

TV FICTION CLASSICS



*IF A SISSY IS GOING TO ACT LIKE A GIRL...
WHY NOT TRAIN THEM TO BE JUST LIKE GIRLS?
A STORY OF SISSIES BECOMING GIRLS,
VOLUME 97*

www.sthomas.com

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION

Volume 97

YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES II

DAVIS GETS A DRESS

By
SANDY THOMAS

www.sthomas.com

Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

DAVIS GETS A DRESS

PART TWO

YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES



MENTOR....

Dana Roberts's became Davis's faculty mentor and a mentor extraordinaire. The next time that Davis saw Dana, he was in the ladies' room between classes, Dana's thick curly hair

was bunching out of his bun. A plain pea-green scarf was wrapped in a careless turban wrapped around his head, and it matched his tight skirt and blouse perfectly. The lacy trim of his black bra was showing slightly above his low cut blouse. But in spite of Dana's ill-matched outfit, he looked totally feminine.

Dana's huge blue eyes were focused on his reflection in the ladies room mirror as he touched-up his makeup. He turned to Davis with an exquisitely slow attitude turn. "God! I love being a girl!" he said with a feminine quality. "How do you feel?" Davis clasped his hands in front of him and watched spellbound as Dana went about repairing makeup and lipstick.

"I feel so different already!" Davis answered with a big smile. "I'm a bit queasy in the morning. My Aunt's next-door neighbor was pregnant last year and now I know what she went through."

Dana continued primping in the mirror, saying, "I still go back and get booster shots. My husband says it makes me glow. I had one yesterday."

Davis shook his head. He knew that being shot with estrogen was not the most wonderful thing that's ever happened...if Montana was any example with Montana's weakened arms and shoulders and his fattened bottom. But he also knew that he liked some of the feelings. The school made the assumption that every student

that enrolled wanted to become totally emasculated and feminized. "Montana hates the bloat."

"Quite a few of the enrollees drop out and leave the school, once they find out about the estrogen shots or after they try one and feel the effects -- or, after they lose any chance of going back," Dana told Davis.

"That's okay," Davis added. "Some of those that come here don't want to be totally emasculated. They like to be feminized, but only to a point. I heard that the feminization from the estrogen shots is reversible once the shots are stopped."

"Honey, they will never be the same," Dana said putting his lipstick back in his purse. "You will see them leaving in the coming weeks -- the ones that quit. You'll see them out on the front steps of the school by themselves and waiting for someone to pick them up. Their suitcase will be full of female clothes and they will still be wearing a dress. Once they enter the school and all their male clothes have been taken away, they only have girl clothes left to wear. So that's how they have to leave if they drop out. They can try to be boys on their own time." Dana laughed. Simply said, everyone leaves this school as girls -- not boys."

"Oh my," Davis responded nervously. "I like your skirt."

“I just threw this on,” Dana sighed. “I had a rather rough evening.”

“What happened,” Davis asked all big-eyed.

“The glow...it was my husband,” Dana answered. “He can tell when I’m shot with estrogen and it turns him on.... He really hauled my ashes.”

“Oh my,” Davis gasped. He didn’t really mean to ask for that much personal information!

But Dana went on, “I can still almost feel him inside of me. Between that and the shot’s bloating, I felt so pregnant. When I woke this morning and didn’t feel like coming to work, I just threw-on something and here I am. It’s challenging, honey, but its just part of being a good wife and something that you may have to learn if you want to ever wear a bride’s dress. Come, sit-in on my Marriage class.”

The SFFA had many special programs such as Secretary Training, Maid Techniques, Waitress and Escort Dating. Each course was to not help the boys PRETEND to be a woman, wife or maid. That would come off as pretending to pretend.

While every boy took the Modeling and Comportment Lab, few would actually become models. The runway stage is where they were taught high heel walking and how to look, move and think like attractive women.

First year students took "Dating 101." It was assumed that at some point, all would be asked out on a date by a man. It was part of being a woman and thus was part of the training.

Only a few of the first year students had been out on a date, so when it came to boys and dating, there were a lot of foolish questions. How was a girlie-boy supposed to act on a date if they had never been out before?

The school knew that feminization happened at different rates, and some were still uncomfortable with the idea of dating a man. But they could see the Seniors, many of which happily had boyfriends. Also, due to absent father images, getting male attention too quickly might prevent the boys from knowing how to put on the brakes. Dating men took feminine confidence...to do and say only what one wants to do.

Many of the boys were confused about what being attracted to someone really meant. The boys at SFFA were chosen because they made attractive girls and liked doing girl things. With the estrogen, they had the right pheromones and were learning the body language of feminine attraction. With the sexual chemistry, the boys were learning to be lovely, affectionate and physically attractive. Dating males would be expected. Dating in a way that is simply an occasion to be with someone else for a certain period of time and for

a certain amount of pleasant, personal interaction. It was simply making a declaration that a student was feminine enough to be with a man and get to know him better.

Of course there were those who became “boy crazy.” One reason some became boy crazy is because they needed a lot of attention and never got it at home, especially from their fathers. Others discovered men could provide some of the qualities they think they couldn’t get by themselves like power (he will protect), or status (people will admire) or independence (being supported, and getting feminine gifts.) Many discovered that men could make them feel completely like women.

In Marriage class, the subject was How to Keep Your Man (or Husband). Dana gave demonstrations from the experience of being married for real -- as well as showing slides and instructional videos to the students. Students also got the chance to learn various attraction techniques first hand by performing them under Dana’s critique on the runway.



Dana was nearly the perfect wife...having everything a husband could want: beauty, charm, and a desire to be a perfect woman.

The goal was more than walking enticingly or letting one's skirts flutter with a quick glimpse of petticoat lace. It was how to use one's new curves, their sensations and what to expect.

Every year, the school sponsored a "mixer" for the graduating students at a private San Francisco men's club -- where the advanced students would attend a dance party and would be able to mingle and be wooed by the men.

This was where all the enticement practice in school came into practical use for the first time for many students. It was fun for all, where the students got to be feminine with 'nice' men. Of course, there were always some drinking and shenanigans. And, a bit of groping before the night was over. Some dresses would be raised, and a few panties lowered. Normal...just like any college mixer.

Some of the SFFA students would wake-up the next morning and feel more like girls than ever before. And a few would eventually end becoming girlfriends and even brides for the men that they first met at the mixer.

PANTY WALK....

Comportment and Carriage class was more than just walking the runway in high heels. It was about self-confidence. Even in only panties, garterbelt, stockings and heels -- maybe no brassiere -- and to feel and present themselves as female.

Even though these femmes had been naked or partially naked in front of each other at the school in the dorm rooms and in Physical Education, Ballet, and Hygiene classes -- it was surprising how insecure they were at times.

That was particularly true during a “test” exam... each boy was to walk the runway dressed only in their panties. The experienced students knew how to cover their naked breasts as much as possible. For some of the new students their panty walk was not decent.

Davis wouldn't be doing the “panty-walk” until his breasts came in but he was impressed with the panties; they were absolutely beautiful.

The femmes were told to wear their best lingerie for the fashion show and they did. There were panties in all styles -- bikinis, hipsters, full briefs and even some frilly tap pants -- in all colors like snow white, candle glow, peach, lavender, illicit black, sissy pink and Nancy boy blue.

The curtain would open to reveal one after another, shy and red-faced femmes. The small audience of students would almost always squeal when seeing the boys being exposed in their panties. Each boy would mince and swish forward down the runway, trying to keep everything on top covered, and turn like a blushing bride on a honeymoon.

“Ordinarily, we'd want you to maintain your self-assured, runway walk,” Dana instructed

them. “But in this situation, shy and ashamed and even squealing is good. It’s proper to be shy and to try to hide your breasts, and even your panties, from view. Keep your knees together and cover what you can. And show off those panties.”

The boys with their estrogen plumped, wiggling feminine bottoms walked the runway. At first they dreaded the experience but afterwards, it was one of the highlights of the semester.

