasten the catch behind him. He flinched as if dodging a blow when Miss Verner took a step toward him, but he calmed slightly when she said “Let me do it for you. You can practice later.” When the clasp was securely fastened behind him, she handed him a pair of realistic jelled inserts that looked and felt like real feminine breasts and advised, “Put these in the cups of your bra, and lean forward to adjust them properly.”

“I can’t wear these!” he complained as he completed his task. “They’re heavy, and they jiggle when I move.”

“You’ll grow accustomed to them as you will with your other feminine clothes,” Miss Verner assured him. “All young girls do.”

Dana wanted to protest that he wasn’t a girl, but that tactic had only served to earn swats from her strap. ‘These thin panties wouldn’t be much protection against that strap,’ he sighed, as he wisely remained silent.

“Now for your nylons,” Miss Verner ordered, bringing him out of his reverie. “Your legs will get cold without them now that they are shaved, but first, your garter belt. Fasten it about your waist, and thread the straps through your panties. The stockings are very fragile, so gather one in your hands and carefully knead it over your leg.”



"There!" Miss Verner gushed as she tied off the laces of Dana's first waist cinch. "You now have a girlish shape to go with your pretty dresses and skirts."

Having never felt anything so sumptuous, Dana shivered as the wispy material caressed his freshly shaved leg.

“Good,” Miss Verner smiled as she watched the former recalcitrant bully follow her instructions with a minimum of complaints. “Repeat the process with the other. With your palms, pull your nylons taut so that they mold to the contours of your legs, and then fasten them to your garters.”

When he had successfully completed his task, she added, “Now for your slip.” Conceding inwardly that his tormentor was intent on dressing him completely as a girl, and there was nothing he could do to stop her, he obediently pulled the silky pink slip over his head. Summing his courage, he stammered, “Miss Verner, I’m not being disrespectful or refusing to carry out your instructions, but why are you making me wear these sissy girl’s clothes?”

“Your aunt wants you to be a girl for a time to teach you manners, obedience, and respect for others. As a girl, what else would you wear?”

“How long?” he anxiously inquired. “I mean, how long do I have to be a girl and wear these clothes?”

“You will have to take that up with your aunt,” she said in a factual tone as she handed him a sheer garment. “My job is to train you to be a sweet, obedient, and demure girl, and you have much to learn. For starters, proper young ladies never lounge in their undies. They always wear a negligee like you are holding. Put it on, slide your feet into these fluffy bedroom slippers, and sit at your vanity so I can teach you the basic fundamentals of makeup application.”

“You mean I have to wear lipstick?”

“You will soon learn that feminine makeup involves a lot more than lipstick,” she informed him as he tied the sash of his negligee about his waist and started to plop down at his vanity. “When wearing a skirted garment, always smooth it beneath you when you sit to prevent wrinkling, and keep your knees together while you are seated. Failure to sit like a lady will be corrected immediately and painfully.”

True to her word, during the next two hours, Miss Verner taught Dana more than he ever wanted to know about feminine cosmetics and how to apply them. He received numerous smacks of the strap for not concentrating on the task at hand and for not sitting correctly, but he learned. Boy, did he ever learn!

When Miss Verner finally decided that he had made adequate progress in the art of makeup application, she instructed him to remove his negligee. Leading him over to the bed, she indicated a silky white blouse with lace at the neckline and cuffs and instructed him to put it on.

“It doesn’t fit right,” he complained after slipping his arms into the sleeves.

“You have it on backwards, silly,” Miss Verner smiled. “The buttons go in back.”

“I can’t do the buttons,” Dana sobbed in fear that he would receive another dose of the strap for his inability to secure the buttons.

He was more than slightly surprised when his formerly harsh governess cheerfully replied; “I’ll do them for you. You can practice with your buttons later when you work with your bra. Now for your dress, notice the wide ‘V’ in front. It’s called a jumper dress. It’s designed to be worn over a sissy blouse like you’re wearing, and it is pink to match your undies, your makeup, and your lipstick. Slide your feet into these white pumps. We’ll see how you look when you walk. The heels aren’t too tiny, and they’re only two inches high, but you’ll have to be careful and take short steps until you grow accustomed to wearing them.”

Dana spent a large portion of the afternoon learning to walk, stand, and sit like a girl in a skirt and heels. Since he had been forced to skip lunch to pursue these feminine endeavors, he grew quite hungry. Summing his courage, he managed to stammer, “I’m starving, Miss Verner. W...when do I get to eat?”

“You won’t be eating as much as you have in the past, and your intake of fatty foods will be greatly decreased,” she replied. “Your aunt thinks you should develop a svelte feminine figure to compliment your pretty dresses and skirts, so you’ll have to lose a few pounds in the right places. I’ll bring a light repast for your dinner in an hour or so. You may experience some unaccustomed hunger in the immediate future, so I’ll provide vitamins to increase your energy level.”

‘Just what I need!’ Dana scowled inwardly. ‘Not only are they making me wear sissy girl’s clothes, they plan to starve me as well!’ The vitamins were concentrated estrogen combined with a potent testosterone inhibitor and a powerful stimulant to provide energy despite his vastly reduced calorie intake. Miss Verner delighted in giving her students this product to initiate breast growth and round out their buttocks to feminine proportions in short order. Since Helen was initially reluctant to dress him as a girl, she kept this part of his ‘therapy’ to herself.

After a light meal, Miss Verner put Dana through every feminine lesson he could imagine, and then some. When he finally took all he could endure, he shouted, “I’ve had it with this feminine crap! I won’t wear a dress and silky girl’s underwear another minute! Give my clothes back, and get the hell out of my room!”

“Why you insolent brat!” Miss Verner scowled as she grabbed his wrist, twisted his arm behind him, and pulled him across her lap as if in a single motion. Quickly raising his skirt and slip to his waist to expose his panties, she began swatting his posterior with a wooden hairbrush.

Following several hard blows on his panties, he blubbered an apology through his tears and promised to obediently follow her instructions. Finding her pupil much more cooperative, Miss Verner drilled him in feminine mannerisms and composure until he thought he would drop from exhaustion. At last, she said, “Strip to your panties, and let’s get you ready for bed.”



Miss Verner couldn't help smiling as she spanked Dana on his silky nylon panties with a wooden hairbrush and listened to his pleas for her to stop and his promises to be obedient in the future.

Thinking that meant the end of a long and traumatic day, Dana sighed with relief and began removing his clothes. When he was down to his panties and bra, he looked at Miss Verner for further instructions, and she nodded for him to proceed. After removing the jelled inserts from his bra cups, he felt a sense of relief when the straps no longer cut into his shoulders.

As he unfastened the clasp of his bra and peeled it from his arms, she handed him a flesh colored garment. “This is your sleep bra. The straps are wider and softer than your day-time bras and it has no clasp. Pull it over your head, adjust it about your chest, place your inserts in the cups, and you’ll have breasts at night just like a real girl.” While Dana blushed at the thought, she said, “After you slip into your nightgown, sit at your vanity to remove your makeup.”

“This night bra is more comfortable than my daytime bra,” Dana thought as the weight of his ‘breasts’ was more evenly distributed across his shoulders. After pulling the silky black nylon lace embellished gown over his head, he shivered slightly as it drifted over his hairless body. Remembering Miss Verner’s words that ‘proper’ young ladies didn’t lounge around in their undies, he slipped his arms into his negligee and tied the sash at his waist before sitting at his vanity.

“Good!” Miss Verner beamed. “Now you’re learning to become a reserved young lady. Remove your makeup with the cleansing cream and be especially careful around your eyes, as eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara are hard to completely remove.” When she was satisfied with the results, she instructed him to massage a generous measure of moisturizing cream into his face and gently wipe away the excess. Then, to his chagrin, she told him to rub the cream into his entire body.

When he thought he was finished, she surprised him by saying, “We simply must do something about your hair. It was the only thing about your physical appearance that looks masculine.”



"Sit at your vanity and remove your makeup," Miss Verner instructed when Dana was in his nightgown and negligee. "A girl's work is never done!"

After placing a container of tiny curlers before him, she said, “Since your hair is short for a girl, we’ll have to use these small rollers. I’ll show you how to get started, but I you must learn to do your own hair in short order.”

‘Look at me!’ Dana seethed inwardly as he wound a tendril of his hair onto a small pink curler and secured it with a bobby pin. ‘I’m wearing nylon panties, a girl’s nightgown, and a silky see-through negligee. My legs, chest, and underarms have been shaved, my body is covered with moisturizing cream, my nails have two coats of pink polish, and I’m rolling my hair like a girl. If the guys back home ever saw me like this, I would be labeled a sissy and my life would be over!’

When she was satisfied that his hair was satisfactorily rolled, Miss Verner showed him how to rinse the undies he had worn and hang them on the towel rod to dry. She made sure he took his ‘vitamin’ capsule before she tucked him between his satin sheets and turned out the light.

‘I can’t sleep with these damn curlers in my hair!’ Dana growled as he lay with his head on his soft pillow. However he was sound asleep almost before the door lock clicked in the latch.

The next morning, Miss Verner had Dana up early. His hair was still in rollers, so she had him cover his head with a pink plastic bath cap as he stepped into a warm perfumed bath that he prepared under her supervision. After drying with a fluffy pink towel, he stepped into a pair of silky pink panties with lace at the waist and leg openings, slipped a transparent negligee over his arms, slipped his feet into fluffy pink bedroom slippers, and with the plastic cap still covering his head, he joined his governess in his room.

“We are in a cooperative mood this morning,” she beamed, as she looked over her protégé in his ultra feminine ensemble and handed him two ‘vitamin’ capsules. The recommended dosage was one capsule per day, but she decided to increase the prescribed quantity to accelerate his ‘development’.

After he washed the pills down with a glass of water, she said, "As long as you remain sweet, docile, and obedient, we don't have to concern ourselves with the strap. I don't enjoy being harsh with you, but since my job is to make you sweet and feminine, I will use all resources at my disposal. Okay, sit at your vanity and massage the moisturizing cream into your entire body like a good girl."

When Dana completed his task, Miss Verner instructed him to slip into his bra, place the realistic jelled inserts into the cups, and replace his negligee. As he blushed at the feminine protrusions on his chest, she told him to remove the curlers from his hair. Using a brush and comb, she showed him how to fluff his tresses into what appeared to be a short feminine style.

"I never thought it could happen, but I'm beginning to look like a girl!" Dana lamented as he examined his image in the mirror.

"You'll be wearing a pink and white dress when you meet your aunt later this morning, so do your makeup in the pink shades you used yesterday," Miss Verner informed him as she started for the door. "Make sure your lipstick matches your nail polish. I'll check your progress when I return with your breakfast."

"Please, Miss Verner, don't make me go downstairs wearing a dress and makeup!" Dana pleaded. "Aunt Helen seeing me like this will be horrible, but I'll be embarrassed to death if Adam and Terry see me in a dress!"

"Concentrate on your makeup application, and don't worry your pretty girlish head about what others think," she replied. "The boys are at a computer show and won't return until late afternoon."

"It's not fair that those geeks get to wear pants and run free while I have to stay here in dresses learning to be a girl!" Dana fumed inwardly as he began spreading the base liquid makeup on his face with the sponge applicator. "My only hope to keep those dorks from seeing me in a dress and all this

makeup is if Aunt Helen will let me return to pants after she sees me and has a good laugh.’

Dana was looking forward to a big meal since he hadn’t had much to eat for the past two days. He was deeply disappointed when Miss Verner returned with only a half grapefruit, a slice of dry toast, and a glass of orange juice. “I’m starving!” he complained. “Is this all I get to eat?”

She shrugged off his protest saying, “Girls have to make sacrifices if they want the boys to notice.”

Dana couldn’t let that pass. In an effort to set his governess straight, and avoid a spanking, he calmly declared, “I’m not a girl, no matter how you make me dress, and I don’t want boys to notice me.”

“Whether you like it or not, you are a girl for the time being according to your aunt’s declaration, so get used to it,” she observed in a matter of fact tone. “Now, let’s have a look at your makeup.” Dana wanted to protest that he wasn’t a girl, no matter what his crazy aunt decided, but for fear of another spanking, he swallowed his pride and remained silent.

