

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

## "WALKS LIKE A GIRL"

WILL PETE FOLLOW IN HIS  
BROTHER'S HIGH HEELED FOOTSTEPS?



Volume 68

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

*SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS – 1*

**TV FICTION CLASSICS  
MAGAZINE  
VOLUME 68**

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL**

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

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# WALKS LIKE A GIRL

By Karen Ann

“This is stupid,” my little brother Pete said as I showed him how to use mascara. “Why do I have to mess with this crap anyhow?” he asked as I patiently applied the mascara to his lashes.

“So that you’ll look pretty, Missy” I explained as I reached for the eyeshadow. “Now pay attention so that you can do this yourself. Mom and dad asked me to teach you a few things. I don’t plan on stopping by every time you need to wear makeup.”

“Don’t stop by, and see if I care,” Pete challenged, “I don’t want to do this anyway!”

“You know how important this is to mom, and to your future too.”

“It’s a dumb idea. Only sissies go into that program,” Pete sneered, “And quit calling me Missy!”

“Sorry, Melissa, it’s just a nickname,” I said in as innocent a voice as I could muster. “Just like Lynne’s my nickname.”

“Oh, I thought you were making fun of me.” I was, but he didn’t need to know.

I was in the ‘Walk a Mile’ (WAM) program at Gatesburg High school as a junior and a senior. The program involved boys living for up to two years as girls to teach them how to be better young men. It has a calming effect on boys during the time when their lives are in greatest turmoil. This calming effect results in much better behaved young men who appreciate women, are better citizens, and lead better lives.

It sounds strange, yet it is wildly successful. Boys who participate excel at the best colleges, where some of the country's top firms recruit them. They settle down, raise families, and rarely divorce. Their children are well behaved and their wives are thrilled to have husbands who are wonderful family men and devoted lovers.

Some of the boys who participate choose to remain as girls. No one thinks less of them or has an unkind word for them. Many marry and stay in the Gatesburg area where they are treated as though they always were women. There really is no point in treating these women otherwise; they give no indication that they were ever males. They look, act, and behave as women, the classic definition of ladies. They dress well, are well mannered, and men consider them every bit as desirable as genetic women.

I know because I am one of the boys who 'never went back', as they say. I fought the program at first, but soon fascination with femininity overwhelmed me. I wasn't much to look at as a boy. I was short, skinny, and had hair that never looked combed. People pretty much ignored me.

I resented it when my mother enrolled me in the WAM program. I refused to let her help me look like a girl, so I looked terrible. I didn't know how to use makeup, had no clue how to coordinate clothes, or how to act like a girl. The program was a total waste on me until my friend, Trisha, stepped in to help.

Like me, Trisha was a boy. Trisha however accepted the premise of the program and along with his friends, Joe and Kim, then Jo Anne and Kimberly, were not only holding their own as girls, but also having a great time. Trisha was sweet enough to care about me and showed me the things I needed to know to be a girl. She let me hang out with her friends, and soon I was wearing stylish

clothes, could fix my face as well as a real girl, and flirted with boys.

One thing led to another; I had a few dates, and found that people, including my mom, enjoyed having Lynnette around far more than Ted. Even I preferred Lynnette to Ted. Her clothes were much more fun to wear, especially the lingerie, so I forgot Ted to become Lynnette forever. I took business administration courses in college, majored in management, and graduated Magna cum Laude. My reward for all that hard work and dedication is that now, years after completing the program, I now run it. Within this past year, my staff and I decided to expand the program to include sophomore boys simply because so many parents literally begged us to help their sometimes crude young sons become refined young ladies. My brother, Pete, is one of these boys.

“You know that’s not true,” I told Pete as I handed him a tube of pink lipstick. “After all, Jack Turner and Sam Pogger are enrolled? Would you call them sissies?”

“I guess not,” Pete sighed in defeat as he began applying the lipstick to his pretty face, “but you are.”

I tensed at this latest in a long series of cheap shots from Pete. He is the only person to ever call me a sissy and he has done it for almost ten years. He doesn’t call me a sissy every time we meet, but he seems to know just when it hurts the most. I’m twenty-six years old and about to announce my engagement to a great guy. My sweet little brother was doing his best to ruin my happiness with his name-calling.

“Stop that right now, young lady,” I warned, “or I’ll tell everyone that you secretly wear girl’s clothes and that you begged mom to put you into the WAM program.”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

"Just try me, little sister, just try me," I smiled. There is nothing like a few 'Missy's' and 'Little Sister's' to irritate him.

"You're doing a good job with your makeup," I sweetly commented. "Let's show mom how pretty you can be in a nice outfit. I'll find something cute for you to wear."

"You look cute in that slip," I commented, knowing how much he hated wearing girl's clothes. He seemed distracted as he stared at his reflection. "Don't you love the way it feels when you wear nylon panties and your slip brushes them as you sit?"

"No!" Pete glared as he dropped the lipstick. "I hate these clothes! I hate wearing makeup! I hate walking in high heels!"

"Come now, you can tell me. I bet you really enjoy wearing pretty clothes," I teased, as I handed him a pair of pantyhose. "Bet you wear panties every day, even to school?"

"Yeah," Pete grunted as he removed his socks. "Mom bought me new ones yesterday. She makes me wear them all the time."

"You need to get used to them," I said in a helpful big sister voice.

"I'm trying," he said.

"A lot of guys at school are wearing them too." I knew that he wore panties all the time, just like I know he wears a cute little nightgown to bed. Mom keeps me up-to-date on Pete's training so she can guide him in the right direction.

Mom was so happy that I decided to not return to being a boy. She, like many women with only sons, missed that special bond between a mother and daughter. She

had no one to pass on beauty tips to, no one to share her childhood experiences with, and no one to guide, as they become a woman.

I filled that need for years, but now I was a grown woman living on my own, and someday soon to marry. I would stop by the house now and then to chat, but it wasn't the same. Soon I'd have a husband and I wouldn't have as much time to spend with mom.

One evening as we were having a mother-daughter chat over coffee, she mentioned that she wanted to put Pete into the WAM program. "That's a wonderful idea, mom," I gushed. Suddenly a means of revenge on my nasty little brother had opened up. "It wouldn't look good if the little brother of the director didn't join."

"No, it wouldn't," sighed Mom. "That's one of the reasons I want him in the program. The other is that he's just so obnoxious at times. I miss the sweet girl named Lynnette."

"Why don't you just enroll him, mom?" I asked. "There are still a few openings."

"Your dad would have a fit," Mom said softly. "He says one girl is enough."

"What if I told you that I could fix it so that daddy won't mind? He'll not only sign the papers, but do it gladly too?"

"How? He would never go for such a thing."

"After I graduated, I heard about tapes that change the way a person thinks. I discovered that the stories were true. Trisha Tragen's mom used them on her husband to get him to accept Trisha as a girl. Trisha became her dad's little girl once he listened to those tapes."

"You're kidding, right?" Mom asked in wonder. "Would such a thing work on your stick-in-the-mud father?"

I proceeded to tell her about my girlfriend, Tina. Her mom used the tapes not only on her dad, but on her too! "Tina never wanted to get into the program at school, and he never wanted to become a girl, but after those tapes, he begged his mom to sign him up and buy him pretty clothes. She is now a happily married woman with two adopted little girls."

Mom got a faraway look in her eyes. "Can you get me those tapes?"

"Tapes, as in plural?" I asked.

"Would you help me turn your brother into a girl?"

I thought of the years of torment by Pete, of being called a sissy, a wimp, and other names. How I used to have to pay Pete to get lost so that I could be alone with my boyfriends. Pete or I were never very tall. At five foot six, I was a shrimp as a boy, but just right as a girl. Pete was five feet five. With heels, he'd be right for a girl, and shorter than most boys. I pictured my nasty little brother in a miniskirt and heels. "Sure, mom," I smiled.

I selected a cute little plaid skirt, a long sleeve white blouse, and a pair of my old black pumps with low heels. Pete was struggling with his bra, so I volunteered, "Let me show you the right way to put on a bra." I quickly showed Pete how to fasten the bra while holding it backward against his chest. "Now just turn it around and put your arms through the straps."

I watched in pride as my sister-to-be adjusted the straps of his new bra to bring it snug to his chest. Reaching into a box, I removed a pair of realistic looking breast forms, which I had worn before I started taking hor-

mones. I gently inserted them into Pete's bra and delighted in the confused look that came over his face. Part of him was excited over the bulging satin cups covered with lace and the delicate pink flower in the center, yet another part was rebelling, telling him that he shouldn't wear such feminine clothes, and shouldn't enjoy the look of having breasts.

Mom had started dad and he on the tapes a month ago and the effects were dramatic. After one week, dad signed the papers to put Pete into the program. After two weeks, mom told me that she noticed a little bit of lace peeking out from the waistband of Pete's jeans. She recognized the tell-tale waistband from panties that I'd left in the wash from a previous visit. She said that Pete seemed very agitated lately. Something was bothering him, but he didn't want to talk to mom about it.

He stared at himself in the mirror. He was unsure if he should like wearing girl's underwear. He was receiving mixed messages and he couldn't sort them out. While he felt silly standing in front of me wearing girl's underwear, his heart was beating faster. This made him feel lightheaded, and the tapes would cause him to confuse this with pleasure.

"I can't do this," he protested weakly. "I don't want to look like some sort of queer. I want to be a normal boy.

I didn't bother to respond. Getting into an argument with him was pointless. I decided to just stand back and let him hang himself! The faster I got him dressed, the less likely he could refuse. All I had to do was keep him slightly confused until he was completely dressed as a girl. I could then relax and let the tape trigger his body to give him a little rush.

His own body would hook him into dressing and eventually becoming a girl. He'd enjoy the rush and want that

feeling again and again. He will develop a tolerance and need more for the same rush, so he would give in and become more of a girl. It would take time and he'd suffer from guilt and confusion, but those were the feelings meant to happen. I wasn't going to make it easy on Pete; he was going to suffer for what he did to me.

