

EMPATHY TV FICTION

TV VACATION



*Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil
into more than a little trouble...
it gets them forced into DRESSES!*

VOLUME 3

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

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EMPATHY

TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME 3

Vacation Transvestites



Spying on a slumber party got Tom and Phil into more than just a little trouble; it got them into dresses!

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VACATION TV

Revised edition by Sandy Thomas

Illustrated by Gabi

The last piece of luggage was finally loaded into the car. "Now if there are any problems, be sure and call one of the neighbors," Mrs. Potter told her daughter for what must have been the hundredth time.

"Don't worry, Mom, I will. You and Dad just have a nice vacation and don't worry about Tom and I. We're old enough to take care of ourselves," she said confidently.

"I suppose that you're right," her mother agreed. "It just seems so strange to be going on a vacation without you two along with us."

"I think it's about time you two have some time by yourselves. Besides, Tom and I want to go to summer school."

"We'd better get going if we're going to miss the traffic," her husband said.

"Okay, dear. Goodbye, Becky, and make sure that Tom behaves himself, will you."

"Everything will be fine, mom. Have a good time you two," she called as the car pulled away from the curb and headed down the street.

She walked into the house and went immediately for the phone. "Hello, Janet? Listen, my folks just left for their vacation and I want to have a slumber party tonight. Can you call up some of the other girls? Great! Tell them to be here around eight. Thanks."

Half an hour later, she had notified all of her best friends about the get together that evening. "There's no harm in a little slumber party," she told herself. "What could possibly happen that I couldn't handle?"

As she was cleaning up the house for the upcoming party, Tom came home from the ballpark. "Can you go to the store for me, Tom?" she asked sweetly.

"Why?" he countered.



Tom, Phil & Becky posing for an after school picture.

"I need some things and I don't have the time to go and get them myself," she answered with a touch of annoyance.

"Mom left us plenty of food. What kind of stuff do you want?" he questioned. She hesitated a moment and he said, "You're having a party aren't you!" he shouted. "Dad and Mom are only gone an hour and already you going to have a party!"

"Who told you," she shouted back.

"I guessed! I come home and find you cleaning up the house, and then you ask me to go to the store. What else could it be?"

"Okay, you're right, it she replied, trying to calm herself. "I've invited a few of the girls over for a slumber party. What can it hurt? My friends are old enough to take care of themselves without an adult hovering over their heads."

"Then I'm going to have a party while Mom and Dad are gone too!" he proclaimed.

She took a deep breath while she tried to calm herself. "Let him think what he wants," she told herself. "But right now get him to go to the store." She looked him straight in the eye. "Okay, little brother, we'll think about a day for your party. But right now, I've got to get mine together. Are you going to help me or not?"

Sensing her changed attitude he agreed to go to the store for her and pick up the sodas and snacks. She heaved a sigh as she watched him walk out the back door. "I was afraid he would act up like this while Mom and Dad were gone," she mumbled.

When he returned, she noticed a curious glint in his eye. "What's up?" she asked.

"I'm going to spend the night over at Phil's house," he stated. Phil was his friend from across town.

"Perfect!" she thought. "I didn't even have to ask him to leave."

"That's fine," she said. "My friends will be here around eight and I would appreciate it if you were gone by then."

He marched up the stairs to his room while she unpacked the groceries and put the drinks in the refrigerator to cool. Moments later he reappeared with his small suitcase in his hand. "See you tomorrow," she said.

“Yeah. See you later,” he replied with that same glint in his eye. She paid no attention to his cocky attitude. There was no way he was going to ruin her evening by getting her angry before her friends arrived!

A few minutes before eight the doorbell rang, “Come in,” she offered as several of her friends entered.

“Hi, Becky! It's really great of YOU to invite us over,” Janet, one of her closest friends said.

“I just couldn't wait for my folks to leave so we could get together,” Becky replied excitedly.

As the time passed, more and more girls arrived for the slumber party. “Where's your brother?” Chris finally asked.

“Lucky for us he decided to spend the night at a friend's house,” Becky replied. “We've got the whole place to ourselves!”

The party continued joyfully into the night and at last the girls decided that they should get ready for bed. Moments later the rooms of the house were filled with young women in various stages of undress. They giggled and laughed as they donned their nightgowns until one of the girls gave out a loud, “Shhhhhhhhhh!”

“What's the matter?” Becky whispered.

“I think there are burglars upstairs,” the girl whispered back.

“Okay, girls, on the count of three, let's rush up the stairs,” Becky commanded her troops.

On the count, the crowd of young women ran full speed up the carpeted staircase as two figures turned and fled into one of the upstairs rooms. “In there,” one of the girls shouted as they continued the assault.

As they burst into the room, two young men were scrambling for an open window where an extension ladder stood. In a flash, the girls had wrestled them to the ground as Becky switched on the lights.

“Well, what have we here?” she said slowly.

“Let me up!” Tom shouted fiercely.

Both he and his accomplice were struggling against the girls who were determined to hold them down. It soon became

obvious to the men that there was no way that they could break free so they stopped struggling and attempted to threaten the girls into letting them go.

"Listen, little brother," his sister said through clenched teeth, "you had better shut your mouth. You and your friend are in no position to threaten anyone right now."

The women talked angrily, as they realized that the boys had been sitting up at the top of the stairs watching them get undressed and ready for bed.

"What shall we do, girls," Becky questioned.

Again a rumble of conversation went through the group as they discussed the choices. "You had better let us up or you'll be sorry!" Tom shouted.

"I'm sorry, girls, but my parents won't be back for weeks. If they were here right now, I'd have my father take care of that little twerp in a second," Becky apologized.

Tom continued to shout threats as the girls became more and more annoyed. Finally one of the girls grabbed a tube of dark red lipstick from the top of the dresser and smeared it all over Tom's lips. The girls burst out in cries of laughter as they looked at the red-lipped boy lying helplessly on the floor complaining.

"That's it!" Jean shouted.

"What?" Becky countered.

"Since these boys wanted to come to the slumber party so badly, why don't we just invite them?"

"Are you crazy?" Becky cried.

"You don't understand," Jean said. "I'm not talking about inviting these two guys. I'm talking about inviting two more girls!"

Suddenly the rest of the girls understood what their friend was trying to say. "I think it's a great idea," Chris said as she pinched Tom's cheek.

"Yes, why should we let them to leave just because they forgot their nighties!!!" Sherril agreed.

As the shouts of glee rose, so did the whining of the trapped males. Becky stepped in front of her captured brother. "You wanted a party! Well, now you're going to get one."

“Let's go girls,” she shouted.

Some of the girls ran downstairs to grab some clothing while others stayed behind to tend to the captives. “I want Tom to wear my nightgown,” one said.

“Mine will fit Phil,” cried another.

Minutes later, the girls had tied the boys' hands and feet with pairs of nylons and were dragging them down the stairs. The guys were grunting and complaining constantly as the girls were not making any attempts at being gentle.

Working with one male at a time, they soon had them standing stark naked in the middle of the living room. Both boys were blushing darkly as the girls harassed them. “You call yourself a man, Phil? You must be ashamed around the locker room at school!” they jeered.

“I thought that Becky had a younger brother, not someone who hadn't decided yet!” one of the girls shouted at the embarrassed youth.

“Time to get dressed for bed,” Becky declared.

“Yes, we don't want our little friends to catch a cold,” Jean stated.

The girls untied the boys' hands and guarded them while they prepared to drop the sheer nightgowns over their heads. “Wait a minute!” Carla ordered. “I've never seen girls their age that hadn't started developing a bust line.”

Shouts of agreement went up as two of the girls ran to get their bras. The boys cowered in shame as the female undergarments were strapped around them and the cups packed with soft waded up pairs of underwear. Then one by one, their legs were untied so that the giggly girls could tug a pair of lacy bikini panties up their limbs.

Time after time, the boys shot embarrassed glances at each other as they stood before their tormentors completely helpless to defend themselves. At last the nightgowns were dropped over their newly acquired feminine figures. “My, aren't they cute,” Sherril said as she squeezed Tom's left breast.

“They sure are,” Janet agreed as she ran her hands through Phil's hair.

"Hey!" Chris shouted. "They can't go to bed without setting their hair!" The boys squirmed for freedom as the women ran for their overnight bags full of equipment.

Minutes later, the two boys were seated while the group of girls combed and curled their long male locks. The teasing had been so hard on them that they merely sat in silence while the girls went about their work. Finally the women were satisfied with the results and they carried the guys over to the spot on the floor where they would spend the night.

"Sweet dreams, girls," Becky said to them as they lay helplessly on the carpeted floor. Before the other girls went to bed they took turns posing with the boy/girls for photos. When Phil protested, Janet placed a firm hand on his chin and proceeded to put bright pink lipstick on his lips.

"That's my girl," she proclaimed as she turned and posed for a picture with him.

At last the laughter died down and the girls climbed into their sleeping bags for the night. With no blankets or pillows to comfort them, the two prisoners spent a restless night as the nylons cut into their hands and feet and the curlers burrowed into their heads.

As the sun came up in the morning, the boys whispered to each other. "If we just keep quiet, they will probably let us go," Tom offered.

"Yeah, I hope you're right. I'd hate for my friends to see those pictures though. We'll have to try and get them back," Phil said.

"Don't worry. We will," Tom stated with a note of determination in his voice.

The women around them began to stir so they decided to just lay still. "Good morning, girls," Becky called as she came down the stairs. "Did you all have a good night's sleep?"

"Yes," several girls replied.

"And how are our two new friends?" she asked as she approached Tom and Phil.

"Fine," they both mumbled.

"Girls, I'd like to see all of you in the kitchen when you're up," she ordered as she left the room.

Tom and Phil watched as each girl rolled up her sleeping bag and headed for the bathroom. Minutes later the place was full of attractive young women. "Boy some of them sure look good," Phil said as he let out a low whistle.

"Yeah, that trip to the bathroom in the morning sure makes a difference," Tom agreed.

"What are they talking about in the kitchen do you think? Phil inquired.

"I don't know, buddy. I just hope that it doesn't have anything to do with us," Tom answered in a worried tone.

About a half an hour later, the crowd returned to the living room. They surrounded their prisoners as Becky took the floor. "Well, boys, we've come to a decision." Tom glanced at Phil as a shudder ran down his spine. "We realize that you two snuck in last night so that you could watch us getting dressed for bed. I think that it was pretty clever of you, Tom, to offer to stay over at Phil's house so that you could come back later on. But what wasn't clever was that both of you got caught. Now some of the girls think that the two of you have been punished enough and that we should let you go."

Tom looked at Phil and smiled but she went on, "But most of us are tired of being gawked at by silly little boys and we feel that no punishment would be too harsh." Phil heaved a sigh that was audible throughout the entire room. "So we have decided that since you two want to look at girls so much, you are going to BE girls until Mom and Dad get back."

Tom and Phil panicked. "You can't do that!" Tom yelled. "Untie me this instant!"

Becky glared at her younger brother. "Don't be difficult with us now, Tony. I'd hate to see one of the girls get angry and cut your little peewee off!" Tom cringed at the laughter in the room. Becky collected the boys' clothing and proceeded to lock it in Tom's room.

"Give me that key back," Tom demanded as she removed his room key from his key chain.

"Nothing doing, sister. Besides, you won't be needing anything from that room from now on anyway."

"Time to get to work, girls. Let's take Tom first," Janet ordered.

Four of them drug the struggling youth into the bathroom that he and Phil had been watching just a short time ago. As Phil listened and watched, the women began their work. They removed the binding nylons from his wrists and as two girls held his arms up, another proceeded to shave his underarms with an electric razor. Tom whined and complained so much that they ended up putting a gag on him while they shaved his legs.

"Oh, your legs look so cute without all of that nasty hair on them," Janet said as she pinched his cheeks.

Holding him steady, they quickly painted his nails with dark red nail polish. Tying his hands again, they untied his feet and pulled a pair of tan pantyhose up his legs and over the lacy panties that he had worn to bed. A couple of the girls had returned home to pick up some things and now they entered the bathroom.

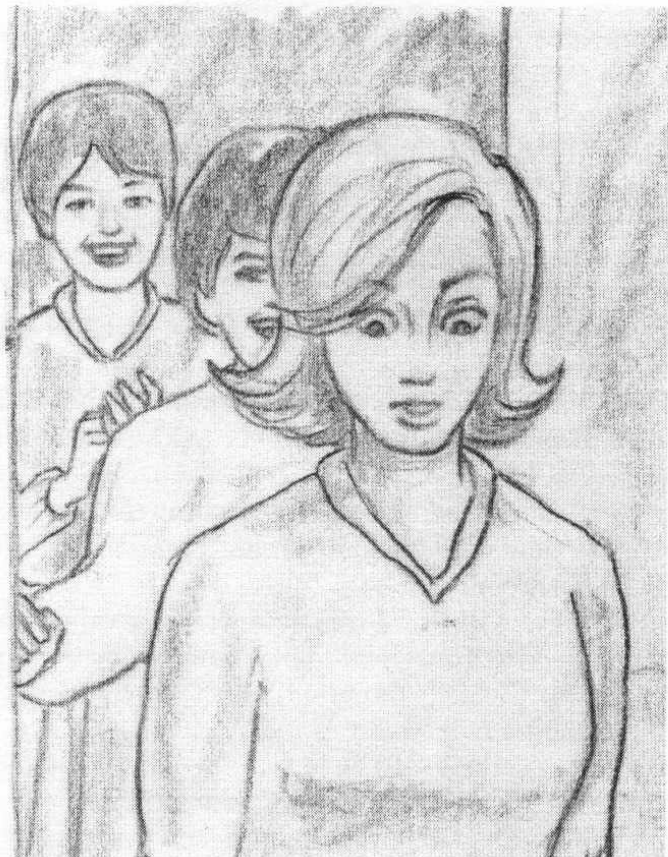
"I think these will fit," Joyce said as she strapped a pair of her high heels onto Tom's feet. They stood him up and untied his arms again. "Becky," Janet called, "Can you come in here and help us choose a dress for Tony?"