After a quick glance, she said, “You did well with your base, blush, and lipstick, but your eyeliner isn’t applied uniformly, and your mascara doesn’t properly separate and lengthen your lashes. Use the cleansing cream to remove your eye makeup, and start over.”

Half a dozen tries later when his makeup was finally applied to Miss Verner’s satisfaction, she had Dana remove his negligee, fasten a garter belt about his waist, and thread the garters beneath his panties. Without hesitation, he pulled his slip over his head, followed it with his dress, and raised the back zipper. Looking at his image in the mirror, he wondered, ‘How is this happening? With this makeup, and my hair in this feminine style, I look even more like a girl!’



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"You look so pretty in a dress, makeup, and heels!" Helen gushed while thinking, 'we simply have to do something about that hair! I must buy him a wig!'

Miss Verner spent the next few hours repeating the lessons in girlhood from the day before. She taught Dana to walk, sit, stand, curtsy, and otherwise comport himself as a girl. “All right,” she finally declared. “You’re as ready as you can be to meet your aunt. Let’s go.”

Steeling his resolve, Dana avowed, “I won’t do it! I won’t allow Aunt Helen to see me like this...in a dress! I’ll kick the attic door open, change into my clothes, and run away if I have to!”

“Kick away, but you won’t find anything!” Miss Verner snapped. “Your former clothes were donated to charity, so if you run away, you’ll do so nude or in a skirt!”

Lowering his head in defeat, he mentally prepared himself to meet his aunt while wearing a dress.

Dana’s face was on fire as he slowly and timidly made his way down the stairs in his two-inch pumps to meet Aunt Helen for the first time dressed as a girl. To his chagrin, his pink polyester dress was decorated with flowers and featured a full mid-thigh length skirt that simply floated about his nylon encased thighs. Fully aware of his silky panties, bra, and slip, he blushed brightly beneath his feminine makeup. Knowing that his aunt was responsible for his being dressed this way served to make him more embarrassed. His inclination was to turn and bolt back to his femininely appointed room, but Miss Verner blocked his way. All he could do was mince hesitantly forward to meet his fate.

As for Helen, she still had grave doubts about forcing her rowdy, disrespectful nephew to dress as a girl, even for a short time. She reluctantly agreed as a last resort, and only then because she and her sons could no longer take his abuse. The service came with high praise guaranteeing success, and Miss Verner was reportedly one of the best at administering this ‘petticoat punishment’. Gawd knows her services cost enough, even if Dana was paying the bill out of his inheritance! Despite her reservations, she wondered how her impe-

tuous nephew would look in a dress with makeup and a feminine hairstyle.

Miss Verner directed, “Your aunt is in the solarium. Greet her politely like a proper young lady, and don’t dare forget your curtsy!”

Dana shyly approached his aunt. Purposely avoiding eye contact, he took the sides of his skirt in his fingertips, and dipped a polite curtsy. Blushing for all he was worth, he sighed just above a whisper, “Good morning, Aunt Helen.”

‘I thought Dana would look atrocious in a dress, but he looks nice like Miss Verner promised,’ Helen thought as she looked over her blushing nephew with a devious smile. ‘His manners are to kill for, and she accomplished all this after having him in her charge for only one day? What other delightful changes do I have to look forward to in the future?’ Looking up at the new governess, she observed a smug, ‘I told you so’, expression. Turning her attention back to Dana, she gushed, “You look precious in that pretty dress, sweetheart. Pink is such a darling color on you. Walk about a bit and let me see the full effect of your chic ensemble.”

“Please, Aunt Helen!” Dana pleaded. “Don’t make me wear dresses. I promise to be polite and obedient and never cause you another minute of trouble.”

“You had a chance to be a courteous and considerate boy,” Helen declared. “Now, you will have the opportunity to be a demure, polite, and obedient ‘girl’ for a while. You will have to prove your worthiness before I allow you to return to pants, and you can start by following my instructions. I asked you to walk about so I could get a better look at your pretty dress, but fake tears and excuses are all I’ve gotten. If that’s your attitude, why should I shorten your time in skirts?” Heeding her warning, Dana began strolling about the room as directed.

Watching him closely, Miss Verner cautioned, “A proper young lady walks slowly, places one foot in front of the other, keeps her forearms parallel to the floor, relaxes her wrists, and gyrates her hips. That’s it.”

“How darling!” Helen gushed. “I always thought you should have been a girl, and now that you’re wearing dresses and skirts, I see that I was right. Dana is such a sweet feminine name, and because of Miss Verner’s hard work, you’ve quickly become a very cute girl!”

“Thank you, Aunt Helen,” he sighed with a blush while executing another polite curtsy.

“Now that your aunt has seen you, go to your room and remove your makeup,” Miss Verner instructed. “I’ll be up presently to supervise.”

“You are indeed a miracle worker!” Helen gushed when Dana was out of earshot. “How you got that self-centered, obnoxious brat to wear a pretty dress and curtsy politely after only one day is beyond me!”

“Secrets of the trade, my dear,” Miss Verner chuckled. “Secrets of the trade. One is bound to pick up a few pointers after forcing twenty-seven boys to wear dresses and comport themselves as demure young ladies.”

“You made a believer out of me! How do we proceed from here?”

“We must keep him dressed as a girl from the skin out twenty four hours a day to get ready for his next move.”

“Which will be?”

“What you saw and heard just now was just a sample. He will continuously beseech you to allow him to return to pants and his life as a boy. In return for your lenience, he will promise to reform so completely as to become an angel and never give you another moment of anguish. He may even resort to tears, something you never would have seen from him previously. In any event, you must staunchly resolve to resist his passionate appeals and, whenever possible, use them to submerge him ever deeper into femininity. To accomplish our goal, we must make him completely vulnerable, and that’s when we spring the trap! If you aren’t sure how to respond to him at any time, say you will consider his request, and consult me later.”

"Sounds like a plan!" Helen enthused.

In his room, Dana obediently removed his dress, put it on a padded hanger, and hung it in his closet. This was in total contrast to the way he used to throw his discarded clothes wherever they landed and left them there. After slipping a diaphanous negligee over his feminine panties, padded bra, lace embellished slip, garter belt, and nylon stockings, he sat at his vanity to remove his makeup as instructed, a task that wouldn't have been too bad if he didn't have to replace it. Looking at his face in the lighted mirror, he thought, "At least, my bratty cousins didn't see me wearing that prissy dress!"

"Good, you're following instructions, for once," Miss Verner observed as she entered Dana's room and found him moisturizing his face after removing his makeup. While turning back the covers of his bed, she instructed, "Wipe the excess cream off your face, remove your negligee, and crawl into bed. You've had a distressing time, and a short nap will revive you."

Dana was skeptical of her motives, but not wanting to risk another spanking, he obediently wiped the excess cream from his face, slipped out of his filmy negligee, and lay it across the foot of his bed. As he positioned himself between the satin sheets and adjusted his slip across his thighs, Miss Verner pulled the cover over him, kissed him on the forehead, and said, "Sleep well, my girl. I'll be back in an hour or so to help you dress for dinner. I know you'll want to look extra nice for the boys tonight."

"Oh no, Miss Verner!" he wailed in sheer panic as he bolted upright in his bed. "I can't let Adam and Terry see me in a dress! They will tease me without mercy and call me a sissy!"

"Isn't that the way you have treated them since your arrival as a guest in their home?" she asked. "Turnabout is fair play, don't you think?"

“But they won’t be wearing dresses!”

“You called them sissies and many other derogatory names, nonetheless!” she snapped. “Not another word! Lay your pretty head on that soft pillow and get your rest.” That said she closed the door behind her.

The last thing Dana heard before he drifted off to sleep was the click of the bolt as it secured the door. Although he slept soundly, he was haunted by dreams of himself wearing panties, slips, skirts, dresses, makeup, and his cousins laughing at him.

“Rise and shine, sleepyhead!” Miss Verner sang out as she entered Dana’s room a while later. “We have lots to do, so let’s get cracking! Start with a long soaking bath, and be sure to put plenty moisturizing bath oil and fragrant crystals in the water.”

Unable to resist one last plea, Dana wailed, “Please, Miss Verner! Don’t let those geeks see me in a dress!”

“You and I need to get some things straight here and now!” Miss Verner declared in the severe tone he had come to dread. “First, your aunt decreed that you will be a girl for a while, so it would be unrealistic to pretend that your cousins won’t see you flitting about in your pretty dresses and skirts. Second, you will discontinue referring to them with demeaning and degrading names. Third, you will curtsy to them and defer to their wishes, just as you do with your aunt and myself. Fourth, if you raise a hand toward either of them, I swear, you won’t be able to sit for a week! Or, perhaps, you would rather that they spank you on your silky panties.”

‘Oh, no!’ Dana seethed as he soaked in warm oil and perfume-laden water. ‘What could be more humiliating than having to lie across the lap of those dorks with my skirt and slip at my waist while they apply the strap to my panties? Seeing my silky panties and spanking me with that awful strap would give them such a charge! Hell, just appearing before them in a dress will be too humiliating for me!’

After finishing his bath, Dana returned to his room wearing his fluffy pink robe and matching slippers with a raised heel. Not surprisingly, he found an array of feminine undies, a gaff, panties, bra, slip, garter belt, and a knee length see-through negligee lying on his bed. He was taken aback to discover that they were all black! Since Miss Verner was nowhere to be seen, and since wearing these things was inevitable, he thought he would get on her good side by dressing himself. To start, he put on the gaff and tucked his genitals back and out of sight. When he adjusted the panties at his waist, he was again amazed at how effectively that tiny garment hid his masculinity and gave him a flat feminine front. After the agonizing lessons the night before, he fastened the bra behind his back without too much difficulty and placed the jelled inserts in the cups.

“Two days ago, I would have sworn that nobody could make me wear girl’s clothes,” he thought with disgust. “Now, I’m putting on all this disgusting stuff by myself without anybody to make me!” From his limited experience, he reasoned that he should put on the garter belt next, but when he wrapped the wide garment around his waist, the ends failed to meet by about three inches. Assuming Miss Verner had made a mistake on the size, and bought one too small, he laid it aside and pulled the silky black slip over his head.

Just as he tied the sash of his negligee at his waist, Miss Verner entered the room and said, “I’m pleased that you’re dressing yourself, but you must put on your garter belt before your slip.”

“I tried, but it was too small.”

“Oh, you silly girl! It’s a waist cinch garter belt that is designed to reduce your waist by several inches and give you a neat girlish figure when it is properly positioned and worn completely closed. You ‘do’ want to look your feminine best when you meet the boys for the first time in a dress, don’t you?”

“I don’t want those geek...uh...my cousins to see me in a dress, and I certainly don’t want to look good for them!”

Miss Verner observed the way he caught his ‘slip of the tongue’ and knew he was learning, so she enthused, “I’m sure you’ll change your mind when you see the dress, your aunt selected for your debut. It’s a classic ‘little black dress’, but your waist cinch will have to be completely closed to enable you to fit into it. Here, let me help you.”

“Can I get something to eat first? I’m starving.”

“You’ll have to wait for dinner.”

“Will I have to eat small portions of diet food like I’ve been eating since you started making me wear dresses? I’m hungry enough to eat a horse.”

“You will be allowed to eat whatever you like in the quantity you choose.”

“Oh boy!” he beamed with a rare smile.

Ignoring his glee, she advised, “Stand on your tiptoes, hold your arms out to the side, inhale and exhale when I tell you, and remain silent while I close your cinch. The procedure will take quite a bit time and will be somewhat uncomfortable for you, so if you speak or cry out before I give finish my task, you will receive three of my best with the strap on your pretty panties. Then, we will start over. You and I have been getting along quite well of late, so don’t force me to be harsh with you to accomplish my goal of helping you develop a lovely feminine figure.”

Miss Verner couldn’t have been more right about the time and discomfort required to properly secure the cinch about Dana’s waist. When he was finally allowed to lower his heels to the floor, his hands flew to his aching sides. As he huffed and puffed in an effort to breathe and twisted this way and that in search of any miniscule comfort from the confining garment. “Miss Verner, this awful thing is cutting me in half!” he gasped. “It’s too tight! You must loosen the laces so I can breathe!”

