

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"WOMANHOOD COMPLETED"



"Darwin's 'little black dress' showed off his sissified body. The off the shoulder style with a scalloped neckline cut very low to display a provocative, yet modest view of eye catching cleavage—something most boys would be humiliated by. . ."

TWINS, DARWIN & MARLON ARE FORCED INTO DRESSES!

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WOMANHOOD COMPLETED

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 27

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By

by Alice Trail

& Kristi Love

Illustrations-- TEBBY

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“WOMANHOOD COMPLETED”

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**ONE MAN'S POISON IS ANOTHER MAN'S
PERFUME.**

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WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED

by Alice Trail & Kristy Love

Marlon ran to his room to change into a new skirt and blouse he wanted to show me.

When I looked back at Darwin, he had removed his slip, and for the first time, I saw one of my brothers in panties, bra, nylons, and garter belt. "See what Mrs. Gates has done to my body," he said, holding his arms wide for me to get a good look.

"Yesss," I mused, looking at his protruding bra, broad hips, and narrow waist, "and those breasts look so real."

"That's what I'm worried about," he lamented. "My chest is changing...getting fat--it's like my breasts are real! Actually some of what is in my bra is me, and I appear to be growing! There must be something in those pills we have to take every day that's doing this to us. LOOK!"

Darwin lowered the strap of his brassiere and removed the prosthesis. Yes, his chest jutted outward--small soft fatty mounds with distended projecting pink nipples. "They itch," he admitted while adding, "and it's strange having them point out in front of me and look what I have to read." He handed me one of those "UNDER CONTROL" booklets called, "HAVING BREASTS--WHAT EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW."

"What does Marlon think?" I asked as I thumbed about the pages. "Does he have the same irritation?"

"I think Marlon likes it," Darwin spat. "He acts as though growing breasts is commonplace."

The booklet contained many drawings of the different stages of breast development from budding on to some rather huge `tits'. There was one series of pictures that showed a boyish looking person flat-chested at first and each stage of development until full-breasted. The final picture looked so

much like a girl that I was sure that it couldn't be a boy. The booklet covered all facets of having breasts.

Darwin asked, "Could Mrs. Gates be giving Marlon something that makes him think like a girl?"

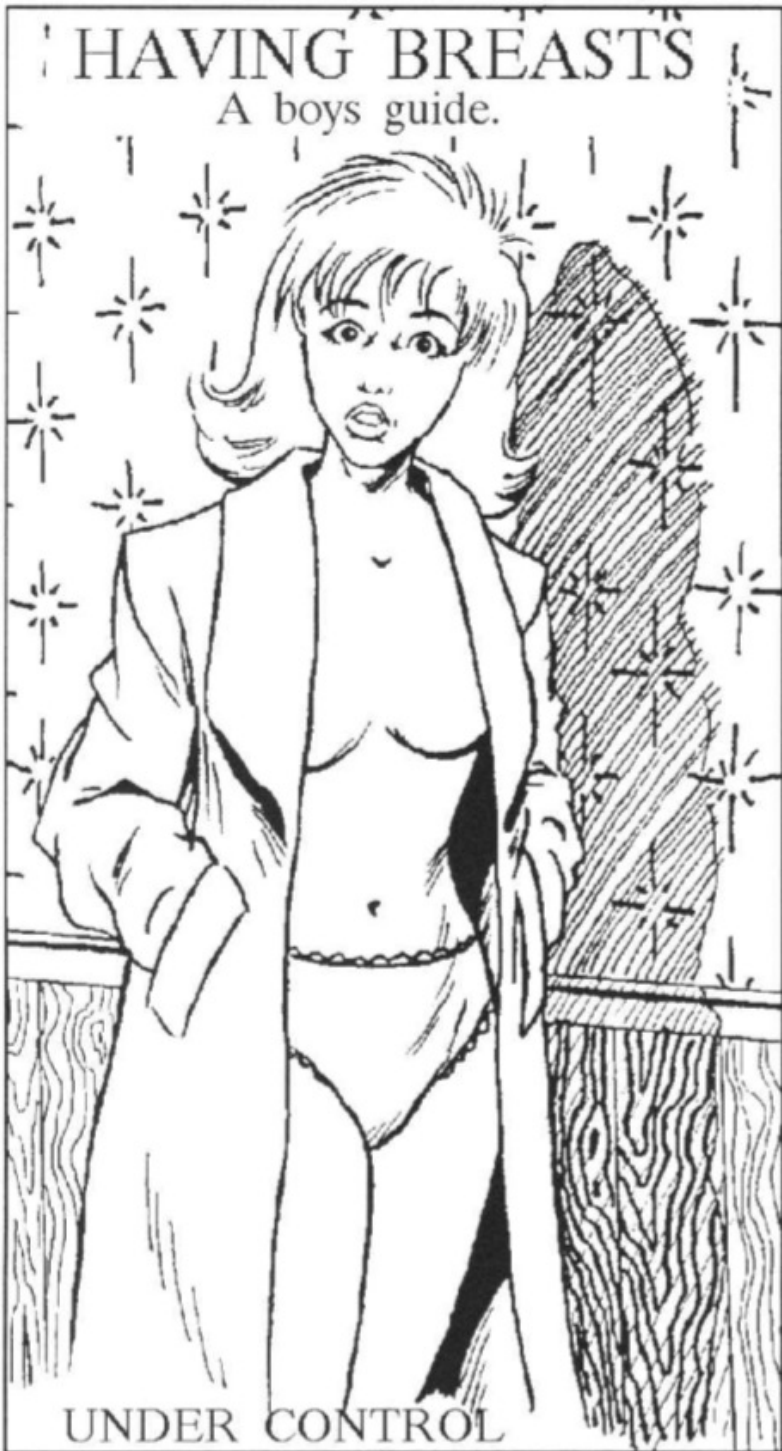
"I don't know of anything that would do that," I said sitting down the booklet.

Then, he added with a blush, "As a matter of fact, all he thinks about anymore is clothes, his hair, his figure and how he looks! I don't understand what's happening to him. I just don't understand."

"This is horrible!" I gasped. "Mrs. Gates has no right to do these dreadful things to your bodies. I'll look into what she's giving you, but I doubt if anything could make you 'think' like girls."

My eyes wandered down to his panties, and I was astonished to see a very realistic feminine triangle where a male protrusion should be. I assumed he was still wearing a control device to conceal his manhood, but I didn't expect to see a 'V' shaped girl's patch through the thin nylon of his panties. "W...what happened to your...your...you know?" I asked pointing to his crotch.

Darwin looked where I was indicating and a pink flush rose into his cheeks. "Training she calls it. This is another of Mrs. Gates purchases from that damned 'Under Control' place. Here, let me show you." He hooked his thumbs in his panties and lowered them to his knees to give me an unobstructed view. "This little number is a realistic camouflage item called 'Control Master III'. It's a lifelike replica of a girl's genitalia and the surrounding area. As you can see, it's totally believable. We can undress down to our panties to try on clothes at Stella's, and no one suspects a thing. Mrs. Gates insists we wear it constantly to create that illusion. I'll bet she would go into orbit if she ever found one of us without it."



At my request, I was allowed to examine his surrogate 'femininity' up close. It was made from some kind of curious material that looked and felt like human skin and was covered with real hair that exactly matched the color of his auburn tresses. He parted the hair to show me just how realistic, and I knew that unless this gizmo were examined very closely, it could easily be mistaken for the real thing. "But...but, how do you...you know...go to the bathroom?" I asked with a puzzled look.

"The ingenious design of this doohickey allows one to do that too," he said, "although we have to sit like a woman. Heaven help us if Mrs. Gates were to find a raised toilet seat! We have to remove it twice each week for hygiene purposes, but we can't keep it off longer than half an hour. During that time, we must clean ourselves. Before the Control Master, we generously apply a lotion called 'Barely There' that numbs and shrinks our genitals to make it more comfortable, and re-install everything correctly for Mrs. Gates' inspection."

"She is adamant that we not be allowed to see or touch our maleness except when absolutely necessary, and then only for very brief periods of time. She says, 'Out of sight, out of mind'. Not that there's much to see or think about anymore. When I cleaned myself two days ago, I had the hardest time finding my maleness. Everything was shriveled to the size of peanuts and collapsed like a closed accordion. If I tried to make it with a girl now, I can assure you that she would laugh me out of bed!"

"I'm sure it's just temporary," I suggested. On the nightstand was a booklet called, "CONTROL MASTER III, the instruction manual--instructions and precautions. In small print on the cover it said, "May be habit forming and addictive in continued use."

As I was trying to fully comprehend the magnitude of my brothers' tribulations, I watched Darwin step into a short, straight, black and blue plaid wool skirt then pull a royal blue ski sweater over his head. He smoothed the sweater over his 'chest'. Despite his complaints, he dressed in these 'dreaded' clothes with a lively vitality. There had been no 'relief' from this continued sensual humiliation of being dressed like a girl.

While he brushed his auburn locks back into place and expertly repaired his makeup, he pleaded, "You've just got to tell Judge Harris, or anyone else who will listen, what Mrs. Gates is doing and get us out of here. Things are happening so fast, I don't know how much longer I can hold out."

"Hold out? What do you mean?" I asked.

Smoothing his skirt beneath him, he seated himself beside me on the bed. As if by habit, he crossed his legs at the knee in feminine fashion and allowed his skirt to ride up, exposing the tops of his nylons. "I'm not sure myself Katie," he answered thoughtfully, "but I feel myself changing...no matter how hard I resist, I find myself accepting my feminine image in the mirror. It's like dressing this way is doing something to our minds. The feel of all this girly stuff, like the lingerie and soft nightgowns, was embarrassing at first, but the softness isn't that unpleasant now."

"You like the soft clothes now?"

"NO..." he said, then after thinking a moment, "well...I guess the truthful answer is that I've gotten used to them. I don't detest the soft fabrics like I did in the beginning. I know that means I've changed a lot, but you can see that Marlon has changed to a much greater degree. Before we came here, he was our leader, and as such, he made all the decisions. I never thought to disagree or even to suggest another option. Now, look at him! He's content to do whatever anyone tells him. Even me! You saw how fast he ran to his room to change when I mentioned he model that frilly dress?"

I nodded.

Darwin whispered, "Do you remember how we argued during our walk last fall? I could see he was changing back then. Through harassment, I was trying to provoke him into resisting harder, but as you can see, it didn't work. Now, whenever I try to start an argument, he'll either burst into tears, apologize and promise not to upset me again, or run and tell Mrs. Gates. It's downright disgusting! The bad news is that the same thing is happening to me, only slower. I fight as

much as I dare, but if Mrs. Gates suspects I'm resisting her training, she punishes me something awful."

"What kind of punishments?" I asked curiously.

"Like when I was planning to escape a while back," he said with a shudder, as if the memory of that incident was extremely painful. "I had every detail planned, but all I had to wear was dresses and skirts. The only way I could think of to get some male clothes without Mrs. Gates finding out was to sneak one of Mr. Gates' old shirts, a pair of worn out jeans, a torn tee shirt, and a pair of ragged jockey shorts from the rag bag. There was even an old straw hat on the closet shelf that I could tuck my hair under to look more masculine until I could find a way to get it cut."

He lowered his voice and continued, "During short periods of time when I was alone with my sewing projects, I cut these clothes down to my size, patched the torn places, and hemmed them up for my getaway duds. They weren't perfect by any means, but they would be a lot better than risking getting caught in a skirt and thrown in jail with a bunch of degenerates. Since I planned to be hiding in the woods for a few days to allow the heat to blow over, I got some food together, and I was ready to make my move. That's when I made my big mistake!"

"I thought I couldn't leave without telling Marlon of my plans and saying goodbye, but was I ever wrong! He listened intently as I told him every detail of my plan. When I finished, I thought he would be happy and wish me well, or maybe even ask to go along. Instead, his eyes grew large, and an expression of fear covered his face."

"Darla, you can't take that kind of chance!!!" he said, bursting into tears. "I won't let you! You don't know how horrible...how horrible those people are. If you get caught, and you surely will be, you'll be thrown in jail with those...those...awful people, and they'll...they'll...they'll!"

"Don't worry," I said. "You were wearing shorts, and they could see that your legs were shaved. If I get caught, I won't look like a girl because I'll have on these jeans and things."

“That won't matter!” he insisted. “You could be wearing a suit of armor, and it wouldn't make any difference! They'll see your baby face, permed hair, and thin, arched eyebrows, and they won't waste any time before attacking you. I know! Less than five minutes after the guards leave, the other inmates will have your jeans around your ankles. Then, that sadistic mob will see your shaved legs like they did mine, and you won't stand a chance!”

“He shuddered as he thought over the consequences of such an ordeal. ‘I love you too much to allow you to take this foolish chance. You leave me no choice other than to inform Mrs. Gates of your plans.’”

“With that, he ran out of the room, and a few minutes later, Mrs. Gates came in. Boy, did I ever get it, and it was all Marlon's fault! If he had kept his mouth shut, I would be history around here by now. Part of my punishment was not getting to see you that time. I'll bet Marlon didn't tell you about that little episode during your outing,” he said disgustedly.

“No, he didn't,” I answered, “and from what you tell me, I'm not surprised. What were your other punishments?”

