

**TRANSVESTIA
FICTION**

ACCEPTANCE



VOLUME 11

**A MALE FASHION MODEL FALLS
IN LOVE WITH A DRESS DESIGNER.**

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ACCEPTANCE

BY DEE RAYMOND

(FROM TRANSVESTIA #88)

The young man peered into the carton filled room. Yes, this was the place. The small dressing table had been set up for him in the back of the room. The curtains were drawn so that no bystander could peep in. He closed the door carefully and edged his way between the high cartons. The familiar square grey box had been left beside the dressing table. He took one of the folding chairs and placed it in front of the mirror. The overhead lamp had a long string attached so he was able to adjust it sufficiently to gain the maximum light to the front of the chair where he would be sitting.

He looked at himself in the mirror. His eyes were slightly puffed, indicating the poor night's sleep he had just endured. He smiled slightly as he thought of the haughty look Carmen had given him as he left for work that day. Likely, she would be gone, as usual, when he returned. He would probably not see her for two or three weeks until the urge to see him became too irresistible for her.

Without haste, the young man began to undress. He carefully placed his fashionable wool cardigan over the back of the grey metal chair. He stole a couple of hangers from the nearest large carton, and with a habitual carefulness, placed his shirt on one and buttoned it at the neck, arranged his blue striped tie under the shirts collar, and draped his black, faultlessly pressed pants over the wooden rack of the

other. He shivered slightly, as the thermostat of the community building was obviously turned well down. He had to remove his undershirt; however, to prevent messing it up. His socks and shoes, he placed neatly outside the grey box. Goose bumps rose quickly on his arms, shoulders, and legs. Quivering, he hastily wrapped the cardigan loosely about his shoulders and sat on the cold metal chair.

His hand selected one of the long white tubes and unscrewed it quickly, laying it before him on the table. Next, more tubes and jars were opened and laid out. Then, he took the contents of the containers and applied them to his face. His facial skin became whiter, and his fair, almost non-existent eyebrows became a brown curve over each eye. The brush worked his mouth into a perfect crimson Cupid's bow and his lashes into a thick black fringe. Blue shadow painted on his eyelids accentuated the black lines, making his blue eyes appear huge and doe-like.

He looked at the feminine face, wrinkling her bobbed nose back at him, and was satisfied. He pulled and combed his hair back tight behind his head, holding it there in a parody of a pony tail. From the grey box, he removed a mannikin head that held a soft fall. Using the pins there, he attached the fall to the back of his head, leaving his face free of any bangs or side curls.

The ringlets touching the back of his neck were cold, and he shivered. A smaller box, left in with the fall, contained blackstone earrings, which rested on his neck when attached to his earlobes. A small girl's watch and gilt slave bracelet were also there, and he put them on.

There was a sudden rap at the door, followed by three quick ones in succession. Then, the door

opened, and a handsome woman of about thirty came bustling in.

"Dave!" she said crossly. "Aren't you ready yet? Hurry up, the audience is waiting."

He completed fixing his hairpiece and stood up. In his underpants, his maleness was quite obvious. The beautifully shaped feminine head sat on a thin male body. Dave shivered and said, "It's so cold, my fingers are numb."

"That's no excuse!" the woman said in an irritated voice. Then, pointing at his undergarment, she asked pointedly, "Did you bring your usual gear?"

"Sure," said Dave with a smile. "Turn your back, Barb."

Barb snorted and grinned despite herself. "Put on the pastel shift first, and finish with that red, white, and black print. I think that will be the star of the show."

Dave nodded as he stripped off his underpants and put on some strange kind of cord from his valise. Barb tossed him a pair of purple nylon panties, and he slipped them on.

"Did you bring the white bra?" Dave asked, as he looked up to see that Barb was already handing it in his direction. He sipped the straps over his shoulders and fastened the tiny bows at the front. The bra clenched his obviously flabby chest very tightly. From the valise, he took what appeared to be soft, flesh-colored silicone breast inserts. He pushed the inserts into the cups of his bra and looked back at his reflection in the mirror adjusting them slightly. Quite clearly, Dave had disappeared from the room. 'He' had been superseded by a beautiful blonde feminine model, clad only in 'her' undies. The model

smiled at the young female designer and said softly in a passively prettily voice, "Show me the dress you want me to wear first."

* * * * *

Erica Mallett watched the models displaying Barbara Cooper's latest designs with feelings of trembling pleasure. Her mother had been so right to bring her to the fashion show. The models were all so extraordinarily professional, not like the girls she had been trying to organize at school. All were beautiful, but some were beyond even that. They were positively scintillating in the show as they waltzed about in the new clothes, showing them off to advantage.

As the designer was passing by, Mrs. Mallett opened a conversation with her. Just as the last model whirled about, pouting and laughing as she threw up the hem of a fantastic evening gown, Erica heard her mother saying, "Erica has always designed her own clothes. She is currently putting on her own show at Renton High School."

Erica squirmed in her seat and thought, "Please Mother! These are professionals."

"Indeed," Barbara Cooper's voice was cool and impersonal.

Mrs. Mallett; however, was not to be deterred. "Of course, the models make such a difference in a show like this. Don't you agree, Mrs., er, Miss"

"Ms.," said the designer, trying to be as civil under the circumstances.

"Ah, a liberated woman," Mrs. Mallett's voice was a squeal.

"Oh no!" thought Erica. "We'll be here all day."

Barbara Cooper seemed to pick up the signal as well, for she suddenly straightened up and summoned the model who was contorting herself in a lively twist to the delight of the Misses Thompson. The elder ladies, although sixty if they were a day, were obviously in the throes of some girlhood fantasy inspired by the blonde dancer.

"Peggy," said Ms. Cooper, when the lovely blonde came pirouetting up to them. She spoke to both Erica and her mother. "Peggy Walker is not only the finest model I have, she is the most liberated lady I know. Mrs. Mallett, Peggy has definite views on liberation."

With a nimble sidestep, a reminder that she had once been a model herself, Barb Cooper was gone, leaving the blonde girl at the mercy of Mrs. Mallett.

"Oh," said Erica, trying to forestall her mother, "what a lovely bracelet. Your tan sets it off so well. Those earrings are very darling as well. Could you possibly sit with us for a few moments and tell us a bit about modeling? I'm designing a number of dresses for a school show, and anything you could tell us would be invaluable."

Peggy smiled charmingly at the young girl. Her earnest grey eyes held precious few secrets. She was embarrassed and was obviously trying to cut off her mother from what was sure to be a hackneyed tirade. "I'm afraid we're not allowed to sit in our gowns," she said as she turned to Mrs. Mallett. As she addressed the older woman, she gently dropped a well tanned hand with gorgeous long, crimson fingernails onto her shoulder. "Barbara was kidding you, I'm afraid. You see, she knows I am one of the least likely candidates for Women's Liberation there could possibly be."

"Ah then, you're in agreement with me," said Mrs Mallett seizing the opening, as Erica groaned inwardly. For the next ten minutes, Mrs. Mallett launched into a vicious attack on Women's Lib, castigating every known leader by assailing every known crime and perversion to their names.

Erica was so hot and uncomfortable, she could have wept.

The model; however, maintained her poise throughout, a faint smile on her perfect red mouth.

Mrs. Mallett's spiel was ultimately ended by the continuous ringing of a small bell held by the chairperson of the association. When she had the attention of the entire group, she launched into a long winded speech of gratitude to Barbara Cooper. She ended her talk with a reminder of the benefits to be achieved by many charities by their purchase of the wonderful clothes displayed by Barbara Cooper's models.

Quite some time passed before Erica noticed that Peggy Walker was no longer with them. She could not have gone back over the stage to the dressing rooms, or Erica would have seen her. She must have slipped out the main door, behind the audience, and gone around to the back of the stage. Remembering the way her mother had spoken, and the injury being now compounded by Mrs. Murray's agonizing speech, Erica could stomach no more and slipped out herself.

The foyer was deserted, save for a dark mustached man in blue coveralls who called out in a desperate voice, "Hey Lady, give this to the Cooper dame on your way back."

Into her hands, he thrust a clipboard and a sheaf of papers. Turning, he almost ran out of the hall.

For a moment, Erica stood there astounded. In the auditorium, the speeches were still dragging on interminably. She glanced at the papers, which were bills of lading describing cartons of dresses delivered to the hall that morning. Well, since she couldn't deliver them to Barbara Cooper right away, she could at least give them to one of the models. She headed off down the passageway that ran around the auditorium to the dressing rooms. At the end of the hall, she decided to take the right corridor. Coming to a door, she knocked without thinking. Should she just go on in? No, she decided, she must not intrude without an invitation. Briskly, she rapidly tapped again several times.

"Come on in, Barb," said a muffled voice from some distance into the room. Erica thrust the door open and went inside.

"I'm not Ms. Cooper, I'm afraid," she began as the most unexpected of sights met her eyes.