“Don’t be such a sissy!” she chastised. “Every pretty girl suffers a bit of discomfort from time to time to look her best. Why should you be different? Anyway, you’ll soon grow accus-

tomed to the pressure if you concentrate on the task at hand instead of the agony. Now, these nylons are darker than the ones you have worn previously, but they are ultra sheer, fragile, and expensive. Be especially careful with them."

After playing baseball and tennis before he came to live with his aunt, Dana considered himself to be in good physical condition. However, he was gasping for breath after forcing himself to bend sufficiently in his waist cinch to knead the delicate wisps of nylon over his smooth hairless legs.

"You might not believe this, but a pair of stilt heel pumps will ease the pressure of your waist cinch ever so slightly," Miss Verner advised while watching her charge try to catch his breath as he threaded his garter straps beneath his panties and secured them to the tops of his nylons. Handing him a pair of black suede pumps with narrow three-inch heels, she said, "These are higher than any you have worn previously, but you'll appreciate the relief they provide after you slip your feet into them."

Dana was understandably skeptical, but not wanting to risk any other tortures this diabolical woman might devise, he obediently slipped his feet into the proffered shoes. Even though he was a tad off balance in the tiny stilt heels as he walked unsteadily about, he was pleasantly surprised to discover that the pressure on his torso was slightly relieved.

Seeing a slight smile pass his lips, Miss Verner surmised that even though he was in extreme discomfort from the pressure on his sides, he was still capable of gratitude. "I see you are slightly insecure in your new heels, but you have to admit that they help relieve the pressure on your waist," she observed. "If you wear them for the rest of the afternoon, you should be able to navigate well enough in them this evening. Now, put your slip and negligee back on, and get over to your vanity. We have lots of work ahead of us with your hair and makeup."

"Please don't make me do this, Miss Verner," he wailed. "I don't want the boys to see me in a dress!"

Whap! Whap! Whap! Without warning, and before Dana could react to escape or protect himself, three sharp blows from the strap landed painfully on his nylon covered buttocks. “I detest having to repeat my orders!” Miss Verner declared in a harsh tone. “Get busy following instructions or I’ll invite the boys in to watch you priss around in your sexy bra, panties, and heels while you get dressed and apply your makeup!”

Dana had no doubt that this diabolical woman would deliver on her threat, so he scurried to carry out her orders. As he tied the sash of his soft black see-through negligee about his waist, he wondered why women’s robes never seemed to have buttons. He sat at his vanity and viewed the vast array of feminine cosmetics before him. Looking at his image in the lighted mirror, he sadly lamented, ‘Even with short hair and no makeup, I don’t look very masculine in this silky black lingerie with my tits poking out!’

“That frosted pink nail polish won’t do for your evening look in black, so start by replacing it with three coats of cherry red,” Miss Verner instructed. “Apply the fresh polish with long smooth strokes to spread it evenly and prevent streaking. I’ll return to check your progress, so be attentive to your task and don’t dawdle. I expect to see significant improvement with your eye makeup from those disastrous results this morning, and you should fluff your hair a bit more with the blow drier.”

“Those geeks have no idea how much trouble I’m going through to look good as a girl for them!” Dana seethed as he smoothed the bright red polish on his nails.

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'I can't believe I'm wearing these silky girl's clothes and polishing my nails,' Dana seethed as he looked at the fresh red polish on his nails. 'How do girls stand waiting for this stuff to dry?'

When Miss Verner returned, she checked his makeup, praised his improvement, and touched up his mistakes without much ado. “Your dress is hanging on the closet door,” she said. “It’s time to see how it fits.”

The moment Dana was dreading had arrived. Slowly rising to his feet, he removed his negligee and hung it in his closet. Standing in his silky black slip and heels, he removed the dress from its hanger, lowered the back zipper to the waist, and pulled it over his head as instructed. Because of the narrow skirt, he had difficulty kneading it over his shoulders. He tried with all his might to raise the zipper, but was unable to do so. “This dress is too small,” he panted while gasping for breath.

After adjusting his lace-edged slip so it hung barely above the hem of his skirt, Miss Verner grasped the zipper tab and commanded, “Exhale!” As he emptied his lungs, she raised it a couple of inches. “Exhale!” she demanded as she raised it a bit more. After several attempts, she finally had it closed. “Now, do you understand why we had to lace your waist cinch so tight?” she smiled gleefully.

Thinking it would have been more logical to buy a larger dress, he shrugged his shoulders in resignation and gasped breathlessly, “Yes, Miss Verner.”

The rest of the afternoon was spent reviewing previous lessons, with threats of what would happen if he wasn’t completely ladylike in his every word and gesture.

As Dana hesitantly descended the stairs, he was totally embarrassed at the prospect of having to appear before his dorky cousins in a dress and makeup. Having worn his stilt heels all afternoon, he knew he could walk in them without falling or turning an ankle if he was extremely careful, but that did little to soothe his masculine ego.

Upon entering the room where his aunt and cousins waited, he approached Aunt Helen without so much as a glance toward the boys. “Don’t you look lovely tonight, Dana!” Helen exclaimed



"I don't know how she did it, but Miss Verner got that macho jerk into a sissy dress! Look at the way his sexy slip shows with every step!" Adam gushed.

“Thank you, Aunt Helen,” he sighed in a soft voice as he dipped a polite curtsy.

Adam and Terry looked at each other and snickered as if to say, ‘How did Miss Verner get that macho jerk in a dress and looking so good as a girl?’

“Gentlemen,” Miss Verner announced. “I am pleased to present Miss Dana Darby. Your mother has decreed that he will be a girl for a while to teach him manners and respect for others. Miss Darby, may I present Master Adam Carter.”

Still not making eye contact, and in compliance with his earlier instructions, Dana grasped the sides of his skirt, dipped a polite curtsy, and with a bright blush, sighed, “I’m very pleased to meet you, Master Adam.”

Before the flabbergasted Adam could reply, she continued, “And, Master Terry Carter.”

Again, Dana blushed excessively, executed a polite curtsy, and acknowledged, “Master Terry.”

“How did you get that macho asshole in a dress and looking so hot?” Adam laughed as he perused his cousin’s feminine dress, lipstick, and nail polish.

“Boys!” their mother reprimanded. “You heard Miss Verner! Dana is now a young lady. Therefore, you will act as gentlemen and treat him accordingly!”

Adam and Terry looked at each other, winked, and a silent pact formed between them. Looking at their mother they replied almost in unison, “Okay, Mom.”

On the way to the dinner table, just loud enough for Dana to hear and not the women, Terry taunted, “I thought this ‘pretty boy’ was some kind of macho he-man, and look, he turns up wearing sissy red lipstick and high heels. What could he be wearing underneath that cute little mini-dress?”

“Whatever it is, it includes a sexy black slip,” Adam observed with a chuckle. “The lace shows in the back slit of his sissy little skirt every time he takes a step. He has to be wear-

ing a bra to hold those bouncing boobs. I'll give you odds that he has on silky black panties to match.”

“Is that true, girly boy?” Terry snickered. “Are you wearing silky black panties to match your sissy dress and slip?”

The boy's voices got louder and carried farther than they intended, and both women overheard the taunting. Dana fumed with intense anger and a fervent desire to retaliate, but Miss Verner's threat to lift his skirt and lay him across her lap for a spanking while the boys watched was incentive enough to inhibit any action, either verbal or physical. With deep impotent feeling, all he could do was blush profusely beneath his feminine makeup and endure the humiliating taunts of his cousins. Of course, his aunt and governess smiled and pretended not to hear.

At dinner, as Miss Verner promised, Dana was allowed to eat all the roast and potatoes he wanted. Being very hungry, he forgot for the moment that he was dressed as a girl, and like Adam and Terry, he began to wolf the food down. After a few bites, however, he began to feel the added pressure from his waist cinch. With a disappointed pout, pushed his plate back.

“You young girls eat like a sparrow,” Helen observed. “Are you sure you don't want more, or are you waiting for desert?”

“Oh no, Aunt Helen. It was delicious, but I've had plenty, thank you,” he replied in a cordial tone while dejectedly thinking, ‘If I eat any more, that damn cinch thing will cut me in half!’

When he was finally asked if he would like a slice of cherry pie, he grimaced in regret, demurely lowered his eyes, and sighed, “No thank you.” Needless to say, he watched with envy as both Adam and Terry ate two slices of pie with ice cream. After being so abruptly reminded that he was now a girl, he pressed his nylon-clad knees together, and as his soft slip caressed his smooth hairless thighs, he experienced an unexpected stirring under the gaff in his panties.

After dinner, the boys were allowed to go their own way, while Dana was assigned to wash the dishes and clean the kitchen. He was given a pristine white lace embellished apron to protect his dress, and Miss Verner taught him to tie it in a neat fussy bow in back. To assure that he had learned his lesson, she made him tie it more than a dozen times before she was satisfied that he was proficient at performing this feminine task. Adding to his misery, the waist cinch was painfully squeezing his middle so intensely that the mere exertion of tying the sash left him gasping for breath. Never had he been at the mercy of anyone as he was with his exacting governess!

While Dana was doing the dishes with pink rubber gloves to ‘protect his dainty hands’, he was both surprised and distressed when Adam and Terry entered the kitchen. “Panty check!” Adam announced.

“Huh?” Dana replied in a confused, apprehensive, tone.

“Panty check,” Adam repeated. “Get that prissy little skirt up so we can check your panties, sissy boy.”

“That’s right!” Terry confirmed. “We want to see if your panties are black and silky like your slip.”

“I’ll do no such thing!” Dana avowed with a bright blush. “Get out of here before I call Aunt Helen.”

“Okay, we’ll do this the hard way,” Adam declared as he approached the sink with Terry close behind. After running water on his hand and wiping it on his brother’s face, he asked, “Ready for this?”

“Go for it,” Terry affirmed.

Adam surprised Dana by punching his brother just below his left eye, and while he looked on in awe, Terry turn, ran screaming from the room. A few moments later, Miss Verner came rushing into the kitchen with Terry in tow and demanded, “What happened in here?”

“Dana hit me!” Terry screeched.

“Is that true?” she asked Adam, who by that time was sitting on a stool at the counter.

"Don't take our word for it," Adam jeered. "Terry's face is still wet from being hit by his wet glove."

"I didn't hit him!" Dana proclaimed. "Adam did!"

"Who hit you?" Miss Verner asked the weeping Terry.

"Dana did," he sniffed. "All I did was ask him if he was wearing silky black panties to match his dress and slip. Instead of answering, he punched me without warning."

Taking a seat on one of the kitchen chairs, Miss Verner took the strap from her belt, leered at Dana, and spat, "Come here, young lady. Let's hear an apology!"

As the full impact of what she intended him to do dawned on him, Dana pleaded for all he was worth, "No, please, Miss Verner. I didn't hit Terry. Honest!"

"Don't lie!" Miss Verner stormed. "You were intimidating and violent! Unless you wish to make this worse than it has to be, you'll apologize!"

Dana knew the unthinkable had happened. He chose discretion over valor, not wanting to worsen his already tenuous circumstance. Swallowing his masculine pride, he dipped a polite curtsy and with a bright blush, he whimpered, "Please forgive my brutal and angry outburst. I'll restrain myself in the future."

"And?" Miss Verner demanded in an expectant tone.

A glance at his grinning cousins told Dana how much they enjoyed his embarrassing rebuke. With them looking on, he closed his eyes in nervous anxiety and asked in a soft voice, "Please give me a spanking to remind me to be a polite and respectful young lady in the future."

Adam and Terry couldn't suppress debasing giggles when their former tormentor tearfully asked for a spanking to help him become a polite and respectful young 'lady'! He had belittled them incessantly, calling them names like sissy, faggot, and queer. Now, to their elation, the situation was reversed.

"Very well, assume the position," Miss Verner replied in a condescending tone, ignoring the boys.

Filled with humiliation, anxiety, and dread, Dana slowly hoisted his skirt and slip to his waist, allowing Adam and Terry to see the silky black panties they had only speculated about. Miss Verner allowed her teary eyed charge to regain his feet after she had delivered eight hard swats of the strap. After brushing his skirt and slip back into place, Dana curtsied politely and sniffed, “Thank you for correcting my behavior. May I go to my room to compose myself and repair my makeup?”

