

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

MAGAZINE

Volume 19

"BOYS TO BABES"

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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SANDY THOMAS
RENEE'**

THE QUOTE BOARD

**"The problem with the male rat race is. . .
even if you win, you are still a RAT!"**

“BOYS TO BABES”

SHOWTIME by Dee Raymond

The show was failing. Not even the stage door guard, Ole’ Joe, who was reading a review of the “GREAT SHOOTOUT” in the entertainment section of the evening newspaper bothered giving the dancers a hearty good night and thumbs up!

“We’ve had it,” exclaimed Cindy Brenner to the dejected group that followed her.

David Rennick looked at Ole Joe and softly said, “Yeah, he always knows.” Cindy took his arm as they left. They had been dating for the last six month. They met the first day of rehursals and became a couple!

“Where are we going tonight?” asked Marty Salter. He was the kind of male dance whose slimness and small features made people raise their eyebrows.

Marty was paired off with Sall Rader, a striking big busted, former Vegas showgirl, who was taller than any of them with her heels.

“To Fatima’s!” shouted Cindy throwing back her shoulder lenght, red hair that was blowing around her laughing face.

“Besides, it’s the only place you still have credit,” Ace Demanski’s growl only made the group laugh and giggle more. You could always count on Ace to be glum and serious even when they were all trying

to be jolly. It was also true that money ran through Cindy's hands like water.

"Seriously though," said David when they were all seated on the brown leather covered benches that Ali, the proprietor, called booths, "our being here is as stupid as the show we're trying to pawn off on the public."

"Hush child," Rosalie Hammond, the pert Eurasian, said as she put a green tipped finger on her lips, "Don't ever bite the hand that feeds you."

"Feeds us?" Ace joined in. "Look at the pack of us! We twelve keep the show going, and look who's in on the percentages. Not Nadine or any of the backers. Oh no! Not Miss Congeniality! Ugh!"

David hadn't wanted to get Ace started on that subject again even though he agreed and sympathized with him. The whole troupe of

performers were in agreement, he was sure because the very unfairness of the system irritated them all. None of them had anything to do with setting up the show, and the demands of Nadine Boorman, the director, more and more rigorous. She insisted that they be actors and singers, as well as dancers and that they be on stage almost constantly, except for costume changes, and all this was adding up to be too much for the weary performers. And now, with the last pay day missed, all they could afford was coffee at this second rate diner listening to last year's hits on the jukebox.

"Come on Dave, let's dance," Cindy had his hand and as she pulled him along, he followed her willingly.

Ali didn't have a license, but he didn't object to them dancing in the small space behind the machine. Since they danced as part of the show, both the boys and girls were very good. Ali would beam and say it was good for business, though no one ever gave them more than a second glance. David cynically guessed that Ali was trying to be friendly enough to keep them as customers.

"We lack enthusiasm and originality," David said, returning to the theme later when he and Cindy prepared for bed in the room they shared at the boarding house.

"Oh David," she answered as she snuggled down into the soft mattress. She had heard him expound on that subject before.

"We don't do anything that isn't predictable," he continued as he slipped into the bed beside her and placed his warm toes on her cold ones. "We're all talented, sure," his arms went about her, pulling her supple body against his. "Marty and Babe are even great! Just think how fantastic we could be in support of one eye catching or heart stopping idea."

Marty Salter was the most versatile of the troupe, and Johnny "Babe" Corbin, at nineteen, was the youngest.

"Yes David," murmured Cindy as she closed her mouth over his, realizing this would be the only way to shut him up when he got started on this subject. He yielded reluctantly, but her mouth was insistent and her body inviting. Soon, he was responding as she wished, and they melded together.

"No matter how the lousy show works out," thought Cindy, "I've got you David. Besides, I would never have met you without Nadine's idea for the show."

"Everything imaginable has happened to this show," thought Nadine, "and now, this! Just when two of the show's backers are in town to determine the fate of the show, three of the girls are out sick. If we don't give a good performance and excite the audience tonight, they'll pull the plug for sure."

Nadine bit at her elegant red fingernails as she racked her brain for a solution to her latest dilemma. Three failures in a row, and this would be her third, would be the "out" from directing for her. They had gone on with five and even four pairs before, but never with three! It just wouldn't be a show with three. "Oh damn Jackie, Shirley, and Danielle," she thought savagely. "How can three girls go down on the same day?"

She looked about the stage where the set and the performers were all in place. From the orchestra pit, there came sounds of tuning up along with a few practice riffs of two or three of the numbers from the show. Ace Demanski, in top hat and tails, glared at her from the doorway of the "Roaring Twenties" speakeasy. Jackie should have been beside him in her long black satin dress with her flapper costume concealed underneath. "What are we going to do without another girl," she thought frantically. "The show definitely won't be nearly as sensational or polished with only three pairs of dancers. If only we had another girl!"

Nadine's eyes swept over the group to check their costumes, finally coming to rest on Marty Salter. He had never been macho enough to suit her. "Why couldn't he be as tough a man as he is agile as a dancer?" she pondered as a glimmer of an idea entered her desperate mind.

Marty looked back at her and became slightly nervous under her intense glare.

"Why not?" she thought savagely. "At least, we'll give them a show tonight. Nadine Boorman may be failing, but she'll go out with something for everyone to talk about."

"Come with me!" she snapped at Marty, heading off stage toward the dressing rooms. She waved Farrell Prior, the only male black in the cast, to take over Marty's position. "Sally won't mind," she thought. "Farrell will make the pairing work attractively for the liberated audiences we get at our performances."

Sensing something sinister was afoot, Marty followed her very reluctantly down the narrow passage. He couldn't imagine why he had been pulled off stage. Of all the dancers ... they still thought of themselves that way despite what they were called on to do ... he knew he was the most versatile. In fact, he had filled every role in the performance at one time or the other. He had even filled in for missing girls at rehearsals. No one in the cast, save possibly David, could approach his versatility. "Is she calling me aside to fire me?" he pondered as he followed her. "If she is going to fire someone, it should be the inexperienced Babe, not me."

"Come on! Come on! We haven't got all day!" Nadine snapped at him as she turned into the girls dressing room.

Millie, the dresser, looked up anxiously at the director's invasion of her domain.

Marty stopped at the door, the top hat twisting nervously in his hands.

"Get Jackie's things ready!" ordered Nadine.

Millie blinked and opened her eyes wide in surprise. "She's better?" Millie asked.

"No, she's not better," Nadine answered with annoyance. "Everyone knows we have to have four couples, and since Marty knows all the parts, he is taking her place tonight. I want you to dress him in Jackie's costumes, and make him up so no one will know the difference." She turned and eyed Marty.

Millie's eyes followed hers and came to rest on Marty, who now stood speechless with shock, fear, and uncertainty. As Millie thought over her assignment, she slowly began to smile.

"Use a shoulder length wig with heavy bangs," Nadine said abruptly, "and use long gloves with short, black, lace ones underneath for all his skits. You'll have to pad him out everywhere too. Cotton wool will do if you have nothing more realistic. Also, be very heavy on the makeup."

"I can't do that!" Marty said, as he finally found his voice.