Becky came quickly. "I'd love to," she said with a smile. "I think this pink one will do just fine," she pointed.

Tom grimaced as the pretty pink dress was placed on him and zipped up. It had lacy cuffs and a wide lacy collar. When he stood up he realized that it only fell about half way to his knees, there was no way he was going to hide his shaved legs beneath the skirt of this dress!

"Sit down," Janet ordered. As he did, she began to pluck his eyebrows much to his horror. She plucked and plucked them until they were shaped to her liking, and the difference would be obvious to anyone that saw him. The poor boy just sat in stunned silence. He had no idea that the girls were going to take this whole thing so seriously. How could his sister do this to him?

As he sat in defeat, one of the other girls began to apply his makeup. She started off by dusting his eyelids with soft blue shadow. Then she used a light gray shadow and spread it evenly up to the bottom of his newly shaped eyebrows.



“Look at him,” one girl squealed. “He’s beautiful!”

A line of eyeliner in a light brown and some mascara and his eyes were finished. The girl decided to not use face makeup and brushed his cheeks with powdered blusher.

As she skillfully applied lipstick to his mouth, another girl began to take the rollers out of his hair. In no time his hair was combed out and teased and fluffed into a cute feminine hairstyle.

“Stand up,” Janet commanded him. The young boy in a dress stood up and turned to face the mirror. For a moment he just stood stunned with the vision that met his gaze. “It can’t be,” he stammered.

“Oh but it is,” Janet purred as she placed her arms around his waist and led him into the living room where the other girls stood waiting to see the results of their efforts.

"Look at him," one girl squealed.

"He's beautiful," cried another.

"Hello, little sister," Becky said triumphantly.

The girls surrounded him and continued to marvel at the transformation they had affected. "Is that really you, Tom?" Phil questioned with a worried note in his voice. "I can't believe it."

"Yes, it's me, Phil. They shaved my legs and plucked my eyes..."

"Please do not let them do it to me," Phil cried. "Please, girls, don't make me dress up like that... I'm sorry. I won't do it again..."

"Shut up, sissy," Becky commanded. "You've got yourself into this. Besides, I just can't wait to see that long hair of yours in pretty curls!"

"Yes! And he has such long eyelashes too!" Janet added. With that they drug the crying youth into the bathroom for his turn.

Tom sat on the sofa guarded by a surrounding horde of girls while his companion went through the same process that his present appearance was the result of. He heard the sound of the razor and the moans of pain as the girls plucked Phil's eyebrows. Tom figured that it wouldn't show as much on Phil because he was blond, and his eyebrows were light. But just the same it would be a real humiliation for his friend just as it had been for Tom.

While the girls worked on Phil, Tom spent his time posing for pictures with the other girls. They ordered him to pose in a number of sexy positions while flash bulb after flash bulb lit the room.

Finally the girls brought Phil, or Phyllis as they called him, back into the living room. Tom could not believe his eyes. If he did not know for sure that his friend had gone into that room with the girls, he would not believe what he now saw. Phil's hair was puffed to perfection and framed his perfect, well made up face excellently. Tom found it hard to believe that his friend's facial features could change so much with the

application of some makeup! His eyes were wide with long luscious lashes that fluttered each time he blinked.

Tom was so caught up in looking at his friend, he didn't even notice the frantic looks that Phil was giving him. Tom turned his attention to Phil's outfit. He was wearing a separate blouse and skirt and his freshly shaved legs were perched on a pair of brown open toed shoes. His nails were done in bright pink and matched the color of his glossy lips.

"Aren't our two new girlfriends gorgeous!" Becky asked.

The room was filled with the sound of girls laughing and shouting gleefully in agreement. They took roll after roll of pictures of Phil, and then some shots of the two captives together. "Open your mouth, Tony."

"Yeah, give us a sexy look, honey!"

"Come on, Phyllis, show us those great legs of yours."

They put the boys through pose after pose until at last they tired of picture taking. "Be sure and get plenty of prints for everyone," Janet told the photographers as Tom and Phil groaned in horror. What if their friends found out about this!

"What shall we do now?" Becky inquired.

"I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm hungry," Sherri] said.

"Great! Let's take the new girls out to lunch."

"That's a wonderful idea," the girls agreed.

"No way!" Tom shouted. "There is no way that I am going outside dressed like this!"

"Now come on, Tony. Surely it can't be because of the clothes. Are you going to insult these girls who were nice enough to loan you some of their clothing? I think that they look very nice on you!" Becky jeered.

"I don't care who gets insulted! I am not going out like this!" he continued.

"Okay, Tony, have it your way. I guess I will just have to give the pictures to the school newspaper. That way everybody in the school will get to see what you do when you are at home!" she said with a little laugh.

Tom looked at Phil for support and then realized once more that he could not possibly get support from his friend who was sitting looking like a high school girl waiting to be



picked up for the dance. With a slump of the shoulders he sat down.

"Well, it looks like we've got some friends for lunch," Becky chimed.

Some of the girls had to go home and picked up their things to leave. "Bye, girls, it sure has been fun!" they called as they were leaving.

"Bring the girls over to our houses if you have the time. Maybe I can get my brother into a skirt today," one of them mused.

Tom covered his face in shame.

The moment had arrived. Surrounded by a troupe of neatly dressed girls, the two feminized boys walked outside. For a moment, Tom thought about running, but then he realized that he had nowhere to go! How could he ask a friend to let him in when he was dressed in nylons and a dress?

They all walked out to the cars and piled in. It took Phil a couple of tries to get his skirt under himself properly, but with the expert coaching of the

other girls, he and Tom were soon riding with their skirts straight and their legs crossed, just like a couple of nice girls should.

Tom had decided to try and keep his mouth shut in hopes that his sister would take pity on him and get him out of this

situation soon, but when she pulled into the parking lot of the local hangout, he cried out in helplessness, “Not here, Becky. You can't do this! Please, no!” he pleaded.

But his cries fell on deaf ears as his sister parked the car as far away from the restaurant as she could. “I want everyone around here to have the best chance they can get to take a look at our two new friends,” she explained to her girlfriends.

Tom and Phil sat in the back seat trying to melt into the upholstery! “Time to get out,” Becky informed them.

“No way!” Tom said defiantly.

“Okay, Tom, I'll give you two choices. One, you come in with us and take your chances on whether somebody recognizes you or not, or two, I'm going to go inside and tell everyone that you are out in the car in a dress and makeup and they can come on out and see you! It's your choice. If you make like a nice girl, maybe nobody will guess who you really are, but if you want to stay in the car, you can bet that my friends and I will have a great time leading people out here to see you and your sweet friend, Phyllis.”

Reluctant, Tom crawled out of the car followed by his skirted best friend. The trip across the parking lot to the restaurant was uneventful and Tom began to think that his sister was right. If he just kept quiet, he might get out of this thing with as little hassle as possible.

The girls crowded into a large booth and the two boy/girls quickly buried themselves behind a couple of the large menus. “Are you girls ready to order?” asked the waitress.

“Yes, we are. Go ahead, girls,” Becky responded.

One by one, the girls gave their orders until at last only the boys were left. “I'll have a hamburger and a coke,” Tom said in a high shrill voice that almost had the real girl's falling out of their chairs with laughter.

“What's so funny?” the waitress asked as the girls roared and the young girl blushed as if her cheeks were on fire. “Oh nothing,” Becky said quickly. “We just had a bet on what Tom would order.”

"I see," the waitress said. "By the way," she said to Tom and Phil, "Are you two girls new in town? I don't recall ever seeing you around the restaurant before."

Phil replied in his imitation of a girl's voice. "We are just in town to visit with some friends."

Tom added, "We're new..." not forcing his voice as much as he had the first time.

"Great. Well, I hope that you enjoy your visit in our town. The people here are pretty friendly, although some of the guys can be pretty weird at times."

The real girls at the table chuckled at her comment as Tom and Phil just nodded. "Are you two going to the dance tomorrow night?" the waitress asked before leaving to place the order.

"I don't think so..." Tom started to say as Becky cut in.

"Oh, of course, you two can go! I'll ask your parents and I'll tell them that you will be with me. I'm sure that they will let you go. I mean, after all, why shouldn't you enjoy yourselves?" she finished.

"Hope to see you there," the waitress returned as she strode away.

"Becky, what are you doing?" Tom demanded.

"Don't raise your voice, dear, or I'll take you straight from here to the jewelry store to have your ears pierced!" she stated in full control of the situation.

Quickly Tom looked around to see if anyone in the other booths had paid attention to the comment. With a sigh of relief, he noted that no one was paying any heed at all to what was going on in their booth.

"You had better remember who is in charge here," Janet said as she leaned in close to his beautifully made up face.

"The way you two look, I think that maybe we should keep you in skirts forever!" Sherril added.

Tom squirmed in his seat at the thought as Phil shuddered. "I think that the dance will do both of you some good," Becky continued. "It will give you a chance to see what it a like to be on the other end of those male stares we girls get."

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“And maybe you’ll even meet some nice guys!” Janet chimed as the girls chuckled.



Before they left the restaurant, the boys came up to say goodbye!

Tom was glad to leave the restaurant and get back to the relative safety of the rear seat of the car. Phil had stopped talking completely unless someone specifically asked him a question, and Tom almost admired his ability to do so. But still Tom found that his only outlet at this point was his complaining. What else could he do? His sister had locked his room and taken away the key so there was no way that he could get to his male clothing. He certainly couldn't run away in this dress, and there was no way that he would run away in the nude! He was at an age when he was trying so hard to establish his manhood and impress girls. Now he found himself surrounded by beautiful women who wanted to do nothing but shave his legs and put makeup on him!

As the day went on, he began to feel that he would never be able to live this down. How could he tell on his sister for what she was doing? Could he face his father and tell him that his sister had made a girl out of him? And if he kept quiet about it there were still dozens of photographs of him dressed like this that could be used against him at anytime. He wondered how Phil felt about all of this, and he became determined to find an opportunity to talk to his friend about it.

At last he found his chance. Becky drove to one of the girls' house to drop her off, and she invited all of them in for some iced tea. As soon as they walked in, Tom grabbed Phil by the arm and herded him into the bathroom.

"How cute!" a girl squealed. "They've gone into the powder room together!"

"What's going on?" Phil asked.

"I wanted to talk to you about this mess," Tom replied.

"I'm not worried about it anymore," his friend responded. "I've got to be home this evening and I don't think that your sister would go against my folks. They'll let me go as soon as I tell them that I've got to be home and I'll just change my clothes and beat it. As for you, I do not think that they plan on keeping this up much longer. That's why I've tried to keep quiet. They'll get tired of this game and let us go if we don't object! I figure it's all psychology. They needed to get back at us for what we did, so they did this. I don't like it any more

than you do, but I think that the more you complain the more they realize that they are getting to you. So I shut up!" his friend explained.

"You're probably right, buddy," Tom mumbled.

"I have been beefing steadily and they don't react by letting me go. I should have kept quiet too! I'll give it a try. It's lucky that you get to go home tonight. You can take a shower at my house so that you don't have to go home with all of that makeup on your face," he finished.

For the first time in awhile he took a good look at his friend. "I don't know how to tell you this, Phil...but you really took good!"

"What!" his buddy said with a start.

"I mean that you really do make a cute girl," Tom stammered as he realized the reaction of his friend to what he had said.

Phil looked at himself in the mirror. As Tom watched, his friend turned this way and that as he checked himself out from every possible angle. After a few minutes, he seemed to begin to shake. "Please don't say that, Tom," he replied in a troubled voice.

"I'm sorry, Phil...but..."

"Enough!" his buddy stopped him.

"What's the matter, Phil?" he asked.

"I do not know, Tom. I've been watching you all day as you walked around in those clothes, and I began to think the same thing! I can't wait to get out of this dress. I found myself glancing around to see if any guys were watching me, and after awhile I was disappointed if they weren't! I'm beginning to think that I'll be ruined if don't get out of these clothes. You know, you don't look so bad yourself. But is that any way for a couple of buddies to talk to each other? I mean...I've never had this much attention from girls in my life and I'm starting to enjoy it. Is this the way we are supposed to be thinking? They aren't looking at me as a guy that they would like to go out with! Right now, I'm just a mannequin for them to play with and dress up! But I have feeling that I'm not made out of plaster! It's natural for a couple of guys to sneak a peak at some legs while they undress. But it isn't natural for a couple

of teenage guys to parade around in nylons and bras checking to see if their lipstick is on straight."

Tom looked at his close buddy and let the well thought out words sink in to his head. Had he too been getting into the role of "girl" today more than he had thought that he would? He thought about his behavior. Had he altered his complaining to more of a girlish whine just to keep from being discovered? If so, why had he whined even when he was only around his captors? They already knew who he was so why had he attempted to conceal his identity? And what about his walk? He knew that he had been trying all day to watch the girls and emulate their every move. If he had planned on being released soon, why had he made such an effort to master those skills? He shot a knowing, worried glance at his buddy as they walked out of the restroom.

"You guys sure take your time powdering your little noses," Janet commented as they rejoined the group at the kitchen table.