"Quit staring and put your stockings on," I ordered. "They are just like long underwear, but be careful not to put a run in them."

I watched as Pete carefully worked the flimsy stockings up his legs and over his hips. He'd been practicing, but I couldn't risk saying anything. He lifted the pretty half-slip mom had bought and carefully rolled the stockings up. Something was going on inside his head, but he wasn't about to tell me.

He adjusted the slip and reached for the skirt. "Button it in the front, then turn the button to the back." He looked so cute when he had my skirt on, but wasn't altogether sure how it was worn. I had plenty of time to teach him about dressing like a girl, so I wasn't worried.

"Don't zip it up yet," I cautioned, "You have to tuck your blouse in."

I stifled a giggle as I watched my little brother fasten the buttons on the blouse, then carefully tuck it into his skirt and slip. All that was left was to style his hair, add a little jewelry, and cologne, and then mom could meet her pretty little daughter.

"Why do I have to wear these clothes now?" Pete whined as he stared at the cute girl in the mirror.

"I explained that to you before, Missy," making sure he heard his nickname. "You need to dress like a girl so that it feels normal. Now hold still while I fix your hair. You look so cute!"

A brief flicker of a smile crossed his face. He knew he looked cute. “Great,” he muttered, “I always wanted to look cute in a skirt.”

“Not every guy in the program will. They will stand out while you and your friends will blend right in as girls.”

“What friends?”

“I saw George Timms and his mom at Ford’s department store,” I continued brushing out his hair. “Talk about adorable! George, or I should say Heather, looked hot in his short dress.”

“George was wearing a dress?” Pete was stunned. George Timms was one of the most popular boys in the school. He had good grades, ran track, and girl’s liked to be around him.

“Sure, they were doing a little shopping. His mom did his hair up for the weekend. He looked really cute the way he did his makeup. His dress came only to about here,” I indicated a spot about mid thigh. “He wore a denim jumper and pretty red turtleneck top.”

Pete shook his head. “I can’t believe George would dress up like a girl. I wonder how his parents got him to do that?”

“Probably by explaining the advantages of the WAM program. George isn’t stupid. He wants to get ahead when he graduates.”

My poor little brother was so confused now. He didn’t know how to handle his conflicting feelings. He didn’t like being dressed from the skin out in girl’s clothes, or did he? George Timms out in public in girl’s clothes confused him even more.

"Come on, little sister," I chided after doing his hair and dabbing cologne. "You look beautiful. Let's go show mom!"

I took his hand and led him to mom waiting in the living room. She smiled as we walked into the room. "Missy, you are so pretty!"

"Thanks, mom," Pete answered sullenly. "I don't see why I have to do this now. I still have almost a year until I have to dress this way for school."

"Didn't Lynn explain things to you, Missy? You must get used to dressing this way. Trust me, you have a lot to learn. The girls at school have had years to learn to dress and use makeup. You have less than a year. Your sister did a wonderful job on you. Did you thank her?"

Pete turned to me and took a deep breath. The last thing he wanted was to thank me for making him look like a girl, but if mom insisted, "Thanks, Lynn."

"Anyone for lunch?" I winked at mom.

"Sure," Pete replied. "Get me a Double Quarter Pounder, large fries, and a super sized Coke."

"Get it yourself, sis," I told him. "C'mon, I'll treat."

"I'm not leaving the house dressed like this!" Pete screamed. "Are you nuts?"

"Why not? Afraid you're not as cute as Heather?"

"What's that to do with me?" Pete asked. "Just because George wants to go around town in a dress..."

"You don't get it, do you, Missy?" I pretended to be frustrated with him. "You must get used to dressing as a girl. The best way is to act like it's not a big deal. I guarantee it won't be to anyone else."

"No one will say a thing, honey," Mom gave him a big hug. Turning to me she asked. "How many boys are in the program right now, Lynn?"

I knew the figure by heart; after all it was my program, but I hesitated as though trying to think about it. "About forty five."

"See, Missy," Mom said as she gave him a kiss on his pretty little head. "Forty five boys in this town are wearing girl's clothes every day. Nobody cares."

"All right, I guess," he said. "I just hope that you're right."

"You're going to love it, I promise," Mom said. "Wait until everyone sees how pretty you are!"

"Please, mom, just bring something home for me," Pete pleaded. "Please."

"Peter," was all mom had to say. There was no argument after she used your full name. Pete reluctantly took the lightweight jacket and purse I handed him and followed us to my car.

"Smaller steps, Melissa," Mom instructed. "Think of how the girls at school walk. Keep your purse slung over your shoulder, not hanging off your wrist like that."

Pete straightened up and began to walk with smaller steps. His butt began to sway just a little from conditioning by the CD's and tapes. He slung his purse over his shoulder and held it just like a girl. He couldn't help it. I couldn't when I started carrying a purse. It seemed natural to carry it like a girl does.

As we drove away, mom said that she didn't feel like a burger. "Let's go to Frank's, that nice family restaurant, instead." I could almost feel Pete tense up. On a Saturday evening many kids stop by Franks for a quick meal

after a movie or date. We were bound to run into someone Pete knew.

As I pulled into the parking lot at Frank's, Pete shot me a look that begged me to go back. He was on the verge of tears. "Tough luck, little sister," I thought. "It's pay-back time. I hope half your class is inside!"

It was warm inside and Pete had no choice but to take his coat off and drape it over his arm with his purse. We walked up to the hostess who looked at us, smiled, and then looked again. "Do I know you?" she asked staring at Pete. "Are you related to Peter Malen?" She looked at me, then at mom, and back at Pete. "You are Pete, aren't you?"

Pete looked like he wanted to hide under a table, but the girl would not be put off. "Hey relax, Pete," she laughed. "It's me, Mike Rosten."

Pete's eyes widened when he heard the name of one of his buddies from school. He looked at the pretty young girl in the pink and white gingham uniform dress. "You're Mike?"

"Kelly Anne for now," the girl laughed and pointed to her nametag. "Looks like you're going to be in the program too."

Pete relaxed and laughed. "Program? No, I just felt like getting prettied up and going to dinner with mom and Lynn."

"You look really cute. Nice legs too," she commented. "You will enjoy the program. I've been in it for a couple months now."

"I feel stupid dressed like this," Pete lamented.

"Stupid?" his friend laughed. "I can't believe how great these clothes feel! Panties are way better than

briefs. They're lighter and softer; and there are all kinds of different styles and colors. Believe me, girls have it made!"

She led us to our table, told us what the specials were then said cheerfully, "You ladies have a great dinner."

"Can you believe that?" Pete asked, his eyes wide-open in disbelief as his friend turned on his pink heels, his full skirt swishing around, allowing a little lace petticoat to show. "That's Mike Rosten. He's the best center-fielders I've ever played with!"

"He's cute enough to be a cheerleader," I giggled. "Nice legs, great figure, and pretty."

"He didn't mind wearing that dress," Mom commented. "He seemed comfortable in those heels too."

"I don't get it," Pete kept muttering, "Why does he seem so happy?"

"Shouldn't he be?" Mom asked in her innocent voice. "Is something wrong?"

"He looks so pretty. I can't believe it's him."

Before we could go any farther, another young woman in a pink skirt and white blouse came to the table. "Pete?" she asked in a voice that sounded like a little girl. "Pete Malen? Kelly told me you were here. I had to see for myself. You may remember me as Larry Wilson. I go by Leeann now that I'm in the program."

Pete kept looking at the girl's nametag, then back to her face. "Larry? Really?"

"Until last summer at least," the girl laughed as she ran her hands over her blouse and skirt. "I switched to Leeann then. You look so cute in that outfit. It's perfect for you."

"Uh thanks, La...I mean Leeann," Pete blushed. It's my sister's outfit. I'm in the program next year."

"That's so cool," Leeann smiled prettily. "I wish I had a sister to lend me clothes."

"You can have the ones she's giving me," Pete offered, only half joking.

"Maybe we can do that sometime, you know, swap outfits?" she smiled. "Better yet, how about going shopping with Kelly and I next weekend?"

Pete shook his head, "Thanks, but I'm not ready for that yet."

We had a nice dinner, thanked Pete's pretty friends, and headed home. Daddy was waiting when we got in. He seemed a little upset that Pete had gone outside in a dress, but then quickly complimented Pete on how pretty he looked. "You look very pretty, Melissa. How did you like going out for the first time?"

"Weird," Pete said quickly, "Very weird."

"We ran into a couple of his friends," Mom explained. "Remember Mike Rosten and Larry Wilson? They're in the WAM program now and work at Frank's. Very pretty young ladies too. You'd never know that they were boys."

"Do they like it?" Dad asked, concerned for Pete. "They must if they're working as waitresses now."

"That's what so weird, dad," Pete added. "Mike had on this frilly dress with all kinds of lace underneath, and Larry was wearing a pink skirt and a blouse. They looked and acted just like girls, and they didn't seem to mind."

Dad shrugged, "Why would they when they're going to go to excellent colleges and get good jobs later? We signed

you up for the program so you could get those benefits too.”

“Wouldn’t it be fun to put on a fashion show for Daddy?” I sweetly offered. “You can show him how pretty you will look in school next year.”

“No, it wouldn’t be fun,” Pete shot back, “I want to get back into my own clothes.”

“I’d really appreciate it, Missy,” Daddy smiled using Pete’s new nickname.

“Dad!” Pete shouted, horrified that his dad wanted to see him in a dress. He had counted on dad being his best hope to get out of dresses, but now dad was turning against him.

“Do what you’re told, Peter,” Daddy said. “It’s important that you be able to dress yourself.”

“But, dad, think about it,” he gestured towards mom and me. “They’re making me wear panties and bras, and all that stuff.”