It was a chance for the more experienced boys to show off, mincing down the runway. It was Montana’s first Panty Walk and he was scared. He was wearing beautiful, snow-white full brief panties with lace edging around the leg openings. They were like the kind of panties that Davis’ Aunt Jennie had first had him wear.

Montana’s panties were covering more than most but his technique and his pose weren’t satisfactory.

Later Dana critiqued him. “Montana, Montana. You are not fat. You are full-figured, so show off your pretty curved bottom. Honey, wiggle it like you want it.... Watch Georgie.”

When Georgie walked, his knees kinked together and the toes of his white patent high-heeled pumps pointed inward as if to try and keep his panties from sliding down all the way to his heels. It resulted in the perfect “caught in my panties” pose.

Dana smiled and said to the students, "I use that pose when I'm dressing and my husband walks into the bathroom. It gets him going and makes me late for class."

For a few boys, this was just too humiliating. One pretty brunette femme just put his nail-polished hands over his bloated nipples and slinked to the end of the runway. He was blushing furiously and almost in tears of shame from the position he had just allowed himself to be put in.

"Oooo," he bleated to Dana. "I'm not sure I want to ever do that in front of a man."

"Well, if you want to be a good wife and want to keep your husband from not chasing other skirts, you will have to learn, dearie. That's what keeps a man at home and that's what keeps a marriage together. You want it where he wants nothing more than to spend his paycheck on keeping you in pretty dresses and lingerie. Use your enticing feminine charms."

In another Comportment session, the boys worked on the 'runway walk' while wearing their shortest skirt. "One little trick to learn," Dana instructed, "is to apply a spritz of perfume either behind your knees or on the edge of your skirt hem -- so whenever you spin or turn, your skirts flare out, and your perfume scent will be fanned outward. That always attracts and entices the packs of hungry wolves like raw red meat."

Purse Broken...

One of the most striking changes in the freshman boys was subtle. It was the habit of always carrying a purse. "Purse training" meant having to carry one with them everywhere, *and* use it. Inside were all the necessary essentials that any girl would need such as a compact, hairbrush, lipstick, bobby pins, safety pins, girl's wallet and coin purse, and a few light-day pads. They were instructed to carry their purse with them *everywhere*, to always be accountable for their purse and contents.

Davis had somewhat of an edge on this, as he had already been "purse broken" by his Aunt Jenny at home. He was used to constantly having his purse with him so it was no challenge.

But some of the boys, while wearing dresses at home, never had a real purse. If a boy forgot his purse or improperly carried his purse, there was a problem.

The correct way was to carry a purse like any lady -- hung over an elbow or forearm. It was unacceptable to carry a purse by a hand held low at a boy's side as he walked. Hands had to be above the waist when a boy walked with his purse -- properly like a lady.



For Davis, carrying a purse had become a part of his personality. Inside were all the necessary essentials that any girl would need such as a compact, hairbrush, lipstick, bobby pins, safety pins, girl's wallet and coin purse...and

For first semester students like Davis, there were surprise inspections. During a few days a month, before the next injection, the boys were to wear light flow napkins in their panties and have a few in their purse.

At first, it was embarrassing and seemingly so unnecessary. When his Aunt first asked Davis about it, he got a deep blush of embarrassment. For the first time in his life, he sometimes had a napkin in his panties -- one of the ultimate badges of femininity.

It was simply something that all women had to do every month and something that the boys had to learn as just being a part of feeling completely feminine.

Dana told them during Health lab, "I love making my husband buy me a box of napkins on the way home. He moans but buys them because I mostly use them...after he uses me."

"So you wear a napkin a few days a month like the rest of us?" Davis giggled.

"Yeah," Dana answered. "It's a break for all wives...even us. Before I get my monthly shot, I can get a bit grumpy too. Sort of PMS. Pre Monthly Shot. Once I'm shot with girl juice, I'm up for everything he has."

The idea of being a wife for a man was hard for some of the boys to comprehend. But that was what HEALTH was for...intimate details.

Dana said, "My husband likes me in the morning and that leaves me leaking for a few hours. The pads come in handy."

"What if you don't feel like it in the morning," Montana asked. "Or ever!"

Dana said, "What does becoming a wife mean? It means truly feeling the effects of unconditional love and becoming a better woman. As a wife, you are no longer a woman only for yourself, but for another. I'm a wife! A man looks to me for everything... comfort, food, love, everything! Becoming a wife humbles you. It makes you realize that all the things that you thought were important before really weren't all that important."

The boys were to learn about what they needed to do to be with a man. There were discussions on creams and safety.

"Oh, what a wasted class," scoffed Montana to Davis. "No way THAT is ever going to happen to me."

"Oooo, yeah!" exclaimed Davis. "Dana says it will probably happen to all of us."

"Not me!" Montana scoffed again. "That ain't ever gonna happen."

"Oh yeah?" Davis smirked. "Some day some guy is going to get a good look at that fat pantied fanny of yours and he won't be able to control himself. He'll get some drinks into you, get you nice and loose and ditzy, and the next thing you

know, your skirt will be up in back. *Then* you'll be glad you knew what to do," Davis laughed.

"No way!" Montana huffed.

"Way!" Davis giggled again as they both minced out of Health and into the ladies' room.

While the goal was that all the students would be feminine and emasculated, some first year boys got into it and others not so much. Mothers or aunties or grandmothers or older sisters had already feminized all. Some were practically all-girl when they showed for school. They were easy to spot as most had very long hair and knew how to curl and style it perfectly like any girl.

When wearing their school uniform, all were required to have their pleated skirt come precisely the center of their knees (not sexy short or dowdy long.) A white blouse and black pumps with low heels completed the outside.

Inside was different. While lingerie was required, some wore more frilly lingerie under their uniform skirts. The norm was the lace hemmed slips and the panties with lace around the leg openings or delicate embroidery.

There was one goal at the school. Davis remembered swallowing his estrogen pills with a glass of water, never really envisioning replacing his padded lace bra with a more comfortable empty cupped one. Just lately, he'd been thinking a lot about the girl he was

becoming. But all he had to do was look at the freshmen and the seniors.

It was so different when each boy went to the clinic; each seemed to handle it differently. Some freshmen came out looking hostile and mad. Other's came out showing signs that they had been crying. But most just looked meek and passive and conquered. Seniors strutted out proudly.

Davis had experienced lifting his skirt, lowering his panties and getting his shots of estrogen.

"This is ludicrous," Davis thought each time, as he felt himself bunching his dress up around his hips. But at that point, he was not in much of a position to call anything ludicrous.

After the shot, there would be other boys waiting their turn.

Like Georgie. He was a blonde with shoulder-length, strawberry blonde hair that was always perfectly styled. His eyebrows were plucked into perfect arches. He gave Davis half of a wave and asked, "How was it?"

Davis' full lips twisted funny, as if he'd tasted something sour. "Okay," he replied not wanting to really discuss anything serious.

"By the second year, you look forward to these visits," said a senior redhead sitting there. He was wearing a pink-colored sweater with a short leather skirt in black. His big gold earrings were

clusters of rings that jingled when he moved his head. He sat gracefully; his straight, thick hair fell to the center of his back. He had lovely features: full lips, a straight, narrow nose, high cheekbones, and a neat little chin.

“You're so pretty!” he said to Davis who tried not to roll his eyes.

Davis feeling entirely inadequate next to the senior, just said, “I'm trying!”

“Just relax and take it dear,” the boy said. “It hurts for a second, but you will feel the effects forever!”

But the effects were remarkable.

Some degree of morning sickness was on nearly everyone's agenda. The first injection, most were caught off guard and didn't anticipate that estrogen and feminization could lead to conditions in which they felt so very bad.

Dana told Dana, “It has to happen.”