Darwin anxiously looked toward the door to assure himself that we were still alone before answering. “Mrs. Gates assigned me lots of extra work and household projects as punishment and to keep me too busy to plan another escape. To make matters worse, she put Marlon in charge to see that I did everything efficiently and correctly. I swear, Marlon was a much stricter task mistress than Mrs. Gates. He constantly found fault with my work, and he either made me do things over or reported me to Mrs. Gates. I couldn't believe he had become such a tattletale.”

“With threats of being even more critical of my work, Marlon even blackmailed me to choose frilly skirts and blouses, gingham dresses with lace on the bodice, sleeves, and hem, or some other farm girl or housewife look when it was my turn to choose our twin outfits. Even when we were to dress differently, he insisted that I dress in a domestic manner. I

swear, until my punishment was over last week, I hadn't worn a miniskirt in so long, I had almost forgotten how to sit modestly in one."

"I'm sorry Darwin," I gasped. "I didn't know things were this bad. I'll do whatever I can to help. I promise!" Once again, Darwin seemed to be accepting his enforced feminine manner of dress, while stating a preference for a particular style, namely short skirts. What was happening to my brothers?

Before I could comment further, Darwin interrupted my thoughts saying, "Whatever you do, don't say anything about this to Marlon. He still keeps me in trouble by telling Mrs. Gates everything! If he knew about the conversation we just had, I would be in hot water again. I assure you!"

"Don't worry," I promised. "I won't give you away." I couldn't believe Marlon had changed so much that he would rat on his own brother. Things were much worse than I could have possibly imagined. I considered Darwin's words very seriously, and as we talked, I noticed the soft tunes of a classical ballad I couldn't quite identify playing softly in the background. "What's that music," I asked.

"That's the elevator music I told you about. Mrs. Gates plays it when we're in our rooms and while we sleep. She puts cassettes in the stereo in the rec room, and pipes the sound into the speakers in our rooms. I'm used to it now, and I don't pay it much attention any more."

"Something serious is going on between Marlon and Johnny," I said, returning to a subject that weighed heavily on my mind. "What do you think of him?"

"He's shy as a kitten," Darwin answered disgustedly. "He turns red as a beet if you speak to him. I don't think he's comfortable around us dressed as girls. When I catch him looking at my legs, he looks down. That's why Marlon wears his skirts so long. I think he doesn't want to scare his beloved Johnny away."

Flashing a little leg? That didn't sound like a boy who was resisting his enforced femininity. Maybe Darwin had changed more than he realized.

"How about this little number?" Marlon bubbled as he walked daintily into the room to proudly model a double breasted, floral print dress. It was white and decorated with pink flowers with green leaves, had a shawl collar of delicate lace, three quarter length sleeves, a straight, mid knee length skirt, and it fit perfectly. He had even changed his makeup and wore pink three inch heels to coordinate his outfit! "I made this dress myself. People say I look great in it."

"He means JOHNNY!" Darwin added.

Marlon blushed but added, "I have matching lingerie with pink flowers that really look nice underneath my dress." He added in a swishy tone to Darwin, "I wear pretty lingerie to feel pretty, feel feminine, and feel ladylike."

"Very beautiful, Marla," I said, emphasizing the 'MARLA'. "You're becoming quite a little homemaker, aren't you?" He was feminine enough to turn any man's head, and he seemed to know it.

"Thank you Katie. I'm just trying to make the best of a bad situation," he said blushing but with a superior tone while looking down his nose at Darwin. Then, in an upset tone, "Darla! That skirt is much too short for those nylons! With a skirt that short, you should be wearing leg length nylons or pantyhose. To make matters worse, you're still wearing your red pumps, and they don't go with that outfit at all! How can Katie appreciate the full effect of your new ensemble if you don't wear the correct shoes and accessories?"

Looking at me with an "I told you so" expression, Darwin got up, went to his closet and selected a pair of black heels, took a pair of leg length hose from his drawer and retreated to the bathroom. When he returned, attired as Marlon had directed, he apologized saying, "Thank you for reminding me Marla. Katie and I started talking, and I completely forgot."

Marlon took me to his room, which was spotless. His dresses were hung with care and even his makeup was lined up neatly. A vase of fresh flowers added the color and the bouquet of a girl's room.

On his bedstand was several booklets; "CHOOSING THE RIGHT BRASSIERE," and another called, "YOUR WALK, YOUR FUTURE." and a thick one called, "EXPLORING FEMININITY, A boy's guide."

In spite of my concerns about their crisis, I enjoyed visiting with my brothers. In the back of my mind was the constant thought that I had a lot of work to do if I was to improve their circumstance before it was too late.

Later that day, Mrs. Gates daughter, Lisa and her husband came over for a visit. Marlon and Darwin greeted her like old friends, each giving the other a peck on the cheek. I was later to learn that Lisa was a regular visitor to her parents house. I'd never met her before, but the twins had become close friends with her.

Lisa was a lovely woman with curled, shoulder length blond hair, a spectacular figure, and a real flair for clothing. She arrived wearing a figure clinging salmon colored shift with matching accessories. Not at all what you would expect of a 'farm girl'--more like a big city model.

"I'm so pleased to meet you Katie," she gushed at me. "Your brothers have told me so much about you that I feel like you and I are old acquaintances."

"Why thank you, Lisa," I responded. "I've heard you were recently married. I take it that married life is treating you well?"

"Oh, Bobby can be a 'handful' sometimes, but I love him dearly. I really wouldn't want my life to be any other way, he gives me so much," she replied with a glow to her face.

"Isn't Bob a farmer like Johnny and your father?" I asked.

"Yes, Katie, and very successful too! He and Johnny are best of friends," she stated. "In fact, they're planning a hunting trip together after the holidays. You know how men are."

I watched as she talked. I was almost jealous of her infectious happiness. She had it all, a devoted husband, a lovely life, and a tremendous figure that even her shift dress couldn't hide.

We carried on a conversation for over an hour. I had heard about Lisa but I was reluctant to talk about her drug related conviction and she didn't volunteer any information. I was glad to see her life had turned around. She acted as though all that was part of another life.

That night, I slept in Darwin's bed, while he slept with Marlon. Because of the cider, I was feeling kind of groggy when I went to bed, and I slept like a baby. I awoke later than usual the next day and realized that the soft music was playing in the background. I wondered if it had played all night without my being aware. As I got out of bed, I was kind of woozy. "That cider had more of a kick than I imagined," I thought.

I made certain not to let Mrs. Gates learn of my new knowledge about her treatment of my brothers. She was cordial when I arrived late for breakfast. I had looked in the mirror and decided that I really needed to take more care in my own femininity. I took special care in my make-up and hair.

The twins were wearing colorful cotton house dresses with their long curls brushed back and tied neatly with ribbons. They fluttered busily about the house doing their chores while Mrs. Gates and I talked. They obviously knew what was expected of them, as they worked steadily and efficiently without instructions. I would have helped, so I could talk further with them, but I still felt kind of faint.

Marlon went about with a radiance I'd never seen. His smiling eyes were clear and his cheeks rosy. I was sure that the lack of recreational drug use gave him back the bloom of youth. A few stray curls had escaped his hair ribbon, giving a softness to his appearance and framing his cherub-like face.

Darwin eyes had a dreamy, moody glare. I asked myself how the two could react so differently...if they were being given medication to change them, were they getting the same dosage?

After a nice lunch of leftovers from the day before, I still wasn't feeling very well. Mrs. Gates suggested I take a short nap, and perhaps I would feel better. As I dreaded driving back to town in my condition, I readily accepted her offer.

When I awoke a couple of hours later, I noticed the music was playing again, but I paid it little attention. The good news was that I felt much better, almost human again in fact. Again I felt unsightly and took special care with my make-up.

CHAPTER VI

“Judge Harris, you've got to help me!” I demanded as I stormed into his chambers without having an appointment or being invited inside. “Mrs. Gates is not only making my .. uh .. brothers wear dresses, she's changing them mentally and physically into girls! I spent Christmas at the Gates residence, and if we don't do something for them soon, it will be too late.”

“Are you sure you read the Lisa Gates file thoroughly last spring before they were committed to Mrs. Gates?” he asked curiously. “I was assured that you had.”

“I thought I did, Your Honor,” I said, suddenly becoming doubtful. What was he talking about?

“I had a feeling you had overlooked something, so I had my secretary keep that particular file here instead of returning it to the archives,” he said as he pushed the intercom button on his phone. “Mrs. Riley, bring in the Lisa Gates file.” A few seconds later when she didn't answer, he swore, “That damn woman! She's gotten so old, she spends all her time in the bathroom or out in the hall gossiping. She's never there when I need her. If I knew anyone only half qualified, I'd hire her and transfer Mrs. Riley to records until her retirement!”

Seeing his frustration, I volunteered, “Don't get so upset. I'll look for it in her files.”

When I returned from the outer office a few minutes later with the Lisa Gates file, Judge Harris had moved to his office sofa, and said, "Sit here, and we'll look through it together."

As I sat beside him, the skirt of my dark business suit rode up to bare a considerable portion of my nylon covered thighs. When I saw the grey haired gentleman smile approvingly, I blushed and tried to pull it down, but I didn't succeed very well as the skirt was quite short. I had felt like wearing short skirts lately...I do have good legs.

"You have nice legs Katie," he said noticing. "Don't try so hard to cover them." Judge Harris had been divorced for a number of years, and he had quite a reputation with the ladies. "You know, if you weren't so tight with Ted, I'd make a play for you myself. In fact, I might anyway. How about having dinner with me? If Ted asks, you could tell him we were discussing one of your cases."

For a man in his early fifties, Judge Harris was quite handsome and distinguished. Adding to his allure were his greying temples and tanned face from many hours on the golf course. "I'd better not, your Honor," I answered. "You see, I'm really very much in love with Ted."

"Alright," he said with a smile, "but if you change your mind, you know where to find me. Just keep in mind that you could do a lot worse than old Jack Harris. Now, let's have a look at that file." He opened the file to the first page and said, "Here it is, didn't you read this first entry about Larry Gates?"

"N..no," I stammered. "What does an entry about Larry Gates have to do with the Lisa Gates case?" I paused for moment, and the full impact of that entry hit me square in the face. **MRS. GATES HAD CHANGED HER DELINQUENT SON INTO A GIRL!!!!** "Oh no...no...." I stammered. "She didn't change her son into that...that married woman, did she? Tell me she didn't!"

"Yes Katie, she did," he said sympathetically. "You said you read the file, and I thought you knew they would dress like girls if Mrs. Gates got her hands on them."

“But, I didn't! They didn't know either! What can we do to stop this travesty before it's too late?”

“Nothing, I'm afraid,” he said gloomily, “unless they go to prison. That was the stipulation set forth and agreed to at the hearing.”

“Will they be completely changed into girls?” I asked. “This entry on the last page indicates that Larry had some kind of surgery and that his name was legally changed to Lisa.”

“Based on recent debates, that subject is still open at this time. I have been involved in several discussions regarding that subject with Mrs. Gates and members of the Board. In my opinion, the Board will go along with whatever recommendation is made by Mrs. Gates.

“I can do nothing?”

“I'm afraid not,” he said.

“You mean for more than a month, I won't be able to tell them that they may be changed into real girls, nor can I tell them there is nothing I can do to help them? By then, it will probably be too late anyway!” I put my hands over my face and burst into tears.

“There, there,” he said putting his arm around my shoulders to comfort me. “You said yourself that they're much more pleasant to be around than before, and they aren't out corrupting our youth or peddling drugs. They're probably better off this way, and besides, having two beautiful brothers who are experts in household duties can't be all bad. Think about it.”

I was feeling utterly helpless and lying on the bed crying my eyes out when Ted came home that evening. Seeing my despair, he took me in his arms, kissed me, and asked what was wrong.

Ted listened intently while I told him the whole story. He was enthralled, to say the least, and he got very curious when I described intimate details about my brothers' bodies, like their

long hair, developing breasts, narrow waists, and flaring hips. How Marlon had come to think of himself as a girl and even had the 'attention' of a young man.

"You're kidding, right," he gasped. He was definitely interested alright...always looking for some 'cause' to get behind. "Let me think about it, maybe I can come up with something 'legal'."

During the days and weeks before my February visit, Ted slyly asked for bits of information. For instance, whenever we would see a well dressed girl, he would ask if my brothers would wear a dress like that or their hair a certain way. I guess I should have questioned his motives, but I was too concerned about what was happening at the Gates farm to worry about Ted's motives for his inquiries.

"Katie, I think we should postpone your next visit until March," Mrs. Gates said over the telephone. "At that time, you can have a long overnight visit like you did during Christmas."

"Why the delay?" I asked, feeling more than a little perturbed.

"A couple of reasons actually," she said sounding very concerned. "First, is the girls' lessons. They are learning to think like women and observe life through the eyes of a woman. In all candor, they are finding that to be a very difficult assignment."

"Secondly, since your meeting with Judge Harris, you were reported to be extremely distraught. I can not and will not be blamed because you failed to read the file thoroughly. If you had assumed your responsibility and thoroughly read the file, you would have known that Larry and Lisa Gates are one and the same. Talking with the girls while you are in your current frame of mind will alert them to your distress and cause them to fall farther behind schedule in their lessons."

"Do you plan to completely change them into girls...like you did your own son...er...daughter?" I asked, hoping against hope that she would say no.

“I don't change anyone...that decision will be made by the Board,” she answered, “and by what your brothers want. All I can do is make recommendations. Anyway, we'll discuss that subject when you come for your long visit in March.”

