

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION**

"BIKINI BOUND"



**A BOY HAS TO SPEND A FAMILY VACATION
AS A GIRL... HIS THREE SISTERS TEACH
HIM HOW TO SURVIVE IN A BIKINI!!**

VOLUME 66

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

“BIKINI BOUND”

**Illustrations by
TEBRA**

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

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QUOTE BOARD

Lingerie, light of my life, fire of my loins.

Apologies to Vladimir.

"I hate having my life disrupted by routine."

BIKINI BOUND!

By Sandy Thomas

The family was planning its first vacation together since Dad passed away almost seventeen months ago. Mom was finally planning to take time off from her work, and believe me, she deserved a rest. She really didn't have to work because Dad had left her fairly well off.

The only boy in the family, I lived with Mom and my three sisters. Joanne, the oldest, was twenty and employed by a small insurance agency. Next came Diane who was eighteen and a college student, but could easily pass for twenty-one as she had a very womanly look about her. Then came me, Mark. I was to be a high school senior in the fall. The youngest was Patty, a year younger than myself, who would be a junior. She was the most petite of my sisters, but she also had a mature look about her that often led people to assume that I was the youngest of our clan.

When I woke up that morning, I knew there was something coming my way...



At breakfast, my sister Jo yelled at me..."Would you listen to Mother when she is speaking to you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I was thinking about school." I never listened to the non-stop girl gab.

Mom laughed. "Now that everyone is out of school, we'd better talk about where we are going this summer?"

I looked at Mom. She really was a pretty woman. I guess she, Joanne, Diane, and Patty were all really good-looking females. I responded, "I thought we were going to Florida?"

Every summer, there was a professor at the college who rented our big house for the summer. That gave us enough money to take a nice vacation somewhere different.

Patty came to life. "Mother, Florida would be hot but so wonderful! I would have so much to tell my friends in September."

Mother thought..."I don't know, Dear. I guess we could afford the trip all right, but it'll be HOT!"

Diane, who appeared not to be listening, almost choked on her food. "Mother! Are you kidding? What person wouldn't like to lie in the sun for a couple months?"

I smiled. Already, I could see all sorts of visions dancing around in Diane's head. I knew she had dreams of running around the beach and flirting with all the college guys. Of course, she would be wearing the scantiest of bikinis that Mom would allow.

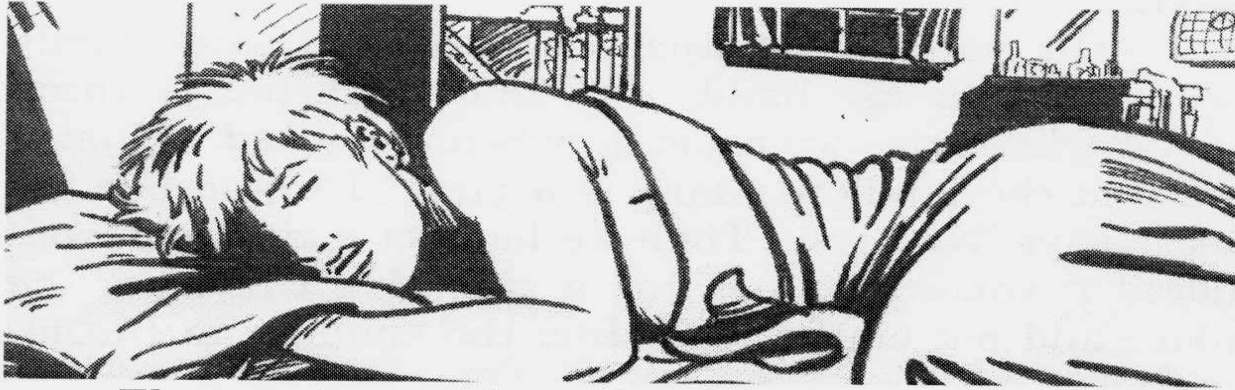
Joanne spoke up. "It's really a great idea Mother. I'm sure we would all have fun. My vote is for Florida!"

"Mine too," we all chimed.

I laughed. "Mom, it looks to me like you're out voted."

She got up from the table and smiled. "I guess you're right Mark. I don't seem to have a choice. Well,

we can talk more about our plans tomorrow after I check prices.



The next morning, I was sound asleep when Joanne woke me up saying, "Mark, get up! Come to the kitchen. Mother wants to ask you something."

I'd been out late. I slowly climbed out of bed. This was my first week of vacation and I had expected to sleep at least until noon. What could be so important?

"Morning," I groaned then noticed Joanne smiling. Something was up.

"How was the movie last night?"

"You woke me up to get a movie review?"

"Sit down. Joanne and I have been going over our finances for the trip, and we have a slight problem. Apparently, people don't mind if it's hot in Florida. Most of the places are sold out or out of our price range. If we are to go to Florida, we'll have to make a slight alteration in our plans."

"What kind of alteration?" I asked, realizing that her problem must be serious if she got me up so early.

"I can only find one cottage near the beach that we can afford and will accommodate all of us," Mother explained. The one I found is wonderful!

"We only need one?" I said.

"The problem is that the owner has had bad experiences with teenaged boys. He won't rent to me if

any of my children are teenaged boys. There's no place else good," she continued.

"You want me to stay home. Is that what you're saying?"

"Oh no, nothing that drastic," she said calmly while patting my hand. "Jo and I started to think about where else we could go when she joked, 'What if we told the landlord Mark is a girl?' I would but the lease says 'No boys'. Then we had got giggly and wondered if you would pose as a girl. We could get the place and not end up spending the summer in Bloomington."

Neither was laughing. My jaw dropped a mile, and then I started to laugh until there were tears in my eyes. I looked at Mom and Joanne, but they still weren't laughing. "Hey! Are you serious?" I asked with sudden foreboding.

Mom frowned. "Yes Mark, I'm afraid so." She showed me a few pictures of the place on a beautiful white sand beach. "It would mean so much to everybody if you would do this one favor for all of us."

I looked out the window and saw that it was raining. "I would like to help, you know that, but I couldn't. What I'd wear a dress and talk like a chick?" With that I began to laugh again, although this time, very nervously.

Joanne smiled and spoke up, "You're no Arnold! In fact you aren't terribly masculine. You sort of look like a girl, you know. As a matter of fact, with a little help from us, you would probably look very cute...and passable."

I noticed an odd twinkle in Joanne's eyes. Crazy! Me as a girl? I started to think about it. I would have to wear panties, bras, and all that...that flimsy, silky stuff. I could feel my cheeks burning like fire.

Mom smiled at my reaction and said, "Mark, get up and stand back to back with Joanne."

We did as she asked, although I wasn't exactly sure why at first. I understood what Mom had in mind when I realized I was a fraction of an inch taller than Joanne. With this realization, one word came into my mind. "NO!" There was no way I could pass myself off as a girl. However, my family loyalty, which had always been one of my weak points, took over. I thought of Mom's needing a well deserved rest, Patty's friends, Diane's guys on the beaches, and Joanne's love for the sand, sun, and water.

"It's got a private yard in back," Joanne said.

I looked at Mom, then Joanne, and then Mom again. I sighed and with a fearful shudder, said, "Okay, I'll give you a chance to show me how this could work. BUT if Diane and Patty tease or make fun of me, I'll quit on the spot! Agreed?"

"It's a deal!" Mother said, showing excitement about our trip for the first time. "I'll have a long talk with them. Once they understand the trip depends on you and your willingness to dress as a girl, I'm sure they will pitch in and help you all they can."

They both came over and kissed me.

For the next twenty minutes, they grabbed some clothes, fooled with my hair and basically ignored all realism. The clothes were not all that different from what I would have normally worn. Joanne's tank top, her sweat suit, and Dianne's tennis shoes.

Other than the cut of the suit, it wasn't that bad. They put me in front of a mirror!

"THERE!" Joanne said. "You are a girl!"

I just gasped, "It's me! I'm still alive and wearing girl's clothes!"

IT'S ME! I'M
ALIVE! I'M
HERE!



Joanne hugged me and said, "Mark, this is great! Diane wears your size shoe! You know what a shoe horse she is! You'll have a lot to choose from."

I gulped and cringed as I pictured myself in a pair of those flimsy high heels Diane always wore since she started to college.

Mother got out a piece of paper and started writing. "Your hair fluffs into a real nice pixie and you can

use Diane's blonde fall...it matches your hair perfectly!"

I stared at her meekly and asked, "Am I really going to have to dress up and pass myself off as a girl just so we can go on vacation?"

Joanne looked at me indignantly. "No, silly! You're a boy. The only person who is going to dress up like a girl and go to Florida is `Marcia.'"

"Marcia? Is that me?"

"That's right, little sister."

"I don't think I can do this for a day. You are asking me to do this for...Mom, are you really serious?" I asked with a faint hope.

"Hi Marcia," she said with a big smile.

Mom must have had a very serious talk with Diane and Patty. Neither one neither said a word nor made a glance or gesture that would give me the slightest chance to back out of my bargain. Marcia was born.

Actually, by the time they bought me a couple special things I needed, the money saved was not a large amount. But, by this time, everyone was so excited about my transformation; there was no backing out. Dressing me up as a chick had become our family's main project.

I argued at first that I didn't need to wear all that stuff girls wore, but my arguments fell on deaf ears. I could pass fairly well for a younger teenager, but Joanne quickly pointed out that with proper padding and makeup, I could pass for a college coed. I didn't know why that was better.

But I joined into the spirit of the challenge and didn't protest much after that. Everyone was determined that "Marcia" should be a real lady, and with all

the positive reinforcement, I wasn't so sure I wanted to keep her from her destiny.

We didn't have long to get me into shape and trained to do many new things. All the hair was shaved off my legs, and underarms. My hair was longer than it looked and they taught me how to style it like a girl's. I learned to walk and sit like a girl, but speaking was a bit of a problem. Eventually, I found that if I talked softly, a distinctly feminine inflection came to my voice.

Through Joanne's artistry, I was introduced to the feminine pleasures of perfume, face powder, eyeliner, mascara, eye shadow, false eyelashes, and lipstick.

I began to understand...they didn't want me "read" as a boy even more than me.

Keeping in character, I began to wear panties and other lingerie, even a padded bra. The girls insisted I wear a slinky nightgown to bed every night.



I guess I had on every piece of jewelry, every nail polish color, and every dress, skirt, and blouse that my sister owned on some time or another. What was foreign at first, I began to know quite well.

To the amusement of everyone, I mastered high heels and learned to walk rather "sexily!"

Every night before our trip, I would get dressed up with the help of Joanne and Patty. One night, I would be wearing a tight skirt, ruffled blouse, and high heels. The next night, it would be an evening gown with long white gloves and dangling silver earrings.

Mom would have me pose, ask me questions, and discuss problems I might face as Marcia. Gradually, Marcia, I mean I, became an acceptable if not good-looking girl. I think we were all amazed that I could be so feminine and pretty.

More than just dressing and acting like a girl, Mother had to teach me to think like a female.

I listened with fascination as mother told me about what all girls knew and all boys didn't...personal stuff, monthly stuff and more. She tried to tell me about what giving a fleeting glimpse of bare white thigh meant to men.

"What do you mean?" I asked, obviously confused by what she was implying.

"Well, for example," Mother said, "When you are wearing a conservative dress it gives men the impression that you are a good girl...and..."

I was wearing a white blouse, short pleated black jumper, nylons and high heels. I had only been dressing like a girl for a short time and she was already telling me to tone down my femininity.

As I look back on that time before our vacation, I wonder whatever happened to the "Mark" in me. Had he passed on to some other place? All I knew was that I had become a girl. I had become Marcia, and I loved every minute of my new existence.

Our trip grew near and everyone was excited. Diane returned from trip and received quite a shock. She had known about my masquerade before she left but had dismissed the idea. However, when she and Mom returned from the airport, there I was, ready to

play the part and display all my new skills and knowledge.

When they arrived, I was dolled up and fit to kill. It was Joanne's idea to play a trick on Diane. I smiled sweetly, and in my most feminine voice, I said, "Hello Diane."

At first, I was disappointed because Diane didn't seem surprised, but I quickly realized, with much pleasure, that she didn't recognize me.

"Who is SHE!" a look demanded of Mom.

"Take a take a good look, Diane," she answered. "I'm sure you'll recognize HER."

Diane walked over to me while looking me over closely. "Oh my. . .Mark?" she asked hesitantly. "Living among so many girls has finally gotten to you!"

Patty immediately corrected Diane. "We call HIM Marcia now!"

Diane couldn't believe her eyes. "Golly! He's really very pretty. Hey! That's my best pair of high heeled pumps!" The she sniffed at my neck. "At least he's not wearing my perfume." Then, looking at Joanne, "Who did his makeup, you?"

"She's doing it himself now," Joanne answered and laughed at her confused use of pronouns. "I helped put on the finishing touches though. He really learns quickly."

Diane laughed, "I really thought you were visiting...maybe Patty's girlfriend."

I was taken back. "Diane, I always thought you'd know me...no matter what."



The rest of the day was concerned with packing. This is where the five-girl scenario really helped. We had one suitcase for lingerie, another for accessories, a trunk for our dresses, and right down the line. My posing as a girl was really very practical although I doubt many “only one boy” families will try it.