Peggy Walker, or what seemed to be left of her, was sitting in front of a small mirror. She remained speechless and stared at Erica. This wasn't the vivacious Peggy who danced so gracefully and chatted so affably to the members and guests of the Northside Women's Association. She was wearing only a pair of purple panties and no bra, but then, she had no need of one. Her beautiful blonde hair was still there but most of her makeup was going or gone, though enough remained to confirm that this was indeed Peggy Walker. Peggy sat motionless, watching Erica warily, with a cotton ball poised in front of her one remaining eyebrow.

Erica froze in her tracks, but then, she was suddenly filled with a flash of understanding. There could be only one reason for the masculine body shape and lack of need for a bra. Her eyes fell on the neatly hanging shirt, tie, and trousers, and she felt extremely ashamed and embarrassed. "You ... you're a MAN," she said to the narrow chested figure wearing purple panties and sitting on the grey metal chair.

He nodded and said, "Could you close that door, please?" With that he took his blonde wig off with an abrupt jerk.

Automatically, she pushed the door shut. Flustered, she realized that she still had the lading bills. "I was asked to give these to Ms. Cooper," she said as her mind raced in wonderment. "Could this really be a man?" The answer to her question was obvious as he continued to strip his makeup. As she watched his ministrations, she realized how cryptic the remarks about Women's Lib by Ms. Cooper and the model had been, and she grinned despite herself.

"There, that's better," the voice was so different, clear, and male.

Erica blinked hearing the voice. Her hand flew to her mouth, and she backed slowly toward the door. Why had she shut it, she thought wildly, closing herself in with a ... a ...?

The "man" stood up, and she cowered back closer to the door. "If you'll close your eyes or turn your back," he spoke confidently, "I would like to get rid of these." With one red tipped finger, he casually snapped the elastic of his panties.

Erica flushed so deeply that she could feel her hair roots tingle. She turned to go, but her sweating hand



“There was no doubt that ‘Peggy’ was a man!”

only slipped around the brass doorknob. Behind her, she heard the slight rustle as his panties were removed and deposited with the other clothes he had taken off. She tried the door again but still couldn't open it. Terror rose within her. She felt like banging on the door and crying for help. Taking a quick fearful glance over her shoulder, she saw that the man was tying his shoe lace. He already had his shirt and trousers on and buttoned.

He looked at her and called out, “Likely your hands are sweaty and it sticks sometimes. Take a cloth from one of the cartons there, and wipe your hands.”

Hastily, Erica grabbed a cloth, and the lock opened. Relief poured through her body. She was about to run from the room when she saw that "Peggy Walker" had resumed his seat and was wiping his face with a cloth.

Her fear subsided only to be replaced by indignation. How dare those chic, smart uptown people play such a trick on persons like the Misses Thompson! They were probably laughing at the "hicks" out in the suburbs who were fooled by a ... a ...? She slammed the door and strode over to where the young man sat. As she came closer to him, she was startled by the subtle resemblance to "Peggy Walker" in the young man. There was the rounded jaw, the bobbed nose, and the lines of his eyes about to crease with a smile, but the re-arranging of his hair had dispersed the "hauteur" and presence that Peggy Walker had brought to her display.

I had wanted to apologize to Peggy Walker," she said bitterly, "for my mother. I think; however, that you ought to be the one to apologize."

He nodded. "I apologize," he said simply. "Now, what do you plan to do?"

She stopped, fascinated by the feminine fingernails that he had yet to attend to. "What do you mean?" she said with a frown.

His eyes searched her young face anxiously as he responded, "Do you intend to tell your mother, the other ladies, or even the newspapers about me?"

Erica resignedly sat on an overturned box. "I don't know," she said quietly.

Suddenly, there was a loud knock at the door, followed by three rapid ones, and Barbara Cooper burst into the room. "Dave," she said, "what did you

do with the print? I've got a buyer, one of the older sister things. Ah, there it is." She had entered the room enough to see Erica, and said tensely, "What is she doing here?"

Dave shrugged and began to coat his nails with a transparent lotion. "She walked in on me while I was partly undressed, after using your knock."

"What do you propose to do when you leave here?" Barbara asked quite belligerently.

Erica was taken aback. "I probably will inform the ladies how they have been deceived," she said haughtily.

Dave looked miserable.

Barbara nervously fidgeted with the dress she had picked up. "I'll probably come out alright," she said thinking then added, "but I'll lose the best model I've ever had."

As a second thought, she looked directly at Erica and softened her tone. "Please don't do this. I need Dave for the March collection. I can move into the top flight in the country with this showing, but I need everything going for me. He's the best and the only one who knows my collection."

Erica was dazed, but she maintained her composure. "Why should I? What's in it for me?"

Barbara thought for a bit and said, "Maybe we can make a deal. I heard from your mother that the other girls at your school treat your designs badly. How about if I lend you a team of my models for your show?"

Astonishment and disbelief was written all over Erica's face, but then, her eyes became guarded. "Does that include him? or it?"

Barbara hesitated. "If you want it to?" she asked staring at the young girl.

Erica blushed, feeling a tingling all over her body. She nodded, looked down at the floor. He was the best of the models and could see 'Peggy' dancing about in her 'best'. It was a risk but she hoarsely responded, "Yes, please."

Barb came over to Dave and put her hand on his shoulder. "Is that okay with you?"

Dave had removed his built-up fingernails, restoring them to their normal length. His mouth was a bit cynical as he sighed, "Why not?" To him work was work.

* * * * *

Erica didn't often go downtown by herself. Her mother; however, had been most enthused by the offer of Barbara Cooper's models for Erica's "little show", as she now modestly proclaimed it. She was delighted that her daughter would want to take her gowns downtown to check them out with the charming Peggy Walker.

It had not taken Erica long to track down Dave Roth, after obtaining his full name from Barbara's receptionist. Unknown to her mother, Erica had been watching Dave/Peggy for quite a while.

She was intrigued and a bit frightened by the unique creature who switched back and forth between woman and man. She wanted to make sure she wasn't getting into something dangerous.

Dave lived in an old sandstone building, having an apartment to himself. She had followed him several times to his jobs and had seen him in action. Each time, he was as gorgeous as when she had first

seen him. However, in his apartment and to and from his jobs, he remained the uninspiring Dave Roth, much to her chagrin. She found herself thinking how plain and colorless 'he' appeared without the benefit of makeup and styled hair. In many ways he was much more attractive as Peggy.

She had to talk to him.

With her heart beating wildly, she rang Dave's doorbell. He opened his door and frowned when he saw who was there. He didn't seem to notice that her hair was newly curled and pinned up or that she was wearing a Barbara Cooper dress. It was possibly one that he had worn in the past, she liked to think. He saw her design book and invited her in, but he remained suspicious remembering her manipulative manner when they first met.

"I thought you would like to see the dresses I want you to wear," she said carefully. "I'm afraid some of them are total costumes and will mean changes in makeup, hair pieces, stockings, and shoes."

Dave grunted, "Would you like some coffee?"

Erica smiled. She had tried to make up using the same colors and styles that she had seen him wear. "Do you have any gin?" she remarked in a copy of his musical way of speaking.

Dave's face clouded. Suddenly, like the sun breaking through a cloud, he smiled. "Sure," he said. "Why not?" At last he had it! This young girl was making a play for him! She wasn't the first and generally it didn't take long to find out what their motive was. He wondered if she was the kind who wanted to save him from himself, or if the sight of him in a dress aroused her. Maybe it was a 'get even' with her mother. Maybe a way to show how liberal she was?

He would soon find out by showing her some of the lifestyle of a man who wore dresses, then he could judge. "I'm supposed to be going out with some friends," he said as he mixed her drink. "If you would like to leave your sketches, I'll look them over and give you my comments later."

The disappointment was quite obvious in her round face. She suddenly looked very young and defenseless. Dave could have kicked himself, but after all, he was doing this for her own good, at least he thought so. "You could come along if you like," he said thoughtfully almost hoping that she would walk out the door and never come back.

Her face lit up like a beacon.

"OK," he said. "I'm got to change. I wearing a new simple dress by Barbara. If you'll just wait here, I'll be out shortly." He refused to apologize or even begin to change his plans. He'd long ago learned that.

Many girls left during this stage. He wondered if Erica would leave or perhaps freak out later at the thought of being out with a man in a dress.

While he was changing, Erica examined the pictures and trophies on his walls. She was surprised to find a bronze plaque labeled "President's Award" from the State School of Dress Design, for Peggy Walker. Another surprise was a portrait of Peggy in a white, off the shoulder evening gown. It was painted in a gauzy, impressionistic manner in which the black eyes stood out like coals.

A rustling noise behind her caused Erica to turn quickly. She was quite unprepared for what she saw. There before her stood the image of a young woman with darkish black hair set in stiff waves about the nape of her neck and back combed into a high, fluffy

center. It was Dave. Tassel earrings bobbed as he bent and extinguished his red-tipped cigarette. He was wearing a violet dress whose skirt was pleated from the waist to a length to mid-knee. He picked up a silver evening bag from a shelf, checked its contents, slipped on a three quarter length fur, likely sable, that was so lovely just seeing it made Erica's mouth water, and moved toward the door.