The boys offered no explanation, but simply pulled their skirts under them and sat down to enjoy some iced tea. The girls made idle chatter and seemed to be paying no attention to their prisoners at all. Both Tom and Phil took that as a good sign, maybe the girls were tiring of this game after all!

"Time to go," Becky proclaimed.

The girls called out their goodbyes as they left. Some of them live close enough to walk home from Sherril's house and others were going to ride home in other cars. That left Becky's car less crowded and gave the boys some room to relax in the back seat at last.

Phil cleared his throat. "Ahem...excuse me, Becky."

"Yes, sweetie pie," she crooned.

"I've got to be home tonight because my parents are expecting me," he explained in the most humble tone of voice he could manage.

"What do you mean, honey? Aren't you having a good time with your new girlfriends?" she chuckled.

Phil glanced at Tom as he continued with his ace in the hole. "Well, you see I told them that they should expect me

home tonight. My mother would be worried if I didn't come home," he finished in a hopeful tone.

"So your mother would be worried eh," she remarked in a sarcastic tone.

Suddenly she swerved the car and turned down a familiar side street. "What are you doing," he asked frantically.

"What do you think I'm doing, baby? I'm going to straighten things out with your mother!" she practically shouted.

Panic struck Tom's friend as he sat helplessly in the back seat of the car. Moments later, Becky pulled the car up in front of Phil's house. Phil heaved a giant sigh of relief when she said "Everyone stay here," and she alone went up to the front door. Maybe he wouldn't be embarrassed in front of his family after all!

Becky would probably tell his mother that he wanted to spend another night at Tom's house and then come back out to the car. Maybe she was okay after all, he thought to himself. Becky disappeared into his home. It seemed like she was gone for a long time, maybe too long just to tell his mother that he would be welcome to spend another night!

Meanwhile, inside the house, Becky sat down with Phil's mother and explained the entire sequence of events to her. "You mean to tell me that your parents aren't home and my son and your brother lied to me?" she stated with dismay.

"That is right," Becky said calmly. "And they snuck in the house while you and your girlfriends were getting undressed for bed?" she continued.

"That's what happened, Ma'am," Becky continued.

"Well, you can be sure that he will be justly punished not only for lying to his parents, but for his unruly behavior!" she guaranteed.

"That's just the point," Becky cut in. "We girls have already taken steps to punish the boys."

"What do you mean?" the teenager's mother asked with real concern in her voice.

So Becky explained what they had done to pay the boys back for what they had done. The whole time, Phil's mother sat in rapt attention and seemed to linger on every word that

Becky had to say about the transformation and the day's activities. "I hope that you are not mad at us," the girl finished.

The boy's mother sat in silence for a few minutes and then at last spoke up. "You say that he is out in the car right now?"

"Yes, that's right," Becky told her. "Do you want me to go and get him?"

Again the women seemed to go over what Becky had told her in her head. "No," she replied at last, "I think that I would like to surprise him by going outside to see him!"

Becky did not know what to think about what was happening. Was this woman going to explode in anger at any moment? Would she tell Becky's parents about what she had done when they returned home? Unsure of the mother's motives, Becky turned and headed out the door.

"What did she say?" Phil asked immediately of Becky. "She wants me to come right home, doesn't she?" he finished authoritatively.

Becky merely glared at the boy who suddenly turned white as if a ghost had appeared before him. "Well, my little angel," his mother commented as she looked into the car window. "Please step out of the car, honey."

Phil was speechless as he realized that Becky had told his mother that he was out in the dressed like this and his mother appeared to be on her side! How could she do this to him her only child?

With shaky limbs he exited the car and stood before his mother with eyes downcast. Slowly his mother walked around her son in skirts. "My, my, my, aren't you the pretty one today!" she whistled.

Phil blushed even darker than the rouge that had been so generously applied to his cheeks. His mother seemed to be taking in every detail of his appearance before saying anything else. At last she again commented, "I have been informed of your behavior by this young lady, and I must say that I was shocked to hear about what you were up to. I realize that you are probably expecting me to get you out of this, but I shall not do so. From everything that I have heard, this is certainly a most just punishment," she stated flatly as

her son dropped his shoulders in despair and the girls smiled jubilantly at their victory.

“You are an absolute doll!” she squealed as she hugged him. “Where is the other new girl?” she asked Tom as Tom attempted to duck down in the car.

“Get out, Tony,” Becky commanded him.

Tom stood next to his friend. “Oh I can't believe that you two are the same sweaty boys that were over here last night after the ball game! You girls have done a marvelous job on their makeup!”

She moved some of the curls on top of Phil's head to suit her as he squirmed with embarrassment. “Wait a minute,” she called, suddenly running into the house. She returned minutes later with a bottle of perfume in her hands. “Here, dear,” she said, handing it to Phil. “I want you to wear my favorite perfume to the dance tomorrow night.”

That was it. Tom and Phil realized that she was not going to step in and get them out of the girls' plan. “Please, Mom,” Phil began.

“Now, honey you don't have to thank me. Sure that perfume cost a lot of money, but I want you to wear it for your first dance. Just imagine how the boys will stand in line to dance with you. And then it's ladies choice. You'll give them something to remember you by with this perfume! It has such a feminine fragrance. I'm sure you will love it,” she declared proudly.

Phil was shattered at the outcome of this visit home. His mother ran her fingers through his curled hair again and said goodbye to all of them as they piled back into the car. When the car had turned the corner, Tom noticed the tears streaming down his friend's cheeks. He patted him on his shaved and panty hosed leg in an attempt to reassure him, but in his own mind he did not know quite how to take things either.

Once they were back at Tom's house, Becky made dinner and Tom and Phil were ordered to serve it to the girls that were going to spend the night. At last the girls undressed the boys, washed their faces, and once again placed them in

nightgowns for the evening. Although their hands and feet were bound up, the girls did not put curlers into their hair. Neither Tom nor Phil wondered about it, they were just glad that they did not have to sleep on curlers that night. Maybe they could manage to get some sleep so that they could face whatever was in store for them the next day without coming unglued.

As the house lights went out, Tom mumbled, "Good night, Buddy," to his friend.

"Yeah, good night," Phil whispered back, trying to disguise the fact that he was crying again.

When morning finally came, the boys were rested up from the ordeal of the day before. Although they thought that they had managed to get up early, the women were already up and about. "Good morning, girls," Janet said with a smile.

The guys grinned a weak response as she untied their feet and helped them get up from the floor. This time, instead of working on him one at a time, each boy was taken to a separate bathroom. Tom downstairs and Phil upstairs.

Half an hour later, the two saw one another at the kitchen table. Although they blushed when they met, it was obvious to everyone in the room that they were looking one another over carefully to see what the girls had done today.

Once again, Tom could not believe his friend's appearance. The girls had done a beautiful job on him! For a moment, Tom's eyes were riveted on the lobes of Phil's ears as he watched the shiny silver earrings dangle and sway as his friend moved, his head. "Oh, Oh, girls, I think Tom is getting jealous!" Becky crooned.

Seconds later one of the girls clipped a pair of earrings onto Tom's ears as the girls applauded. "There, now! I hope you're happy," she chimed.

They all sat down and ate the breakfast that Becky had prepared, and then the boys were ordered to wash the dishes. As they did, they talked to each other about their plight, and the upcoming dance that they were apparently going to attend. "Maybe they will change their minds," Phil said with a note of hope in his voice.

"I don't know. It doesn't look good! Man how I wish my folks were home! I never thought that I would want them around to take care of me anymore, but look at me now!" Tom mumbled.

"I slept pretty well without those darn curlers," Phil offered.

"So did I. I guess they figured that our hair had stayed curled long enough and wouldn't need to be curled every night."

"Are you two girls finished with those dishes yet?" Janet demanded.

"Just about," Tom answered.

"Good. We've got to get going. Let me help you dry them," she offered. Both boys wondered what the hurry was all about.

"Okay, grab your purses and go out to the car!" Looks of fear crossed both of their faces as they did as she commanded.

The girls were happy and talkative as the car cruised along toward its unknown destination. At last it came to a stop in front of the beauty parlor where Sherril's mother works. "No, Becky, PLEASE!" the youths pleaded. But the women were immune to their cries as they led them into the extremely feminine interior of the shop. Becky talked to the women at the appointment desk. "Yes, I have the reservations here," she responded.

"Come right in, girls," she said looking at the boys with a broad grin on her face. Hanging their heads in shame, the two pretty boys followed her into the shop. All around them there were women in various stages of makeovers and hair styling. It seemed to them that everyone in the place could see through their disguises.

They were each placed into a chair and belted in with a "seat belt" that was usually used for small reluctant children. "Which one would you like?" Sherril's mother asked the woman that had met them at the desk.

"I think I'll take the blond," she responded.

"Fine with me. Hello, my name is Barbara. I'll be your stylist today."

"In that case, Barbara, I'd like to cancel my appointment and get out of here!" Tom replied with a hostile tone.

"My, my, aren't we in a bad mood today!" she said, taking his comments in stride. Casting a smile at Becky she said, "Since this dance a such a special occasion, I think that it calls for a special hairstyle, don't you?"

A look of worry crossed Tom's face as the girls surrounded him. Barbara fingered his longish hair. "Yes, I think that a permanent will be just the thing to bring out the natural beauty of your fine hair," she finally said as the youth squirmed like mad in the chair. Finally, amidst the giggles and jeers of the girls, he realized how hopeless his struggle was and slumped back into the chair.

Tom sat in complete silence as the smelly permanent wave solution was applied to his hair. He could not see over the divider to check on how his friend was doing, but he could not imagine that Phil was as bad off as he was.

Hours later, they were both unstrapped from the chairs and they walked toward the front of the shop. The girls pointed at them so that the shops regular customers would know whom they were and could make comments. Tom wanted to run from the place, but he knew that he had no place to go.

The salon makeup artist was called over and applied makeup to enhance the boy's feminine features and tone down the masculine. "No charge," the cashier told Becky.

"Why, thank you! You've all been so nice! I'm sure that the girls will become regular customers here after getting such nice treatment!"

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WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

In the car, amidst the laughter and pointing of the other riders, Tom finally looked at his friend, Phil. Shock! They had actually cut his hair! His buddy now had soft flowing bangs that further feminized his made up face. Phil's hair had been cut and trimmed into a girl's hairstyle. Not just combed that way, but cut!

Phil looked at Tom and saw the nicely curled hairstyle that he now possessed. For a moment he thought that his friend was wearing a wig, so perfect was the feminine styling job. Phil could tell by the "perm" smell in the car that his buddy would have his hair in that style for months to come.

Both of them leaned back in the seat as they tried to recover from the emotional strain of the morning. "Both of you are going to look just super at tonight's dance," Janet said cheerfully.

"They sure are! I love the way their hair came out, don't you girls?" Becky declared. The two of them cringed as a new round of touching and pointing ensued.

Becky gave some advice. "As girls at a dance, you are the centers of attention and the stars of the show. And as pretty girls, you decide what and who you want to dance with and enjoy!" The boys just moaned.

Evening came quickly and soon the boys were being padded and powdered by eager hands. Both of them had been stuffed into panty girdles "just in case" and one of the girls had loaned them real padded bras for the event.

At last the girls thought that they were ready and they were allowed to view themselves in the full-length mirror. An incredible silence fell over the room as the two boys in skirts looked at themselves. As looks of disbelief crossed their faces, as looks of pleasure crossed the faces of the girls in the room.

Tom shifted his feet uncomfortably as he struggled with the strain being held back by the girdle he wore. Why was he getting those feelings now? But one glance at his friend told him that he was not alone in his predicament.



One of the girls took a picture of Tom, Phil and Becky after the makeover.

They had decided not to make a big scene on the way to the dance. The plan was that they would just play “wallflower” all night and wait for the dance to end. If any of their friends found out about this, they could never face them again. Arriving at the dance, they walked straight toward the hall. All around them were their fellow students, boys and girls that they saw every day at school! Tom had never tried so hard to walk and act femininely, and as he looked at Phil, he could tell that he was doing the same!

They quickly took seats on the far side of the gym and tried to be as inconspicuous as possible. They were pretty successful at it until Becky pointed some boys in their direction. “Don't worry,” Tom told Phil, “just tell them that you don't know how to dance.”

But it didn't work. A guy came up and said, “That girl told us that you two had never been to a dance before. We'll be glad to show you how it's done.”

The guys drug them onto the floor and suddenly the two of them had a little insight as to how they must have acted all of this time around girls! Once they were on the dance floor, they couldn't get off. Guy after guy came up and asked them for the next dance.

There were times when Tom wanted to laugh out loud as he watched Phil acting so “girlish” around the guys. He wished that he could just sit back and watch him, but he was sure that Phil would have liked to do the same. There was no choice but to act like a girl would.

Before the evening was out, both of them had sore calves from dancing in high-heel shoes. “Boy I wish I was in sneakers!” Phil said as he joined Tom in the ladies room. But there wasn't any peace as other girls came and went all round them. Trying to fit in, both of them stood at the mirror and applied lipstick while making small talk about the boys that they had danced with.

“That Fred is a real jerk!” Tom said. “He thinks that he is the funniest guy in the world!”

“Yeah? Well if that Carl steps on my toes one more time, I'm going to let him have it!” Phil chuckled.



“If Carl steps on my toes one more time, I’m going to let him have it!” Phil chuckled.

The dance was over and Tom and Phil hastily joined with a grin. But already it was too late, "Excuse me, Tony, but would you care to join me for a soda?"