We were a very close family, so any embarrassment from seeing one another partially dressed soon disappeared.

We were scheduled to leave at noon for Florida the next day, so everyone went to bed early – but not before I had to undergo “Marcia’s” final initiation: Joanne trimmed my bangs and set my hair in rollers. I won't deny that I had butterflies in my stomach, but I also had that certain feeling of pleasure mixed with anticipation that always comes at the beginning of an adventure.

OFF TO FLORIDA...

Mother woke everyone at eight o'clock. In spite of the curlers, I was completely refreshed and quickly jumped out of bed. The beginning day of the adventure had finally arrived! I pulled a robe over my nightgown and walked to the kitchen. Everyone was sitting around the table. "What's for breakfast?" I asked.

Patty poured me a glass of milk and said, "Ham, eggs, toast, cereal, orange juice, anything you want. You're the girl of the hour, so it's your choice." She had never been that nice to me when I was a "brother."

Diane got up and kissed me on the cheek. "I laid your clothes out last night. Joanne will put the finishing touches on your makeup and help you with your hair and accessories."

I noticed Mom was extremely quiet. "Something wrong," I asked.



"Oh nothing, I was just wondering if we're doing something really wrong."

Joanne said, "It's wrong that the landlord won't rent to anyone with boys!"

"I'm fine with that," Mother said. "I'm worried about what we are doing to Mark here."

I couldn't tell her I didn't mind dressing like a girl. I tried to sound casual, "Oh don't worry, Mom. We've gone to so much trouble and it's too late to back out now. Everything will work out fine, and we'll have a lot of fun. Right Patty?"

"You bet!"

Mother spoke up again. "You know, in some places, it might be unlawful to dress as a member of the opposite sex. I'd be so embarrassed if someone found out."

"But that's only if they can tell the difference," Patty said coming to my defense. "Mark's disguise is so perfect, and he looks so pretty. Don't worry Mom, we girls will make sure no one can tell."

Mother didn't look satisfied, but the subject was closed. I was angry that she had doubts at this late date. After all, this whole masquerade had been her idea. Not wanting to raise suspicions of my enjoyment, I went to take my bath.

After a very hot bath, I carefully shaved. I also made sure my body was femininely free of hair. I rubbed skin cream into my face, arms, and legs before dressing.

I had just put on my panties and bra when Joanne knocked at my door. "I have a surprise for you," she said, handing me a small garment that looked like a g-string. "Put this on. I won't even look," she smiled.

"What is this?" I asked taking the tiny-strapped garment in my hands. It looked like a slingshot I had as a kid.

“This will make you look like a girl...even in a bikini.” She turned around.

I meticulously slipped down my panties and tried to figure out the straps before starting to tug it up my smooth legs. I didn't think it would work but struggled to get my thing up and back and used the wider strap to hold it back up and under.

I gasped and Joanne turned around. I could tell she found my strange situation fascinating and fun. She was going to make sure I wouldn't embarrass anyone.

"I know it's uncomfortable," Joanne explained to my blushing face, "but you'll get used to it."

I couldn't imagine wearing this thing for another ten minutes let alone the summer. It felt like all the blood was being forced out and my thing was becoming a "ribbon!"

Despite its discomfort, I said, "Okay, I'll give it a try. Now what?"

Joanne was very pretty, and she had come to help me dress. I decided to let her guide me. After all, she had been wearing girl's clothes for much longer than me.

My panties fit much better with the garment. "A proper fit," she called it. She filled the cups of my bra with heavy silicone inserts, and now my breasts were soft and bouncy. This was not new, but I still liked the feeling. After adjusting the straps, I whistled and said, "I'm really stacked! I must be at least 35 inches."

Joanne laughed. "I would say closer to 36!" she said surveying me closely. "Not many boys could look that good in panties and bra. Pretty shapely."

I sat on the bed to pull on the sheer nylon pantyhose she gave me. Smiling, she handed me a pair of white three-inch heeled pumps with a bow on the in-

step. "Diane wore these on her trip last year. I think they will look great with your dress."

She steadied me while I put them on and walked around. The heels really set off my nylon clad legs. I really liked the clicking sound they made as I walked.

I heard Patty laugh and turned to see her standing in the doorway. "You don't have to swing your hips *that* much!"

"Who's trying? This new gadget is so tight, and these shoes are. . ."

"That's enough complaining!" Joanne demanded. "Get dressed like a good girl."

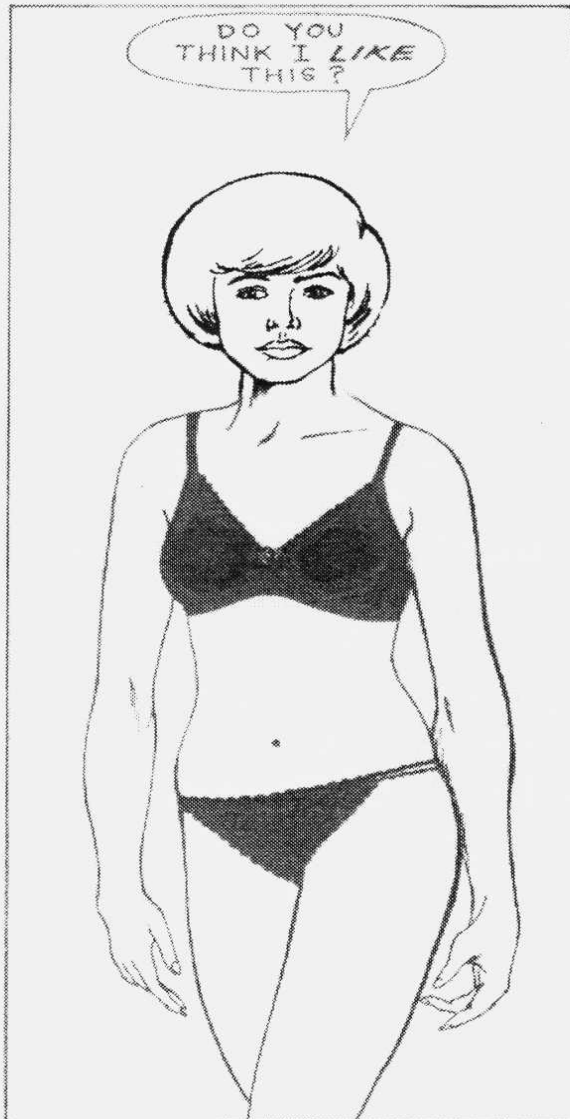
I obediently walked over to her. She was holding up a sheer sleeveless yellow blouse for me to get into. It had pretty ruffles on the collar and down the front. Joanne watched as I fastened the buttons down the back, then handed me a white pleated skirt that ended about two inches above my knees. I had never seen this outfit before.

"We bought it for you. We thought you'd like your own new traveling ensemble," Joanne said.

Patty let out a wolf whistle. She spoke in a deep voice. "Great legs Baby!"

Joanne laughed, and I made a face at Patty. "Bra or no bra, I can still take you!" I said with a smile. "Maybe I'll even steal your boyfriends too!"

Patty knew she had been outsmarted and got serious again. "I think you like dressing like this?" she asked as she sat down on the bed.



“Maybe,” I replied. “It’s different and most of it isn’t all that bad...” I wasn’t about to tell her what I really thought. I knew if I did, she would make fun of me for real.

I looked over at Joanne who was opening the nail polish, then at myself.

I was really quite comfortable in the clothes now. Even having breasts that were soft and bouncy gave me great pleasure. I was smitten by the way they stuck out underneath the ruffles of my blouse. I could feel sorry for flat chested girls. I especially liked the way the outline of my bra showed through the thin material of my blouse. I wanted to say, “Yes Patty, I really like dressing like this!” But I didn’t.

Joanne asked me to sit down so she could paint my fingernails with the pink polish. After she had applied two coats of enamel, she proceeded with my makeup. First came a thin layer of face foundation, followed by blush and a little pastel eye shadow. Next,

she lined my eyes, attached false lashes, brushed on mascara, and penciled in my plucked eyebrows. The final touch was coral pink lipstick that shimmered with lip-gloss.

I looked in the mirror. I could do my own makeup but Joanne was a magician. I looked dazzling! I put on perfume, a charm bracelet, and a girl's ring. She fastened a locket around my neck, clipped a pair of dangling earrings to my lobes, and I was ready for the final touch, my comb out. Before the curlers my hair was straight. But now it was fashioned up, teased out, and came down in stylish waves. When Joanne had it all set, she combed out the bangs for just the right effect--one of delicate femininity.

"I wish your hair was a bit longer," Joanne said, "but it's very cute."

"IMPOSSIBLE!!!" I said as I stood up and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. What did I see? I saw a beautiful blonde girl any boy would be proud to escort. She was dressed very femininely, and her hair was fashioned very stylishly. Her features appeared dainty, and her makeup was exquisite. She had a beautiful figure, although she was a little top heavy, and she had a pair of slim, well-shaped legs. Her long, manicured nails were pink and matched the color of her shimmering lips. I didn't know of any guy I hung around with who wouldn't take this girl out and fantasize about her for a week afterwards.

As everyone ran around getting ready I mostly stood in front of the mirror and stared.

"Hurry up!" I heard mother yell.

"I'm ready..." My words trailed off in bewilderment. I knew they were waiting for me but what had been fun around the house suddenly felt like a summer of humiliation. My hands clutched my handbag as I

took a final look in the mirror. My dark blue eyes darted anxiously over my reflection looking for flaws.

Mother wanted all the “girls” to wear conservative, almost schoolgirl uniform outfits. But my clothes did nothing to hide what appeared to be a highly promising bosom that proudly pressed outward against my blouse. Curves I would have to get used to having. My hair curled about my face.

I checked my pantyhose, again surprised that the shapely legs were actually mine. The short pleated skirt was conservatively four inches above my knees. I couldn't stop looking at myself. The combination of short skirts, nylons and high-heeled pumps was completely mesmerizing.

“We have to go!” Mother yelled. The statement had its obvious implications--my time was up. Slink or Swim!

My other sisters whistled when they saw me--my face hotly flushed.

“Honey, you look wonderful,” Mother remarked as she pushed me out the door. She complimented me on how pretty I looked. She even said I was the best looking of the five females. I think she was just trying to give me confidence, but I was very flattered just the same.

The taxi we had called was pulled up to the curb in front of the house. I gulped. “This is it!” I thought.

Patty and Diane walked out the door, followed by Joanne and myself. Mother came last and locked the door. I noticed the cab driver looking at my legs, and a twinkle appeared in his eyes. I wasn't sure what was wrong, but Joanne smiled and nudged me. I laughed to myself. The first man to see me in my disguise was sizing me up. I had passed the test!

The strangest day of my life and nothing unusual happened. I used one of my sister's identification cards and we boarded the plane without incident.

Being out in public in a skirt and having everyone think I was a female was out of this world. I was timid at first but quickly came alive.

Everything around me had a different tint. People looked at me differently, a man helped me put my bag in the overhead luggage rack. Doors magically opened and were held for my sisters and me.

On the plane, I suddenly had to go. Inside the bathroom, I carefully lifted the hem of my skirt to reveal the enticing combination of nylons, and my fleshy feminine bottom encased in tightly stretched white panties. I pulled the panties and nylons all the way to my ankles, catching a brief glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. I sat down, keeping my legs as closely together as possible. I did my business, my fingers brushed momentarily against my bosom.

My pretty face reflected the innocent insecurity of what I was doing. Sissy stuff. Shamefaced, I was scarlet with embarrassment but there was no place to go now.

With great interest in my reflection, I began pulling up my panties and hose over my rounded buttocks. Seeing my pantied bottom on full display, I was a picture of feminine embarrassment. My face was flaming red. "I better get used to this," I thought to myself.

I turned my feminine looking bottom towards the mirror. My bottom was girlishly big but not too big like some girls. In panties, my buttocks were very feminine.

"I wish I had your figure!" Joanne had told me. She thought her bottom was a bit too big.

I took efforts to control myself. I remembered to keep my knees together. With practice, Mother said, I would soon naturally hold my legs together. But for now, I had to constantly remind myself.

I took a final look in the mirror. It was all so new...seeing a shapely young woman, skirt up, adjusting her panties before dropping her short skirt. I was quite breathless from the excitement, my young breasts were heaving against the front of my blouse.

Taking a lipstick out of my handbag, I held the tube in my hand, and then slowly freshened my pink lips, gently tasting it with my pink tongue. My girlish pink lips smiled and offered no opposition to their emasculation. My glistening pink smile made me look all the more feminine and appealing.

Suddenly there was a light tap at the door. "Are you alright in there," I heard a stewardess say.

"I'll be right out!" I gasped. I guess I'd been in there for a while...and could have spent the entire flight!

Of course, I wish I could tell you everything that happened, every minute on vacation but I would be writing forever.

Mom had reserved 5 seats for us: three sat in one row and two of us sat in the row in front. I sat next to my sister Patty and the seat on the aisle was vacant until a really good-looking businessman sat down next to me. I was so worried that he would want to chat and possibly discover my secret. But he was more interested in his computer than me so I relaxed.

The trip from our home in Illinois to Miami took about 3 hours. Naturally, during that time, I had to go to the bathroom on several occasions. Each time, I about swooned seeing my reflection in the mirror.

