

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## "A DRESS FOR DANNY"

IT STARTED WITH HIGH HEELS AND  
QUICKLY WENT TOO FAR!



ILLUSTRATED—ADULTS ONLY

Volume 61

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# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## MAGAZINE

Volume 61

# A DRESS FOR DANNY

by *Ydnas*

*SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING*



*P.O. Box 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624*

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**A DRESS FOR DANNY**

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**QUOTE BOARD**

**"Never raise your hands to a woman.  
It leaves your groin unprotected."**

# A DRESS FOR DANNY

By Ydnas

“Danny, I’m tired of you breaking my shoes,” mother said.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” I moaned.

“Are you sure? All it takes is a little practice and you won’t break them. How long have you been saying that you would stop?”

“I’m really going to stop this time,” I snapped.

“No you aren’t. The problem is that my shoes don’t fit you. C’mon, I’ll show you.”

Mother came over with a pair of her black pumps. They had a 1 1/2 inch heel and were her most comfortable shoes. I allowed her to put them on me. Even with my thick socks, they were too big.

“See you are breaking the arch. That’s bad,” she whined, “They’re too big. I know you like playing around in my heels. Do you want me to ask Michelle’s mother if you can borrow a pair of hers?”

“NO way! I don’t want to talk about it!”

She dropped the subject.

The next day when I came home from school, mother was waiting for me. “Guess what I bought you?”

I knew it wasn’t going to be good but I cringed when I saw the box. It said, “Splendid Slippers!”

“The man at the store said they’d fit or we can take them back.”

Mother pulled a white pair of open toed, high heel pumps out of the box. I whined, “I can’t wear those. Look at the heel, I’ll break my leg.”

The heel was about four inches high.

"OH?" mother said, "I didn't realize. They were such a good buy. The salesman gave me an additional 35% off when I told him they were for you."

"Oh mother! You told a guy?"

"Danny. He was really interested. Said it was a sale price that we wouldn't normally get. Even offered me more at that price."

"TAKE THEM BACK!"

"Okay," she said without argument.

But the next day there were more boxes.

"He couldn't take them back but gave me some of his store samples. Look at all the different styles in your size. FREE!"

I moaned but couldn't take my eyes off the boxes.

"These are a bit too stylish. You'd have to learn how to walk in these." She pulled out a little sandal with a low heel. "Try these on!"

"Why should I? You hardly ever wear anything but tennis shoes unless you're going out somewhere."

"If you are going to break high heels, I'd rather you break your own. Now put them on!"

"You're kidding, right? I'm sorry I broke your shoes. It'll never happen again."

"I know," she smiled. "You now have your own shoes."

The heels weren't much more than a couple of straps across the toes and a dainty thin one around the heel. I started to put them on but realize that they wouldn't fit over my socks. I pulled the socks off and slipped the sandals on easily. Mom helped me get the strap tightened and hooked correctly.

"Now let's see you walk," she says pulling me up to my feet.

My toes wiggled and I felt like I was way up on my tippytoes even though the heels weren't that high.

"Now walk," she ordered. She took my hand and helped me take a few steps. The leather bottoms were

slippery and the sandals were so lightweight that I found myself walking strangely.

"You won't break these because they fit! But you will have to get used to wearing them or you WILL break your leg."

"Are you serious?" I asked. It started to sink in that she didn't care if I wore high heels---she just didn't want me breaking hers. "Can you show me how to walk?"

"I can show you but it takes practice," mom smiled. She had me walk back and forth and gave me little hints such as: "Keep your feet pointed straight and walk like you are trying to pick up sand with your toes." And "Walk like you are on a tightrope." And "Swing your hips a little to keep balanced."

I felt so silly but did what she said. I felt my hips move and my bottom sway.

"That's good with your hands," mom laughed. I caught myself with my elbow bent with my hands up and loose-wristed to keep my balance. I blushed, sensing my posture.

"Don't be embarrassed, Danny," she said, "It's how one has to walk in high heels. I know it feels funny to you now but that's how we women stay balanced. Let your wrists go limp again and see if you feel more counterbalanced."

I did and she was right. She added, "In high heels, it's okay to walk with your hands like that. You'll get used to it. Want to try a higher heel?"

"Not really," I said but quickly found myself in a stylish pair of three inch clogs. For the next thirty minutes I walked, stood, sat, and learned how to handle high heels.

At one point mother even told me to "cool the hips a bit."

"I'm done for today!" I blushed.

"Fine," she said, "enough learning---now the practice."

"Practice."

“Just leave the shoes on for the rest of the day. Easy!”

For the rest of the afternoon and early evening I wore the clogs. She was right. Every step helped me get used to the “on toes” posture. Experience was the only way to learn the little maneuvers necessary to not fall over. Just getting around was a chore at first. The slippery hard wood floors were nearly my downfall. Even just standing still was different.

For the first time I watched mother and the graceful way she moved about in her heels. The same style as mine!

That night when I went to bed I took off the heels. My legs were aching and my calves sore.

The next morning, Saturday, mother insisted that I wear another pair of the heels. They weren’t much taller but had a much narrower heels and were more tricky on hardwood floors. My balance had to be centered just right. I tried following mother and holding my hands the way she did and it seemed to work.

My feet were sore by afternoon so mother had me put back on the sandals. As low as they were, the balance tricks I learned on the higher heels made me very steady in them. I was as steady as mother as long as I matched her hip movements and held my hands properly.

That night when I went to bed, I walked across the room in my bare feet. I was still holding my wrists out and swaying my bottom like when wearing high heels. “I’ll have to stop THAT!” I said to myself.

*TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,*

*WRITE: SANDY THOMAS*

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*CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA*

The next morning I showered. Dressed only in my underwear, I saw the high heels laying next to my bed. MY high heels. I felt odd but slipped them on and went to the mirror.

They changed my whole posture. My butt was higher and it made my legs look a foot longer. The small curve of my back was overstated and my shoulders were influenced back. I was balanced best when I held my elbows in and my wrists loosened. My neck position was different. I held my head more upright. Almost regal.

I dressed and went down stairs. Mother gave me a funny look when she saw I was wearing the heels again but didn't say anything but, "You are getting real good at those. Ready for the really high ones?"

"Maybe later," I blushed. "I just want to get used to these first."

By that afternoon, we had all the chores done and mother again suggested we try some of the other pairs of shoes the nice man at the store had given me.

Mother opened a box and pulled out the most marvelous pair of high heeled shoes I'd ever seen. They were black suede evening shoes with heels that were spike thin with small tips on the bottom. The heel was so high it looked like the foot part of the shoe was nearly perpendicular!

"These are nicer than anything I have," mother sighed. "I think the heel is over four inches!"

"They are beautiful! I doubt if I could ever get used to wearing those."

Mother laughed, "Can you believe that we women wear these dancing? Want to try them on."

I slipped off the heels and began to put on the evening shoes. "They don't fit well," I said. "Too tight."

"Let me see," she said, checking how they finally went on. "NO, they fit but they are meant to be worn with nylons, dear."

"Oh," I said standing up. They pushed me way forward on my toes. "These are hard," I stated.

"Are you up for trying them? I have some little nylon peds you can wear with them."

"I just want to see if I can walk in them," I muttered, my face flushed.

Mother was right, with the little nylon peds on the shoes fit, however quite tightly. I learned that with over four inch heels you needed tight, well fitting heels.

"Well, you can stand in them," she laughed. "I guess if girls can dance in them, maybe you can learn to walk in them."

I felt so tall. "Here goes," I said taking a few steps. I almost fell when I hit the slippery hard wood floor.

I breathed a sigh of relief and walked over to the mirror. Mother said, "If you can learn to walk in those, you can walk in anything!"

I was blushing but asked, "Can I try?"

"It just will take practice," mom said softly. My ankles started to wobble a bit and I loosened my wrists and pulled my elbows in more to get better balance.

"Good boy, Danny," mother said. "Straightened your knees and walk from the hips.

I felt my toes being pushed further down into the shoes and my back curving more. Once I felt under control, I tried walking again and found it easier as long as my hips moved with each step.

I continued practicing for about an hour until mother insisted I go back to some sensible heels. "I can tell you are determined but it takes time. Why don't you try wearing them an extra half hour a day. By the end of a week, you should have them down."

After wearing the spikes, normal heels were surprising comfortable and easy to manage. Even the three inch ones with the thin heel.

Mother helped me a little each day, teaching me how to turn and be graceful. I asked mother why

women put up with wearing high heels when they cause so much pain. She laughed, "It's fun. Right?"

I nodded.

"And the pain goes away."

By the end of a week, I was wearing the spikes from the minute I came home from school to bedtime. My confidence increased along with the revolving motion of my hips necessary to keep balanced. I was moving about in heels as gracefully as my mother.

The next Saturday when I came down wearing the highest heels I had, mother looked at me funny.

"I think I've got the hang of it," I grinned, turning about in a quick circle while allowing my hips to sway gracefully. I posed for mother with my heels in the classic "twelve and two" stance then bent prettily at the waist to pick up the newspaper.

"We have to talk," mother said. "Sit down."

I grimaced and sat at the table, crossing my legs as only one can in heels.

"You've really thrown yourself into learning how to wear heels," mother said, "and I guess I've encouraged you. You seem to be enjoying every minute."

I knew what she was getting at. I defended myself. "The shoes fit and I was just..."

"I'm worried," mother interrupted. "Sometimes you walk out of here for school and it's like you are still wearing high heels."

"Sorry," I said.

"Don't apologize," she said, "We just need to make sure that your feminine training doesn't spill over into how you are in school."

I blushed and must have looked disappointed. "I really don't need to wear these high of heels," I said, "It just got to be fun." I bit my lip.

"It's fun for me too," she said, "almost like having a daughter."

I felt silly and self-conscious for the first time in a week. "Maybe I should take them off? It is silly."

"Naw," mother said. "I must be weird but I enjoy seeing you in heels sashaying around here with that provocative hip movement."

I blushed even more and got defensive. "Maybe I should throw all the shoes away."

"Or we could get you a couple dresses."

"Don't make fun of me," I moaned.

"No," mother said seriously, "What if we got you a couple dresses that you wore around the house? I think the contrast between the dresses and your boy clothes would remind you how you should walk and act."

I still wasn't sure if she was kidding or not. "You are asking me if I want to wear a dress?"

"You liked wearing high heels, why not a few dresses?"

"Please don't tease me," I begged. "I don't know why I like these shoes so much."

"I'm serious," mother said, "Maybe just a house-dress or two to begin with."

I was mystified, then embarrassed, then intrigued. "You are suggesting that I come home from school and put on a dress and my heels?"

"And on weekends too! Whenever you want to wear your high heels," she said with a smile. "But when you are a boy and at school I don't want to see any hip movement, promise?"