It was Mike Haines, one of the nicest boys that Tom had danced with all night. Tom looked quickly at Becky and hoped that she would get him out of this.

"She is staying at my house, Mike. But if you guarantee that you will have her home by one o'clock, I don't see any reason why she couldn't join you for a snack!" she replied with a wry grin and a wink at Tom.

As Mike took his arm, another boy came up and asked Phil the same question. Realizing what Becky would say, Phil simply agreed to go with him as Janet and Becky grinned from ear to ear.

Phil saw Tom in the booth with Mike as he entered the malt shop with his date. They seemed to be having a good time except Tom would move away from Mike every time he got close.

Phil sat down in the booth with Greg, the boy who had asked him out, and placed his order with the waitress. Immediately, Greg placed his arm around Phil's shoulders and began nuzzling his ear. "Not so fast!" Phil whispered.

"Mmmmm...I love the smell of your perfume!" the boy moaned. Phil thought of his mother immediately! Maybe he shouldn't have worn the stuff!

"Well, not here! Maybe later on," he said, trying to get the boy to leave him alone in front of all of these people.

"Okay. You're kind of shy, eh? Well, I like that in a girl. I'll wait until we get into the car!" he added.

As Phil got home, Tom was just going in the front door and his date was driving away. "Guess, I'd better go," he said quickly.

"What's the hurry? Now we won't be interrupted when they drive up!" Greg said as he slid over on the seat. Phil didn't know what to do. If he yelled, then Greg would surely realize that he was a boy and Phil would never be able to face his friends again.

He sat there motionless as Greg began to nuzzle his ear again. "I really do like that perfume you are wearing," he whispered. "But more than that I would love to kiss those beautiful pink lips of yours!"

Phil froze as the teenager encircled his waist with his strong muscular arms. It was too late to run now! Again the boy nuzzled Phil's neck, inhaling the feminine scent of his mother's perfume, and then, in one smooth move, he placed his hungry mouth against the glossy parted lips of the skirted male. Their first kiss was awkward and somewhat superficial as though strangers were still watching.

As he ran his hands through Phil's professionally styled hair, he plunged his tongue deeper and deeper into the helpless boy's mouth. Phil struggled for a few minutes, and then realized that it was hopeless. A guy who was much larger than him trapped him against the door, and there was no way that he could overpower him and get away.

No one had warned him of how to handle this. The dancing and talking...being around a fellow who opened doors were all a lead up to this ambush! Phil felt his face flush, as their eyes would occasionally lock. He felt emotion and an abashed sense of shame that colored his cheeks.

Being kissed by a guy would forever be a burning hotspot in Phil's mind. He was embarrassed almost to tears. Again and again Greg came up for air, and then plunged his tongue back into the dark recesses of the boy/girl's mouth, never suspecting that the object of his passions was another boy only a year younger than he was!

Phil had closed his eyes and tried to mentally remove himself from what he was going through. Greg was all over him as he licked his ear lobes and fingered Phil's newly acquired bangs and softly styled hair.

The thrill of the evening adventure was over. Greg was intent on making Phil feel wanted. Phil's face was hot and flaming red, his short, silken dress unable to conceal the apparent delicious, soft curves.

Greg pressed against Phil again and entered his lips by force, making him instinctively clasp his knees together. Greg held Phil so tightly that he could barely breathe.

Smoothly, skillfully, Phil felt a hand moving and his heart began to pound. Phil closed his eyes, sighing softly as a thick tongue explored the hollow between his lips. His mind was bursting, and he was afraid to open his eyes. He felt himself spiraling down the forbidden path of the unthinkable.

Phil jerked his eyes open as one of Greg's hands caressed his nylon clad knees and began to feel his way up the boy's skirt. "Please, no!" he whispered pleadingly, but the motion continued as Greg put on a sly grin. Phil felt naked and exposed! How many times had he looked at women's legs and fantasizes doing just what was now happening to him?

Phil was breathless and panting by the time Greg reached under the hem of his skirt. Greg was moving his hands higher under the skirt, trying to stretch the boundaries.

Phil was shocked at how ultra sensitive he was along the softness of his smooth inner thighs, especially in that nakedly smooth place close to the crotch of his girdle. Nervously he squirmed his hips and consciously clamped his knees together. As warm palm grazed along Phil's inner thigh, fear welled up and he held his breath, dizzy with emotion.

Phil squeezed his eyes shut, a tiny bead of sweat tickled down his neck as he felt a finger near the crotch of her girdle. "Please," Phil blurted out, sounding as if in near panic.

"Relax," Greg whispered encouragingly, "I'm very good at making the girls feel good." The free hand quickly positioned Phil's face so he could kiss properly with the confidence of experience. His lips cut off Phil's gasp of protest, and the strong pressure of his mouth again opened to the tip of his tongue. Phil amazed himself with a soft womanly sigh.

His skirt suddenly seemed six inches shorter than it actually was. In a flash, Greg had worked his hand up to the girdle clad crotch and was rubbing the palm of his hand up and down smoothly but firmly. Phil was glad that he was wearing the undergarment for the first time that evening. If he had just had pantyhose on, he would be dead by now!

Greg continued to rub and Phil moaned involuntarily. "Take that thing off," his date whispered.

Phil felt a torrid blush rising to his pretty cheeks. He blinked, trying to regain control of himself. Another moan

escaped through his clenched teeth. Sweaty and flustered by embarrassment, Phil twisted away under his touch, pleasure mixing with shame and arousal.

"Not now!" Phil yelled as he tried desperately to relax so the sensation he was getting would reduce its size. "What kind of girl do you think I am!" he said, raising his voice even higher. Greg began to back off. "This is our first date. We hardly know each other! Do you do this to all of your dates? Don't you have any respect for women?" the boy/girl continued the attack.

Greg was shocked and embarrassed. Phil realized his words were working and kept it up. "Do you expect me to go out with you again? What are you, some kind of sex fiend? We can't even get to be friends first before you are all over me!"

Phil began to straighten himself up as Greg returned to his own side of the car. He pulled his skirt back down, tucked his blouse in neatly and reached for his purse.

"Gee, Phyllis, I'm really sorry," the boy began in a low mumble. "I guess that I shouldn't have been so forward," he continued.

All of this time, Phil was peering into the mirror of his borrowed compact. He brushed his hair back into place, and then combed the bangs to his liking just like he had seen so many girls his age do. He made each move as feminine and poised as possible, although he was sure that by this time there was no way that his date would ever suspect that the two of them had the same equipment downstairs!

With each little girlish and prudish move, Phil realized that he was really enjoying his role as the violated female. He had put guilt on his date for his behavior and now he practically begged him as he tried to right the situation so that they might go out again. What a typical female trick!

Greg finally ran out of apologetic words and just sat watching in silence. Phil powdered his nose. "Could you turn on the inside lights, please," he requested.

His date did so and Phil twirled up the tube of pink lipstick and repaired his smeared lips. "Since you like this color so much, why don't you let me put some on you!" he said with a girlish giggle as he moved toward Greg who was

squirming in his seat and throwing up his hands. "Come on, sport!" the she male cried as he and his date struggled playfully.

Phil got a great sense of satisfaction as he watched the guy squirm in embarrassment at the thought of wearing the pretty lip color. "Now, Phyllis, stop already!" he said, trying to sound calm.

"Just do it for me, baby;" Phil said in his most convincing female tone. "I just want to see how you would look as a girl!"

The boy shifted uncomfortable in his seat. "Boy, you're not much fun on a date," Phil finally said with a shrug of his blouse covered shoulders.

Greg looked at his date. He had sort of taken advantage of her, he thought. But he did like her and had wanted to ask her out again. He hoped that his forwardness earlier would not cause her to turn him down for a date next time. What if she did think that he wasn't any fun? Maybe he could..."

"Well, I'd better get in the house, the perky blond proclaimed.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Greg said quickly.

"What for," his date asked. "I thought that you were going to try that lipstick on me," he blurted out.

Phil looked him in the eye with a grin. "My pleasure, sweetie!" he said sweetly as he pulled the tube back out of the purse and slid across the seat. "Open your mouth," Phil commanded as Greg barely parted his lips.

"Not like that, honey. Wider! We're not going to kiss, yet, and you've got to spread them wider." As Greg held his mouth open, Phil smoothed on the fresh pink lipstick. He drew a defined arch on the boy's upper lip just as he had seen the girls do to his friend Tom whose upper lip was poorly marked like Greg's.

"Now wait a second," Phil requested as he fumbled with his purse. He pulled out a silk scarf and attempted to place it over the boy's masculine hairstyle as Greg objected.

"You said just lipstick," he protested.

"What's the big deal?" Phil responded in his disappointment tone of voice.

"Okay," Greg mumbled, as Phil hastily tied the colorful scarf around his head and pulled some hair down to simulate bangs.

"Besides, baby, I said that I would like to see what you'd look like as a girl," Phil commented as he grabbed the boy and kissed him full on the mouth before he could respond.

At last Phil broke the embrace. "Well, how do I look?" Greg asked.

"You're very cute!" he squealed as the girls had done to him for days now. "Here, take a look in the rear view mirror," the girl/boy offered.

Greg checked himself out in the small mirror, turning his head every which way to see how he looked. "Hey, you smeared my lipstick!" he complained.

"Poor baby! Here let me show you how to blot off the smears," Phil offered pulling a pink Kleenex out of his purse and wiped off the smeared color. "I'm afraid it's time for me to get in the house before I get into trouble for being late," he said as he removed the scarf from Greg's head. "Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot to ask you if you would like to borrow this, or don't you have a dress to go with it!" he laughed.

Greg squirmed, "Will I get to see you again?" he inquired.

"Maybe," Phil offered, "but with the way you acted, I think that maybe you ought to wear a dress next time too so that we have an equal opportunity!" Phil unlocked the door and stepped out of the car. "If you like, you can call me up in a few days. In the meantime I'll think about whether I should go out with you again or not," he stated.

"Goodnight," Greg called as Phil shut the car door.

Phil flipped his hair and walked to the door, making sure to put a bit more bottom wiggle into every step. Greg waited to make sure his date got inside safely and then drove away.

No sooner had Phil entered the house than laughing girls surrounded him. "That was some wrestling match, honey," Becky shouted.

"Yeah, and on the first date!" Sherril cried out.

Phil stood there dumbfounded as he realized that they had been watching him from the upstairs windows of the house.

He stood speechless as they joked about what they had seen. "You're much more liberated than Tom. He only gave out one goodnight kiss and came right in!" Janet chimed as Phil glanced at his nightgown-clad friend who was sitting on the sofa getting his hair put into rollers.

Phil's face was bright red. Tom had never seen his friend look so ashamed of himself. "It's okay, baby," Becky consoled him. "We've heard all about that wolf from our girlfriends, and we're proud of the way you handled yourself!"

"Yes, we are," Janet agreed. "You even fixed your hair and makeup before you came in just like one of us girls!" Another round of laughs and applause filled the room.

"Can I get changed now?" he asked timidly.

"Of course. You must be tired after all of that necking," Becky chuckled again.

Soon he too was wearing a nightgown and was seated on the sofa as one of the girls set his hair. "Do you have to do that?" he asked.

"Only until you learn to do it for yourself," she replied with a grin as Phil grimaced at Tom, helplessly seated before him having his nails redone in a new shade.

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The next few days were uneventful, except for the fact that both of the boys were still being kept in skirts. Phil and Tom had talked to each other time and again about the situation. Neither one of them had ever imagined that they would be held captive for this long. Tom had listened carefully and sympathetically as his friend told him about what had happened in the car.



The next few days were uneventful...except that both boys were wearing dresses!

Strangely enough though Phil never seemed to regret what had happened. As a matter of fact, there were moments when Tom was worried that perhaps his friend had enjoyed the masquerade too much. Especially when Phil described how he had coerced his date into putting the lipstick on. Phil seemed to get an immense amount of pleasure out of recalling how he, a male passing as a female, had cleverly gotten a boy to put on a scarf and lipstick.

Whenever Tom tried to talk to Phil about his feelings in this area, his friend would glare at him as if Tom was stupid not to understand.

There were always plenty of Becky's friends around to boss the two boys, and Tom had to admit that even he had decided not to try to escape. His room was still locked up, but he hadn't changed his mind about the fact that he didn't want to face any of his friends and tell them that his sister had forced him into girl's clothing. He knew it was just a matter of time before the women would let them go back to their regular attire.

Midmorning the doorbell rang. Who could it be? None of the girls ever used the doorbell anymore. Tom and Phil froze in their tracks. Becky finally answered it. It was Phil's mother. "Hello, Mrs. Kent! How nice of you to drop by for a visit."

"It's my pleasure. I just thought that I would stop in and see how our little girls are doing. Where is Phyllis?" mother asked.

"Phyllis, your mother is here," Becky called. With a slight shove from Janet, Phil entered the room with his head lowered.

"Oh my! Don't we look cute today," his mother said as she examined him. "Becky told me about your new hairstyle, but it's even cuter than how she described. Aren't you glad now that I let you grow your hair out?"

Phil blushed but his fingers went instinctively up to girlishly adjust his bangs. "Turn around and show me your dress, dear," his mother requested.

Phil was wearing a pretty summer dress in crisp blue linen with eight big white buttons down the front, a V-neck and a matching tie belt. The short A-line dress ended well above his knees.

"You really do have nice legs," she commented as her son blushed. "Maybe I should have bought you a dress a long time ago!"

Becky was pleased with the Phil's mother's reaction. She had called her several times to let her know that he was doing okay and report what was happening. She expressed her support in teaching her son respect. Did Phil have a chance of being rescued by his mother?