Joanne has told me, "Don't let them rush you." So I didn't. I took my time, smoothed my skirt down and straightened my nylons. I applied another coat of lipstick, combed down the loose strands of my hair, and told myself, "Relax, you have a summer of this!"

One more difference...as the man of the house, I usually lugged the luggage for all. No more. When it came time to get our suitcase off the rack, several strong men were there to help.

Diane batted her eyelashes a "thank you" at these strangers and so I did the same.

Walking through the airport, I felt the eyes of men looking at me. Ordinarily any boy would feel confused at this point but my sisters were enjoying the attention. We were just attractive young ladies traveling with their mother. Our skirts flittered about our knees, revealing shapely legs attired in sheer nylon.

We climbed into a taxi for the beach.

The cottage mother rented was wonderful. We just had time to unpack, eat and relax a bit before bedtime.

All the rooms in this cottage were nicely decorated. I now understood why the owner didn't want a teenage boy around to destroy it. My room was small but had velvety wallpaper and a canopied bed. A whole wall was done in mirrors and a window-seat overlooked the beach.

That night when I went to bed, my body ached from its first full day of public femininity. I was most anxious to take off one garment. It was the tight little strap that controlled me so befittingly. I pulled the tight panties and strap slowly from my rounded hips and stepped out of them gracefully. As I did so, I then hung my skirt over the back of the chair and posed in

front of the mirror. In my hands was the high powered strap that was to become my constant friend in the weeks to come. It's persistent pressure had kept me "high and well under control". Like my old sling shot, it hadn't stretched out at all. It and the others would continue to give me the smooth, lush lines of a girl.

I undressed down to my enhanced brassiere before having to get back into role. There was a pink nightgown for me to sleep in. I grimaced as I remembered the matching "panties."

I pulled the nightgown over my head, mussing my hair slightly. I was very tired from the trip and wondered if I should wear the panties with or without the strap.

The built-in bra of the nightgown molded my chest into two pert points and I started to have a male reaction to my own image in the mirror. My smooth, milk-white legs shimmered like the nylon nightgown.

I moaned and knew what I had to do. I pulled the strap and pink panties up over my hips.

The feel of nylon had an almost-hypnotic effect on me. I climbed into the clean starched sheets and fell asleep quickly.

The next morning, I noticed something very different. The strap had done its job well. Instead of the normal "early riser," the constant pressure had desensitized me. Like when you wake up and have slept on your arm...only down below.

Ready to shower, I hooked my fingers into the waistband of my strap and panties and began lowering the tiny garment. I let them slither down my shapely legs until they formed a small ring at my ankles. I sighed as I stepped out of them, allowing my maleness to be free from its bondage.

I squirmed and ran my soft, smooth hands over it, trying to invoke some male response. My fingers squeezed and massaged until I heard my mother yell, "Are you up yet?"

"I'm trying!" I yelled breathlessly.

"Do you need help?"

"NO!" Under my breath, I said looking down at it, "Sorry buddy. Maybe later. I have a lot to do."

My smooth arms and legs were lotioned and I was soon properly pantied and skirted and the mirror reflected a beautiful young girl. My bright pink lips were very full and sensuous. Mother said it was my best feature.

I came into the living room and everyone turned to the sound of my high heels on the floor.

"Good make-up job," Diane observed, taking a quick look.

"I'm learning," I said as I seated myself in a comfortable chair and adjusted my navy blue skirt before crossing my shapely legs with a flash of nylon.

"I'd say you are learning. Now help us with breakfast, young lady!" mother laughed. Just for fun I gave them a brief glimpse of white thigh as I uncrossed my legs to get up and help.

As for the day to day--when a bunch of girls share a place, things can become a real mess. Mother said to me, "You aren't going to be waited on anymore. You have chores to do, clothes to wash and iron and so on."

My sisters applauded her words.

EXPOSED TO THE SUN...

Naturally, any girl my age would be on the beach, swimming or getting a tan. I however, was too scared to go out in a bikini. Joanne, Diane, and Patty felt other-

wise, adding to my discomfort. They bought me a new pink polka dot bikini and wondered why I wouldn't use it or try to get a tan.

"That's a very nice bikini," I remarked. "But I could never wear anything like that!"

"It'll work!" my sister replied, holding the skimpy garment up to my body. "Here, feel how controlling the bottoms are! Just try it on."

I could feel my heart pounding rapidly as I accepted her invitation to try it on. I ran my hand over the padded push up top and the un-giving fabric of the bottom. It was immediately evident that the bikini bottoms were not going to give me any room below where a "boy" needed it. A pretty flush appeared instantly on my face as I squirmed girlishly trying to get the bottoms up over my hips.

My sister said, her eyes directed at the floor to give me privacy, "It's made to be TIGHT!"

"That it is!" I replied, gulping noticeably. It was all I could do to get the garment up and everything arranged below but what I had left was the unruffled triangle under the wispy bikini bottoms. I could feel the tension and my blood began to race. My face felt hot and I could not refrain from squirming my hips to get comfortable. I finally succeeded!

My mother and sisters were amazed that passing below the waist wasn't going to be a problem for me.

Now all I had to worry about was my chest! All the girls left their breasts partially exposed in their tops, and without my bra. I was just a flat-chested boy again.

My sisters kept at me to go out into the sun, and near the end of the first week I really flew off the handle at Joanne. "What do you expect me to do, push my chest together for cleavage?" Then, I did something, as

Marcia, that I would never have done as Mark. I burst into tears!

The strain was beginning to tell. Had Mom and Patty not been out shopping, Mom would have undoubtedly forced me to end Marcia's existence right then and there.

Joanne and Diane told me to stop whimpering and act like a mature young woman. Diane pulled out the g-strap and the bikini bottom. She told me to go into the bathroom, take off my clothes, shave off any unsightly body hair, and put the two articles on.

I followed her instructions, and minutes later I was standing in front of them again. Joanne had me sit, while Diane fluffed up my hair. She worked to make sure it looked nice.

Meanwhile, Joanne had gotten some adhesive tape and the silicone rubber, jelly-like pads I had come to love.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

Joanne smiled and said, "You'll see, little sister. You'll see. Now, take the palms of your hands and push your pectoral muscles in and up."

When I did this, a desirable amount of cleavage suddenly appeared from nowhere. I was surprised but quickly saddened. I couldn't go around with my hands in my bikini top all day. However, before I realized what was happening, Joanne taped my chest with a nude surgical tape. She told me to let go, and presto!!! Do it yourself cleavage! She helped me into the top half of my bikini, and while Diane fastened the strap behind me, she cleverly placed my bust pads in the cups.

I looked down and realized my sisters had done it again! I now had nice breasts that bounced, jiggled, and were partially exposed to the eyes of the beholder. I couldn't wait to get down to the beach.

"Hold it Tiger," Diane laughed. "I don't think you ought to go in the water with those makeshift breasts and the hairpiece. Just freshen your makeup and be content with the sun and sand."

"Okay," I said. "Joanne, give me Mom's sunglasses. The pointed, sparkled edges look real cute. I said, "Oh! I need to put a coat of polish on my toenails? You know how it is."

"Yes dear, I know...and I can see you are learning!" Joanne as she gave me a funny look.

Later, when I was presented to Mom and Patty in my bikini, they were astonished by my appearance. Patty was thrilled, but Mom looked worried.

"I guess I can't expect you to hide out indoors all summer. I'm afraid that I didn't think this out completely. I don't want to end up with four daughters," she moaned out loud. Every little thing was beginning to frazzle her nerves and shorten her patience. I disregarded her warnings with a shrug. I was not to be stopped!







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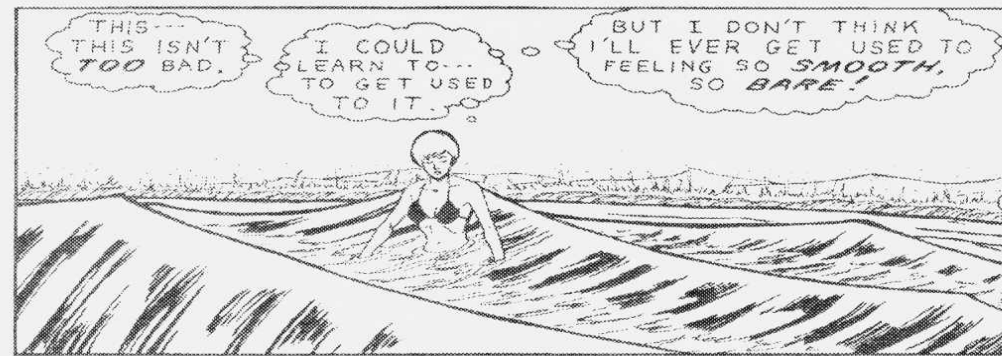
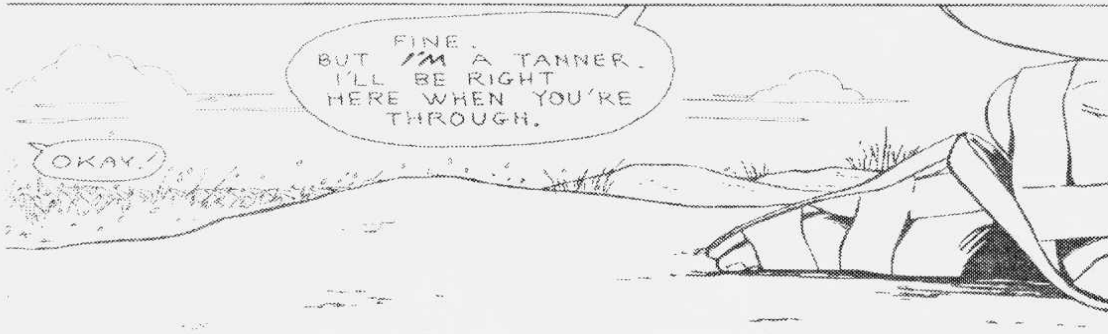
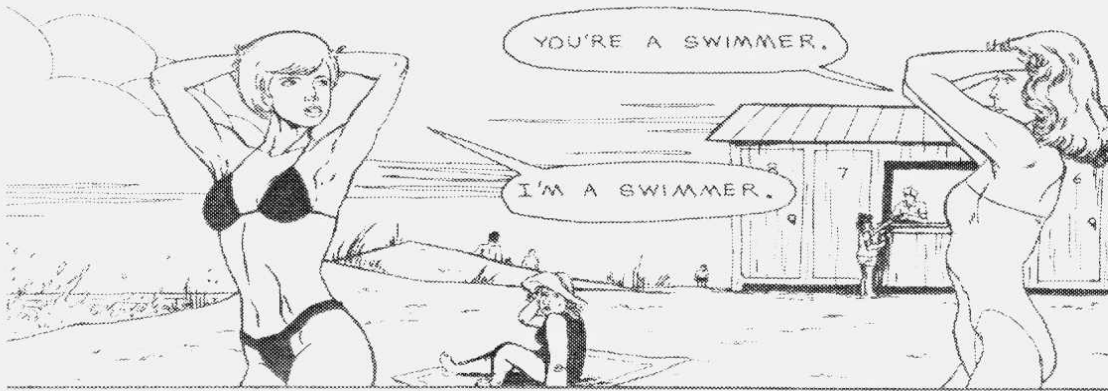
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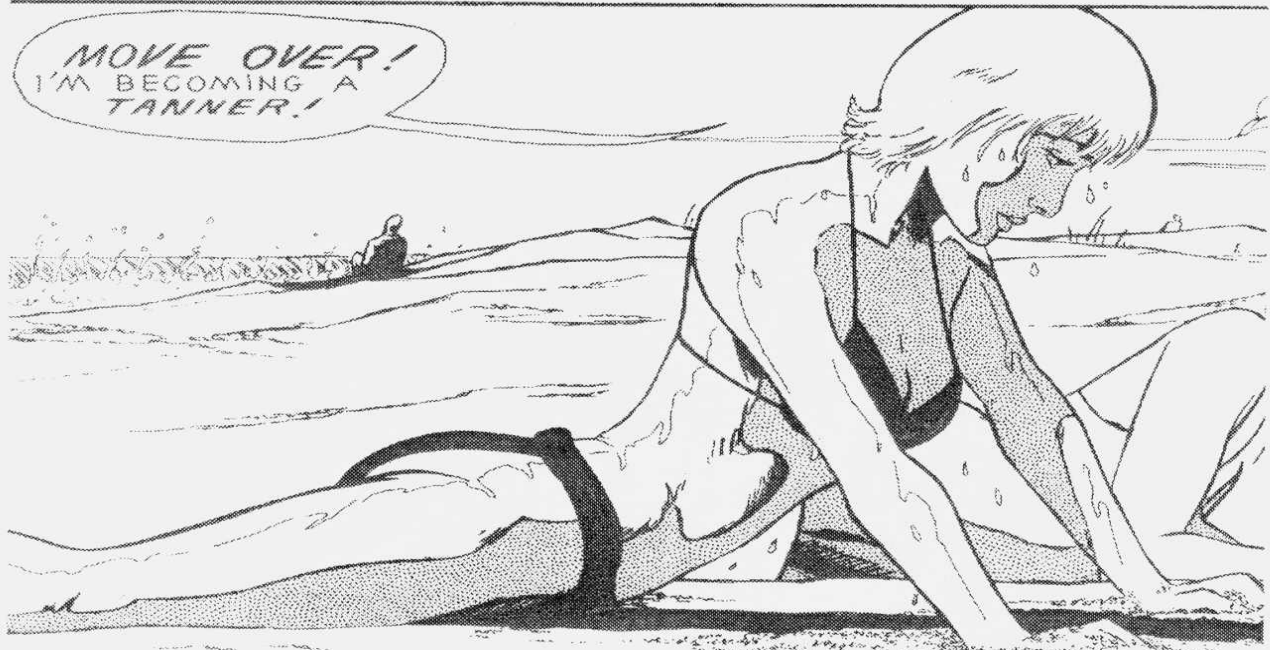