"Of course you can, and you will!" Nadine snapped as she grabbed his hand, pulled him into the dressing room, and slammed the door. "You are under contract to perform in this production, and perform you will. If you refuse to honor your commitment, I'll blackball

you throughout the industry, and you'll never work in show business again. The livelihood of a lot of people depend on you and your performance tonight because the show's financial backers are here to determine our fate. So, if we don't impress them, we're all history. You know we need at least four pairs out there for a decent presentation. Since we're short a girl, and you know the part, it's up to you to save our jobs.

"But, I'm not an impersonator!" he cried, sinking into a soft chair. The other girls' things, including their street clothes and lingerie, were all about him. "Besides," he continued, "I don't have a girl's voice!"

Nadine knew he had a point, but she quickly recovered. "That's okay. You can lip sync, and I'll dub in the voice from the off-stage mike," she hissed. "Now, get your clothes off and let Millie go to work."

Desperately trying to change her mind, he pleaded. "I don't want to perform as a girl, Nadine. Isn't there some other solution?"

"If there is, you tell me!" she demanded and paused while waiting for a reply. When he remained silent, she commanded, "Strip! We don't have much time."

David was sure the night's performance would be canceled. They were already ten minutes past curtain time, and Nadine hadn't returned to the stage. He finally wandered over to swap cues with Farrell who was now in Marty's spot on the stage.

"No sweat, man," beamed Farrell, his arm resting lightly on Sally's waist, while she seemed happy to have it there.

"If we go, of course," said David, catching Cindy waving to him. He turned to see Nadine approaching. A dark haired girl he had never seen before was wearing Jackie's costume and following closely behind her.

"In your places," Nadine snapped, glowering at David. Then, turning to the new girl, she snapped, "Come on! You know where to start.

"What about me?" asked a frowning Babe.

"You're off tonight, Mr. Corbin," she said in a matter of face tone as she positioned herself for the curtain's rise.

The girl in Jackie's long black evening gown found herself having to mince just like Jackie to get into position. Even the necklace and long, silver-tasseled earrings were Jackie's. She even wore white evening gloves, the only real difference to the girl whose spot she was taking. It was hard to see if she was pretty because of the heavy stage makeup she wore, even over her throat and upper arms. She was certainly attractive, at least as good a looker as Jackie.

Nadine had swept away arrogantly, and the curtain was going up as David heard Ace's muffled expletive followed by, "Marty! How could you do this?" He spoke in a tone that sent chills down the spines of each performer. They were so astounded that their first number was likely to be the low point of the evening.

David found playing to Marty, both in the long gown and the short flapper dress with black garters and the flowered slip showing, very difficult at first. The entire troupe was obviously disturbed as they watched Marty do the chorus dances with the "other

girls", especially when he performed without missing a step and made every action so girlishly and prettily.

When Nadine's voice came out in place of Marty's, the scene became so real that David momentarily forgot he was dancing with a man. He even ended the hooker scene with the same kiss he usually gave Jackie at the finish of the dance.

"Oh David," Cindy said in a tiny, fake sobbing voice as Ace and Sally took the limelight. "Is she taking my place? How was it for you? Does she turn you on more than me?"

Toward the end of the show, everyone joined together for an involved scene of partner shifting, and David could do little to alleviate his chagrined feelings. Still, he felt for Marty, and he wondered how the others really felt about this latest turn of events.

At least, Marty was making a show possible, and it was turning out well. As he became comfortable in his role, he became a much better "Jackie" than Jackie herself. In the Can-Can he was positively stimulating, and the sparse audience gave him a special round of applause for his efforts.

When the finale was through at last, David was ready for a quick withdrawal. The house was small, and they had all worked hard. As Nadine walked out onto the stage, he thought, "Okay, here it comes. Now we close." He squeezed hard on the hands of Cindy on his left and Marty on his right.

Marty breathed lightly through his red cupid bow painted lips, his bust rising and falling, the equal of Cindy's.

"This was a special performance tonight," Nadine stated into the mike, drawing everyone's attention. "We usually have six pairs of dancers in this show, but tonight, we had only four because three of our girls were very sick and couldn't perform."

Marty's hand suddenly clasped David's very hard.

Nadine; however, didn't miss a beat. "To make a show for you, one of our male performers played a girl's part. He has never before done this sort of thing, and I think he deserves special recognition for his efforts."

There was an expectant hush as the surprised audience looked over the four "girls".

Marty looked down at the stage. The extra thick, dark lashes were hiding his eyes, but his blushing cheeks were evident to the cast surrounding him.

"Can you tell who it was?" Nadine asked, challenging the stunned gathering. Amid cries of "No" from several sections, she proudly proclaimed, "Here he is ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Marty Salter!" She turned, stepped over to Marty, took his hand, and led him to center stage. Applause, like the troupe had never heard, filled the small theater.

Ace, the next man in line, looked at David with a bewildered expression on his face.

"Remove your wig, and take a bow," Nadine instructed the embarrassed Marty, who could do nothing but oblige.

"Poor Marty," thought David as his friend stood red-faced before the cheering crowd.

Not until they were back in their dressing room, Marty had gone with the girls, did David realize that the show's closing had not been announced. "Perhaps

Nadine forgot in the excitement surrounding the Marty's unmasking," he thought, not daring to consider that The Great Shootout might actually have been extended.

"Hey, have you seen the reviews of Marty's performance?" Rosalie Hammond asked as she threw the paper onto the crowded table at Fatima's.

"Have you seen Marty?" growled Ace. His dark glasses covered the ravaged appearance of his eyes.

"After the way you guys treated him last night?" Sally asked with anger in her voice.

The troupe had teased David and Marty unmercifully about the kiss in the hooker scene. Cindy had been the worst. She even asked Marty how much he charged and if he would recommend David to his "friends".

Marty finally had enough and charged out of Fatima's. Cindy's question was the last straw, and he ran from the coffee house.

Sally chased after him, leaving several nasty reflections about Cindy's ancestors behind her.

"It was all in fun," said David appealingly.

"Fun?" snapped Sally. "Can you imagine how humiliated he was by the way you treated him? After all, he did it to save the show and your jobs."

"The reviews, kiddies! The reviews!" Rosalie said waving the paper before them. "Marty got a whole paragraph, and it's all good! I'll bet we have a full house tonight, what do you say?" Her tone was mocking, spiced with innuendo.

There was a stunned silence at the table. In the background, cups rattled as secretarial workers hurried off to their offices as the lunch hour was ending.

"They . . . they would be coming to see Marty, wouldn't they?" asked a bewildered Sally.

"But he wouldn't have to," Cindy began. Then, she saw David's frightened face! "Oh, the poor kid," she said softly as she took David's arm and hugged it to her.

"Everyone had better be nice to him tonight, you hear?" David said with a stern voice.

"Yes," said Cindy and Sally in unison. They stared at each other and then looked away. Everyone seemed more than a little embarrassed.

"We're . . . uh . . . supposed to rehearse today, aren't we?" Farrell asked.

"That's right, Dearies," Rosalie said giving Ace and Farrell a pat on their knees. "Let's all go and shake our tails. Thanks to Marty, we're still working." As she stood and made exaggerated progress toward the door, they all began to smile. No one could stay mad for very long with Rosalie around.

Nadine was in deep conversation with a little group of dark-suited men throughout the rehearsal, so Sally choreographed the dances. As a rehearsal, the time was wasted because Marty wasn't there, and Jackie, whose voice was still gone from acute laryngitis, was just going through the motions.