"Becky, if it is okay with you, girls, I have made an appointment this afternoon for the boys," Mrs. Kent stated.

"You mean these girls?" Becky responded.

"My yes! Just slip of the tongue I assure you. No one would ever suspect that these two little darlings were ever males now, would they!" she muttered.

Phil still had hope in his eyes for a rescue. He looked at Tom and winked. Maybe his mother was going to get the two of them out of this mess! Even Tom was excited, maybe her slip of the tongue was intentional, she knew that the punishment had gone on long enough and now she was going to get the "boys" out of the clutches of these girls!

"What did you have in mind, Mrs. Kent?" Janet inquired.

"Please call me Faith, girls. I've made an appointment this afternoon for the both of them to get a little female treat! Now that's all I want to say or I'll spoil the surprise!" she finished.

Becky looked at Janet then at the "girls", and then back to Phil's mother. "Don't worry about a thing, Becky," Faith started as she noticed Becky's concern. "Some of you girls can come along for the ride if you like," she offered.

"You've got a deal," Becky and Janet responded. "Is it okay if we go along?" Becky asked the other girls that were present.

"You and Janet have watched them most of the time, so you deserve to go along," Sherri said.

"Mom, I want to go to summer school tomorrow," Phil stated, changing the subject. He hoped that by reminding her of the summer session, she might change her mind about

whatever plans she had made for them and help them clean up for tomorrow's classes.

Tom realized his friend's strategy and joined in. "Yeah, Becky. You know that I told Mom and Dad that I was going to take that algebra class this summer!"

"We'll talk about this later, girls. Right now we had best be moving along," Faith said. The five some trotted out to the car. Mrs. Kent kept up a running conversation with Becky and Janet while her son and his friend sat quietly in the back seat of the car.

Finally she asked her son, "By the way, Phyllis, how was that dance the other night? Did you wear the perfume I gave you?"

Janet and Becky burst out laughing. "It was fine, Mom. Several guys commented on my perfume," he mumbled.

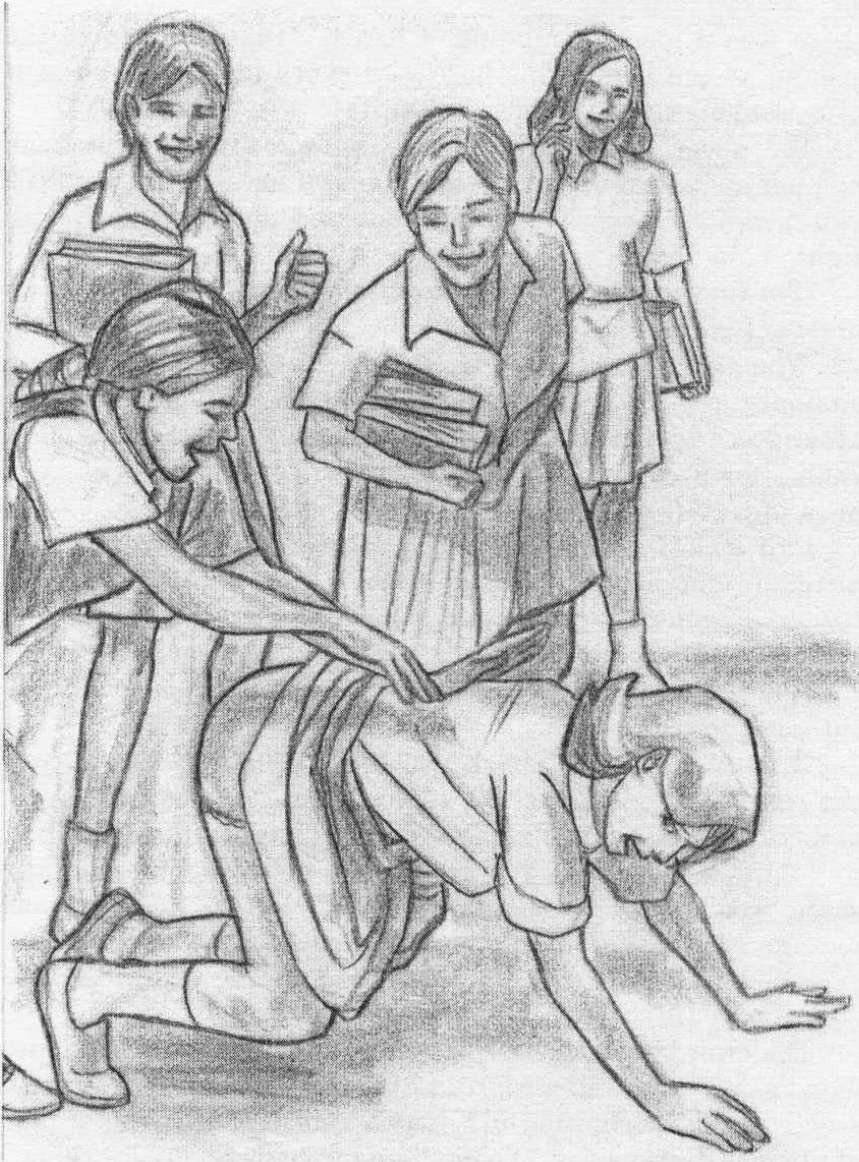
"Remind me to tell you my version later," Becky commented to Faith. Phil glared at her, but she completely ignored the helpless boy.

"Here we are," Mrs. Kent offered as she parked the car in front of a shop. The boys climbed out of the back seat and read the signs on the shop windows. "Shelly's Nail and Eyelash Boutique" read the sign over the door. "Semi-permanent individual lashes and nails our specialty."

Tom grabbed Phil by the arm as he contemplated running away. A look of panic engulfed their faces as they stared at Phil's mother with eyes wide and mouths open in disbelief.

"Come on!" Tom shouted in his regular voice as hand in hand the two boy/girls ran down the sidewalk. The real women were so surprised, they just stood and watched as the boys kicked up their skirts and blasted down the sidewalk, barely missing some older people that were coming the other way.

"Let's go!" Becky shouted at Janet. The two of them left the startled Mrs. Kent standing there all by herself as they went in hot pursuit of their former prisoners. As the real girls vanished in the distance, she went into the shop to inform the owner of the delay.



Tom's skirt was "accidentally" lifted as he struggled to get away.

Tom and Phil ran as hard as they could. After thinking about escape so many times, they had so much pent up fear and energy they practically left the ground in their effort to put as much distance as possible between the women and themselves. As they jumped from a curb to make the light,

there was a loud resounding “CRACK”. Phil tumbled to the ground as the heel of his borrowed shoes broke off and sent him crashing onto the rough asphalt.

Tom screeched to a halt. “Are you okay?” he questioned, helping his friend up. In no time a crowd gathered around the two “girls” as concerned citizens stopped to see if she was all right.

“I’m fine thank you,” Phil assured them. “Now please, we must get going.”

“You two shouldn’t be in such a hurry,” an old woman admonished. “You could have been killed if a car had come around the corner while you were down. It would be such a shame for a cute young girl like you to get hurt. Look, you have torn your nylons on the asphalt,” she observed.

Phil looked at his legs. Both of them were covered with tattered pantyhose. “You’re absolutely right Ma’am,” he said, trying to appease her so that he and Tom could make a getaway. But the fall had cost them too much time already.

“There you are, two teasers, you!” Janet’s voice suddenly cut into the crowd.

“Excuse us, please,” Becky ordered as she made her way to the center of the crowd. “You two are always running away and scaring your parents half to death!” she said loudly.

“I didn’t know that you two were runaways!” the old lady said. “You should be ashamed of yourselves! Scaring your parents like that. And look at the nice clothes that they buy you, and you go out and wreck them on the sidewalk. The shame of it all!”

The crowd seemed hostile to Tom as he put his hand into Janet’s and they started to walk back to the shop. Becky scolded Phil for running his nylons and for destroying a pair of Sherri’s dress shoes. “You’re going to have to pay for them,” she informed him. “Luckily you didn’t get any grease on that skirt of mine or I’d make you take it out!” she grunted as the two defeated boys trudged along toward the appointments Mrs. Kent had made for them.

“It’s about time you two got back!” Faith said angrily. “You’ve kept this poor busy woman waiting!”

"That's okay, I forgive them. But I really must get started on them or my schedule will be ruined for the entire day," the shopkeeper said. "What would you like?" she asked Faith.

"Well, I had thought that we would just do the lashes, but seeing as they behaved so badly, I think that you should do their nails also."

Tom and Phil practically melted on the spot. The beautician guided each of them into a chair, and then called one of her assistants over to help her. "None of this will hurt, so I can't understand why the two of you ran away," she muttered.

The boys knew then that she did not know that they were not really girls. Phil smiled broadly at the thought that he had fooled them; even though his appearance was far from perfect after the fall he had taken.

The two women went to work on the eyes first. With loving care they applied individual false eyelashes to the lids of the boy's eyes. One by one, the lashes were glued into position and allowed to dry. "You can even shower with these on and not worry a bit," the owner told them. "They will last for weeks. There are many girls in your school that would love to be in your place today."

Tom thought that she probably expected them to be happy over the fact that they would not come off for a long time, but all he could think of was having sexy feminine eyes for weeks to come.

At last, they were finished and mirrors were placed in front of them. Tom leaned in closer to the mirror. He didn't know whether to smile or cry! He closed one eye at a time so that he could see the results more clearly. His eyes were surrounded by long, beautiful, thick and dark eyelashes. Every time he blinked, he could feel the flutter of the eyelashes. If he closed his eyes hard, they brushed against his cheeks and tickled him. He turned to face his buddy. He too was now adorned with long sensuous lashes that any movie starlet would be proud to have. For a moment they stared at each other as Mrs. Kent beamed with pleasure over the outcome of her idea.

The beauticians took their hands next and began to brush on a thick plastic like coating to each nail. As the captive boys watched, they filed each patch of white into a long perfectly formed nail. After a brief time for them to dry, they rolled out a cart filled with bottles and bottles of nail polish in every conceivable shade.

“What shades shall we use?” the woman asked Faith.

“Becky?” she quipped, “I think that pink will be fine for the blond and that medium red over there will be great on the brunette,” she suggested.

“Excellent choices,” the shop owner agreed.

Three coats later, Tom and Phil examined their new nails. Phil couldn't believe how they made his fingers look more slender and longer. Each nail was in perfect proportion to the others and was filed and polished to perfection. The polish glistened in the lights, and if it was possible, made the boys look even more female than ever.

“Thank you very much for your patience,” Faith said as she tipped and paid the women.

“You are more than welcome. Bring them back anytime. By the way, girls, you should know that you don't have to worry about those nails at all. They won't crack or peel and they can't be taken off without the special remover that I have given Mrs. Kent. You will have to freshen the polish just like your own nails, but other than that they are a real improvement. And they are so very pretty!” the shop owner complimented them.

“Thank the lady, girls,” Faith said in a convincing tone.

“Thank you,” the boys mumbled. “Oh, Tony, your nails are so pretty!” Becky told him as they drove home. “Thank you for taking them out for a treat, Faith.”

“It was my pleasure, Becky. I thought that it would be a nice experience for them.”

“And both of your eyes are so nice I can't stand it,” Janet pouted. “You'll probably get asked out more than we do,” she added as the carload of women laughed.

After Mrs. Kent left, both Tom and Phil spent a long time in the bathroom examining the latest changes in their appearance. "Can you believe this, Phil?" Tom exclaimed.

Phil pulled himself away from the mirror as he answered. "I don't know what to think anymore. I just found myself comparing how my eyes looked to how yours look. What's going on? I'm so confused! Instead of sitting here pissed because my mother had this done to me, all I seem to be doing is wondering if I'm better looking than you. I mean, look at those nails of yours, Tom!" he finished in exasperation.

Tom took a long look at his new nails. They were so shiny and nice he didn't know whether to kiss them or hate them. Both he and Phil had spent long minutes staring in the mirror at their newly adorned eyes. He had to pull himself away each time because he would begin to feel the heat of excitement starting in his groin.

What was wrong with him? Had he slipped a screw in his head or what? He didn't like to hear his friend talk about how he felt because he had found himself starting to think the same way and he was afraid of what might result. Lately whenever he saw one of Becky's friends, he noticed that he immediately checked her out to see if he thought that he was better looking than she was.

That was crazy! He was supposed to be looking at her like a young man looks at a young woman, and here he would be comparing her legs to his, her eyes to his, her hair to his, how did she do her makeup, how did she pluck her eyebrows, did she paint her toenails, the list grew and grew as he gazed at her.

He had even found himself requesting certain shades of shadow of color when the girls made him up in the morning. Oh, his mind swam with the thoughts. Phil was right, something was happening. Maybe even something that the girls had not even considered! He knew now why he had run that afternoon. It was his last burst of resistance and he had to try it. It had taken all he had to get up the nerve to run. And when they were finally caught, he knew that he would not try it again. It was the last straw. He would have to talk to Becky about these feelings! She and her friends were

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ruining him and Phil, and she had to stop it NOW before it was really too late.



The boys had to learn to fix their own clothes. Becky said, “You can try to get away like boys but you are going to be punished like girls!”

Morning came quickly for the two young boys, and the women seemed to be in some sort of rush to get them dressed. "What's going on?" Phil asked.

"We've got to get the two of you to school," Becky answered.

"Please no! You've got to be kidding," Tom begged.