"I don't want to do that!" I said honestly. "Do you really think that wearing a dress will help me walk like a boy at school?"

"Of course," she said. "And it will give you some new challenges in heels too."

"What's that mean?"

"You'll see."

We talked for a while. I couldn't believe I was agreeing to this. But I didn't want to stop wearing heels. We established some rules. I would only wear

heels when in a dress and never in my boy pants. That seemed fair.

I didn't hear much of her conversation past her saying that she would be buying me some dresses to wear around the house. I heard myself sputtering questions like "nothing too short," "nylons too?" and "are you sure?"

For the rest of the weekend mother didn't want me wearing high heels. I don't know how I lived through the weekend. I must have blocked it from my memory because I can recall nothing of it.

"When do we start?" I asked.

"Danny, when you get home from school Monday, I'll have a few surprises for you."

By Monday morning, my hips weren't as loose. Mother smiled at me when I was leaving and said, "Hurry home!"

As the day went by, I began to have the jitters. I couldn't concentrate on my classes. I looked around and wondered what she'd buy me. A white/blue/green/red/yellow dress? Whatever of those colors it turned out to be, I wasn't prepared!

After school I raced all the way home, and I didn't even run out of breath, probably because of the butterflies running an electrical treadmill in my stomach.

When I saw her smiling face, I began to shake. Tears came to my eyes and I said, "Mom, I can't do this."

"But I just bought you a car load of things!" she said sadly. "That nice man at the store helped me pick out some lovely items."

"Dresses? You told that man I was going to wear dresses?"

"Of course dear. I thought you were ready for one."

I moaned, "The high heels were fun but wearing a dress with them, that's really weird, right?"

"The man at the store didn't think so. He thought it was sweet and very open of you to experiment with how the other side lives."

"I wish you wouldn't tell anyone," I moaned.

"I'm not ashamed of you, no matter how you are dressed. I'm as proud of you mastering those heels as I would be if you ran a four minute mile---maybe more so."

"Really?"

"Sure, it's a special little something that we share between the two of us. I don't see how buying you a couple little dresses could hurt you. Sidney said that you weren't the only boy in town wearing dresses."

"SIDNEY?"

"The man at the store. Turns out he's the manager. We had coffee together after shopping. He's a very nice man."

I whined, "Please don't tell anyone else."

"Sure, if you at least try on what I bought you. Everything is laid out in your room."

I couldn't even see my bedspread. The bed was overflowing. "You spent way too much!"

Mother laughed and said, "I guess I overdid it a bit. Sidney just insisted that you needed it all. He gave me his employee discount and some special coupons for an upcoming sale. Some of these are store samples. He gets new ones every week."

"This is already too much."

"I sort of assume that you'll be wearing them a lot. Sidney said that if you get good enough, you could come down to the store and pick out your own things."

"You mean go out of the house in these things?"

"Sure. Sidney said that if we can keep you in girl's clothes enough, you wouldn't act much like a boy anymore. I told him how well you've done in high heels."

I was embarrassed. It had all been so much fun, but now mom was telling strangers and wanted me to

act like a girl when I wasn't in school. "Do you really want me acting like a girl?"

"If you are wearing high heels and a dress, I assume that you should try acting like a girl too. It would be really difficult but might be fun."

I was excited by the challenge. On the bed were two new pairs of high heels: a pretty pair of basic black pumps with a 3 1/2 inch heel and open toed sandal with a very high heel. "Are those mine?" I asked.

"Sidney said they went with the dresses. Remember our deal? The heels are worn with dresses only."

I asked breathlessly, "When do we start?"

We went through the dresses and skirts on the bed. Mother said, "These are your clothes now. I will teach you how to take care of them but I'm not doing it for you, okay?"

"Okay." I reluctantly held up a little flowered housedress up and asked, "Should I just slip this over my head?"

Mom laughed, "Easy there. I have a little surprise for you. Something we didn't discuss. Open your drawers."

I opened the top drawer and yelled, "Where's my underwear?"

"That's your underwear," mom giggled, "to be worn with your dresses. What did you think you'd wear, boxer shorts? No. You need the right kind of underwear for pretty dresses. Look!" Mother made a pirouette so that her dress flared out and showed off her curves. "Sidney says I still have a great figure."

"Sidney, Sidney, Sidney," I moaned as she went to my drawer and pulled out a white pair of nylon panties. "Sidney said you should go 'basic' to start with."

"Why do I have to wear panties?" I responded.

"Remember," mother said, "The idea is to make you feel different when in a dress from when you are in boy clothes. Lingerie will do that."

She had a point.

In the next fifteen minutes, mother taught me what no boy should ever know---how to put on the delicate underwear of a girl. There were the snow white panties with little satin bows in the sides, a matching little basic bra with fiber filled pads, fresh nude pantyhose, and a full slip. Each one had to be carefully put on and adjusted before I was allowed to slip into the black pumps. It felt nice to be up in heels again---almost too nice. I was glad I was wearing the full slip.

My boy underwear had been moved to the bottom drawer and replaced by countless piles of colorful silky panties, matching brassieres, fresh packages of pantyhose and a set of stockings and garter belt. In the second drawer were more elaborate silk and lace lingerie which mother said was "for some later time."

Mother said, "This a simple house dress but with this print, a girl could wear it anywhere. Slip it over your head and I'll button up the back. I'll have to help you out of it when you go to bed."

Suddenly in a dress, I felt uncomfortable and self-conscious and ashamed of how I looked. "I can't do this."

Mother saw my expression and comforted, "It will take some time for you to get used to wearing a dress---just like the high heels."

I took a few steps and felt the dress move smoothly over my hips and nyloned legs.

"Like the shoes?" mother asked.

I nodded, the shoes felt wonderful and I could see them so easily without pants. I went through the rest of the day getting used to moving about in a dress. Mother was wearing her new housedress that was just like mine but a different color. My face flushed each time I passed a mirror and I realized what I was doing. I had no idea where all this was going to lead but mother was so supportive.

She showed me how to sit down in a skirt, prettily cross my legs, and even how to adjust a wayward hem. In the heels, I quickly was able to revert my walk back into a swiny sway.

Mother smiled at me, "You have so much to learn. In a week or two, you'll have it down."

"Really?" I asked, checking the hem of my dress again. "Right now I'm completely confused."

"Wearing dresses is more restrictive than pants but I think you'll learn to enjoy them. We just have to make sure we are consistent with you. I want you to be all boy or all girl. No mixing them up, okay?"

I nodded as she added, "Sidney said there are pleasures and pains in what you are doing. I should insist that you not flip back and forth too much."

"What does that mean," I asked myself. I should have been having second thoughts about then.

The next day I came home from school and dressed myself. I picked out pink panties, the matching pink bra and pink A-line dress with lace ruffles around the bodice and sleeves. I wore white high heeled sandals and white hose.

When I went down to have mother zip up my dress, she stared at me funny before saying, "All this feminine training is going to make you feel more poised and self-confident. I see it already."

So it went. Each day I hurried home from school, quickly slipping out of my boy's clothes and into lingerie, a dress and my beloved heels. The high heels felt so snug and wonderful. I had to admit that the nylons and dress added to the pleasing sensations.

I hated wearing a brassiere but mother insisted it helped remind me to be a boy when I wasn't wearing it.

I sometimes wondered just how far my mother wanted me to go in being "feminized". The trivial encumbrances were becoming routine. I could button

up the back of my dress without help. I was becoming used to slipping my arms into the straps and hooking a brassiere behind me.

I handled the array of "dainty" lingerie without thought. Mother taught me how to wash and take care of my lingerie and how to iron my dresses. Before I realized it, I was also ironing mother's clothes and taking care of her lingerie too!

I guess by wearing lingerie and dresses, I was established as "capable" to understand and care for a woman's wardrobe. I watched the labels and knew what could be machine washed and what needed drycleaning. I hand-laundered our most delicate silks, nylons and laces. It was funny to see panties and bras hanging in my bathroom to dry.

Mother said, "I could never have asked you to do my things before. I think I like us wearing the same kind of clothes."

Seeing mother leave for work wearing a dress with a pleated skirt that I ironed made me kind of proud. I knew that she'd appreciate how straight and sharp all the pleats were and how much time it took me.

One Friday night, I gathered up my courage and asked mother for a couple more "brassieres".

She laughed, "Seems like yesterday you didn't know how to put on a bra! What's wrong with the ones you have?"

I blushed but stammered, "The padding in the cups are getting flat..."

"They were just to get you used to the idea and feeling of the straps and things," mother smiled but added, "Of course dear, I'll go see Sidney at the store. Which style do you like the most?"

I had been watching the girls at school and could see the outline and effects of their "brassieres" on their dress-clad figures. The notion of me wearing one too both embarrassed me and gave me the "shivers". I don't know why. I answered, "Some of the girls in

school are wearing 'Wonderup bras'. Maybe I could get one of those too?"

Mother laughed. "A Wonderup Bra! Do you think you are ready for one of those and WHO are you trying to impress?"

I stammered, "I...I just thought one might look nice with my blue dress."

She giggled, "So you finally have to admit that breasts look nice in a pretty dress."

I couldn't say anything.

"Okay," she said smiling, "I'll get you the Wonderup Bras---on one condition."

"What?"

### **A SPECIAL BRA FOR A SPECIAL BOY**

The very next day mother came home with OUR new bras. I felt like I was in a trance when she chuckled, "Notice anything different?"

Since I took care of her lingerie, I noticed immediately. She was giddy! "OH DANNY! I love this bra! Sidney said that the Wonderup bra padding gives a girl that little extra boost we all can use."

"Your figure is fine," I said.

"Well, if my son's going to be wearing a Wonderup bra, so am I!" she giggled. "I love the way the bra looks under everything, especially a sweater dress."

"You have a great body, mom."

"And so will you," she said. "We are both going to throw away all those flat triangle bandages."

Most odd was mother's casual attitude about me enhancing my figure---like most teen age boys were concerned about their breast size, right?

"I have to show you how to wear them," mother continued, "They are a little tricky. Let's go to my room and I'll show you."

Suddenly she got a funny expression. "Oh, I hope that's okay. Maybe I should show you mine?"

She obviously didn't want to embarrass me but she was so excited about her new figure. "Come on, mother," I stated, "I take care of your lingerie now and I'm going to be wearing them too. What's too hide."

"You're right!" she said as we headed towards her bedroom.

I felt flushed and a little embarrassed as mother opened the bag and dumped about twenty bras on her bed.

"Ten for you and ten for me!" she said before asking me to please unzip her dress. I took hold of the zipper with my fingertips, careful not to snag the fabric as I lowering the zipper, seeing the white Wonderup bra strap. It was wider than mother's other bras.

I stepped back to give mother room to shake off the dress. Once the dress was off, mother pulled back her shoulders and said, "Well?"