“We wear it,” I said, “Why shouldn’t you?”

“I’m not a girl or some queer!” Pete spat back. “Just because you’re goofy...”

“Stop it right now, Melissa!” Dad’s voice boomed out unexpectedly. “Apologize to your sister this minute.”

“But, dad, he’s not...”

Dad was out of his chair in a shot. “Your sister is a lady and I will not put up with you insulting her. You have five seconds to apologize.”

Pete was a pain, but he wasn’t stupid. “I’m sorry.”

“Now do what ever the ladies ask of you, or I’ll make you wish you had,” Dad ordered. “I’ll take a belt to you if you make anymore outbursts towards your sister.”

Mom looked at me and winked. This was great. With daddy's insistence, Pete wouldn't have a choice. "Come on, Melissa," I cooed, as I took his arm and led him helplessly out of the room. "Let's see how pretty you can be."

"Your friends looked really cute, Missy," I said as I picked out an outfit.

"I can't believe Mike was wearing that dress," Pete muttered as he undid his skirt. "He seemed to like wearing girl's stuff too."

"You'll like wearing them too, Missy," I promised. "Panties are more comfortable than briefs and wearing a pretty dress feels so nice. Your friends seemed to enjoy being all prettied up."

"He was pretending to be a girl in front of all of those people," Pete said as he unbuttoned his blouse. "How could he do that?"

"You know that you have to live as a girl when you're in the program. Mike can't work as a boy and go to school as a girl," I patiently explained. "It's all or nothing."

I handed Pete a blue velvet dress that had been one of my favorites. "Try this on. We may have to find you a shorter slip."

Pete reluctantly took the dress from me and pulled it over his head. "You look good in blue," I said, as I brushed his hair back into place and handed him a pair of low-heel shoes.

The dress was short enough to attract attention from guys and Pete had that cute, innocent look that would attract guys like a magnet. "I will never like this!" Pete said firmly, as I freshened his makeup. "I feel silly!"

“Trust me, Missy, you’ll get used it. You’ll be wearing a skirt to school every day next year; and it won’t be a big deal after a few weeks. You’ll just be one of the girls.”

I pushed Pete from the room so he could show off for mom and dad while I got another outfit ready for him. I couldn’t wait to see his face when he saw what I had for him to wear next!

Mom and dad were free with their comments, telling a distraught Pete that he looked very pretty, that the dress looked great on him, and how he was going to be a hit with the boys at school.

Pete was confused as he walked back to his room. How could his parents’ think that he was pretty? Why didn’t dad mind that Pete might be popular with boys?

He walked into the room, looked at the clothes on the bed, and began to back out again. “No, no way am I putting that on!” he pointed to the frilly, little girl style dress and petticoat on the bed.

“It was my Halloween costume,” I casually told him. “Come on, it’ll be a blast!”

“You’re nuts!” he said, his voice filled with distress. “Just because you’re a sissy and a queer...”

“Keep it up and I’m leaving, you little snot,” I smirked. “Try to remember that daddy insisted on you getting into the program. “Wanna bet that he’ll make you put this dress on? Maybe even take you to the mall in it?”

“I’m sorry,” Pete quickly backtracked. “I didn’t mean to call you that. Please don’t make me wear that.”

“Sorry isn’t good enough, little sister,” I sneered. “You’ve put me through so much hell over the years that I shouldn’t help you. Now be a good girl and remove everything but your bra before I call daddy.”

I'm not sure if daddy would have insisted on Pete's wearing the costume. Luckily Pete wasn't brave enough to call my bluff. He did as I demanded and soon stood in his bra and panties.

"Slip these on," I smiled broadly as I handed him the frilly pink panties that went with the costume.

"Please, Ted," pleaded Pete with tears welling in his eyes.

"My name is Lynnette. Now get dressed."

Pete's hands trembled as he pulled the panties to his waist. They were so cute with rows of lace across the butt and lace trim at the leg openings, just the type of panties that little girls wore to special parties or when ever their mothers wanted to show them off. I don't know how I kept from laughing at the sight of tough guy Pete in little girl panties!

As he meekly held up his arms, I lowered over his head a silky petticoat with a three-tiered skirt of chiffon and lace. He looked so cute sitting on the bed with his petticoats bunched about him, sliding a pair of lace trimmed white knee socks onto his feet.

I made him come over to my vanity to change his makeup. "Use this to take off your makeup," I handed him a jar of face cream, then watched as he smeared it over his face. "Good job, Missy. Use this moist washcloth to wipe it off and your makeup will be gone."

Once he had removed all traces of his old makeup, I showed him how to add just a bit of color to his face. "You won't be allowed to wear much makeup to school, but a little can make you feel pretty."

Pete stared in the mirror at the odd reflection of a young woman, yet a little girl. Little did he know how en-

ting such an image would be to the boys at the Halloween dance!

"You're looking just right, Missy," I smiled and gave him an unexpected hug. "Now for your dress."

Pete barely held back his tears as once again he submissively held his arms high to allow me to slip the frothy little dress over his head. I carefully lowered it over his chest and hips until it settled at mid thigh, just past his lace covered petticoat. Without a word, I slipped behind him and quickly fastened the mother of pearl buttons that held him as a little girl, and then tied the sash of the dress into a large bow.

"Step into these and fasten them," I said as I handed him a pair of pink, patent leather shoes.

"Now for the crowning touch," I reached into a box and pulled out a shoulder length blonde wig styled in a little girl's flip. His eyes grew wide in disbelief as I approached from behind with a wig that would make him look as adorable as any little girl. I fastened it to his hair with several barrettes, and then added a pink bow for the final touch.

It was so perfect that I wanted to cry out in delight. My snotty, rotten, fourteen year old brother was gone. Left was the sweetest little 12-year-old girl, just oozing sugar and spice in her pretty party dress.

Pete stared in absolute shock at the girl in his full-length mirror. She was so pretty in a pink dress with sheer puffy sleeves, her petticoats causing the dress to billow out from her body. The bodice of the dress was also semi transparent, which allowed the pretty lace trim on the bodice of the petticoat to show through. The little girl's teenage bustline belied her age and would set many a young man's heart to pounding at the dance.



*"Isn't Missy adorable, daddy?" Lynnette cooed.*

*Ted cringed when their dad agreed, "Yes, Lynn, Missy is perfect for the WAM program. He makes such a lovely little girl."*

Pete wasn't aware of it yet, but he was going to ask mom and dad to let him wear it to the Halloween dance at school. He wouldn't understand why, but he'd feel that it was somehow important to wear my old costume and show off to his friends.

Pete walked into the living room as though he were a condemned man headed for the executioner's block. He didn't know what to do with his eyes. He thought he'd see mom and dad laugh at him if he looked directly at them. If however, he stared at the floor, he was sure to see his dress.

Pete was surprised when dad's voice boomed out, "You look great, Missy! You look every bit as cute as your sister did."

I was sort of jealous that Daddy thought that Pete looked as good as I did in that outfit, but I couldn't say anything. If Mom and I were going to make Pete into a girl, he had to think of being pretty in a positive way.

With mom and dad keeping Pete busy, I was able to sneak my camera out of my purse to take a few shots of my lovely brother in his pretty little dress. Pete jumped and spun around when the first flash went off. His skirt flew up to expose his pretty petticoat as I quickly snapped the picture.

"What are you doing?" he cried. "Please don't take my picture while I'm dressed like this."

"You've only been in skirts for a few hours, and your manners are so much better, Missy," I teased. "I can't wait to see how much you improve when you go full time as a girl!"

Pete collapsed into a nearby chair and started sobbing. "I don't want to be a girl. Please don't do this to me. What did I ever do to you?"

"The list is endless, Missy, my dear," I said casually, "but this isn't my idea. If it were, you'd have your pathetic little wee-wee chopped off right now. Mom and dad feel that this is going to be helpful to you later on. Personally I don't care!"

"It's okay, sweetheart," Mom gave him a kiss on the head and a hug. "No one's going to make fun of you. We love you."

"He will!" Pete pointed an accusing finger at me.

"She, the proper pronoun is 'she'," I glared. "And since she will be the one helping you, I suggest you be nice to her!"

"Lynn won't laugh or make fun of you, will you, Lynn?" Mom asked.

"I suppose not," I replied trying to sound defeated.

"Promise?" Pete sniffed.

"I promise I won't make fun or laugh at you, Missy," I pledged. "I will turn you into a pretty, feminine, young lady though, so get used to it."

"Do you understand that?" Daddy asked helpfully. "Your sister will help you become a young lady. That's important for the program, and it's important to all of us, you, Lynn, your mom, and I. If you're going to succeed, you have to be a girl for a while. If you do it right, no one will ever think badly of you. We don't want to be embarrassed by having a son in drag."

"I understand," Pete said after a long wait. "I'll do whatever needed."

"Good girl," Mom exclaimed, which sent Pete into another sniffing session.

Pete finally stopped crying, and took the tissue I offered to dry his face. "I'm sorry, Lynn," he said. "I prom-

ise to be nicer to you from now on. Please don't show those photos to anyone."

"I'll make you a deal if you really are sorry, Melissa," I offered. "Do as I say without complaining, and I'll give you the pictures in two months. You can show them to whomever you want."

"You'll give me the photos, no strings?"

"You heard my terms, little sister, behave and they're yours."

"No one's ever going to see them?"

"Not from me," I promised. "But I bet you'll ask me to show one of your friends the pictures before the two months are up."

Pete laughed, "That's a sucker bet. I'd never ask for anything that stupid."

"I'd never make a bet that I could not win," I taunted. "Put your money where your mouth is!"

"Your loss," Pete shrugged, "What do I get if I win?"

"That new CD player you've been saving to buy." I knew it was bait Pete couldn't resist.

"And if I lose?"

"You go to the Halloween party as a girl, a little girl."