Although quite a lot of the boys were looking forward to developing breasts and having pretty legs and bottoms, few were looking forward to the fact that the injection would create a faux pregnancy and that most would wake-up feeling sick after their hormone shot for a few days each month.

Davis never wanted to be pregnant or be a mother. Of course, as a little boy, Davis never bathed, diapered or cradled plastic babies. He never thought that growing-up would include

any sensations of “motherhood.” There was no longer the urge to “sow seed” but a fancy to grow life inside, prepare to nurse and nurture.

They would feel bloated and faint, not feeling like getting out of bed in the morning. Those that showed up in the cafeteria for breakfast didn’t eat much. They tended to not even bother with their makeup except for some lipstick, mascara and blush. All seemingly just thrown on to add some color to their pale complexions.

Same with their clothes. Most wore something conservative, if not downright shrewish like a knee length, pleated school skirt with a plain cotton blouse and no stockings but just plain anklet socks with simple low-heeled Mary Jane shoes or canvas wedgies.

Davis moaned to Dana, “My Aunt just laughed at me and said, ‘I told you being a female isn’t all silk and nylon.’”

Dana responded. “You’ll be okay in a few days -- as your system changes, you’ll be used to the cycles.”

Some boys were so sick they needed to see the doctor and were told it was normal. They were told, “The morning sickness is just the body’s way of protecting itself...and the body’s way of getting rid of testosterone and beginning to use the estrogen at increasing levels.

During Health and Hygiene class, they were told that tender and enlarged breasts were a

normal signs the body's hormone levels were changing. Some boys liked the feeling and the very idea of it. Others were shocked by the intense sensations as their bodies reacted to the high estrogen levels. They were told the feelings of nipple fullness would eventually go away but most found out that they could not go without some kind of protection over their nipples to relieve them from the chafing and itching.

They learned that the best way for relief was the wearing of a soft tricot-cupped brassiere. Boys that had previously disliked brassieres were now wearing them religiously, and even were wearing soft-cupped sleep bras at night under their nightgowns.

Davis noticed the 'adjustments'. After a few weeks, spontaneous 'male response' went away. By his second shot, even the thoughts went away. Davis learned in Health at that point, his body had become "estrogen based" -- female estrogen had become dominant in his body chemistry.

The school knew that becoming feminine and enjoying a successful emasculation is a complicated but wonderful experience. And their job was to "separate the boys from the girls."

During this time, some boys were shocked by the changes and dropped out. Davis saw them sitting out on the steps in front of the school, waiting for a cab or a parent's ride -- dressed in

a skirt and with their suitcase by their side -- and a foreboding, sad look on their feminized face. For some it was the look of failure -- for others the look of escape.

These boys would go home, confused by all the feelings. Some would try to be boys again. It would be difficult since that after even a month or two of training and estrogen, the boys would still think occasionally like girls. That's the problem with estrogen...you get a little, maybe it's all-good. A little more, still okay. Then even a bit too much and all of a sudden the boys are dreaming about finding the perfect wedding dress.

They were boys filled with all the shame of being an un-male sissy and none of the perks. Gone were the beautiful, silky dresses, high heels and lacy lingerie. Some would chop off their long, perfectly curled hair to become "more of a man."

Inside, the boys had been changed. They still thought in the 28-day cycles that had become a simple part of their life. The effects of hormone treatments were there to notice for at least six months.

Most would never have to shave daily unless given testosterone. The real-life experience of living as a girl has passed for them but most would still see "feminine" when they looked in the mirror.

Becoming more male-like was not a huge leap forward for them. In the mirror, was a face that was ready for make up but would get none? No shimmering eye shadow, mascara or foundation...just a plain old, colorless face.

Shopping for some new clothes at the mall meant jeans. That was a shock for a boy that had loved finding the perfect silky pair of panties along with a matching bra. These boys had already found the feeling of firmness and compression, particularly under their gaff, very comforting.

Strangely, the feeling of intense constriction had not been disagreeable to most. Some really missed the tightness of the gaff and hug of a brassiere. But that was for girls and they were now expected to be boys.

They were told, "The estrogen needs to cycle out of your body and then you will need some exercise to build muscles and coordination."

Coordination to these boys had become getting the right dress, lingerie, heels and jewelry together, not hitting a baseball.

Within a month, some of these boys were back at the school, resigned to the fact that they just weren't boy material.



It wasn't always fancy lingerie and high heels. Sometimes it was a simple skirt and blouse to make the boys feel female.

CHANGES....

Walking to class one morning, Davis said to Montana, "I am beginning to sleep better, even in curlers."

"Duh?" Montana scoffed. "When was the last time *you* woke-up in the morning with a stiffie?" he giggled at Davis.

Montana was right, of course, as Davis thought about it. Davis couldn't even remember the last time he had one. It used to be a daily, nightly, morningly thing. Now he was just dreaming about how to do his hair and the day's lessons. And his gaffe wasn't bothering him at all anymore. It was like it wasn't even there now.

As Davis walked and his thighs moved together, he could feel nothing down there at all. It felt like he had absolutely nothing between his legs and in the gusset of his snow-white silken panties that he was wearing that day to class under his matching lace hemmed full slip and navy blue pleated uniform skirt. He looked down at his bodice of his white tissue-like polyester blouse and could see the lace trim of the bodice of his slip and his white slip and bra straps. He was even getting used to the straps, and no longer had to pick at them all the time as he did when he first started wearing a brassiere.

Davis asked Montana, "Have you ever had sex with a boy?"

"God no!" he gasped. "But I suppose I will someday. What about you?"

"No," Davis smiled. "But I assume I will too. I heard it will make our breasts pop."

Montana laughed, "Sure if you get pregnant."

"Dana Roberts told me. Dana also said, it gives you a lot of confidence."

Montana laughed, "Oh sure. I'm sure getting laid by a husband every morning and night would make one feel more like a lady."

Montana was starting to fill out, and his breasts were jutting prominently from his white uniform blouse.

"We aren't going to be attracting any women like this," Davis sighed. "Dana likes being a man's wife."

"You just like the frilly wedding gown," Montana teased. "I can't imagine doing anything after the 'I do's'"

Both boys had never had sex before of any kind. Davis ran his hand to his belly and then ran his hands over his hips... Davis smiled to himself. He imagined a new husband... nibbling at his ear and licking at an earlobe -- the man's lips making their way down his neck... kissing his shoulders, and caressing soft skin around his bra and slip straps. His thoughts went back to Montana, standing there in front of him.

Montana toyed with his blouse. He looked almost sick again. "I think I'm feeling a bit woozy from my shot."

“That just means the hormones are doing their job,” Davis said.

“Yes, that must be it. My breasts are really sore! I hate this! I’m going to my room.”

Davis gave an emphatic nod of his head. He kept getting a feeling sometimes that something more was wrong with Montana.

With male impulses suppressed, the boys’ focus was on becoming feminine -- that entailed a lot more than just putting on bra, panties and a skirt and wearing lipstick.

Morning sickness was a stage and as time went by, the boys learn to deal with the cycles of emotions and think of it as merely a once-a-month nuisance.

Davis didn’t know why, but for the first time he really focused on the Senior boys. For all intents, they were girls. The estrogen had caused them to build a fatty layer of tissue under the skin, especially their bottoms. None were fat, as such, but all had curved, full, buttocks and thighs that gave them a tempting wiggle when they walked.

The presence of such high female hormones in the blood stream also had a remarkable effect on the boy’s unconscious thoughts -- as did the monthly cycle of mild hot flashes, mood swings and stimulated female characteristics. Words seemed to fly out of their mouths almost faster than they could speak them. When they walked,

they minced. They could spend hours on the phone. When they turned corners, they swished their bottoms causing their skirts to flare out and flutter -- often displaying a quick glimpse of their lace hemmed slip or petticoat.

In Physical Education, when they ran, they ran like girls with small hobbled strides and with their limp-wristed arms flailing the air. Davis could only conclude that even if these Nancy-boys quit the school and hormones that they would still appear as girls just from their now subconscious mannerisms.