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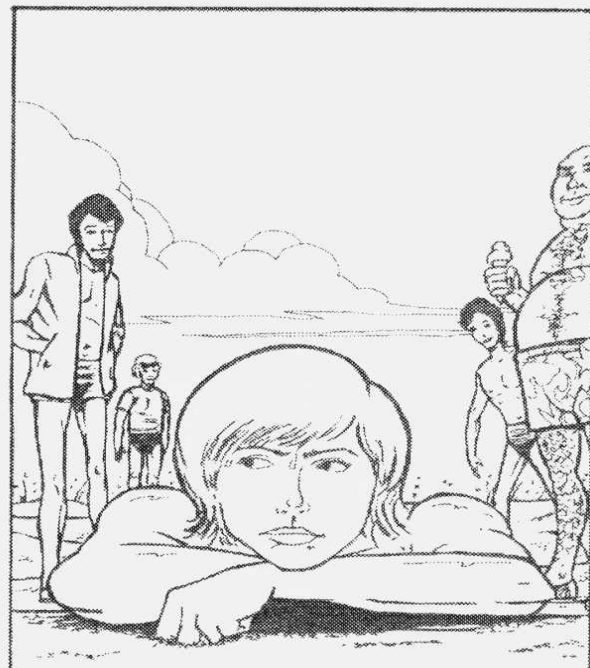
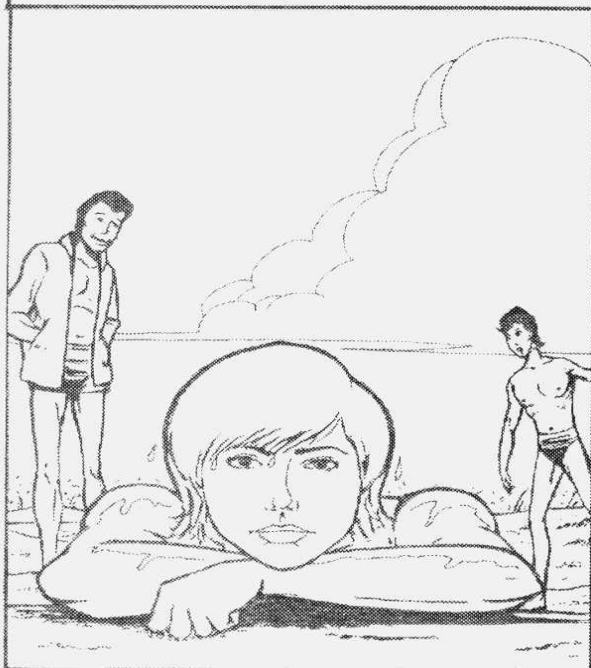






Wearing a revealing swimsuit and showing off a curvy figure was so odd. My face was often flushed with an appealing mixture of embarrassment and excitement. Essentially, I was “showing off” how un-masculine I was.

I quickly had to learn that wearing a bikini was like an “invitation” for all males to inspect my bottom and grade my “alluring” feminine curves.



After my first day at the beach, when I reached behind my back to unsnap my bikini top and pulled the straps from my shoulders, I was shocked to see the outline of a bikini top burned on my milk-white flesh.

“Oh my gawd!” I muttered. I had used a 45 sun-screen but I hadn’t even thought seriously about tan lines.

My sister Joanne laughed and hooked her slim fingers into the waistband of her bikini bottom and peeled it down a bit to show me her tan. “You’ll want to switch bikini top styles now and then. Maybe even wear a one piece?”

I moaned, suddenly worried about what all this was doing to my body. I could feel my constricted and near blood-less maleness numb with tension between my legs. All the guys on the beach had lumps that my sister’s giggled and whispered about. But I only displayed feminine curves and a nothingness between my legs. My trim, narrow waist was emphasizing the fleshy, lush fullness of my bottom.

“You have a very girlish figure. I never noticed it in boy clothes.” Joanne stated with a teasing smile.

“I guess,” I replied tersely. “What am I going to do about these tan marks?”

My hands slowly moved down my sun-kissed flesh to my girlishly, bikini-clad bottom. I felt so unmanly and blushed. “If my buddies could only see me now?” I muttered nervously as I ran into the bathroom.

I stared in the mirror at my flat chest and the form-fitting bikini bottom that revealed nothing boyish, only a promising figure that merited male attention.

For a boy, my chest and breasts were quite fleshy ... they were soft and un-muscular. I glowed from the sun except the snow-white cups of my bikini swimsuit top. From the days of being pushed up into bra cups,

they seemed to swell outward, my pink nipples contrasting against my un-tanned white skin.

I sat down at the vanity and crossed my bare legs to display a considerable amount of smooth flesh.

Later when I took off my panties, I should have been scared. Everything stayed up and back out of the way. I looked at it with disbelief and then fear. Was it dead?

My eyes widened and flashed with dismay at the sight of my near blood-less and panty-wasted maleness.

Grasping its tiny stalk with one hand, I helped it out of its hiding place. "You poor thing," I muttered before putting on my nightgown.

At night I wore a shimmering pink nightie--a very short one that just came past my hips. The nightie's neckline was very low and had a built-in padded bra so I'd stay used to seeing pert breasts jutting outward from my chest. It was sleeveless, so I could see the bikini tan lines on my shoulders against the spaghetti straps. I put on lots of lipstick and gloss to keep my lips soft.

So my peaceful summer on the beach began...

Out on the beach, (like the other boys,) I clandestinely looked at the many pretty girls. But unlike the other boys, my wiggling bottom was cramped in a bikini.

Each day, I stretched out on the beach with my sisters. We relaxed our shapely figures and prepared to enjoy the hot sun. I sometimes found myself gazing down between my long, satiny smooth thighs into the enticing groove. It was just like my sisters'. I remembered to hold my legs together to minimize the chance of the guys seeing anything but a hint of my "girlish treasure". Nothing male was visible at the fork of my legs.

The top pressed up so much flesh, my nipples were threatening to climb over the top. My waist was also wiry thin but my hips still had their baby fat and had a subtle roundness to them.

On the beach, I followed my sister's lead. I did what they did. I'd shake my hair free and let it blow about my face and shoulders.

I had often wondered why women did what they did on the beach. Why they wore so little but seemed so concerned about being "covered up."

When my sister first wanted me to walk down the beach with her, I resisted. "They'll all (meaning the guys) gawk at us," I moaned.

"Yeah?" she said. "So what are we waiting for?"

Walking down the beach nearly naked in a girl's bikini was spine tingling. The sand made me walk funny, my body forward so that I felt a delicious tensesness along the fronts of my thighs and down the length of my stomach. That posture gave my breasts and bottom extra prominence and made me roll my hips and pelvic structure as I walked. The warm sun, cool water, nice breeze and tight bikini bottom all added to the pleasurable tremors flowing up my back. Beneath the thin material of my bikini, the exposure was electrifying. Any cool air gust would brush my hair about my face and make my nipples constrict in their silky cups.

It scared me at first but I just relaxed and learned to enjoy the sensations.

While mother, Patty and Joanne went sightseeing; Diane and I usually just wanted to lie on the beach.

My sister, Diane had to be one of the cutest girls in school. And she knew it.

Of all my sisters, she and I were the closest--we always had been.

Now as we both spent the day out on the beach, stretched out in our tiny bikinis, I felt closer than ever.

"Just do what I do and learn," she joke with me. We would lie on towels on the sand, overlooking the water. We had books and magazines to read but mostly like watching all the people.

Being dressed like Diane was oddly breathtaking. My top was padded and had a push-up bra that made my cleavage quite obvious and almost as good as hers. Our bikini bottoms were tight and French-cut; and I was sure that she was more comfortable in them than me.

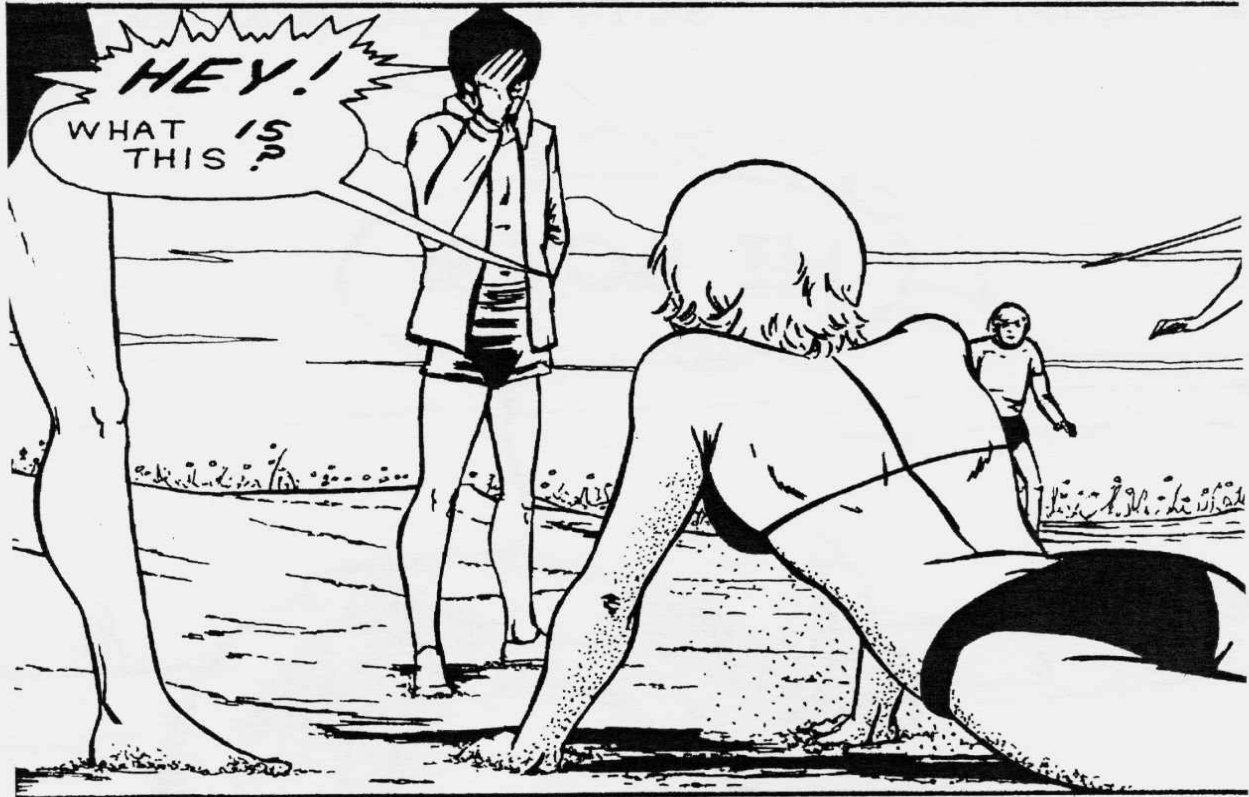
Diane and I talked, read fashion magazines and a few "romance" books. I liked reading Diane's Cosmopolitans. They had these little ads for perfume that you'd scratch and could try the perfume. The mix of flowery smells was intoxicating.

We would apply suntan lotion on each other. It was all so relaxing and wonderful. "I'm so glad you're my brother," she sighed. "but I really love you like this." She giggled a little. "Are you having fun?"

I nodded and adjusted my top's straps a bit as I stretched out on the beach, my face composed beneath my big round sunglasses. Diane could unhook her top to get a better tan but I wasn't that brave. I would move the straps from side to side but I never unhooked them. We had the base for a deep, coffee-colored tan that contrasted significantly with my protected white skin.

I just lay there watching the water as we sprawled out on our towels. I could feel my hair blowing about my face.

WE HAVE COMPANY....



“Okay,” my sister smiled, “it’s about time.”