At the end of the haphazard session, Nadine left her little group and spoke directly to Sally. "Where is Marty?" she asked.

Sally shrugged and said, "I don't know."

"Come on now!" snapped Nadine. "You're living with the guy, aren't you? What's the matter with him?"

Sally was wearing a loose sweater and dancing tights. With her hands on her hips, and without makeup, she looked like a very tough muscular woman, which she was! "You humiliated him last night," she said, giving the director a very cool look. "I wouldn't be surprised if he never comes back to the show."

For a moment, Nadine appeared to be stunned, giving the others a twinge of satisfaction. It usually took quite a lot to pierce the cool of "Miss Congeniality". Nadine had reached the stage through the beauty contest route, and each of the "kids" secretly cheered Sally on.

"Then he won't get paid tonight," said Nadine frostily, "and neither will any of you unless Marty performs!"

Sally was the only one not to show concern. "Do you want him to do his own part, or Jackie's?" she asked coolly.

Nadine's dark eyes flashed, and she hissed, "Jackie's part!"

Sally gave her a long, hard look before saying, "Alright, I'll talk to him and let you know what he says."

"Beautiful!" David chortled inside. "Sally is treating Nadine like she treats us all the time. It's great to see her have to take some of her own medicine for a change."

"He's in Nadine's office," Ace jerked a thumb at the wall behind him when David walked into the dressing room that night.

"Is he going on?" asked David, noticing Babe sitting partially dressed in the far corner as if he knew he wouldn't be on at all.

"Why not?" Farrell chimed in, doffing his top hat at a very rakish angle. "She needs the bread as much as the rest of us."

"She?" Ace answered in a very disconcerted tone.

"He means Marty," David said with a grimace. "Come on Farrell, that isn't fair. If Marty does Jackie's part, he'll put money in your pocket as well as his own."

"Sure will," Farrell said, continuing his devilish grin.

"Besides," said David, stripping off his jeans, "suppose Nadine walked in here and told you to do Jackie's part. Would you do it?"

Farrell cocked his head to one side and grinned wide enough to show his gold fillings. "Would you?" he countered.

David didn't have to answer, for at that moment, Nadine barged through the door scowling fiercely. She glared from one dancer to another until each was forced to look away, their throats suddenly dry. It was hard, David found, to swallow.

"Marty said you guys gave him a bad time last night," her voice was raspy as if she had been doing a lot of talking. "What an appreciative bunch! After he saves the show and gives me one of my all time greatest ideas, you culprits put him through hoops." She glared at Farrell and Ace. "I want you to know

that your little joke almost caused him to quit. Only a lot of talk and promises from me changed his mind. It's a good thing too, because the way tickets are selling we're going to have a full house tonight, and all of them are coming to see Marty! Since you almost killed the golden goose, I have decided to make each of you pay a penalty. Therefore, we're going to lip-sync all the parts with the Baltimore tapes, so the performers only have to dance and act. Furthermore, your parts will be done by someone else!" She finished with a pointed glare at Ace, who scowled back at her.

After about thirty seconds of uncomfortable silence, David finally asked, "Do you mean we're all fired?"

"Perhaps," Nadine's tone was mocking as she turned and spoke to someone just outside the door. "Okay Millie, bring them in."

Millie, the grey haired old woman who dressed the girls, pushed in a rack of sequined, glittering dresses and costumes. "Take off your top hats and tails fellahs," she said with a grin. "The girls need 'em in the other room."

"You mean?????" There was a desperate, sinking feeling in the pit of David's stomach.

"That's right!" Nadine crowed. "Tonight, we reverse all the roles. This will be the biggest thing along the block in years. Then, we'll see who teases who after the show, won't we?"

As she spoke, another woman came into the room. At least, she was a woman at first glance, but David recognized Marty after a second look. Yet, it was hardly the Marty Salter he knew!

Marty's hair was long and styled in feminine fashion about his bejeweled ears. His face was tastefully made up as well, his cheeks rouged, his nose powdered, his lips glossed, and his eyes covered with eye liner, eye shadow, and mascara. He wore a two piece suit, green with a pleated skirt. A soft, green, silk blouse complimented his outfit as did his dark stockings and green, three inch pumps. A faint smile played apprehensively across his painted lips.

"Marty, is that you?" Farrell mimicked in a high, unnatural voice while flipping a limp wrist at the feminine figure before him.

Marty blushed and bit his lip. His embarrassment forced him to look down, revealing the blue eyeshadow on his eyelids.

The other guys also looked away. They were embarrassed both by Marty's appearance and by Farrell's remarks.

"Farrell!!!" Nadine was enraged. For a moment it appeared she might actually attack the black actor-dancer, who for the first time looked disconcerted. However, with a bit of effort, Nadine regained her self-control. "Millie," she said curtly, turning to the smug dresser. "Help these girls," she snapped the word out, "into dresses for their first number. Those who aren't dressed and on the stage in twenty minutes can leave right away . . . for good and without pay!"

As soon as Nadine left, Millie's face broke out into a huge smile. "Okay gurlies," she snickered and held up a pair of red, nylon bikini briefs, "into your pretty panties first!"

"Give 'em to Marty!" Farrell growled savagely. "You're not about to get the rest of us in those frilly things!"

Millie was taken aback, but Marty was completely composed as he sat daintily on the chair before his mirror. When he removed his jacket, a surprisingly feminine bust showed through his soft silk blouse.

Ace now joined in the rebellion. "I'm not gettin' tarted up like 'er!" he exclaimed in the English working class accent he reverted to in moments of extreme stress, even though he hadn't been to London since he was a child.

Marty blushed and glanced at David who immediately looked away. He didn't dare to look into his friend's feminized face.

"You have to, you know," Marty said in a low voice. "She won't pay you if you don't, and you won't be able to do anything about it. She'll also put out the word, and you won't be able to get another job in the trade. The way I see it, you really don't have a choice."

"Ooo! Listen to 'er!" Ace chastised while making a limp-wristed gesture at Marty. His voice was high-pitched, but it contained a touch of hysteria, betraying his true feelings.

"Knock it off Ace," David said quietly as he looked at Marty who had opened a makeup kit and was working on his eyes.

Ace appeared ready to make a furious reply, but he hesitated when Nadine suddenly burst into the tense dressing room. "Ace," she said calmly as if nothing was out of the ordinary, "I need you as a man

tonight to make five pairs. Your costumes are in the other room, so you can go in there to dress."

Ace quickly stood and gave the others a look of scorn. "See ya' ladies," he said softly as he left the room bowing and leering.

"Damn it!!! I'm not . . ." Farrell said as he stood and hurled a large jar of cold cream against the door. The jar shattered into a thousand pieces, and cold cream spread out in a great star burst before trickling down the wood in greasy rivulets.

"You can't do anything, can you? I told you that you didn't have a choice. Now do you believe me?" Marty said as he touched up his eyeshadow. He stood, undid the zip at his waist, and stepped out of his pleated skirt. Beneath was the lower half of a white nylon slip that was gathered at the hem into lace and embroidered flowers. As he began to unbutton his blouse, he continued, "I feel sorry for all of you, but really, dressing as a girl isn't all that bad. In fact, it can even be lovely." He nodded as he took off his blouse, showing the upper part of his slip and his bra straps beneath. He tossed his long hair back, revealing his earrings and said, "You'll be able to stand it for a few performances until the novelty wears off."