Each night in bed when Davis flicked out the light, he usually wore the pink little baby-doll nightgown his Aunt sent him. It always made him feel good. It still smelled faintly of perfume -- Chantilly -- his favorite. Sometimes the familiar clean scent made Davis want to cry. Everything in the world of femininity seemed so complicated? At times, he wondered if it was some kind of irreversible curse.

Davis would hug the silky fabric of his nightie to his chest. His breasts had been particularly sore lately and his nipples were getting bigger. Was that the reason for the moods? Or, was this another one of those stages his body would be going through?



Davis was definitely blooming. The puffiness had turned into two small, but definite bumps that would get much bigger over the next few months and school years.

Davis' fingers went to his chest and gently touched his nipples. He was definitely blooming. The puffiness had turned into two small, but definite bumps that would get much bigger over the next few months and school years. At times Davis' nipples were so tender, he couldn't even lie on his stomach at night. After the monthly shot, they itched and hurt so much and became kind of pointy. The last month, they even dripped some drops of fluid. Davis learned that real girls go through the same changes.

Dana Roberts laughed at Davis, "Not if you want to have breasts! Seriously, nearly every girl begins to lactate a little. That's good. You want that. Your breasts do not know you are a boy and right now, they think you might be pregnant. I actually like the sensation. BUT...if there is any chance you are pregnant, see me after class and we'll call in the scientists."

Dana really liked Davis and was worried about him. Like Dana, with many of the boys, the male figure had abandoned their mothers and even some family violence against women.

When abandoned, these boys were driven apart from the normal male image because they were naturally more sensitive and the male violence had taught them to fear men. When the initial discussions about being a 'wife' came up, with Davis there was an instinctive aversion

as if to say, “No way is *that* ever going to happen to me! I hate men.”

Any small wonder the boys were fearful. Males called them fag and fairy and sissy and pussy and things. These girly-boys couldn’t help but learn to shun and to stay away from boys and men as much as possible. They moved to hide behind the women’s skirts, so to say.

The SFFA finishing school provided the perfect and safe venue for them.

“Not all men are monsters,” Dana told Davis over and over.

DANA’S guidance....

One evening after classes, Davis visited again with his advisor, Dana. “*How had Dana Roberts become so sophisticated, so worldly?*” Davis had to keep asking himself.

A concerned look clouded Dana Roberts’ large blue eyes. “At your age I dreamed of many things.” Dana stared into Davis’ innocent eyes. With a pinky, Dana erased a smudge of mascara from beneath an eye. “But what I wanted most, was to live a woman’s life. I wanted to be like my mother only with a better man. It’s funny to think I’m there now. Being born male is not even an issue anymore. With my husband, I don’t feel even a bit male.”

Davis looked at Dana carefully. For the first time in his life, Davis realized how he *also* wanted to be like his mother.”

Dana's smile was warm and sincere. "I bet you'd like being a housewife."

Davis gasped. "Me? I don't know."

"Yes, you," Dana stated firmly. "From what I've seen of you, you wouldn't trouble finding a real nice husband!"

Davis was speechless. His head was swimming with the assumed compliment -- and the truth. Dana said with confidence. "You are the right body type...the kind that men like."

Davis shook his head in disbelief. "I'm not sure I even want to go out with a guy...ever!"

"You will," Dana said matter-of-factly. "In a few months, you will both realize that men can be nice."

"Yuck!" escaped Davis' lips. "I mean it's okay for you but...."

"You'll find out, men have something to give, something you are missing...just like I did...like all girls do."

"I don't know. I just want to wear dresses and feel feminine," Davis sighed. To Davis there was something insanely disturbing about the idea of trying to make making babies with a man. He just didn't have the desire to have a man. Would it come?

Davis had heard from a few of the Seniors that it goes way beyond just bending over.

The next morning Davis sat on his bed after putting on his panties and bra -- and his snow-

white nylon, lace hemmed slip. He looked down at his thighs and saw and felt the delicate lace hem tickle of his slip across his thighs -- the little reminder he got whenever he wore a slip that he was girlishly petticoated. It was a sight and sensations that no real boy would ever see or feel. He wondered whether he really wanted this for the rest of his life.

“God,” Davis sighed while gazing at his new curves in the mirror; his thighs, breasts, and smooth legs. “Oh my God,” he stammered again. “I’m beginning to really look like my mother!”

His sensitive nipples were no longer like strawberries, they were like little doorknobs that were on their way to becoming real breasts. It had gotten to where Davis functionally *needed* a bra. It was beyond his putting on a bra just to dress like a girl. It seemed like a dream but there in the mirror was his mother.

His shoulders and arms were like the first memories of his mother -- his slender hands and hair color... from his grandmother and Aunt. His hips had a new flare and shaped similar to his mothers’. His body was a living family album but showing more of the women’s ancestry.

Actually, it felt kind of strange, but good at the same time. He looked in the mirror again put on his thinnest, cotton blouse, knowing that the impression of his bra would show through

along with the lace bodice of his white nylon full slip.

Davis had been warned that the excitement and novelty of wearing a bra, panties and slip and even having breasts would wear off. He had heard from some of the older students that wearing a bra everyday would become a nuisance, hardly exciting, and literally routine. Was it the estrogen that made putting on frilly, feminine undies every morning become rather uninteresting and humdrum?

Davis let his hands wander down, to pull up his skirt and feel the front of his own panties -- just to check. He literally could feel nothing -- nothing but a perfect feminine panty vee in front. He knew IT was there, somewhere -- tucked upwards into his crotch. But he just couldn't see it and he couldn't even *feel* it.

When Aunt Jenny started letting him dress as a girl, it was all too exciting and almost naughty. He loved having a few dresses and even panties and several pairs of high heels that he wore around the house. Pretending to be a girl was so silly and embarrassing...but fun.

"I don't mind spending money on pretty things for you," his Aunt said. She began adding to his "silly" wardrobe.

Davis knew he was lucky to have such an understanding Aunt. And it was more than just the silky nylon. He liked sewing and the

embroidery projects that his Aunt was teaching him. He liked cooking and doing things in the kitchen -- and he had become proficient at household chores such as doing laundry, cleaning, and even hand washing his own panties.

Davis would rather stay home and sew pretty lace on his panties, than go out and hang out somewhere. No normal boy would ever be caught dead doing something like that -- besides the wearing of girl's panties in the first place.

But Davis was hooked. At first he was reluctant to show his aunty the pretty, lace-trimmed panties he had created on the sewing machine.

"Oh how delightful! You just love being girly, don't you?" his Aunt asked.

Davis blushed, "I guess it's just so different."

"I bet a lot of boys would love to wear panties but they are afraid to ask."

As a surprise one day, she bought him his first lipstick and put it on his dresser for him to use. Nothing was said except, "That will keep your lips soft and pretty."

A huge part of the SFFA training was creating what a "real" woman is and feels like. A lot of that had to do with making the exciting and sensual clothes just plain ole' clothes. And doing the things girls do is what they wanted to do.

Desensitizing....

Dana asked Davis, "Have you ever been out with a man?"

Davis shook his head. "Oooo, I'm not sure I would ever like that. I'd be so scared."

"It can be really wonderful with a nice man. As a wife, I really look forward to pleasing my husband. I always feel sooo warm and feminine and womanly inside."

"You mean really being with a man?"

"You will notice when some of the students get a boyfriend. They seem to change almost overnight and become hopelessly feminine and some became boy crazy."

Davis just sat there in the chair and fiddled with his navy blue pleated uniform skirt hem again. He could feel the band of lace around his thighs under his skirt from the lace hem of his frilly white slip that he was wearing. And he could feel just a little palpitation of his bottom in his white panties -- like a little butterfly flapping its wings. Just the thought of being a wife like Dana caused a rush of soothing warmth in his body. He could feel his nipples swell and tingle in his white brassiere. He felt his whole body relax passively.