Pete looked down at the petticoats just peeking out from the hem of his party dress. He quickly tugged at the dress, doing his best to cover the petticoat. "Good girl," I laughed. "Now, what's your answer?"

"It's your money," Pete laughed, as he sat a little straighter in the chair. "Too bad. I'm sure you'd love to see me wear this dress in public!"

"It hasn't been two months yet, little sister," I snickered. "Make yourself comfortable. You're going to like that dress!"

Dad made us call a truce, but agreed that since mom already had dinner ready, Pete should stay dressed in the little girl outfit. Mom asked Pete to set the table. Dad and I watched Pete try to keep his petticoats from showing as he reached to set the table.

"Give it up and relax, Missy," I called to him. "Your petticoats are supposed to show in that dress. You're supposed to be a sweet little girl!"

Pete glared at me, but didn't say a word. Afterwards, I noticed him fluffing his skirt when he thought no one was watching. Obviously he was getting a kick out of being a little girl.

Pete was the perfect little girl during dinner. He smoothed out his dress and arranged his petticoats as best he could as he sat down. Mom had promised that all I had to do is to get him into that dress and the programming would take over, giving him the mannerisms of a little girl. Pete fought it when he could, but he never had a chance. With a look off horror, he started calling mom and dad, 'Mommy' and 'Daddy'.

When dinner was over, Pete once again played the good little girl and helped his mommy clean the table and do the dishes. He wanted nothing more than to hurry to his room and change, but when mom asked if he'd mind staying dressed for the rest of the evening he quickly agreed.

Mom gave me a wink and nodded towards dad later on. There to my surprise, Pete was cuddled up close to dad. I quickly reached for my camera and snapped a picture.

Pete jumped up stunned. “What did you do that for?”

“I couldn’t help it,” I shrugged. “You looked so cute snuggled close to dad like that.”

Pete was about to say something when dad touched his arm. “Calm down, Melissa,” he said softly. “Everything’s okay. Come back and sit with me, please.”

The anger left Pete’s face in a split second. He looked confused, then happy as he smiled, smoothed out his skirt and petticoat, then snuggled up to dad again. Mom raised her eyebrows and smiled slightly. It was tough to tell who was happier, my dad or his new little girl.

Pete was wearing his own clothes again when I stopped back the next day. “I expected to see you wearing that dress you had on last night,” I said with a smile. “You looked so pretty in it. Did you like it?”

“Uh, no I didn’t,” said Pete a little too quickly. “It felt dumb.”

“Daddy seemed to like it,” I added. “You two looked so cute sitting together.”

“It sounds stupid,” Pete shrugged, “But I couldn’t make myself leave. I felt really good being close to daddy like that.”

“Maybe you were meant to be a girl?” I suggested as we walked to his room.

“Don’t even joke about that!” Pete shouted. “I don’t want to be a girl. I hate dressing like a girl, and I’ll never be one!”

“I said the same thing,” I laughed. “Things change.”

“They won’t for me,” Pete snarled. “I’m not like that.”

I would've argued with him in the past, but now I had a different, better way to get my revenge. "What do you want to wear to go shopping?" I asked nonchalantly.

"That's a dumb question," Pete shot back. "I don't want to wear anything...anything but this dress. Isn't it pretty?"

I smiled at Pete holding up a short-sleeved pink dress with turquoise piping around the neck and arm openings. "That dress would be better for a Sunday afternoon of shopping and brunch," I said encouragingly. "It's a good color for your complexion."

Pete smiled for a moment, and then suddenly realized that he had chosen a dress to wear. "Wait a second," he protested. "I'm cracking up. I can't wear that."

"Why not? It's pretty and you'll look great in it."

Pete looked confused. He put down the dress and walked to his dresser. After a few moments of fishing around, he pulled out a slip, bra, and stockings. "I almost forgot the underwear," he sheepishly said.

"Lingerie, not underwear," I corrected. "Underwear is so boyish."

"A natural mistake for a boy to make," Pete laughed as he followed me to his dresser.

"For now, little sister," I said with a smile, "but not for long."

Pete stared at my breasts. "Will I have those too?"

"If you want," I shrugged, "but you don't want to be a girl."

"I don't," Pete quickly replied. "But just in case..."

"In case you change your mind?"

"I guess," said Pete shamefaced. "I sort of wondered."

“It’s okay, Missy,” I assured him. “It’s only natural for a boy in your position to wonder what it’s like. I wondered too.”

“I guess you found your answer,” Pete meekly said. “Is it different as a girl?”

“As a guy, I never had sex, just a quick hand job or two,” I reminisced. “Climaxing is completely different for a woman. It was great as a guy, but it can’t compare to orgasm as a woman.”

“What made you switch, Lynn?” Pete asked softly. He actually sounded as though he was really interested. “Did you want to be a girl when you were growing up?”

I smiled and shrugged my shoulders. “No, I can’t remember ever wanting to be a girl when I was growing up. I didn’t even want to be in the WAM program, but mom and dad insisted. I grudgingly went along, figuring it would be over in a year. But I asked to be kept in the program when the year was up..”

“I remember that,” Pete nodded. “Dad was really upset.”

“Daddy just needs to blow off steam now and then. He’s really a sweetie though.”

“Why did you want to stay as a girl? No one ever explained,” Pete sounded very confused and lost. “One day I had a brother, and the next he was gone.”

I leaned over and gave him a big hug. “I’m still here, Pete,” I said gently. “A little different packaging, but it’s still me.”

“I missed you,” Pete said softly.

“I didn’t mean to leave you, Pete, honestly I didn’t. I just decided that being a boy wasn’t right for me anymore. I came to love the pretty clothes I wore, and I en-

joyed being pampered. One day I saw Dave, and I knew that I'd never return to being a boy."

Pete stared at me for an eternity, then he threw his arms around my neck and began to cry. "I'm sorry for the way I treated you, Lynn. I just never really knew."

"I forgive you, Missy," I didn't mean to use his feminine name. It just slipped out.

I kissed him on the cheek and held him tight. "I'll take good care of you, little sister, I promise."

Pete smiled at me. "I trust you, Lynn."

"Good morning, ladies," Dad said cheerfully as we prepared to go shopping. "You look very nice in that dress, Missy. The color really suits you."

Pete's face brightened at dad's compliment. "Thank you, daddy," he said as he kissed dad on his cheek. "You're just the sweetest daddy in the whole world."

Dad put his arms around Pete and gave him a hug. "Be a good girl today, okay?"

"I promise, daddy," Pete said meekly. "I'll show you all of the pretty things I bought, okay?"

"Sounds great," Dad said proudly. "I'm sure you'll look great in anything!"

Mom and I looked on in wonder at a fifteen-year old boy acting like a little girl with her daddy. At this rate, I'd be surprised if dad didn't suggest a sex change for Pete.

"I'm glad to see that you girls are getting along," Mom said as she prepared breakfast. "Could one of you give me a hand?"

I was about to get up when Pete reached over and held me down. "I'll help her, Lynn," he said with a smile. "I have to learn this girl stuff sooner or later."

"I know you're worried about going into the program," I told Pete as we helped with dishes, "but look on the bright side, Missy, you won't be lonely."

"Because my friends are going into the program too?"

"Actually I meant that boys will be pestering you for dates!" The look on his face was precious. He hadn't considered that boys would be interested in him, but something about the idea appealed to him.

"Do you think they'll like me?" he asked timidly, "As a girl, I mean?"

"Of course they'll like you, Missy," Mom said emphatically. "They'd be crazy not to like a pretty girl like you."

"They won't think that I'm weird or anything?"

"Trust m, Missy," I said softly. "They'll think of you just like they think of any other pretty girl."

Pete's distressed look said that he caught my meaning. He knew exactly what they'd be thinking. He'd thought the same thing about girls himself. He was going to have a tough time dealing with boys thinking that way about him. I needed to talk with mom about a special CD to make him more receptive to boys.

"You may want to consider dating as a girl, Missy. You're cute, you're very sweet, and boys will fall for you."

"I can't date boys," Pete objected strongly, "I'm not like that."

"Missy, you're going to be a girl. Other girls won't date you because they don't want to be like that either."

I could feel Pete tensing up. I saw a tear form as I started his makeup. "Don't cry, Missy," I consoled. "You have a long time before you're going to be a full time girl. I'm trying to help you by bringing these things up. Take your time, and think it over. No one will ever think less of you if you decide to date boys. They can be a lot of fun when you're a girl."

"I don't think I could date another boy," Pete sniffed, "especially not after the names I called you."

I leaned over and gave my pretty little brother a kiss on the cheek. "You were upset, Missy. We should have talked about it."

"I never gave you a chance," he cried as he dabbed at his cheek. "I hated you and thought you were queer."

"That's all over now, Missy," I gave him a hug then held him close. "We're sisters now, and I love you."

"Will you help me if a boy asks me out? Will you help me decide?"

"I'll always be there for you, little sister. Call me anytime."

Pete relaxed and smiled. "You're pretty nice, for a girl."

"So are you, Missy!" I laughed. "Now let's finish dressing."

Pete watched, fascinated as I slipped on a camisole, and then reached for a garter and nylons. I gave him a seductive little smile. "I like to feel sexy sometimes," I said as I fastened my nylons to my garter belt. "Want to try a pair?"

Pete looked at the lace garter belt and sheer nylons I held out for him. "What the heck," he said, tugging his pantyhose down.

I showed him how to put the garter belt on, and then thread the straps through his panties. He carefully rolled the nylons up and attached them to his garter belt. "God, does this feel good!" he suddenly exclaimed. His face immediately turned crimson.

"Don't worry, it's just us girls," I laughed. "Since you look so pretty, why not go a little further?"

When Pete didn't answer right away, I stepped behind him and unzipped his dress. He offered no resistance as I slid it off his shoulders and had him step out of it. He shook a little as I helped him out of his bra and slip.

"What are you doing to me?" he stammered. "Please don't do this, please?"