"What will Nadine have for us then?" David asked fearfully.

Cindy Brenner felt silly in the top hat and long dark trousers that David normally wore. Fortunately, the boys and girls in the troupe were very close in height and weight, so each others costumes fit fairly well. Still the suit jacker was a size too large.

"This idea of Nadine's is outrageous!" she thought as she examined her appearance in the mirror. "I wouldn't blame the boys if they walk out. This is ridiculous!" She looked about at the others. Of the group, only Sally looked uncomfortable, while Ace was positively beaming.

Cindy heard the rustling of the evening dresses before she saw the "girls" enter the stage. She heard Ace's guffaw, which did nothing to help any of them, not even the super cool Rosalie, who was peering out past the props. Marty was the first to come into Cindy's view. In the long dark wig and black evening dress, he looked just as he had the previous evening in his performance as "Jackie".

A blonde followed Marty. She looked so much like Jean Harlow in her white sequined gown that Cindy's breath was taken away. Only when the blonde turned in profile and went blushing to line up with Ace did Cindy realize that "she" was Babe Corbin! He looked so real as he walked on his white high heels that Cindy was intrigued beyond belief.

The brown haired girl wore the dark blue evening gown, tight all the way to below her knees save for the flare above her ankles, that belonged to Cindy. She was obviously very nervous as she was forced by the tight skirt to take small steps. This brunette was very heavily made up. Her thick hair and heavy earrings combined to give her an exotic appearance. "David?" asked Cindy breathlessly. "Is that you?"

"If you laugh, I'll kill you!" David spat from lips heavily painted with scarlet lipstick. Apart from the shake of the jelly filled bra at his chest, his panties

and tights were giving him a very odd feeling inside this soft, clinging dress.

"I won't laugh," Cindy promised. "You look almost pretty!"

Somehow, that made David feel even worse.

Nadine had already announced her "surprise" to the audience, so the burst of applause that erupted as the curtain went up was a shock to the performers. They really didn't recover for their first number, but the thrilled audience didn't seem to mind.

The Can-Can, with the boys showing their frilly panties, black garters, and petticoats with the many high kicks, wasn't nearly up to the standard of the girls, but they received much more applause than the girls had ever obtained.

Nadine had the boys remove their wigs at the end of the performance, and they felt properly foolish standing before the audience in various stages of woman's undress. The heavy applause from the standing ovation did nothing to relieve them from the snide remarks and antics from Ace and some of the stage hands, as they swished, wiggled, and tip-toed back to their dressing room.

"Never again!" snarled Farrell Prior as he threw his Afro wig on the table in front of his makeup mirror. He sat down in the loose fitting gown he had ended in and stared at his reflection. His light colored pantyhose and dark high heels made the most of his shapely legs as his skirt slipped up his thighs.

Marty calmly took off his gown and hung it on the rack. In bra, panties, garter belt, sheer nylons and heels, he looked disturbingly feminine as he sauntered back to his dressing table. A slight wiggle of his

backside and a bounce at his chest was obvious to the onlookers. He removed his false eyelashes but left his wig in place.

“Come on Marty,” said David awkwardly. He was sitting in his bra, slip, panties, and nylons. “At least, take your wig off.”

Marty gave him a quizzical smile.

David looked at himself in his mirror, and he could see why. His own hair was naturally long, and even though it was a mess, with long earrings and heavy makeup, he still looked like a woman.

Farrell was ripping the loose dress away from himself in frustration. A string of beads popped, and loose beads cascaded all over the floor. In his white bikini panties, bra, and pantyhose, Farrell still looked like a sexy, even foxy, black girl. Again, the lack of a wig didn't detract from his appearance as his makeup changed his apparent gender orientation completely.

Babe Corbin was still wearing his wig and long white evening gown and sat dabbing at his glossy red lipstick. He sat staring into his mirror and made no effort to change his dress nor to remove his wig or makeup. “That wasn't so bad, was it?” he whispered to Clinton Hart, the sixth male dancer.

Clinton was flabbergasted by Babe's statement, and he didn't answer as he was quiet by nature. Anyway, he was hurrying to change into his normal tee shirt and faded jeans. With his thick eyelashes, soft, smooth skin, feminine makeup, red lipstick, and with his long fair colored hair pushed to one side, Clinton resembled a thin, poorly endowed young girl.

David was the first to start work with the cold cream. Without makeup and still wearing women's underclothes, he still looked very feminine. However, he quickly slipped out of his lingerie and clinging hose, and he felt much better when he was out of the male bikini Millie had given him to disguise his true sex from the audience. Once he was in his tight fitting jeans, he immediately felt free and natural.

Yet beside him, Marty had just exchanged his black panties for the white ones he had worn to the theater, and he was adjusting his bra. In front of him lay his slip and pantyhose.

"I don't know how you can do this all the time," David said carefully. He eyed Marty's shapely legs as he maneuvered the hose over his painted toenails.

"I feel very content dressed this way," Marty answered in the feminine voice that was becoming familiar to David. "I've cross dressed as long as I can remember."

"Nadine did you a big favor!" David said sarcastically.

"I guess you could say that," David answered sheepishly.

"What about Sally? Does she know you like like this?" David asked as he turned to see Babe Corbin standing, still in wig, makeup, and evening gown, turning this way and that to observe his feminine silhouette in the mirror.

Marty shrugged. "She's known about me all along. The difference is that you all treat me as if I were queer."

"You mean you're not?" David asked in a skeptical voice.

There was pain in Marty's eyes. "Of course not!" he snapped indignantly. In short angry motions, he fluffed out the dark wig and stared at his reflection in the mirror. Turning to face David in his soft slip and dark hose, and with his made up eyes still blazing, he said, "Sally and I get along great! I just have this thing about wearing women's clothes."

David was astonished by this revelation, but before he could say anything, Nadine came into the room with a number of envelopes in her hand. She handed the top one to Farrell, who was now dressed in his slacks and open necked sport shirt.

He snatched the envelope from her hand, gave her an angry grimace, and stormed out of the room.

As Nadine watched him walk away, a cool amused smile played across her carefully made up face.

David took his envelope without looking at her, while Clinton, with traces of makeup still evident about his eyes, shot away without a word. His wife, an ex-dancer, was expecting at any time. This explained why he needed the money so badly.

Marty's envelope was a little thicker than the others. He accepted it and put in a little red handbag that David didn't remember seeing when he first arrived.

"Babe!" Nadine shouted as she turned to the last of them. "I'm glad you haven't changed. Our backers want to do the town tonight, and you can come along to make a foursome."

The look of pleasure on Babe's face was counteracted by the disgust shown by David and the relief on Marty's made up face.

"I'd love to Nadine," Babe said in a high pitched voice that made her smile radiantly as she went over to take his hand. Babe was wearing the long, false nails Millie had attached earlier. Their bright pink polish perfectly matched the lipstick he had re-done since entering the dressing room.

"That dress will do fine," Nadine said putting her arm around his narrow nipped-in waist. "Let's go! The men are waiting!"

When the pair left, Marty let out a sigh of relief even greater than the one released by David. "That woman!" he hissed as he pulled up and fastened his green pleated skirt over his silk blouse. He took off his wig and began to brush and style his own hair.