She was in panties, bra and half-slip. Her body had always been attractive but with the "enhanced" curves, she was strikingly provocative. The bra seemed to mold to her body creating a very titillating effect. She smiled and said "Let's see what one will do for you!" I gasped, "I think it's gorgeous on you but I don't think it'll do the same for me."

"There's only one way to find out," she replied.

"Ok," I agreed as she handed me a Wonderup Bra. "Should I go to my room?"

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*The Wonderup Bra took what little I had and gave  
me a lot of what I shouldn't! Cleavage!  
All I wanted to do was play around in heels and now...*

"Why? If you are going to wear bras, why would you be embarrassed for me to see them? Besides, I want to show you how to get the most lift and cleavage!"

"Cleavage?" I blushed.

"Sure!" she laughed. "With these, you'll be able to show off one of the most fun signs of womanhood."

There was a lot of pulling and adjusting but when she was done, the Wonderup bra was firmly "installed" and surprisingly comfortable. I just stood there and stared at the full, round protrusions and the unfamiliar fleshiness between the cups. When I leaned forward or moved my arms inward, soft flesh bulged between the cups.

The next day, I awoke early. I hadn't slept much. I moaned, "What a boy will do to get a Wonderup Bra!" I lay there thinking about it all. I was wearing a negligee. One of the "great ideas" that Sidney had put into mother's head. And now this. It was worse than learning to walk in high heels! I moaned at the sensation and weight of the curlers and pins. "Why would any girl do this?"

The clips and pins poked at my scalp with every move. The constant pull of each roller against the roots of my hair gave me a dull headache. Mother had set my hair just like hers. Funny I'd never heard her complain.

Mother had separated and wound the strands tightly around large pink curlers, locking them securely in place with clips.

I looked so funny! Like a Martian. Mother said it was part of making one's self look pretty. Like the discomfort of high heels, curlers pinched and poked but it was something girls got used to and so would I.

My Friday nights were going to be spent in curlers so I could have "pretty hair" for the weekend.

After showering, I slipped on bra and panties, a simple shift dress and hurried down so mother could remove the rollers.

She showed me what to do and insisted that I throw in a few hot rollers after school each day.

The satisfactions of femininity overcame my reluctance. Sure the rollers were hot and painful but my bulging breasts (thanks Wonderup Bra), the swish and sensation of my skirts against nylon and the thrill of wearing high heels were breathtaking.

At school, I found myself comparing myself to the girls at school. I could walk better in high heels than most and my hair was longer than many. Curled, my hair looked as pretty or prettier!

Each Friday night Mother would remind me, "Time for you to set your hair before going to bed." I usually raised no objection to what was becoming a weekly routine. At first I hated the inconvenience but I was become increasingly proficient at styling my hair. Mother brought me home some barrettes, combs and clips to keep the hair out of my eyes when I did homework.

### **SIDNEY THIS AND SIDNEY THAT...**

I was hearing more and more about Sidney at the store. Sidney this and Sidney that. When they had lunch, mother never failed to come home with several new "sample" dresses for me and sometimes a new pair of heels.

My bedroom was changing too. There was hair spray, a mirror for checking the back of my head, and several different comb and brush combinations.

As new dresses came in, more and more of my boy stuff was boxed up and sent to the garage. I only needed a few sets of pants and shirts for school.

Over dinner one night, Mom handed me a little gift. It contained my grandmother's dainty gold watch and

matching bracelet. Tears were in her eyes as she said, "I didn't know what to do with this. I thought I might give it to your wife someday but it seems more appropriate to give it to you now."

I blushed. Was she implying that I might never have a wife? She said, "I thought it would be fun for you to have a pretty watch to go with your pretty outfits."

"I'll give it back when I stop wearing these thing, okay?" I replied as I put it on my wrist and held it up delightedly.

I was very busy with homework. I was taking some rather hard advanced math classes. Being in skirts relaxed me. It seemed to take off some of the pressure.

Sundays and weeknights I had to concentrate on studying despite my hair and attire.

As for mom's friend Sidney, I began to make requests. I wanted a frilly, mini half-slip to wear under one of my mini-skirted dresses and a couple more nightgowns.

"That's all?" Mother joked cheerfully. I think she was using any excuse to see Sidney. "You know, he wants to meet you?"

"NEVER!" I exclaimed.

Mom added, "He really seems to know what you like?"

I spat, "What makes him such an expert on me."

"I'll ask."

But it was true. Whatever and why ever, what Sidney picked out, I wore and adored. But I wasn't going to let mother know that some weirdo knew what I liked.

When I came home from school one day, mother was holding by the straps a pretty Wonderup brassiere. It had lacy padded cup in the newest style PUSH-UP. Brand new! Something I'd wanted to try ever since I saw an ad in a magazine.

“Sidney said you might like this,” she said. “Can I show you how to wear it? He said it’s a bit different.”

I quickly took off my school shirt and let mother pull the wide elastic band tight around my chest and back, hooking the catch so the brassiere was securely set. She adjusted the shoulder straps before reaching into each cup and pulling my chest fat up into the cups. The fabric, unlike other lacy Wonderup bras was made of a silky material that clung to the skin like velcro. Where the fat was, it stayed! As much as I could pull into the cup; stayed in the cup. I actually had little cupfuls of flesh.

Mother read the instructions, “It says that the more hours you wear them, the better they work.”

“Tell Sidney I like these,” I said softly.

“Tell him yourself! I’m going out with him on Friday.”

I was so confused by all this, I felt like crying. “I can’t meet a guy who knows what I do!” I cried while running my hands over the soft cup of my bra.

“The man is responsible for nearly everything you have. If it weren’t for his support and understanding, I’d probably have put a stop to all this long ago; for no reason. You owe him.”

I was worried. She was right. Mother could suddenly put a stop to this at any time. I didn’t want that.

“I hope he doesn’t laugh at me.”

Mother turned to me and said, “Sidney says it’s only clothes. Clothes that half the population gets to wear and enjoy. Why shouldn’t a boy be able to enjoy them?”

That made me think. I was so worried about being labeled by mother as a sissy. I knew what I was doing was wrong; or at least not normal. What normal boy would be excited about a new brassiere?

“You’ll like Sidney,” mother announced. “He’s a wonderful man. So kind and intelligent. Very straightforward and honest.”

“What does he think of me?”

Mother thought for a second and said, "Sidney says that once a boy starts developing girlish interests, it's better to let him explore and find himself."

I nodded. "Okay. I'll meet him as a boy."

### MOTHER'S FIRST DATE

When I got home Friday, mother was preparing for her date with Sidney. I hadn't seen her quite so excited about going out before. She was sitting in front of her vanity mirror in only Wonderup bra, panties and full slip. Since I had started wearing lingerie, mother didn't feel the need to hide hers from me.

I watched as she removed hot rollers from her long locks to create long, loose soft curls. She said it made her feel ultra-feminine. She teased up the back a bit to add some volume.

Mother said, "Tonight we are going to an elegant dinner at a chic restaurant then dancing. So don't wait up."

"Do I have to meet him?"

"YES!"

I moaned as I watched mother put perfume in all the secret little places. Mother said, "I wish you'd go change and show Sidney how pretty you are in one of your dresses."

"No way."

Mother put on a little black silk dress then some glittery jewelry. I shook my head and admired mother. She was a beautiful woman when she tried. I couldn't help but be happy for her. She had sacrificed so much for me.

"I'm disappointed in you," Mother said. "This man has given you so many dresses and high heels and you refuse to show him how nice they look on you."

She lectured me for being very selfish and that she was really disappointed in me. I was close to tears.

"I'm scared," I cried, then I threw my arms around her, begging her not to make me wear a dress.

She couldn't resist my tears. She said, "Okay but I want you to thank him for the nice things and promise that next time you'll do a little fashion show for him. OKAY?"

"Okay," I moaned, hoping there was never another time.

"So now that we understand each other, let's forget it. He'll be here soon."

Sidney showed up exactly on time. He was not what I expected. He wasn't a big man but very dapper. He wore a black business suit, his hair slicked back in that trendy style.

He was young, a couple of years younger than mother or at least it seemed. I blushed deeply when mother called me in to introduce me. Sidney smiled, "Danny, I've heard so much about you, I feel like I know you," he said giving my hand a firm shake.

"Same here," I stammered.

"Oh," he said, "I grabbed these from the store." He pulled out a bunch of perfume samples and dumped them into my hands. "Let me know which ones you like and I'll get you some."

"Thank the man," mother said.

"I don't wear perfume," I stammered.

"Maybe you should start," mother said. "Any thing else you have to say before we leave?"

I turned to Sidney and said, "Thanks for the stuff."

"You're welcome," he smiled. "I'm just happy to be able to help. Next week we have a new line of tartan skirts and knit tops coming in. Do you like your skirts short or just above the knee?"

He asked so matter-of-factly that I answered, "The short ones are in at school."

"The short ones it is," he said then changing the subject to the little restaurant where they were having dinner.

I wasn't up when mother came home that night. But the next morning it was "Sidney this" and "Sidney that". I was almost sick of it. She didn't even mention my hobby other than to say, "I'm picking up those skirts for you on Wednesday. It would be nice if you wore something he gave you next Saturday when he and I go out again. You promised."

During that week I heard more about Sidney. He managed the department store that he had inherited from his father. He didn't need the job or the money but loved working with the customers and staying up with fashion.

He was a wonderful dancer, mother bragged. "He's the perfect man," mother sighed.

"So why is he still single?" I asked.

"I'm perfect," she said, "and I'm still single. What's wrong with me?"

Mother insisted that I keep my word. We spent most of Saturday planning for her date and my debut.

"One of those new skirts and a knit top would be nice," mother said as we planned what we would wear. "If you want to be dressy, wear your navy wool A-line and navy heels."

I was so nervous. "Should I do my hair?"

"Of course," mother said, "I'll help you so it looks like mine. Now run along. We need to take our baths and get dressed."

I went to my room, undressed, bathed and in Wonderup bra and panties put my hair up in hot rollers.

When finished, I took a look in the mirror. I was humiliated by the vision I saw. How could I meet mother's boyfriend like this! Or anyone for that matter.

But I was late and had no choice. I put on pantyhose, my highest heels and the low cut, cherry red dress that was perfect with the new Wonderup bra I

was wearing. I wondered if he'd notice the soft plump spheres of flesh above my bra cups. I hoped not...and so.

I was dressed like any stylish young lady (certainly not like any boy!) I put on my grandmother's watch, her wedding ring, and even dabbed one of the perfume samples where I'd seen mother dab.

Mother first comment was, "You sure smell good. Is that 'Sensual' perfume?"

I nodded and let her do her magic with my hair. Just before Sidney showed up, mother checked her make-up and touched up her lips with a darker shade of lipstick.

"Oh," she said, "let me do your lips."

I sighed. "What's the difference."