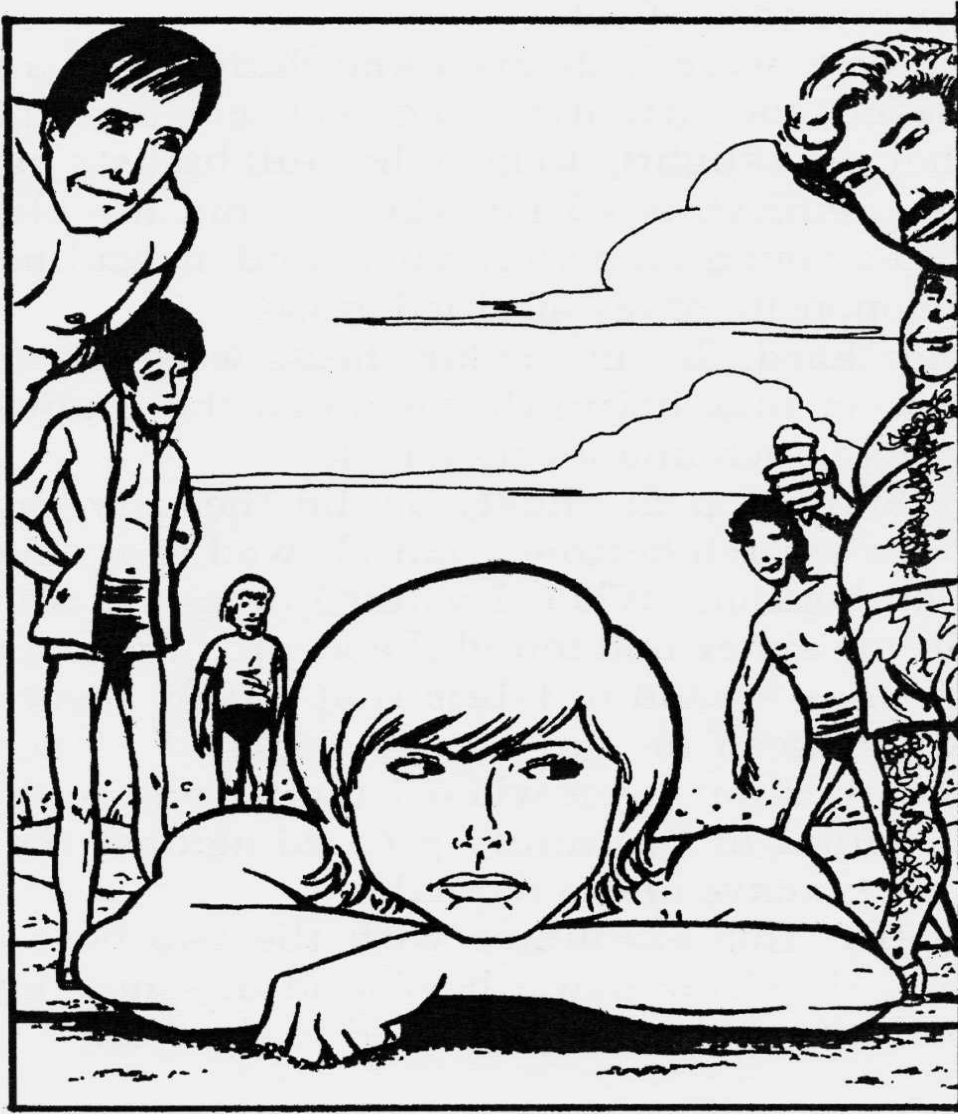
“What?” I asked looking up. We were surrounded by men looking at us. “Are we a sideshow?”

Then I saw two young men focused and heading our way with a purpose. The swimsuit my sister was wearing hid almost nothing. I knew these two were the “type” of guys she liked.

“Hi boys!” she said in a deep voice. “I’m Diane and this is my sister.”



I quickly rolled over and tried to ignore the two guys.



My heart started pounding and I crossed my arms under my breasts but realized I was pushing them up even higher.

They talked about the weather then said, “Girls. Want to play Frisbee with us?”

I expected her to say “no” but without any warning she pulled me up in one smooth motion and said, “Sure WE would!”

We threw the Frisbee with them by the water’s edge. My moves were deliberate and careful while my sister showed off. Her hair bounced madly and her

breasts quivered from each sudden motion. Her moves had their intended effect.

The boys were wide-eyed and didn't miss a move. She enjoyed the attention she was getting and she swung her hips slightly to keep her full breasts jiggling.

I was embarrassed but the sun hid my blushing face. These young men were virile and masculine—the complete opposite of my sissified guise.

Their hard, flat muscular chests were in contrast to my powder blue bikini that exposed the slight swelling of my stomach and lovely navel.

My bikini top fit snugly as did the very “controlling” power stretch bottoms that showed every curve of my girlish bottom. When I walked or ran, I was very glad that my sister had found the strap. I was amazed that a skimpy strand of fabric that barely covered my crotch could keep me so “Under Control.” I kept my knees together but even when I didn't, one could only see the contour of femininity pressed against the slender spandex weave of the triangle.

Luckily, this encounter with the two boys didn't last long. My sister had a boyfriend in school but she was a real flirt and tease and liked to show off.

A few days later Diane and I asked Mom if we could go to the beach rather than go fishing with the rest of them. She looked at us, and with a doubtful voice, gave us permission. When they had gone, Diane and I dressed in our bikinis, and soon we were lying on the sand in the sun deepening our tans even more.

Diane was lying on her back with her eyes closed, and I was lying on my stomach looking at a shell that was practically the same shade as my nail polish.

We had been sizing up the guys and girls on the beach but Diane was bored with the game. Since my first day out, Diane and I drew our share of admiration

from the males. By now, I wasn't surprised when I looked up and saw two pairs of hairy male legs.

They were both around twenty-two years old and blonde. I knew Diane would consider them well built and good looking, but I couldn't have cared less. I still liked girls, no matter how I was dressed. From the way they looked at us, I could tell the taller one was interested in me, while his friend had eyes for Diane. As a matter of fact, the tall one wasn't exactly looking at my face, if you know what I mean.

I nudged Diane. "Hey, wake up! We have visitors."

She opened her eyes and looked up. The look on her face gave everything away. She was obviously interested. "Hi guys," she said in a low sexy voice.

"Afternoon Ladies. My friend and I noticed you sitting here all alone, and we thought you might appreciate a little company."

Diane said smiling. "My name is Diane, and this is my sister, Marcia."

"I'm Bill Robinson," said the shorter one, "and this is Jack Fuller. We're very happy to make your acquaintance."

Jack said "Hi!" and immediately sat next to me in the sand. Jack's eyes were fixed on what he thought were my nearly exposed breasts. A little shiver ran along my spine as I watched him lewdly smile at me, as though he were stripping me with his eyes.

I said hello quietly, and made sure my knees were together.

"We were wondering," Jack asked, "if you girls would like to go to a dance this evening?"

I quickly replied, "I think we have plans with our mother...."

"Oh, please Marcia," Diane pleaded. "You know Mother will let us."

I looked at her with all the desperation I could summon up, but it was to no avail. Forget any boyfriend at home...she was hooked, and I was trapped!

We spent the rest of the afternoon playing cards and believe me; Jack made more passes than the average quarterback. His hands used any excuse to touch me. I politely, but persistently, warded him off. I could tell he liked that. I wasn't easy. When the time came to go, I gave him a reassuring smile but nothing else.

When Diane told mother, she was upset. "Are you insane, girl? Don't you remember? You have just set your *brother* up with a male date?"

"Look at him? He's a girl now. He's just going on a first date, not having babies!" Diane defended. I pouted my lovely pink lips in a pretty frown. I was confused as my sister defended her actions. "His date will never know that he's a boy!"

"But Mark knows he is," mother said. She looked at me. My head moved back, causing my thick hair to fall down over my prettily made-up face. She asked, "Do you want to go?"

"I don't mind," I said sheepishly. "Jack's a very nice fellow..."

Mom sighed. "Diane, this is a very bad idea but so was dressing your brother up." She gave us permission to go, although she wasn't happy about the whole idea. She wanted to meet the boys and they were not to keep Diane and me out late.

PREPARING FOR THE EVENING...

We only had a couple hours to get ready for our dates. I wished that we'd had all day. I wore a pretty little print dress, with a lovely, little pink ribbon in my hair. My sister put the ribbon in and it made me feel

very feminine. I felt a sharp twinge of pleasure rush over my body and I couldn't figure out why!

It was a dainty, girlish ribbon that looked so girlishly in my hair. I rubbed my nyloned thighs tightly together and wet my pink lips as I finished my preparations for the evening.

My dress had a thin ruffle down the bodice and the skirt, cinched tightly at the waist with a wide cloth belt. It was short enough to show my long slim, tanned legs to their best advantage--just above my dimpled knees.

I was wearing one of my most padded bras, the one with the sleek silken cups that fit so nicely over my fleshy chest and created nice cleavage. My panties were the matching white ones...under it was a dependable strap.

My legs were tanned but I wore pantyhose anyway because they felt so nice against my smooth, bare skin. When I thought about being out with a boy, my heart would pound hard and wild, my blood racing through my veins.

When I checked my appearance in the full-length mirror on the inside of the bedroom door, I gasped. I arched my back and drew my shoulders back to accent the pert up thrusting of my figure.

"Wow!" I thought. "I'm stacked!" I let my hands slide upward to the undersides of my breast-mounds. I moved my thumbs up over the front of my blouse, feeling the sensation even through the material of my dress and bra.

"Oh my!" I moaned to myself. "I'm a babe." I stood before the mirror and adjusted my hair loosely about my face. I rubbed my thighs together, feeling a funny tension grow stronger inside my panties.

The dress, hair, nylons and high heels all felt so nice! I was lost in my own reflection.

"You're one hot broad!" I heard behind me. I gasped and straightened up quickly. It was Diane! She looked me over and said, "I can see you are READY! I think your lipstick could be a bit darker. Use mine."

I was blushing and feeling a hot flush of embarrassment sweep over my entire body. I stood before the mirror and looked at myself. I thought about it then took her lipstick and applied a crimson red color to my full lips--imitating my sister's often-seen gestures.

"That's better," she said. "It makes you look older."

A wisp of tissue soon cleared away the slight smudge at one corner of my shining, rosebud lips.

I was really playing Marcia tonight! With my new cleavage and deep tan, I had outdone myself, and I realized keeping "Jack the Masher" away all evening was going to be quite a chore.

My sister and I went out to wait for our dates. When my other sister Joanne came home, she saw me and asked, "What the heck are you two doing?"

"How come you're wearing that fancy dress? And ... that's Diane's lipstick you've got on, isn't it?"

I was so frightened, I didn't answer.

When she saw Diane, she said, "Oh, you're in for big trouble. What are you two doing?"

"We are going out," she said matter-of-factly.

She looked at us and immediately knew. "YOU have dates, don't you? With boys?"

"Mom knows," I muttered, my crimsoned lips were quivering.

She looked at Diane and said, "Do you really think he's girl enough to take on a boy?" My face flushed, oddly accented by my crimsoned lips.

"Well, I guess we are going to find out," she said, hearing a car pull up.

"Take care of him," she said to Diane.

"I will."

She turned to me with a worried look in her eyes, "Diane is going to watch out for you. And you better come home early. Darn, I knew we couldn't keep my pretty new sister under wraps forever!"

When we arrived at the dance, many of the guys were obviously staring at Diane and me. I don't know why, but for once, I resented their attention. It was distracting. With Jack, I acted a bit snobbish at first, but I eventually relaxed. He was amusing, clever and could make me laugh.

While we talked and laughed, Diane and Bill kept going out for repeated walks. After one of these walks, Diane grabbed my arm and said, "Lets go powder our noses." We excused ourselves and retired to the ladies' room.

"Bill wants to go for a drive along the beach," she said. "There's a full moon, and I'm sure we'll enjoy ourselves."

"We'll enjoy? Are you kidding?" I demanded. "You, of all people, know what that means! Do you realize what Mom would say if she knew I went for a moonlight drive with Jack? Have you forgotten? I'm a boy, and I like girls, not guys!"

"Whatever you say, honey," Diane stared at me angrily. "You may not like guys, but Joanne and I know you love being a girl!"

"No way. I'm just doing this to...?"

"Come off it. Admit it!" It was like someone had popped my balloon. She was forcing me to admit that I liked wearing girl's clothes and flitting about in high heels.

"I'm no sissy!" I defended.

"I know," her voice softened. "Please Mark. I know you're my brother, but couldn't you really be my sister for a few hours tonight. I promise to let you wear my clothes anytime you want when we get home. Please! I think I could really fall for Bill."

"I don't know," I stammered. "I'm scared. I don't know what to do and if I could even do it?"

"I'll be there and not let anything get carried away. You look so pretty...this it might be good for you."

"Good for me?"

Guys make girls feel more like girls. I bet Jack can do that for you."

What could I say? I had lost the argument. "Okay, but first help me with my makeup. And, don't forget! I'm doing this just for you and Bill. Believe that!"

She kissed me on the cheek. "I love Mark, but I think Marcia is a much nicer person and certainly more fun! Look, I'm sorry about what I said before."

"That's okay. Maybe you were right. Maybe I do like this."

She giggled, "Look, you won't ever be sorry you did this for me. It'll be our little secret. I'll never tease you about it."

"I'd die if anyone else found out."

"Oh, come on! Let's make you the prettiest girl...no, the second prettiest girl in the place!" She helped me touch-up my makeup and sprayed perfume on my neck.

When we came back to the table, I slid in beside Jack. The stage was all set! Jack's right hand dropped beneath the table and went to my long, nyloned thigh. I pressed them together quickly!

"Let's take a drive!" Diane breathed, pushing her shoulder against her date.

Jack's hand squeezed my leg gently in agreement.

The boys got our wraps. As Jack drove to South Beach Lookout, he motioned for me to slide over next to him. When I slid across the seat, my skirt rode up, exposing a generous portion of my nylon covered thighs.

I made my move to adjust my skirt, and Jack put out his hand to stop me. "Your legs are too attractive to cover up. Besides, I saw more of them today in your bikini."