David wavered. Normally, he, Marty, Ace, and Farrell would take the girls out for a drink on pay day. Now, Marty had become one of the girls, and David didn't know what to do! "Well," he said awkwardly, "I've got to be going. Cindy is supposed to meet her sister uptown tonight."

Marty nodded with understanding. "See you tomorrow," he said with an amused smile. "Tomorrow, we have to do a matinee as well. Right?"

In bed, later that night, after reassuring Cindy several times about his maleness, the best way David knew of doing that, he told her how awkward and embarrassed he had felt dressed in women's clothes for the performance.

With her sweat-streaked hair pushed back from her eyes, Cindy laughed as David related how the boys, including himself, had struggled into the different articles of women's underwear. "You know

what a garter belt is," she insisted. "You've seen me wear one often enough."

"But, I've never worn a garter belt before," he explained. "I've never worn nylon stockings with those stupid seams you have to keep straight either."

"Oh you poor darling," Cindy said lighting a cigarette. "I guess I'll have to give you lessons with my clothes."

There was an uncomfortable pause between them for a moment, then David gruffly said, "I told Marty you had to see your sister tonight, because I didn't think you'd want to go out with him the way he was dressed."

"Oh, I wouldn't have minded," Cindy said seriously, as David pushed himself up on an elbow to stare at her. "You see, I had a long talk with Sally, and she assures me that she is deeply in love with Marty. Whether you realize it or not, she is the one who does his makeup and buys his dresses for him."

"You're serious, you wouldn't have minded?" David's voice cracked, and he almost choked on his words.

"No, not Marty," said Cindy, putting her arm around him. "You, I'd worry about, I suppose. You see, Sally isn't worried about Marty, so why should I? She says he's more of a man in bed with women's clothes than with men's. She told us all about transvestites. It's quite interesting really!"

"Cindy!" David said in an unbelieving tone as he stretched his body over hers.

"Do you know what Sally calls Marty when he's in drag?" she gasped as she wrapped her arms around

his neck. "She calls him Cindy, if you can believe that!

David's mouth closed over hers, but she got free.

"What femme name would you like Dear?" she giggled into his ear. "Sally, or Davina, or Daisy, or what about"?

By then, David had started something very interesting, and Cindy quickly lost all interest in a girls' name for her boyfriend.

After a few more performances with all the men, except Ace, dressed as women, the sick girls recovered from their illnesses and returned for duty. Now, despite all the grief he had given his fellow performers about their costumes, Ace had to join them and wear a feminine costume as well. Since the others had been dressing and performing in drag for over a week, they had become less conscience-stricken about wearing the previously unfamiliar garments and makeup and were more adept at putting everything on.

Now, it was Ace's turn to suffer humiliation and embarrassment at the hands of the other "girls". And, they dished it out with a vengeance so intense that Ace quickly wished he had understood what he was putting them through while he was still allowed to perform in pants. However' the teasing from the others slowly subsided as everyone was in the same boat.

About that time, the boys were joined by a new dancer in their dressing room. She came in wearing a green Lycra catsuit with an unusual little shocking

yellow jacket. When she took off her jacket and top, she embarrassed them by stripping off her bra to show her real, fully developed feminine breasts.

"I'm Lisa! It's alright," he said. "I'm a guy just like you. These are is the result of the hormones at work." He glanced knowingly at Marty and Babe, as both of them had sick looks on their powdered and painted faces. "You'll be on them soon, won't you Dears?" he added with a smile.

He picked up a black bra and got Ace to fasten him up. Lisa was so genuinely female that the boys were embarrassed to be in the same room with him as she slipped into a tight sweater, hose, and dancing tights for the rehearsal.

"Lisa is here to understudy your parts at first," Nadine told them on the stage. "In a short time, he'll be able to take over for anyone who can't, or won't, do the job." She looked menacingly at Ace who glared right back at her.

By now, the girls were used to the boys taking their parts. However, with Lisa hovering daintily in the background, they were particularly vocal in their advice to the "girls" on how to project themselves more femininely. "Come on David," Cindy encouraged after her lover blew a pirouette. "Swing your rear like this!"

David stared at her but did not reply. In his next attempt, he exaggerated his walk and kept his hands and wrists moving in an exaggerated feminine manner. This action drew compliments from Nadine and made Cindy blush.

"You didn't have to be so so swish!" she snapped at David when they took a break.

"How did you want me to behave?" asked David angrily. "You told me to act more like a girl!"

"I know," Cindy said thoughtfully, "but not too much!"

Rosalie sauntered over to join them. She wore no makeup now, as none of the real girls did. She eyed David in his tights, black high heels, and his shaped girl's leotard. Nadine insisted they rehearse in their waspies and falsies to "quickly become accustomed to the unique movements of the sex."

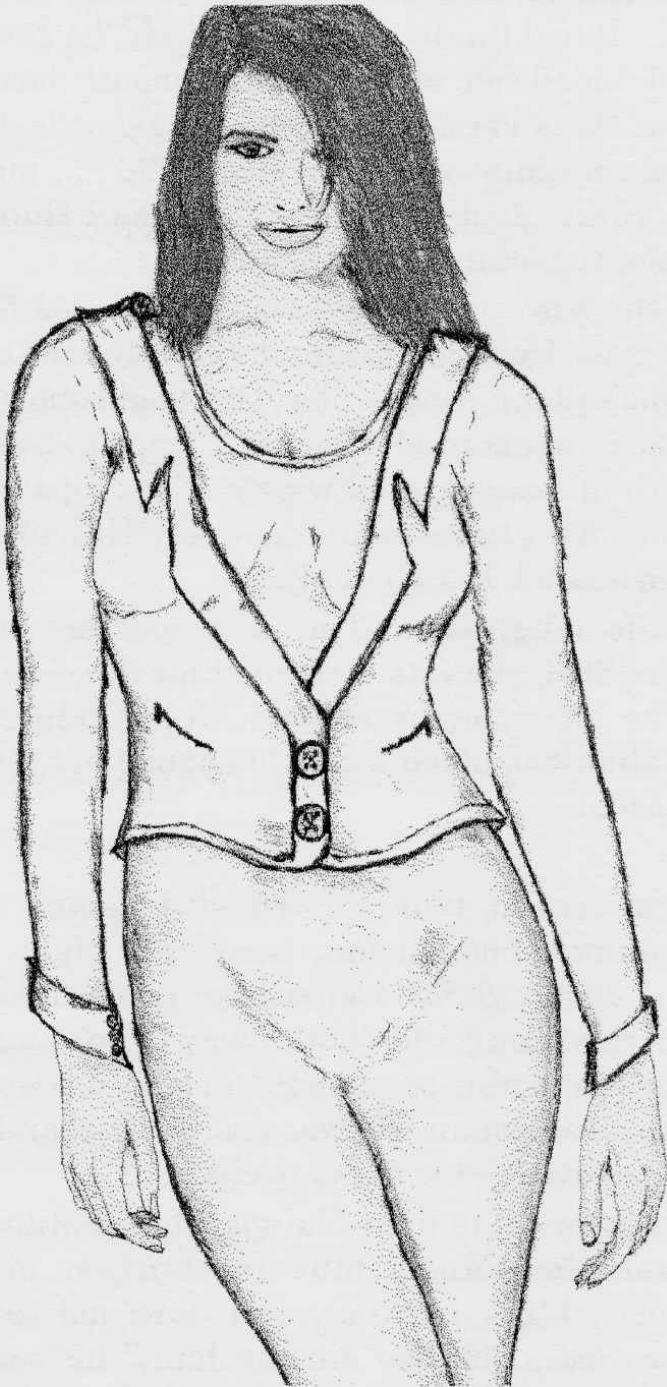
Seeing her intense gaze, David turned away.