Sidney came and left with little but small talk about the weather. Nothing was said about what I was wearing.

By Friday the next week, I had several shades of eyeshadow, mascara, four different lipsticks and their matching fingernail polish. After wearing mom's lipstick to meet Sidney, I began to wonder what I'd look like with makeup. I didn't even ask. They were just there on my vanity one day when I came home from school.

Mother was now used to me wearing perfume so I tried the lightest shade of lipstick there. A pale, shimmering pink that matched my underwear. I must have done a terrible job of putting it on because mother just shook her head and said, "Let me show you how to use that. It takes some practice."

Mom didn't even ask if she could make me up completely. She just grabbed her makeup bag and went to work. "This really doesn't take long once you get the hang of it," she said. "Sidney will be pleased you are using the samples he sent."

Mom opened my lipstick tubes and found one that she said was "my shade." It was the dark strawberry

red one. "I have this one," she said as she traced the outside edges of my lips first then filled them in. "I use a lip liner when I'm going out on a date or for special. I'll do yours tomorrow before Sidney picks me up."

Then she had me repeat her actions and reapply it myself. I watched and copied her movements and facial expressions all the way to the pursing of my lips and blotting with a tissue.

Mom smiled. "It's easy to over do makeup, dear. I don't want you running around here looking like a tart." With that, she showed me how to darken my eyes with an eyeliner crayon, shadow and dark brown mascara.

"See how that opens your eyes and gives you that innocent, feminine gaze?"

I nodded. I stared into the mirror and saw beautiful eyes staring back. Mine! Mother quickly added a little blush to hollow out my cheeks. "Gawd, now I'm doing everything like a girl," I gasped.

"Not quite," Mother said, "Let me get my manicure kit and do your nails. What are you going to wear tomorrow?"

"I don't know," I muttered shyly.

"How about a really short dress, maybe that blue and white sundress, nude pantyhose with the white sandals with the four inch heels? That way your 'strawberry' toes will show?"

I loved those shoes. They were very high, held on with only a couple delicate straps across the toes and around the heel. I was very proficient walking in them but the idea of my own painted toenails showing caught me off guard. I nearly fainted from the excitement.

My heart was in my throat as I slipped off my pantyhose so mother could paint my toes and fingers. It tickled and as she applied coat after coat, I could barely breath. My own long, smooth legs ending in

little berry colored toes. I breathed heavily at the sight and sensations.

"Oh mother," I shrieked in disbelief. "I'm like a girl, aren't I?"

"You're getting there," she smiled.

"I wish I knew why I was doing this?"

"Because you have very girlish features."

"I do," I gasped. "I thought I was a pretty regular guy---before."

"Danny, honey," mother said, "you've always been a bit effeminate. That was probably my fault. Now sit still. I don't want you smudging my handy work."

My hands went limp in her hands as she put on the finish top coat of clear polish. I held my berry-tinted toes out to compare them to my fingernails and then to the mirror to compare my lips.

"Like the color?" she asks.

I start to talk but nothing comes out.

"I want to teach you to do manicures on me," she said while still holding my hands. "When you get home from school on Fridays, I'll do your nails and then you do mine, okay?"

"OKAY!" I stared into the mirror. "What will Sidney think?"

Mother laughed, "He thinks that if you like doing something and are good at it, you should do it. It's obvious you like doing girl things, right?"

The next day when Sidney showed up to pick up mother for a casual date, We were both surprised when he arrived with take-out Chinese food. "I'm just too tired to go out," he moaned. "Work is beginning to get to me. I thought we might just stay here and watch a movie."

After all the weeks of wining and dining, mother readily agreed.

Mother and I served dinner, and we all sat around and talked. Sidney finally brought up what was on my mind. "I must say, that the makeup and nail

polish really makes a difference. Instead of a girlish boy, no one would ever know you're a boy."

"Thanks, I guess," I said blushing.

He added, "I really mean that as a compliment. I've seen you as a boy and you seem more comfortable as a girl."

Mother interrupted, "He can't seem to get enough. I did his makeup once and he's been practicing all day."

"And it shows," Sidney smiled. "Does he help around the house?"

"Some."

"You should take advantage of his interests," Sidney stated. "Since he likes girlish things, teach him the things all girls should know. Cooking, house-cleaning, sewing." He turned to me, "Have you ever thought about making your own dresses? You could."

"Boys don't usually sew," I said.

"Boys don't usually look as nice in a dress."

Mother said, "I think Sidney is right. I think there's a lot around here that you could learn. I want him to grow up well adjusted---if not as a boy, then as a girl."

Sidney turned to me, "Do you have a nice purse yet?"

I shook my head.

Mother beamed, "I can fix that! I hadn't even thought about fixing him up with a purse. He'd need one if he ever went with us."

"Went with you?" I asked.

Mother said, "Sidney thinks you shouldn't stay home all the time. He wants you to come with us to dinner sometime."

"Like this?"

"Of course, dear. We both think you look nicer this way than as a scruffy ole' boy."

I turned to Sidney. "Really? You want to take me out like this?"



*I saw mother and Sidney off on their date. He wanted to take me with them...all I needed was a purse and about a thousand other things. Maybe I could learn to carry a purse...*

"You work on carrying a purse, and help your mother around the house more and I'd love to."

My cheeks were flaming but the idea of wearing my high heels out of the house was so exciting, I couldn't see straight.

Then he added, "it's about time he got some wear out of all those pretty clothes."

"I'm sacred," I said, nearly trembling in excitement.

"You just need some confidence," Sidney said. "Let's make a list and see what you need to work on."

When they were through, the list was much longer than I imagined.

"Have a couple nice purses and know how to carry them."

"Have my other ear pierced and get several nice pairs of earrings."

"Know how to follow a few dance steps."

"Work on raising voice and using a girlish vocabulary."

"Be able to do my make-up all by myself."

"Learn two more formal hairstyles."

"Arch eyebrows to open up eyes more."

"Learn to eat and drink in a girlish manner."

"Let my fingernails grow and keep them manicured."

It was quite a list and a challenge. Mother said, "With your naturally girlish appearance, the clothes and these 'improvements', we could take you anywhere."

Then they started adding more to the list.

"Know how to make a full skirt swirl when dancing."

"Be able to walk in a tight, fitted skirt."

"Be able to cook and serve a full dinner and clean up afterwards." (I had no idea why that was in there.)

"Know how to get in and out of a car gracefully."

“Read girl’s magazines and be able to talk about their interests.”

“Learn to laugh like a girl.”

They just kept coming up with them. “I’ll never get all these done,” I moaned. “What’s next, have a baby?”

Sidney laughed, “This is a wish list. Something for you to strive for. It might take a year for you to get all these mastered. Some will only come to you once you have a better feminine identity.”

“Feminine identity?”

Mom interrupted, “Sidney and I have talked about this a lot. What he means is that you shouldn’t think of yourself as a boy learning to be feminine. You should think of yourself as a girl, doing girl things.”

I suddenly pictured myself in a ladies room putting on my lipstick in the mirror with mother standing next to me. I felt almost faint again. But mother was still adding to the list.

“Maybe he needs a boyfriend too?” she asked.

“NO WAY!” I yelled ungirlishly.

She laughed, “I just mean on paper. We could have a kind of ‘invisible third baseman’ you can use if you need to.”

“It should be a boy you admire at school. Maybe a football player or something,” Sidney stated.

“Honey, is there a boy at school that all the girls seem to go for?”

I thought, “I guess Richard Mac. He’s got lots of girlfriends.”

“Do you have a picture of him in your yearbook?” mother asked.

Before I could object, mother found my yearbook, cut out his picture and put it into the heart shaped

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locket of my grandmas. "Now you have a boyfriend, Richard Mac. I want you to come home from school each day and tell me about seeing him and what he was wearing and doing."

"You're joking?"

"No, girls notice boys. You now have one to watch."

Sidney nodded agreement.

That night, mother made me wear the locket to bed. "I'd die if Richard knew I was doing this," I moaned.

"It's just a way of teaching you to look at men the way girls do. They don't get caught looking, but they are."

The next morning, I awoke and went to my dressing table. Mother had clandestinely put another smiling picture on my mirror of Richard in his football outfit. I cringed as I touched the locket around my neck with my manicured nails. I took a pale pink lipstick that matched my nightgown and painted my lips to keep them moist and soft.

I hated the expression on Richard's face. It was like he was really looking at me.

Mother came in carrying a purse with a shoulder strap. "Look what I put together for you. I want you to get used to carrying it around with you for a couple of days. I added a few more things to the list last night after you went to bed."

Inside my new purse was all the essentials and in the girlish wallet was another picture of Richard. "A girl your age has boyfriends," she defended. "Get used to it."

After school mother began to asked me about "my boyfriend, Richard." At first I blushed and tried to not play along but she was serious. She wanted me to get used to the idea.

I started watching Richard so I could answer mother's questions. He was downright impressive.

His beautiful brown eyes with their mischievous sparkle was enough to capture any girl's attention. When you add in the handsome face, tall, slender body and dark hair---it was little wonder that all the girls in school were after him. When he wasn't looking, they stared, giggled and sighed. Drove the other less attractive guys crazy.

"He's just a guy," I wanted to yell, "It takes more than just good looks to make a good boyfriend!"

At lunch, I sat alone eating my sandwich and watching the girls flirt with him. I was thinking about what dress I might start making that weekend when I realized that he saw me gawking at him. I looked down quickly, feeling my face flush. I was sure my cheeks were as red as my toes from the way they were burning.

I looked up again and the flush in my cheeks grew hotter as I caught the twinkle in his eyes. He smiled slightly at my discomfit before heading out the door with a blonde under his arm.

I followed him with my eyes until I met the gaze of another girl, one who had been amongst the gigglers earlier. She was glaring at me now. Curiosity was written all over her facial expression. I wanted to mouth, "He's my boyfriend," but obviously didn't.

Mother was pleased that I'd become aware of Richard and even remembered what he was wearing.

Yes, Richard suddenly intrigued me. Not just his looks or the questions mother was going to ask me when I was putting on my makeup that night---it was more than that twinkle in his eyes that drew me to him. Was it his masculinity? I felt a flicker of panic pass through me.

The next day, I almost ran into Richard when coming around a corner. "Sorry," I said softly.

"That's okay kid," he said and ran to class.

I shuddered at the excitement of actually talking to him.

Mother began going down the list. She reminded me to keep my voice up high when we talked. She coached me on flowery words to use.

At school on Friday, my heart jumped to my throat when I saw Richard heading my way. I looked down and took a few bites of my sandwich. "Hey, kid," he said, "can I sit here?"

I nodded without hesitation.

"I hate that gang sometimes," he said putting his plate down. "I'm Richard."

I nearly choked on my sandwich. It was so weird. I mean we had been in school since we were kids and we'd never spoken two words. Now I was wearing his photo in my heart locket and we were talking.