“Not until you have apologized to Terry for hitting him and to Adam for accusing him of being a liar!”

This was the ultimate shame for Dana. Never had he been more humiliated than when he was forced to curtsy, apologize, and promise his greatly amused cousins to be a proper, sedate, and demure young lady, and to respect them as gentlemen in the future. “Now, you may retire to your room, remove your makeup, and ready yourself for bed,” Miss Verner finally declared.

Needless to say, Dana was devastated with shame and humiliation when he entered his room. His snooty cousins had not only seen him in a dress and makeup, they had seen him spanked on his silky black panties, and because of their deceit, he had been forced to apologize for something he had not done!

In a gesture that showed his feminine training was having an effect, he removed his dress and hung it in his closet to prevent wrinkles. After kicking off his heels, he placed them in his shoe rack. Then without hesitation, he threw himself across his bed in his silky black slip, buried his face in the soft satin pillowcase, and burst into tears of anguish and despair.

When Miss Verner came in a short while later, she found Dana shaking with sobs on his bed. To make him forget his troubles by giving him something to worry about, she screeched, “What a disgrace! Haven’t I told you time and again that it isn’t decent for a virtuous young lady to lounge about in her undies? Get into your negligee this instant or I’ll

give you another spanking. Goodness knows you deserve one after that brazen display!"

Dana wasted no time. Bolting from his bed, he quickly grabbed the black negligee he had worn earlier while applying his makeup and styling his hair. 'I don't know why I have to wear these see-through negligee things,' he huffed dismally as he tied the sash about his waist. 'She says they are for the sake of modesty, but they don't conceal anything. I'll bet the only reason she makes me wear the frilly things is to make me look more like a girl!'

"Look at your pillowcase!" he heard Miss Verner grimace. "It's wet with tears and smeared with your makeup, lipstick, mascara, and eyeshadow! Remove it, and put it in cold water to soak. You can hand wash it when you rinse out your undies."

When he had complied with her order, she said, "Now, sit at your vanity, remove that awful streaked makeup, and get busy with your nightly beauty ritual. You have far too much to learn about being a girl to be lying around feeling sorry for yourself."

When Dana was finally allowed to go to bed, he lay between his sleek satin sheets in his soft nylon nightgown, cried into his pillow, and wondered, "What is wrong with me? I never used to cry no matter what happened, but I haven't been able to stop since I had to lift my skirt so Adam and Terry could see me spanked on my panties like a little girl!" Soon sleep mercifully overcame him.

The next day, Dana wore a stylish violet dress with a tight bodice that neatly outlined his feminine assets and a mid-thigh length skirt that moved enticingly about his smooth nylon covered thighs as he walked. His short hair was styled in the closest semblance to a feminine style possible, his makeup was light, and he wore dark red lipstick with a lilac hue that matched his nail polish.

“Look what we have here!” Adam laughed when he found Dana mincing about in three-inch pumps while desperately trying to balance a book on his head. “Our sissy is all decked out in a cute little dress, high heels, and lipstick, and he’s prancing around like a prissy girl. Tell me, sissy, are you wearing a sexy slip and silky panties that match your outfit like you did last night?”

Dana blushed brightly at being seen by his arrogant cousin again while wearing a dress. Trying to change the subject from his embarrassing undies, he sighed gloomily, “Miss Verner says walking in heels with a book on my head will help me develop a feminine glide.”

“Wearing dresses must have transformed you into a bimbo airhead!” Adam scoffed. “I didn’t ask about your feminine glide, I asked if you are wearing silky panties and slip that match your dress like you did last night.” When Dana was slow to answer, he sneered, “You had better learn to answer me, sissy boy! That little scene I created last night is only a sample of the trouble I can cause you. I may even convince Mom to allow me to spank you when you are rude and unladylike toward me. Now, tell me about your panties and slip, or I’ll tell her that you threatened to beat me up and take my clothes so you could run away. Who do you think she would believe?”

“Okay, you win,” Dana stammered in defeat. “My panties and slip match my dress.”

“Show me!”

“You want me to...”

“You got it, girly boy! Get that skirt up and let me see your sexy slip or you’ll regret it!”

Dana had ridiculed Adam many times in the past, but now with him in a dress, heels, and makeup, the cousin he thought of as a geek had the upper hand. Seeing no way out, he blushed brightly, gingerly grasped the hem of his skirt, and raised it to his waist, exposing his lavender lace-edged nylon

slip. "Nice," Adam sneered. "Now, lift your slip and let's see those pretty matching panties."

Dana lowered his skirt, grasped the hem of his slip, and raised them both to his waist to expose the dark tops of his nylons, the garter straps of his waist cinch garter belt, and his silky lavender panties to his vengeful cousin.

"Nice panties, sissy boy," Adam taunted. "Keep your skirt up, and turn around so I can see them from the rear."

No sooner was Dana's back turned then 'WHACK!!!' He felt a vicious blow across his buttocks from his cousin's belt. "I guess I was wrong," Adam said with a devilish grin. "I don't have to get permission before I can spank you, so you had better look out in the future."

Dana looked angrily at Adam as he frantically brushed his skirt and slip back into place. However, before he could respond either verbally or physically, Miss Verner entered the room. Paying no attention to Adam threading his belt through the loops on his jeans, she said, "Good to see you two getting reacquainted as boy and girl, but I'm afraid I must break it up. Dana, your aunt is taking you to the hairdresser. Freshen your makeup and grab your purse, so you won't be late."

The pending visit to the hairdresser had been an anxious concern of Dana's since he learned of the trip. He would be going out into public dressed as a girl for the first time, and he was scheduled to get a feminine hairstyle that he couldn't merely brush away. All he could do was swallow his rapidly diminishing masculine pride, dip a polite curtsy, and reply, "Yes, Miss Verner."

To Dana's chagrin, before he and Aunt Helen left, Miss Verner gave him a lesson in entering and exiting a car while wearing a skirt. She was meticulous in her efforts and criticized him if even a hint of lace from his slip showed. Many repetitions were required before he could execute the task gracefully.

Dana sat with his hands folded in his lap, his skirt adjusted neatly across his nylon covered thighs, knees, and an-

kles together like a prim and proper girl next-door type as they drove to the hairdresser. Instead of worrying about his pending ordeal, he was fuming inside about his earlier encounter with Adam. ‘Why did I let that geek manipulate me? He called me a bimbo airhead, and tricked me into raising my skirt to show him my panties! Where does he get off spanking me with that belt?’

As he sat in the passenger seat with his skirt demurely across his nylon-clad thighs, Helen told him how he was to behave at the hairdressers, and how he was to greet the proprietress. “If you aren’t completely cooperative and ladylike, I’ll call Miss Verner to join us. I wager you’ll behave properly after a session across her knees in the presence of those women.

“I’ll behave properly as a young lady,” he blushed.

“See that you do!”

When the car stopped, he was jolted back to reality. Wearing a dress, makeup, and heels, he was about to enter a feminine beauty salon for...‘what’? He could only imagine the horrors that awaited him in that awful place! Just as he feared, the humiliations started as soon as the door closed behind them. “Hello, Stella,” Helen greeted the proprietress. “This is my nephew, Dana.”

“My, my!” Stella exclaimed, as she looked him over in his dress, heels, and makeup. “Don’t you look cute? What can we do for you, sweetie?”

As Miss Verner instructed before leaving home, Dana grasped the sides of his skirt and dipped a polite curtsy. With a red face and in a voice just above a whisper, he sighed, “I want a complete makeover to make me look more like a girl.” That wasn’t exactly what he had been told to say, but since he asked for a makeover to enhance his feminine appearance, it was close enough to suit his aunt, and she beamed with pride.

“Well, you’ve come to the right place!” Stella declared as she turned to a young girl on her staff. “Lucy, this is Dana,”

she introduced. "Get him started with a nice shampoo while his aunt and I select a style that will work with his short hair."

"Okay, doll," Lucy smiled. "Let's get you out of that pretty dress and into a smock so we can get started."

Having already suffered the indignity of being revealed as a boy, Dana desperately wanted to be spared the humiliation of being exposed in his silky feminine undies. "Do I have to take my dress off?" he sputtered.

"Of course, silly!" Lucy reasoned while Dana cringed at having just referred to 'his' dress and at the thought that he would soon be undressed to 'his' silky feminine undies before these women. "You don't want to chance ruining such a spiffy dress with harsh detergents and chemicals, do you? If that stuff splatters on a nice outfit, it's ruined for sure! Now, hurry along."

"What do you think?" Helen asked as Lucy led her blushing nephew away.

"Okay," Stella sighed. "I was skeptical when you told me about that group you found on the Internet that advocates dressing unmanageable boys as girls to reform them. I was even more dubious of their claim that they had a competent, well-trained staff ready to enforce this brand of discipline. What am I to think when I see a hellion like your nephew sashay in here all dolled up like a girl on her first date and politely ask for a complete makeover after only three days training under this Miss Verner? These people are good. I'll recommend their services to all my customers with rowdy teenage boys!"

Helen smiled, "I'm becoming less of a skeptic with each passing day. What hairstyle have you selected for our new 'girl'?"

"There's not a lot we can do with his short hair other than fashion a basic short feminine style, but you could get creative with the color. I scanned his photograph into the computer and created his 'look' with the three basic colors, blonde, bru-

nette, and redhead. You can choose any of several blends or variations that you like.”

“He looks cute in all of them,” Helen declared with a sly smile as she reviewed the retouched photos on the computer screen, “but since I want him to have fun in his pretty dresses and skirts, I believe he should be a blonde, a honey blonde! What do you think?”

“Good choice. I’ll inform Lucy.”

They found Dana in Lucy’s cubicle wearing a short pink smock and his chair tilted back into a sink where Lucy was washing and rinsing his hair. Unknown to him, the smock had ridden up to reveal the lacy hem of his pale lavender slip and the dark tops of his nylons. They smiled at his plight as Stella handed Lucy a tube of hair coloring gel saying, “Here’s his formula.”

Dana had no idea what she meant, but decided to remain silent while Lucy worked the solution into his locks. When she finished her task and raised his chair to the upright position, he saw the disarray of his undies and tried to rearrange them. To his regret, the smock just wasn’t long enough to cover his slip while he was seated.

When she finished rolling his hair, Lucy saturated each curler with a foul smelling liquid and placed a plastic cap over his hair. “Okay,” she said, “let’s work on those brows while the setting gel and the formula do their jobs.”

“Ouch!” he yelped as she removed the first few hairs.

“Oh, be quiet, you ninny!” she chastised. “All girls must endure the discomfort of thinning and shaping their brows.”

“I’m not a girl!”

“You said that you wanted us to make you look more like a girl. Now be quiet or I’ll call your aunt.”



While Dana sat in a most unladylike manner, Lucy shows him how to put his hair up in curlers.

The next few hours were a blur of humiliations for Dana. While he was under the dryer, he was given a manicure with nail extensions added to make his nails longer until his own grew out. With the plastic cap still covering his curlers, he was led to a cubicle and told to remove his smock, slip, and nylons so they could wax his legs.

Wearing only panties, padded bra, waist cinch garter belt, and the smock, he underwent the painful and embarrassing ordeal of having a bikini wax. Afterward, Lucy removed his curlers and ‘combed out’ his hair. Since he couldn’t see what she was doing, he reached up and felt his curls when she wasn’t looking and found them to be tighter and springier than the ones Miss Verner had created.

“May I see my hair?” he asked as Lucy led him to the “Beauty Nook” where his makeup was to be done.

“Not yet,” she replied. “It’s best that you wait until your makeup is done. Then, you can see the total effect of the new you all at once.”

Embarrassed to be wearing no more than his scanty feminine bra and panties under his smock, Dana asked, “May I get dressed first?”

“Sure, as long as you wear the smock over your dress,” Lucy smiled. Wanting to see this boy in his dress once again, she volunteered, “I’ll help with your dress and slip so you don’t muss your cute new do.”