Perhaps, there was still hope that we could reverse this craziness after all. My brothers would be back to normal in no time after their sentence was served. Then again, normal wasn't very good before. Maybe just somewhere in between would be the best.

During the next few weeks, I had several meetings with Judge Harris about my brother's ultimate destiny, but he didn't offer much hope. He did, however, say that the subject of their future gender was still being debated by those with the power to make the final decision. Also, he never failed to make a mild pass each time we met.

The days passed slowly, but the morning of my long awaited March visit with my brothers finally came, and I arrived at the Gates residence at ten o'clock as scheduled. Mrs. Gates led me into the parlor where I found Darwin looking out the window from behind the curtains. “I'll be right there,” Mrs. Gates said and went into the kitchen.

“Come look!” Darwin exclaimed excitedly as he motioned me toward the window with a thin hand. His fingernails flashed red to match his long curled hair that now hung to his shoulder blades.

I was surprised by what I saw out the window, but because of my dinner conversation with Marlon a while back, I wasn't overwhelmed. Marla and Johnny were standing beside an old pickup truck and they were locked in a passionate embrace. Marla had his arms wrapped around Johnny's neck and was smothering him with kisses. He stood on his tiptoes to reach Johnny's lips and his right leg was bent at the knee like many girls when they are enjoying the embrace of the man they love.

Having never had a conversation with Darwin about intimate subjects, I asked uncomfortably, "What's that all about?"

"It's disgusting, that's what!" Darwin spat.

I inwardly heaved a short sigh of relief. At least Marlon was the only one of my brothers who had lost his mind. I asked again, "I mean, WHAT'S that all about?"



"Marlon and Johnny. Marlon blushed when he saw me looking at them on the porch. Friends?"

Darwin, shook his head and whispered, "I never thought I'd see the day...I think Johnny and he are..."

I gasped at the thought, but before I could speak, Darwin continued. "I don't see how he could get involved with anyone so shy. The person I marry has to be a lot more outgoing than Johnny."

I was about to ask him whether he meant a man or a woman when he referred to a 'person', when Mrs. Gates entered the living room. "Darla dear, call your sister," Mrs. Gates ordered before turning her attention to me.

When Marlon came in, I realized this was one of the few times I had seen the twins dressed differently since they came to live with the Gates family. Marlon had on a knee length floral house dress, while Darwin wore a simple, yet provocative, lavender minidress with a straight skirt that showed a lot of trim, smooth, nylon covered thigh.

"Oh Katie," Marlon said placing his hand over his pretty red mouth. "I'm embarrassed to say that I forgot about your visit, and I promised Johnny I'd go over to his place this afternoon. His babysitter has to leave early, and he wants me to cook dinner and take care of Susie until he gets in from the fields. I would love to visit with you, but...well....,"

"That's alright, Marla," I said disappointedly. "I think we'll have time to visit before you have to leave. I'll also be here tonight and tomorrow."

"That'll be peachy," Marlon responded brightly, realizing that he could do both things within the time available.

Mrs. Gates changed the subject saying, "Katie, why don't you and Darla take the afternoon and do some shopping on your own. I know you enjoyed your excursion with Marla, and Darla needs some time alone with her older sister too."

"Oh yes, let's do go shopping, Katie," Darwin squealed clapping his hands together. "I've been dying to see the new fashions at the mall."

I wanted to spend some time alone with Darwin and this seemed like the perfect opportunity. Marlon was gone. I could

see that. I still wanted details and hoped Darwin could fill me in. Marlon been permanently replaced by Marla. Darwin appeared to be the only one with a chance to regain his masculinity and his old personality. This might be my only opportunity to exert some influence on him and I dare not miss out.

“That sounds lovely, Mrs. Gates,” I answered. “We'll drop Marla off at Johnny's and try to be back around 7 or 8 PM, if that's alright with you?”

“It's perfect dear,” Mrs. Gates agreed.

An hour later, Darwin and I were headed towards town. This was the first time I was completely alone with him for any extended period of time since he had started to live with the Gates family.

Darwin had changed into a quite daring, tight fitting, red, leather miniskirt that reached to only mid thigh, sheer nylons, red 3" heels, and a tight fitting white translucent blouse that showed his amply filled bra beneath. The snug blouse showed a substantial bosom that was at least a `B+ or C' cup. I assumed he added extra padding for effect. The overall effect of his prominent bosom, along with his bright red hair, green eyes, ruby red lipstick, matching nail polish, and spectacular legs, was devastating.

“I'm just dying to shop for clothes in the mall, Katie,” Darwin said on the way. “The new styles are fantastic!”

“Are you sure you don't want to do something masculine like going to the drag races or go to the basketball game over at the high school gym?” I asked. “Don't worry, if you want to do something really macho, I won't tell Mrs. Gates.”

His eyes turned really sad, and he said, “No Katie, I can't be a man and do macho things anymore. I don't even feel the slightest bit masculine these days.”

“Then you shouldn't wear such large falsies,” I admonished.

He looked down into his lap and hesitated before answering. "They aren't falsies. Everything in my bra is all me. My breasts have grown a lot since you saw them. I'm a natural `C' cup now. That's why I can't be a boy anymore."

"Oh" I stammered. "What about Marlon's?"

"Only a `B' cup. My breasts are larger than Marla's, and that has him really steamed. I keep kidding him that I'll steal Johnny away from him with my larger boobs, but he tells me not to kid about such things. He has even tried to make his breasts larger by using a vacuum device, but all it has done is make his nipples larger. He does have much larger and more sensitive nipples than me," Darwin ended.

"Then, you really do want to go to the mall?" I asked.

"Oh yes! I saw this really lovely dress in Stella's catalog, and I just know I'd look smashing in it," he stated with enthusiasm.

So, to my disappointment, Darwin and I went shopping. When we arrived at Stella's, a pretty young girl happily ran over to greet us.

"Mary Sue, I would like you to meet my sister Katie," Darwin said. "Katie, this is Mary Sue. I told you about her."

"Oh yes, you were Darwin's girlfriend, weren't you?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," Mary Sue answered dejectedly.

While Darwin rummaged through the racks, I spent some time talking with this person who knew Darwin intimately and who was now acquainted with Darla. "If you don't mind my asking, what do you think of the `ordeal' Darwin has had to endure?"

"That's hard to say," she answered. "Darwin was an ass hole, but I don't know whether he deserves to be fixed up and humiliated like this. On the other hand, I find his feminization fascinating and he makes a wonderful woman. I think I enjoy Darla's company more than Darwin's, and he's not a threat to me anymore."



*“Darwin said, ‘They aren’t falsies. . .’ I wondered if they had given him something to make his breasts bigger because he was resisting femininity. . .something difficult to do with ‘C’ cup breasts. His were bigger than mine!
It made me a little insecure.”*

“I understand that you gave him a lot of misery when he first started shopping here,” I said.

Her eyes had a sad look as she answered. “I did, but it's not fun anymore because ‘Darwin’ isn't fighting it now. ‘Darla’ doesn't seem to mind. He even kids me now...I guess it's because he's much more feminine than me, and a lot prettier too!”

About then, Darwin returned holding a flimsy green cocktail dress. “What do you girls think of this little number?” he asked draping the garment over his body.

“Oh, that's lovely,” I answered, “Why don't you try it on?”

“I agree,” said Mary Sue.

After Darwin left with the dress draped over one arm, Mary Sue continued, “I can't imagine Darwin ever looking like this or ever asking how a dress would look on him. Personally, I don't think Darwin exists any longer, and I know Marlon doesn't.”

I dreaded her statement, but couldn't dispute it. I was about to question her further it when Darwin came out of the dressing room with the shiny green dress clinging to his every curve. I had to suck in my breath. This dress said S-E-X, and it looked like it was made for Darla. It clung to and followed his every curve. His prominent breasts pushed the front out to nearly obscene dimensions, and it molded his waist and hips to end at mid thigh. This gorgeous creation was sleeveless, being held up with the slimmest of shoulder straps. With the green four inch heels Darwin had slipped on, the entire effect was devastating. Did he conceive what his new image would achieve? What effect the tantalizing feminine fantasy would have on men? Where, oh where, was my brother?

“Darla! That dress is lovely on you,” Mary Sue gushed. “You look great!”

“I agree,” Darwin giggled. “I'll take it. Put it on Mrs. Gates' account. I'd better not wear it home because she might take exception. You know how older people get uptight over the smallest things.”

“Yes, and that dress is the `smallest' of things,” I interrupted. Both Darwin and Mary Sue giggled like schoolgirls at my remark. Darwin's every action mimicked Mary Sue's. Both acted exactly like flirtatious young ladies, and no one would question that they were females.

We finished shopping and arrived home at 7:30 P.M., shortly after Marlon arrived from taking care of Johnny's little girl, serving his dinner, and cleaning his house.

My first priority was a discussion with Mrs. Gates concerning my brothers' future gender, so I asked for a conversation in private.

“Certainly my dear,” she said with a smile. Then turning to my brothers, she said, “Darla, while Katie and I are talking, you can practice your typing lessons, and Marla, after you bring us a cup of tea, you can work on Johnny's laundry and ironing.”

“Yes Mrs. Gates,” they responded in unison as they left to perform their assigned tasks.

“Now, what's on your mind,” Mrs. Gates asked when we were alone, “as if I couldn't guess.”

“Do you plan to completely change them into girls like you did Lisa?” I asked.

“Ah,” she said. “I thought that would be the subject. As I told you on the phone, you should find at least some comfort in the fact that my current feelings are to allow each of them to make that decision for themselves. However, the Board will have the final say in this matter. I can only make recommendations.”

“Thank you for your candor Mrs. Gates,” I said. “What do you think the Board will do?”

“I believe there's a good chance they'll go along with me,” she answered. “So, if you are worried about that, your primary concern should be with the twin's wishes, not mine. In any case, can you possibly imagine Marla going back into society as a man?”

“I hadn't thought about it that way,” I responded. “Maybe with a man, but certainly not as a man.”

Just then, Marlon entered the parlor with a tray containing the teapot, cups, saucers, and condiments. I noticed that he had automatically put on an apron for his housework without being told.

“Marla does Johnny's laundry for him here and goes over to his house once or twice a week to clean up,” Mrs. Gates said proudly.

“That's very nice of you,” I complimented Marlon, “but isn't that a lot of extra work?”

“Not really,” he answered happily. “I enjoy housework, and he appreciates my doing things for him! He hates to clean up or wash dishes, and cleaning his house gives me a chance to get to know his little girl better. We've become quite close.”

“See what I mean?” Mrs. Gates said after Marlon left to do his washing and ironing. “Could you imagine you'd ever see your brother doing `wash' for another man?”

I shook my head.

“I knew that Marlon was experimenting with the enchantment of being feminine and I wasn't blind to Johnny's fascination. I could see that Johnny's masculinity had the influence to overwhelm `Marla'. I just let nature take its course. Given the choice, can you honestly imagine Marlon refusing the option to become a real girl?”

“No, I guess not,” I conceded, “but what about Darla?”

“Until recently,” she replied, “I thought Darla would choose to retain his masculinity...maybe even go back to being a man. But now, I'm not so sure.”

“Truthfully, neither am I since our shopping trip. But say, didn't you send him to practice his typing? What's that about?”

“That's quite a story,” Mrs. Gates answered. “I told Darla that she ought to think about what she wanted to do for a living once she left my care, and she since she didn't want to learn `housewife' duties like Marla, I asked what she would like to do. She said she would rather have a career. I suggested receptionist or secretary, and she agreed to give it a try. To help her in that direction and to give her some training, I enrolled her in a night secretarial course at Community College.”

“How does she like that?” I asked curiously.

Mrs. Gates smiled before answering. "I think she loves it! In fact, I believe she's happier than she's been since she came here. When I told Judge Harris about her excellent progress and change of attitude, he said he was desperately looking for a secretary and would like to talk with her when she completes the course. Coincidentally, that will be in June when her sentence is up."

Mrs. Gates and I continued to talk for another hour before she called my brothers back for a late night snack before going to bed. Shortly after that, we departed for our various rooms for sleep.

I slept in Marlon's room. Before I went to sleep, I read the booklets on his nightstand. I was shocked by the one titled, "GIVING UP YOUR MASCULINITY." It was the philosophy of what it meant to live as a woman in the world. There were case studies and pictures of different boys and men who were now living as women. Each had a glow in their eyes...the same glow I'd seen in Marlon's lately.

Again the soft music was playing the following morning. When I left for home that afternoon, I had the feeling I had spent more time with Mrs. Gates than with my brothers. Strangely, I felt pretty and alive--I left humming the tune that was playing when I awoke.

CHAPTER VII

Two weeks later, I received a call from Mrs. Gates. She asked me to dinner that evening and said she had something important to discuss. I agreed, knowing the dinner would give me a chance to see my brothers again.

I drove straight to the Gates farm from work, so I was still wearing my black business suit and white silk blouse. When Mrs. Gates greeted me at the door, she said, "Johnny will be dining with us tonight."

The twins were wearing matching pretty housedresses underneath pinafore style aprons as they usually did when doing housework. They each cheerfully greeted me by giving

me a peck on the cheek and a slight squeeze. I couldn't get over how feminine they acted now.

As soon as we exchanged greetings, Darwin snapped, "Just get out of here Marla! I swear, you're so uptight, you'd make coffee nervous! I'll finish in here, and don't worry, I promise everything will be perfect for your precious Johnny. Now go! Get out of here!"