Of course, from Health, Dana knew exactly what it was. Davis was starting to feel like a real girl inside.

The normal boy sensual area had changed from his little *thingy* to his breasts and now to his bottom. There was that warm type feeling that real women got. His erogenous points were changing to the feminine.

This is totally normal for the students and really a good sign that they were progressing into real femininity.

Davis continued, now without concern, to use the jar of *EstroFemme* crème. Applied every morning and evening, it helped cause additional shrinkage. Where most boys Davis' age were worried about making it big, Davis was shrinking it.

Montana hated using it.

"Oh, I really *like* it," Davis countered. "It goes on so smooth and is really cooling. I can hardly feel *anything* down there anymore."

Montana moaned, "And it sure makes your panties fit better. I'm just wanted to wear a dress not be shriveled to nothing. I sort of liked that thing."

Davis giggled in response. "With your figure, you'll be getting all those things you want."

That comment was so unlike Davis...it even surprised himself.

At this time of the school year, there were a bunch of drop-outs. Some of the boys came back out of the clinic with misty tears in their eyes -- as if they had just lost something forever.

Others came out smiling and looking ever more confident. Davis felt okay, getting acclimated to the hormone cycles and moods. If he felt depressed, he only had to wait a few minutes to feel euphoric.

Davis had watched Dana Roberts in his Feminine Studies class. Dana made a really great woman... feminine and womanly under all circumstances, and just for the joy of being feminine. Davis wanted to become so confident and still feel like that.

The assignment for the day was to write an essay. Davis tapped his pink pen against the page and stared off into space. Davis printed the title in big block letters:

TO BE A WOMAN.

Gripping his pen tightly and chewing his bottom lipsticked lip, he began to scribble down the thoughts in his head. He thought about Dana Roberts. Maybe he could just paste a picture of Dana under the title?

At one time, Davis had hoped to be the kind of girl who would sit happily together with other girls, wearing skimpy bikinis and expensive sunglasses, sipping colorful drinks by the pool and reading glossy fashion magazines. He knew there would be the usual lustful gazes of marauding males but there were also the massages and facials and manicures; and one could get his hair done for a night on the town in a newly bought outfit...followed by another day

at the beach. But that was obviously not the way women lived.

There was the women's work and it was never done. In reality, much of being a woman was boring and repetitious. There were the daily routines of putting on makeup, performing feminine hygiene, rinsing out lingerie and nylons and rolling hair. Along with 'real' girls, they believed that how one looked in a tight skirt was more important than what was between the ears.

Davis accepted that. He knew that some of the boys at the school would just become classic feminine bimbos, and easy prey for lecherous men with a lot of cash or a credit card.

There was reality hitting. Davis knew now that he was getting real breasts and hips and that he had to be careful. If he got raped, men would think it was his fault and he provoked it by wearing a tight sweater or by wiggling his fanny. Like a real woman, what would he be able to tell the police? That he was dressed in a sexy dress -- to entice men? The police would surely only laugh at Davis.

But there was Dana -- comfortable in skirts, living as a woman, with a husband, and admitting that being a wife was great. Dana had said, "I'd rather be a nice girl than a sexy girl." There was Dana; open and confident, even brazenly feminine at times, even flirting with males.

Some of the upper class students had boyfriends, and a few had girlfriends and said they were lesbians. After all, it *was* San Francisco. Davis felt he had to choose one or the other. Could he be like Dana?

Davis felt his breasts ache. Femininity was growing into his brassiere. Dana told him to give in, surrender, show some confidence and to just enjoy being feminine.

The cultural stereotype was that boys who were learning to be girls were meek and submissive and sissified. Hence the surprise...Dana proved that they could stand-up proudly for themselves.

The SFFA was a safe space for boys to learn feminine skills without being hit at, hit on and/or stared at? Having titties and shriveled testes was the norm at SFFA. It was becoming much less work to be girlish as time went by.

DATE....

After six months, Dana, as Davis's mentor, decided to take Davis out on a little "date." Actually just dinner and maybe dancing out on the town.

Dana came to Davis' room to help him dress for the evening. "I think you'll like male attention as much as I do."

Davis moaned, "Don't leave me alone."

"Just be yourself." Dana giggled, "Men are like crack cocaine. Between the estrogen and a good lay, you'll be hooked."

“Ohhh my...” Davis gasped. His breath quickened and he felt a hot flush. “Ohhh my... I just can’t imagine that...”

“Well, sweetheart, someday you’ll meet the right guy, maybe have a drink or two and he will convince you to bring him home.”

“I... ohhh God, I would be so scared... I couldn’t... And not tonight?”

“No, you’ll know when you are ready?”

“Oh my, even if I was completely drunk, I don’t think I could do it,” he whimpered, but his pulse was quickening and he could see Dana’s knowing smile.

Dana teased, “Be careful. Sometimes the boys like to suddenly reach between your thighs...to get at your panties.”

“Ohhh, no, I’d hold my knees together... I’d...I’d... faint.”

“Hmmm. No sweetheart, you’ll swoon. But he’ll hold you down and pull-up your skirt and pull your panties down...”

“I don’t think...ohhh no...” Davis’ voice was starting to warble. “Oh no... I’d wrestle and struggle. I... I know I would.”

“But men are very strong... and seeing your sweet, girly bottom...men know what to do....”

“Oh Gawd... I’d scream... I’d fight...” he panted, but his hips were squirming.

“Maybe you’ll scream, squirm but before you know it, he’ll be riding you.”

“Oh my, no way... I’d bite him,” he gasped.

“But not for long, sweetheart. Once you know you are taken, you’ll relax and feel him deep into your little belly. You’ll stop fighting it....”

“Maybe,” Davis gasped. “You really think I’d enjoy it?”

Dana giggled. “Trust me, I know what you will be feeling.”

Once in the restaurant, Davis followed Dana. “Stay close,” Dana whispered softly. Davis tried not to let any men between himself and Dana. He minced along behind her wearing his new sheath skirt. It was loud but, he noticed the sweet zinging sound that he made when he walked as his nylon stockinged thighs rubbed together. He heard the click, click of his own high-heeled pumps...it was the sound of a girl walking.

Dana had encouraged Davis to wear nylons with a pretty garter belt and Davis could feel the sweet tug of his white elastic garters that were hidden under the lace leg openings of his best and frilliest snow white full brief panties. He could feel them tugging on his cinnamon colored stocking tops as he moved about.

Davis had never been dressed around so many men; all in dark business suits. He felt the soothing sensation of his silken panties on his hips and his fattening, jiggling bottom. He could feel the floral lace hem of his matching

snow-white full slip as it fluttered about his stockinged thighs.

The skirt that Mrs. Roberts allowed him to wear was rather tight and kind of hobbled him as he walked; limiting his strides. It was even more reason why he had to take dainty, feminine steps in his high heels. It was difficult to even step up onto street curbs in his tight sheath skirt.

“It’s happy hour. You okay?” Dana asked as they felt the closeness of so many bodies -- seemingly pushing and shoving and even some subtle contact on his bottom. It made Davis a little dizzy. He brushed aside a wisp of hair out of his eyes, wishing he had not worn such high heels but at the same time glad that he had received the intense high heel training in Comportment Class.

The hectic meat market scene in public was a far cry from his daydream. Just breathing was difficult as Davis was totally paranoid about all the lecherous men that he sensed were looking him over as if he was a piece of meat. He could sense their incessant stares -- at his nyloned legs -- at his skirt hem -- at his breasts -- and at his plump pantied bottom.

A drunk man advanced and slurred, “You are the prettiest girls in here!”

Davis didn’t know what to do. His face reddened and he just stayed silent and passive.

“Our dates are here,” Dana said nicely and pointed to two men came walking towards them from the front door of the restaurant.

“Dates?” Davis tightened his grip on his matching black purse -- black to match his skirt and his high heels.

Dana said, “We are meeting my husband and another man who says he is interested in having a wife just like you some day....”