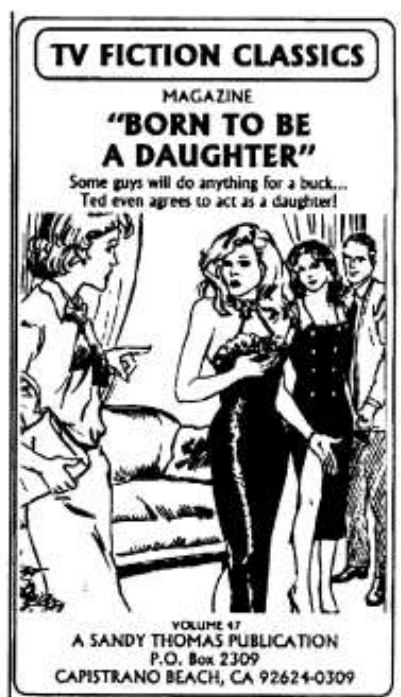
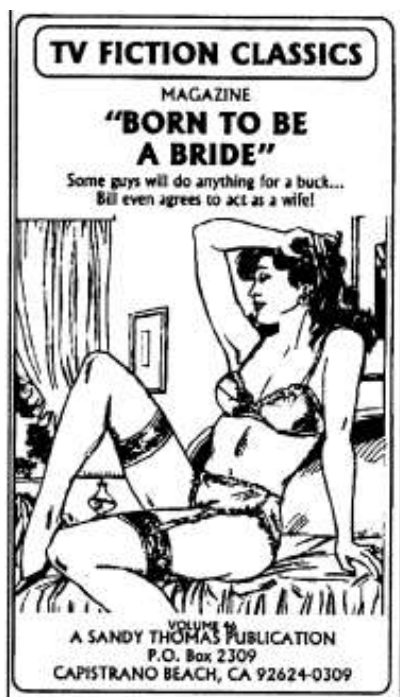
Personally preferring pantyhose, she watched in awe as Dana adeptly kneaded the nylon stockings over his legs and attached them to his garter straps. Unaware of his intense practice sessions, she was intrigued by how effortlessly he walked in his three-inch heels.

In the Makeup Nook, Lisa, the cosmetologist held several color charts to his face before saying, “Okay, we’ll go with these colors and shades.”

After several days of applying his own feminine makeup, Dana was familiar with the cosmetics she used, but he had no idea of how the colors would blend to create his new look. Fi-

nally, she stepped back, and said, "Hold perfectly still and look me in the eyes."

When he did so, he heard a 'pop' and felt a pain in his right ear. "What the hell?" he demanded, reverting to his old manner for a moment as he saw Lucy with the piercing gun. "You pierced my ear!"



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“You make a gorgeous girl!” Lucy gushed, as she and Lisa looked on while Dana stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror. Even he was surprised.

"That's right, sweetie! Hold still once again."

'Pop'! His left ear was pierced as well!

While he was trying to imagine how he would explain to his friends why both of his ears were pierced, Lisa secured gold keepers adorned with tiny pearls into the new holes, and said, "Remember to turn your keepers several times each day until the holes heal. Now, let's remove your smock, and you can have a look!"

Needless to say, Dana was completely astounded by the ultra feminine image that stared back at him from the mirror! He was totally aghast as he stared at his curled honey blonde hair, thin arched brows, enhanced makeup, gray eyeshadow, and bright red lipstick that matched his nail polish. "That can't be me!" he gasped in disbelief.

"Aren't you gorgeous!" Helen exclaimed, jolting her thunderstruck nephew back to reality.

"But, Aunt Helen, I'm...I look...boys aren't supposed to..." Dana tried, but he couldn't find the words.

"Give this to Lucy, thank her for making you so beautiful, and smile when you do so!" she beamed while handing him a bill. When he hesitated, she cautioned in a low threatening voice, "If you have a concern, we'll discuss it in private like the 'ladies'. Remember what I said would happen if you didn't remain polite, obedient, and ladylike."

That was all the incentive Dana required. Forcing a smile onto his face, he handed the bill to Lucy and said, "Thank you for making me pretty like a girl."

"You are very welcome," Lucy beamed as she accepted the generous tip and secured it in her bra. "It's always a pleasure to make sissy boys like you look like pretty girls." Handing him a bag, as she and Lisa looked him over with professional pride, she said, "Your new cosmetics are in here. They are just samples, so they won't last long. Don't forget to purchase replacements in the next few days."

“Thank you,” he blushed with a slight dip as he placed the contents of the bag in his purse.

As Helen paid the tab, Stella beamed, “Okay, ‘Miss’ Dana Darby is scheduled for two hour appointments on Tuesdays and Fridays at 9:00 until other arrangements are made. We’ll see you ladies on Friday.”

Dana was disconcerted at being referred to a Miss, and he was curious about what these devious women would do to him in two-hour sessions twice a week in the future. At the moment, however, he had more pressing matters on his mind, his honey blonde tresses! In attempt to show anger, he stamped each foot heavily with every step, but to his dismay, all that accomplished was to make his skirt sway sexily about his nylon-covered thighs and to cause his heels to click louder on the sidewalk. Despite his failure to portray his anger, he remained silent.

When they reached the car, Helen unlocked the door for him. Assuming this was a sign for him to demonstrate that he could enter the car in a ladylike manner without revealing his slip, he slowly lowered himself onto the seat, turned his knees into the car, and gingerly adjusted his skirt over his freshly waxed nylon-clad thighs.

As soon as his aunt slid behind the steering wheel and closed the car door, Dana wailed, “Why did you do this awful thing to me, Aunt Helen?”

“What awful thing, sweetheart?”

“You made me a blonde and pierced my ears! Boys don’t have hair this color and they don’t pierce both their ears! My brows are nearly gone, and I thought I’d go crazy when they pulled the hair out of my legs with that wax! I’ll die of embarrassment if I have to be a blonde and wear this bright makeup, vivid red lipstick, and earrings! I know I will!”

“Why, you ungrateful whelp!” she admonished. “You said you were embarrassed to be seen in public in your pretty dresses and skirts because people might think you were a boy with your short hair. To help you, I spend all this time and

money to help you look like the girl you are, and this is the thanks I get! Okay, I've had it! If you insist, I'll take you to a barbershop and have those lovely blonde locks sheared off and leave you with a buzz cut!"

Dana hadn't thought of his dilemma in those terms, so her words hit him like a bombshell! With his blonde hair and pierced ears, he did look like a girl. If he had a buzz cut, everyone would recognize him as a boy in a dress who wore makeup. The humiliation would be unbearable! Realizing that was worse than having a blonde hairstyle, he decided that he should make a feminine gesture before asking her to reconsider the buzz cut.

Taking his mirrored compact from his purse, he studiously perused his face and hair before opening the tube containing his new lipstick. After adding a fresh coat to his already red lips, he blotted them on a tissue and placed everything back in his purse before saying, "I'm sorry for my rude outburst, Aunt Helen. I was just up tight because of having my legs waxed, my brows plucked, and my ears pierced all at the same time. I really do love everything you had them do at Stella's, especially my new blonde hairstyle. Please don't have it cut off."

Helen saw through his ruse, and he was playing right into her hands as she led him deeper and deeper into femininity. "What a sweet apology. I'm thrilled that you like your new color and style!" she gushed with a smile. "Of course, you can keep your precious blonde hair."

"Thank you, Aunt Helen," he blushed while thinking, 'what's wrong with me? A few days ago, I wouldn't have considered dressing as a girl under any circumstance. Now I'm not only wearing a dress, silky undies, makeup, and high heels, I just applied lipstick and begged to keep this blonde hairstyle. I might have to look and dress like a bimbo, but I don't have to act like one!"

"Since it's past lunchtime, we should stop for a bite to eat before we go home," Helen proclaimed as she turned into an upscale restaurant.

“I’m not hungry,” Dana lied. Truthfully, he was constantly hungry, but he didn’t want to risk exposure as a boy in a dress in a public place. Besides, he wanted to avoid the discomfort his waist cinch caused if he ate more than a few bites.

“I am,” Helen declared as she parked.

In his distress over the possible embarrassment to come, Dana momentarily forgot his feminine demeanor and lowered his right foot to the ground as he had done as a boy. This action caused his skirt to ride up and reveal several inches of thigh along with a generous portion of his lace edged nylon slip. “Dana!” Helen admonished. “Ladies don’t flaunt themselves in such an immodest manner! No matter how upset a lady might be, she is constantly aware of her circumstance and never puts her underwear or inappropriate expanse of skin on display!”

He wanted to scream that he wasn’t a lady and that he never wore or cared about his clothes until a few days ago when she made him start wearing dresses. Instead, he blubbered, “I’m sorry, Aunt Helen. I’ll try to be more of a lady and not show my lacy undies in the future.”

“See that you do!” she asserted scornfully.

“Hang your purse on the back of your chair. It will be convenient if you need any of its contents,” Helen advised.

“Will you please order for me, Aunt Helen?” Dana asked nervously. “If the waitress hears my voice, she’ll know I’m a boy despite my dress, makeup, and blonde hair.”

“I suppose I can since you asked so nicely,” she replied. “However, I’ll expose you myself if you don’t behave in a completely ladylike manner!”

“Thank you, Aunt Helen,” he sighed. “I promise to comport myself as a proper young lady.”

“What can we do for you ladies?” the waitress inquired as she approached their table.

“I’ll have the veal, mashed potatoes with gravy, and the vegetable of the day,” Helen smiled. “My niece will have a

small green salad with a light, fat-free dressing, and water with lemon. You know these young girls and their diets."

"Don't pay any attention to her, sweetie," the waitress winked at Dana, thinking that his makeup was overdone for mid-day. "My mother used to say, 'If you didn't watch your figure, neither will the boys', and she was right!"

"I sure don't want any boys watching me or my figure, and I have to get out of these dresses, silky undies, and makeup before they start!" Dana seethed inwardly.

"See?" Helen smiled at her feminized nephew when the waitress was out of hearing range. "If you behave in a docile, demure, and obedient manner, I'll keep your precious secret. However, if you elect to be rude, impolite, and disrespectful, I won't hesitate to expose you as a boy who likes to wear dresses and have his hair styled in a feminine manner. Then in your low masculine voice, you can try and deny my accusation. That goes for now as well as for the future. Understand?"

"Yes, Aunt Helen."

When the food arrived, Dana's mouth watered as he inhaled the succulent odor of his aunt's fare, and he felt a void in the pit of his stomach as he viewed his meager salad.

"Go to the ladies' room, and freshen your makeup," Helen instructed when Dana had finished eating.

"I can't go in there, Aunt Helen!" he wailed just above a whisper.

"Had you rather go to the men's room?"

Looking down at his dress, his protruding 'breasts', and realizing the impact of her words, he blushed at the thought of visiting the men's room dressed this way. Talk about being exposed as a boy in a dress! "I'm sorry, Aunt Helen," Dana sighed as he rose to his feet and brushed his skirt into place. "I'll go to the ladies room."

"Whichever you choose," Helen shrugged nonchalantly as if where he went was of no concern to her. Truthfully, she was secretly pleased to have her formerly rowdy nephew in such

an uncompromising situation. “Just be certain to comport yourself as a lady wherever you go.” Believing the issue settled, Dana turned to walk away, only to hear his aunt’s biting words from behind him, “No girl, lady or not, ever forgets her purse! You must quickly learn and adhere to certain basic habits all girls practice if the secret in your panties is to remain secret!”

To Dana’s distress, the restaurant catered to young upward mobile executive types, and Helen’s harsh words caused many of them to look up at him. The questions, ‘Did Aunt Helen’s warning give me away?’ and ‘Can they tell I’m not a girl?’ flooded his mind. As he walked away in near panic, he was acutely aware of his skirt and slip swirling about his thighs.

In the ladies room, he quickly entered a cubicle and sat on the toilet with his face in his hands trying to regain his composure. When he finally exited the stall, he stood before the mirror without looking at any of the women in the room. After he added a bit of blush, brushed on a hint of mascara, and smoothed on a fresh coat of lipstick, he patted his new blonde curls into place.

As he replaced the cosmetics in his purse, he heard a woman bemoan, “You pretty young girls have it made! You make a quick touch-up and men pay you more attention than they do me after a major plastering job! Enjoy it while you can, dearie, because your beauty won’t last forever.”

Dana blushed, but did not reply. While walking back to the table, he noticed the male patrons watching him with pleasant smiles. ‘Do they think I’m pretty like the woman in the ladies room, or are they laughing because they recognize me as a boy?’ he anxiously wondered.