"I'm ready," Dave said smiling brightly and with a familiar feminine quality in his voice, "but we must get going. I'm late already."

A bright, glittering, noisy party was in full swing when they arrived at the club Royale. Peggy, as Erica had decided to call the pretty brunette, held onto Erica's hand and guided her through the jostling throng to the noisiest table of all.

"Peggy!" a platinum blonde shrieked. "I didn't think you could make it tonight!"

"I didn't think I could make it either, but I managed to work it into my schedule," Peggy shouted back with an impish grin at Erica.

A tall, bushy-haired man with a thick mustache came over to their table, put his arms possessively around Peggy's shoulder and kissed her cheek.

"It's nice to see you too, Ian," laughed Peggy, pushing him away. She pulled Erica after her, and they seated themselves at this popular table. "This is Erica, a real friend of mine," Peggy shouted. She then disappeared as Ian pulled her in the direction of the dance floor, where the boards were shaking to the beat of a heavy rock band.



Erica thought she glimpsed a flash of violet cavorting on the stage, but the whole riotous scene was in such constant motion that nothing stood still long enough for certainty. She herself was pulled onto the dance floor by different men in the group that Peggy had left her with, and she didn't see Peggy for quite some time. Eventually, she flopped exhausted into a

chair, only to find Peggy sitting beside her with the arm of a different man about her shoulders.

With perspiration gleaming on her forehead, Peggy smiled. "Enjoying yourself?" she yelled.

Erica made a face. This wasn't how she had hoped to spend the evening, but she was having fun, despite the fact that this was the first time Peggy had spoken to her in over an hour. Her eyes fell on the bearded man seated beside Peggy.

"This is Bert," Peggy's eyes rolled. "He's a dear, but he tells everyone we're engaged. We're not," she laughed. "We're just good friends."

Erica had to lean over to whisper her next question into Peggy's ear. "Why have so many different men asked me to dance? I don't usually get this much attention."

Peggy's grin was devilish as she leaned over and whispered her answer into Erica's ear. "You're new, and you look lovely. You really do! And, they are trying to find out if you are a man or a woman. After all, this club does cater especially to crossdressers.

* * * * *

"Was every woman there really a man?" Erica's eyes showed the excited state of her emotions as she persisted in her curious questions.

Peggy put her key into the lock of her apartment. She was really tired now, exhausted in fact. "No," she said while checking her makeup in the small mirror above the coat rack. "Actually, remarkably few were. I doubt there were more than twenty of us there tonight. The Royale likes us there because our presence pulls in the tourists and sightseers. After hanging up her sable with habitual care, she continued.

"They get a few kicks, I suppose, from trying to figure out which are the men in women's dresses."

Erica's eyes were fascinated. "I couldn't tell any others at all," she said. "I knew you were, but ..."

Peggy was laughing again. "Remember the platinum blonde you sat next to most of the night? He's a truck driver named Herbie. Besides, if you had asked the waiter, he would have pointed us all out for a price. The club pays me for each night I spend there, but I have to buy my own drinks unless some man buys them for me."

Erica was shocked! "That sounds terrible," she said.

Peggy was fiddling with her hair. Suddenly he removed his wig, and Dave Roth, in makeup and violet dress, stood back in the room.

Erica was revolted at the sight. "Oh, please," she said. "Put your wig back on."

Dave's eyebrows shot up. "Oh," he said in a surprised voice. "You want me to be a woman all the time, eh?"

Erica nodded rapidly.

"I'll have to change then," said Dave. "This wig is too hot, and these heels are killers." He flounced up the stairs toward the back bedroom, while saying over his shoulder, "Help yourself to a drink." His mannish hair was ruining the rest of his feminine appearance.

The person who returned was more identifiable as Peggy Walker. He had attached a small bun to the back of his naturally blonde hair. He wore a long white robe decorated with a dragon in blue and silver. The robe was slit on both sides to reveal his

long, well shaped legs. He apparently had kept on his bra, as his bust was quite prominent. He curled up on the love seat opposite Erica, his bare feet tucked underneath him. For the first time, Erica noticed that his toenails were painted the same color as his fingernails.

“Did you call a cab yet?” he asked.

“Why,” responded Erica in a puzzled voice.

“Well, it’s late for one thing,” said Peggy, “and I have to work for Barb Cooper tomorrow. And, you have to get home or your mother will have the police out looking for you.”

A crafty look came into Erica’s grey eyes. “Oh no she won’t. I told her that Peggy and I were going out and that I was spending the night at her place. She thought it was a wonderful idea. You see, she kind of hopes some of Peggy’s chic rubs off on me.”

Peggy’s face became a picture of fury. “How dare you!” Her face radiated outrage and her voice was vehement. “How dare you use me in a lie to your mother! I may have to pay you off for your silence about me publicly, but I don’t deceive people near to me with what I am. If you wish to see me again, you must accept me for what I am ...!”

Erica was bewildered. “What do you mean? You don’t deceive people?” she interrupted.

“That’s right,” Peggy went on. “I know what I am ... a crossdresser. That means I’m a man, and it also means you can’t stay here in my one bedroom flat.”

Tears welled up in Erica’s eyes, and she dropped her face into her hands. “Oh,” she cried. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize I was so unattractive to you.”

Peggy stood up, moved to the other love seat, and knelt down gracefully before Erica. Her slim hand, with its bright diamond rings glittering, gently touched Erica's tear-splattered cheek. "It's not that Darling," he said tenderly. "It's just that I find you too attractive, and I don't trust myself."

* * * * *

Mrs. Mallett had rarely seen Erica so fussy and highly strung. One would have thought that no less than the First Family was coming to visit, rather than just Erica's model friends. Throughout the last four months, there had been many noticeable changes in Erica. Her clothes were more stylish, her hair much neater, and her diet had improved her shape no end. Her thinner cheeks now gave her a look of maturity. However, Erica had not been nearly as thrilled as her mother had hoped when she finally put her foot down and insisted she bring the lovely Peggy home for a weekend.

"It's about time," Mrs. Mallett had scolded. "You spend every weekend and almost every night living and eating in that girl's apartment. It's high time you repaid her hospitality."

The crunch of a car wheel on the gravel driveway made Erica jump like a scalded cat, and she hurried off to the door.

"I'll just wait a moment," thought Mrs. Mallett, "and let Erica make a proper introduction." She heard the door open and the thump of a case on the stone floor of the hallway. Then, there was silence. Well, time for her to show herself, she thought. What she saw was totally unexpected, and she was astounded.

Erica was clinging to a young man in the still open doorway, her arms about him while affectionately kissing him, and he was equally intent on returning her passion.

"Erica!" cried out Mrs. Mallett in a shocked voice.

The pair broke away immediately.

Erica quickly closed the door and took hold of the young man's hand. She was quaking and obviously nervous. "Mother," she said with a tremble in her voice. "This is Dave Roth, my fiancee. We want to talk with you this weekend about our getting married."

"B-but ...," Mrs Mallett stuttered. "You have another friend coming." She hardly realized what she was hearing from her daughter Erica, who had avoided boys since she was five years old. Could this be the girl she had worried about, laid awake nights over, and cried about her unhappiness? This girl, her daughter, was now bringing home a handsome young man who actually wanted to marry her? She beamed at them both. "What a wonderful surprise!" she cried. "Come on in, er, Dave, is it?"

The young man nodded.

"I was expecting another friend of Erica's," she said, leading them into the drawing room. "Peggy Walker, she's quite a famous model, you know ...?"

Erica cut her short by saying, "Mother, Peggy is already here."

Mrs. Mallett looked about in confusion. "Where?" she said. "Oh Erica, don't tell me your friend arrived and you slipped her in while I was out back. What-ever will she think of me?"

"Mrs. Mallett," the young man said in a pleasant voice as he calmly looked at her, "my professional name is Peggy Walker."

Confusion abounded on Mrs. Mallett's face. What was this young man saying? His professional name but that would mean this man was Peggy Walker. As the thought struck home, she sat down heavily with astonishment and disbelief on her face.

"It's true Mother," Erica said, as she quickly sat beside her mother. "I'm afraid that I haven't told you the whole truth about Peggy and me, that is, about Dave and me." Saying this, she looked up anxiously at her young man, who still stood unemotionally watching the older woman. "I discovered, quite by accident, that Peggy was really a man, at the fashion show you dragged me to. Dave wouldn't stand for my lying to you any more about him. If I marry him, and I want to very much, he insisted we tell you that he is a crossdresser.

Mrs. Mallett's hand was over her heart. "Whatever is that?" she asked as if some kind of monster had come creeping into her house.

"I enjoy dressing in women's clothing," said Dave. "I've been good enough at it that I have been able to earn my living as a woman."

"But, you're not dressed that way now," Mrs. Mallett was even more confused.

Dave smiled. "No," his voice was patient and friendly. "I am a man, and I intend to stay one. Sometimes though," his face clouded slightly, "I do like to dress up." He looked at Erica. "It's become almost a full time occupation lately, but likely, that will wear off."