"Going to the game?" he asked.

I shook my head. He chatted about the game and I listened.

While he talked, I thought about being in one of my dresses with my hair done up. All of a sudden I really liked the sensation.

I told mother and she laughed, "You better be careful. One squirt can ruin you!"

"Mother!" I squealed.

"I just want you conscious of what girls are. You have had sex education at school, right?"

"Yeah," I said thinking about the class. "I wonder why it takes a million sperm to fertilize one egg?"

"They won't stop to ask directions," mother giggled.

Later that night, I couldn't stop thinking about Richard. I wished he could see me all dressed up. I shut myself in my room at eight that night. What I was doing was just way too weird. I put on my nightgown and sat running a brush through my hair and removed my makeup. I thought about what I was going to wear tomorrow in front of Sidney. I wondered

what it would be like to have Richard coming to pick me up for a date.

"What am I doing," I shook my head, "It's not like Richard's really my boyfriend or anything." But I was beginning to see for the first time what girls see in boys.

The next month was rather routine. Mother and Sidney dated at least once a week and occasionally Richard would dump on his friends and come sit and have lunch with me. I thought it was odd he never invited me over to have lunch with his friends but even that made sense. He said I was a good listener.

### THE LIST...

At home, each night, I worked on the list. Mother taught me how to use the sewing machine and I made a simple plaid skirt that I dressed up by wearing it with a frilly blouse and high heels. My hair was growing from the skilled care and loose it fell just over my shoulders. My hair was now longer than many of the girls I saw with Richard.

From the lack of sports and vigorous activity, my arms and shoulders were completely barren of boyish looking muscles. The heaviest thing I lifted was an iron. From sitting around doing "girls work" my bottom was a bit fleshy but still looked good in a tight skirt.

Being home on weekends and nights completely dressed as a girl, was it any wonder that I was changing mentally. I thought nothing of running around in front of my mother in only panties, bra and heels, sometimes ironing dresses.

Seeing her getting ready for her date with Sidney while I carefully ironed our dresses was exciting. The very thought of being feminine enough to do such delicate "girl's work" gave me strange goose bumps.

"Keep the iron moving or you will scorch the fabric," mother would instruct.

"I know," I replied impatiently. I was almost obsessive about getting those cute little bows on my lingerie flat.

I spent a lot of learning to dress nicely, applying make up, and styling my hair so as to look my very best.

The compliments flowing from Mother and Sidney. Sidney said, "What a beauty you've become! I think you are close to showing off what you've learned! Have you thanked your mother?"

"Aw," mother admitted, "He's a natural."

I blushed at their praise. "When I'm dressed like a girl, I want to be as feminine as possible."

Sidney nodded, "You certainly have succeeded. I can't imagine you dressed as a boy now. Are you having any trouble in school?"

I told them, "I guess it's like I'm pretending to be a boy at school. The clothes, which are heavy and drab remind me how to walk and hold my hands."

But I wasn't telling them everything. As I became more accomplished with hair and makeup, I also felt more unmanly. I must have secretly wanted to show off my femininity. I let mother arch my eyebrows just like hers and I began wearing both my earrings to school.

The constant coaching and observation from Mother helped keep me confident that I was not crossing the line. She'd say, "No, Danny. Those nails aren't too long for a boy." Or "A boy can sit like that

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sometimes." Or "I don't see why you can't wear panties to school today." Or "Are you sure you don't want to wear shorts to school? No one will notice your shaved legs." Yes, I had started shaving them since I was wearing nylons most of the time.

So I was wearing clear nail polish on my long oval talons, thinking I was "all boy."

Sidney bought me a pair of little gold hoop earrings which both mother and he thought could be worn to school.

I did realize my actions and movements were getting more girl-like every day ... to the point that I felt odd being any other way. Wearing high heels had influenced my walk. I loved wearing high heels so much, I actually thought about sleeping in them.

Sidney was very supportive. "You are who you are," he stated. "Nothing to apologize about ever."

One day I noticed how wearing a bra had changed the way I carried myself. I held my shoulders back and my arms hung loosely away from my body. I realized that I was probably fooling no one. Some of the girl's at school were giving me strange, almost 'jealous' looks when Richard sat with me for lunch.

He never said anything, but I was sure he noticed the way I picked up things because of my long fingernails.

I automatically smiled sweetly whenever I saw him then demurely looked away. I couldn't help it.

Mother had taught me not to stare at boys but to look away submissively. She said, "It gives the boys a chance to look at a girl and check her out.

I didn't want to be "checked out" but I was more reserved and rather submissive at school.

Without trying, I had adopted the mannerisms of a girl. Mother had taken her son and created a well-mannered, becoming and proper young lady, accomplished in all things feminine. I didn't seem to have a male thought in my head anymore.

On my birthday, It was decided that I should go out to dinner with Sidney and mother. The gifts were all feminine, without exception. From Mother, I received a beautiful new nightgown and new earrings and a charm bracelet that said, "Danni."

From Sidney, a few little items and a bikini! I gasped when I opened it. Sidney laughed, "Summer is coming up. There's another little box in there with something to make sure it fits you just right." He winked. The box was marked "gaff."

I was so scared but excited. Sidney suggested I wear the gaff. I put on the gaff and stuck a few things in my small evening bag. Mother had made me carry a purse so much that sometimes I panicked at school when I didn't have it.

There was only room for one lipstick, a tiny brush and blush to make my cheeks glow.

We were going to the Dominion Room at the Capital Hotel. Mother said, "Relax dear. I've been there and it's a special place. Dinner is wonderful and there's a marvelous dance band."

"And I have TWO beautiful dates!" Sidney laughed. "I better check my credit card balance."

Once away from our neighborhood, I relaxed. I felt beautifully dressed in a little black dress similar to mother's. I felt older in my fancy French hairdo and ultra high heels---much more like a mature young lady than a teenaged boy.

My red manicure fingertips checked my hairdo for any protruding pins. I loved the freedom of making such a feminine gesture in public.

Our waiter came by and called me miss for the first of many times. I almost swooned. I was glad I had struggled into the gaff.

After dinner, mother and I went into the ladies room. Her training had paid off. I felt totally comfortable with mother and the other ladies. I wanted to giggle when a woman asked me what perfume I was



*I suddenly realized why all the training. For the first time in my life, I was not embarrassed by my girlish interests. I was like a celebrity—a good-looking female in a pretty dress. My voice floated easily into a higher range.*

wearing. I proudly told her in my flowery, elevated voice the perfume and where it was from.

I was so proud of myself when mother whispered, "That's a girl."

When the band started playing, Mother and Sidney went to dance. At a table near ours, there were a couple of businessmen having dinner. I knew they were looking at me even though I hadn't looked back.

I could hear them laughing and having a nice time. I also knew there weren't many single women in the room and their eyes were on me.

To my surprise the orchestra began to play happy birthday to me when they brought in a Baked Alaska desert with candles. It said, "DANNI! THE SWEET-EST OF THE SWEET."

Everyone clapped and I was red-faced trying to blow out about twenty-some candles.

Sidney whispered, "I didn't want to give away your age."

One of the men near us, cried "Happy Birthday, Danni!. Save a dance for me!"

I laughed and played along, as I had no choice.

After desert, the dance music resumed, and that man came over and asked, "Can I have that dance now?"

I suddenly realized why all the training. I looked at mother and she nodded. For the first time in my life, I was not embarrassed by how I was dressed or my girlish interests. I was a celebrity---a good-looking single female among the boys.

When I pulled the pins on my hair and let the curls flow around my shoulders, I had them lined up.

I had a marvelous time dancing. Even mother was asked to dance when Sidney went to the men's room. On the way home, I gushed, "Oh I love it! Did you see the way they fought over me?"

"Easy, girl," mother said.

"Okay but can we do it again, huh?"

**NOBODY IS PERFECT...**

The next morning I slept real late. I had such delightful dreams. I had no idea a dance could be fun. It never is for boys.

I was trying to remember every man I danced with and how they touched me as we moved to the music. The sensation of my nightgown and my hair down over my shoulders was like their touch.

Over breakfast, Mother was quiet. "I really shouldn't have let you dance with those men."

It was like I didn't hear her. I gushed on about the men and how girlish they made me feel.

"Men can do that," she said.

After breakfast, I bathed and donned a flirty little dress. For the memories, I put up my hair like the night before and swished down to mother still in the kitchen.

My girlish walk had a new freedom. I was full of a new confidence. "Did I tell you that one of the men asked me out on a date? I wish I'd said 'yes,'" I said reaching up to check the pins in my hair expertly.

I continued to gush forth girlishly about the evening and what I'd wear "next time."

I rattled on and on, not sensing that mother was deep in her own thoughts and unreceptive to my enthusiasm. Mother finally said rather sternly, "There may not be a next time."

I was suddenly back to earth. "Why?"

"After you went to bed last night, Sidney and I had a long, honest talk. I wondered why we haven't been intimate. He hasn't been honest with me."

"Is he married or something?"

"No, he's like you."

"Me?"

"He spends every waking hour when not at the store, or with me, as a woman."

I gasped and started to say how weird that was. "What's that mean?" I asked.

"I don't know," mother said with tears in her eyes. "He says he loves me and I love him."

"What are you going to do?"

"I wish he'd told me sooner. Look at you! He was so helpful, understanding and now I have a son and a boyfriend who have more glass slippers than I do."

"You seemed so happy?"

"Sidney awakened me from a sleep. My sexuality and sensuality are alive again. I just don't know how this is going to work. He's coming over for dinner tonight---in a dress."

I was depressed. There was no question that without Sidney, I would still be "borrowing" mother's shoes for a quick thrill. I didn't know what to do. I tried to stay away from mother all day until she called me down to help fix dinner. Her eyes were red from crying.

"Mom, I take care of dinner. You go get dressed up. I have a feeling Sidney might look really good!"

With that she burst into tears again. "That's all I need! My boyfriend looking better than me."

Somehow mother was able to pull herself together. I fixed dinner and had just enough time to change dresses before he was to arrive. My only hope was that he didn't make me laugh.

### **SIDNEY'S HERE!**

Mother couldn't do it. I had to open the door for Sidney. My jaw dropped. There he was in a conservative cut, cherry-red, print dress, a pearl necklace and earrings, nylons and red, Italian high-heeled pumps.

His hair was a lot lighter when not slicked back. It had been curled and teased expertly into a feminine flip. His face was made-up with soft neutral tones and nails painted to match.

"Sidney?" I gasped.

What happen next shook me. The voice that came out of his mouth was a woman's. "I'm sorry darling," he said, "I should have told you both sooner."

Mother was behind the door and equally shocked. "You are beautiful," she sniffled.

"Thank you," Sidney said as naturally as any woman. He turned to me, "I've been doing this for a long time. That's why I knew so much about your feelings."