That was true. He put his arm around me, and I sighed. Jack thought it was a sigh of affection, but it was really one of frustration and resignation. I remembered my promise to Diane. I laid my head on his muscular shoulder.

Jack was nearly drooling as he watched my legs. His eyes lingered at the material over my apparent young breasts. He said, "I've never dated a girl like you." That was most likely true. "You are wonderful!" he whispered, his voice quivering with excitement.

"Thank you," I said, pursing my full wet lips.

I settled back against the car seat, wet my lips again, and adjusted the hem on my skirt. He was in every way as masculine as I was trying to be feminine. I could tell he wanted to kiss me. In some ways, I guess I was as excited as Jack was. There was something exhilarating about sitting there in a car with my sister and our male dates. This arrangement had worried me at first, because I didn't really know Jack all that well, but now I felt under control. I understood suddenly the girl's power of saying "no."

It was true that I didn't really understand what I was doing, but even I was impressed with the way I was girlishly handling my date.

I was flattered by Jack's interest in me. I knew he wanted to kiss me and there was a tingling in my stomach. His brawny arm around me felt like a warm blanket on my exposed body.

His closeness was so male, so strong...a weird shiver went through me. His large hand took my face and held it gently while my soft curves touched his lean body.

I relaxed, sinking into his cushioning embrace. I knew what was coming. He was nice and I'd decided I'd let him kiss me once.

He first kissed me with his eyes and then his lips brushed against mine as he spoke. The first kiss was surprisingly gentle.

"Oh my!" I gasped, more from horror at having masculine lips in contact with mine than from any discomfort.

His firm lips demanded a return kiss. I was shocked at my own response to the male taste as it mixed with my pretty lipstick. I should have been totally embarrassed and disgusted by my behavior, but my male senses buckled as if short-circuited.

With some uncertainty, I accepted his kiss and may have even kissed back. Jack's musky male aroma assaulted all of my senses and I found myself squirming girlishly to his lips.

"Oooh!" I once again quivered as again his lips came into contact with mine. My mind was racing. I was thinking, "This is awful! I'm a grown boy... I... I..."

The third kiss landed squarely on my pink lips and his tongue touched my lips, exploring cautiously.

Tormented by Jack's flicking and stabbing tongue, I resigned control of my lips. Despite my inexperience, I seemed able, perhaps instinctively, to entertain him yet maintain my decorum.

While parked, Jack had worked my skirt up so as to show a lot of my tanned legs. As he progressed, I permitted his hand to caress the silken smooth nylon of my thighs but no higher. I had my soft thighs and knees in a constrictor-like squeeze that left his hand imprisoned.

From what I could hear, I knew my sister was allowing even more. If I had a problem with Jack, it was obvious that I would get no help from Diane.

As it turned out, about all I had to put up with were a few passionate kisses, a few caresses that I repelled properly, and a lot of hand holding. I put my heart into my actions. I'm sure Jack was very happy.

Back at the cottage, I was so glad to be home that I threw my arms around his neck and really kissed him the way a girl would be expected. With his tongue deeply exploring my lips, I closed my eyes and tried to remember all the sensations from his taste, to the way he pressed against my body.

This was hardly the kind of behavior for someone who liked girls. For the most part, Jack had been a gentleman, although not too perfect. This was my way of saying thanks.

It was a good thing Mom wasn't up when we came home, or she would have noticed some things right away. For instance, my lipstick was almost all gone, and my skirt was wrinkled. I smelled of men's cologne. (I'm sure Jack smelled of my perfume.) If mom had seen that last kiss, she'd know I was crazy.

Inside alone, Diane exclaimed, "Oh, that was wonderful!" Her eyes were full of excitement. "Didn't you just love the way the guys treated us?" she asked, a pretty flush of excitement on her face.

“Yes!” I admitted. I found it difficult to put into words what I was feeling. “You owe me for that!” I reminded.

“Sure, of course! It’ll be our little secret!” Diane said. “How do you feel?”

“If I was a girl, I’d be in love!” I confided.

That night, after I prepared for bed, I laid awake in the dark for a long time. I kept thinking of Jack. If I’d been a girl, what I did was a perfectly normal and expected part of growing up. I did only what my sister did and I felt guilty.

I thought of my sisters. They could wear anything they wanted. They could wear pretty little dresses, high heels, and lingerie. Their lives were filled with silk and chiffon and satin and nylon and lace. And mine was also...for now.

Being the “little man” of the house had always been such a burden.

I had tasted the freedom of femininity and I wanted more. I thought about the evening with Jack. I remembered the flex and ripple of his arm muscles and knew he was hard and muscular elsewhere. I guessed he would be imposing everywhere, though the mere thought of where my mind was wandering made me blush.

He had made me feel so girlish. I moistened my lips unselfconsciously. The memory of his kiss was still there as was the feel of his hands touching my. My nipples hardened against the confining fabric of my nightgown’s bodice. I heard myself sigh.

I laid there in the dark unsettled by my response to Jack’s kisses. I knew that any such showings of desire or lust was wrong yet it had been exciting.

I ran my fingers over my silky nightgown. It had been a new and unique experience to feel myself want-

ing more. More of the taste of his lips, more of the feel of his hands holding me, more of the heat of his body pressing against me.

I knew from my sisters that every girl dreams of her first kiss from a Prince Charming. It's a glorious fantasy and I had had mine. I would never forget Jack pulling me tightly into his arms and staring deeply into my eyes with that "marry me now" soap-opera gaze. Jack was so masculine and I was his girl as he lifted my chin. And then the perfect kiss... and we would live happily ever after....

But something was wrong. Handsome and funny, Jack fit the "Prince Charming" vision nicely. Something was off. I wanted him to kiss me but why?

Was it Jack? He looked so good. Smelled so good. Felt even better. His hand was on my dress and waist. I went over it again in slow motion.

That was it! It wasn't Jack that made my heart do a victory dance at the taste of his lips. It was that I had become girl enough to interest a man. That I could wear dresses and be pretty like my sisters...even get kissed.

The next morning, to complete my humiliation, all of my sisters applauded when I walked into the kitchen. "Way to go, girl!" Patty giggled. Diane had apparently told all.

In characteristic feminine fashion, Diane omitted a few details that might have given them a truer picture of our dates. For example, how she'd begged me to go "for a ride." But she made me admit I'd been kissed by my date "more than once."

Of course, as you would know, my sisters were there to savor my humiliations. How many times had I made fun of them, their figures, their vanity, and their insecurities...now I was to pay.

They were not going to let it go. There was just no way I could block out all their little snickers, giggles, titters, smirks and so on as Diane told how delightfully I behaved.

I have to admit that I had been one of the peskiest brothers a girl could have. I once stuck pinholes in all their nylons. And now, they were all just dying to see me take my medicine.

“So you have a boyfriend!” Joanne told me. “Hope you didn’t find any holes in your nylons?”

I was flushing a bright red as my sisters excitedly discussed the date.

“So who kisses better, boys or girls?” Patty asked me.

They all know that I hadn’t kissed that many girls and only one boy. “I like girls!” I defended.

“Sure?” Joanne replied with a broad grin on her face.

I had forgotten about it but Diane pulled out the souvenir. Amid amused giggles and comments from my sisters, she showed them the picture of the four of us taken at the restaurant table. I had forgotten it was taken. There I was, all prettied, pantied and polished with a guy’s arm around me.

“Don’t you show that to ANYONE!” I demanded.

“But Bill is my new boyfriend?” Diane stated.

“Cut off the half with me in it!”

“No,” Diane said. “It’s a keepsake. Besides, what if Bill wants to see it?”

I just wanted to shrivel up and sink through the floor. And the more I tried to defend my masculinity the more they smirked and giggled. I suppose sitting there in a little sundress wasn’t helping my cause.

Mother didn’t participate but neither did she stop them. She had a concerned look on her face when she looked at the photograph. She said to me, “Honey, it’s

obvious that I won't be able to keep the boys away from you but I don't think it's a good idea that you have a boyfriend."

My sisters moaned in mock disappointment for me. Diane joked, "I'd love for Jack to be my brother-in-law."

"Be serious here," mother said. "I don't want any one getting serious." She turned to me, "I take it you'd like to go out with Jack again?"

I blushed but admitted that it had been fun.

"Ok, but I don't want you only dating Jack and I never want you going out alone with a boy."

I had heard this same speech given to my sisters and it made me almost swoon. My mother was protecting her daughter...me!

The summer went quickly. My hair had grown and bleached out. My skin was deeply tanned except for the outline of my bikini. The un-tanned parts of my body made it look like I was wearing a white, transparent bikini.

There was more to the summer than just sun bathing. I learned to play tennis. James was my instructor. I was nervous when I first met him out on the tennis court. I was wearing a short white tennis skirt and tank top. James was friendly, but also serious about teaching tennis. We first worked on gripping the racket and then a few soft lobs. It was fun wearing a skirt where it is okay for your panties to show.

I felt so uncoordinated! Even as a boy, I had never been even a tiny bit of a "jock." My skinny arms and shoulders were so weak compared to James' muscular frame. At first I could barely hit the ball over the net but he showed me how to play like a girl with both hands.

It was fun to go to the fancy tennis shop and buy shoes, headbands, and all the other paraphernalia a girl needs to play tennis.

My favorite was a skirt-and-tank top set. The skirt was very short and flirty with lots of sharp pleats that made it swing with the slightest movement. The top was snug and soft and showed off my girlish curves. The tennis panties were hi-waisted made of a thin silky white nylon with rows and rows of frothy white lace ruffles!

Tennis clothes were more fun than tennis.

By the end of summer, I was a changed person. The constant wearing of push-up bras and bikini tops made my fleshy chest stand out in a milky white color. The milk whiteness of my bosom was highlighted by pink aureoles and sharply pointed nipples that pressed outward like two knotted points.

My belly was flat and my legs were long and supple. The un-tanned outline of a bikini bottom high on my thighs embellished my bottom.

Seeing my tan, I was somewhat bewildered and had no idea what I would do when I went back to school. But each day, I slipped my long, slender legs into a pale blue bikini bottom, adjusting the double-ply "strap" crotch to create the perfect "V" and put on my bikini top; pulling "everything" I could up into the cups.

It was the summer I hoped would never end...but suddenly it was the last week.



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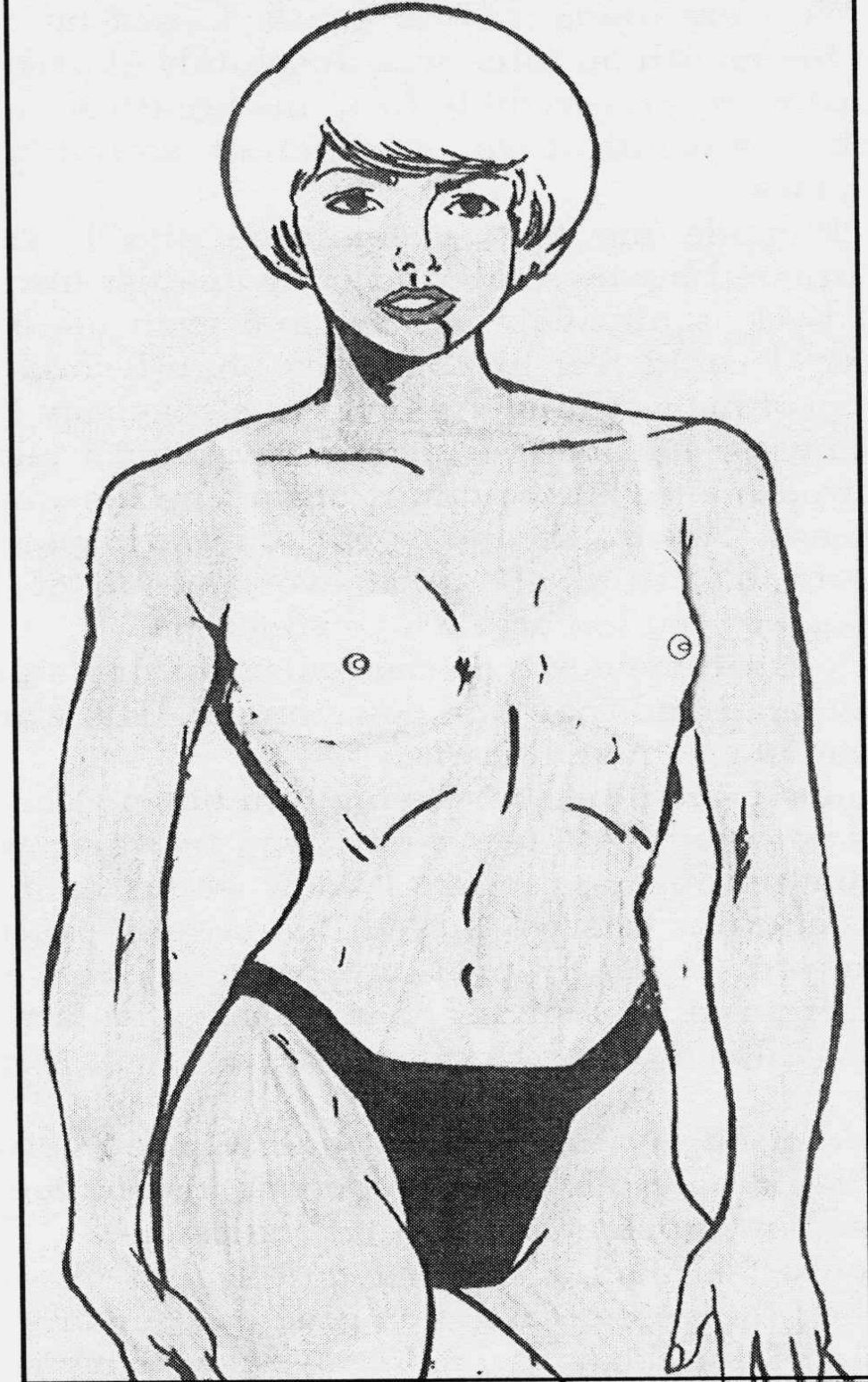
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*Seeing my tan, I was somewhat bewildered
and had no idea what I would do
when I went back to school.*



TIME TO GO...