Helen smiled when the two returned to the car, “Why don’t we do something special to celebrate the success of your first outing as a girl? I know! Let’s go shopping and buy you a new dress. Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

Dana didn’t want a new dress or any other kind of dress even though he was wearing a stylish one. He feared buying

another would only lengthen his time as a girl. Choosing what he considered to be the lesser of two evils, he sighed in resignation, “Oh yes, Aunt Helen. Shopping for a new dress sounds wonderful!”

In the exclusive teen boutique, Dana was forced to remove his dress and slip to try on other dresses. Never had he been more embarrassed than he was standing before the clerks and other customers while wearing only his panties, bra, waist cinch garter belt, nylons, and heels. Finally, Helen sighed in exasperation, “I don’t know! They all seem to make her look fat!”

“Have you considered using figure control products?” Marge asked.

“She’s wearing a waist cinch, but perhaps a smaller one is necessary,” Helen mused.

“Let’s give it a try. What size do you wear, sweetheart?”

Dana blushed as he told her the size of his current garter belt. When she was out of earshot, he gasped, “Please, Aunt Helen! This cinch is crushing my insides. I couldn’t possibly stand to wear a smaller one!”

“Don’t be such a ninny!” she scolded. “All pretty girls have to suffer to look their best, so why should you be different? Unless you want Marge to know you’re a boy, you’ll be excited by your smaller measurements. Come into the dressing room. I’ll help you out of your current cinch.”

Wearing nothing but his lavender panties, matching bra, now sagging nylons, and three-inch pumps, Dana was rubbing his sides in relief with the absence of the torturous cinch when Marge returned with the smaller size. She wrapped the cinch around his waist, and like Dana predicted, the ends were far apart.

Producing a curved tool with an eight-inch handle, Marge nonchalantly proclaimed, “This is a buttonhook. Without it, we would never get this little number closed. Hold out your arms, and let’s get started, dearie.”



“Do you have these shoes with a higher heel?” Dana was able to whisper while seeking relief from his tight waist cinch. “I like feeling taller?” he thought.

When he did so, she wrapped the confining garment about his waist. After hooking the bottom clasps using the buttonhook, she held the long handle and rotated it on the rounded end. "Exhale!" she commanded, as the holes were pulled close enough for her to close the laces.

"Please, no!" Dana wailed. "It's already too tight and you've only started! I won't be able to breathe if this awful thing is closed all the way!"

Keeping busy at her objective and ignoring his pleas, Marge ordered, "Exhale!" The process was repeated until the cinch was completely closed.

"We also need a pink and a black waist cinch in the smaller size, and be sure to include a buttonhook," Helen advised, "Even Miss Verner won't be to close his new cinches without one."

"As you wish, madam," Marge replied as she watched Dana gyrate about in search of relief. "Thread your garters under your panties while I get the smaller size in that dress you liked so much," Marge instructed the distraught lad as she disappeared out the door.

Helen watched Dana struggle with his garters, as he was unable to bend more than slightly because of his tight waist cinch. When they were finally attached to his nylons, she said, "Move around a bit. I'm sure you will quickly grow accustomed to your new cinch like you did with the one you outgrew."

'Outgrew, my ass!' Dana seethed inwardly as he moved around, even raising himself onto his tiptoes in a desperate attempt to lessen the pressure on his sides.

"Here we are!" Marge chirped merrily as she entered the dressing room with a bright yellow dress. "Let me help you, to avoid mussing your pretty blonde hair."



“You’ll be the envy of the girls and an object of admiration of all the boys in this stylish ensemble,” Marge gushed as she adjusted his short pleated skirt. Dana scowled at his reflection in the mirror.

Observing that the dress featured a tight fitting bodice and a full circle skirt that fell to four inches above his knees, Helen mused, "Much better. It's amazing how the simple reduction of an inch or so in the waist completely changes the fit of a dress."

"Do you have this color shoe in my size with a higher heel?" Dana asked, seeking relief at the cost of his quickly waning masculinity.

"I think we can accommodate you," Marge beamed. "I'll be right back."

As Dana walked hesitantly about in his new four-inch pumps, he decided the added discomfort to his feet and the uncertainty he felt while walking in the higher heels was an equitable trade for the relief in his sides. An involuntary smile crossed his lips. "These shoes are perfect with this dress. May I have them, Aunt Helen?"

"Of course, and since you are being so sweet and cooperative, we'll get you a few other nice things as well," she beamed. "Let's see what other dresses and skirts will look cute on you."

After another hour of serious shopping, they amassed a pink ankle length dress with a narrow skirt that allowed only the shortest of steps, a blue and green plaid mid-thigh length skirt with tiny pleats, and two silky blouses, one white and one navy blue, to wear with the skirt. The outfit that caused Dana the most distress was a red extremely short hip-hugging skirt that bared his navel and barely concealed his panties. It featured a low-cut red blouse with a crop top and silky white, self-supporting nylons with lacy tops that showed beneath his skirt.

"Do we need anything else?" Helen pondered.

Dana realized that he was being cleverly set up to ask for more feminine clothes, but he didn't know how to avoid making the request. "I need a few other things, Aunt Helen," he stammered.

"Of course, darling. What would you like?"

“I...I need a long slip to go with my new pink dress, and since I don’t have any red undies, I need some to go with my new red skirt.”

In short order, Dana was the possessor of a long narrow pink nylon half-slip, a matching camisole, a pair of red bikini panties, a matching bra, and a bustier that would push his false breasts up and create the illusion of cleavage beneath his low-cut blouse. His only consolation being that the skirt was too short for a slip! “Now, we need new shoes to go with your ‘Lady in Red’ outfit and we’ll be ready to go home!” Helen gushed. “Put it on again so we can better match it with your new shoes.”

The chosen shoes were red to match the outfit and had extremely slender four-inch heels. “‘Lady in Red’ my ass!” Dana seethed as he viewed his image in the full-length mirror. “I look more like a ‘Slut in Red!’”

“Since you’re already dressed, you might as well wear that cute outfit home,” Helen declared as Marge gathered their purchases for checkout.

Just before they left the store, Marge said, “It has been a pleasure to serve a lovely boy like you. Come by any time you need stylish dresses, skirts, blouses, silky undies, shoes, or control garments to help make you look sweet and feminine.”

“You knew I wasn’t a girl?”

“Of course,” Marge affirmed in a serious tone. “Lots of boys and young men come in here for stylish dresses, skirts, and soft silky lingerie to enhance their feminine image. Some come by choice, while others, like you, are forced to do so.”

“You mean there are others like me? Boys who wear girl’s clothes?”

“Of course, and you would be surprised by how many of you darlings there are!”

“What gave me away?” he gasped in humiliation and disbelief while wondering, ‘How could she have known the whole time and said nothing?’

"Lots of things! You can't have been dressing as a girl for very long because so many things betrayed you. For instance, you walk with long strides, your voice is much too low, and you use masculine inflections instead of feminine ones. Another dead giveaway was when you complained about having to wear a smaller cinch. Real girls complain about the pressure, but they want to be as small in the waist as possible to attract boys. Your only concern was your comfort. That's why you requested the higher heels, to minimize your discomfort."

"Sounds like we have lots of work to do before you are accepted as a young lady," Helen declared.

'Will this day never end?' Dana wailed inwardly when they met a group of boys as he minced along toward the car in his abbreviated feminine costume with his stilt heels clicking rhythmically on the sidewalk. His arms were laden with packages, and all he could do was blush when catcalls from the boys filled the air. From Miss Verner's lessons, he knew only a slight bend from his waist would give the boys a thrill by causing his short skirt to ride up and reveal his panties. With that in mind, he maintained a ladylike demeanor and dipped from his knees to place the packages in the car. He was also extremely careful to protect his feminine dignity as he entered the car in his abbreviated skirt.

"Remember to smile and continue to be ladylike when Miss Verner and the boys see your new blonde hairstyle and when you model your new things for them," Helen warned Dana on the way home. "We wouldn't want to end a perfect day with a dose of the strap on your pretty little panties would we?"

He wanted to shout, 'the boys? I'm sick of hearing those geeks called boys! I'm more boy than both of them together, but look who has to wear sissy dresses, have his hair bleached blonde, his ears pierced, and his legs waxed!' Instead, he lowered his eyes and demurely sighed, "No, Aunt Helen."



“I see London, I see France, and I see Dana’s silky under pants!” Terry jeered when Dana, wearing his short pleated skirt, leaned over to adjust his shoe.

Adam and Terry were astounded by how 'hot' as a girl their formerly macho cousin appeared in his skimpy red skirt, crop top, and stilt heels with his honey blonde hair and brilliant red lipstick.

Being boys, they didn't consider his thin arched brows, long oval fingernails, or pierced ears, but Miss Verner didn't miss a thing. While the boys brought the parcels in from the car, she asked about the trip.

"It was a resounding success!" Helen declared. "I believe our reluctant young Miss is beginning to accept his status as a girl. He asked for voice lessons to help him sound more feminine, and at the boutique, he requested a smaller waist cinch, higher heels, and some new undies. That's not all! On the way home, he expressed a desire to model his new clothes for you and the boys."

"That's a commendable report," Miss Verner smiled. "His blonde hair is lovely, and he looks much more feminine with his arched brows, pierced ears, and nail extensions. The heels he bought are higher than the ones in his closet, but isn't that abbreviated ensemble in poor taste?"

Dana wanted to agree and say he felt naked in the skimpy outfit, but he held his tongue. "It does seem kind of risqué," Helen agreed. "The sales lady insisted that all the girls were wearing them, and we met a group of boys on the sidewalk who heartily approved!"

"I can well imagine," Miss Verner sighed, feigning repugnance.

"Dana will show you where to put the parcels in his room," Helen instructed when Adam and Terry returned. "I'll be right up to help him dress."

Still unaccustomed to his higher heels, Dana slowly and carefully ascended the stairs with a hand on the banister. Seeing his dilemma, Adam moved close and slid his hand over his formerly brash cousin's smooth nylon-sheathed thigh. When Dana turned to halt Adam's aggressions, Adam thwarted his efforts by quickly reaching up and hoisting his

short skirt. “Just as I suspected,” he laughed. “This sissy is wearing silky red panties to match his cute little skirt!”

Only when they reached the top of the stairs was Dana able to wrest Adam’s hand away and swiftly brush his skirt back into the decent range. Anger overcame him, and he balled his hand into a fist in preparation to punch his cousin out for his daring aggression. As he did so, his long sharp nail extensions bit into his palm, and the pain caused him to loosen his grip. When he relaxed his wrist, his gesture came off as overtly feminine. Realizing what he had done, he lowered his eyes in shame and sighed, “You know I only wear these clothes because Aunt Helen makes me. Please don’t humiliate me so.”

Adam looked over his feminine appearing cousin, his honey blonde curls, arched brows, pierced ears, bright red lipstick, nipped waist, short red top, mini-skirt, smooth nylon-clad legs, and stilt heels. Turning to Terry, he said, “You know, Dana is right. He only wears sexy dresses, silky panties, and pretty red lipstick because Mom makes him. Maybe we could ease off a bit on the ridicule.” Then, after taking a few steps toward the door, he turned and spat, “Naaahhhhh!” At that, the brothers left the room in sidesplitting laughter.

With a bright blush, Dana modeled his new skirt with the tiny pleats and the silky white blouse that was just sheer enough to show his slip and the outline of his bra. Adam and Terry made derogatory remarks about him wearing a sissy dress, but Miss Verner smiled and said, “That skirt and blouse give you a very sedate feminine ‘look’. You can wear it to the hairdresser for your next appointment.”

When Dana returned to his room, he removed his skirt, blouse, and slip. Wasting no time, he carefully pulled his new yellow dress over his head so as not to muss his newly styled blonde tresses. As the dress was extremely tight about his torso, raising the back zipper was a slow and agonizing process. When the zip was finally closed, he quickly slipped his feet into his matching yellow four-inch pumps. Thankful for the slight relief in his waist, he freshened his makeup, added a coat of his new red lipstick, and carefully made his

way down the stairs that he used to bounce up two and three steps at a time.

As he minced about the room, turning this way and that so everyone could see his new dress, Helen said, “Execute the cute little pirouette Marge showed you.”