"Never!" stated Erica in a determined voice.

"If I marry Erica," the blue eyes turned fully toward Mrs. Mallett, "you will have to accept me for what I am. I don't wish to deceive anyone into thinking I'm something other than what I really am. I'm a man, and I'm a crossdresser." His jaw was set firmly as he finished.

Erica stood, took his hand, and leaned against him. "If it's alright with you Mother," she said, "I would like to ask Peggy to join us now."

"What?" Mrs. Mallett didn't fully understand. "Oh, yes," she said in a bewildered voice. "Whatever you like."

As the pair left the room, Mrs. Mallett headed straight for the cupboard where she kept her "medicinal brandy". Her hand was shaking as she poured herself a generous portion. "Well, Erica obviously has her mind made up," she thought as she took a deep draught from her glass.

She was well into her fourth when she saw Erica excitedly showing Peggy the grounds. As Peggy turned toward the window, her soft blue angora sweater showed off her rounded breasts. She tossed her blonde hair and held onto her skirt as the wind threatened to blow it upward. Erica was laughing. Mrs. Mallett could hear the sound through the glass, and she saw Erica point to her own pant suit. Just then, a sudden gust of wind exposed the stockings, black suspenders, and the frilly blue panties that Peggy/Dave was wearing.

Mrs. Mallett with a quick head toss drained her glass, turned away from the window, and thought as clearly and as carefully as four brandies would allow. She would have to go along with this for now. Erica was surely infatuated with him. Perhaps her best strategy would be to encourage them to wait a while

before getting married. If Dave could be persuaded to stay with them permanently, she could feminize him so much that Erica wouldn't want him.

"Yes, that is definitely the key," she thought. "Then, I could introduce a few nice eligible men to the 'girls', and even set up a few parties." She looked out at the laughing, giggling girls in the orchard. "Yes," she thought, "They would surely accept that. Wouldn't they?"

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(FROM TRANSVESTIA #91)

DAVE TELLS HIS SIDE OF THE STORY.

I suppose I should take up the story here, since it all happened to me. To fill you in from my side of it. If you don't remember, I was a model. However, I modeled women's clothes. I was quite good at it, and except for one accident, I was never found out. That accident was when Erica Mallett, by chance, discovered my disguise. The net result was that we were together so much that we fell in love.

Erica was wonderful. She had the ability to see beneath the two ounces of makeup and the clothes I wore and found the real me. She loved me for what I am and not what I wore. We were deeply in love and I loved sharing my life with her.

I'll continue my story from when I met Erica's mother for the second time. I had met her at one of the modeling sessions where she had shown how anti Women's Liberation she was by a long tirade. That was the session where Erica discovered the "true" me. Well, as Erica and I started to make more and more firm plans to be married, we decided that Mrs. Mallett should know the whole story. I came to visit, first as a man, and while there, I emerged as my feminine counterpart. Erica insisted on showing me her home and the grounds. I remember our return to speak further with Mrs. Mallett as to our plans.

I could tell by her initial reaction on learning of my true sex and occupation that she was not overly pleased that Erica had chosen me. But, as we walked back in from the garden, giggly from the playful wind and what it had constantly done to my skirt, she appeared much more relaxed in her attitude. There was the faint odor of brandy, or some other liquor, in the air. I sat next to Erica, smoothing my skirt as I did so, a move not missed by Mrs. Mallett.

"Erica, I don't really know what you expected me to think by this little ruse you pulled," she started, then paused and added, "but by now, I've had time to think it over a bit." Pause. "I know you two have been seeing each other for quite some time, but you Dave, are unknown to me, other than that one chance meeting and from what Erica has told me about you."

She looked at me and uneasily I shifted my weight and changed my position. I was very conscious of what I was wearing as my nylons whispered with my move.

"So, what I suggest is that you move in here with us. There is ample room, and you won't have to go off behind anyone's back. Also, you can dress to match your work; in fact, I insist on it."

Again, I nervously shifted. I had not expected any such approach. "What is she up to?" I thought. Finally, I responded. "To tell you the truth Mrs. Mallett, that is a kind offer, but I'm not sure Erica would go for such an arrangement. I paused and looked at her. "However, we could get married right away, if you would prefer."

Before Erica could answer, her mother broke in. "No Dave, I would rather you delay getting married for a while. I would like to get to know you better before I give my consent. Now, I realize that consent

is not all that important in the world as it is now-a-days, but I think Erica would prefer to have my blessing, if at all possible." With that she turned to Erica and smiled. "After all, you would be here together and could find out if you really want to get married. It's a big step, and you ought to be fully informed."

On the surface, her request seemed reasonable, but little did we know what she was hatching in her mind. If we had, we would have walked out then. At least, I think we would have. You see, I'm not at all sure anymore.

We glanced at each other. Erica looked sort of quizzical, as if she didn't know if I was buying what her mother was selling. She glanced at her mother, then back at me before saying, "What do you think, Dave? We do have enough room here. I want to get married, but as long as I have you here, we could delay the ceremony. I'm sure about my love for you. Mother is right, of course, she doesn't know you, and I would much prefer to have her permission."

Mrs. Mallett smiled and looked in my direction.

I didn't know exactly what to say. So, I started sorting thing out by asking questions. "You mean you want me to move in here and give up my apartment?"

"That's right Dave. You can have your own bedroom which I'll furnish for you. You won't need any other rooms."

"And, you want me to dress as I am now, while I'm here?"

"That's right too. I wouldn't want the neighbors to get any idea of what is actually happening. I do have a reputation to uphold, if you don't mind. Anyway, it

would be easier, and you would probably be happier, right?"

Here was a real offer, the likes of which I never expected! Also, being able to go to work without having to change would help an awful lot. I pondered this situation and its eventual consequences. Of course, we could always elope and let this whole thing not happen. But, to live here would mean no rent. And the food, would the food be free? Perhaps she would expect some sort of rent? I asked, "What would you expect from me? Should I pay rent or some other upkeep?"

"Don't be silly Dave. I have all the money I need. I don't want any of your hard earned money. You can use your extra money to add to your wardrobe. I'm sure you'll need some additional items since you will be dressing as a woman full time. Am I right?"

I nodded.

She went on, "Dressing fulltime. . .you'll need more panties, brassieres, and more daytime dresses. That could be rather expensive. Use your rent money on those things."

So ... no rent. That would save money. I somehow felt there was a catch in there somewhere. Yet, in spite of this feeling, I said, "What do you think, Erica?"

Erica answered, "What ever you want. You know what I've said. It's quite an opportunity and all. . .might be fun to have 'Peggy' around all the time."

That "and all" meant the consent her mother's training had made consent that important, and without a father ... her mother's word was law. Finally, I said, "Alright, I suppose we don't have to make it legal all that fast. You do make an attractive bargain,

Mrs. Mallett. I'll get my things together. When do you want me to move in?"

"Why, as soon as you would like. How long will it take to get your dresses and things, as you say, together?"

"Oh, about two or three days, depending on my work load and that sort of thing. Say about Wednesday?"

"Fine, David. Fine. I'll make sure to have your room ready by then. Oh yes, one more thing. While you are living here, and henceforth, I never want to hear you referred to as "Dave". A wrong slip could be disastrous and embarrassing all the way around. So, Erica, you and I will always refer to him as Peggy and think of him as 'her' and not 'him'. Is that understood and agreed?" There was an edge on her voice with an overlay of authority that was meant to be obeyed.

"Yes Mother, if you think that is necessary. After all, he knows who he is, and that's what counts really counts." She looked at me and smiled. "Come Peggy, let me show you my room. Mother can decide later which of the spare bedrooms will be yours."

At that, we went out, leaving her mother with a satisfied smile on her face. While we were out, she apparently made a few phone calls and set a number of things into motion.

We went up to Erica's room which was very nice indeed. There were several other bedrooms near hers, one of which was very feminine while the others were sort of neutral. I had my suspicions as to which I would get, but I did not mention it to Erica. Actually, her mind was where mine should have been as we kissed and indulged in some mild petting. She

seemed quite happy with the set up, and although I had some suspicions, I had nothing concrete and decided to hold my tongue.

That evening at dinner, all went well. Mrs. Mallett did comment on a few of my mannerisms, but they were relatively minor. Long practice had brought most of my habits well into line when I was dressed as a woman. Sometimes, I even had a problem dropping these feminine actions and bringing Dave back after dressing for a full day. I wondered how much of a problem this would be in the full time situation I had just committed myself to. However, Erica was so charming, happy, and full of energy that I soon put all such thoughts out of my head and simply enjoyed the company.

On Monday, I went to my apartment and collected all of my possessions together. I separated the "his" here and the "hers" there. I didn't have many possessions, but there were substantially more of "hers" than "his" when all was separated. Of course, there were a number of things that fell into the "anybody's" category, but they were fewer yet. The "his" were mostly in clothes, and I considered what to do with them. Finally, I decided to put them into one large trunk, so they could all be stored together. The suitcases I had were to be used for lingerie, dresses, makeup, and all the rest of my feminine finery.