Marlon playfully threw a dishtowel at Darwin, smiled broadly, took me by the arm to lead me out of the kitchen. As we neared the door, he turned to Darwin saying, "Thanks Sis, I owe you one. I'm going to change dresses."

After dinner, while Darwin did the dishes, Mrs. Gates ushered me, along with Johnny and Marlon, into the parlor for a talk. She motioned for me to sit in an easy chair while Marlon sat beside Johnny on the sofa.

In fact, Marlon embarrassed Johnny by sitting extremely close to him in our presence. It was a large sofa and there was no reason to sit so close. Johnny put his arm on the backrest in response to Marlon's smile.

"We are friends...that's all." Those words of Marlon rang in my ears. Marlon would occasionally laugh and rest his head over onto Johnny's broad shoulder. Marlon was obviously elated, though somewhat apprehensive. His bright smile and the expression of pure ecstasy in his eyes betrayed any effort he might have made to conceal his joy. He had removed his apron when he left the kitchen, and as he sat 'cuddled' against Johnny, his skirt crept up to reveal several inches of nylon covered thigh. Johnny, on the other hand, sat quietly and unemotionally with his eyes focused on his lap where he gently held Marlon's beautifully manicured hands in his own.

"These two have really gotten serious of late," Mrs. Gates said beginning the conversation. "They want to get married."

"M .. married?" I stammered. "How can they get married? They can't...they can't...you know...can they?" I looked over at Marla and Johnny and found both of them looking downward and blushing excessively.

“To answer your question, no. At this time, they can't consummate a vow of marriage in the traditional sense. But, there is a place called The Chrissy Institute where they can get some help. It's a subsidiary of Under Control, Inc., where I purchased many of the training aides I used in rehabilitating your brothers. From observation, you know their products and methods are both thorough and effective. Marla wants to visit the clinic to become a legal woman.”

I was astounded by what I was hearing! “Legal woman? Have you agreed to help her?” I asked.

“Since it is her wish, I saw no reason to deny her.”

I was desperately seeking some sanity in this weird conversation. “Marla,” I gasped, “are you sure you want to undergo this radical annihilation of your former life? Have you thought about the long term consequences?”

He bounded from the sofa, kneeled at my feet, and looked me straight in the eye. “Oh YES Katie,” he answered in a soft but determined voice. “I don't know how it happened but I'm Johnny's girl now. For the past few weeks, I've thought of little else. I never had much of a life and hated who I was...I want to be Johnny's wife and Susie's mother more than anything in the world.”

“It can't be,” I gasp, thinking but not saying, “you weren't made with a ‘husband’ in mind.”

“I'm dainty, frilly and feminine because that's just what I want to be. That's just what girls are, and that's just the kind of ‘young woman’ Johnny wants me to be,” Marlon said unapologetically and tenderly as he ran a long red fingernail over Johnny's shoulder.

Marlon's dress was a pretty blue circle of taffeta, covered with lacy ruffles, dainty ribbons, and pretty bows surrounded his body. It was truly a dress that would make any girl feel docile, weak, timid, passive, gentle, soft, and tender. All the attributes of “the perfect wife.”

I was totally mystified and a little hurt by his admission. “You seem to have already made your decision,” I spat out in a

wounded tone. "You're over eighteen! What do you want from me?"

"I want your blessing," he said softly with a pleading tone in his voice. "I want us to put the past behind us and become friends, as well as sisters. I know I don't need your permission, but I'm asking. I love you, and I want your love and your acceptance of me as a woman." With that, he burst into tears and laid his face onto my lap.

"Johnny? What do you think about this?" I asked.

He was obviously nervous and uncomfortable as he sat shuffling his feet and wringing his hands. "I tried to avoid my feelings but I love Marla," he said without looking up. "I tried to disregard my passion for her, but in the end, they won out. I know what she is...what she was, because we had our troubles in the beginning. Still, no matter how hard I tried to blot out all that...I fell in love with her. I can't think of her as anything but a girl...a woman. She wants to be that woman...and now, with her willingness to make this enormous sacrifice for our love, I want nothing more than to spend the rest of my life with her as my wife."

I was astounded by what I was hearing. They were both sincere in wanting me to approve this drastic measure, but they left no doubt that they would proceed in any event.

"Have you discussed this with the Board of Corrections?" I asked Mrs. Gates. I was grasping at straws like a drowning woman.

"Yes," she answered, "The mandatory portion of Marla's sentence will be over the first week of June, and then she'll be on probation for a while. The Board's position is that she can be married at that time if she desires."

"What does Judge Harris say," I asked.

"He has always argued that even though we forced the clothes and hormones on them, we should leave the option of their future gender to each of them as individuals," Mrs. Gates answered. "Now that Marla has asked for the surgery, he has no objections."

I was overwhelmed! With the statement of Judge Harris' approval of this unusual undertaking, I could only stare blankly into space as if in a trance. I heard myself saying, "Alright Marla, it's your life. If this is what you want, who am I to stand in your way? Of course you have my blessing and my sincere wishes for a happy life."

As my words faded, Marla pulled me to my feet, enveloped me in her arms, and burst into tears again. "Oh Katie, I'm the happiest girl in the world! You don't know how much this means to me."

She released me and flew into Johnny's arms and said, "You've made me your girl and now you can make me your wife."

"This is the most natural thing in the world," I thought. "A strong young man appears to be holding the girl of his dreams in his arms."

Marlon disengaged himself from Johnny and ran to meet Darwin, who was just entering the room. "Katie said YES!!!" he screeched in a high pitched voice.

"Everything is happening too fast," I thought.

By that time, the twins were holding each other's hands and were jumping up and down, going around and around like excited young girls. Their skirts were bouncing to show off glimpses of their slips and nylon covered thighs. Also like girls, both of them were talking at once.

Again, I was confused. Why was Darwin elated over the fact that Marlon was about to become a woman and get married? What could have ever made my brothers change so much?

While I talked with Johnny and my 'brothers', Mrs. Gates made several telephone calls. "Everything is all set," she said when she returned to the parlor. "Gather around, and I'll fill you in."

She had indeed been thorough. In three days, she and Marla would be leaving for a six week stay at The Chrissy

Institute. Without the details, they would do what was necessary for Marlon to legally be a woman. Johnny would temporarily move in with Mr. Gates, and if Ted and I approved, Darla would be staying with us for the same period.

“I’ve arranged for Darla to work as an apprentice to Judge Harris’ secretary to get some on the job training while we’re gone. She can cook and keep house for you to pay her way,” Mrs. Gates said.

CHAPTER VIII

The next two days were a flurry of action. Ted and I shared one bedroom of a two bedroom, two bath apartment. Up until that time, we had used the spare bedroom to store junk, but now, I had to get it ready for Darla. I had rented space in a mini warehouse to store my things when I moved in with Ted. To make matters simple we just piled the stuff from the spare room in with mine.

At the Gates house, the same insanity was going on. They were packing frantically to get three women on the move and getting two men ready to make it on their own for six weeks.

Johnny moved what few things he needed in the front seat of his pick-up truck, and in typical male fashion, he couldn’t understand why girls had so much to pack. Most of what he did bring, belonged to his daughter.

In addition to all that, they had to go shopping to buy Darwin some work clothes. I don’t know where they found the time, but he ended up with three new business suits with straight, mid-thigh length skirts, four differently styled skirts of similar length, a variety of blouses, several pairs of three inch pumps, and an assortment of accessories. The ensembles were so perfectly coordinated, that everything could be mixed and matched to give him many diverse looks.

“Here we are Darwin, our humble abode,” I said when after we arrived home after driving Mrs. Gates and Marla to the airport. “I’m very excited about your visit, and I hope you enjoy your stay just as much.”

"I'm sure I will Katie," he said, "but please call me Darla while I'm here. I don't look or feel like Darwin anymore, and I would be very embarrassed if anyone overheard you and discovered I was really a boy. Since I have no choice but to wear dresses all the time, I work really hard to project a feminine image to prevent that very thing from happening. Please try to understand."

"That's a reasonable request," I answered, "and I certainly don't want to embarrass you. I'll try and remember."

"Thanks, Katie," he responded happily. "You know, I really look forward to my stay with you and working for Judge Harris too."

"Won't you feel strange?" I asked. "After all, you realize that you'll be dressed as a girl."

"That's okay," he answered. "I've been out in public dressed as a girl many times, and Mrs. Gates has trained me well. I went out with you to Stella's, and I go to school as girl. Don't worry about me. I'm comfortable dressing this way now. In any event, no matter how I feel, I have to wear dresses until my sentence is over in June, and that's almost three months away."

I wanted to discuss that subject a lot further, but first, I had to get him settled. "Enough of that for now," I said. "Come inside and let's get you unpacked. Ted will be home in a couple of hours, and we'll make him take us to a nice restaurant."

"I'll be glad to cook something," he said.

His statement caught me off guard. I knew he cooked and did house work at the Gates farm, but there, Mrs. Gates made him. I assumed he would revert to the old Darwin when he got away from there. But no! He was volunteering to cook for me. I couldn't let him do that, so I responded indignantly. "Me? Katie O'Shea, allow my own brother to cook on his first night as a guest in my house? Heavens no! Mother would turn over in her grave! Anyway, I can see I have a lot to teach you about feminine wiles that Mrs. Gates has neglected, and I assure you I'll be working on those things in the coming weeks. Lesson

number one, never turn down a free meal! Especially if you are to go on the arm of a handsome man who is paying. Oh Darla, just think how much fun we'll have. I've never had a sister living with me before."

We busily put his clothes and lingerie away. I noticed he had several booklets with him. One called, "BEING A SECRETARY, a boy's guide to a feminine career. Another book was titled, "BEING THE GIRL." I started to flip the pages when Darwin grabbed it. "That's mine."

I asked a question that had been weighing heavily on my mind. "Darla, do you plan to have the surgery like...like Marla?"

He hesitated a moment before answering. "No," he answered thoughtfully. "At least not at the present. I've thought long and hard about that subject. A few times, I came close to asking Mrs. Gates to take me along for a twosome, but when it came down to asking, I couldn't do it. I really don't like men...or maybe I haven't met the 'right one'," he giggled. He added, "I don't know what I want in a relationship. Maybe I'll fall in love someday and have to do it but not now. At present, I plan to return to pants in June, if I don't change too much more. I just hope all these alterations are reversible."

That wasn't exactly the answer I wanted, but at least, I didn't have to worry for a while.

"Let's take a bath and get dressed for dinner," I said when everything had been put away. "And, wear something sexy. If a woman looks good enough, no man can resist her. That's lesson number two."

Boy, was I ever surprised by what I saw when Darwin came out of his room an hour later. I was wearing a nice after five dress, and I thought I looked good. But, the way my brother was dressed made me look like a contestant in a Phyllis Diller look alike contest!



"Darwin's 'little black dress' showed off his sissified body. The off the shoulder style with a scalloped neckline cut very low to display a provocative, yet modest view of eye catching cleavage—something most boys would be humiliated by. . ."

He was wearing a dress I hadn't seen when we were putting his things away. It was the epitome of the little black dress. In fact, I'll bet you'd find a picture of this little number if you looked in the dictionary under "little black dress"! It was a short sleeved, off the shoulder style with a scalloped neckline cut very low to display a provocative, yet modest view of eye catching cleavage. This sexy dress hugged his sissified body, leaving little to the imagination until it ended high on his full thighs.

Beyond that, when he turned to give me the full effect, I noticed a back walking slit that would show even more attractive leg when he walked. Well shaped thighs covered by dark nylons emerged from underneath his short skirt and tapered downward into party pumps with gold bows and four inch heels. His jewelry, long gold pendant earrings and a gold bracelet, was simple yet elegant, his hair framed his face in a fiery display of red, and his makeup was a flawless blend of dark mascara, blue eyeshadow, and dark red lipstick. He was every inch a sex goddess!

"D..Darla," I stammered. "You..you're beautiful! And that dress! That dress is...is absolutely...sinful! Where on earth did you get it?"

"I'm glad you like it," he answered proudly. "Mrs. Gates bought it for me yesterday. "She told me to wear it to parties and to special occasions. You said to dress nicely, so here I am!"

"It really shows off your figure...there's not much boy left is there?"

He looked a little confused and for a second, sad. "Yeah," he said, "My masculinity had been pantied, ostracized, and disregarded for so long I almost forget how different I am.

Ted was elated to meet Darwin! His jaw hit the floor but I didn't say a thing. He was totally infatuated by Darwin's beauty, grace, and charm, and he couldn't keep his eyes off him. Especially not in that dress! Because he couldn't believe

Darwin had been, and still technically was, a boy, Ted bombarded him with one question after another. I don't blame him though. I was having trouble believing it myself!

"This...this can't be your...your brother!" he stammered.

"I assure you that he is truly my brother Darwin," I answered.

"I don't believe it," Ted whispered extending his hand to Darwin.

Shyly Darwin took his hand in a feminine manner and said, "Call me Darla. Obviously I'm not much of a guy any longer so please think of me as a girl. I do.....now!"

Ted took Darwin's hand in his and said, "Yes, you definitely are a girl, aren't you. And, a very lovely one at that."

Darwin stared into Ted's eyes. Then, with a smile and a mock curtsy, he said, "T..Thank you, kind sir."