I couldn't take my eyes off him. His figure was like mothers, they could even be the same size.

"You sound like a woman," mother muttered as we went into the dining room.

"I guess I consider myself one," he said softly. "I never thought I would find a woman to fall in love with."

Mother smiled. "To tell the truth, Danny, you look positively adorable in that dress. Can I borrow it?"

"If I can borrow your blue knit?"

I watched in awe. He never lowered his voice or made an awkward or mannish gesture. Sidney's small stature and slight frame had been masked by the male suits. Every movement, expression and manner of speaking was purely feminine like mom. He moved the way she moved with a smoothly flowing stride from the high heels.

Sidney stated, "I only dress as a man for work. Since my father died, I had to take over the store."

"Who else knows about this?" mother asked.

"I'm not ashamed of myself. I usually don't hide it but I work on a 'need to know' basis. When I fell in love, you needed to know."

There were some giggles and I felt the dark cloud over mother beginning to lift. After dinner I excused myself and went to bed. I was still bushed from the night before.

The next morning I went down to get a glass of orange juice. Mother's bedroom door was closed. I was dying to know what happened.

To my surprise, in the kitchen was Sidney. He was preparing breakfast in bed for mother. "Hi dear," he said, matter-of-factly with that high girlish voice.

He seems to be beaming, a feminine glow. Not phony or anything, like mother when she's happy. His arched eyebrows and the way he smiled appeared so natural---for a woman.

He was wearing one of mother's nightgowns. I never noticed that he had such a little waist either AND hips AND then I realized the way his nipples pressed outward from the bodice. They moved and all at once I realized that they were real! He didn't even seem to notice me gawking at them.

He picks up the tray and starts to mother's room. Every step he takes swings his hips and bottom like a woman. Even the way he holds the tray in front of his breasts looks sort of sexy. The sheer nylon nightgown is taut about some feminine looking curves.

I almost fainted.

I had to wait a couple more hours before they came out of the bedroom dressed. I was dressed and saw Sidney's purse on the counter. I looked in. It was a like mothers! He had everything in there. What caught my eye was the container like mom had for birth control pills. I wondered why he needed them.

I saw the normal things in a purse: eyeshadow, brush, three different lipsticks and fingernail polish.

When they finally show up in the kitchen, I am shocked to see that they are both dressed for shopping.

Mother has a big smile like I've never seen on her face. They were wearing mother's most sexy knit dresses; the kind that is almost like spandex. The material is thin enough to see their panty lines and bra outlines.

"We are going shopping, dear," mother says. "Anything we can get you?"

I shook my head.

My eyes are still on Sidney's figure that he proudly displays. His long smooth legs and shapely bottom are eye-catching to say the least.

The dress does nothing to hide his small but well shaped breasts or the commensurate knot of his erect nipples in a sheer bra.

Later Sidney dropped mother off with a slew of packages. I was waiting for her with this "WELL?" look on my face.

She smiled at me and sighed, "Gawd, he's so sexy!"

"He has breasts, mom!"

"I know. Aren't they great! All I wanted was a man and I get a god!"

"He doesn't appear to be much of a man."

She smiled, "I don't care. Man or woman, I love being with Sidney and he with me."

### **SIDNEY LETS HIS HAIR DOWN...**

The next time he came over for dinner, he was wearing a silky, sheer top that showed off the shape of his bra-less tits. The impression of his full and distended nipples showed through.

Sidney caught me gawking at them. "Female hormones," he said. "Took a long time to get them. Want to feel them?"

With his hair down around his shoulders, Sidney made a very sexy woman. Maybe more seductive as a woman than mother.

I gingerly extend my hand and put it under a breast and bounced it slightly. It was very warm and moved slightly in my hand like jelly. My fingers then moved upward to the nub of the nipple and it hardened into a little ball. Sidney giggled and recoiled with a flush.

"Sorry to jump. They are very sensitive. I'm afraid I'll never be much of a father image."

"Or me a son," I said. I wanted to touch his bosom again.

Mother said to me, "Sidney thinks you should start taking some female hormones now. It will stop your testosterone and make your life in dresses much easier."

"Breasts? On me?"

Sidney nodded, "I know it's a big decision but they take a long time to develop. If you started now, you might only have budded nipples by the time you graduate. It will prevent your beard from coming in. I doubt that you want a beard, right?"

"And those hips?" I asked, pointing at his rounded bottom.

"They go with the female hormones," he smiled. "Your mother and I have almost identical figures---with one little exception. An exception that I'm pretty good at hiding."

"Hiding?"

Mother said, "We might as well tell him. I want this to all be out in the open."

"What?"

"Your mother and I are talking about getting married. But we both want your blessing on the marriage and how we plan on living."

Mother added, "After the wedding, Sidney is turning the store over to some managers and he's basically going to 'let his hair down' and let himself enjoy his femininity. Something that I'm not only all for but find exciting. It's like having the best parts of a girlfriend and husband."

"What about me?" I asked.

"Sidney thinks you should take it slow but we both agree that your interest in girl's things isn't going away."

Sidney was an amazing person. So secure in who he was and what he liked. He said, "I guess I like what women like. Pretty simple."

As the days went by, I was realizing that I did too. Cars and sports were boring, a new hairstyle made my day. Finding a new shade of lipstick entertained me for hours.

As far as school, Sidney told me that I didn't need to try so hard in hiding my new femininity. "Let everyone get used to it and don't apologize for it."

I still took off all my make-up before school. Sunday nights, getting the last trace of the tell-tale red enamel off my fingernails was always a problem but the toes weren't. I left those polished. I was glad the gym burned down last year.

My hair was really getting long and each day I gave it a good brushing to keep it shiny.

The wedding was planned for the first week after school let out for summer vacation. We planned a quick trip to Vegas for a quickie wedding with me as the bridesmaid. Sidney would then make his last appearance in male clothes and shed his male cocoon.

We had a great time picking out where to honeymoon. "Think beach," Sidney said.

I was worried about how "lovely" an illusion I could create in a girl's swimsuit.

He laughed, "I know all the tricks. Trust me, this will be your best summer ever."

"Oh my," mother realized, "I'm afraid we won't be able to hide your girlish charms by the end of summer."

I was ready to abandon all my boy's things for the summer. Each day I felt closer to my goal of emotionally accepting my innate femininity and conducting myself in a demure and ladylike way---100% of the time---all summer.

Mother went on, "I think we should talk to that psychiatrist that helped Sidney. I just want you to have a happy life."

Everything happening was racing about my mind at a furious pace. It seemed that mother and Sidney had ruled out any chance I would suddenly want to become masculine again.

What that meant was more than wearing frilly dresses and doing my hair. It meant further emasculation.

If life as a girl was as nice as my birthday, I was all for it! I daydreamed about that night, with hair up, dress flowing over my breasts, and dancing in nylon-encased legs and spiky heels.

My maleness was losing the battle. At school in shirt, trousers and big flat shoes I had to try consciously to refrain from using my most girlish voice and making feminine expressions.

A couple months before school was out, I walked into Sidney's doctor's office. The fancy offices and diplomas intimidated me. But the doctor was very nice.

I was dressed in a simple shift dress, hose and heels. I wore my hair down around my shoulders. Mother waited outside while we talked for almost an hour. Then she came in while he did a complete examination. I was very embarrassed because he measured nearly everything and took a gallon of blood.

Once I dressed again we went into his office. He announced, "Danny. You are quite feminine. From your manner, I don't see that going away so I suggest we go the other way---slowly."

"I'm not sure I want to be a girl all the way," I blushed.

"I'm not suggesting an operation," he said. "I suggest we simply emasculate you. With female hormones, we can keep you soft and round you out a bit. You will be more comfortable."

"Will I get breasts like Sidney?"



*I still took off all my make-up before school. Sunday nights, getting the last trace of the tell-tale red enamel off my fingernails was always a problem but the toes weren't.*

“That takes years, dear. But I would like to see your breasts budding and some nipple development by the end of summer. Let’s get you going and we can talk again after summer and see how you feel.”

### BYE BOY...

When I came home the last day of school, there wasn’t a trace of any of my boy’s things. All I had was dresses, heels, bags, make-up. Everything else had vanished.

Mother said, “No use even thinking about those things for the summer.”

Mother and Sidney were back at making lists for me. The principal objective was to give me a down-right wonderful experience as a teenaged girl.

First, there were the summer additions to my wardrobe: summer dresses, skirts, jewelry, accessories, shoes, bathing suits.

Second to get me to a beauty parlor to have my hair styled. It was very long and growing but was all one length so I could pull it back in a ponytail for school.

Sidney said, “We’ll have it styled in layers so it can’t look like a boy. Maybe you’d like to try some color? Maybe a strawberry blonde or just blonde? You said Richard liked blondes?”

The thought of having my own blonde hair was so exciting but mother had reservations. “Wouldn’t that get him too much attention from the boys?”

Sidney said, “You have to start thinking about him as your daughter. You are not going to be able to keep the boys away from him now that he’s on female hormones. We have to teach him to handle himself responsibly.”

We decided against blonde for this summer.

The first big decision was my hair---which was now delightfully longer than most of the girls in school.

I wanted to try everything that girls do. Nightly, I pulled out my cardboard packet of female hormones and took them like mother, other girls and Sidney.

Under the influence of the little pink pills I took each night I put on a few pounds. Sidney said, "It's just water retention. I still get it certain times of the month; usually during the end of my cycle."

Yes, I was learning about cycles. Mother, Sidney and I were all on 28 day estrogen cycles.

The doctor had recommended that I pick a cycle date to harmonize with my mother or pick a time of the month that is convenient for feeling "out of sorts". Mother said I was to call it my "period".

Sidney suggested that we all synchronize so there wouldn't be any all out PMS wars! We both took 21 days of estrogen. On day fourteen, we began taking progesterone until day twenty-one.

Sidney told mother how it worked with him. "After over 14 days of estrogen and a few days of progesterone my male function is pretty suppressed."

"Suppressed?" she asked.

"Nothing works very well from days 17 to 22. On my period, days 23 through 28, my system recovers before the next cycle of estrogen begins."

Mother smiled, "That's okay, I never feel much like sex during PMS or my period."

"Will that happen to me?" I asked.

Sidney shook his head. "Not for years, dear. Remember I've been taking these for a long time. I'm lucky I can perform as a male any time of the month!"

As for me, having mood cycles was mysterious. Sometimes I was so happy, other times sad for no reason. Once before my period I told Richard to go away. I didn't want him to sit with me. That wasn't like me.

I studied myself in the mirror often. I stood nude, in my bikini or sometimes in lingerie. For someone born a boy, I was not so bad to look at.

My figure was changing from its original boyish and effeminate form. I could see what was coming my way: the long, nubile thighs and the beginnings of nicely curved hips. The kind those pretty and feminine young ladies have.