"Relax and enjoy it, Missy," I whispered in his ear. "Trust me, okay"

"Okay," he said in a quiet voice, "Don't let daddy find out. He'll kill me."

"This is just for us girls," I assured him as I helped him out of his panties. "Nothing daddy needs to ever know about."

I handed him a pair of black lace panties, which he quickly pulled on. He treated the matching bra as though it might hurt him

"It won't bite, Missy, go ahead and put it on."

"Is the door locked? Daddy will..."

"It's locked and daddy will never know what you're wearing under your dress."

Pete looked at the flimsy bra, then carefully put it against his chest and fastened it. I handed him the breast forms. He needed to begin doing things for him-

self. Once he had the breast forms in, I led him over to a full-length mirror.

"Oh my God!" he blushed as he fingered the thin straps of his bra. "What am I doing?"

"You're experimenting with being a sexy woman," I explained. "It's perfectly normal for a girl your age to want to look sexy and appealing."

I let him continue gazing at the new girl while I lowered a lacy, black full slip over him. "Tell me again why boys wouldn't be interested?" I whispered softly. "Wouldn't you be interested in a girl like her?"

"I can't believe it's me," he muttered as he turned from side to side. "This isn't really happening to me."

"It's happening, Missy," I said soothingly. "You're going to be a pretty girl, and you like it, don't you?"

Pete screwed his face up for a few seconds. He kept staring in the mirror and running his hands along the slip. "'Yes,' he began to cry. "I don't know why, but yes, I like it. I like it a lot."

"Don't cry, Missy," I kissed his cheek. "You're going to have a great time. Best of all, you'll be daddy's little girl."

The instant I used the words "Daddy's little girl" Pete's resistance faded. Mom had asked the company who made the program to include that as a special key to break down resistance. If those words were used, Pete would do anything asked of him.

"Daddy's little girl," Pete mumbled over and over. "Yes," he said as in a trance. "I'm daddy's little girl, daddy's little girl."

"May I take your picture?" I asked. "I want to remember this beautiful young woman that was my little sister."

“So do I,” Pete muttered. “She’s totally hot!”

I pulled out my camera and reloaded the film. “Will thirty six shots be enough?”

“We can always buy more film when we go shopping,” Pete giggled and struck a sexy pose. “Don’t forget to get me copies.”

We were part way through the roll when mom knocked on the door. “Are you girls ready yet?”

“Almost, Mom,” Pete answered in a panicked voice. “Give us a couple of minutes, okay?”

“She’ll understand,” I said as I reached for the door-knob.

Pete was beside himself with fear; he started pulling the straps of the slip off his arms. “You promised to trust me. Please?”

Pete stopped pulling at the straps, took a deep breath, waited several long seconds, and then nodded. I opened the door a crack to make certain that daddy wasn’t nearby. “Missy has something to show you,” I told mom as I eased the door open.

Mom stepped into the room and looked carefully at Pete. “Are you okay, Melissa?”

Pete gave mom a kiss on the cheek. “I’m fine, mom. I just wanted to see what it would be like.”

Mom could barely hide her pleasure at seeing Pete in such feminine clothes. “You are a beautiful young woman, Melissa. Are you going to wear those to shop?”

“Yes, mom, I want to see how they’ll feel.”

“You’re going to have a lovely time,” you could clearly hear pride in mom’s voice. “May I take a photo when they’re done?”

"Sure, mom, but please don't let daddy see it."

I snapped a photo as mom gave him a hug "But sweetheart, your daddy would be upset if he didn't have photos of his little girl. Don't you want him to see how pretty daddy's little girl is?"

Once again Pete's face went blank. "I'm sorry, mommy, I wasn't thinking. Yes, I think daddy should have a picture of me, but maybe not in my slip. We'll take some for him after I slip on my dress, okay?"

We spent another hour taking photo after photo of Pete modeling some of my sexier lingerie. He really seemed get into it, lowering the top of his slip to show a little bit of his bra, raising the slip to show his garters, then posing fully dressed for pictures to give to his daddy. He finally settled on a set of hot pink lingerie to wear under his pink dress.

Pete looked fabulous as we walked out to the car. His pink dress with its matching jacket fit him perfectly, giving him all the right curves. He listened carefully, kept his steps short, put a little swing into his walk, and carefully smoothed out his skirt as he got into my car.

"I hope no one recognizes me," Pete complained as we parked at the mall. "I still can't believe I'm letting you do this to me."

"So what if they recognize you, Missy? You may run into a few guys you know in the junior's department," I told him.

"I just don't feel comfortable like this."

I took Pete's hand in mine. "I'll be right beside you, Missy."

Pete shook his head as if to clear it. "Will you help me pick out something really pretty?"

“Don’t worry about it, little sister,” I said as I gave his hand a squeeze. “I’m going to make you so pretty, you won’t remember what it was like to be a boy!”

We walked through the mall side by side. Pete’s fear lessened considerably and he was once again smiling. I pointed out different outfits for girls his age and let him comment on them. He was seeing them from a guy’s point of view and wasn’t noticing the important details such as hem length, washability of the fabric, and how difficult it might be to match shoes or other accessories to the color of the outfit.

“You’re looking at all the wrong things, Missy,” I explained. “Sure the outfits are pretty, but what about taking care of them? You don’t want a casual outfit that you have to dry clean every week. The skirt on that one is way too short. You won’t be able to sit without showing off your panties. The buttons on this one are tiny, and very pretty, but impossible to manage with long nails.”

“What’s that have to do with me?”

“Don’t you want long pretty nails, Melissa?” Mom asked.

“No,” Pete started to elaborate, but hesitated for a second. “They could be a real pain in the butt, always getting in the way. They’d probably put runs in my stockings and break real easy.”

I could hardly keep from laughing. Pete really wanted nothing to do with long nails, but not because they’d be another mark of his increased femininity. He was worried for girlish reasons like breaking them or putting on stockings without ripping. The programming was forcing him to think like a girl.

"We can get you those acrylic nails, Missy," I suggested. "They're a lot tougher than natural ones. They'll look so pretty when you get all dressed up."

"I never thought of that," Pete shrugged. "They sound nice."

"Guys think it's easy for a girl to look pretty, but trust me, there's so much a girl has to be aware of," I patiently explained as we shopped. "Look at those shoes, pretty, but too narrow. Your foot would be screaming for relief after five minutes. Check out this skirt. The slit is very sexy looking, but the skirt isn't lined."

"Should it be?" Pete felt overwhelmed.

"It's too sheer to wear without a slip, yet you'd have a tough time finding a slip that wouldn't show under this slit."

"Don't feel too confused, Melissa dear," Mom comforted. "You'll pick it up as you go along."

"Want to try a few things on?" I asked hopefully.

Pete looked at me and laughed, "Are you kidding? I'd never...uh...buy something without trying it on. What if it doesn't fit?"

Pete suddenly realized what he had said. "Why did I say that?"

"Why not?" Mom asked back. "Sounded perfectly sensible."

I quickly loaded Pete down with half a dozen skirts, tops, and dresses, and sent him off to a dressing room to model them for mom and me. I forgot about helping him unzip his dress until he came out a few minutes later wearing one of the skirt outfits we had chosen. He looked perfect in the dark red skirt that was just the length that girls were wearing. He'd have no problems finding a slip

and shoes to go with the length or color. There was a slight problem with the top. Since it was sheer, his hot pink bra was clearly visible beneath.

“I had to take off the slip,” he explained. “The length was okay, but there was just too much black under the top.”

“How’d you get the zipper undone on your dress?” Mom asked. “Was it tough to reach?”

“For me, yes,” Pete smiled, “but I ran into Bob Langer trying on an outfit. He was nice enough to unzip me.”

“Bob is in there?” I asked. Bob was every girl’s dream at the high school. “Trying on clothes?”

“Yeah,” Pete laughed. “He goes by Kathy now, and she looks fantastic in a mini!”

Seeing his friends dressed as girls made Pete feel more relaxed and comfortable in his role as Missy. He loosened up and started to shop like a pro, picking out outfits that he liked and rushing to try them on. He was hesitant about lingerie, but mom and I helped him overcome his reluctance to examine the silky garments.

“You have to pay attention here, Melissa,” I insisted. “Lingerie is a major part of being a woman. It sets us apart from men and gives us power over them at the same time.”

“I understand how it sets women apart, but how do you get power over them from lingerie?” he questioned.

“Think about how you’re dressed, Melissa,” Mom explained. “Specifically your lingerie. Pink lace panties, garter belt, and matching slip and bra with lots of lace, right?”

“Uh yeah,” Pete began to blush as he thought about just how feminine his underwear really was.

"Image you're in bed with your wife and she's dressed like that. What would you do for her?"

"Anything," Pete said with a grin, "anything she wanted." He broadly grinned. "I get it, lingerie confuses men!"

"In a way," I clarified. "It immediately identifies us to men as sexy, desirable beings. If they want to possess us sexy, desirable beings, and they most certainly do, they must first please us."

"Let's pretend that you're a girl, daddy's little girl, and you want to feel sexy and feminine. Show Lynn and I what you'd really love to wear," Mom asked slyly. "And then tell us why."

"Okay," Pete said, rising to the challenge. "First, this slip." he pointed out a lilac colored half-slip with several inches of lace at the hem, "because it's a pretty color, it feels very silky, and it looks very feminine."

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OR SCENES?

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*“Silky lingerie feels so wonderful against our body?” Mom stated. “It’s one thing that sets us girls apart from boys.”*

*“Isn’t it wonderful to be a girl and be able to wear such lovely clothes?” Lynn cooed.*

*“I guess,” Ted sighed as he caressed the soft, silky garments.*

"Good choice, Missy," I took the slip from him. "What else?"

"Here's another pretty slip," he pulled an ankle length slip off the rack. "Even though it's white and doesn't have as much lace on it, it somehow seems every bit as nice as the last one. It has a long slit one on side so it should be easy to match with any skirt."