Jack dropped by the cottage to say “goodbye” the day before we left. Dating other boys had driven him crazy. We were alone and he gently kissed me. The touch of his mouth on mine was absolutely electrifying. Jack's lips were so incredibly firm, his breath so musty; his touch so forceful, it was so different, so unlike any woman's kiss.

Jack made me feel so feminine and I wanted more. I pressed my own mouth firmly against his, kissing him back, tentatively at first and then more passionately. I could feel his lips part slightly and then felt the tip of his wet tongue slowly wash over my lips.

Following his lead, I opened my mouth slightly and allowed his tongue to enter, absorbing his warmth and wetness. After a second or two, Jack whispered. “I really like you. I think about you every minute of every day. I’d marry you tomorrow if you’d let me!”

Jack eased me down on the couch, fluffing a pillow under my head and then laid down on me. His warmth and physique was magnificent.

I knew I shouldn’t be teasing him but my fascination was so intense. I felt as if I was in warm water barely able to sense anything. I know we kissed deeply and passionately. As we kissed, his strong, practiced hands moved sensually over my body, teasing every nerve fiber from my thighs to my neck and face and then slowly down to my thighs again...where I stopped him.

Jack eased my thighs apart and climbed between them. I could barely breathe as he was kissing me and telling me how much he was going to miss me.

I could feel Jack’s rippling muscles on my inner thighs as I quivered with feminine surrender. His strong, masculine body seemed to overpower my small, pliable form. I felt delightfully feminine and dependent

under him but knew I had to get him off me. I began thrashing my hips but Jack kept his pelvis down tightly against mine as I struggled to get up.

I had lost control of the situation.

Suddenly, mother walked through the opened door.

"Eeek!" I screamed, my legs flailing as I futilely tried to break loose from Jack's embrace.

"Mom! I...we...." I stammered, embarrassed at having been caught in a compromising position.

"What's going on here?" Mother demanded, looking around warily.

"Jack just wanted to say goodbye, Mom. It's okay," I reassured her.

"Jack," mother said, "It's really time for you to say GOODBYE now."

With that he nearly flew out the door.

"Okay, okay," Mother said, beginning to see the humor in the situation. I guess we are leaving just in time. I can't afford three let alone four weddings!"

"It's not what you think," I continued.

"If you have an explanation why I'd find my son in a mad embrace with a young man, go ahead. If not...let's just let it go and get you back in pants as soon as possible," mother wisely said. "We might need some professional help when we get home..."

The next day, we went to the airport to catch our plane. My adventures as Marcia had ended, right?

Mother was concerned that we would miss the plane so we were there too early. In the waiting room, my mother smiled at me and joked, "You look gorgeous, but isn't it a bit much for school?"

Just then a young man came by and did a double take at the sight of me in my new sundress.

I shook my head. "I think its perfect."

“Seriously,” mother said, “What are we going to do when we get home. “How do you think your classmates will react when they see your tanlines?”

“Jealous?” I joked back. I was refusing to understand that this life was about over.

Later, mother caught me talking to a cute boy at the snack bar. “I want you to see a doctor when we get home,” she said later.

Mother’s words sunk in. Would I miss the feel of my skirts moving about my knees as I walked? Would I miss the elevated sensations that come with wearing high heels?

When we got back from the vacation, it was obvious that my girlish interests were not going away. I saw a “shrink“ doctor who gave me a note to get out of boy’s P.E. class.

I began seeing this doctor once a week. After mother met with him, they put me on female hormones. I wasn’t sure I wanted to take them but mother insisted. She said, “The doctor said you are a late bloomer. If we don’t stop your male hormones now, you’ll suddenly look horrible in a dress. Besides, if you are going to dress like a girl, you should feel like one.”

I think that incident with Jack concerned her. I took the pills, knowing that my other option was to give up wearing skirts and grow a beard.

Mother was right again. The female hormones have made me feel more comfortable with my femininity. There was something frightening about developing a woman's body. To my mother and sisters, it had been a most natural and beautiful evolution of being female. To me it was unparalleled to anything that had happened in my life.

After Christmas and several monthly estrogen cycles, my body started changing. I was still slender but no longer flat-chested!

My first "nipple" experience really doesn't qualify as a major trauma, but at the time it seemed like nothing could be more humiliating. Taking hormones, I knew I would someday need to wear bras but I was too embarrassed to ask my mom when I needed one. All I hoped to do was get out of high school without anyone noticing.

Wrong. Right after the holidays Patti and I came home from school and I took off my sweatshirt. I'd worn a polyester shirt that was a little too clingy. She stared at me and gasped, "Oh, look! YOU got the bumpies! Joanne! Come here and see this! Mark is getting his boobies!"

My sister came in to inspect my new sprouts and was grinning at me like I was a puppy. Joanne asked, "Haven't the boys at school noticed them yet? Has mom?" She yelled for mother.

I wanted to crawl under something, anything, to hide my red face, not to mention my "bumpies". At school it was becoming harder to hide my chest. I was starting to be embarrassed on a daily basis about my budding breasts. I did everything I could to hide them but people kept glancing at my chest." I quickly put back on my oversized sweatshirt.

My body was starting to give an inkling of the changes to come. I'd had a few curves before but the "boyishness" was gone. Even without makeup, one's first impression was that I was a girl. Besides the unmistakable beginnings of breasts, my cheekbones were more defined and my figure looked more rounded. The points on the front of my shirts pushed further outward and my larger nipples were now apparent.

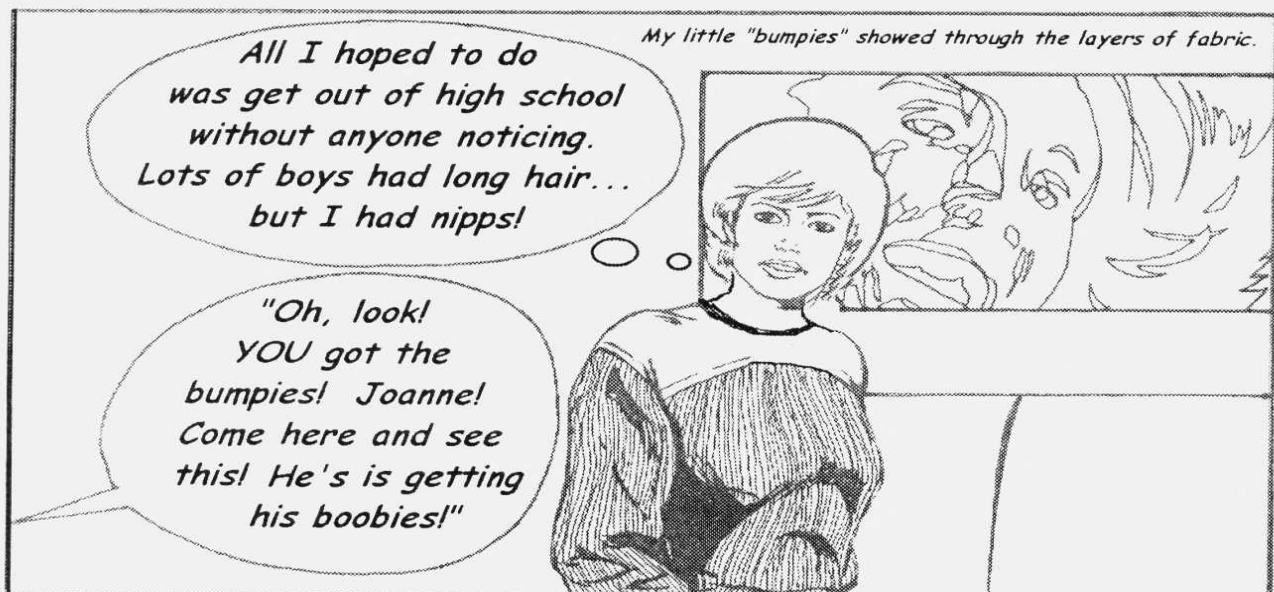
My face didn't have that cocky, assured expression of a boy anymore. I had no problem with the strap only sometimes feeling a tingling in my crotch that I'd never experienced before.

"Oh my Gawd!" exclaimed Mother, like realizing for the first time what was happening to her son. Even I was shocked by the sound of her voice. She looked down at me and saw my little "bumpies" showed through the heavy layers of fabric. She hiked up my sweatshirt. She saw my chest with little small and rounded mounds. "Gawd!" she murmured, "They are girl breasts!" She quickly pulled my sweatshirt back down and then looked at me. "So this is what you want?"

I raised a hand and touched my new breasts. They were was soft and yielding, just like my sisters', but it sent tingles through MY body. "Oh yes, mother!"

"We have to do something," she moaned.

The next day she bought me some very plain white "sport" tank tops. They were like an elastic tank top. It took my two little pointy mounds and held them tightly against my chest. I had to laugh, my chest almost looked "muscular."



As the year progressed, my tiny mounds were suddenly more than just puffy red areolas with ambitious nipples. When I moved my hand around my breasts, they had a new weight and firmness. My swollen and sensitive nipples had a firm, spongy stretchiness that felt warm and smooth to the touch. I sensed them growing and hardening beneath my clothes, jutting out like two ripe cherries during even the most mundane routines.

My sister's began to treat me less and less like a brother and more like a little sister. Even my younger sister, Patty was kind as I went through what Mother described as the "ritual of becoming a woman."

I let my hair grow out and when I brushed it, I hardly had to move at all to jiggle the pink nipples of my fleshy new breasts. Each movement of my arms through my full, long hair rubbed my sensitive breast buds against my nightgown.

By Easter, I had added a few pounds but still had a tiny waist that flared out into new curves at my bottom. Diane says I have a nice figure that I would have to work very hard to maintain...estrogen tends to put weight on a girl's bottom.

The faded blue jeans I wore to school began to look like they were painted on. Somehow I made it through the school year without a problem.

During that year, I dressed whenever I had the chance, especially when Diane was home from college. Joanne and Patty didn't mind helping me, but somehow my dressing was "special" when Diane was around to encourage me.

Besides, I loved it when Bill came to visit and I "had" to be her sister again.

At home, I began dressing as a girl so regularly that mother commented when I was NOT in a dress.

In June, I graduated from high school, third in my class. I was graduating in another way also. The female hormones had done their job. My padded brasieres no longer fit. Since we had rented the same cottage in Miami again, I could stop hiding and show off my new figure.

Mother grew up in the south. A Southern girl was expected to wear a bra as soon as she had acquired the necessary flesh to warrant one. First stop...a fitting for a real bra. I could scarcely contain my eagerness. I still can't believe that I had the self-control to never secretly try on one of my mother's or sisters' bras, but I did. I had my padded bras and they had theirs. (But I borrowed everything else!)

I am still not entirely certain what it was about beginning to wear an unpadded bra that made it such a compelling feminine rite of passage. I guess I'd never had a "first period" but needing a bra was validating my venture into biological womanhood.

In some way, I knew I had been an awkward imposter in contrast to my sisters. They were so comfortable with their femininity. Their breasts were not going to come off in their date's hands.

A first unpadded brassiere, for me, (and maybe for all women) was my travel document to womanhood. It immediately made me feel, walk, sit, act and feel more like a young lady.

Like my sisters, all the ribbons, lace and delicate trappings of femininity were no longer an option. I needed a bra.

My first bra actually fit, though it was hardly a tight fit on my immature figure, but the mold was cast, so to speak.

My mother and sisters were all smiles remembering their own first real bra.

"Welcome to the club," my sister Patti said.

"You have your permanent membership cards now," Joanne giggled.

Mother was quiet. She wasn't thrilled to see any of us growing up. She was happy having kids doing kid things. Buying her son his first real bra was a way too "grown up" event.

After my fitting, I felt so grown up, so feminine, and it was a wonderful feeling. After we finally returned home from lunch, we changed out of our good clothes, but I kept looking at my figure in the mirror. The two small signs of femininity pressing outward on my chest was all me!

That first special shopping trip to get my first bra was also, interestingly, the last occasion in which she referred to me as her son. I was now just one of her girls. Like my sisters, from that day on, I wore a bra.

There was no discussion, it just was. I don't remember ever really being uncomfortable wearing one that fit correctly. I don't remember my sisters complaining either.

I did get into some trouble with Mom when I got caught not wearing the strap under my panties. I was to wear the strap under my panties at all times when awake and certainly when leaving the house, no matter what else I might be wearing or covering that area. This turned out to be a BIG rule of hers.