"Who's that lovely creature," asked Rosalie with a chuckle in her voice. She indicated Lisa, who was talking with Nadine and Babe, who now wore a ribbon in his blonde wig.

"Yes David," said Cindy sharply, taking his hand. "Who is she?"

David was angry and frustrated, and he felt silly in this girl's leotard. Before answering, he looked around at all his friends. Marty, so clearly like a woman now, was standing and laughing girlishly with Sally.

Babe Corbin, his skin so clear and wearing makeup all the time, beamed at every feminine flattery turned his way. Even Farrell wasn't immune. He was in the center of the stage, trying to show Ace how to push out his skirt with his hands to show off his nylons and legs in their duet. Clinton had, as usual, almost faded into the background. In a black leotard, between Jackie and Danielle, he wouldn't have been noticed as different from the other two girls, except for his four inch spiked heels.



“Lisa was actually a male just like the rest of the dancers. To everyone’s shock. . .this boy had the curves and figure of a girl!”

When David finally turned to Cindy, he saw that she had folded her arms, and her mouth formed a thin line. "Lisa is really a man," he said at last, "but she'll be anything you want her to be male or female. She's ideal for Nadine because I think she wants the rest of us to be like Lisa."

For the first time David was glad to see fear in Cindy's eyes. He knew she finally realized the extent of Nadine's plans. Maybe now, she would show some compassion to his predicament. "Come on, dear," he said with an exaggerated wiggle of his hips. "Show me how to make those divine doe eyes." He had raised his voice a notch or two in pitch.

Rosalie laughed, and after a moment, Cindy joined in. Still, she was very quiet for the rest of the day, even after they were paid. Even finding their money almost doubled failed to change her despondent mood.

One afternoon, Babe arrived with his hair styled in a feminine fashion and wearing a tight skirt, sweater, dark nylons, and stiletto heels. Even the look Ace gave him couldn't take away Babe's euphoria at having come from his apartment fully dressed and made up as a woman. He was positively beaming as he wiggled over to his makeup chair.

"No wig for me tonight," he sparkled at Millie. His eyes were brilliantly blue in contrast of blue eyeshadow, black eyeliner, and dark mascara he wore in excess. "Renee did my hair," he beamed, patting the blonde kiss curls on his cheeks and around his forehead.

Ace looked away. The scene before him caused him to shiver in the dark blue evening dress he'd just had Farrell lace him into.

"I love this color, don't you?" Babe bubbled to the grim faced, unbelieving, and repulsed Ace.

None of the others could believe that Babe had actually gone to a woman's hair salon and had his hair bleached platinum blonde and set in a fashionable style.

When Nadine came in and assessed the situation, she was ecstatic! "What a great idea!" she said excitedly. "From now on, I want each of you to wear your hair in a feminine color and style. You've all got long hair for men, so length will be no problem. I'll get Millie to set your hair before tonight's performance, and I'll make salon appointments for each of you as soon as possible. I'm sure you'll appreciate not having to worry about wigs anymore, although you'll have to spend more time rolling, brushing, and otherwise taking care of your new coiffures."

Nadine wore a smug, yet devious expression as she lay down her latest demand. Forcing these men into increasingly feminine situations was quickly becoming more than just a ploy to increase the show's popularity. She was experiencing a distinct sense of power that she enjoyed immensely.

"You're not touching mine!" Ace hollered as he blotted his scarlet lips on a tissue.

Nadine stopped at the door. "You didn't like the extra money, eh Ace," she asked.

Ace was busy with his eyebrow pencil as he looked up and stared back at her from his mirror. "You're

taking this cross dressing business too far," he spat angrily.

Looking over at Lisa, Nadine spread her feet and placed her hands on her hips in an aggressive stance. "If you don't want your hair done," she said furiously, "then you're out of the show! Lisa can take your place tonight!" Looking down the line of partially clad, feminized men with a hard glare, she continued. "The same goes for the rest of you darlings as well. I have a few more ... uh ... persons to interview tomorrow as replacements. Because of our success, I have decided this is the direction the show will take for the foreseeable future. Besides," she paused to look into Clinton's anxious face, "you'll all get a lot more money if you do as I say!" Then, she was gone.

Millie didn't have too hard a time with washing out and setting the boy's hair in curlers and putting them under dryers. However, Ace, as usual, objected to everything.

David didn't expect to lose almost all his eyebrows, and after Millie combed out his hot perm, he couldn't believe his eyes. These two changes had altered him almost beyond recognition. Even without his makeup, he now looked like a girl. As he glanced around at the others, he saw that they were the same.

As they dressed for the show, Babe giggled on about how beautiful they were, and even Lisa became quiet and nervous. The next disquieting occurrence took place as they walked from their dressing room toward the stage. They heard their first wolf whistles from the stage hands, who were fully aware of the status of the male dancers. When David

dropped a glove, a husky electrician came running over to pick it up for him. The big worker smiled, gave David a wink, and said, "You look great!"

The boys were exceedingly nervous on the stage with their latest addition of femininity. The girls were ill at ease as well, although for a different reason. Even Rosalie, usually so wicked and convincing as the woman hating chauvinist, had no zip. Her pinches on the male performer's derrieres were just gentle pats compared to the way she usually taunted them. All of this combined to cause everyone's performance to suffer greatly.

"What's wrong?" David asked Cindy as the two came together backstage.

They had a break while Babe did his new number. This was the one where Babe stripped off his silky white gown while Danielle, Shelly, Jackie, and Rosalie, the "boyfriends" treated him as the sexy glamour girl he appeared to be.

"Look Cindy, it's still me!" David exclaimed.

"I know . . . but you look so . . . so . . . feminine!" she gasped.

David felt a tear touch his cheek. "Babe came to work with his hair styled and wearing a dress tonight," he tried to explain. "Nadine liked the idea and decided we should all have our hair done so we could stop wearing wigs. I know we look different, but it's still me underneath all . . . this! I'm still a guy, for gawd's sake!"

"For now?" Her words came out very slowly and with more than a touch of uncertainty. She placed her hand on his narrowed waist and pushed him out

to join the other "girls" in re-dressing Babe for his modern up-to-date dance.

As they left the stage after the show, David held tightly to Cindy's hand. "Let's go for a drink," he said. "I could sure use one after tonight."

Cindy turned and looked at David's thin bobbed nose, slender, almost non-existent eyebrows, thick eyelashes, and his soft face. His longish hair was parted down the middle, swept back along both sides, and thick curls covered the nape of his neck. Gold hoops swung from his ears, completing his feminine look. "With you looking like that?" she said, trying not to sound bitter or degrading. "I think we had better try to sneak home instead. Even in your jeans, you'd still look like a girl!"

David shook his head, feeling the earrings, and remembering how the others appeared, he realized how feminine he must look. "I'll dress quickly," he said, moving as fast as his tight skirt and high heels would allow.