Dana blushed at the thought, but he obediently went into a rapid spin, causing his circle skirt to swirl out to reveal the dark tops of his nylons, his garter straps, and most of his nylon-sheathed thighs. As Adam and Terry looked on in amusement, their only regret was that their feminized cousin’s panties didn’t show.

Miss Verner, having a different agenda, snapped, “Where is your slip, young lady?”

Dana hated being referred to as a ‘young lady’ because it usually preceded a severe punishment or tongue-lashing. Thus, Miss Verner’s sharp words struck fear into his heart. Grasping the hem of his skirt, he flipped it up to show the underside, even though more nylon-covered thigh was exposed. “This skirt is fully lined!” he stammered. “Aunt Helen said I wasn’t to wear a slip.”

“That’s right Maggie,” Helen agreed, greatly relieving Dana’s anxiety. “If he had worn a slip, we wouldn’t have seen his freshly waxed legs during his spin.”

“Very well, as long as you were following instructions,” Miss Verner relented.

“Preparation to model our last purchase will take some time, so there is no reason for you three to wait for our return,” Helen said as she took Dana by the arm and led him toward the stairs. “We’ll see you at dinner.”

As Dana ascended the stairs in his yellow dress and stilt heels, he was filled with anxiety over what was in store for him at the diabolical hands of his aunt. “Undress while I look around,” Helen instructed. “I haven’t had a chance to look over your girlish bedroom.”

“I can’t remove my waist cinch,” he blushed sheepishly when he was down to his panties, bra, waist cinch, and nylons.

“I’ll help you,” Helen chuckled. To her chagrin, she couldn’t unfasten the rigid garment either until she loosened each clasp with the buttonhook. Dana gasped with relief as the last hook was freed. While he caressed his aching sides, she commanded, “When you finish undressing, slip into pink panties and a matching bra. Don’t worry about me. I’ve seen nude boys before. We have to get you into your new pink waist cinch as quickly as possible to avoid losing our hard earned progress.”

‘She said that like it’s normal for boys to wear panties and bras!’ Dana scoffed inwardly while tossing his silky panties in the hamper to be hand washed later. ‘If not for my confining gaff, I would be completely naked and exposed.’

Dreading the confining ordeal to come, he obediently stepped into a pair of lace embellished pink panties, fastened a matching bra about his chest, placed the jelled inserts into the cups, and stood before his aunt in his feminine undies. “Alright, let’s get on with our task,” she instructed. “I’ll do this as quickly as possible, but since I’m not as skillful as Marge, you’ll have to bear with me.”

“Do I have to wear that horrible thing, Aunt Helen?”

“Of course, you do!” she scowled. “You know your new pink dress won’t fit unless your cinch is completely closed.”

Every fiber in his body wanted to scream, “Why didn’t you just buy a larger dress?” Instead, he pleaded, “May I please put on my nylons first? I won’t be able to reach my toes to do so once that awful cinch is closed about my waist.”

Not knowing if his request was fact or a delaying tactic, Helen hesitantly granted permission. When the last clasp was closed, Dana was once again clutching his sides and gasping for breath, although not quite as much as the first time in the boutique. Only with great difficulty did he thread his garter straps beneath his panties and attach them to his nylons.

"Put on your matching camisole and half-slip, and sit at your vanity," Helen instructed. "The red of your new makeup doesn't go with your pink ensemble, so you have to completely remove it. Don't forget your nail polish."

Because of his tight waist cinch, Dana couldn't bend to step into his half-slip, so he pulled it over his head and adjusted it at his waist before following it with his camisole. He slipped his arms into a pink, full-length, transparent negligee and tied the sash. In search of any possible relief from his excruciating cinch, he asked, "May I wear my heels while I do my makeup?"

"I suppose so, but I can't understand why you young girls always want to look grown up," Helen sighed knowing the stilt heels would give precious little relief to his nipped waist while he sat at his vanity! Looking him over, she said, "Redo your makeup in the pink shades you used before our trip to Stella's. Be sure to use three coats of nail polish. I'll be back to inspect your handiwork. If you don't do a credible job befitting a girl your age, we'll go to a public place with you in your new dress, and I'll announce that you are a boy who likes to wear dresses."

'Even if she is using my money to make me look feminine, she wouldn't have gone to all the expense of my new clothes and blonde hairstyle unless she means to keep me in dresses for quite some time,' Dana pondered. Gathering all his masculine courage, he meekly asked, "Aunt Helen, how long will I have to dress as a girl?"

"Why, for as long as you 'are' a girl, silly!" she patronized. "You know I said that you are to be a girl until you learn to be polite, respectful, and obedient. Now, get busy."

Knowing that redoing his makeup would occupy him for quite some time, especially waiting for three coats of nail polish to dry, she turned and made her exit before he could inquire further. While ascending the stairs, Helen smiled at the thought of Dana sitting at his vanity in his ultra silky feminine undies applying makeup so he would appear even

more like a teenage girl. “I wonder what that formerly uncouth ruffian is thinking!” she mused.

“Our new girl looks much more feminine with his blonde curls, pierced ears, and plucked brows,” Miss Verner observed when Helen joined her. “How is he accepting the latest femininity we’ve forced upon him?”

“He has accepted that he will be wearing dresses for the foreseeable future. As he sits at his vanity in his silky feminine undies, obediently doing his makeup, his greatest concern is the length of his sentence in skirts.”

When Helen returned to Dana’s room, she found him near panic. “I’ve tried and tried, but I can’t get my eyeliner right,” he sniffed near tears as he fearfully looked up from his lighted makeup mirror. “Please don’t take me out in public and humiliate me.”

“Don’t cry, sweetie,” she soothed while noticing his shaking hand. “I won’t punish you as long as you try to carry out my instructions instead of defying me. Dry those tears and I’ll help repair your makeup. I’ll also have Miss Verner give you another series of makeup lessons to teach you to cope with this type emergency in the future.”

“Oh, thank you, Aunt Helen!” he gushed in obvious relief. He knew her words meant he would have to learn more about makeup application, but at least, he wouldn’t be punished or humiliated.

Helen repaired his makeup, helped him pull his long pink dress over his head, and with great difficulty, raised the back zipper of the tight garment. As he walked about the room with tiny steps trying to grow accustomed to his long restricting skirt, she said, “Sit at your vanity. I’ll show you how to brush your curls for a more natural look. They are always tight when you return from the hairdresser.”

As he adorned his jewelry, a gold necklace and three bangles on his left wrist, Dana turned the gold studs in his recently pierced ears. Knowing she would insist, he dabbed a pleasant feminine perfume behind his ears, on his neck just

above his cleavage and behind his wrists with the stopper of the bottle. He normally wore the scent behind his knees, but his long skirt covered that area.

When Dana reached the stairs, Helen instructed, "Lift your skirt a few inches, hold it up with one hand, and grasp the banister with the other for support. When wearing a long skirt and heels, you must be especially careful on the stairs, or you might trip and fall."

Even though the hem of Dana's skirt was well below the knee, Adam and Terry laughed with amusement at the large expanse of lace and nylon of his exposed pink slip when he reached the landing. "Sissy boy looks cute with his sexy blonde curls and long pink dress!" Adam taunted.

"Sure does and he's wearing a silky slip like before," Terry agreed as he watched Dana glide across the floor in his long skirt and heels. "What a sissy!"

"Pink is really his color!"

"Don't mind them," Miss Verner advised. "Boys like to tease pretty girls. You look lovely with your new blonde curls and long pink dress."

After an embarrassing time for Dana as he modeled his feminine clothes with his makeup and blonde hairstyle, he was told to sit and converse with his aunt and governess while the boys went their own way. To his chagrin, his skirt was too tight to allow him to cross his legs at the knee feminine style, so he had to sit with his knees and ankles together, a position he found most uncomfortable. Even worse, as he listened to the prattle about women's fashions, skirt lengths, and hairstyles, a subject that would have repulsed him only a few days before, he found himself relating too much of what was said.

When time to prepare dinner arrived, Dana was required to peel potatoes and prepare a tossed green salad while wearing a neat lace adorned apron to protect his new dress. As the kitchen filled with the succulent odors of frying chicken, he salivated at the thought of eating a hearty meal, but he had

immediate second thoughts due to his agonizingly tight waist cinch. While Aunt Helen put the finishing touches on dinner, Miss Verner showed him how to properly set the table.

In the past, Dana’s life was ruled by when the next meal would be served. Now, food was secondary to the pressure on his sides and how it increased with each bite. Thus, as the delicious meal was served, he declined the meat, potatoes, vegetables, and bread in favor of a very small portion of salad and a few sips of water.

With the passing of days and weeks, Dana’s life was immersed into more and more femininity. He wore dresses, skirts, silky undies, makeup, feminine hairstyles, and a crushing cinch during the day and slept between satin sheets in silky nighties.

Aside from requiring Dana to take his pills daily, Miss Verner filled his days with lessons in makeup application, hairstyling, and feminine comportment. She not only taught him to walk, stand, and sit like a girl, she insisted that he learn to write in a delicate feminine script. He attended the hairdresser, took lessons to train his voice to a soft feminine lilt, and shopped for dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, silky lingerie, shoes, and jewelry that included studs, hoops, and dangling pendants for his pierced ears. He was also taught typically feminine pursuits such as cooking, ironing, and basic sewing.

About a month after he started dressing as a girl, Dana noticed tenderness and swelling in his chest area and enlargement and reddening of his areolas. When the problem didn’t go away after a few days, he removed his bra, showed his concern to Miss Verner, and asked what could be happening. “The only time I’ve seen that kind of puffiness is on young girls when they start to ‘develop’,” she mused. “I think we had better show your aunt.”

After observing the swelling on her nephew’s chest, Helen reflected, “It looks like your subconscious has accepted that you are now a girl and is growing a nice pair of feminine

breasts. Your conscious mind had better get with the program or you'll be a mass of mental confusion. I think the boys call that type of girl a bimbo, and with your pretty blonde hair growing out so attractively, you exactly fit the image."

"Me, a blonde bimbo airhead with big tits?" he gasped as his eyes filled with tears and he pictured large breasts spilling out of his bra. "Oh, no! Aunt Helen, please let me return to pants before that happens."

"You will refer to them as breasts, young lady!"

"Please, Aunt Helen. Making me dress as a girl has to stop before it's too late!"

The moment of truth had arrived. Miss Verner had to come clean and admit to Helen that she had been feeding Dana hormones. However, when she admitted her guilt and the reason for her secrecy, she was surprised by her employer's reaction. "You were right to keep your actions secret," Helen said. "In the beginning, I was hesitant to require Dana to dress as a girl, and I certainly would have vetoed the hormone therapy. Now that I've seen the magic of your methods, I'm very pleased that you proceeded without my blessing. Where do we go from here?"

"I know this doctor..."

When Dana joined them, he was wearing a silky royal blue blouse with long sleeves under a green and yellow plaid jumper with a flirty just above the knee length pleated skirt and black suede pumps with three-inch heels. He wore green-tinted nylons, had a green band in his hair, and his makeup was done in the darker shades. His dark red nail polish, although it matched his lipstick, wasn't quite dry, causing him to carry his hands with limp wrists in an exaggerated feminine manner.

'According to my plan, the hormones are affecting him in more ways than one,' Miss Verner mused as she observed his ensemble. 'He's wearing dark colors in accordance with his mood, something that would never occur to him as a male. I

suspected that was on his mind when he had me lace him into his black waist cinch.’

“Hello, Aunt Helen,” Dana nervously sighed as he carefully brushed his skirt beneath while sitting to avoid smearing his nail polish.

“Hello, sweetheart,” Helen smiled knowingly. “Good news! I called the doctor. You have a two o’clock appointment Friday. We’ll go there when we leave the hairdressers.”

“Hairdresser!” Dana wailed. “If I’m still going to the hairdresser, that means I won’t be returning to pants!”

“Pants?” Helen scoffed, cutting him off. “Whoever heard of a pretty girl like you wearing pants? You have a slight swelling in your breast area, so I called the doctor. Of course, you’ll continue wearing dresses! You want to be pretty to attract the attention of boys, don’t you?”

“What if you’re right about my subconscious mind choosing to be feminine?” he wailed as panic filled his mind. “What if I really am growing breasts?”