"No, I'm not, Sis. Mrs. Kent and I went down to the school and made all of the arrangements. Luckily, both of your instructors are women, and when we told them about the situation, they readily agreed to let both of you attend in your pretty dresses, but they will give the credit at the end of the semester to your regular records so all you have to do is keep your pretty legs shaved and your hair curled and your mouth shut, and no one will know the difference. I told both of the instructors that if they had any trouble, they could reveal who you really are to the rest of the class, so you had better not mouth off!"

OFF TO SCHOOL...

Tom and Phil may have felt defeated the day before, but they were really low today. How could they make them go to school dressed like girls? How Tom wished that his parents would come home early.

Tom was already tired by the time he walked into the classroom. He quickly sat down so as not to draw any attention to himself. Cautiously he peered around the room to see who else was in his class. Fortunately he saw many new faces. If there weren't many of his friends in the class, he wouldn't have to worry about being detected so much. Luck was with him, there were only a couple of faces that he recognized from last semester and they were kids that he hardly knew except by sight.

The teacher took roll and smiled at him when he answered to his "name". Other than that, the class went very smoothly for him. At last the bell rang and he gathered his books to leave. As he passed the teacher's desk, she stopped him. "Tony, can I see you for a minute?" she requested.



The first time a boy opened a door for Tom, he had to laugh. "All I have to do is wear panties and life is easy!" he thought.

He waited alongside her desk until the other kids had left. "Yes, Ma'am," he said.

"I wanted to tell you that you took very nice today! I love your hair! I just had to look up your picture in the annual from last year to see what you used to look like. I must say that this is quite a change! From a weird looking longhaired nerd into someone quite pretty and feminine."

"Thanks, I guess," Tom said shyly.

"Just watch yourself. I think a lot of the girls would kill you if they knew that you were really a boy underneath! And you'll have your hands full keeping the interested boys away!" she finished with a laugh.

Tom did not know how to respond. It seemed to him that for some reason women stuck together on this sort of thing. First Phil's mother and now his teacher, they weren't outraged; instead they seemed to enjoy the fact that he was standing before them totally stripped of his budding masculinity.

The teacher fingered a few of his curls back into place. "I guess I'd better get going," he mumbled as he shuffled out the door lost in his thoughts.

"Hey, Tony! How ya doing?" a voice called. It was Mike Haines, the boy who had taken Tom out after the dance.

"I'm fine, thanks," Tom answered. He really did not want to socialize right now. He only had one class and had figured that the faster he got off of the campus each day, the better were his chances of not meeting anyone that knew him as a boy.

But Mike was intent on walking with him. "I had a really nice time the other night," the boy began.

"So did I," Tom replied with a smile.

"Boy, am I glad you're shy," Tom thought to himself as he recalled what had happened to Phil.

"Hey, you've made some changes," Mike remarked. "I don't know what it is but you really look good," he commented as he checked out the new lusher eyelashes.

Tom had thought that they would be obvious to everyone and sure enough they were. "Maybe it's those nails?" Mike continued. He took one of Tom's hands in his and examined

the long sexy nails. "Long nails really turn me on!" he said with a grin.

"My friend, Phyllis, and I went to a beauty parlor and had some things done. I'm glad you like them," he replied politely. "Oh, there's my friend now," Tom said as he spotted Phil. His buddy was not alone either. Admiring young men surrounded him.

"Hello, Tony. I'd like you to meet Mark, Fred and Tony," his buddy introduced his new friends.

"Hey we've got the same name," the boy named Tony chuckled. "Maybe we should get together."

Mike shot a glance at Tony to see how she was reacting. "Heck, I may as well play the field," Tom thought. "Yes, maybe we should?" he told the boy much to Mike's disappointment.

"Anyway boys, we've got to go now," Phil told them.

"Well, if all of your girlfriends are as cute as you two, I want to meet them all," Tony chimed.

"Sure thing," Phil responded.

"See you boys tomorrow," Tom called as they walked away from the group.

"How did it go for you?" Phil asked.

"It was okay. No one recognized me. The teacher kept me after class to tell me how nice I looked, but other than that it was fine. How about you?"

"No problems, except there are a lot of boys that followed me. Was I ever like that with girls?" he asked.

"What do you mean was?" Tom demanded.

Phil realized that he had put his maleness in the past tense and a shudder ran down his spine. "Thanks for reminding me, buddy," he said at last to Tom.

"That's okay. But we've got to keep on top of this thing or we'll go nuts for sure," Tom replied with a deep sigh.

After dinner, they sat at the table and worked on their homework. "You must have made quite an impression at school today," Janet said as she entered the room.

"What do you mean by that?" Phil requested.

"Nothing mean. It's just that there are a couple of guys in the living room right now that want to take you out for a soda."

"You're kidding. You told them we couldn't go out, didn't you?" Tom asked hopefully.

"Of course not! You're both done with your studies by now, and you did do your chores without complaining, so Becky and I figured that you deserve the rest. Go ahead out and have a good time," she said with a smile.

In shock, Phil and Tom walked into the living room to greet their guests. There on the sofa sat Tony and Mark, two of the boys that Phil had introduced to Tom that same afternoon on the campus.

"Hi, guys!" Phil smiled warmly.

"Would you girls like to go out for a soda or something?" Tony asked.

Tom noticed the huge smile on Becky's face as he said, "Why not?" She certainly was enjoying what she had done to the two of them!

All in all they had a good time despite their worries. The boys were nice and kept their hands to themselves, something that Phil was happy about! They met some other friends of their dates at the malt shop and being as they were the only two girls, they came under the stares and scrutiny of all of the boys.

"Boy, you guys sure know how to pick 'em," one boy said to Tony.

"Gee thanks, but don't let me catch you out with either one of them next week just because we broke the ice!" he threatened.

They played some pinball and then the boys took them home. With a couple of quick "good night" pecks on the cheek, both of them were in well before their curfew. "Did you two have a nice time?" Janet inquired.

"Fine," Phil responded.

"They're really nice guys," Tom added.

"Just perfect for our really nice girls then!" Janet chuckled.

Each day went more smoothly than the one before it as the two of them got more and more used to their roles. At least a couple of nights a week, some boys would take them out for desert or a soda and the real girls thought that it was beyond belief. "Maybe you two can run for cheerleader next semester," Becky jeered.

"Why not! They are pretty popular!" Janet jumped in.

The first time Phil went on a date by himself, Tom thought he was nuts. Phil defended himself, "I'm enjoying the opportunity to explore how the other half lives.

"But a real date with a guy alone," Tom moaned. "Why? Haven't you seen that guys are inconsiderate, uncultured, rude, and just plain annoying?"

Phil laughed. "And they make all the decisions, but they quite simply put, revere all things feminine and girlish." With that, Phil began a tub soaking, shaving his legs, and had generally spent the afternoon doing all those "me things" that girls romance themselves with.

Tom just watched in awe as Phil went about what few boys ever think about. He seemed like he liked being the center of attention and really enjoyed "girly" things. And the girl's loved helping him "get into the feeling".

Like instead of pantyhose that they all wore, Phil was told to wear black back seam stockings and a black satin, boned, back tie corset with built in bustier. The girls helped lace him into my corset and then kneel to affix his garter straps to the lace tops of my stockings.

Tom just shook his head. Phil was excited about his date. At one point he gushed to Becky, "I really want to knock his socks off."

She loaned him a very tight and very short red, sleeveless, Asian inspired dress that zipped up the back and some medium heels. Phil giggled, "What do you think?" Tom just whistled and got his camera for some pictures.



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Resigned to finishing summer school.

Curiously enough the boys rarely ever thought about being boys any more, except when in their own private conversations. Even then it mostly to reinforce something they'd done like Tom asking, "It's okay that I kiss a boy goodnight, right?"

Phil would laugh, "Yeah, but that guy was checking your tonsils with his tongue!"

They would giggle about the boys and Tom admitted, "Phil, I love watching you being so feminine around the boys. That night when Greg was kissing you in the car, I almost fainted."

When they were on the campus alone, each of them played their new roles to the hilt. They began to lead the guys on and tease them just like all of the other women. And since the women spent a considerable amount of time on their appearance every day, they looked great all the time. As a matter of fact, some of the girls that hung around the house had begun to get downright jealous of the boys. They were tired of Phil and Tom getting more dates in their clothing than they had ever gotten in them.

When some of them complained about the time being spent on the boys, Becky simply reminded them that they had all had a hand in this transformation so it was up to all of them to decide whether to end it or not.

On that note a meeting was called of all of the girls that had been at the original slumber party on that fateful night when Tom and Phil had snuck into the house to take a peek. The following afternoon the house was packed with girls whose voices were raised in discussion. "I think that it's time to stop this game already," one girl stated.

"Yeah, I would like to have my clothing back," said another.



**Tom played his new role to the hilt...an attractive girl on campus!
“Just keep your knees together,” he thought.**

Becky and Janet had evolved into the heads of the group over the past few weeks, and so they now ran the meeting. “Please, girls, one at a time. If you would like to make a comment, please raise your hand and Janet and I will call on

you in turn," Becky called out in an attempt to get the meeting organized.

"I'll admit that at this point, we can't really stop what we have done until summer school is out. We have forced them to go to school in skirts and the best that we can do is let them finish the summer session," one girl offered.

The comments swayed back and forth between the girls that had not been really too involved since the first night and the girls that had been working daily to make the boys into perfect little ladies.

"Maybe some of the clothes can be given back to the girls that want them and the rest of us can chip in and buy some more things for the boys," Candy suggested.

On and on the discussion went until at last the boys came home from school. They walked in the front door as usual and were suddenly face to face with a room full of teenage girls. A harsh quiet fell over the group as Tom and Phil stood before them not knowing what was going on, but sensing that somehow it involved the two of them.

The girls eyed their creations in silence. Tom nervously played with his curled hair, and as he did, the women watched his long, painted fingernails glisten in the light. They carefully looked him up and down and saw his painted toenails perfectly showcased in a pair of white open-toed shoes, his legs smoothly shaven and encased in a pair of tan pantyhose, his youthful body carefully padded to femininity, and draped with a colorful dress. AND his face!

Who would ever think that this could be a boy? Those long eyelashes fluttering with each blink, the carefully applied cosmetics that shades his beard free face perfectly and brought out the high cheekbones and cute dimples that graced his cheeks and the crowning glory, his hair, curled and combed until it looked like a magazine ad.

Silently the crowd turned their attention to the other "girl". Phil shuffled nervously as he realized that he was under the microscope. He had started out as the shy of the two but had in no time adopted completely feminine mannerisms. Many of the girls recalled how they had spent

afternoons teaching the two boys the proper ways to sit in a dress, walk in high heels and move their hips in the way that only real girls knew. Phil had caught on quicker than Tom and the girls had loved him for it. He seemed to be much more interested in learning how to apply his own make up and in perfecting his movements so that he would not be detected.

Now they gazed at the results of three weeks of “punishment” for the crime the boys had committed. Phil was, to say the least, stunning. The bangs that the beautician had cut into his hair outlined his plucked eyebrows perfectly.

Phil had taken to coloring them in with strokes of eyebrow pencil since they were so light normally. He drew a pair of perfect arches that curved up until they met the bottom of his bangs and did much to further feminize his face. He wore more eye makeup than Tom did because he felt that his skin was lighter and he “needed” the color, which pleased the girls very much. He too had the long, sensuous semi-permanent eyelashes that curled away from his eyelids and seemed to drive the boys at school wild.

His hair was always perfect, and many of the girls had seen him on the campus fussing with it after just a slight breeze. Today he wore a lacy dress, and the laced cuffs on the sleeves offset his long pink fingernails so nicely it looked like an ad for nail polish. The total effect of his appearance was unbelievable. Most of the girls could not remember the last time they had seen him make a “masculine” gesture. Now he stood before them looking every bit like a cute, sweet, young girl that was determined to stay beautiful all the time in case her prince charming should decide to drop in at any moment.

“My gawd,” sighed Denise, “let’s keep them in skirts forever!”



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That broke the deafening silence in the room. The women were quickly won over by the presence of the two captives to the decision that they should not stop the game now. As girl after girl ran up and hugged the boys, Tom and Phil realized that their untimely arrival had sealed their fate for the summer.

For some reason, Tom was not all that upset about the realization. All he could think about was what to wear to the dance that Friday night and should he accept a date offer or go to the dance hoping to meet somebody new. But somewhere in the dark recesses of his mind, a tiny voice cried out to him. Ignoring it, he went into the bathroom to put on a new lipstick shade he couldn't wait to try.

When Friday arrived, Tom had still not decided what to do. He knew that more than likely Mike Haines would ask him to the dance, but he really did not want to go out with him. Mike had been practically following him around all week, and as silly as it sounded, Tom felt that Mike was preventing him from meeting other guys.

Yet if Tom did not accept his offer, Mike would probably meet him at the dance and spend time with him anyway. Tom wished at times that Mike were not such a shy guy. He would look around him at school and it seemed like most of the other couples were having lively conversations and laughing a lot, but he and Mike would be walking along almost solemnly while Mike fumbled with his words.

Phil on the other hand was always meeting and talking to someone new. One night after Phil came home from a hot date, Tom asked him, "How many guys have you kissed now?"

Phil looked shocked. "Oh gawd! I've lost count. I don't even think about it anymore... What about you?"

"Too many," Tom said, "I'm trying to figure out with whom to go to the dance."

Since the girls had gotten together for the decisive meeting earlier in the week, the girl named Denise had shown considerable interest Tom. He really did not know what to make of it, and figured that she just probably wanted to be

his “girlfriend”. She was very nice and he enjoyed her company, but it was strange at times when he realized that they were relating as two girls. They would talk about makeup and hairstyles, clothing, and sometimes boys. Tom rarely felt strange around the boys at school since he had gained more confidence in his new role, but when he was with Denise, he became painfully aware that there was no deception involved.