My breasts were barely more than a softness but my nipples were large and big like pink sunny-side up eggs. Against the bony thin background of my ribcage and shoulders, they were unmistakably girlish.

My hair flowed over my shoulders, a glistening mane that was only getting more girlish every day.

And my face was almost that of a stranger. My cheekbones were higher, the thin, arched brows opened my eyes giving them a new innocence and possessed a mysterious glow that I'd never had before. It was almost womanly and was hauntingly exciting to look at.

### LIFE'S A BEACH

It was decided that we would spend the summer as a "honeymoon" at Laguna Beach in California. Sidney rented a little bungalow about a block from the shopping village.

I loved the town, lots of little shops, restaurants and the most awe inspiring beach that went for miles.

The first time through the village we saw the sign on the in front of a dress shop that said, "SALES GIRL WANTED."

Sidney teased me that I should apply. It was said in a joking way but mother suggested that I take Sidney seriously.

"We are here all summer and I don't want you saying you are bored. Besides, I'd like to have some time alone in the bungalow with my honey."

I knew she was right. There was nothing to do but the beach and I couldn't see spending all day and night in a bikini.

I laughed and went in to take an application. I guess they only wanted a warm body because I was

hired on the spot. I was to work late three nights a week and some Saturday mornings.

The bungalow was on a cove right on the beach, private but with some regulars. I was a nervous since I'd never worn a girl's swimsuit in public. The padded top was no problem but I was just getting used to being "gaffed."

Sidney said this was a big step for me. I had been looking forward to it since Sidney had given me a bikini.

He said, "Danny, there is something so feminizing about being on the beach in a bikini...the hot sun burning in a tan line, the exposure to everyone and the self confidence it brings in being able to pull it off."

The bungalow had a large deck the width of the house overlooking the beach. At night there wasn't a light to be seen, only the pounding of surf just feet from the door.

I had my own room on one side of the living room and them on the other.

The first morning, I opened the sliding glass door to the deck and stepped out in my nightie. There were college boys playing Frisbee on the beach. I ducked in before they could see me.

The windows were darkened for the afternoon sun so inside I knew they couldn't see me but I could see them. It was going be a beautiful sunny day. I could hear Mother and Sidney getting ready. They couldn't wait to sit out on the beach.

I disappeared into the bathroom, did my make up and hair and I carefully changed into my gaff and bikini. The gaff was a merciless number, cut high on the sides like the yellow bikini bottom. The top was a Wonderup, wide strapped number with soft pads that pushed everything to the center giving me a nice cleavage.

I stood in front of the window for the longest time with my heart pounding. I watched the boys and tried to get used to showing off my figure.

Mother came in collecting my things for the beach (lotion, towel, sunglasses, etc). She let out a wolf whistle and laughed, "WOW. My boy has certainly changed!"

She came over and adjusted the straps on my top a bit then looked down checking out my legs and between my thighs. "I see you have mastered the gaff," she said. "Danny? Have you taken your pills? Remember the doctor said you can take two a day during the first two weeks of your cycle. If you feel like it."

"Taking two seems to make getting through my period easier," I said.

Mother smiled. "That's what Sidney said. The sooner that your testosterone realizes it's fighting a losing battle, the better."

I nodded. I knew that this was mother's way of saying I was looking good. I picked up a yellow gauze cover-up and prepared for a quiet afternoon on the beach.

I double checked my bikini and brushed my hair out. We grabbed our things and headed for the beach just outside our deck.

Reaching the beach, we set our towels and things down. The beach was going to be crowded and we wanted a spot close to home. I noticed more than one male's head turn as the three of us walked down the beach.

Once doused with sunscreen, we were out for a few hours before the burn forced us inside. Mother and Sidney ran into the ocean a few times and splashed around. I wasn't sure my top would work.

The rest of the afternoon, we rested, showered, prepared for dinner and they wanted to hit the dance clubs.

We walked up the beach to the bungalow afterwards. Thank goodness the moon was out or we couldn't see a thing but the lights we left on in our place.

The next afternoon, I had to go to work at that little dress shop. I had a mild case of sunburn so the beach was out anyway.

I wore a short, white halter sundress, the gaff, panties, strapless bra and white high-heeled sandals.

The beginnings of girlish tan lines could be plainly seen on my shoulders but somehow I didn't care.

My hours were from three to eleven unless it was slow and they closed early.

Mother was right, the work was fun and the other girls I worked with were fun. Mostly they only wanted to talk about clothes and boys. I had Richard to discuss and show his picture in my heart locket.

There were so many new sensations. I liked being called "Miss". In the ladies rooms, I just hiked my skirt now without a thought. As a girl, things were going pretty well for me.

Mother asked me, "Do you like having the boys watch you on the beach?"

I admitted, "I do like the stares, whether it be at the beach or on the dance floor."

"I thought so," she said with a smile.

One of our favorite places was a seafood place that had dancing at eight. When I wasn't working, our evening were spent there.

The men were mostly older like mother but there were always a few college guys.

Sidney and mother became regulars and soon had a small following of men to dance and socialize with. Seeing the two all attractively made up in their light-weight summer dresses and heels made me smile. Mother was so fortunate to have met a man that she had so much in common with: the same dress size, dancing, and all things feminine.

As far as Sidney went, the poor men had no idea that the focus of their fascination could be so deceiving. When Sidney would accept a dance, he would

gracelessly extend his dainty fingertips to be helped up with a smile.

He would take his suitor's hand and dance, his pert breasts pressed softly against the man's chest.

Sidney and Mother were more like best friends or sisters than husband and wife. They loved wearing each other's clothes and gossiping about people they met. They'd tease their hair, try new make-up and stroll up and down the beach in their skimpy swimsuits.

We all ran around the house in short skirts, low-cut tops, high heels, our long hair flowing. Sidney had been blessed with long, beautiful legs, slim ankles, good square hipbones, lovely soft shoulders and the years of female hormones had given him firm little breasts with generous full nipples.

Catlike, he swayed through the house, his long legs bared by a miniskirt clinging to his curved hips.

"Don't you just love this?" he asked. "Just wait until your breasts come in."

I assume that Sidney considered me to be like him because he didn't hide his figure. We'd come in from the beach and he'd reach around and unhook his bikini top, letting it slide down his thin arms. He would put on a silky top without a bra. I think he liked showing them off.

I'd never seen mother happier. She confided her deepest secrets and dreams to Sidney and he to her.

At dinner together, they talked endlessly about clothes, make-up, hair and to my amazement, men.

Mother defended, "Sidney likes what I and other women enjoy. That includes men. He's had boy-friends, you know."

Sidney blushed for the first time. He said, "When I first developed breasts, I dated a lot of men. I guess I wanted to know if I was girl enough to please them."

"Did they know?" I asked.

"Some did, some didn't."

I became a little concerned at their closeness. I'd always read that a husband and wife needed some secrets. Sidney, as a husband, should be interested in mother as a woman, not just to share dresses and make-up.

I didn't say anything. It became obvious that outwardly they were like two women but in bed, he was keeping mother overjoyed.

At night together, both in their short nightgowns, they cuddled together and watched TV. I caught the little teasing caresses. Mother seemed to love tweaking Sidney's nipples.

Instead of trying harder to be a man, Sidney exaggerated his femininity to get her attention. The sexy wiggle of their bottoms down the beach was more for each other than for the guys.

From their conversation, it was a game of flirtation, conquest and rejection. But some of the men kept coming back for more and Sidney loved showing off his breasts, soft belly and smooth long legs.

They sat on the beach in bikinis giggling about a couple guys who kept coming by, bringing them drinks and chatting them up.

After they were gone, Mother said to Sidney, "I have to admit, that muscular one really turns me on."

Sidney lowered his large dark eyes and shook his hair so it flowed gently over his shoulders. He said, "The tall one reminds me of my first boyfriend. Ooooh, could he make me feel like a woman."

"Are you up for getting them?" mother giggled.

Sidney's heart was pounding from the thrill of her words. He said, "Are you serious? Being with men has always been so emasculating."

She moved over close to him and said, "It would be fun. Just because we are married, doesn't mean we are washed up as women. Just thinking about it makes me hot."

"Me too!"

Sidney's heart was pounding as Mother continued to make plans. She confessed, "I've never felt like this before. Makes me know I made the right decision. If we are going to do this, shouldn't you get pumped up on hormones?"

Sidney nodded. "It's the only way I can handle it."

Girlish sighs and giggles of excitement came from both.

As for me, I loved working in a dress shop. I picked up more hours. I think that Mother liked the additional time alone with Sidney.

Helping a woman find something pretty for herself was exciting. I would find out what their best color was, and then pick out something pretty. Something I liked.

I liked to wear white, it highlighted my tan so well. I now owned about seven different bikinis and swimsuits (and the gaffs to go with them). I moved my top's straps often in the sun but I had a white bikini burned on to my skin.

The gaff was by Wonderup also. It was like a wide g-string only the sides were adjustable with Velcro that made "ladies room" visits and "adjustments" easy.

I had always been embarrassed using the boy's bathroom at school. Lady's rooms were much more comfortable and private. I liked going to them, the gaff was easily removed by pulling both sides, just as Sidney had shown me. With each day, the after effect of being gaffed showed. Everything was all shriveled and shrunken but I didn't care. I wasn't about to go out in a bikini without it! Sidney wore a Wonderup gaff also, saying, "I've been wearing one so long that I feel funny without it."

He was right. I sometimes forgot that I had one on and everyday it was easier to get into. Everything was hidden up and away from all normal sensitivity.

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*I now owned about seven different bikinis and swimsuits (and the gaffs to go with them). I moved my top's straps often in the sun but I had a white bikini burned on to my skin....*

I went horseback riding with one of the girls from the shop and was amazed to feel my pelvic bone against the saddle.

What was ticklish and touchy were my nipples. Even a silky bra and lightweight sundress rubbing against them could distract me. I sometimes couldn't sleep until I put on a bra.

Sidney handed me something from his night table. He said, "That's normal but here's a little tube of a pink cream to desensitize those growing nipples."

I applied some of the pink glossy cream to each breast and nipple. It must have had menthol in it because they got really cold for a minute, making them shrivel into little knots. The lotion was absorbed quickly and they felt better.

"Keep it," Sidney said, pulling his shoulders back. "I have plenty. I've been using it for years."

I slipping up the straps of my dress, noticing that my nipples were still shriveled and standing out.

In my room at night, I made sure the blinds were closed. When it was dark, anyone outside could see in and I couldn't see anything, especially on a moonless night. It scared me that someone could be watching me. Mother and Sidney kept their curtains open. They liked the sound of the waves.

One night, they closed the dress shop early. We usually stayed open 'til eleven but it was only nine. I went back and was sitting out on the deck. It was a moonless night.