"Long slips are worn with long skirts," I explained. "They usually have a slit in the side to make it easier to walk, but also to show off some pretty leg. A guy may see your legs every day in a regular skirt, but cover them up, then let just a little peek out, and you'll drive him mad!"

"You're doing very well so far, Melissa," Mom gushed, "but don't stop now."

Pete wandered over to the bras next. "How about this one? It's pretty, and it doesn't look too fragile." He smiled as he held up a white satin bra with padded cups that happened to be his size.

"Perfect," I remarked as I added the bra to our growing collection. "You're really good at this."

Pete was back with three sets of matching lingerie in lilac, peach, and black. The bras were all his size and all had satin cups overlaid with lace. "These are nice, and they all have matching slips and panties with them!"

"Excellent choice, little sister," I laughed. "You don't suppose they have any garter belts laying around do you?"

"I think I saw a few right over here," he laughed and pulled out three garter belts that just happened to match the lingerie sets. Mom happily added them to our pile, and then guided Pete into the shoe section where he chose several pairs, including one with heels. After mom

paid for Pete's new lingerie and shoes, it was time for lunch.

"Any place special?" I asked.

"Franks," Pete answered almost before I could finish. "Maybe Kelly and Amanda will be working."

Pete seemed disappointed that his friends weren't working, but the waitress treated us well, referring to us as ladies and even complimenting Pete on his outfit. How would Pete handle being a boy again after this taste of the forbidden fruit of femininity?

"I can't stick around, Missy," I told Pete as I gathered my clothes. "Dave is returning from his trip tonight and I want to spend time with him."

"I understand, Lynn," Pete smiled, knowing that I really wanted to hurry home and screw Dave's brains out. "I really appreciate you being here this weekend. I'm sorry for what I did to you before. I promise that I'll never be that way again."

I kissed Pete on his cheek and gave him a big hug. "I'm glad I had the chance to get to know you better too, Missy, I'm sure we'll get along fine now."

"I'll make you proud of your little sister, Lynn."

"I don't doubt it, Missy."

"I'll return your slip and stuff after mom does the wash."

I winked at my pretty little brother. "No rush, Missy, enjoy them!"

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After Dave finished the dinner, we went into the living room to watch a movie. I couldn't concentrate on the movie though. I was totally turned on about turning Pete

into a girl. Seeing my little brother in hot pink lace panties and bra, with his legs in nylon stockings was driving me wild.

I took the remote control and turned off the movie. "Why did you do that?" Dave asked. "I was enjoying the movie."

"I'll give you something to enjoy," I coyly sighed as I undid his zipper and reached into his pants. "I want to see if I can make your eyeballs roll back in your head!"

Dave was thrilled, to say the least. Two weeks without sex had been rough on the poor baby. He was finally getting some long needed relief!

I'll bet you can't," he teased as I started to lick and suck. "You can try all you like, but you'll never..."

He stopped teasing as I opened my mouth and engulfed his rigid member. "Oh Gawd! Oh my Gawd! Go for it, Lynnette," he gasped. "I could just be wrong!"

Ten minutes later, my poor tired lover had all he could take. I cleaned him up, brushed my teeth, then held tightly to his neck as he lifted me and carried me off to the bedroom. He wasn't quite ready yet, so I toyed with him a little more until he could finally give me what I wanted most.

I started to giggle as he was doing his utmost to give me my relief. He suddenly stopped and began to withdraw. "How can you laugh at a time like this? You really know how to hurt a guy."

"Please don't go, lover," I pleaded. "I wasn't laughing at you. It just occurred to me that it's been almost five years since I had one of these, and I've never missed it. You've been gone for two weeks, and I can't believe how much I missed yours!"

Dave relaxed, smiled, and entered me again. "Have I ever told you that I love you, Lynnette?" he asked as he proceeded to bring me to the threshold of an orgasm.

"Don't bother telling me," I begged, "Save your breath and show me instead!" Show me he did, six times in three hours!

We were snuggled together when he asked why I was so horny. "I missed you," I told him as I planted a kiss on the tip of what I liked to call his joystick. "And I had a good time at mom's this weekend, which put me in a good mood."

Dave tensed for a moment, "You didn't go through with your plans for Pete did you?"

"Melissa," I smiled. "My little sister's name is Melissa."

"Good lord, Lynnette, why?"

"It was revenge at first, but after a long talk, she and I understand each other much better. I really like her now."

"It must have been quite an interesting talk to make you like Pete."

"Girl stuff," I giggled, "but he's going to like being a girl."

"It's not as if he'll have a choice, does he?"

"When you put it like that, no. But he'll love being a woman just like I do!" I sighed as I started to lick him. That ended all discussion.

-----

I was busy with work and my personal life, so I didn't visit with Pete for some time. Mom kept me up to date on Pete's progress with her phone calls. She was reinforcing

his desire to be feminine with new CD's and a special program for his PC, which bombarded him with subliminal messages.

Pete called me now and then to keep in touch, which I thought was sweet. I heard more from him than I had in years. He told me that he was doing his best to learn everything he needed to know to be Missy the following year, so that I'd be proud of him.

One day I came home from work to find a message on my answering machine. I was surprised to hear a soft, pleasant, voice saying, "Hi, Lynn, this is Missy. Please call me as soon as you get this message. I really, really need to talk to you!"

"Missy?" I thought. Pete had never referred to himself as Missy before. What had changed? I dialed mom's number and that same voice answered the phone.

"Hi, Lynn. I'm so happy that you called. I need help and I need it quick," Pete's words rushed over the phone at light speed.

"Calm down, Pete. I'll do what I can. What's wrong with your voice, and what kind of help do you need?"

"Nothing's wrong with my voice," Pete huffed. "It's my new Missy voice. Do you like it?"

Missy voice? What did mom have on those CD's? "It sounds very nice, Missy," I quickly reverted to his girl name. It was fine with me if he wanted to be known as Missy.

"Remember the Halloween dance?" he asked breathlessly, "It's coming up in two weeks."

"That's great, Missy, how can I help you?"

I nearly fell over when he asked, "Can you make a girl out of me by then, please?"

"A girl, Missy?" I asked, wanting to be sure that I heard him right. "You really want to be a girl for the dance?"

"Uh huh, I want to fit in with the rest of the girls, and I really, really, want to wear that little girl outfit you made me wear once. Remember? You still have it don't you?"

My brother was pleading to make my fantasy of turning him into a girl come true, but I wasn't sure I could do it. "Are you sure, Missy?"

"I'm positive," Pete replied emphatically. "Mom said you could do it. I can't wait to get all prettied up and wear that dress again!"

"All right, let me figure a few things out. I'll call you back."

"Thanks, Lynnette," he said before hanging up, "You're a doll!"

"You'll be the doll when I'm finished," I laughed as I hung up. If my little brother wants to dress like a little girl, I wasn't going to stop him. I'd make him into the cutest little girl imaginable, and see how he handles it.

I promised to bring everything he would need on the weekend before the dance. When I walked into moms, an over exuberant Pete wearing a floral dress with a lace trimmed, white bib collar nearly ran me over.

"Hi, Lynnette!" Pete screeched as he threw his arms around my neck and kissed my cheek. "Did you bring everything?"

"Pete?" I asked. "Is that you?"

"Sort of," he giggled like a little girl. "Daddy wants me to look really nice when I start the program next year, so

I've been practicing. I even put curlers in my hair last night."

"You look wonderful. I can't believe how pretty you are." He really did look good. His hairstyle was a little unisex, but the outfit dispelled all doubts. I was looking at a girl.

"Thanks, Lynn," he blushed. I noticed that he was holding his hands together in front, just like a girl would. "I wear dresses all the time when I'm at home. Mommy and Daddy say I look cute."

Pete looked so precious in his mid-calf length dress. His legs were perfect, shapely without being too thin or too heavy, and he seemed to move effortlessly in a pair of white pumps. Mom wanted a daughter and Pete was going to be her.

"Did you bring the costume?" he asked. "I can't wait to try it on and show Daddy!"

"Yes, I brought the costume," I said as I gave him a sisterly kiss. "I have another surprise for you too."

"A surprise?" Pete glowed, "Goody, I love surprises!"

I couldn't believe my eyes. My once rough, nasty, little brother was standing in a dress, nylons, and heels, and acting like a bubble headed girl. He was the very picture of the type of girl boys would go nuts over; petite and looking like a baby doll. Some big strong guy would snatch him up in a heartbeat!

I held out the costume and a small bag. Pete held the costume against him and began to twirl around. "Don't you want to see what your other surprise is?" I teased. "I bet you'll like it."

Pete smiled and opened the bag and pulled out the bottle inside. "Girl Talk? What's this for?" he asked

while reading the bottle. "Wow!" he exclaimed in delight. "This will make me sound like a girl?"

"If you spray it on, it will make you sound just right for a girl your age. If you gargle with it before the dance, you'll get a more dramatic effect. Your voice will match your outfit!"

"I'll sound like a little girl?" Pete asked in amazement. "How long does it last?"

"Depends on how much you use," I explained. "If you use enough for the little girl voice, it will last about two days. You could use it Friday night, and you'll sound like a little girl until Sunday night. The effect can be prolonged by using it again before it wears off."

Pete read the bottle directions several times, then got a mischievous grin on his pretty face. He ran off to the bathroom and returned with an even bigger grin on his face after a few minutes. Without a word he took the costume and ran off to his room.

"Hi, daddy!" a cheerful little girl's voice called out a little while later. I followed the sound and found Pete, all done up in the frilly outfit, sitting on dad's lap.

Dad had a huge grin on his face. "You sound cute, Missy," he laughed. "I'd swear you were a little girl!"

Pete leaned close and kissed dad on the cheek. "I wuv you, daddy!" he said in baby talk. "Do you love me, daddy? Am I your little girl?"