She KNEW that he was really a boy. For some reason that fact changed how he felt around her. If he was talking with a girl in his math class, he secretly took pride in the fact that the girl he was talking with was face to face with a BOY, but did not know it! But with Denise, it was different, she had shown him how to act like a lady and he thought that his every move was a test to see just how well he had learned his lessons.

Friday after class, he was sitting on a bench relaxing for a minute when Denise came over and sat down next to him. “Hello, Tony, how are you?” she asked.

“Fine thanks. What's up?” he inquired.

“Have you accepted a date for tonight's dance?” she inquired.

“No, I haven't. I've had an offer, but I don't know whether to take it or not.”

“Why don't you come with me tonight?” she offered.

“What are you going to do?” he questioned in wonderment.

“Well, I'm tired of seeing the same old crowd at the dances, so I thought that I would maybe get some dinner and do some shopping or something I usually do alone. I decided to ask you if you would like to join me,” she replied with a smile.

Tom thought it over. It certainly would settle the Mike Haines question and maybe Mike would find someone else to hang around! “Okay. What time will you pick me up?”

“I'll be at your house around seven. Could you wear the burgundy dress I've loaned you and the white heels?” she requested.

Tom wondered why she would even ask a question like that. "I guess I could," he answered with a tone of confusion in his voice.

"Great! Then I'll see you at seven. Bye," she called.

"You're not going to the dance?" Phil repeated as the two boys began to feminize themselves for the evening.

"Nope, Denise and I are going to spend the evening together, maybe grab a bite to eat and watch some television."

Phil was a bit concerned over the situation. He had never attended a dance without his buddy being there for support. "Don't worry about it," Tom told him. "You look great! The guys will love you. And of course you won't have to worry about any competition from me!"

"You girls sure take your time," Becky complained when they finally returned to the living room. "Denise called a few minutes ago to ask if it was okay for you to join her tonight, Tony, and I told her that it was. But you've got to promise to behave yourself."

Tom looked at his sister. "Would I have taken so much time to get ready if I wasn't going to behave?" he whined, sounding his most feminine and hurt.

"You do look terrific in that dress of Denise's, I must say. It awfully nice of you to wear it since you are going out with her."

Tom didn't answer, although he knew that the only reason that he was wearing it was because Denise had requested it.

Promptly at seven, Tom's girlfriend arrived and soon the two of them were on their way to a local restaurant.

Denise complimented him time and again on his appearance. "You really are pretty tonight, sweets!" she crooned. Tom had a wonderful time at the restaurant. Denise insisted that she pay for everything and that he feel free to order whatever he wanted.

"It's our first date! Of course I want to impress you," she said. Tom noticed that she seemed to be acting different than usual, almost like she couldn't contain herself. But after

awhile, he stopped wondering and simply enjoyed the conversation and the good food.

As they were driving away from the restaurant, Denise said, "I hope you liked the place."

"It was great. I'm really enjoying myself," her "date" replied.

"I don't know about you, but I'm a little too tired to walk around a bunch of shops. What do you say we go back to my house and watch a movie on television? My folks are gone for the weekend, so we won't have to worry about waking them up or anything."

Tom looked at her. "That's fine with me. There's a movie on tonight that I wanted to see."

"Great," she agreed as she piloted the car toward her house.

They settled on the sofa with a bowl of hot popcorn just as the movie started. When a commercial came on, Tom turned to talk to her, but as he opened his mouth, he suddenly found it filled with her warm hungry tongue! Denise wrapped her arms around him and began to kiss him passionately on the face and neck.

"What are you doing?" Tom asked in surprise. She didn't answer with her voice, but instead plunged her tongue deep into his mouth once more. She ran her hands through his curled hair as her thin fingers played with the dainty earrings that dangled from his ear lobes.

Tom tried to relax as the young woman, her blood in a boil, continued her advances. She rubbed her soft firm breasts against his carefully padded bosom as she continued to cover him with well-placed kisses.

Tom felt his lengthened eyelashes brush against her cheeks as she nuzzled him. "I dig you!" she whispered. "I guess the boys have taught you to kiss like a girl now."

That moment he decided to return her kisses and she made her next move. Tom found one of her hands making its way up his skirt.

Before he could break free of the embrace, she had stroked him to frenzy. He had been holding back all of this time but this was too much! He began to groan and moan like a cat in

heat! He was going mad with the feel of his lacy pink panties rubbing against his hardened manhood.

"Come on, young lady," she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him off the couch. In a daze he was lead into her bedroom where she promptly plopped him down on the bed and jumped on top of him! She was all over him as they passionately embraced, their bodies in constant contact with each other.

Tom was stunned. He was a virgin and, outside of a few kisses, totally inexperienced in lovemaking. Denise couldn't have cared less. She was the person in control here anyway!

Leaning back, she pulled his dress up and peeled his nylons and panties down to his knees. Then she pulled her dress up over her head to reveal the fact that she was wearing no underwear at all. Tom gasped at the sight of her firm, naked breasts and her pulsing, hot womanhood.

"I loved seeing you in my dress, Tony! It drove me wild every time I saw you in it and thought of this moment!" With that she laid on top of him, guiding his inexperienced tool into her warm womanhood.

She was in command of Tom's first sexual experience. He felt helpless as he lay there with his body fully clad in woman's clothing, smelling of perfume and makeup, his hair gently curled, his long feminine nails gleaming at him every time he moved a hand, the pressure of her hands on his padded chest and her on top.

She moved her body swiftly and smoothly as she sought satisfaction for herself. Tom began to surge forward as he tried to match her pace, and soon they both exploded in rapture!

Afterwards she kissed him gently and told him again how beautiful he looked in her dress. Tom was lost in a daze. He prudently pulled his panties and nylons back into place and she helped him straighten his dress.

While Denise put her clothes back on, he found himself straightening up in the mirror. She came over to him and kissed him full on the mouth, "Thank you! It was wonderful!" she sighed.

She took him home and he went straight in to bed. He was so confused he needed time to think, and sleep seemed to offer the perfect solution. He didn't even hear Phil when he came in very late. He was too deep in dreams about the way he had been made love to that night.

The following day everyone noticed the change in Tom. Although they didn't know why, he was suddenly much quieter than he usually was. He seemed to be deep in thought.

Becky finally got a hint as to the reason why when Denise dropped over a couple of days after her date with Tom. As soon as Tom saw her, he ran out of the room to freshen up. When he returned, his hair was freshly combed and fluffed, and his lips glistened with a fresh application of color. As he walked in to join Becky and the visitor, he moved his hips more than usual, and he seemed to take special care to act as feminine as possible.

Tom's sister may have wondered what was going on, but she didn't have a chance to get Denise alone and ask her. Tom was quick to ask Denise if she would like to go out for a walk. "I'd love to. Let's go," the girl agreed.

"I'm still confused about the other night," he began as they rounded the corner of the block.

"What are you confused about?" she countered.

"Did you plan that whole evening or what?" he asked quietly.

"Tom, I have a confession to make. You have been driving me nuts! The more I saw of you in skirts, the more I couldn't keep my mind off of the idea of going to bed with someone I KNEW was a guy, but was completely made up like a girl. When I saw you in that burgundy dress of mine, that was it. I knew then that I would have to fulfill my fantasy or I would never be able to live with myself! So I asked you to go out with me, and you know the rest," she confessed.

Tom still did not know what to do about his thoughts and reactions. "But Denise, that was the first time that I have ever made love in my life, and there I was on the bottom, dressed like a girl. I had makeup and nail polish on, and I

smelled like perfume, yet you treated me just like a girl, even rubbing my breasts, and I really loved it," he moaned. "So what's that make me?"

Denise took a long look at her "girlfriend". She knew why he looked so troubled now. He was confused because he didn't think that he was supposed to like what had happened to him, and yet despite what he thought, he really did like being treated and dressed like a girl, and now he had made love for the first time while completely feminized, and he liked it. Of course he would be confused!

When they got back to the house, Denise asked Becky if Tom could have dinner over at her house that evening. Although Becky still had no idea what was going on, she agreed. Little did she know that the only appetizer being served was none other than Denise herself!

The pretty teenage girl wasted no time once they arrived at her house, and in minutes they were up in her room enjoying each other's bodies to the fullest.

As the evening progressed, she showed Tom all she knew about the art of lovemaking. With their youthful energy, they made it again and again, each time a little differently. She would dress Tom in other pieces of her clothing, from just a bra and panties to sheer lacy nightgowns that she had been saving for some special occasions, and this certainly was the special occasion she had been waiting for!

Denise had Tom try on her cheerleader outfit and had him do a few jumps. Denise giggled, "You'd be MUCH more fun in the locker room!"

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Tom did a few girlish jumps wearing Denise's uniform! "It's okay to show your panties," Denise giggled.

With her encouragement, Tom soon forgot all about who was the girl and who was the boy, and simply went along with anything she wanted. Denise was in heaven as she experienced the fulfillment of her fantasy in total. "He'll be mine forever," she thought happily.

Meanwhile, Tom's buddy, Phil, was having a little talk with Becky and Janet. "So I want to get him over here and into a dress," he concluded.

Janet and Becky couldn't believe their ears. Here was a boy that they had forced into the female life who now wanted to get another boy into the same situation. Had they created a monster?

"Well Phyllis, I suppose that what you do when your date gets here tomorrow night is your business," Becky replied carefully, although in her mind she couldn't wait to see that woman hustler Greg dolled up in a dress and lipstick!

The two women promised to provide some clothing that would fit the larger boy and to be around just in case Phyllis needed any help.

Tom was almost back to normal the next day. Becky was glad to see that the haze was gone from his eyes, but now he walked around with a constant grin on his face, as if he had some great, wonderful secret that was his and his alone.

Figuring that anything was an improvement at this point, she didn't question him about his grin. "Can I talk to you, Tony?" Phil asked. Tom was shocked. Phil never called him by his female name when they were alone.

"What's up?" he asked as he tried to cover his surprise at his friend's appearance. Phil was standing in the sexiest outfit that Tom had ever seen him in! The dress was long and slinky with a lower bust line than either of them had worn before. Phil had spent a lot of time on his makeup and the results were just as startling. He had played up his eyes more than usual and his lips glistened with a thick coating of luscious red lipstick. Tom gazed at his hair. Phil had styled it differently and it made him look much older, and like everything else he had changed, sexier.



“What's going on?” Tom asked again when he had regained his tongue.

“I've got a date tonight,” Phil responded.

“With a pimp or what!” Tom said sarcastically.

A bit hurt, Phil explained his plan to his friend. “You're kidding aren't you? I mean, what are the chances that he will go for it? Although from what I've heard he probably deserves it.”

“Listen, buddy, I think I set the stage on our first date when he attacked me. I've refused to go out with him since, and I'm sure that he's dying to go out with me again! From the way he treats us girls, I think that it is my duty to give it a chance,” Phil commented.

Tom did not comment on the fact that Phil had once again referred to himself and Tom as “girls”. Tom knew that he was happier than ever with the situation and that he hated the thought of wearing course old blue jeans instead of nice smooth pantyhose and skirts. But he had thought that Phil was just playing along, and now he saw that his buddy too was really getting into the role to the point where he identified with the female side of himself more than the male.

Phil's mother had not really helped matter any either. She had gone on a number of occasions with him and bought him tons of beautiful clothes and makeup. When the two of them

had returned one day from a "mother/daughter" shopping spree with a full selection of special undergarments for Tom, he did not know what to say. But after much prodding, he found himself modeling the push up bras and nightgowns for everyone in the place that afternoon. He liked their applause, but wondered just exactly he was doing with himself.

Now his buddy was going to try and get one of the schools most notorious hustlers into a dress. Tom shivered with delight as he thought about it. "So I want to look as inviting as possible when he comes over tonight," Phil finally finished.

"Okay, Phyllis," Tom answered using his buddy's female name. "I'm going to stay home for this one too! I'll be waiting...with a camera!" he replied enthusiastically.

"Oh, thank you," Phil said as he clapped his hands together, and then hugged his "girlfriend".

At eight o'clock, all was ready and the doorbell rang. As Phil went to answer it, the others dashed upstairs for ringside seats.

"Why, hello," Phil said in an airy voice.

"Man, oh man, do you look good!" Greg almost shouted as he beheld his date for the evening. He lunged forward at Phil, but the boy/girl dodged his grasp.

"Now, now, not so fast hot stuff," he ordered.

"What do you want to do tonight?" Greg asked.

"To tell you the truth, Greg, I thought that we would just stay here and get cozy! I didn't get all dressed up to go out and have a burger!" Phil replied sexily as the people upstairs worked desperately to keep from laughing.

"Now, you're talking!" he responded with a hungry look in his eyes.

Phil led him to the sofa and sat him as he went to turn on the television set. "We won't need that thing, honey. We're going to make our own entertainment right here on this sofa," he said as he pulled Phil toward him.

"Now just a minute, sweetie. What did I say the last time we were this close to each other?" Phil questioned.

"Oh you said lots of things, but women always do when they are with me," he bragged.

“You don't remember do you?” Phil breathed.

“Hey, let's cut the talk and get on with the action,” Greg replied grabbing Phil by the arm.

“No! Not until you do something that we talked about that night!” Phil said sternly.

“Okay, remind me, what the heck' was it?” the exasperated boy asked.

“You said that you would wear a dress the next time we get together so that I would have an equal chance,” Phil said firmly.