I gave notice on the apartment and called a mover who had a mini-van for small moving jobs. He said he could do it on Tuesday, so Monday was to be my last night in the apartment. I debated digging out a pair of cotton pajamas and sleeping like a man, but I opted to prepare for my new status to be and instead, chose one of my softer, waltz length, nylon nightgowns. Little did I know what my status was really to be.

On Tuesday, I moved out of my apartment and formally moved in with the Mallets. The trunk containing my men's clothing went down to the basement of the house for storage. I should have been more careful, but I was more intrigued by my new bedroom. Anyway, Mrs. Mallett just sent the trunk down to the basement as a matter of course.

The bedroom, as I had guessed, was the feminine one, only its femininity had been significantly increased. The bed cover was extra lacy, and the sheets were made of a soft, smooth satiny material over which my hand fairly glided. There were several new mirrors added, and the vanity was redone with lace and bows to radiate the ultimate of femininity. Only soft pastels were used in the color scheme to add another touch of softness. All in all, the effect was very pleasing, and I felt so at ease in my new "home".

Erica said that she was almost jealous, since her room was not as nice, even though, it too, was highly feminine. She said that her mother had personally supervised the changes in my room. She added that apparently her mother wanted me to be a girl after all, although she had some doubts when my true gender, taste, and profession were revealed to her.

Surprisingly, Mrs. Mallett was not only accepting my situation, she was catering to it and backing it to the hilt. If Mrs. Mallett accepted me, all the better for Erica and me. I had apparently moved into a sort of dream situation. It all seemed too simple, however, I did not know what was afoot. Then again, I don't know what I would have done differently if I had known. Of course, hind sight is always sharper than fore sight.

That afternoon, while I was putting my things away, I accidentally cut my thigh on a sharp corner

of the bed frame. It was not a bad cut, but nevertheless, there was some bleeding, and my hose were ruined. I didn't realize it at the time, but Mrs. Mallett actually caused the accident with forethought and planning.

That evening, after dinner, we celebrated my moving in with a few drinks. Nothing strong, but Erica and I got so dreamy that we couldn't keep our eyes open. We actually passed out beside each other on the sofa. We awoke near midnight, never suspecting a thing unusual. We did manage to get to our rooms and to bed. I dismissed the incident as a byproduct of an exciting day.

I thought nothing more of the "incident", but it had been a necessary ingredient in Mrs. Mallett's plan. Later I found out she had given us a sedative to be sure it happened just that way. While we were out, she made her move, practically the only overt move as such, she ever made toward me. For several days thereafter, she lightly chided us for being "sleepyheads".

My "wound" healed quickly, and I thought no more of it. However, some time later, I noted that my chest was rather sensitive. At first, I put it down to an irritation caused by the breast inserts I was now constantly wearing. There didn't seem to be any specific irritant that I could pinpoint. My nipples appeared to protrude a bit, but otherwise, there was no obvious vexation. It wasn't too bothersome, and even felt good in a strange way.

As it was, I began my new style of life. I would rise in the morning and get dressed, inserting the falsies in my bra, and then put on a dress, or a skirt and blouse. At work, Barbara commented on my new routine of coming to work dressed. She was a bit

worried, but since I did nothing to interfere with my work, she said nothing more.

In fact, the only comments she did make was that now I was becoming more natural. I seemed to have gained an undefinable something since I started dressing all the time. There was a new and exciting feeling I experienced moving about in the open while dressed that I did not fail to notice. Before, becoming Dave each day had a stabilizing influence on my life, giving me a 'breather' from my gender deception. With out the break, I remained in a feminine mode of thinking.

I purchased a new set of falsies, but they didn't seem to help much. It wasn't that painful, but it was extremely annoying. Before long, I discovered that my nipples were constantly protruding, and there seemed to be a hard lump beneath them. These things were definitely a puzzle. When I finally discussed the situation with Erica, she observed that my breasts had decided to start growing.

I was developing breasts? But how? This was not the kind of thing one could discuss with just anybody, especially in my present circumstance. I concluded that I could be ingesting female hormones. But how? My food? If that were the case, Erica would also have a reaction, and she had none. Maybe it was just from wearing bras all day?

I decided to discuss my dilemma with some of my crossdresser friends. They knew that I now dressed full time but nothing of the circumstances. One of them, Vicki, had the same experience when she started hormone shots. She reached into my bra and felt the lumps which were now getting sizable. My nipples had also grown considerably. She asked if I had been given a series of shots with or without my

knowledge. I couldn't see how this was possible, so I had no answer.

When I mentioned this to Erica, she could not see how this was possible either. She suggested I see their family doctor, as he was reliable and could be trusted. Of all the moves I could have made, that was about the worst, as it turned out. You see, I decided to visit him with Erica.

As we entered the doctor's office, everything seemed in order. The doctor was a plump man in his late forties or early fifties. He had an air of friendliness about him that waived much suspicion. Erica explained my situation and why we had come.

"Well, my dear, I'm sure there's nothing to really worry about." Saying this, he looked at me over the top of his steel rimmed glasses. "And you, Peggy is it? How do you feel?"

"I feel fine Doctor, other than the irritation of my chest, that is." I was a bit surprised that the doctor took my dressing as a female so calmly. He showed no surprise but I guess they train them in medical school to be self-composed.

He simply requested, "Would you please take off your blouse and, uh, your bra?" As I complied with his request, he turned to Erica. "Really Erica, I find it hard to believe that this person is a male. He looks so feminine."

I blushed when my blouse and bra were off. I'm sure I looked comical standing there, a man in a half slip. The doctor noted the swelling of my chest and the prominence of my nipples. After prodding a bit, he acknowledged, "Yes, there is definitely a pronounced breast growth. We call it budding. How long has this been going on?"

I gave him a quick history of my "condition".

He wrote all this down very studiously with a sort of smile on his lips. "Now Peggy, I don't mean to alarm you, but there is a possibility of this gynecomastia, as it is called, is a symptom of some other ailment. Therefore, I need to run a series of tests, okay? You can put on your brassiere and dress again."

"Alright, you're the doctor," I replied as I put on my bra, inserted the falsies into the cups, and put my blouse back on. The swelling was such that I knew I needed to buy some smaller falsies or be prepared to start appearing to be too "prominent" up front.

The remainder of the visit was taken up with quite a thorough series of tests. Afterward, he thanked us for coming in, advised me not to worry, and told us he would let us know the results of the tests in about a week.

After leaving the doctor's office, Erica suggested we go window shopping to take our minds off our concerns. I now had a sufficient wardrobe, but I still loved to look at the new dresses. While we were in the jewelry department of one of the larger stores, Erica's eye caught sight of a display, quite "accidentally", that advertised free ear piercing with the purchase of earrings at a clinic at three that afternoon. It was then only half past one.

"Peggy, have you ever thought of getting your ears pierced?" she said in a matter of fact way.

"What? Me? Well, I've never given it much thought. I have always thought of it as being so permanent. It's like electrolysis for getting rid of

hair. Once it's done, it's done forever. Besides, men don't get their ears pierced."

We moved on, but that was not the last of it. We went into a bar to sit and rest our tired feet. I was not yet accustomed to wearing high heels all day. Erica always liked me to wear my highest heels to ... sort of keep me in constant practice. At least that's what she would say when I protested. They were always weak protests anyway.

While I went to the ladies' room, Erica ordered our drinks. When I got back and sampled it, I found it to be strong, but good. In addition, it managed to do the work it was intended for, I guess. Before I had finished it, Erica brought back the subject of ear piercing.

"Pierced ears would be perfect for your image, Peggy. You know better than I that many of today's models have their ears pierced.

I considered her statement, and it was true. Most of Barb's models did have pierced ears. I had always worn the clip or screw type which usually managed to end up hurting my ears because I was afraid of losing them during a show.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. I thought about it and answered, "I don't think I would mind so much under my present 'full time' circumstances, but like I said, it's permanent. You wouldn't want a husband with pierced ears, would you? Besides, you don't even have your own ears pierced."

"If it was necessary for my husband's work, yes, I would want him to have his ears pierced. You really should. I have always been sort of afraid to have mine pierced Peggy, but I will if you will ... let's ..."

That darn drink, whatever it was, had relaxed me enough, and with Erica's help and approval (pushing actually), my barriers were lowered just enough to step (or fall) over. On an impulse, I committed to go along with her, but yet, was still prepared to hedge. "Okay, if you go first, then maybe I will."

"Oh no! No maybe about it! I'll go first, but only if you promise me that you will. Come on Peggy, it won't hurt much. Then, you'll be that much more authentic. I'm sure Mother won't mind. Anyway, we won't tell her if you don't want to."

I really didn't want her mother to know just yet, although I knew she would notice eventually anyway. "Alright, I promise to do it if you'll go first, but don't tell your mother. I think she still prefers me as a man in the final analysis. I don't want to take any chances. Let her find out for herself, okay?"