They held their handshake for over half a minute before I finally broke it up by clearing my throat and groaned, "BOYS!". Ted, rather embarrassed, released his grip. A blush came to Darwin's cheeks and he quickly excused himself to get his purse from the bedroom.

I know Ted had a purpose in mind when he selected a restaurant that featured a live band and dancing. As soon as the waiter took our order and departed, he had Darwin on the dance floor, and every man in the place was staring jealously at him. Being a true gentleman, he asked me to dance when they returned to the table. No sooner were we on the floor when a handsome young man asked Darwin to dance. He accepted and found himself being swept about the floor in a total stranger's arms.

By the time the that dance ended, our food arrived, and we sat to eat. "Darla, you dance divinely as a girl in those ultra-high heels," I whispered in an effort not to give away his secret. "Wherever did you learn to dance so well?"

"Mrs. Gates made us take lessons at the dance studio. I was very apprehensive about dancing with men at first, but

now, I'm comfortable and confident in a man's arms and following his lead. In fact, I can dance much better as a girl than I ever could as a boy."

When we went to bed that evening, Ted couldn't stop talking about Darla. Ted was rather over-sexed which sometimes was a real pain and since we had a house guest he have to keep it `quiet'. As he caressed my breasts he asked again if Darwin was really a `C' cup. As we quietly made love he had a million more questions. I hoped he had an legal idea to help Darwin out...I knew it was too late for Marlon.

Ted went at me all night and I was glad the next day was Saturday. As usual, Ted and I were sleeping in when we heard a knock at our door. I assumed it was Darwin wanting to ask about our plans for the day, so I invited him in.

When he came through the door, I could tell he had been awake for some time. He was fully dressed, wearing a short, grey pleated skirt, a gold cotton blouse, white, low-heeled slippers, light makeup, and his hair was done up in a French braid. As if that weren't enough, he had cooked breakfast and was preparing to serve us in bed!

"Darla!" I scolded. "You shouldn't have done that! We could have gotten up to eat."

"But, I'm glad you did," Ted drooled, "and that coffee smells great!" After testing the coffee, he asked, "What else do we have?"

"Ted!" I reprimanded. "Don't be so rude!"

"Think nothing of it Katie," Darwin said smiling. "Besides, you have to eat while it's hot. To answer your question Ted, we have Eggs Benedict and pancakes."

"Eggs Benedict are a favorite of mine," Ted said as he took a large bite. "Katie said we were out of everything and would have to eat out. Where did you find the ingredients? I love pancakes also, but she said we were out of mix."

I knew from personal knowledge that we were out of mix because I had run out purposely so we could eat out more often.

Where did Darwin get the ingredients? "Darla, have you been grocery shopping this morning?" I asked.

"Don't argue, you two," Darwin said, acting the peacemaker. "No, I haven't been shopping. I just got a bit creative with the eggs, and I found some flour and things, so I mixed up the batter for the pancakes. It's no big deal, but that's about all I could find to cook. Your cupboard is rather barren Katie."

"A good looker and a good cooker," Ted said as he continued to wolf down his food. "That combination is hard to find in a girl these days. Most of them, like Katie, are too liberated."

"What would you like to do today Darla," I asked in a sincere effort to change the subject.

"Since your cupboard is so bare, we need to go grocery shopping this morning, he answered. "I'll make a list while you dress. I have an appointment at the beauty parlor at two o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Gates said I could get my hair cut."

"Cut that beautiful hair?" I asked. "How much do you plan to cut?"

"Several inches at least."

"What on earth for?"

"I look too much like a bimbo with my hair all fluffed out like this," he said, motioning with his hands in an exaggerated manner about his head. "Now that I'm going to work, I want my hair to be styled in a more professional manner."

Darwin left us alone and we finished eating. Ted was 'randy' again. Before I had a chance to complain, he was on me. Sometimes I wish I could just get some sleep without some man wanting in me.

That afternoon, I went with Darwin to the beauty shop. They examined his scalp and hair closely, actually measuring the length of his hair in several places.

“Hmmm,” the operator, Jennifer said, “Average length over 14”, excellent for the latest career styles. Is that your natural hair color and is it naturally wavy, or have you had a perm?”

“Mostly all natural,” Darwin said proudly.

And with no further debate, Darwin was shown into a chair where Jennifer began to cut and comb out his wet locks with a wide toothed comb. Jennifer's experienced fingers were soon combing setting gel through his hair and methodically setting his hair with large rollers, covering every inch of scalp. As soon as his hair was completely set, a soft hooded hair dryer was placed on his head and switched on. The hood ballooned out as the warm air flowed over the rollers.

Jennifer tilted Darwin's head back as she began to carefully tweeze his eyebrows. Darwin smiled at me as I watched in silence.

“Now, we just have the nails to do and comb out that beautiful hair”, Jennifer stated as she took Darwin's hands and proceeded to smooth his nails with an emery board and apply nail polish which matched his dusky lipstick.

While this was not new to Darwin, I couldn't help wondering what he was thinking.

Was it a feeling a kind of helpless excitement. Here he was, a boy with his hair in rollers, face made-up with cosmetics, and now a beautician was `doing his nails' and making him `attractive'! Why did he look so happy?!?!

Before I could contemplate his situation much more, Jennifer stated that his hair should be dry by now. It had been over 45 minutes since the dryer was put on his head. I watched in fascination as Jennifer removed the dryer, then began to remove roller after roller from his hair. It fell in tight curls!

Now my senses were really spinning. With the makeup, and now the curls, he looked like an attractive young `lady'!

With expert manipulation, Jennifer brushed, combed and arranged his hair into a feminine, curly style...perfect for the office and his job as secretary.

He was right! I had to admit he did look somewhat like a bimbo, but after his haircut, he was all career girl. He would have to spend time on it, rollers every night...just that which most career girls learned to endure.

I planned a leisurely weekend to let Darwin get settled in and to allow us to get better acquainted after his hair appointment, but he would have none of it. No matter how hard I tried to get him to sit and talk, he would be up and busy.

“We can talk while I work, Katie,” he said. “Your place needs cleaning something awful! I don't want to hurt your feelings, but how could you let it get so dirty? Not that I mind helping out.”

That's the way the whole weekend went. He cooked, cleaned, washed, ironed, swept, mopped, dusted, and even mended some clothes that were torn or had buttons missing. I swear, he was busy every minute! I got tired just watching him.

When Monday morning rolled around, Darwin was ready for work and had breakfast prepared when Ted and I got up. To protect his navy blue business skirt and white silk blouse, Darwin wore his pinafore while he worked.

“How did you know what time to have breakfast ready?” Ted asked as he sat in his robe devouring his bacon and eggs.

“I looked at your alarm clock to see what time it was set when I made your bed yesterday,” Darwin answered cheerfully.

“Efficient too,” Ted said, taking a sip of coffee.

Darwin even washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen while we showered and dressed for the office. Don't get me wrong. I appreciated what he was doing, it's just that he was making me look bad to Ted.

That was the beginning of Darwin's stay with Ted and me. After that, we settled into a comfortable routine with him doing all the housework. He even had me drive him out to the Gates

farm to pick up his sewing machine so he could make new curtains for his room. For the life of me, I don't know where he found the time or the energy. When I asked, he shrugged it off saying she liked to stay busy. The old Darwin had never been like that! What kind of magic powers did Mrs. Gates have? I guessed just 'good training'.

That evening, I asked Darwin how his first day on the job had gone. "I enjoyed the work and getting out very much," he responded, "but Mrs. Riley, the judge's secretary, is a relic of the past."

"What do you mean," I asked.

"She has this modern word processor that all the judge's cases are supposed to be typed into, and I don't think she even knows how to turn it on. She keeps it on the small desk, which has become mine, and uses an old electronic typewriter. My job is to enter those files into the computer, so I have plenty to keep me busy. I'll bet Judge Harris fires Mrs. Riley when he finds out how much easier his job is when I'm finished. All he'll have to do is push a button to review any of his current cases."

A few days after Darwin's visit started, I had a conference with Judge Harris about some of my cases. Not surprisingly, at the conclusion of our meeting, he put a move on by asking me to dinner. As I opened my mouth to voice my usual polite refusal, I heard myself accepting his invitation.

"Why did I accept?" I asked myself. "I'm in love with Ted, and I want to spend as much time as possible with Darwin. Instead, I just accepted a date with a man more than twenty years my senior, even though he is rather distinguished. Sometimes, I don't understand my own motives."

By some strange stroke of fate, we ate at the same restaurant where Ted, Darla, and I had gone the week before. Besides sharing a delicious meal with Judge Harris, I found myself in his arms on the dance floor quite a few times. He was an excellent dancer, although he allowed his hands to discreetly stray a bit too far at times. I moved his hand each time, but the truth was, I enjoyed his intimate romantic caresses.

He opened my door when we arrived at my apartment and offered to walk me to the door. "Oh no you don't!" I answered in refusal. "I told Ted this was a business dinner. Besides, I know the way to the door." After a peck on the cheek while he affectionately fondled my buttocks, we departed with a "See you tomorrow".

I found the judge's tender caresses exciting, yet strange, considering my relationship with Ted. I felt as though I should rebuke him, but for some reason, I responded instead.

When I went inside, I found Ted sitting beside Darwin on the sofa looking through some old photo albums. Darwin's short skirt had `inadvertently' crept up high on his thighs, and he was a bit embarrassed as he adjusted it back into the respectable range when I walked into the room. At any rate, I was happy to see them getting on so well.

I enjoyed the six weeks of Darwin's visit, and the time flew by. He did most of the work around the apartment, so I was really getting spoiled. Ted relished the delicious home cooked meals, and the two of them got along magnificently.

Judge Harris kept pressuring me for "business meetings", and as a result, we went out at least twice a week. Although these "meetings" got quite romantic, to the judge's chagrin, we never ended up in bed. I expected Ted to get jealous and complain about the frequency of these meetings, but he never mentioned that they bothered him.

I wondered why. I found out why the day before Mrs. Gates and Marla were to return from California!

I was supposed to be at one of these `business meetings' but had forgotten my lap top computer, and I dropped by home to pick it up on the way. After fixing myself a soda in the kitchen, I walked into the living room where I was surprised to find Darla's blouse thrown on the sofa. This was unlike him, as Mrs. Gates had instilled meticulous household habits in him.

I picked up the blouse and headed toward Darla's room to put it away when I noticed his high heels on the hallway floor. To say the least, this was highly unusual, and I wondered what was happening. As I bent to pick up the shoes, a noise inside Darla's bedroom caught my attention, and I quietly looked past the slightly open door to see what was going on inside.



Darwin's eyes were full of emotion: fear, humiliation, danger, excitement, confusion, lust, and wonder. A wonder where all this would take him."

The image before me was undeniable! Darla and Ted were on the bed engaged in what could only be described as torrid sexual foreplay. Darla was shirtless with only bra, and his skirt was pushed up about his waist, exposing his white nylon panties. Ted, who had stripped to his jockey shorts, had his face buried in Darla's luscious bosom. They were a tangle of arms, legs, and bodies.

I stood motionless, shocked beyond belief! I was unsure if I should make my presence known or remain hidden. The hallway where I stood was dark, but still, I thought they would either, see me, hear my deep breathing, or at least my heart's pounding. Apparently, they were too engrossed in their own affairs to notice me, and as I stood there dumbfounded, I couldn't help overhearing the sounds of their lovemaking.

"My darling little tease," Ted said arrogantly, "you have always been much better suited to being a girl than a boy."

Darwin groaned at his words--were they honest or a joke?

Ted continued, "All you have ever needed is a strong man to love and take care of you. That's why you were such a failure as a hoodlum and got caught." Ted was inferring that Darla had always been a girl, regardless of his many exploits with women before his incarceration and transformation.

Darla's eyes reflected a spark of hostility at Ted's words. He brushed his hair back, and spoke in a resentful tone. "Maybe you've had enough then!" With that, he tried to get up, but Ted's strong arms held him firmly in position. "OH MY," Darla gasped. "Let me up!"

"Not yet," Ted teased. "I'm enjoying your luscious sweetness too much. Besides, I'm not through with you yet." When Ted saw his prey still trying to escape, he said, "Not so fast there...I've got a big present for you!" He was enjoying this little 'cat and mouse' game. He liked to play games with me too. He'd get me 'going' and then stop until I begged for more.

Before long, Darla stopped struggling and was once again a giggling, active recipient in the heavy petting. I heard a soft moan of pleasure escape his red lips as he dug his long red

finger nails into the bed. He was completely unaware of being observed by me, his sister.

Ted's fingers played with the waist band of Darwin's panties. He whispered in Darwin's ear, "Sweet little girl. Wearing such pretty sissy panties." Yes they were...Snow white nylon, ruffles in front, with off white lace bows, and trim.

All Darwin could do was blush and say "oh my". Ted was talking to him just as if he was used to 'girl talk'. It was obvious to me that Darwin was not having any problem being "accepted" as a girl.

"All sugar and spice, and pretty girl nice," Ted whispered as his hands felt the silky lingerie.

"I've never felt so 'ladylike' in my life", the embarrassed boy replied 'truthfully' as the blush on his cheeks re-appeared, which I noticed immediately. Darwin tried as hard as he could, to maintain some degree of "modesty and composure" which only added to Ted's passion.

Darwin was not able to control his feelings any more, the soft groans he emitted proved to me that Ted had "struck a nerve".

Darwin raised his arms, just like a "good little girl" and let Ted slip his pretty brassiere from around his chest. And "pretty it was".