“Now that's not true! It was your idea and I never said that I would do it! Now let's get into some heavier action, baby!”

Phil jumped up from the sofa. “Nothing doing! No dress, no action!” he said in his airy, sexy voice, and then struck a perfect female pose with his sexy painted lips parted invitingly.

Greg sat and stared at the sexily clad woman before him. “Girls were so weird, but apparently she was serious! He hadn't forgotten what had happened in the car the night of their first date. He had worn that lipstick so that he could stay on her good side, but he had never thought that she would actually want him, an obvious guy, to put a dress on! What should he do?”

“Come on, Phyllis, quit clowning around already. Guys wear pants and you girls wear dresses! Or have you forgotten?” he attempted to convince her.

Phil didn't say a word. He just stood and ran his fingers through his bangs while he licked his glossy lips slowly. Greg couldn't keep his eyes off of her!

“See this muscle?” he said as he flexed his bicep. “That's the arm of a man!” he stated in his deepest voice.

“You wouldn't even see that muscle if you were wearing a long sleeve dress!” Phil replied sweetly. Greg knew now that she was not going to back down.

What did he have to lose? They were in the place alone, and he hated the thought of just sitting here watching television with such a beautiful girl and not being able to touch her. What a wasted opportunity. If he simply

overpowered her, she would never forgive him...that was for sure. Well, she hadn't told anyone at school that he knew of about the lipstick incident. It had remained their secret.

He said, "If I do what you want, do I get a kiss?" He was hoping for more than just a few kisses!

Phil walked over and to his surprise kissed him deeply, making sure that a thick layer of lipstick remained. To Phil, it was so surprising to be kissing Greg again. The first time had been so frightening and disturbing, but now kissing a boy meant little. Phil said, "That's it until you have a dress on..."

Greg felt that she would keep their secret. Maybe this chick is a little kinky. He asked, "You aren't going to tell anyone, are you?"

"Do you see anyone around here to tell? Now hurry up and make up your mind."

Phyllis sure looked terrific, Greg thought. Someone once said that a man has a penis and a brain, but not enough blood to operate both at the same time. "You really want me to do this don't you?" he stated.

"Yes!" the pert boy/girl replied with a smile.

"If that's what you want, then that's what you'll get," he said.

"Now...you're talking! Take off your clothes."

"Be glad to, baby," her date returned. Quickly he stripped himself down to his jockey shorts.

"Go into the bathroom and put these on," Phil said as he handed him a pair of lacy pink and white bikini panties.

"Hey? I thought that all I had to do was wear a skirt?"

Phil glided over to him and planted a quick kiss on his lips. "If you want more, you had better do as I say, honey," she promised sweetly.

"OKAY!" the excited male agreed and ran into the bathroom.

Phil glanced up at the top of the staircase and waved at the three observers. Tom held up his camera and Phil could tell by his broad smile that he was getting the whole thing on film for posterity.

Moments later, the boy emerged wearing the panties. "Now isn't that cute!" Phil commented, as he blushed crimson.

“Come on and get this over with!” Greg complained.

“Now just relax, dear. We girls take our time when we are getting ready for a special date. You don't think that I rushed when I got ready for your visit tonight now, do you?” Phil questioned as he girlishly rubbed him behind the neck and nuzzled his ear with a hot tongue.

Greg melted like an ice cube in a flame. “Okay, I'll stop complaining.”

“Good. Now let's get you into this bra,” Phil said as the male grimaced. Seconds later she was padding his chest with waded up pairs of pantyhose. Greg decided that he was going to shut up and let her do her thing. All he could think of was making out with this sweet young thing and if he had to suffer a little private embarrassment to get to her he would.

He figured that this was her way of getting back at him for his taking advantage of her on the first date. But every time he looked at those sexy eyes and her slinky, low cut dress, he told himself that the best was yet to come! He would have the dress off in no time he assured himself, as he imagined the two of them locked in an embrace on the sofa.

With experienced hands, Phil dressed his date. Greg stood silently like an overgrown doll as Phil buttoned a blouse on him and pulled a skirt over his legs.

Janet and Becky didn't have any friends that owned a full dress that would fit a man of his proportions, so they settled on a ruffled blouse and an extremely short skirt. Phil did not think that he would shave Greg's legs, so he had bought a pair of colored tights in his size. As he stretched them up the blushing boy's legs, Phil took a few extra moments to stroke his groin lump tenderly as he looked Greg in the eye.

The guy was going crazy with desire! Again he told himself to just hold still until Phyllis was done, and then she would be all his! “Just let her try and stop my moves after I've gone through all of this for her,” he laughed to himself.

Phil strapped a pair of pumps onto his feet and then sat him back onto the sofa. “What's that?” Greg asked, a little scare in his voice.

“Mascara, of course,” Phil answered. “You can't expect to have a big date without wearing a little makeup to flatter

your appearance!" he added in his sweetest tone as he fluttered his eyelashes at the boy and wiggled his fanny.

This was not the same little boy in a dress that Greg had taken advantage of that first night out. Phil knew men now and his femininity was not a put on. Greg's eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Let her do what she wants," he commanded himself.

Becky, Tom, and Janet were beginning to get worried. What was Phil up to? He certainly seemed to be leading the boy on sexually. Greg had a reputation as a real mover and the real girls were concerned that he would stop at nothing if he had the chance. Did Phil know what he was doing? Tom continued to take photo after photo. He knew that his friend was putting Greg's make up on in the living room so that the three of them could watch. If he had gone into the bathroom, they would not have been able to see.

As the "show" continued, Phil brushed eye shadow on his date, and then rouge, lipstick, and finally dangling loop earrings. "Stand up and pose for me, sweets," Phil asked politely.

Becky and crew could hardly contain themselves as the skirted male flounced around the living room in various poses. Tom's shutter snapped again and again as the jock played "female" to get on Phyllis' good side.

"There's something missing," Phyllis said as her date looked deflated.

"What now?" he asked himself.

"I've got it! Wait a second," she ordered.

"What could it be?" Greg asked himself as he looked at how he was dressed. He played with the ruffles on his blouse and turned on his heels like a model, much to the enjoyment of his unknown viewers.

Phil rushed back in with the final touch. Greg really blushed when he saw the long brown wig in her hands. "Come on, honey, this won't hurt a bit," she coaxed.

She brushed the long strands to her liking and then fingered the bangs into position. "See, I said that you would look good in bangs!"

She led him to a mirror so that he could get a look at himself, and he spent a few awkward moments in front of it as he took in the transformation. “Boy, am I glad we’re alone,” he told himself.

When he turned around, he found that Phyllis had returned to the sofa. “Come here,” she said invitingly. At last it was time! Here was the moment he had been waiting for; the only reason he had allowed her to dress him like this!

Greg quickly settled down next to “her” and they began to neck hotly. But after only a few seconds, Phil stood up and placed one of his legs next to Greg on the sofa. “What are you doing?” Greg asked.

“I want you to really enjoy yourself tonight after what I put you through, honey,” she replied sexily. With that she pulled her skirt up to about six inches above the knee to reveal that beneath the long, slinky black dress she wore a pair of black fishnet stockings. “I want you to kiss your way to the top, you sexy girl you!” Phil requested.

Greg could not believe his ears. Quickly he began to plant kiss after kiss on her sexy legs as he worked his way toward her hot womanhood. He passed her ankle, then her knees, and went up her thighs, and then in one smooth move, he plunged his face into her warm womb.

“What!!!” he screamed as he pulled his head out from her dress in shock! “What the heck!” he gasped in surprise as Phil pulled his dress up around his waist to reveal his own long, hard dong.

Becky, Tom, and Janet could take it no longer. They raced down the stairs with cameras popping flashbulbs like crazy. Greg went crazy at the sight of them. “We’re not alone!” he cried out as he realized that he had been watched all the time while he was made up like a girl.

“I ought to kill you!” he shouted as he ran for Phil. But Phil was too fast for him, and he ran to the front door and threw it wide open. As the boy cried in horror, the room was suddenly flooded with laughing girls as they crowded into the living room and took in the situation.

Greg collapsed onto the couch as the girls pointed at him and giggled their hearts out. "What a cute little girl!" one of them squealed.

"I love your eyes," said another.

"Are you wearing a padded bra, or are those your real breasts?" laughed another.

"I can't believe that this is happening," he moaned.

"Cheer up, baby," Phil said, imitating him. "Let's get on to the real action!" he finished as the girls roared. Finally, they let him go. Becky had wanted to take him out to the hotdog stand, but since Phil had invited most of the girls over to see it first hand and solve the problem of Greg getting violent, she decided that it was best to just let him go.

Phil pulled the borrowed wig off of his victim. "Sorry, honey, but I've got to return this. You can ask Rita if you can borrow it next time if you like!" he told him.

"I'm going to get changed," Greg stated.

"Nothing doing, fella. Just get out! The shame of it all, a big man like you running around in a dress! Go home, you pervert. Here he is trying to get into our sweet little Phyllis' panties! I ought to call the police!" Becky shamed him.

"But Phyllis is a..."

"Shut up!" Becky commanded him. "How would you know? Obviously, you can't tell the boys from the girls!"

The room filled up again with the sound of laughter as the crowd of women pushed the male hustler out the front door and threw his clothes and car keys after him. He ran out to his car as fast as his high-heeled legs could carry while the girls whistled and jeered at him.

"You did a great job tonight, honey," Janet told Phil as she gave him a big kiss.

"I'm sure that he will think twice the next time he is out on a date!" Becky added as the rest of the girls applauded in agreement.

"As a matter of fact, we are very proud of both of you girls," Janet added as the rest of the girls chimed in.

"It'll call him tomorrow and tell him that if he says one word about this to anyone, we will give a set of the pictures of him in the dress to the school newspapers!" Becky explained

to Phil so that he didn't have to worry about the fact that he had revealed his secret to an outsider.

The weeks passed by quickly and soon summer school was over. Not long after that, Becky received a postcard from their parents telling them the date that they would be returning. "I guess we had better end this charade," she said to Janet

Both of the boys were really upset to hear that they would have to return to wearing boy's clothing. They had been the objects of so much attention for so long, they hated to give it up. But when a number of the girls told them that they could come over to their houses and play "girl" anytime they wanted. Both began to see that they could now have the best of both worlds!

Phil's mother was ecstatic over the prospect of him returning home. She couldn't wait to dress him up in all of the little things that she had bought for him while he had been away.

While not allowed to go home, Phil's mother was informed daily on everything that was going on. Towards the end of summer, she took Phil shopping for a new dress to wear on a date. She asked him about his dating. "I guess there is going to be some pretty disappointed boys when you go back to school as a boy?"

"Yeah, and I'm going to miss a couple of them too," he said sadly, holding up a flowery, print dress to his chest.

Mrs. Kent hated to see her son sad. She said, "Dear, maybe we could have another phone line put in for Phyllis? It would be a shame for you to lose that sweet, high voice from a lack of use."

"Wow!" he gushed. "That would be so fun!"

"And maybe you could occasionally go out with them on weekends?"

"Really?" he gushed.

"Only if you keep your grades up," she added. Little did he know, his mother had redecorated his room while she waited for his return. She painted his room pink with white trim. The bed was decorated with a lacy white bedspread and pink

pillows. She also feminized the room with a white makeup vanity and a full-length 3-way mirror.

Denise had taken Tom aside and promised him that she would personally see to it that he continued to dress up, and that together they would continue to learn all about anatomy!

The final day, all of the girls got together for one last giant slumber party, only this time, the boys were invited! They showed up looking as female as they possibly could. Phil wore a sheer nightie with ribbons and bows while Tom came downstairs in a super short baby doll and bikini pajama set in hot pink.

They swam in all of the attention they were getting and the night was one that they would surely remember all of their lives.



Pictures were taken of the two boys in cheerleader uniforms to tease a few of the football players!

But the morning seemed to come all too quickly for the two of them. They soon found themselves in the bathroom with Mrs. Kent. She had brought over the bottle of chemicals that were used to remove their beautiful nails.

The boys sat in silence as the process of returning them to boyhood began. Phil looked at himself in the mirror and almost cried at the sight of his face without the long curly eyelashes. "Please, mom, shouldn't I at least wear some mascara?" he pleaded.

“Not when you’re supposed to be a boy. You can do that sort of thing in the privacy of our own home from now on,” she informed the disappointed boy. “But we will have a lot of time to work on you for next summer.”

Tom also hated the sight of his hands without the long, perfectly formed and colored nails. In the back of his mind, he knew that he could always ask Denise to paint them for him.

After a trip to the beauty shop where their hair was trimmed into a more male style; mostly to relax Tom’s permanent and correct Phil’s totally girlish bangs. With some effort, both could look just like two regular teenage boys.

Becky had to continually remind them to stop acting and walking like girls, but she was sure that they did it just to worry her. After all what would her parents think if they saw him swishing around the house?

The next morning, Tom and Becky both stood in the driveway as their parents drove up. “Hi, kids!” their mother shouted, “Did everything go all right?”

“Just fine,” Becky said.

Tom’s dad was most specific. “So, son, what did you do this summer?”

“Nothing, dad,” Tom blushed and winked at his sister, then ran to help unload the suitcases.

THE END

EPILOGUE:

All went well for a couple days...that is until Tom heard his father at the front door talking to someone. It was a couple guys from summer school. His father was saying, “No, there’s no Toni here. I only have a daughter named Becky...”

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

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.

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!

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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.

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 youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. 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 CHRISSE #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.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

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.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
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His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

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Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

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Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

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A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

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A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

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