And so, it was set. We finished our drinks and strolled back to the store where zip zip zip zip, figuratively speaking, Erica and I both got our ears pierced. Erica was first and I could tell that even she was wishing for a way out. She fidgeted with the hem of her skirt as the jeweler prepared the pierce. She looked at me and said, "Don't you back out now." I got a little queasy when the jeweler aimed and popped the needle into first her right ear and then her left.

Quickly Erica hopped up and looked into the mirror at the two tiny gold studs in her ear lobes. "Did it hurt?" I asked.

"No," she said with a sparkle in her eyes, "It felt great! You are going to love them."

I grit my teeth and pressed my nyloned knees together as the jeweler approached me. "It feels great," She said again.

She lied! I took a dead grip on my purse and before I knew it, it was over. There was some pain, but it was quickly over. We both bought several new pairs of pierced earrings although we were told not to wear heavy ones for a while.

Little did I know how the words I had spoken earlier had been put in the back of Erica's mind. About what? The reference was to electrolysis. She noted my testimony and stored it away for later.

I found myself toying and touching my newly feminized additions. I'd was fingering the small hoops when Erica told me that this gesture was a very feminine unconscious grooming motion.

About a week later, the doctor called. He said that except for an unusual amount of estrogen, there appeared to be nothing else wrong. He prescribed some pills and a numbing cream for the "discomfort". "The cream is for nursing women," he said, "Rub it into your nipples four times a day. If the condition continues or gets worse, I want to see you again in a month."

I thought a month was a long time, but he said not really. The condition would probably not go away suddenly, as it had risen slowly. If there were any sudden changes, I was to call him immediately. Also, if any lumps or other growths were noted, I was to call him. My breasts would probably continue to swell, but I was not to worry(?). He emphasized that my condition was not serious, and my mind was eased. But still, there had to be something wrong.

Then again, I had his green light, so I adjusted to the discomfort and took two of his pills daily.

It was not like adjusting to a broken leg. I soon became accustomed to the soft flesh in my bra, and with the help of the numbing cream, I finally ceased to notice it except when I was applying the nursing aid cream.

Thus, more than a month had passed when I thought of seeing the doctor again. By then, my ears were completely healed, but my breasts were growing quite large. I had given up wearing falsies, in fact, and had gone to wearing a quilted padded bra. I also noticed that my hips were getting wider, as my skirts were getting tighter, and my complexion had cleared up considerably.

My sparse beard had never really been a problem. However, a remark of Erica's brought my statement back to memory when she mentioned how nice it would be if I got rid of it. She said her mother had remarked about it several times, and she had finally decided to say something. She said that she remembered my mention of electrolysis a while back. This all had to do with my hair and my appointment at the beauty parlor. You see, the salon also employed an electrologist.

Erica spoke of this as if it were the solution to the world's problems. "Peggy, don't you think it's about time you got rid of that wig? Really, your own hair is long enough now to be styled. Mother suggested we go to her stylist. She even set up appointments for us."

That was very nice of her. I had been wearing my wig so long now that I hardly thought much about it any more. Following Erica's suggestion, I took it off and examined my hair. She was right. My hair was

quite long now, and I had to fix it just so to hide it under my wig now days. I wondered how it would be to use my own hair. On the other hand, all of my wigs covered my ears. My own hair might not. I was sure that Mrs. Mallett hadn't seen my pierced ears, but with my own hair, she would probably notice. Still, it would be nice to do away with those wigs.

Eventually, I gave in and said, "Alright Erica, you win. It will be good to get rid of these wigs." I fluffed my hair some, but it still didn't look too good.

After a moment's hesitation, seeing that she had caught me during a weak moment, she said, "Peggy, they have an electrologist there too. Mother and I figured you would like to get rid of your beard, so we made you an appointment with her as well. I know your beard is very light, but I think it would be nice if you didn't have to shave or worry if a shadow showed through your makeup. Some day you may get into a situation where it could be noticed. Accidents do happen, you know."

I smiled. I had thought of beard removal, but it had never really been a problem. "You know Erica, I have thought of having my beard removed, but I just never did anything about it. Now that it's all set up ... why not? Okay, I'll do it! Then, with a moment's hesitation, I reconsidered. "But then, I couldn't be a man very easily."

She smiled at me. "But Peggy, with your pierced ears and figure, you will have a hard time looking like a man. Besides, every day, you're becoming more and more feminine. Do you think you could ever go back to being a man? Do you think I would ever want you to?"

"Why couldn't I? All I have to do is take out the earrings, and there would be only a small hole that

no one would ever notice. And, the clothes make the figure. Let's dig out my old clothes, and I'll show you."

At that, we went down to the basement and got the trunk. For some reason, it looked different. When we got it to my room and opened it, I knew why. The odor practically knocked me down! My clothes, so carefully laid in there earlier, were totally mildewed and fell to shreds when I tried to pick them up.

There was only one pair of pants, a shirt and a tie that could be salvaged. "I know I can do it," I said slipping off my dress and putting on the last of my male clothes. "SEE!" I said.

Erica started laughing. "You look silly. Face it sweetie. You are much more girl than boy now. Put your dress back on."

Now, all I had to wear were the blouses, skirts, dresses, and soft nylon lingerie for clothing. In order to return to being a properly dressed man, I would have to go out and buy some more masculine clothes.

I couldn't help wondering why or how my clothes had gone bad so quickly. Of course, I knew nothing of some water that had been sprayed on the clothes to "help" the decaying process. At that time, I knew only that I now had but one wardrobe ... a beautiful one that I loved ... but only one, nevertheless. Thus, without further ceremony or comment, the trunk got set out for the garbage men to collect.

In my room, Erica smiled and said, "It's too bad about your clothes Peggy, but if you could have worn them, you would have seen that your ladylike figure would have shown through anyway. You are quite feminine. It's okay, I love you this way."

What could I say?

The events at the beauty parlor were also strange. I didn't know at the time, but I was 'expected' in more ways than one. When Mrs Mallett made the appointments, she also set forth a number of specifications.

Thus, I went in to get a curl and to have my hair done in an acceptable hairdo that was less masculine than the straight disorganized mop I now sported. But, did I come out not with my dark blonde hair set in a soft wave? No! I came out with a tight curl that was a brilliant light auburn. I was almost a full redhead! The hairdressers had obviously received their instructions from Mrs. Mallett. She had told them to carry out her plan of action, from my hair color to the tightness of my curls, regardless of what I said.

And, that was not all! Don't forget my appointment with the electrologist. I had never plucked a hair on my head before that day. They worked over my side burns, giving them a good shape, then they



removed my mustache and thinned what was left of my beard. I should have been suspicious when two of them worked on me at the same time. They used some sort of anesthetic to kill the pain. In fact, they had something that put me out cold while they did my mustache.

They put it under my nose while still working on my side burns, on the pretext that they would work there next. But when they got to it, I don't know. I do know that when I awoke, my face hurt, and they were still working on my beard. I felt that I had just drifted off but didn't understand how I could have, considering the pain of the process. Nevertheless, they continued to work on me.

When they were finally finished, they swabbed my face from my chin to my forehead. Then, they put on full makeup to cover the redness. They even gave me some medicated makeup to use for the next several days.

When Erica saw me, she was all oohs and aahs. She was gushing with compliments, and she was amazed that I had gone so far.

It wasn't until I looked in the mirror that I fully understood what she had meant by "so far".

"My God! What have they done?" I gasped.

"What do you mean, Peggy, what have they done? Didn't you ask for that, the color, the curl, the trim, and the reshaping?"

"No Erica. In fact, when they did the electrolysis, I fell asleep. I don't know how, but I was totally unaware of their doing more than my beard."

That was the truth! I didn't know until later that along with the removal of seventy percent of my

beard, they had eliminated more than eighty percent of my eyebrows. What they left was beautiful, I'll grant you that, but I do know that I didn't request it. Nevertheless, they had done it, and what they had done was permanent.

Permanent! The word hung in my mind. From now on, I was to have thin eyebrows. Eyebrows that would be delicate, eyebrows that would be arched, eyebrows that would be thin. Yes, eyebrows that belonged solely and typically to a woman, and they were mine and permanently so.

"It's alright Peggy. They gave you a beautiful color and curl that really becomes you, and the eyebrows make your face just beautiful. I would be jealous if I didn't love you so much." She hugged me, and we melted into a passionate kiss. I would have done more, but there was a danger that someone would come by. If they did, they would never understand what was going on.

I hated apologizing for who I am but I said, "Oh Erica, you are too good to me. Who else would ever accept me as I am?"

"But Peggy, I love you. Don't you understand? I want you to succeed at what you do best. I hope you are happy with the way you look. I certainly am. I'm so glad you had it done. You look good enough to eat! And tonight, I may just do that!"

With a promise like that, what could I say? In the months since I moved in, Erica and I had gotten together often, hopefully without her mother's knowledge. As Erica was on the pill, there was no danger of accidental pregnancy. But, since her mother always put off all talk of marriage, we were determined not to lose this time ... and we didn't.