Circular cups, rounded perfectly like a ball, all covered with white chiffon ruffles. They looked like little "chiffon snowballs" on his chest. And they were held up by two "oh so dainty straps" that were also trimmed with chiffon ruffles. Again, Darwin did not complain when Ted fondled his distended nipples and full soft breasts and said, "All girl. How sweet"!

Was Darwin "enjoying" his situation? I couldn't tell, but he was doing his best to look and respond like a girl. The book, "BEING THE GIRL" came to mind.

I shuddered at the thought of our parents...especially our father "knowing" that I "let" Mrs. Gates "shave the twins legs", put them into nylons and high heels and made him learn how

to walk like girls. I pictured how I had seen them change. Of them “parading” about “holding a purse”, “mincing daintily, doing dishes. It was a bitter reminder of what they had “endured” in their “punishment”. I began to squirm as the thoughts of my participation or should I say my lack of “protecting” them from Mrs. Gates. The images of Marlon and Darwin “ironing”, and wearing “sissy lingerie” continued to persist. AND NOW THIS! Maybe all this was my doing too.

Seeing Darwin in the “shadow” of manly, macho Ted playing with the lace trim on Darwin's panties. Was this Darwin's “first inkling” of “what it's like” to be a member of the “weaker sex”? Had Mrs. Gates even “trained” them for this? My mind raced.

I stood at the door, not knowing what to do until suddenly, that decision was made for me. As Darla arched his back to allow Ted to remove his skirt and panties, his head whipped around in a double take. Darla had seen me out of the corner of his eye. “OH GAWD!” he gasped, jerking away from Ted and quickly grabbing the silk robe at the end of the bed to modestly cover himself. “Katie!!! I thought you were at a meeting!”

“Obviously,” I said, still in shock.

Ted's face turned beet red, but he remained silent.

I didn't know whether to scream at Ted, “That's my brother! Keep your hands off him.” Or at Darla, “That's my fiance! Keep your hands off him.”

What I had seen gave me the shock of my life! Was this real or a nightmare? Did I see Ted and Darla locked in a passionate embrace? For a moment, I could only look dumbfounded at the scene before me. I felt tears welling inside me, and finding my voice, I shouted, “Ted! Darla! How could you! You both....” Before they could speak, I turned and bolted from the house, slamming the door behind me.

Half blinded by my tears, I found my way to Judge Harris's home where we were to have our “meeting”. Upon seeing me, he immediately knew something was wrong. He put his arm around my shoulders, led me into his study, and seated me on

the sofa. As I sat beside him crying my eyes out, he held me gently and quietly let me have my cry, while silently caressing me and kissing my tears away.

I don't know how it happened, but I found myself responding to his ministrations, and before long, we were undressed and making intense love on his sofa. I guess we were destined to make love, and I suppose this was as good a time as any for it to happen.

After we dressed, we had a drink and relaxed while I told him about the distressing scene I had witnessed. By the time we talked through this unusual situation and made love again, I had decided to go home and confront Ted and Darla. I still couldn't understand how my brother and my lover could have done such a thing behind my back.

When I arrived home, Ted was obviously distraught and Darwin, who was now wearing a frilly house dress with a long swirling skirt, had evidently been crying for hours. They both met me at the door and were apologizing at the same time. I finally got them calmed down and seated separately in the den. "How could you treat me this way," I asked?

"I'm sorry Katie," Darwin said as he toyed with his skirt and starting to cry again. We didn't intend to hurt you, honest we didn't. It just happened."

"How did it happen," I asked.

Darwin was hesitant, but he seemed resolved to tell me the story of his love affair with my fiancée. Finally he said, "One evening, a little over a week after I moved in with you, I found myself alone in the apartment. You had a meeting with Judge Harris, and Ted had a late appointment with a client."



“Darwin was caught trying on Ted’s pants. In that moment both realized how much Darwin had changed. Caught trying on male clothes, Darwin blushed and knew he was for all intents and purposes now a girl. . . Ted had one of those purposes in mind.”

“While I was sitting here, I started wondering how it would feel to wear men's clothes again, and I decided to try on some of Ted's things. You can't believe how nervous I was going through his drawers to pick out things that were once my routine clothing but were now forbidden. I actually felt like a thief as I took a pair of jockey shorts, a knit golf shirt, a pair of jeans, socks, and tennis shoes.”

“First, I undressed and stepped into the jockey shorts. I found them extremely tight around the middle and loose at the waist. I figured Ted and I just wore different sizes. To remedy that uncomfortable situation, I removed them and stepped back into my panties that were a much better fit. Next, I pulled the golf shirt over my head, and except for my breasts, I believe it would have fit perfectly. Being knit cotton, it stretched into place, but still, my breasts were very obvious and my nipples were quite apparent through the thin material. I knew things weren't going very well when I stepped into the jeans and tried to pull them over my hips. It was almost impossible! As I was struggling to pull the tight jeans over my hips, I heard a noise.”

“A second later, I heard Ted say, ‘Hi Katie. My late appointment was canceled, so I got off earlier than expected. By the way, weren't you supposed to have a meeting with Judge Harris? Oh my gawd...you're not Katie!’ Upon hearing his voice and a moment later a shrill wolf whistle, I completely lost all my composure.”

“I'll say she did,” Ted interrupted. “When she saw me, her eyes became as large as saucers. She let go of her pants, and brought her hands to her mouth. When she let go of the pants, they slid off of her hips and fell to her knees. ‘Eeek!!’ she squealed and brought her hands down to cover her crotch. She was wearing these sheer white panties, and I could see right through them to her apparent femininity. The knit shirt did nothing to hide her large breasts because they seemed as large under that shirt as they did under her blouse with her bra on.”

“Her endeavor to first cover her mouth, then her panties, made her breasts bounce about like two bowls of jelly. That's when I realized she wasn't wearing a bra, and that those breasts were really hers. The embarrassment and exertion had

stimulated her nipples and they turned dark brown and extended. I could clearly see her nipples through that tight shirt.”

“Oh!” she screeched again, and brought one hand up to cover her breasts while leaving the other to cover the front of her panties. That’s how she stood for nearly 15 seconds, each of us looking at the other, no one saying a word. Her color rapidly changed from ashen white to a deep red glow. She tried to utter something, but the only thing that came out was incoherent.”

“Here, let me help you,” I said in an honest attempt to come to her aid.”

“NO!!!” she screamed. “Get out of here Ted!!!”

“I left the bedroom, and closed the door behind me, but I could hear her crying hysterically. I was kind of shaken, so I went into the kitchen and poured myself a drink. After a couple of belts, I went back into the den, but I could still hear Darla crying in our bedroom.”

“Thinking she must be decent by then, I went back in to see if I could comfort her. Boy, was I wrong! She had stripped out of the shirt and jeans and was lying on the bed in only her panties, crying uncontrollably with large tears flowing down her cheeks. Out of compassion, I sat on the bed and took her into my arms.”

“I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life,” she sobbed. “I didn’t want you to see me like this, but now, you can see what they’ve done to me.”

“I looked over her large naked breasts, her plump rear, and her narrow waist, and shuddered. You had told me that she was really your brother, but at that moment, I couldn’t believe it.”

“Mrs. Gates did quite a job, didn’t she?” Darla sobbed.”

“She sure did!” I gasped.”

“Her body was quivering with sorrow and humiliation, and if anything, her sobs increased. In attempting to console her, I

held her tight and caressed her hair and her naked back. She began to respond to my petting, and as she calmed herself, I instinctively kissed her tears away. I touched my lips to her cheeks, then to each eye. I couldn't believe the feeling coming over me. Without thinking, my lips went to hers, and before either of us realized what was happening, we found ourselves locked in a passionate kiss."

"That's right Katie," Darwin said. "And for the next few days, we avoided each other like the plague. We wouldn't even look at each other. A few nights later, you went out with the Judge again, and that's when we really heated up."

"We can't go on like this Darla,' Ted said. `Sit down and let's have a serious talk."

"Our serious talk turned serious alright, but not as we intended. That's when he made love to me for the first time. We weren't very good at it because neither had ever done anything like that before. Since then, we've had lots of practice, and we really know how to please each other."

"That's right Katie," Ted said. "It just happened despite our intentions. This is no reflection on you or what we had together, but I'm more excited and fulfilled when I'm with Darla than I've ever been with anyone in my life."

"That goes for me too," Darla said. "Besides, you were always off with the Judge, and while we were together, we fell in love in spite of ourselves. We wanted to tell you, but we just couldn't bring ourselves to do it."

I looked over at Darwin. He had raised his eyes and was looking directly into Ted's. I was taken aback by their admission, and I wondered if these events had pushed Darwin over the edge into permanent femininity?

"Please forgive us Katie," Darwin continued. "I feel very badly that I've fallen in love with your fiancée. You have been great to me, but you can't expect to have all the eligible men to yourself."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

“Well it's obvious. You were playing the line with Judge Harris, and you hadn't the nerve to tell Ted. When you were off with him, neither Ted nor I had anybody, and I think that had at least something to do with what happened.”

With the mention of Judge Harris, a warm feeling came over me. I was beginning to realize that I had fallen in love with him. Still, I didn't want to give up my relationship with Ted. I guess Darwin was right I couldn't have all the single men. Maybe I would have to settle for just one. I guess the judge was right when he said I could do a lot worse than old Jack Harris.

We talked for a while and went to bed, only this time, we slept apart. Darwin in his room, me in our bed, and Ted on the sofa.

CHAPTER IX

Not much was said the next morning as Darwin and I got ready to go to the airport to meet the weary travelers. Darwin, as was his custom, dressed to the hilt in a dark green mini dress, that hugged his body, and his usual three inch pumps. His makeup was heavier, and his hair was more flamboyant than he wore to work and school. For jewelry, he wore large hoop earrings and a three strand gold necklace.

In my beige slacks, navy blouse, hastily brushed hair, and light makeup, I felt positively drab beside him. I knew he would attract a lot of male attention at the airport, and I made some sarcastic comment about his revealing outfit.

“If you've got it, flaunt it!” was his only response.

Marla was actually glowing when she got off the plane. She was obviously expecting Johnny to be among the welcoming party, and her expression turned to disappointment when she saw he was missing.

She looked every inch a woman in her knee length tailored white skirt, yellow silk blouse, and a grey and white plaid jacket.



"We met 'Marla' at the plane. She had a new glow about her. . . yes, something had changed. I never wanted to know what but Ted told me there were several way to be considered 'female' legally. I doubted if Marla would want any maleness left."

Her calves were shapely, and she walked confidently in her three inch pumps. She rushed over to where Darwin and I were

waiting, and we engaged in a lot of happy hugging and kissing. We were so thrilled to be together again!

Mrs. Gates sat in the front seat with me for the ride home, and the girls sat in the back. When I glanced over my shoulder, I saw a leg show. Their skirts were high on their thighs, and they were chattering away like chipmunks. Marla talked about her 'vacation' and confirmed what we all assumed, "I'm no longer a male!" she said proudly. "I'm legally a female!"

Darwin babbled about his job, school, and his blooming love affair with Ted. Marla got real quiet when Darwin whispered the details of how he had stolen my fiance.

As we rode along, I filled Mrs. Gates in on my version of that fiasco and suggested she keep a tight reign on Darwin until she knew all the details of this little romantic affair.

In turn, she filled me in on Marla's ordeal. She commiserated with me over losing Ted to Darwin, but said Judge Harris was a fine man. "You could do a lot worse, you know," she said.

"That's what he said," I answered, and we shared a loud laugh.

Suddenly Darwin remembered something he had to give Marla. Reaching into his purse, he retrieved a rather thick package and handed it to Marla. "Judge Harris asked me to give this to you when we picked you up this morning."

"What is it?" Marla asked weighing the package in her hands.

"I don't know, silly," Darwin stated with an exasperated sound, "I'm just his secretary."

"Well, aren't you going to open it?" Mrs Gates asked from the front seat.

"Uh...alright," Marla finally stammered running a long polished fingernail along the sealed flap.

Once open, she retrieved a rather thick set of documents. "I wonder what these are?" she whispered. "Oh..Oh!"

"Well? What is all that 'Ooo'ing about?" I asked with a grin.

"I...I...I'm really a female! It's official!" Marla shouted. "My birth certificate is made out to Marla Ann O'Shea, female. And, here's a drivers license also made out to me...with a picture taken the day we left for California."

I couldn't keep from giggling, "What else is in there?"

"Oh...Katie!...There's a marriage license made out for Johnny Thornton and...and..Marla O'Shea," she squealed.

Darwin was awe struck as he fingered through the sheath of papers. "These make you officially a female, Marla. You are really a woman now."

"YES! Isn't it wonderful!" Marla shouted. "I'm a WOMAN now! Just like Katie. I can marry now...I can be a wife now! Excitedly she leaned over the front seat and gave me a huge hug. "Thanks Sis, for sticking by me and for being so understanding. I'll be the best sister you've ever had, I promise!"

"I'm sure you will since you're the only sister I've ever had," I laughed. Marla blushed a bright red.

As soon as we arrived at the Gates farm, Marla rushed into the house to look for Johnny, and when she didn't find him, she started out the door toward the barn.

"Hold on there young lady," Mrs. Gates cautioned. "Change your clothes and put on your pinafore before you go charging out there. You've already ruined one perfectly good outfit rolling around in that barn, and that's enough!"