"Of course I love my little Missy," Dad laughed as he kissed Pete on his cheek. "She's my sweet little girl. Sit on my lap!"

Pete climbed onto dad's lap, put his arms around dad's neck, and gave him another kiss. It was the most adorable, precious, scene of a little girl; her pretty dress

fluffed out, and her petticoats showing, snuggled close to her doting daddy. I just couldn't believe the little girl was actually my fifteen-year-old brother!

Mom motioned for me to come into the kitchen with her. I took a last look at my cute little sister, and then went to talk to mom. "I wouldn't have believed it," I said in shock. "Is that the same boy who swore he'd never wear a dress? Isn't that the same man who said that Pete would enter the program over his dead body?"

"Those CD's worked wonders, Lynn," Mom laughed. "What do you think of that "Daddy's Little Girl" trick?"

"That was so brilliant, mom! He does anything I ask when I use that phrase."

"So does your dad," Mom said with a wink. "He is the one who encouraged Pete to go to the dance in that outfit. He hates to see Pete in boy's clothes. He insists that Pete dress like a girl whenever he's at home, and even talked him into wearing panties to school."

"Don't you just love his voice? He sounds so precious with that little girl voice."

"Can it be made permanent?" Mom asked hopefully.

"Sure," I replied confidently. "The more he uses it the harder it will be to sound like a boy again. Since he seems to prefer that little girl voice, it will be even better. He'll end up with a very sexy voice that will drive boys insane!"

"Thanks for your help, Lynn," Mom said. "I couldn't have done it without you."

"I still don't think it's right, mom," I said sadly. "I've gotten to know Pete better now. His anger was a mistake."

"It will all work out," Mom said with a smile, "Trust me."

-----

I trusted mom, and she continued turning Pete into her daughter at a brisk pace. Naturally I volunteered to chaperone the Halloween dance to see what changes in Missy might pop up. Mom had started him on the program that introduced him to the idea of boys as potential dates. Wanting to go to the dance was a direct result, but dressing like a little girl was dad's suggestion, planted in his mind by mom. It was tough to keep track of the changes, but Pete was certainly well on his way to becoming a girl.

Since I was chaperoning, I volunteered to pick up Pete and drive him to the dance. I was only partly being a good sister. Actually, I wasn't certain that he would go through with wearing that costume in public.

Naturally, Pete wasn't ready when I got there. Mom said he wanted to make an entrance and that I was to wait in the living room with dad. "Your sister is going to be a knockout at the dance," Dad warned me as I entered the room. "You keep a close eye on her. I don't want her off in a corner with some boy."

"Don't worry, dad," I promised. "I'll keep an eye on her."

Just then an adorable little girl in a pink party dress, anklets, and Mary Jane's walked into the room. "How do I look, daddy?" she asked as she twirled around, showing off her petticoat and panties.

"You'd better be careful at the dance, young lady," Dad warned. "You can't be showing off your petticoat and pretty panties when boys are around!"

"Oh, daddy, don't be silly," Missy smiled as she kissed his cheek. "You know you're the only boy in my life."

"Could we please get going before I die of terminal sweetness?" I begged. "You two are killing me!"

"You're just jealous," Missy laughed as she gave dad a big hug and kiss. "My boyfriend is cuter than yours!"

"Yes, but mine's younger and not already married," I countered. "Enough already, get your pretty little butt in my car!"

"Goodbye, mommy, goodbye, daddy," Missy called out cheerfully as we walked out the door. "Don't worry, I'll be a good girl!"

Pete carefully tucked in his petticoat and skirt as he slid next to me on the front seat. Once he got the door closed, he rearranged his skirt and petticoat, making sure he looked proper.

"You're getting into this girl stuff, aren't you?" I challenged to see how he'd react. "How does it feel to dress like a little girl?"

Pete was silent for a full minute. I was worried that I was pushing a little too hard when he finally spoke up. "I have to get used to dressing like a girl," he said with a slight smile. "Daddy thought it would be good practice for me to wear this costume to the dance just to see how it feels to be a girl in public."

"Come on, Missy," I chided, "I brought over a wig to go with that costume. You're obviously not wearing it. Mom said that you did your own hair and makeup. What gives, little sister?"

"Just practicing," Pete said firmly, "What's so bad about that?"

Be coy with me, will you? Time for a little lesson, Missy! "You do look so pretty, just like "daddy's little girl", I used the code phrase to see his reaction. He went completely limp, ready for whatever was to come.

"Daddy's worried that you might sneak off into a corner with some boy to make out," I told him. That would be fun, wouldn't it? Imagine some strong boy holding you tight, pulling you towards his lips, all puckered and ready to kiss the helpless little girl in his arms. What would you do to a boy like that?"

Pete's fists began to bunch up, but as suddenly as the reaction came, it was gone. He broke into a smile, "Will he be a cute boy?"

"Very cute," I replied, "Very cute, tall, and strong. He thinks you're the prettiest girl at the dance. Do you think you would let him kiss you?"

"No," Pete shook his head, "Daddy won't like me kissing boys. I told him that I'd be a good girl."

"Good girls kiss boys sometimes."

"But daddy said I shouldn't."

"Daddy's just worried about his little girl," I whispered. "It is okay to kiss boys though. Daddy kisses mom, doesn't he?"

Pete smiled, "Yeah, he likes kissing mom. It must be fun. They do it so much."

"Would you like to have fun, Missy?" I prodded.

"Uh huh," he responded blankly.

"Then if a boy wants to kiss you, what will you do?"

"Let him," Pete said with a giggle, "if he's cute!"

"He's cute, very cute. Would you kiss him back?"

"Oh, I guess!" Pete said gleefully.

Pete was certainly the talk of the dance as he walked in carrying his little purse. His friends all rushed to make sure they weren't seeing things. I stayed close enough to hear Pete explain about practicing for the program before moving away to talk to the other chaperones.

It wasn't long before one of his friends broke the ice and asked him to dance. Once on the dance floor, the floodgates opened and other boys flocked to see the pretty little girl and dance with her. It wouldn't be long before one of the guys got him off into a corner. I'd give them enough time to introduce their tongues to each other before I'd make them return to the dance floor.

Pete looked so cute dancing with his friend. It was a fast song and he really got into it, oblivious to his petticoats flashing with his every move. As they walked to the refreshment stand after the song ended, I noticed that Pete was no more than six inches from the boy, laughing and smiling. He didn't realize it, but he was doing some heavy flirting with his friend.

His friend wasn't as dense as Pete though, and when a slow song started, Pete found himself being gently led by the hand to the dance floor. He glanced around, unsure that he wanted to be held close by another boy, but he had no choice. His suitor was quite persistent and soon Pete found himself with his arms around the boy's neck, trying to match his steps to a slow, romantic tune.

Pete obviously had no idea how to take the girl's part in a slow dance, but his partner didn't mind. The boy smiled and gently talked Pete through the motions. Pete relaxed, smiled at the boy, and then laid his head against the boy's chest where it remained until the end of the song.

As they returned, the band began another song and Pete was once again led off to dance with yet another boy. Throughout the evening, boys appeared to be fascinated with my pretty brother who finally had to retreat into the ladies room to escape them.

I followed him into the restroom, anxious to find how he liked being treated as a girl. "Aren't you in the wrong room?" I asked.

"I wanted to use the boy's bathroom, but they pulled me in here. They didn't think I'd look right in the boy's room," Pete answered, gesturing towards two girls who were laughing like crazy."

"They're right. You would look out of place in the boy's room. Besides, the boys couldn't allow you in there!"

"They won't leave me alone. They keep telling me how cute I sound," Pete moaned. "I've danced more tonight than I ever did before."

"Hazards of being a pretty girl," I shrugged.

The two girls gathered around us. "You look fabulous, Pete," one of them gushed. "Where did you get that costume?"

"How'd you get your voice to sound like that?" the other girl asked. "I heard a couple of guys talking about you. They love that little girl voice."

"I wore the dress a few years ago," I smiled. "He's going to be in the WAM program next year, so mom and I thought this would be good practice for him. He used a special spray to make him sound that way. I thought it would go well with the costume."

"This is terrible," one girl cried. "I'll never get a boyfriend with you around! You've danced with more boys tonight than I did all year."

"It wasn't my idea, Terri, really it wasn't," Pete apologized. "I just thought it would be fun to dress like this. I didn't expect to dance with every guy here."

"You have a lot to learn," Terri looked at me and smiled. She knew Pete had been set up. "I'll be happy to teach you all about boys if I can have the ones you don't want."

"But I know all about boys," Pete protested. "Remember, I am a boy!"

"I see a cute little girl in a pink party dress," the girl laughed. "That's what all the guys out there see too."

Pete seemed totally confused. He was in over his head, but didn't know if he wanted the life vest the girls were offering. "I don't know," he glumly answered, "I could probably use some help, but what do I do with the guys coming on to me?"

"I'll take them!" Terri offered. "No point in wasting a cute guy."

"Why not try one?" her friend, Linda, asked. "Guys can be a lot of fun."

Pete turned to me for help. "What do you think?"

I hated to do it, but it had to be done. "You can't be daddy's little girl forever, Missy. You don't have to marry them, but a date now and then might just be fun. I always enjoyed them."

"Missy?" Linda beamed, "Is that short for Melissa?"

Pete nodded, "My mom's choice. Everyone calls me Missy at home now."

"I like it," Linda smiled. "It's a pretty name, and you are pretty too. It suits you."

Terri looked at me carefully. "You were a boy?" she asked, preferring to forget about Pete's nickname and concentrate on me.

"It's been a while, but yes, I was one of the guys who never went back," I proudly answered.

"Wow! That's really neat," she exclaimed, "You're so pretty."

"Thank you, that's sweet of you."

"She's right," added Linda, "No one would ever know that you used to be a boy."