Nevertheless, there seemed to be a adjustment in my interest in sex. The impulsive ability to get hard was becoming more and more difficult. I thought it was just in my mind ... where it partly was ... not in my body ... where, in actuality, most of it lay as my body constantly changed. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

I called the doctor and made an appointment for that afternoon. I was concerned.

As I entered his office, he greeted me most warmly. "Ah, good afternoon *Miss Walker*. My, but you do look lovely. Have you recently been to an electrologist? Your makeup is good, but it hardly covers the redness to an expert eye. Oh yes, why did you wish to see me? You mentioned your breasts to be growing still. Is there anything more?"

"Uh, yes Doctor, there seems to be no abatement. They are still quite tender. My nipples have become most sensitive, and the growth is getting to be very pronounced."

"Well, let's take a look and see," He asked me to disrobe completely. I slipped out of my dress and slip. I was down to my panties and bra when I slipped into the examination gown, but when I came out, he asked me to remove them as well. When I was naked, he commented on the shape of my figure. He felt my breasts with only a "hmmm" and "uh huh" observation. When he was done, he had me get dressed.

Again, I was given a thorough battery of tests. Actually, they were more for show than anything else, but I did not know it at that time.

As we sat opposite each other in his office, he said, "Well *Miss Walker*, you appear to have a hormonal imbalance. There are no outward symptoms to show

the cause; therefore I think it best to let it run its course. Again, I suppose I could give you something to counter the imbalance if you wish. It would cause a bit of hirsute, or hair, development. I believe in *your* profession that would not be advisable. At any rate, I would like to check you regularly, so we can chart your, uh, progress.”

“Then, there’s nothing seriously wrong with me, doctor?”

“Nothing that I have found yet. We could always run more extensive tests if you wish, but they would be expensive and probably would tell us nothing more. Of course, It’s up to you.”

“Well, thank you Doctor. I’ll think it over and let you know. You really feel these additional tests won’t tell us more?”

“No, not really,” he smiled over his glasses. “I don’t believe you have anything to worry about. Actually, this could work totally to your favor, considering your line of work. Obviously wearing bras are not foreign to you.” He rose, and the session was over.

I left, not satisfied, but at least, with less worry. I had also neglected to tell him about the my difficulties achieving erections and performing sexually.

When I got home, Mrs Mallett was almost gushy in her praise of my appearance. She commented on my pierced ears, wondering how long it had been since I had them pierced, about my hairdo, and of course, on my new and most feminine eyebrows. She spout on and on, “Darling, the eyebrows are so luscious. They bring out your eyes so...”

Erica just sat by beaming as this praise was heaped on me. When Mrs. Mallett pointed out re-

peatedly how feminine I was becoming; how utterly and totally feminine.

Erica nodded in agreement with a degree of happiness that appeared to grate on her mother's nerves. Adding in for the last word, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if his hair got real long?"

And so, a pattern started that was repeated day after day for weeks to come. Every chance she got, Mrs. Mallett would comment on how much of a woman I was becoming in actions, voice, and even in figure.

My breasts were now growing large enough that I dispensed wearing my padded bras in favor of lacy ones. After these several months, I could no longer wear my padded bras as they made my breasts too prominent, especially for modeling. I sported a pair of beautifully rounded "B" cup breasts that reacted to stimulation just as a female's.

My hair was growing and thickening quite rapidly now. I returned to the beauty parlor for more waves and color touch ups. Also, my beard became a thing of the past, and my eyebrows were touched up whenever a few scraggly hairs grew back. They all insisted, of course, that I had requested these changes, and I had no proof otherwise.

While all this was going on; however, another area was faring poorly. My sex life was suffering with an increasing degree of impotency. I nevertheless managed, with Erica's help and understanding.

My lack of virility seemed to be a turn-on for Erica. She'd say, "We can't expect you to act like a girl all day and suddenly at bedtime become 'Joe Stud'."

My only concern, regarding Erica, was whenever I asked her about our wedding, she always put me off. After all, we were living together. What was the need for a piece of paper? In a way, she was right.

At work, I was always in demand. Barb always found spots for me where I could be used to her great advantage, as well as mine. She didn't make much comment about my ears, but she gibed me gently when I showed up with my arched and delicate eyebrows and new hairdo.

When a certain gown called for some cleavage, and I came across a bit too strongly, she managed to be there when I changed to go home. She noticed that my bra was lace and was without padding or falsies.

I'll never forget her quizzical look when she asked, "Peggy, I've been meaning to ask you, how far do you intend to carry this deception? I can remember when you came in wearing a suit and tie. Now, you have pierced ears that are very feminine. Your eyebrows weren't just plucked and shaped but were removed permanently as well as your beard. And now, I see that the figure you sport is not just the fleshiness of a man but the breasts and hips of a woman. Are the hormones you've been taking under a doctor's direction?"

I had listened, saying nothing. Then, I tried to give an answer that made sense. "Well Barb, since I moved into the Mallett's house, these changes have come gradually but naturally. I feel at ease like this, and I'm not on hormones, at least not knowingly. I see the Mallett's doctor regularly, but he says I'm okay." I continued getting dress.

"Have you married Erica?"

"No, not yet," I said as I touched up my makeup. "We keep putting it off, and her mother doesn't say anything about it. She seems to want me to go further, rather than criticizing me, although, I don't know what further would be."

"Further? There's only a couple steps further you could take now Peggy, or should I say ex-Dave? One would be to have surgery to become a complete woman bodily. You sure have become one in every other respect."

That startled me and set me to thinking. Yes, Mrs. Mallett was pointing me in that direction. Erica wasn't really, but she would go along with it. Maybe they had planned together to make me a full time woman for revenge or some other vindictive scheme. Their family doctor could well have been brought into it, and I had fallen directly into the pit. Now, here I was ... in most ways ... a woman physically as well as psychically.

How could I find out if there was a conspiracy? Was Erica really involved? How were they giving me the hormones? She was on the pill and certainly wouldn't take hormones, yet the food and drinks were all enough in common, for that to be the way. I didn't know how, but I resolved to make the effort to find out.

"I hadn't thought of it in just those terms Barb. I is something to think about." I put the wires of my earrings through my ears, fluffed my hair a bit, grabbed my purse, and looked at Barb as I stood up. "I'll just have to think this one out ..." With that, I up and left ... destination, the doctor's office ... after calling him first.

It must have been my tone of voice, for he told me to come right in. I was set for a confrontation, but he was not. "Well Doctor, what's going on?"

"Uh, what do you mean, Miss Walker?" He looked at me, pursed his lips, and made a tent of his fingers rather nervously.

"What I mean is that I have somehow been given female hormones. If you had acted on it before now, these breasts would never have developed." I cupped my hands under my breasts and hefted them for emphasis. "You have been stringing me along for months, and I want to know why!"

"I don't know what you mean Peggy," he said attempting to get familiar. "I've examined you and found nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong? A man develops breasts, hips, and a degree of impotency, and you don't see anything wrong? I should have been sent to a specialist long ago, but I suspect there's more to this situation than that. I'm right, aren't I?"

The doctor stopped and thought. "Do you want to go to a specialist?"

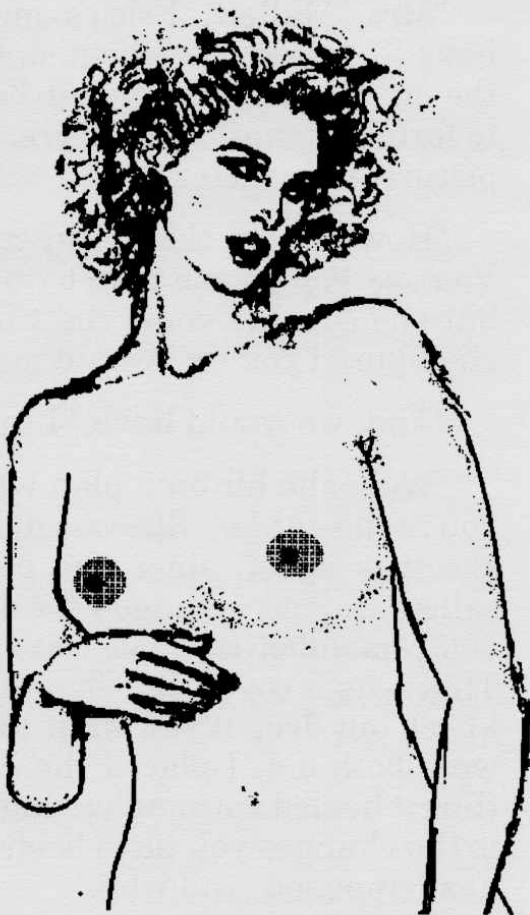
This tact disarmed me, but his manner suggested it was no more than a feint ... an attempt to side track me. "Maybe I should. Then, I can discover the source of the hormones and see if there is a case for malpractice against you."

Like most doctors, I suspect, these words shook him.

"I doubt that would be possible. The source leaves no traces after this length of time."

"What source?" I looked him in the eye, and he looked away.