I did not find this out until I ran afoul of it. I was just lounging about the house in a short dress and she saw "something." She went through the roof. No doubt my ability to hide it added to her decision in allowing me to "blossom".

Once I started dating, Mom made an effort to steer me to an even more heavy-duty strap. She probably thought they afforded more "protection" than the lighter weight jobs.

I didn't mind this very much. I liked the way it held me up tight. I was instantly reminded of why I liked wearing panties and girl's clothes in the first place.

I think about this time, Mother began to worry about my future marriage prospects. I think the doctor told her my odds of finding a "mate" were slim and that making me feminine was a first defense against the unhappiness of being a spinster.

That was years ago.

Diane and I moved to Chicago. She had finished school and had a job at an advertising agency. I attended secretarial school and became a pretty good secretary. Patty is now in college, and Joanne is married.

Diane kept her word. We share an extensive wardrobe, even though I'm two inches taller. She is finally engaged to Bill, so I guess my sacrifice paid off.

GIRL TO GIRL...

Diane had a girlfriend from school come to visit. I was shocked when she told me that she **KNEW!** We had a lot of fun together and one night when Diane had a date with Bill, we were home alone.

We fixed dinner together and played some card games. I was shocked when she came over to me and said, "I suggest strip poker but maybe I can get you to just show me those little panties!" she suggested, running her hands downward and playing with the hem of my skirt. I lifted the skirt slowly, unsure what she wanted to see.

I pulled the skirt up to my waist and Jessica stared at the maidenly "V" at the fork of my legs. "Oh my, you are perfect! Isn't it uncomfortable?"

"I'm used to it," I blushed.

"Your sister told me you were more girl than boy."

I gulped and found myself swallowing hard facing Jessica nose to nose. My face was crimson as she examined my make up and mostly my pantied figure.

"Wow!" Jessica said, "I wouldn't have the vaguest idea you were even a boy!"

She gave me a hug and to my surprise, she kissed me firmly on the mouth. Through our thin tops, I could feel Jessica's full breasts brushing against my own. The sudden experience of breast meeting breast sent electric shivers racing through my body, and I felt me excitedly returning Jessica's kiss.

"You even kiss like a girl," she whispered, making me blush more. Our mouths came open and our tongues coiled around one another in a deep kiss.

I could feel Jessica's fingers feeling the back of my bra and dress. She asked, "Do you like girls?"

"OH yes!" I sighed ardently. "I just haven't dated any in a while."

She laughed, "The boys keeping you too busy?" She pushed me back on the couch.

I tried to kiss her the way a boy would but she said, "I like it better the other way." Jessica was taking charge of the proceedings and I was content to let her do so.

Gently pushed backward by Jessica, I found myself stretched out on the couch with Jessica pressed against me.

She asked, "How long have you been dating boys?"

Blushing deeply, I answered, "A few years."

"It's been good for you. You respond like a girl."

"Sorry."

"Don't be sorry!" she said kissing me. "I like it. Did your sister tell you that we dated for a while?"

"You two?"

"We're just friends now. You have such a nice figure!" she told me in an admiring voice. "No wonder the boys dig you." Her fingers unhooked my brassiere.

"I like girls," I restated.

"So do I!" Jessica panted, her voice reflecting a mixture of pleasure and surprise. "And I really like you."

Jessica leaned forward and began to kiss me the way a boy would. Her hands gently molded and caressed my bosom while my face deeply flushed.

"You know, I've never done anything like this before!" I admitted to my attractive partner in a voice that was hoarse with excitement.

"I'll teach you. Spread your legs open a little, honey," Jessica suggested in a quiet voice.

I found myself in a very girlish position and I lacked the willpower to resist. She was treating me like a girl and I was responding like one too.

Jessica lost no time in checking out what was under my top. "Pretty panties! And they fit you so well." Jessica gasped as I suddenly felt her fingers directly in contact with my pantied crotch. My entire body quivered spasmodically to her touch.

"Ooohhh, it feels beautiful!" I purred as she ran her fingers over my flattened little maleness. It couldn't escape from its compressed prison but was sending it's hotly, tingling messages racing through my entire body.

"You are amazing!" she murmured. "You even respond like a woman."

I was unconsciously thrusting my pelvis back and forth with reflexive movements. "Most boys would be trying to get on top of me by now."

Although I kept telling myself that I should try to act like a man, I gasped and arched my back in kitten-

ish fashion as Jessica's hands teased and caressed my pantied bottom.

A hot, deliciously burning sensation originating in my tormented little bottom radiated warm waves throughout my body. I was dismayed by my passive reaction. I had never dreamed that I'd find a girl who could raise me to such a fever pitch of arousal!



“Here sweetie,” Jessica said, grabbing a pillow. “Let me slide this under your bottom.”

Although I was blushing and obviously embarrassed to the very depths by my actions, I was also thoroughly enjoying my submissive position.

In our girl/girl roles, I had been assigned the bottom. Jessica’s entire body trembled and quivered as she pressed against my legs

“Oooooohhh sweetie!” Jessica gasped, her mouth forming into a pleased oval. “Hey, your bottom feels so good!”

Jessica was able to press her stone-hard mound in just the right spot. Our panties melted together.

My legs were wrapped around Jessica’s hips in a tight coil, her pelvic bone pressing against my panty’s bottom.

Wriggling and squirming with provocative movements, I bit my lip and kept taking in deep breaths as Jessica taught me the joys of girl love. She pumped and thrust her hips in a wild bucking fashion.

I could feel my sequestered maleness aching with sexual torture as Jessica pumped against my plump bottom with quick, jerky movements that lifted my hips right up off the couch.

Sliding my hands down, I delicately caressed Jessica’s satiny hips and bosom. The sheer physical sensations were quite overwhelming but I was a helpless prisoner of my feminine training. There was a warm wet circle on my panties between my legs.

“Wow!” I exclaimed, my voice mixing exhaustion with adoration as Jessica and I fixed our skirts. “I can’t believe how good that felt.”

“It was great for me too!” she added, wriggling her skirt up and brushing her own hair back out of her face. “You did that just like a girl. Not a single male

move. I'm not done with you! Let's go out this Saturday."

On Saturday, I rushed upstairs to get ready for my date. It had been a long time since I'd been out with a woman, and I felt like a young boy again. Except that after I showered, I perfumed my body before putting on a low-cut dress. I dressed very carefully; wearing a new outfit and new panties I had bought weeks before for some special occasion.

This was not how I used to impress a female date but it was how Jessica wanted me.

I let my sister help me with my hair and makeup, but when I was alone later, I added more lipstick and eye shadow.

My panties were the very newest style from Under Control. They were lacy and came with a matching brassiere. I had to be my sexiest for Jessica!

My long dark nylons were my very best; my dress was so short-skirted that mother had objected.

I was just finishing my make-up when she arrived to pick me up. "Wow, you look absolutely gorgeous!" Jessica exclaimed, staring suggestively at my dress and the plunging neckline.

She took my hands and kissed me lightly on the mouth. Our arms entwined, the two of us exchanging moist, affectionate kisses.

It was the beginning of a long relationship.

Now that I have a beautiful girl who loves me for what I am, my life is full. I love her, and we plan to be married. Of course, we don't go out on many dates because I never dress as Mark and two girls out on the town have some problems I didn't want to face.

I am perfectly willing to make that sacrifice for her as long as she accepts me. Besides, we wear practically the same size.

A NEW LIFE....

Outwardly, I have been transformed into a girl, but deep down, I still know that I'm a male. I'm never confused and think I'm a female. I'll never give birth to a baby or be a bride...but I have been a bridesmaid!

I know I'm feminine and there's no mistaking that. That's not "pretend" anymore. It doesn't even feel like a masquerade.

Even the most uncomfortable parts of being a woman become easier after a while. I have found that makeup is like clothing for the face. I wouldn't be caught outside without it anymore than I would care to walk down the street naked.

Mother insists that I not be conceited about my appearance, for there are many cross dressers who can't look nearly as feminine as me.

I try very hard to accept the fact that I am a very lucky person to not be too tall or muscular. I will never be able to thank my mother and my sisters for what they have done for me. The posture lessons and constant reminders have helped me to move like a graceful young woman. I'm no prima ballerina but I move as smoothly as any of my sisters.

As for them, they are my best friends...to a point. I have learned it's not a good idea to go shopping with them. They love me but often become unwitting rivals. Even Patty is fine until we are both struck by the same "love-at-first sight" dress... "It's mine," she'll say. "Don't you have enough dresses?"

"Don't you?" I spat. I've learned it's better to show off my new dresses later...when I'm wearing them! I'll admit, there is some rivalry with them.

Hey, I know it's confusing for them. I am the only male of the family but I've chosen to be in contention with my sisters for the "best little girl."

My dreams and future aren't what were expected of me at birth. My hair is very long and I'm proud of my figure. My femininity has overshadowed my life and I can't deny it for a moment.

Being feminine is my pride and triumph. It's like my "baby" and it must be fed everyday to thrive and grow. I live in a fantasy world that has become my reality. Everyday, I discover something new and exciting. Mother tells my sisters, "There's more to being a woman than how to win and hold a man. Look at your brother! He's learned all the social graces: dancing, etiquette, cooking and good housekeeping."

Patty laughed and said, "Yeah, he'll make some woman a wonderful wife."

I blushed but I know she's right...being Marcia is being myself, and that's what I do best!

THE END

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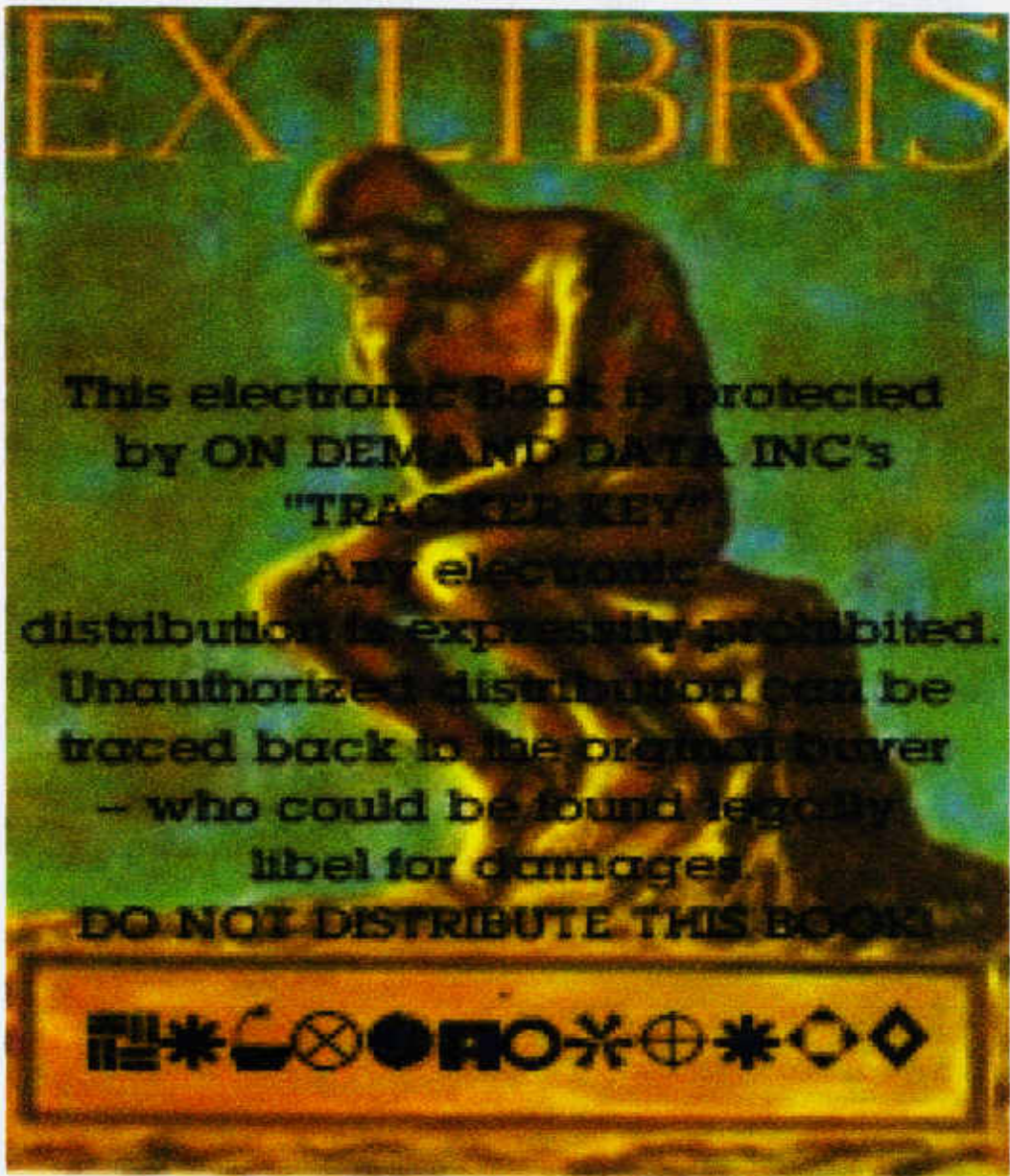
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