Marla reluctantly, but hurriedly, left to change her clothes before rushing out to find her lover. She couldn't wait to tell him the good news. I suspected that she was also more than anxious be with her man now that she was legal. Oh well, young love is a beautiful thing, and they're both adults.

CHAPTER XI

Once Mrs. Gates and my sisters were re-settled at the farm, there were a lot of plans and preparations to make and not a lot of time to get it done. There only four weeks until the parole hearing, which was scheduled for June 3, and Johnny and Marla's wedding was scheduled for June 28. This tight agenda brought on its share of problems. For instance, the wedding couldn't take place unless the Board of Corrections granted parole, and if we waited until we were sure parole would be granted, we wouldn't have time to get ready for the wedding.

Mrs. Gates and I made the monumental decision to go ahead with the wedding plans as if parole was assured. Marla's gown, the bridesmaid's dresses, and the attendants' tuxedos had to be selected and ordered.

Judge Harris agreed to perform the marriage ceremony. Bob, Lisa's husband, was chosen by Johnny to be 'Best Man', and Mr. Gates agreed to give away the bride. Ted was assigned to be the Usher.

I was asked by Marla to be 'Maid of Honor', Darla and Lisa were to be 'Bridesmaids', and Johnny's daughter, Susie, was to be the 'Flower girl'.

Marla asked to have the wedding ceremony in the back yard of the Gates farm. Mr. Gates had landscaped it into a Japanese garden with waterfalls, rock gardens, and a veranda with hanging primrose plants. There was plenty of shade, room for all the guests, and a natural surrounding that made Johnny feel more comfortable than he would be in a formal church setting.

During the period when we were frantically making preparations for the wedding, Mrs. Gates allowed Darla to date Ted, but she imposed some strict conditions and curfews on them. As a rule, they dated Friday and Saturday nights and spent Sunday afternoons together strolling around the farm.

It seemed that these constraints on their courting just fueled the passion between them. With each weekend, Darwin

was more convinced that he was indisputably meant to be a woman. Darwin's indoctrination in making love as a woman was firmly in Ted's oversexed hands. As Darwin got used to being laid on a consistent basis, I saw a change in him. He flirted and became more confident around men.

While that was going on, Jack .. uh .. Judge Harris turned up the heat, and I moved in with him. It was strange moving out of one man's apartment into another man's house, but Ted and I recognized that what had happened was for the best for everyone concerned. We parted good friends.

On June 3rd, everyone was in a frenzy preparing for the parole board session scheduled for 1 P.M. Although not on the board, Judge Harris was to attend as the presiding Judge. I attended as a family member, and Ted and Johnny showed up to give the twins moral support. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Gates were there for obvious reasons.

Marla and Darla dressed as twins for the occasion. They decided to dress very conservatively, thus Marla chose their dresses. They wore richly colored paisley mid-calf skirts of woven rayon/polyester challis, shirred all around into a buttoned waistband. Their romantic blouses were a distinctive style derived from a classic design of white silk with lace trimmed jabot, buttoned cuffs, and shape making tucks at the front and back. Their makeup was very conservative with burnt almond lipstick and light eye makeup. Marla had her hair styled in a froth of curls that hung to her shoulder blades, while Darla wore his in a stylish shoulder length shag.

I was very proud of them as we walked together into the courtroom. As we seated ourselves, I could tell that even though the parole board officers knew of my brothers' fate, they were still stricken by the twins' beauty.



"One of Darwin's first days at work. He wore conservative length skirts for the first week but the Judge suggested he wear some shorter ones— even some mini-skirts. The Judge was a 'dirty, old man' and now there was no question he'd chase anything in a skirt!"

We all remained quiet as the presiding official read the case history and reviewed the parole options. The panel asked

questions of the people in the room, including me and Judge Harris. After an hour of questioning and testimony, they excused us to confer amongst themselves. We went into the corridor to await their decision.

Marla, of course, was Johnny's shadow. I gravitated to Jack who was conferring with Mr. and Mrs. Gates. "So it's agreed then," Jack was saying as I arrived on the scene.

"I'm sure we can work something out," Mrs. Gates answered. "We'll talk about it tomorrow."

I was about to ask what they were talking about when we were summoned back into the parole committee meeting.

"Uh hum!" the parole officer started. "After weighing all the evidence given today, we are in unanimous agreement that both defendants are worthy of parole. It is the decision of this board that Marla O'Shea be remanded into the custody of Johnny Thornton and that Darw...Darla O'Shea likewise be remanded into the custody of Ted Kelly."

Everyone in the audience gave off a sigh of relief and Marla and Darla gave off a simultaneous shout of glee and hugged each other like sisters are prone to do. After hugging each other for a few seconds, they allowed me to join them and the 'three' O'Shea sisters gave each other a group hug.

We were interrupted by the parole officer. "One final point of business. Obviously we can't continue to refer to Darla as Darwin. It just doesn't fit, even if she decides not to have any surgery. Therefore it is the final decision of this board that if Judge Harris agrees, Darla's official papers should be changed to reflect her obvious feminine status."

"I'm sure we can accommodate that request," Judge Harris smiled. "After all, she's my secretary, and I certainly don't want a secretary named 'Darwin'."

Everybody laughed at the Judge's comments and Darla gave off a shrill squeal of delight. "Oh, Judge Harris!" she said breathlessly. "Does this mean I'll be an official female like my sisters, whether I have the surgery or not?"

“Not quite, my dear,” the Judge answered. “You are a woman in the eyes of the law, and you are sentenced to wear dresses and skirts for the foreseeable future. You won't be able to officially marry a man, although there isn't any reason you can't live with one.”

“Oh, thank you Your Honor,” Darla screeched and ran to him and gave him a big kiss right on the lips.

“That's enough of that,” I stated pulling her away from Jack. “You've stolen one boyfriend from me, and that's quite enough. You don't get a second chance.”

“Oh Katie!” Darla blushed. “I've got Ted! I don't want the Judge. I'm just grateful to him.”

Everyone laughed again.

That evening we all gathered at the Gates house for a party to celebrate the wonderful events of the day. Lisa and Bob joined us.

The twins had returned to their normal manner of dressing. Marla wore a high waisted black jumper that fell to slightly higher than mid calf. It had a dropped yoke with all around tucks, back buttons and a covered slide buckle belt. It was perfectly paired with an abstract print blouse with dolmen sleeves and straight hem.

Darla, on the other hand, was dressed in a revealing black crop top with short sleeves that showed much of his blossoming bosom, a slim, lime green skirt that ended six inches above his knees, and matching bolero jacket.

Everyone was in a cheerful mood. When my two sisters and I had Mrs. Gates alone, I asked whether she was sorry that they would be leaving soon. Her answer caught all three of us by surprise. “Oh no, dear. I've been talking with Judge Harris, and he has some new challenges lined up for me. I've always wanted the best for both Marla and Darla, and I'm sure they will be very happy.”

I was about to continue this conversation and ask about these 'new challenges' when we were called to another part of the room to join the others in a toast.

After June 3rd, everything really shifted into high gear. Marla's wedding was just around the corner and there were a million and one things to do.

The first thing my sisters did was move in with their respective men.

Marla justified her early exit by saying that this offered her an opportunity to grow closer to Susie before becoming her mother. Darla didn't offer any excuses at all. She just said she wanted to be with Ted and that was that. Darla was definitely the more independent and liberated of the two which was the exact opposite to when they were boys.

About a week after the parole hearing, I arrived at the Gates' residence with my sisters in tow. I'd picked them up at their new residences and we converged on the Gates house to plan the wedding and to lay out the ceremony. Lisa met us there to help with the preparations. I'd gotten to know her well over the past few months and found her to be a wonderful woman.

When the four of us walked into the Gates house, we found Mrs. Gates in the living room with three strangers. "Girls," she said, "Meet Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and their son Edward." She then introduced each of us girls to her guests. "Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are considering placing Edward with me for the next year, and they are here today to discuss the details."

"Oh!" I gasped, suddenly realizing what Mrs. Gates had meant at the party about 'new challenges'.

Edward was a slight boy with shoulder length dirty blond hair that hung in kinky strands about his ears and down his neck. He appeared to be no older than 14 and must not have weighed more than 125 pounds. I think some of his youngish looks came from his baby face and small stature, he being only 5'5" tall.

“Yes, Marla and Darla were my wards for the past year,” Mrs. Gates continued.

“Oh!” Mrs. Nelson gasped. “Why you're lovely, my dears.”

The twins blushed at this compliment wondering whether this lady knew their whole story.

“Why were the two of you staying with the Gates?” Mr. Nelson asked with a puzzled look on his face.

“Oh, they were very naughty,” Mrs. Gates interjected. “They were convicted of running with a gang of thugs and dealing in drugs.”

“No!” Mr. Nelson gasped. “Wh..why I'd never have guessed. Do you think your stay with Mrs. Gates has made permanent changes in your lives?”

It was all that we could do to hold our composure at Mr. Nelson's question. Finally Darla ventured an answer, “Uh..er.. I would say our stay with Mrs. Gates..er.. profoundly...uh.. affected our lifestyle.”

Marla couldn't hold back any longer and she had to place her pretty fingers over her red lips giggled. “What do you say, Marla,” Mrs. Gates sternly asked.

“Oh, Mrs. Gates,” Marla continued to giggle. “I have to agree. Our stay with you definitely resulted in..uh..many permanent changes in our...uh..character and in our lifestyles.”

“That's good enough for me!” Mr. Nelson stated abruptly. “If Mrs. Gates can take two delinquent girls and change them into such lovely ladies as these, I'm sure she can do the same for our troublesome Edward.”

“Yes dear, I'm sure she can,” Mrs. Nelson agreed.

“Edward is our only son. He's the apple of my eye, but he has a real problem with authority,” Mr. Nelson explained. “He has run away a few times, he's lazy, and he refuses to obey our rules. I was at my wit's end about what to do when the Mrs. suggested bringing him here. I'd never heard of Mrs. Gates before, but Susan here, that's my wife, says she comes highly recommended by Judge Harris.”

We all had to suppress another giggle. Edward sat to the side with a frown that would melt ice on his face. He didn't say a thing during this entire conversation, although he did give the twins a look that made me wonder how old he was. That look wasn't the look of a young teenager.

"Anyway, I don't know anything about Mrs. Gates' methods, but if she can produce these kind of results in only one year, I'm all for it. Give me those papers dear, and I'll sign them now," Mr. Nelson finished. He took the papers from his wife's hands and immediately affixed his signature to the bottom of each page.

We girls excused ourselves and went about our intended jobs of planning for the wedding. We couldn't help talking amongst ourselves and wondering whether either Mr. or Mrs. Nelson were fully aware of the probable results of Edward's stay with Mrs. Gates.

A couple of hours later, when we finished our planning and returned to the living room, we saw the Nelson's car pull out of the driveway.

"Well, Edward becomes my ward for a year starting next week," Mrs. Gates stated knowing what was on our minds.

"D..Does his parents know...er..know what to expect?" Darla asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Nelson knows exactly what to expect. In fact that's why she suggested I care for him. She has always wanted a daughter, and she can never have any more children. Edward has been extremely difficult to handle. He is 19 years old and has no ambition or future. She felt that I might be able to give him direction in life as well as give her the daughter she's always wanted."

"What about Mr. Nelson?" I asked.

"Oh, he doesn't know a thing about any of this. He's understandably disappointed in his only son, and he knows a lot of discipline is needed in his life. With the promise of help, he's willing to let me take Edward off of his hands for a year in

the hope that I'll return him a son he can be proud of," Mrs. Gates laughed.

"Edward is nineteen?" Marla asked. "Why, he doesn't look a day over fourteen."

"Yes, I noticed that myself," Mrs. Gates stated with a far away look in her eyes, "and that may be useful. Who knows."

"How do you think Mr. Nelson will react the first time he sees his only son wearing a dress?" I asked.

"Under Control has a prescription designed exclusively for fathers," Mrs. Gates answered. "His wife will be precisely administering this program, so I expect him to come around rather quickly."

"What kind of program would do such a thing?" I inquired further.

Mrs. Gates thought a moment before answering. "Oh, it's rather involved, but the people at Under Control assure me that it has yet to fail."

"How will he react?"

"I suspect he'll be outraged at first," Mrs. Gates answered, "as would any father upon seeing his only son wearing a pretty dress. But then, given the success of the Under Control program, he should quickly come to accept his new daughter and happily look forward to her advancing femininity."

"That Under Control stuff really works, huh?" I questioned.

"Total success, every time!" Mrs. Gates exclaimed. "I, for one, have never seen anything except total achievement, and I offer these three and Mr. Gates' acceptance of them as indisputable proof!"

We both got a good laugh out of that.

The next week and a half was busy preparing for the wedding. There were a million things that had to be taken care of. Gowns, flowers, tuxedo's, refreshments, you name it, it had to be done. Thus, none of us had much time to get together and we saw very little of Mrs. Gates. Along with preparing her

home for the wedding, she had her hands rather full with settling the two new boys into her house.

Marla was a bundle of nerves the entire time. She was always worried that this or that wouldn't get done on time. At the same time, she was getting settled into Johnny's house and tending little Susie most of the time.

Darla, on the other hand, was the epitome of cool. He settled right into Ted's apartment, taking my place in his bed as if I'd never been there. I was sure that Darla would get tired of Ted's frequent seduction but to my surprise Darla always looked fresh as a flower in the morning.