“Don’t worry your pretty head about that until we find out what the doctor has to say,” Miss Verner advised.

Later as Dana sat at his vanity in his black panties, bra, slip, waist cinch, and see-through negligee, he voiced a major concern to Miss Verner. “I don’t believe my subconscious mind wants to be feminine and wear girl’s clothes any more than my conscious mind does! I think those vitamins you gave me are making me grow breasts.”

“Why, you ungrateful hussy! I’m hurt by that callous accusation!” Miss Verner gasped, feigning offence and disbelief at his assertion. “I go out of my way to provide you with vitamins to increase your vitality and stamina while you’re starving yourself in order to develop a svelte girlish figure, and this is the thanks I get! If that’s the way you feel, cease taking them immediately, but I will expect a sincere apology when your energy subsides and your breasts continue to grow without them!”

The next few days were very stressful for Dana as he anxiously awaited his doctor's appointment. Constantly wondering if his subconscious mind was turning him into a girl, he had no choice but to continue wearing stylish dresses, silky lingerie, and feminine makeup. Adding to his anguish, as Miss Verner predicted, his energy level decreased dramatically leaving him exhausted, lethargic, and depressed, while his chest remained tender and puffy.

On Friday morning, Dana was distraught when he saw his least favorite outfit lying on the bed. It was a pink and white gingham dress with a low cut top that showed his 'cleavage', with a tight lace decorated bodice, and a full skirt that, according to Miss Verner, simply cried out for at least three crinoline petticoats. He had worn it on two other occasions, and he was embarrassed each time.

'Why is it that my slip can never show, but these awful petticoats must be on constant display?' Dana wondered as he turned before his full-length mirror. 'What will that doctor think when he sees me in this silly dress?'

Even though Adam was accustomed to seeing Dana in a dress or skirt, when he saw him mincing about the kitchen in his frilly ensemble with his pink three-inch pumps clicking on the tiles and his petticoats swishing noisily, he couldn't resist taunting, "Doesn't our sissy boy look sweet in his sexy 'Country Girl' dress?"

Having learned that the best way to deal with Adam's taunts was to make them a non-issue, instead of lashing out at his offensive cousin as he would have in the past, Dana grasped the sides of his skirt in his fingertips, dipped a polite curtsy, and with an imitation smile, replied, "Thank you, kind sir."

That; however, did not neutralize the situation this time. When Dana served breakfast, Adam ran his hand along Dana's smooth nylon encased thigh, under his skirt, and up to his silky pink panties. "Don't get smart with me, girly boy!" he hissed. "If you try that again, I'll make you pull your skirt up

and hold it there while I warm your pretty panties with my belt! Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Dana sighed in an obedient tone.

“Yes, sir!” Adam corrected.

“Yes, sir.”

After a moment to consider his newly gained authority over his formerly abusive cousin, Adam declared, “That’s the way you will address me in the future, sissy boy!”

“Yes sir,” Dana blushed while dipping a submissive curtsey.

As if in a trance at the hairdresser’s, Dana removed his dress and petticoats and pulled the smock over his silky pink nylon slip. With the pending visit to the doctor paramount on his mind, he was listless and paid little attention as Lucy restyled his rapidly growing tresses, experimented with new shades of makeup, and having dispensed with the nail extensions, manicured and polished his now long oval nails to match his dress.



At the doctor's office, a modestly attractive nurse in a white mid-thigh length dress instructed Dana and Helen to follow her to an examination room. After taking his blood pressure, temperature, and a blood sample, she handed him a crisp white robe and instructed, "Undress and slip into this gown. The doctor will be with you presently." Despite his anxiety, he couldn't help admiring the diaphanous white nylons on her smooth legs and the panty line beneath her thin dress as she walked away.

With Aunt Helen's help, Dana nervously removed his dress by dropping it over his hips to avoid mussing his new hairdo and followed suit with his crinoline petticoats and pink slip. 'He does that like he's done it all his life,' Helen mused as he reached behind to release the clasp of his bra.

"I can't take my waist cinch off, Aunt Helen," he sighed nervously. "What should I do?"

"I put your buttonhook in my purse before we left home," she answered. "Remove your nylons and turn around so I can unfasten it." When the cinch was removed, leaving Dana wearing only pink nylon panties and his gaff, he desperately tried to massage feeling back into his sides. "Those too and your gaff as well," she indicated his panties when she saw his indecision. "The doctor will want to give you a thorough examination."

Having grown accustomed to the feel of soft silky fabrics against his moisturizer-softened skin, the starched gown felt rough and scratchy after he stepped out of his panties and removed his gaff. Being more concerned with his 'budding boobies', he dismissed that slight discomfort from his mind.

Dana was surprised an attractive woman wearing a straight black knee-length skirt, a white blouse, and three-inch pumps entered the room and introduced herself as Dr. Barton. Wasting no time, she opened Dana's gown and inspected his budding breasts. Pushing and prodding to determine where their tenderness, she reached down and massaged his genitals. "Have they atrophied?" she asked.

"Huh?" Dana gasped as his penis sprang to attention.

“Your penis, your testicles, have they gotten smaller? Are they more comfortable concealed under your gaff than they were originally?”

“A little...” he admitted with a blush because of his excitement. “I thought I was getting used to my gaff like I did with my waist cinch.”

Turning to Helen, she said, “Based on his blood tests, I believe his body is producing a level of estrogen akin to that of a young girl experiencing puberty. This condition is rare, but I’ve seen it before. The bad news is, it’s very difficult to remedy.”

“What caused it?” Helen inquired.

“A glandular illness resulting from a DNA conflict within his body.”

“You mean it’s not caused by my wearing dresses?” Dana blurted.

“I assure you, one has absolutely nothing to do with the other,” Dr. Barton scoffed. “It’s ludicrous to believe that the clothes one wears could cause a serious physical condition like this.”

“What about pills?” Dana asked as he forgot his nudity and reached for his purse. Producing a pill wrapped in a tissue, he anxiously sputtered, “Miss Verner makes me take these pills. Could they be the cause of my trouble?”

Examining the pill, Dr. Barton laughed, “I hardly think so. This is merely a vitamin capsule with a supplement to enhance energy. Your problems are much more intricate. DNA makes up the basic cell structure of the body, and that’s why this malady is so difficult to cure.”

“What can you do?” Helen asked while Dr. Barton took some measurements of Dana’s chest and genitals.

“I’ll give him a hormone shot, some pills to take morning and night, and some cream to massage into his genitals and chest to hopefully reduce the swelling. It should be used mornings, nights, and after baths. This shot is very potent, so

he will become very nauseated for the next couple of days. Keep him off his feet until he feels better, and bring him back in two weeks.

"You said my condition is difficult to cure," Dana gasped in a panic filled voice. "What happens if the treatment doesn't work?"

"In that event, you will grow a lovely set of breasts to compliment your feminine face, clothes, and hairstyle," Dr. Barton replied as she emptied the syringe into his buttocks. "Get dressed while I chat with your aunt."

"But I can't fasten my..."

"I'll be with you after I fasten his waist cinch, doctor," Helen chuckled. "You know how vain young girls are about their trim figures."

Dana blushed at her inference, but he dressed and repaired his makeup without complaint. Meanwhile, Dr. Barton confided to Helen, "Maggie has made a very significant beginning in reshaping his body into feminine contours. The shot I gave him today, along with the pills and hormone cream should significantly accelerate his 'development'. His breasts should rapidly expand to a B-cup and beyond."

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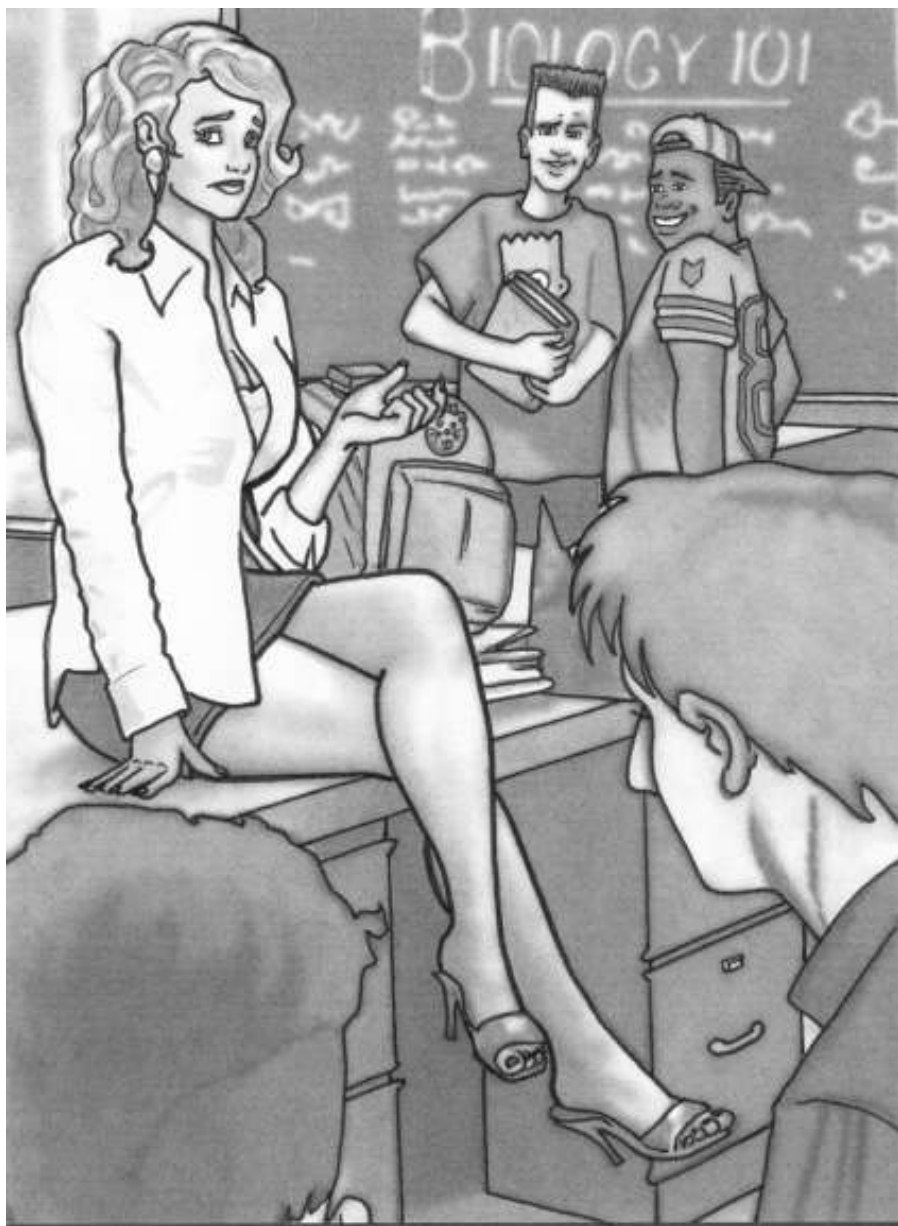
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“While the benefits of hormone replacement therapy continue to be debated among medical professionals, Albert had become its poster boy.”

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity. Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER

#46 & 47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48

& 49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them??. . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him. Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

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There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

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A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

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This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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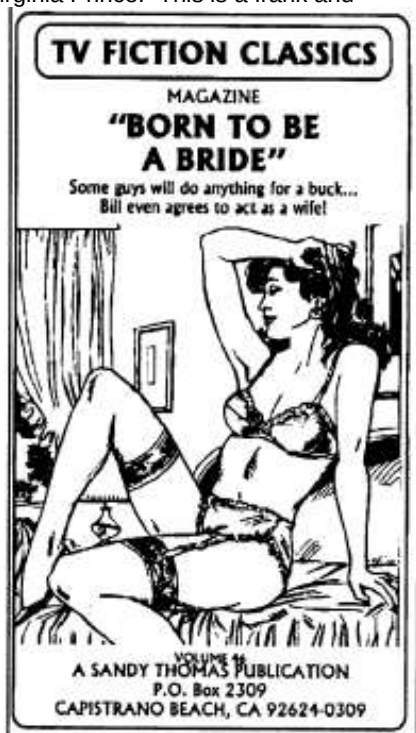
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