"Certainly not her boyfriend," Pete chuckled. "He seems happy."

"Boyfriend?" Terri's eyes opened wide. "Then you had everything switched?"

"Everything," I confirmed.

"Are you gonna switch, Pete?" Linda asked. "That would be so neat to have to brothers turn into sisters."

"No," Pete firmly stated, then he blinked several times and added, "No, I don't know if I will or not."

"I think it would be so cool," Linda smiled. "You're already way too pretty to be a boy."

I didn't see Pete get upset, so I quickly brought the conversation to a close by shooing the girls back to the dance floor. Pete hadn't walked ten feet when a guy pounced on him and escorted his prize to the dance floor for a slow dance. This time, Pete was more relaxed and very much at ease. He fell into step with his partner and allowed the boy to hold him close. There was a look on Pete's face that said that he had forgotten about being a boy. He had become totally immersed in his girl character.

Pete turned down several offers so that he could relax and spend time talking with Marie, Terri, and a few of their friends. He didn't seem in the least out of place or uncomfortable as he stood in the tight little circle of girls, laughing and giggling about things that are only known to teenage girls and those boys who became them.

Much to my dismay, none of the boys at the dance tried to get fresh with Pete. One the way home though, we were laughing and talking about how much fun he had, when he suddenly began to cry.

"What's wrong, Missy?" I asked, "Didn't you enjoy yourself tonight?"

"I don't know, Lynn timer," he sobbed. "I had a nice time. It was just like I thought it would be! The girls were really sweet, and the boys couldn't wait to show me off."

"And the problem is?"

"I want to do it again!" he sobbed.

"There is always next Halloween," I suggested. "You're more than welcome to wear that pretty costume again, if you want."

"You don't understand, Lynnette. I don't want to wear the costume. I want to wear a pretty dress, stockings, and heels. I want to see if they will accept me as a real girl!"

I kept quiet for a few minutes, acting as though I was trying to figure things out. "You're going to be in the program next term," I blurted out, as though an idea had just occurred to me.

"Uh huh," Pete sniffled, "So?"

"So, you need to practice being a girl, right?"

"Right!" he brightened, catching on to my plan.

“And part of that practice should be around other people, right?”

“So I just have to go to where other people are!” Pete shouted with enthusiasm. “And you certainly can find other people at dances!”

“Now, can we get mom and dad to agree?”

“You work on mom,” Pete giggled, as he reached into his purse and pulled out the voice spray. “I’ll take care of daddy.”

At home, mom and dad were anxious to hear all the details of Pete’s adventure. He told them everything, how the boys wouldn’t leave him alone, how much they liked his voice, and how he finally had to take refuge in the ladies room.

“It’s a good thing your sister was there,” Dad remarked. “I bet you won’t go to any more dances!”

Pete gave me a little smile, then went over and sat next to dad. He began to run his fingers through dad’s hair, then kissed him on the cheek. “Actually, daddy,” he dripped sweetness, “I had a good time, a really good time, and if it’s okay with you, I’d like to go again.”

“But those boys were hounding you!” Dad said in alarm. “Your sister practically had to pull you away from them.”

“It wasn’t that bad, Daddy,” I quickly exclaimed. “Missy was managing quite well without me. It was her idea to go to the ladies room so the boys couldn’t follow her.”

“That was smart thinking, sweetie,” Dad said as he pulled Pete close to give him a hug.

“So, can I go again, Daddy? Pretty please,” Pete begged as he snuggled up to dad.

"I don't know, honey. I worry about my little girl," Dad stated. "Let's see what your mom has to say. She knows more about these things than I do."

"Please, Mommy," Pete pleaded, "I promise to be a good girl."

Mom smiled. No way would she refuse. I wanted to see how she would make it look like Pete won. "Halloween is over, Missy," she feigned sadness. "There aren't any more costume dances."

Pete looked to me for help. He couldn't bring himself to tell mom that he wanted to wear a dress. "Why not let her wear regular clothes, Mom?" I ventured. "After all, she needs to learn how to fit in next year. Dances could be good experience."

"Yes, that sounds like a reasonable compromise. Are you willing to wear dresses to these dances, Missy?"

Pete wanted to jump up and scream his answer, but he did a good job of hiding his excitement. "I guess so," he muttered after a moment's silence, "if I have to."

"It's up to you, Missy," Mom sternly reminded. "You will have to dress like all the other girls. It won't be a costume. They will know that you are a boy in a dress."

"You should do it, Missy," I said. "You'll be practicing for next year. It's not like you want to be a girl."

"Nothing like that," Pete quickly agreed. "Just practice."

"All right then," Dad announced, "it's settled. You can do it if you meet mom's conditions."

"Thank you, Daddy," Pete squealed as he kissed him. "Thank you too, Mommy," he called out as he rushed to change. "You're the best!"

Pete rushed to his room, removed his costume, and slipped into his frilly babydoll nightie. Handing me the costume, he said, "Thanks, sis!"

Mom said that Pete was a regular at the weekly dances after that. He called Terri and Linda the next day, and spent over an hour giggling and laughing before hanging up.

The following weekend, Pete joined Terri and Linda in what they laughingly referred to as 'Trolling for Boys' at the dances. The girls planned their outfits together, typically wearing short skirts and heels to attract boys, who would then guide what they thought was some unsuspecting girl into what had become known as the 'Necking Pit'.

The girls always managed to find a way to trade the boys off amongst themselves so that they could spend hours on the phone after the dance comparing notes. Pete had no idea that the dance chaperones were doing me a favor by letting he and his friends have a few moments alone with the guys they managed to hook. Dad never knew that his sweet little girl was spending her Saturday evenings sucking face with boys, or that his darling little Missy was considered one of the best girls to ever enter the pit!

-----

A few weeks later, I heard a familiar little girl voice on my phone. "They called mom from school today. Someone dropped out of the program. They can't find anyone else, so they asked me to join the program in a couple of weeks. I agreed!"

"Slow down, Missy. Are you ready to be a full time girl?"

"I think so, Lynette, but I wouldn't mind if you helped me a little more."

How could I refuse? I promised to get a special CD to help perfect his feminine mannerisms and make him feel comfortable as a girl. He thanked me over and over before letting me speak with mom.

Mom was as surprised as I by his eagerness to start the program. We agreed to special order several CDs to greatly enhance his femininity, and to help him to think of himself as a girl. I agreed to get the CD that would make him want to become a girl more than anything in the world. Only another special CD could reverse the process, but I'd never order it. Pete had just signed up for a one-way trip on the express bus to being Melissa.

**THE END OF PART ONE OF TWO**

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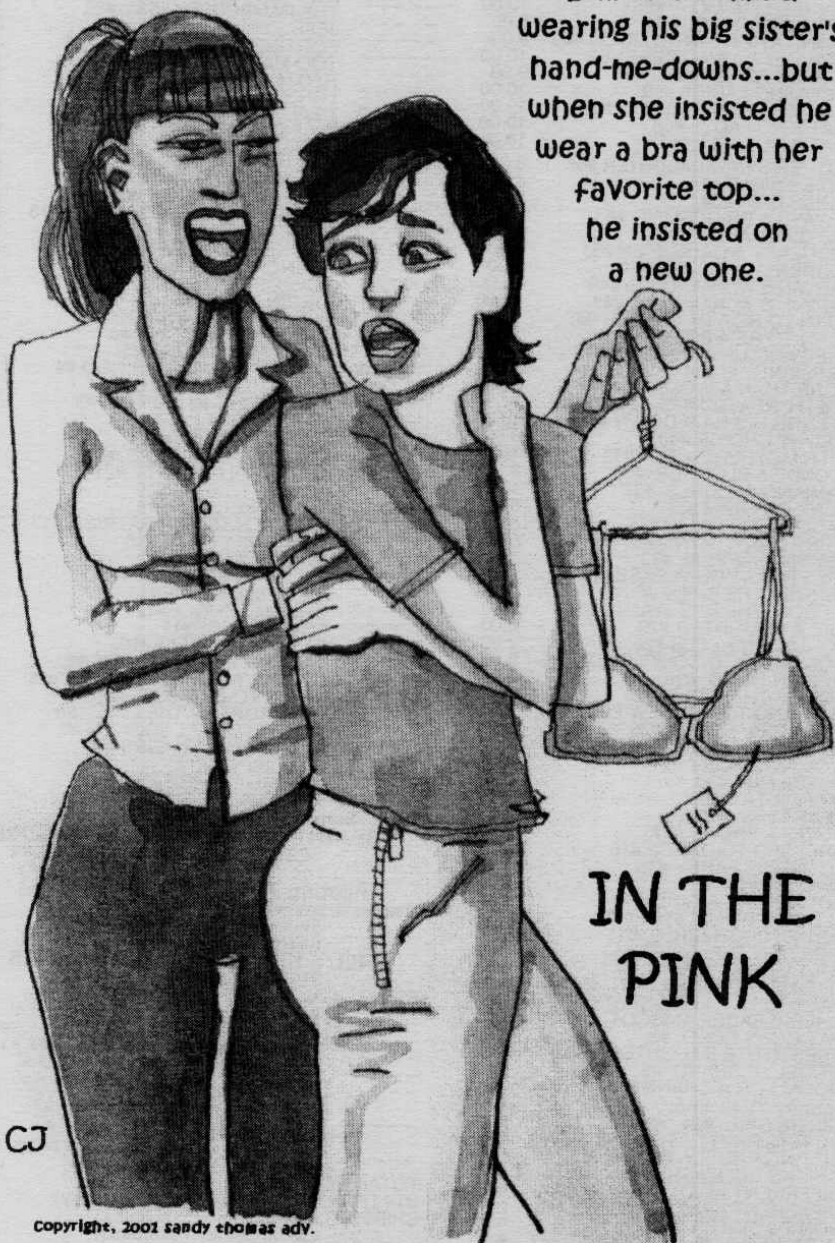
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