"Alright Miss Walker," here he put a slight emphasis on the "Miss". "You are right. I'll admit it here, but I shall deny it if you ever ask me again. There is a source. That source was implanted into your body shortly after you moved into the Mallett's residence. It is not eternal; however, and will be about used up in a couple of months. It is a fairly high potency female hormone compound. Even now, finding the source would be difficult and eliminating it, even more so."



He became quite serious. The smile left his face, and his gaze fairly bored into me. "So you see, there is no real purpose to be served by going to a specialist. With time, your body will revert, unless you take steps to maintain it so. You may want to do so, since I see you've gone further in your feminization by the pierced ears, eyebrows, and hair style."

"Now, wait a minute, Doctor, those things were not my idea!"

"Uh huh. I suspected as much, but you did do it. Tell me, did Mrs. Mallett have anything to do with it? I have suspected so all along."

"Mrs. Mallett, Erica's mother? What does she have to do with it?" Even as I asked, some pieces of the puzzle in my head were beginning to fit together to form a picture ... not a pretty one, mind you, but a picture, nonetheless.

"How do you think you came by the hormones? You see Peggy, she didn't want you to marry Erica, but she couldn't come right out and say so because she figured you two would just elope."

"And, we would have," I interjected.

"Well, she hit on a plan when she saw the two of you in the garden. She was drinking, a sure sign that she was upset, since she almost never does. She called me and arranged for a hormone implant. Do you remember that cut you received on your thigh? That was a cover up. She also got an anesthetic, a knock out drug if you want to call it that. When you were both out, I placed the implant in the cut, and thus it healed without leaving a trace. The end result is the changes you have been through. That is what has happened, and why."

"And Erica? What did she have to say about all this?"

"Nothing. You see, Peggy, when you were made full time, Mrs. Mallett figured Erica would lose interest in you, especially when the hormones started to work. Mrs. Mallett set you up to be a woman and has done quite a job. However, her plan appears to have backfired where her daughter is concerned."

I began to fear that Erica would indeed lose interest, and started to get worried; however, the doctor's last comment puzzled me, so I asked, "What do you mean backfired? Am I not in almost all physical characteristics as well as psychically a female?"

"Oh yes, you are quite female! But you see, Peggy, it so happens that Erica still loves you." He leaned forward in his chair and played with a pencil on his desk. Then, after a short pause, he looked up. "You see, the more feminine you became, the more she loved you. She must have some sort of streak in her that loves your womanish self even more than the part as a man. Thinking about it, it makes sense. She knew you dressed up like a girl when she met you."

"What makes you say that?" I thought of our love sessions and saw that she loved me, well, no matter how potent."

"She has also been to see me. I didn't tell her the source of your impotency, but she did ask about any further modifications that could be done yet. She has told me how much she loves you as a female man, as it were. So, you see, Mrs. Mallett's plan to split you two has actually driven you closer together. That is part of why I'm telling you this. The hormone implant has largely been used up, and in a month or so, you should begin to regain your full potency again. If you want to continue in your disguise, I could arrange for another implant, but less potent. I would also not advise Mrs. Mallett of our conversation. If you do, do not be surprised if you are expelled from her house. As it is, you have the best of all worlds with Erica, free room and board, and the love sessions between yourself and Erica."

I was stopped cold, as we sat staring at each other. "Ah yes Doctor," I finally said. I stood up and ran my hands over my hips, feeling how wide they had become. I then felt my breasts, hefting them up and letting them fall, feeling the straps of my bra take up the weight. Looking down, I straightened my skirt, then looked over at him. "You may be right. I'll have

to think this one over. Before I decide on an implant, I'll have to talk it over with Erica." I started toward the door.

"Just remember," he said as he rose and came around the desk, "what I've done is reversible, but I don't think you want to go back, since your work is involved. What Mrs. Mallett did was meant to do harm, but it has ended up giving you a love of Erica probably more deep and solid than you yourself could have developed in years, had you not come under her influence." He put his hand on my shoulder, and our eyes met for an instant. "I'll bank on the next implant," he said.

"I must go now. Erica may be worrying, and I don't want to give her new worries just yet. I know we will eventually have to hash this out with Mrs. Mallett because you're right, I do love this role and that woman. I'm bound to be like this from now on. I can't really thank you, but I feel I should." At that, I hurriedly left his office.

Out on the street, I was suddenly again of the skirt I was wearing and how it swung against my legs. I could also feel the weight of my breasts as I walked along. I seemed able to feel every stitch of clothing I was wearing, and I was not in any way self-conscious. I knew that the part I was playing was me and no one else. My skirt and half slip played about my legs as I walked, and my nylons and high heels reminded me of my femininity.

I didn't feel my white blouse nor especially my bra, other than how they reacted to my breasts. I knew the casual observer would be able to see the outline of my bra in the back as well as where it pushed out my blouse in front. There was also the pattern of lace that would show when the now amply

filled cups made contact with my blouse. There was no pinch in my ears since the wires passed through my lobes, but I could feel the movement as my dangling earrings hit the side of my neck. Yes, I was aware, as if anew, of my femininity, and I relished it!

With these thoughts, I went to meet Erica. When I met her, I did not let on that I had seen the doctor, but I did try to probe her feelings. I apologized for being late but offered no explanation. We went shopping, and I watched her reactions closely. There seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary. I was apparently a woman shopping with another woman.

Finally, we went to eat, and in the seclusion of the restaurant, I started probing to find out what she thought and felt. I used the marriage approach. "Erica, let's get married right away."

"Why? We have all we need just as we are."

"I know, but I want to make it legal. You mother should know me by now and thus should have no reason to refuse. I love you, Erica, and I want to complete our relationship...before it's too late."

She smiled and squeezed my hand. "Alright Peggy. I don't know how we'll manage the clothes to make you



look enough like a man for the ceremony, but we can manage if you really want to."

I knew then and there that she had not been a party to her mother's plot and that she had known nothing of it, or she was putting on a good cover up. The time to watch would be when we told her mother, and indeed, that was an interesting event, to say the least. As a prelude, I closed the conversation with, "That should be no problem since your mother has enough influence to accomplish almost anything she pleases."

That evening, at home, we were sitting around when I popped it on her mother with, "Erica and I have decided to get married."

"What?" Mrs. Mallett looked at me with a most quizzical expression.

"I said that Erica and I have decided to get married. We wanted to discuss the details with you as to how to do it since I look as I do."

She looked at me and then at Erica and addressed her, "Are you sure you want to get married? I mean, with Peggy looking as she does and unable to really be a full, uh man, uh ..."

Both our eyebrows must have raised simultaneously. I knew that I had never mentioned what we did in bed, and from the look on Erica's face, neither had she.

"What makes you think I can't perform? Erica, did you ever mention this to your mother? I know I didn't."

"Neither did I! What do you mean Mother?"

"Well, uh, I mean with the hormones and all, I ... uh ..."

"What hormones?" I wanted to pursue this one for sure!

"Your changes, Peggy. They had to come from, uh, female hormones.

"And where did I get these hormones?:"

"How should I know?" she was becoming flustered.

"I think you know quite well!" I accused. At that, she stopped and looked me in the eye. I returned her stare steadily, and continued. "In fact, I think you know a great deal more!" Seeing that I had the advantage, I reached up and fluffed my curls and passed my hand over the arch of my eyebrows. These actions were not lost on her, but Erica did not know what was happening.

"I know I can prove nothing. I also know you have the influence to arrange our wedding, regardless of how I look so that nothing will be said even if the bride and groom both wear floor length white lace gowns. After all, you have used this influence before, and we both know it."

"What do you mean, Peggy, that she used her influence?"

"Shall I tell her, or do you want to?" Our eyes met as I said this.

She proved to be the strong person who could have carried out such a task and admitted her part. "I don't know how you found out. But yes, I did manage to have the hormones given to you, and the beauty parlor was no accident either. Erica, I wanted you to have a man for a husband, a bread winner to whom you could be a good wife, bring his pipe and slippers after a hard day's work, not his negligee and mules."



*“Erica thinks I should
make it permanent.”*

"But Mother! Peggy is all I ever dreamed of! He is soft and loving, and I'm not anti-Feminist. I want my career too. I don't want to be subservient to a man, and I'm not with Peggy. Besides," she looked at me with a warm, loving smile, "I love her and him. Although, I mostly think in terms of her. After she asked again this afternoon, I've decided that we have all we want here in this house, except we're not together at night as we should be. It's important to her, and I don't want to take a chance on losing her."

A bit downcast, Mrs. Mallett said, "I yield. I'm sure a wedding can be arranged with no further questions asked." I thought I heard her mutter, "I should of had him fixed."

"Look at it this way Mother, you will have two daughters," Erica said with a smile.

Thus, Mrs. Mallett's plan had ended. Not as she had originally planned, but as it were, by the gain of a daughter.

I planned to stay this way, but the future is yet unclear as to how far to go. Until we decide, we shall remain Peggy and Erica. We are both tied to the fashion world, and as most observers would never understand, we are even more tied to each other. Where it will end, no one can say. Least of all, myself.

THE END

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