Davis literally nearly fell over. “You mean...” he bleated sheepishly. “You mean that you are setting me up to meet a man that wants a wife?”

“Why yes, dearie,” Dana answered with a wide knowing and encouraging smile. “All men want a woman and you’re ready to explore -- more ready than you think. Just be natural and enjoy being a pretty single girl.”

The tall, handsome men moved directly towards the two femmes. Both were looking Davis over with scrutiny -- and just when the silence threatened to grow uncomfortable one of the men spoke.

“Well you must be Davis,” he said while seemingly looking down at Davis’s budding breasts. My wife has told me a lot about you and how pretty you are. I agree.”

Dana reached over and patted Davis’ hand as if to calm him from the emotions flying through Davis’s mind at that moment.

“Thank you,” was all that Davis could squeeze out in his quiet, best femmy voice.

The guy with Dana’s husband, Fred, was a guy named Bud. They worked together in some San Francisco office somewhere. The men had reserved a table in the bar and sat down with the two femmes.

Dana, of course, was Fred’s functioning wife - - and they kissed hello. Bud was mostly quiet and polite as he looked Davis over.

It turned out that Bud had been married before -- to a total shrew of a woman who just about destroyed him financially and otherwise. He was sick of playing the traditional dating games with un-appreciative women.

Fred had confided in Bud a while ago about his wife -- and had listed all the advantages of having a ‘special’ wife like Dana. Having been around Dana, Bud decided to take a look in that direction for himself -- and that resulted in the dinner date with Davis.

The early evening dinner was really kind of uneventful. Dana did most of the talking. Davis just mostly sat there passively and just listened. It took him a little while to relax in front of men “who knew.” Davis thought about the picture he made, sitting in his frail black skirt and wispy chiffon blouse -- and knowing that the men would be able to see the lace bodice of his white

nylon slip and bra straps through the thin material of his blouse.

Davis took a look at Bud and Fred. Both men were evaluating his feminization. It was embarrassing and caused a warm flush to his cheeks. Was all this a dream or a nightmare?

Fred put his arm around Dana's shoulder and chatted about the trip to the south of France they were going to take over the summer.

Dana teased, "Fred just likes it there because the girls don't wear tops at the beach. He's a boob guy."

Davis felt the lace of his slip hem across his nylons -- reminding him once again that he was totally emasculated. Bud seemed to be checking out his bosom.

"So what if he thinks I'm a sissy," Davis thought to himself. "He already knows that. And he's here because Dana told him that I would make a good wife someday."

Dana took Davis to the ladies' room a couple times just for the opportunity to sashay in front of all the lecherous businessmen.

"You are hot," Dana teased.

"Fred doesn't mind all those guys staring at you?"

"Us, you mean. And Fred? Actually he loves seeing me tease and showoff in front of other men. He really gives it to me when I get home...."

“So how do you like your first date?” Dana asked him as they redid their lips.

Davis gave a nervous laugh. “It wasn’t my first date. I had some dates with girls in high school,” he lied.

“Oh, if they could only see you now,” Dana laughed. “Seriously, ‘fess up. It’s fun teasing the men, right?”

Davis didn’t answer but only blushed -- the indicator that Dana was looking for. Most all the boys would never admit to anyone that they liked being like a girl, but inwardly Dana knew that the lure was irresistible.

Dana knew full well what it felt like to be out in the open public for the first time as the female date of a man. Dana knew the sensations of the very first feelings of the breezes wafting up one’s skirt or the first time one felt the warm sunshine on his nylons. Every girlie-boy remembers the many “first times.”

Davis didn’t particularly care for the men’s lecherous stares -- but it kind of thrilled him to think that he was now girl enough to have men smelling around.

Davis also remembered what Dana had joked about with the Health class. “The “slippery slope” of male attention. First the attention and the next thing a girl knows, she’s knocked-up. The next thing a girly-boy will know is sticky male seed has stained your best dress.”



The idea of going out with Dana Roberts had seemed so scary yet so exciting -- like a dream come true -- the kind of thing he'd write about in a letter to his Aunt.

Davis had emerged from evening and the crush of men looking a little wrinkled and rattled, but had somehow survived. Dana Roberts was nearly all woman, and Davis was just learning. The idea of going out with Dana Roberts had seemed so scary yet so exciting -- like a dream come true -- the kind of thing he'd write about in a letter to his Aunt.

His Aunt had always encouraged him, saying he could do anything a woman could.... Now that it was actually happening.

The next day, during class, Mrs. Roberts revealed a tired but glowing, jubilant woman. Dana's outfit was perfect. The dangly diamond earrings he wore were the real thing -- as was the diamond and gold wedding ring. The silk blouse and tight leather skirt Dana wore looked like they were very expensive designer fashions.

Dana seemed to be in total feminine bliss. Davis could only guess that Fred had hauled her ashes good for flirting with the men in the bar.

Davis tried to imagine what that might be like. It was a disturbing but mesmerizing notion. It was one thing to parade around in pretty dresses and prance around in high heels, even to go out and tease a few men...but Dana went home to a husband, bed and lust.

Davis couldn't help but imagine positions and what Dana might feel afterwards. Dana would receive her husband like a good wife.

Fred obviously loved looking right into Dana's swooning eyes at that very moment that he was impregnating his "special" wife. Like zillions of females before....

After class, Dana chatted with Davis. "So, young lady. Did you like Bud?"

"He's good looking, but maybe a little old for me."

"Yeah, maybe too rich too. You'll get used to the men," Dana said, rummaging in his purse, and pulling out a tortoiseshell hairbrush. "Don't ever forget, men are the real reason why we want to be girls. We are trying to NOT be LIKE them...."

"It was sort of fun to see men salivating, and not wanting to beat me up," Davis giggled.

"Men are quite awful until you get used to them. It would feel strange to me now to not have a husband and guys drooling at me in the supermarket. Once upon a time I also avoided all boys."

"You might as well love to wear a dress," the teacher told the boys, "because there's a good chance you will be wearing one for a long, long time."



Georgie was a second year student. He knew how to turn it on and how to turn it off. There were times one did not want male attention....

Dana moistened his lips and frowned slightly, the faint lines in his forehead deepening for a moment. "I'll miss the attention when I get old," he said softly, almost as if she didn't want Davis to hear. "Hey, lets do it again. But I want you to go see the Hypnotherapist."

Nearly all the boys before attending the SFFA had spent time in dresses, most began with an innate insecurity about being female. For most it persisted and needed a little help to go away.

Davis went to see the Hypnotherapist as Dana suggested. Dr. Stevens was a beautiful lady, who had also graduated from SFFA.

"I understand the problem. You have never had a good relationship with a male. We use hypnosis to help you through the innate fear of men. Most of the boys are very timid and scared that they will be made fun of, hurt or be too much like a boy. We reprogram your subconscious mind to control relaxation, facial expressions, and hand and arm movements. We turn apprehension into enjoyment."

The doctor went on, "Since your breasts are the first thing you see when you wake-up and the last thing you see when you go to bed, we could use them as the 'programming' clue in your mind. Or panties work well. We will be

building mental expectations of men being nice to you via very specific visualization and confirmation techniques. Any questions?”

Davis asked the doctor, “Do you have any regrets about becoming so feminine?”

“Not when I’m wrapped around my husband,” the doctor said matter-of-factly. “Shall we begin?”

BECOMING SOCIAL....

Getting ready to go out with Dana, Davis pulled out his favorite soft, silky panties with lace on the sides. His Aunt had sent them to him and the doctor could have used lacy panties like those as his “relaxation” trigger. The idea of wearing that pair seemed to weave excitement into dressing. The docile feeling of fabric overwhelmed his senses. Of course, under a dress, everyone, every man and woman would know he was wearing panties.

Davis felt himself relax. There was nothing to hide or be ashamed of. The panties were quite pretty. He almost wished he could show them to someone. And he loved the dress he’d be wearing.