I was surprised that Mother and Sidney arrived home with a couple men from the bar. I started to go in but decided that they were probably just being walked home.

But drinks were served and they started dancing to a CD. I was hidden from view by the dark glass and the big over stuffed chair I was sitting in. I just sat still.



*I applied some of the pink glossy cream to each breast and nipple. It must have had menthol in it because they got really cold for a minute, making them shrivel into little knots.*

It seemed that Mother and Sidney were swaying their hips to the beat and losing themselves in the music.

When I saw one of the men kiss mother, I thought the night was over but soon Sidney was also being kissed passionately. Both appeared to be teasing the men by brushing their breasts against the men's chests.

I looked in the men's faces and could see smiles of pleasure. Sidney was swaying his hips against his escort, he was braless under his sundress, his nipples were quite obviously erect.

They danced and I tried to remain very still. I hoped that they wouldn't suddenly want to come out on the deck.

When the music came to an end, the couples remained in an embrace. It felt strange to see mother in a close embrace with man. Both she and Sidney allowed the men some freedom---their hands caressed their bare breasts first though their dresses then with a flick of the sundresses strap, directly fondling breasts.

Mother's breasts were larger and she had larger pink nipples. Sidney had small but firm breasts topped with dark brown nipples. He ran hands up his breasts as though to present them to his fellow and mother followed.

They really enjoyed the men's enthusiastic response, their bare nipples rubbing against the men's wool suit coats.

The music was on again and I watched them move. It didn't take long for the men to become obviously enamored.

They danced a couple more minutes before both men's lips had found nipples to suckle. Mother looked at Sidney squirming as he dry nursed. Feeling playful she turned to Sidney and joked, "Shall we put our babies to bed?"

Sidney giggled, "I'm game if you are?"

The men continued to cherish the exposed nipples until they looked irritated, sore and very erect!

Sidney appeared stimulated by showing off his un-male chest. The man slid his hands up and pinched each nipple roughly before taking them in his lips again.

The room had gotten very quiet, the men with their mouths full. I was sitting there on the dark deck, open mouthed, obviously amazed by what they were doing. I have never seen lust in a man's eyes before.

The music changed and they danced, Sidney's date had turned him around and was fondling his breasts while Sidney pushed his bottom back against the man's growing excitement that humped Sidney's backside. I could plainly see the bulge in his slacks.

Mother was also being dry humped by her tall, muscular man. She slid her hand softly over the lump and said, "You poor boy. That looks like it hurts?"

I silently watched in awe. I wanted to look away but couldn't. Both mother and Sidney were in the embrace of their hot dates.

Suddenly I saw mother wink at Sidney and like they'd done it often before, both knelt on the carpet before their dates.

Both men stiffened. They seemed to know what was coming.

Mother and Sidney wore loose fitting sundresses; their moist suntanned shoulders glimmered in the dim light. As they leaned forward, the men could see get a full view of their breasts. Sidney's date slipped down the straps of his dress almost to his waist, allowing all of his soft breasts free. His big pink nipples were fully erect and hard.

Mother's hair remained on top of her head while Sidney let his loose.

"You are the most sexy ladies we've ever met," one began vaguely.

Sidney's lips twitched into a smile.

Mother made the first move. She unzipped her date's pants and with a toss of his hair, Sidney followed mother's lead. Carefully with their long nails, they fished around and carefully allowed their maleness to spring loose.

I couldn't look away. I had never seen anything like them. They were so big and thick and one was quickly headed towards mother's red pursed lips. She looked like a little girl with that innocent expression on her face.

Sidney's dainty hands caressed the royal appendage before giving it a little kiss.

Like on cue, tongues glazed the hardened sticks. The men moaned softly as Sidney and mother peeked at each other.

Their ruby lips parted and the swollen headwaters of maleness slipped a bit into their mouths.

But the men weren't happy with that. Caressing Sidney's head, his date pressed his nightstick deeper and deeper. Sidney could not take him all in at first, but he worked on it until the full length disappeared.

Mother's date was pressing deeper with each stroke. The glistening rods only showing on withdrawal. Sidney's curled hair floated about as he bobbed over the inflamed manhood. From the sounds the men were making, they were in paradise. Sidney's cheeks puffed outward as he paid homage to maleness.

I saw mother first and then Sidney move to get more comfortable on their knees. Sidney seemed to be prolonging the escapade. He pulled it out and licked the shaft on both sides then teased the head before going down the whole thing again.

Mother's date had grabbed the back of her hair and was guiding her head up and down.

I couldn't believe it but all appeared to be enjoying this immensely. The men "helped" by telling them when they did something they really liked.

After some serious sucking Sidney's date said, "Easy babe. I want to screw you."

"I know you do, honey," Sidney giggled on an upstroke. "This is as good as it gets for you two tonight."

Both mother and Sidney began polishing off their men with a freshened frenzied rhythm. I didn't know what it meant at first but mother's date groaned and a slight tremble rippled through his body, "That's the way baby. Here it comes!"

Mother seemed to be bracing herself. I was unable to believe she was really doing this. She closed her eyes, lowered her head and went to the root. Her date made a guttural sigh before popping.

"Oh, yeah," he said as he caught his breath.

Had mother hurried so she could watch her husband? It seemed like it. Both leaned back, relaxed and watched Sidney reward his date for being a man.

"Do it," he said as Sidney's red lips caressed his virility.

The guy began to get a bit rough as he penetrated deeper with hard, seriously savage attacks. Sidney began to moan and I wondered if he was being hurt. Just when it appeared too rough, the man grimaced, slowed down and moaned, "Watch it!" Sidney was in complete control; he'd simply let his teeth scrap sharply a time or two.

Sidney's date was not going to go easy. He couldn't seem to get enough. He took his hands around Sidney's head, pulling down, sometimes too far. Sidney was trying but had to resist. The teeth hit again and the man relaxed, his touch lightened and Sidney was allowed to set the pace. A pace which quickened more.

He must have been sliding into Sidney for over a half-hour before the man suddenly gasped deeply and pushed Sidney's head down hard. It must have been pushed deeply against the back of Sidney's throat. Sidney's eyes flashed open, as he felt the surge of hot male seed. Pulling back hard, Sidney managed to pull free in time for the last of the spurts of seed go everywhere: Sidney's cheek, mouth, breasts, hair. I'd never imagined there could be so much!

Mother stared at Sidney, the thick white goo sliding down his cheek. The man gently pressed Sidney's head down again as he twitched and "cleaned his gun".

The milky white liquid was all over. Sidney looked up as to say, "Are you finished yet?" The man exhaled deeply and let go of Sidney's head.

Sidney wiped the liquid off his cheek and rubbed it on his pink nipples. He licked his red lips, rolling his tongue around to clear out the taste of the stuff.

"I really wanted to screw you," the man said apologetically like that was a girl's "reward."

"I know you did----did you want to knock me up too?" Sidney asked with a high pitched whine.

Sidney and mother giggled in delight.

"Good night guys," mother said, blowing them kiss. "Call us again." They were pushed out the door before they knew what hit them. Did they know that they had been used?

The minute the guys were out the door, Mother and Sidney kissed deeply, sharing the experience of the evening. They almost ran into the bedroom.

### **MY FUTURE:**

I never told them I saw anything. I stayed out on the deck until it was time for me to be home. I tried not to think about what I'd seen. It was none of my business and rather disturbing.

From then on, I did make it a point to tell them when I'd be home and I called if the store closed early.

I took on more hours at the dress shop. I enjoyed the work---it was exciting, challenging and distracting.

To the girls in the shop, I was one of them. We would gossip, try on clothes, sometimes boys would stop and to ply us for dates. Even in the communal changing room with other girls, I would strip down to panties and bra without a thought of anything but trying on a succession of new dresses.



*By the end of summer, I was used to having men look at me.  
The more girlish I allowed myself to be, the more popular  
I was...but I always wore my beloved high heels!*

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I made a pretty girl and expected the boys to look and smile at me when I passed. Being such a "beauty" was still a novelty but I was learning to enjoy it.

I didn't know if it was the estrogen or what but I was happy to just enjoy each moment. I could take an hour or a minute to do my makeup. I must have spent an hour a day on my hair and never felt burdened. Before all this, taking time to brush my teeth was an overload.

As the summer faded, my figure blossomed. The summer fashion had rewarded me with a bouquet of short dresses. A few barely covered my pantied bottom but most were about six inches above the knee. I had found a new love; tight skirts and fitted tops. I loved running my hand over along my waist and hip, feeling the luxurious new curves. I had changed so much, it was like touching someone else's body.

Mother tried to get me to date one of my many male suitors but I joked, "I have a boyfriend. Richard, remember?"

With only weeks before school started, I was still buying new things. I couldn't help myself. During the summer I bought several new outfits, down to the shoes and bag. I bought two new evening dresses that Sidney said he'd make sure I used at home.

I was worried. Instead of buying new brassieres, I should have been thinking about getting ready for school. There was so much to do. For one, my tanline. But they weren't a problem because there was no way I could ever remove my shirt at school. And my hair, I would have to cut it to make it look anything like what a boy would wear.

I asked mother, "How am I going to hide all this?"  
"Why hide it?"

"You want me to go to school as a girl?"

"No dear," she said, "I want you to be who you are---a delightful and feminine boy who enjoys doing girl things."



*I put on a cotton pair of panties, a tight T-shirt then pulled a pair of tight jeans up my smooth legs, tightening the high-waisted 'belt to the max. . My breasts pressed out gently....*

"The boys would kill me?"

"Only if you hide yourself. They would pick up on that. I think you should go to school and be who you are. We'll get you some nice pants that will show off your figure and before you know it, no one will even notice you."

### BACK TO SCHOOL...

On the first day of school, I was up at seven and showered. I took my pills and looked at the nightgown I'd been wearing. With all the colorful clothes flanking the closet, I put on a cotton pair of panties, a tight T-shirt then pulled a pair of tight jeans up my smooth legs, tightening the high-waisted belt to the max. I took the appointed flannel shirt off the hanger and put it on. My nipples pressed out the pockets gently. The clothes hung loose on me but the contour of my body was visible. I wished I could wear high heels. I felt so short in tennis shoes.

In English class, we all had to read a paper about what we did for the summer. I stood up proudly and told all. About my job at the dress shop, the beach, dancing at night, everything. The room was so quiet when I finished; I thought they had all died.

The teacher stammered, "Ah, that certainly is going to win the most 'unusual summer' award."



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SANDY THOMAS

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After class a few of the girls came over to check out my hair and asked me about the California fashions. The boys were out the door quickly except for Richard. He came over and asked, "Is that story for real or are you just being weird?"

I nodded.

Then he whispered, "I bet you look great in a dress."

I smiled smugly and said, "And maybe you'll get to find out someday."

**THE END**

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