"What's up?" he asked as he entered the dressing room to find Nadine and the other male performers waiting for him.

"Everyone sit down!" Nadine demanded. "We need to have a talk!" She paced while they found a seat, then she faced them with an angry expression. "I believe everyone here knows that tonight's performance was far below the standards I have set for this show, and I believe I know the reason. Even after weeks of performing in our revised presentation, most of you are still self-conscious and anxious about appearing on stage dressed as women. Why is that?"

She looked over the silent gathering and gave them time to think while her message sank into their minds. "To me," she continued, "the reason is obvious! I believe you are embarrassed and ashamed because dressing as women for only a few hours each day doesn't give you time to grow comfortable in your roles. Therefore, beginning right now and for the entire run of the show, each of you will be required to dress exclusively, and full time, in women's clothes. This done, you will quickly grow comfortable and confident in your guise, and the show's popularity will increase accordingly."

She paused to fend off an expected outburst, but after the ultimatum she had just handed down, even Ace was speechless. "To help you out until you accumulate a feminine wardrobe of your own," she added, "you can borrow whatever you need from the store room. This directive is not negotiable and failure to fully comply will mean instant dismissal from the cast." Then, without giving her stunned audience time to respond or protest, she turned and quickly hurried from the room.

Just as the door closed behind her, Ace regained his resolve and charged after her with his long, red, oval shaped fingernails ready for attack. "That woman!" he screamed. "She's gone too far this time, and I won't stand for it!"

Farrell jumped up before him, effectively blocking his exit, and said, "Sit down man. There's nothing we can do if we want remain a part of the show."

"But why why," questioned Ace, near the point tears.

"She thinks we'll be more feminine if we wear drag all the time," Clinton said wearily.

Behind them, Babe began to giggle again. "It's true guys," he cried. "Just look at me! I feel much more feminine since I started wearing dresses at home. We can all be more feminine."

There was a strange snarl from Ace as he suddenly thrust Farrell aside. This gave Farrell a ringside seat to the punch that caught Babe flush on his pert little nose. Before the platinum blonde could react or defend himself, Ace was on top of him punching away.

Farrell jumped in, and with the help of Clinton, pulled Ace away.

Babe lay on the floor whimpering. Blood spurted from his nose and quickly ran down his face and onto his clothes. "My dress!" he screamed through his flood of tears.

Ace sat at his dresser breathing heavily and looking disgustedly at his reflection in the mirror. He ignored the sobbing Babe, who Lisa was trying to console by pressing his face against his large breasts, and stood slowly to remove his long evening gown, slip, bra, and panties. Without clothes, he was a wiry, masculine and muscular. His hair and makeup looked strange and out of place with his body.

Knowing he had no choice but to dress as a woman for the street, Ace went to a drawer, took out a pair of blue nylon bikini panties and stepped into them. This was followed by pantyhose, padded bra, silky slip, and a dark blue dress with a tight above the knee skirt. Three inch pumps and a patent leather



"Babe didn't look much like a man anymore. In his cobalt blue halter-neck dress with a super short knife-pleated skirt that is as swinky and flirty as any girls'. In his matching blue pumps and opaque hosiery, the image was most appealing, as was his wiggle."

purse completed his outfit. He turned and faced the others, who were watching him carefully.

"Goodnight girls," Ace said pleasantly as he sauntered out the door.

Nadine, who was just entering, looked at Babe with shock and surprise as she observed the tissue plugs and the blood all over the front of his dress. "What happened?" she barked out at the room.

Tears still flowed out of Babe's mascara laden eyes, and he looked desperately at the others as David gave him an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"I I slipped into into the table," Babe sniffed.

Nadine looked at the stiff tense backs of her other "male" dancers and tried to grasp what was happening.

Clinton, who was wearing only a pair of black panties, stood blushing as he put on an uplift bra with padded inserts. He had the kind of chest muscles that could be taped across to show "real" cleavage. "This is unnecessary," he told Nadine. "I already look more feminine than my wife who just had a baby because she is still overweight. If I dress like this all the time, what will I look like in a few months?" he asked as he pulled a slip over his head.

"I'm sure you will be an absolute doll," she answered. "If I were you, I wouldn't worry a bit."

He left as soon as he could, appearing as a cute brunette in a black miniskirt, black knee high boots, tight red sweater, and a shaped leather jacket. The tiny gold crosses at his ears and his dark makeup

combined to make him far more attractive as a female than he'd ever been as a male.

Nadine was perceptive enough to know that whatever had happened would not be revealed to her at that time. She accepted that fact and let them know she would wait to see everyone in his "street clothes before she left.

David looked over at Farrell who shrugged and continued his dressing efforts. Reluctantly, David changed into a lacy under-wired bra, minislip, dark pantyhose, white silk blouse with billowing sleeves, and maroon miniskirt. When he stepped into his black three inch pumps, Nadine came over and helped him with his makeup.

"You'll get good at this very quickly now that you'll be wearing it all the time," she said sweetly. "Keep those earrings if you want, because they really look good on you, David." Smiling, she hugged him and said, "We'll have to do something about that name, won't we?"

Putting the money and keys from his trouser pockets into a wine colored purse, David grabbed a coat that matched his skirt and quickly headed for the door.

"David wait!" Marty yelled as he and Farrell tripped after him in their heels. They were dressed much the same as himself, and lots of shapely leg showed underneath their miniskirts. All three had bouncing breasts and long, dangling earrings. "Let's go together," Marty said with a little smile that seemed to say, "Now, we're all girls together . . . isn't it nice?"

After seeing Ace and Clinton leave dressed as girls, Cindy, Sally, and Rosalie expected to see their "men" dressed as they were. Sally and Rosalie passed out compliments to them on their makeup, hair, and clothes. Cindy was the only one of the group who was upset, but she quickly changed her mind when a group of stage hands offered to take them all out for a drink. That moved her to agree to go out to a local bar with the "girls".

The bar wasn't as crowded as they expected, and they soon had a booth to themselves.

"How do you feel," Cindy asked David after they told the girls about Nadine's latest order.

David had taken her hand, and now, their hands lay together, each with long pointed nails. David's were red while Cindy's were clear. Also, both had fancy dress rings on their fingers and bracelets at their wrists.

"You mean wearing a skirt in public?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," she answered. "and with the lingerie, makeup, hairdo, and heels."

He had to think. How did he really feel? Strange! Yes, there was that, but it was nice to feel the smooth nylons on his shaved legs. He knew he had shapely legs, and he felt good when Rosalie told him what he already knew to be true. The slip that stretched across his thighs was soft and different, and he felt feminine from his bra and tight sweater. He suddenly realized he was no longer upset by his clothing.

In fact, he was rather looking forward to making love to Cindy later. He knew from her demeanor that she wasn't as sure of his masculinity as she had been

before, and he planned to enjoy proving to her that the person wearing these clothes was indeed David Rennick.

"I feel alright," he said looking her in the eyes after a pause.

Farrell was flirting with a waiter, trying to con a drink, but he wasn't having it. Still, Farrell looked very pleased with himself as the waiter walked away.

"Did that feel good?" asked a smiling Sally. She seemed happy for the first time in a long while.

Farrell was shocked. He'd hardly realized what he was doing.

"It's alright Dear," said Rosalie, touching his arm. "Why don't you come home with me tonight?"