Davis would be wearing a pretty navy blue, spun silk, fitted evening dress. It was very light and airy and the silky little dress was hemmed ladylike to just above his knees so when he sat, a lot his nyloned legs were exposed. If he moved, he could make the frilly hem of his snow-

white full slip show at the hem of his frail dress. Everything was laid out for the evening. A matching, navy blue purse, thin sleek nylons, and Navy blue high-heeled pumps.

As Davis was in the process of putting on his dress, another flash hit him. He was standing there in front of his closet his white silky nylon full slip with matching lace-trimmed panties showing through.

The thought hit him (when he was six) of how much he resembled his mother -- a typical, young, dress-wearing wife getting dressed for church on Sunday.

One of her husbands had been a Preacher who Davis was sure was impressed by his mother's prettiest dresses on Sunday.

Davis could only wonder if this was the way he was headed. Was this going to be his life someday -- as a traditional, dress-wearing wife?

"My husband has a meeting. He and Bud will meet us after dinner," Dana said, when picking Davis up at school. "We can talk about girly things before they get there."

Talking one-on-one to someone who knew everything about his secrets wasn't easy for Davis -- even if it was with Dana whom he completely confided in -- or with Montana who was going through the same transition.



The thought hit Davis of how much he resembled his mother -- a typical, young, dress-wearing wife getting dressed for church on Sunday.

But it was really something else to be escorted by a *man* that knew. Everything! Like Dana's husband's friend Bud whom Davis was about to meet with again -- as friends.

Another attack of shyness and apprehension overcame Davis. Dana pointed a well-manicured finger toward a complex of modern white buildings leading down to the bay. "We're going to meet the boys later down at a little place on the wharf. Before then, I know just the place to have a little din-din. They have a really nice little piano bar band where we can dance. There are always nice men there."

"Dance with other men?"

"Look, honey," Dana added. "You know how to dance, dear. You have been learning it in dance classes at school as part of your high heel training. Most men can't dance worth a hoot anyhow so all you will have to do is wiggle around to the music. If some man asks you to dance, take their hand and go dance."

"Okay, but dance with other men? You're married and I'm.... Bud will think I'm a floozy."

"He'll think you are popular. And you aren't married, besides all men like to know their gals are attractive to other men. Just relax, let your hair down, keep your skirt down and just enjoy being a girl. Don't let those pretty panties show!"

Dana giggled and relaxed. He felt lovely. He'd write that in his next letter to his Aunty.

He knew that she was spending a good amount of money for his tuition, clothes and room and board at the school. It was important to let her know about the positive outcomes of all of this.

Dana asked softly, "So you have never had a boyfriend?"

Davis was momentarily taken back. Davis shook his head. "I was into the clothes, makeup, even doing housework more than thinking about boys. What got you into dresses?"

Dana Roberts with a smile, said, "Like a lot of the boys, I just loved doing girl things. I started learning what girls do and my mother helped me create a wardrobe, grow my hair and at fifteen, I even started taking birth control pills. They were nothing like the hormones we have at SFFA but they did the trick! The waistlines of my boy's jeans became inches too big -- and the hips were so tight that I could hardly get them on. By the time I was seventeen, I was wearing women's jeans with a wider hipline and more room in the bottom. Most people didn't know if I was a boy or a girl...that was when I was trying to be a boy."

"Birth control pills?"

"Guess they worked. By the time I was eighteen and out of high school, no girl was going to get pregnant from me. My maleness had become shriveled to near nothingness and I suddenly needed a brassiere. I was permanently and irreversibly emasculated beyond any point

of return? After that, the boys all wanted to be my friend!" Dana laughed.

Davis watched as Dana added, "I can't say it's all Utopia. Sometimes I wonder what being a boy again would be like...I even have a pair of boy clothes for when the fancy strikes me. But once you get these..." he motioned to his chest, "being a boy again is nearly impossible."

Davis watched Dana's absolute ladylike movements. His body instinctively sought a feminine pose from the way he tilted his head, to the way he held his arms. "The exciting part is seeing the world with a female vision," Dana added."

For the first time in his life he was about to walk into a bar where there were real men and not just boys -- men who would expect Davis to respond to them as a young lady.

Davis closed his eyes and opened them again, and gave himself a little pinch. He wasn't dreaming, this was real. This was the major league.

"What's the matter, Davis? Did you put your panties on backwards this morning?" Dana's joke interrupted Davis's trance. He laughed in confusion and blushingly looked into his friend's face.

"Oh, my, it's just so exciting to be at the very beginning of something I've always dreamed of doing."

Dana's face lit with comprehension and gave Davis' hand a squeeze and guided him toward the restaurant door. "Young lady, it's certainly just a beginning."

Davis could hardly remember even going back to the dorm that night in Dana's car. He was in total feminine bliss. He vaguely remembered passing by a mirror on the dance floor that he used to check that his slip wasn't showing. He saw the lace hem of his own white slip underneath his navy blue dress -- a sight that any woman would see and a sight that only reminded him of a wonderful evening in a dress and slip and panties.

When he got back to his dorm room, he didn't even remember taking off his dress -- and when he awoke the next morning found that he didn't even bother to put on his nightgown for sleep. He slept in his full slip, which when he woke-up was bunched to his waist under the sheets. His hand immediately went to his lace panties and he felt his panty vee secure in the nothingness except a girlish mons-type mound.

SCHOOL IS OUT....

Finally it was June and the end of the school year. Students spent the last days packing their things and cleaning their rooms in order to go back home for the summer. Most all of them

would be spending the summer in skirts; many with their mothers, or aunts, or grandmothers.

Families started arriving to pick-up the students and take them home for the summer. Davis saw how the women in the families seemed to always be in charge and how the men, if they were there, usually just tagged along and didn't say anything. In most cases, the girly-boy in their family would be returning in September for his second year at the Academy and in a lot of cases in Special Courses in the Advanced Programs where they would all become hopeless and over-the-top and irreversible femmes. Some, who already had boyfriends, would even go home to get married over the summer and become wives without a second year of schooling. But they were only a select few as the school always encouraged at least two years of training.

Some of the boy-girls would spend the summer in female oriented summer jobs -- such as being a hotel maid (for those girly-boys who were specializing in maid's training at the school) -- or as a waitress in a restaurant or as a secretary (for the office management students) -- or as a beauty salon worker and shampoo girl for those girly-boys in the beautician school. But most of them just went back home to their neighborhoods to spend another summer in dresses.



The Senior boys were allowed to wear anything they wanted. Jeans were okay because they could only think like girls by that point in their training.

Davis could see them out in front of the school, waiting for a taxi, a car or a limo to take them home. All were in pretty dresses or skirts and all looked totally different than when they started school eight to nine months ago. Only seniors were allowed to ever wear pants.

Most could hardly be recognized by their own families as they now all had budding, if not totally developed breasts and ample girlish bottoms. Their mannerisms were now completely ladylike from all the drilling they went through that year. Where they once wore jeans, tennis shoes, carried a knapsack, and had scruffy hair, they now went back home wearing a skirt, nylons and heels and carrying a purse -- and with a well coiffed feminine hairdo and with full makeup and perfect lipstick.

And Davis was one of them. Girlie in nearly everyway from long nails, playfully twirling strands of hair, giggling at boys, lightly bouncing with delight when their family arrived.

Their movements and comportment were fluid and passive with flared out arm movements and swaying their hips.

Davis saw one of the girlie-boys being picked-up in a Cadillac being driven by the family father. The boy was wearing a full skirted, navy blue with white polka-dotted polyester shirtdress and black patent high-heeled city sandals. His makeup was well done and he was all perfumed and polished and primped. When

he bent forward to put his suitcases in the trunk, while standing next to his mother, a little puff of wind billowed their skirts in back and revealed the lace hemmed white slips they were both wearing under their dresses. Mother and son showing off their soft, fleshy tushies.