Me? I could care less. I was very happy sharing Judge Harris' bed in his mansion in the upper part of town.

Finally, the big day arrived. The wedding was to take place at 1 P.M., which gave us girl's time to take care of those thousand and one final details that have to be taken care of. Marla was at the house at 10 A.M., trying on her clothes and making sure there wouldn't be any little surprises with the wedding dress.

Darla, Lisa, and I were there at 9:30 to perform the same function with our dresses and make sure that the men were on time. To our chagrin, they acted as if this were just another day, only Sunday. They stood around the punch bowl discussing this and that, but paying little attention to the wedding itself.

I saw Ted in a dark blue business suit, and asked why he wasn't wearing his tuxedo. His reply caught me off guard. "Oh, didn't Darla tell you? I've been relieved as the usher today. Mrs. Gates called yesterday and said she had someone else to perform those duties, so I could relax and enjoy the ceremony. Who was I to turn down an offer like that?"

"I wonder who she found at this late hour?" I asked.

"Beats me," Ted answered, "but I'm glad she did. Your sister is driving me into the ground."

Johnny was certainly handsome in his tuxedo, as were Bob and Mr. Gates. My Jack didn't wear a tuxedo. He said that

since he would be wearing his Judge's robes during the ceremony, it was silly to spend good money on a tux. I understood what he meant, but Jack is in excellent condition and he would have looked magnificent in a black tuxedo.

Shortly before the ceremony was to start, Mrs. Gates came into the bride's room to see if everything was alright. Everything was on schedule, although Marla was fluttering around like a frightened rabbit.

When Mrs. Gates and I had a minute, I approached her about the ushers. "Oh, Katie, didn't I tell you? My new charge will be doing that duty. Eddie is ready to seat the guests as they arrive."

"Eddie?" I giggled, "He's been here less than two weeks and he's already Eddie?"

"Oh yes Katie, and we are getting along famously. Why, he is turning out to be quite the gentlemen. I'm sure he will do a marvelous job this afternoon," she gushed as she exited the room.

Marla had chosen this magnificent white wedding gown made from silk and chantilly lace. It had lace fringe around the skirt hem which was floor length, around the tips of the hand length sleeves, and around the rather low cut bodice which surprisingly showed substantial cleavage.

I questioned her about this and her reply caught me by surprise. "Why shouldn't I show my assets, darling? I've got a lovely set of breasts and I'm proud of them."

"But you always dress so...so... conservatively," I replied.

"Oh Poo! Conservative dresses were needed to catch Johnny. Well, I caught him. Now I can wear whatever I want. I'm a liberated woman. Besides, Johnny has made it quite apparent to me that he loves my breasts. So you see, I don't have any reason to hide them." With that, she returned to allowing Darla to arrange her hair into a mass of rich red curls that circled her head, framed her face and flowed down her back to her shoulder blades.

While Darla and Marla were so engaged, I helped Lisa with her Bridesmaid's gown. Marla chose lime green floor length gowns for them while mine was lilac colored of similar design. Lisa had her lovely blond hair in a French braid down her back with matching green ribbons strategically placed down the braid. It really looked lovely on her.

About noon, Marla was ready to put on her makeup, allowing Darla to finish dressing. Everything was a mad frenzy as we four girls fluttered around trying to get ourselves and each other ready on time. As soon as one would leave the vanity mirror, another would take her place. Marla was the worst of all, first giggling, then pouting. Her mood swings dramatized the emotional turmoil she was under preparing for this most important day in her life.

We were almost ready when the door opened and little Susie ran in. "Mommy, Mommy, Daddy wants me to see if you are almost ready," she shouted running up to Marla to pull on her skirt.

I could see that Marla was very busy, so I retrieved Susie and told her to tell her Daddy that we were almost ready and would be on time. After she left, I commented to Marla on how much Susie seemed to accept her as her Mother.

"Oh, Susie and I get along famously." Marla gushed. I just know I'll have the most wonderful time being her mother and Johnny's wife."

Soon it was time to start downstairs for the ceremony. I could tell that Marla was becoming more nervous with each minute, so before going down to make sure everything was in order, I pressed her hands in mine and said, "Calm down Sis. Everything will work out beautifully. You are SO lovely. Johnny is a very lucky man to win such a lovely bride."

She gave me a tearful smile and squeezed my hands back. Then, I left her to go down to the gathering masses.

When I got to the reception area I nearly fell over. Mrs. Gates had her new ward immaculately dressed in a tuxedo,

with his obviously well groomed hair tied back in a pony tail and acting properly as the usher.

“Why Mrs. Gates,” I gasped. “Eddie looks so...so...handsome. He doesn't look anything at all like that scrubby little ruffian I met two weeks ago.”

“Yes, he does seem to be adjusting quite well to his new environment,” she stated proudly. “I'm sure I can do wonders for him.”

“Actually, I'm surprised that you have him dressed so..so manly,” I stated.

“Well, Marla's wedding isn't the place for experimenting and possibly putting up with tantrums. Besides, everything isn't always as it appears to the eye,” she said with a wink.

“Oh?” I mumbled. Just then, Eddie walked by, and I'm sure I caught the distinct odor of that cheap perfume I'd smelled on my brothers the first time I saw them in shorts. “No!” I thought. “She couldn't have...not in so short a time.”

At that time, I was called to take care of a last minute detail, but I couldn't help wonder if she had them in panties yet. “Nah,” I thought, “it's been too short of a time.” Still, knowing what I knew about Mrs. Gates and her successes, anything was possible!

Marla had quite a crowd at her wedding and they were quickly taking their seats. There wasn't a curiosity seeker in the crowd. The twins had made many friends over the past six months and they wouldn't stay away from such a beautiful event.

Marla's gown fit her like a glove. Once she got down the stairs, we would fit a crown of green leaves with angels breath onto her head. We would also place her long lace train over her shoulders and head. She looked like a gorgeous Irish bride.

Jack took his station at the makeshift pulpit placed under an overhanging boughs of the large elm tree, Johnny and Bob took their places, then the piano and violin players began the Wedding March.

We were lined up in the house to begin Marla's march into wedded bliss. I led the march followed by the bride who was followed by her bridesmaids.

Marla looked over at Darla, then at me. She gave us a bright smile showing that although nervous, she was the happiest woman in the house. Mr. Gates took her arm and at a signal from Jack, we started the traditional march down the aisle.

Marla was very gorgeous with her long train trailing behind her as she slowly walked beside Mr. Gates. Her long red hair could be seen through the wispy fineness of her hair train. Her red lips smiled brightly, a small tear trailing down her soft, smooth right cheek.

Behind her followed Lisa and Darla. They looked equally lovely in their matching light green gowns. They too smiled to the onlookers as they followed the bride. I couldn't believe that all three of these beautiful women once were males.

All three were testimony to the skills of Mrs. Gates who was sitting on the front row watching them make this most feminine of marches. As I passed her, I wondered what was going through her mind as she watched this procession. I saw large tears trail down both of her cheeks. I knew she was proud of all three of her girls.

I finally reached the Pulpit, stepped aside and waited for Marla to end her march. When she got to the pulpit, she took her place beside Johnny and looked up at him. Even through the veil, I could see the love in her eyes.

After the entire procession arrived on station, Judge Harris began the ceremony. He read some verses from the bible, spoke a few words concerning the meaning and sanctity of marriage, then began the fateful words that would seal Marla to Johnny for the rest of her life. "Do you, Marla Ann O'Shea, take this man, John Thornton, to be your lawful husband in good times and bad, for better.....?"

"I DO!" Marla whispered.

“Do you, John Thornton, take this woman, Marla Ann O'Shea, to be your wife?”

“Yes sir, I DO!” Johnny thundered. A faint snicker went up from the audience.

“Then with the powers vested in me, I pronounce you HUSBAND AND WIFE.”

With that pronouncement, Johnny reached over and lifted Marla's veil. Marla had large crocodile tears streaming down her cheeks as Johnny took her chin in his large hand and lifted her lips to his.

Later that afternoon at the reception also held at the Gates' house, the wedding participants gathered about for a group photograph. Marla was still dressed in her gown sans the train. We all gathered about the newlyweds as the photographer snapped photograph after photograph.

I couldn't help but wonder how this had all happened. How had I, in the space of a year, gone from having two unruly, delinquent brothers to having two lovely, well behaved sisters? One of whom had just been married to a man. Could this be real? Or, was I somehow experiencing a twilight zone warp?

Later, after the cutting of the wedding cake, Marla had all the single girls gather so she could throw the traditional bouquet. Tradition says that the girl that catches the flowers will be the next married. There were over twenty girls gathered for these festivities.

Marla stood on the veranda, turned her back to us and tossed the flowers over her right shoulder. Every girl ran for the bouquet with loud screeches. I saw it coming my way and I excitedly reached up for it. Just as my hand grasped the lovely flowers, another joined it so that we caught the bouquet together.

There were loud squeals and I looked over at the other girl that caught it with me and it was.....DARLA! “Oh,” escaped both of our lips simultaneously, then we both broke down in

giggles. Did this mean we would both get married at the same time?

Marla was ecstatic at the outcome, and she hurried over to congratulate both of us. "I'm sure the Judge took notice of you catching the bouquet, Katie," she giggled. "Maybe he'll take the hint."

I giggled with her and whispered, "I hope so. And soon."

Marla went to a closet and pulled out a large flat package and gave it to Darwin. "Here," she said, "It's for your bedroom."

Darwin seemed to know right away what it was, saying, "You're kidding...you went ahead and did it?"

Darwin tore open the package to find a large picture...one of those boudoir fashion portraits of Darwin--framed for the bedroom.

"They even airbrushed out your freckles," I said. "You look beautiful and very sexy."

"That's all I need," Darwin gasp as he adjusted his long dangling earring

The picture was of Darwin in very sexy lace lingerie trying to get a pair of Ted's cut-off jeans over his full rounded hips. A strap of his over flowing brassiere was falling off his shoulder.

Marla and Darwin had obviously had these pictures done together...I wondered what Marla's looked like.

"Promise me you'll hang it in your bedroom," Marla asked.

"Okay," Darwin said, adding, "I know what you're hoping--I'll get laid enough to want to get married and have the operation.

Then she said to Darla, "You know that you must have some surgery before the law will allow you to marry Ted, don't you?"

"Yes," she drew out.

"So.... Have you decided yet??" Marla persisted.

At those words, Darla's expression turned very serious. He looked at Marla and then at me, while obviously considering his answer in deep thought. "Well," he finally answered, "before I make that decision, I must be absolutely positive that I want to live the rest of my life as a woman, and right now, I'm not one hundred percent sure."

Marla was confused. She was so intensely happy with her decision to be Johnny's wife, that she couldn't understand Darla's reluctance to follow the same path. "Why not?" she asked in a puzzled voice. "I thought you were in love with Ted."

"I am...in a way," Darla continued in a solemn tone as he brushed a stray lock of hair into place with a hand displaying perfectly manicured red nails, "but unlike your life, mine is very complicated. Don't get me wrong, Ted and I get along just fine, and I love him very much."

"It's just that Mary Sue and I have been going out together when he's busy, and we've come to be more than just girlfriends. Somehow, she's been able to arouse a spark of masculinity in me that I thought was long since dead. On top of that, she says she still loves me in spite of the changes in my body and the way I treated her when I was a boy. She wants me to move in with her even though I have to dress as a girl."

"As no one else, you can imagine the confusion and turmoil that situation conjures up in my mind. I'm also sure you can understand my need to resolve these things before considering anything as drastic or permanent as that operation. I guess I'll have to make a decision on that subject one way or the other some day, but for now, I don't know. I just don't know!"

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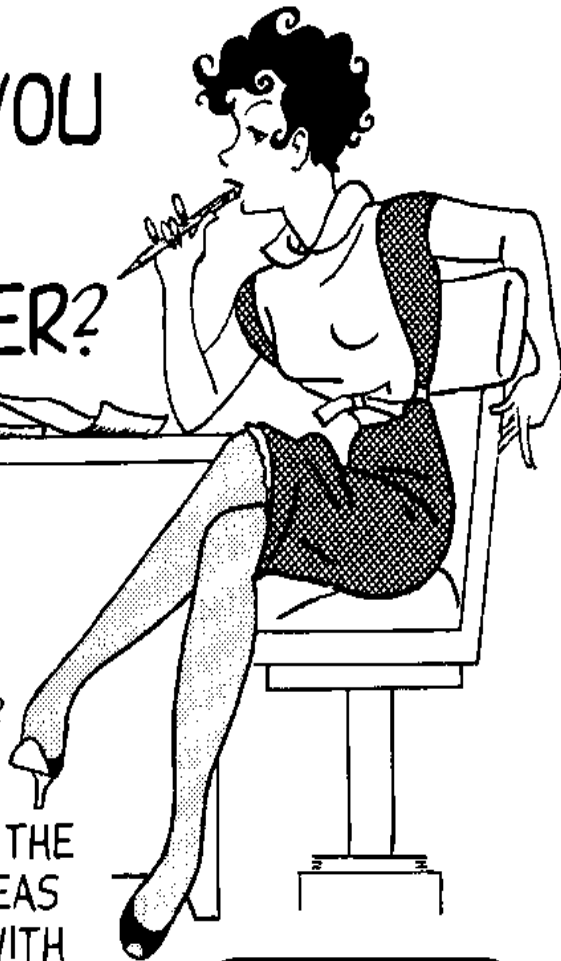


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