The father just sat there quietly and passive in seeming defeat as the mother seemed to cluck in total approval at the glimpse of her son's figure and pretty dress. Since Davis knew this boy was on his same hormone cycle, so there might be a discussion with his mother about pads vs. pant liners.

The conversation would show his mother that the money for the school was not wasted. Even if he didn't need them, it would show his mother a new inner confidence.

In touch with his feminine side, it was just another boy who would be spending summer at home in dresses and working in the kitchen and doing sewing and embroidery -- and doing laundry and ironing like any good wife in training -- and while his body continued to fill out to the femme and his hair grew out and his nails got longer.

One Nancy-boy even had a man come for him in a Chevy. The girly-boy got into the front seat next to him after they put the suitcases into the trunk. They kissed when the girl-boy sat right next to him and Davis saw how the man put his hand on the Nancy-boy's stockinged knee

causing his skirt to rise a bit and reveal a sleek dark cinnamon colored stocking top and a shiny white garter tab. Perhaps the man driving was a boyfriend, or a fiancé. But, nonetheless, it was yet another girly-boy that wouldn't be wearing any pants that summer.

Davis didn't see Montana leave that June day. Montana said he was traveling back home by train and would just be catching a cab to the train station. Davis just saw Montana dressed for the train trip and ready to go in his navy blue A-line skirt and peach colored nylon blouse and mid-heeled navy blue comfort pumps -- with his bra and slip straps showing through the thin blouse -- and most likely wearing his open-bottomed girdle, panties and nylons under his skirt -- and of course carrying his matching purse.

The next thing Davis knew Montana had gone, with some doubt about coming back for the second year at the Academy. Only time would tell. All Davis knew was that Montana told him he had a summer secretarial job with an insurance company in his hometown -- which only meant that Montana would be spending his summer in high heels and a skirt -- and a summer wearing nylons and a girdle.

When Aunt Jenny arrived, Davis was dressed in a nice knee length skirt, hose and his

highest heels. He was also wearing a very pretty and sexy, thin filmy blouse that his Aunt had sent him. He wore a lacy pushup bra he had gotten just for that blouse that made him look rather busty in a tasteful way.

When Aunt Jenny saw him, she swooned. Davis didn't look any like the same boy she had dropped off for school that past September.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed. "I expected you to be different but not *this* different. You don't look anything like my nephew anymore. You look like a young niece now. Ooooh, and I just love your pretty top, honey. It makes you look mature, so womanly and HOT."

"Thank you Aunty, it's perfect for traveling. I knew I would need something comfortable and loose and airy to wear in the car."

"Are you ready for a summer at the beach?" she asked, looking down at his pert bosom.

Davis had started to see some surprising results in the last month. His breasts started to get firmer, then a bit rounder. He noticed his bras felt somewhat tighter but they were still were smallish and sort of pointy.

Davis blushed, "I don't think I will be going topless on the beach ever again."

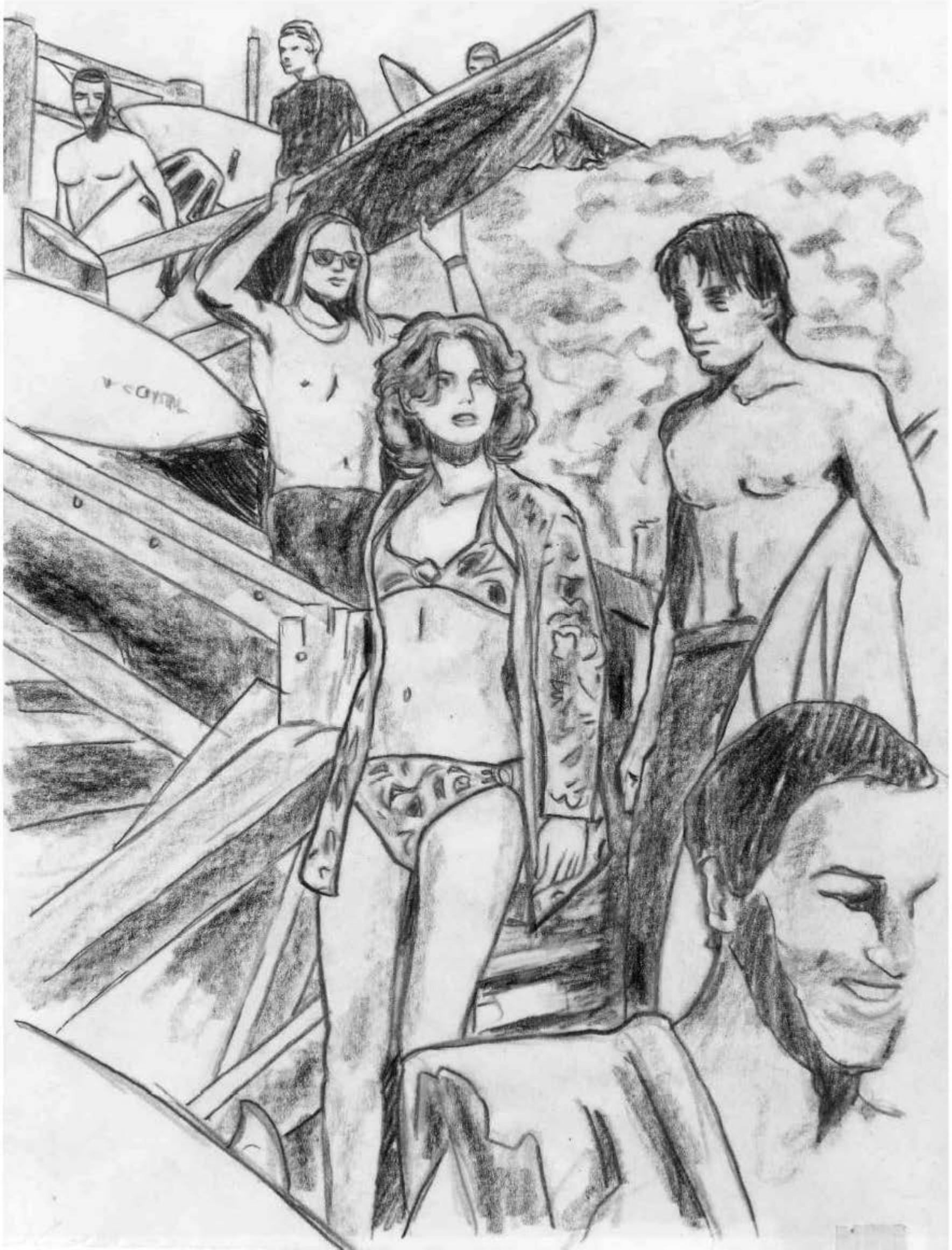
His Aunty laughed, "Good, because I bought you a couple bikinis to get you started. I know how much you used to love the beach and surfing."

As Davis and his Aunty pulled away from the school, Davis put down his purse and fiddled with the hem of his dress. He again felt the sleekness of his nylons as he sat in the car seat ladylike and with his knees together. He felt the slick slipperiness of his pantied rump against his nylon slip as he move his bottom in the car seat and he felt the lace hem of his slip under his thin dress where it crossed his stockinged thighs.

Would he be back at the school for another year of finishing and refinement? He didn't know for sure. He was taking life one day at a time. All he knew was that he *liked* his pretty dresses and slips and panties and his new brassieres that now cupped his real breasts. He looked down once again at the hem of his frail, floral print dress where it crossed his nylon stockinged thighs. He tasted his own lipstick and caught the scent of his own sweet perfume. And he felt the nothingness between his legs -- inside the gusset of his silken lace-trimmed sissy panties. "*I like being a girl,*" he thought to himself. "*No, I absolutely love it!*"

THE END

www.sthomas.com



WANT 'YEAR TWO'?

Write to me:

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sthomas.com

To be added to our confidential mailing list, write:

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P. O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

**ARE YOU
A
WRITER?**

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309



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

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

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

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.