Farrell nodded and bit his pink, glossy lower lip. He too had no eyebrows to speak of, and with his fluffy Afro and sleeveless dress, he looked like an African princess. His plunging front, the gold slave bracelets on his arms, and his long, dangling gold earrings did little to detract from that image. He stood and smoothed his short skirt. "Let's go," he said hoarsely with his eyes on Rosalie.

She stood proudly with a great, beaming smile and took his hand.

The waiter looked after them in disgust as they went skipping out. "Lezzies!" he said, the word carrying the length of the bar.

Back in their flat, David didn't wait to change before starting to make love. Cindy responded only a little at first. She kept asking him to change, but soon, she melted into his embrace, and undressed him herself. She left on his bra and panties, refusing

to take them off as her hands and lips explored his entire body.

As he tried to consummate the act, she quivered and pulled away. "No!" she shouted. "I can't make love with another girl!"

"I'm not a girl!" David countered.

"You just smell, taste, look, dress, and feel like one," retorted Cindy. She pulled away and adamantly refused. Even when David changed into his pajamas, she wouldn't snuggle up to him for a long time.

"Your hair," she said after a while, "is so soft, and it smells like my sister's.

As David moved closer to her, she moved her fingers over his face and smoothed down his thin eyebrows. "I suppose you couldn't join another show?" she sighed.

"No," he whispered. "We're stuck with Nadine's show. If we quit, she'll see to it that we're never employed as dancers again. Even Ace knows that."

"I saw him leave," she said with a quiver. "He looked like a girl going out on a date. I couldn't believe the change in him. I guess we should never have tried to stick it out for the money." There was a wetness on her cheek as she let him begin to make love to her.

"No matter," said David, biting her ear. "It isn't as bad as it could be. Not as long as you're here to accept me as I am."

"Or whatever Nadine turns you into," she said.

"No," David was definite. "I'll never be like Babe or Lisa. . . I'll never date guys." He shuddered at the thought, and it was Cindy's turn to hold him tight.

"Anyway, look at Marty. He's been dressing like a girl for years, and he's still a man. You've got Sally's word for that!"

"Yes," Cindy said as she began to kiss her lover, tasting the face powder on his cheeks. "He's right," she thought. "I guess I must accept the fact that he's trapped into his role, and that he has so much yet to learn about being a woman. There's so much I can teach him. I wonder what I should call him in the morning when I dress him in my clothes. 'David' just doesn't seem right for the woman I plan to create."

"Ace will be the most difficult of the group to keep in skirts on a twenty four basis," Nadine said to Millie over coffee the following morning. "If we can get him to comply with my order and wear dresses all the time, Farrell and the others will fall nicely into line."

"You're right about that!" Millie responded. "We've had a hard enough time getting him to wear the costumes for rehearsals and the show. How do you propose to convince him wear women's clothes on a full time basis?"

"Well," Nadine said thoughtfully. "He doesn't want to have to leave show business. I've used his desire to perform to 'drag' him this far. Maybe that's the way to get him into dresses and keep him in them full time. What do you think?"

"It's worked so far," Millie said. "I don't see where you have anything to lose. You may as well give it a try."

"You're right!" Nadine exclaimed. "The troupe usually has a late breakfast at Fatima's. Let's go over there and see if he's dressed appropriately."

Ace entered the coffee shop dressed as usual in a tee shirt and faded jeans. "How are you 'ladies' this fine morning?" he taunted Marty, David, and Farrell who were dressed and made up as women in accordance with Nadine's directive.

The three blushed and lowered their eyes. They were obviously embarrassed by their friend's teasing comments about the way they were dressed.

"Why aren't you dressed like them?" demanded an irate Rosalie when she saw the "men" were too ashamed to confront the insulting Ace. "Are you deliberately trying to provoke Nadine by disobeying her orders?"

"How's she to know how I dress on my time off?" Ace sneered. "The only time she sees me is at the theater. As long as I wear a skirt to and from rehearsals and the shows, she'll be none the wiser." "That is, unless one of these ladies tells her."

"What makes you say that?" said a familiar voice from behind the sneering Ace.

His heart jumped into his throat as he whirled around to face Nadine. She was standing with her feet apart, her hands on her hips, and wearing an enraged stare. He moved his lips to speak, to offer some kind of explanation, but he could make no sound. His only thought was, "Is this the end of my career in show business?"

When he did not speak, Nadine knew she had won the first battle in this little war. Not wanting to lose her advantage over her alarmed victim, nor diminish the progress she had made with the other performers by having them witness her possibly lose the next

battle, she kept her voice calm and said, "May I see you outside Ace? I believe we are due for a heart to heart discussion."

"Is that you Ace?" asked an unbelieving Farrell as he looked over his friend as he walked into the dressing room that evening.

Ace had obviously spent considerable time at a professional hairdressers that day. His natural strawberry blonde hair had been dyed a brilliant red with bright highlights at the ends, and his makeup, highlighted by dark mascara, green eye shadow, and vivid red lipstick that matched his pointed fingernails, was perfect. He wore green three inch satin covered spiked heel pumps and an aqua mini dress with lace at the bodice, sleeves and hem. In short, he was a picture of abject femininity. Only the sad expression reflected from his green eyes betrayed his true feelings.

When he didn't answer, Farrell pressed on. "What happened to you man?" he asked with a concerned voice.

Sensing that Farrell was sincere in his interest and was not making fun of him, Ace answered in a quiet voice. "Nadine said she would replace me on the show with Lisa and black ball me throughout the industry unless I agreed to dress as a woman full time. When I agreed, she said since I had proved I couldn't be trusted to follow instructions in her absence, I would have to move in with her so she could personally oversee my progress in learning to portray a woman. She gave all my clothes to some bag lady on the street, and she is going to buy me a whole

new feminine wardrobe. After we moved what was left of my things into her flat, she took me to a beauty parlor and had all this done!"

"Where did you get that pretty dress?" asked Marty who was obviously intrigued by Ace's new look.

"At the mall boutique down the street. We had just enough time to buy me a dress after we left the salon. We are going shopping tomorrow to buy my new clothes."

"She made you move in with her?" asked David with a shiver in his voice. "Pity you!"

"I know," answered Ace, "but that's not the worst of it. She plans to teach me to wash, iron, and take care of my new clothes. She wants me to learn to cook and keep house as well. I think she wants me to be her bleeding maid! On top of that, she wants to enroll me in a charm and etiquette class so I can learn the social graces of being a woman while I'm in the role."

Over the next few weeks, all of the performers rapidly became more feminine but none at the speed of the once impetuous Ace. His hair was usually decorated with a ribbons or pretty bow, his makeup was always perfect, his clothes were very much on the sissy side, and he always wore the highest heels. His voice became softer, and he seldom, if ever, raised it in protest or disagreement. His previously gruff demeanor became quiet and reserved, and he seldom ventured an opinion unless asked. Even then, he was congenial and good-natured.

"You're really changing fast," David said to him one morning at rehearsal.

"So are you and the others," Ace rebutted.

"I know," David countered, "but none of us is transforming at warp speed like you, despite the fact that Marty, Lisa, and Babe love the changes."

Ace looked down in shame. He could no longer look into David's eyes. "Nadine won't let me wear anything but women's clothes, and she makes me do all these chores designed to make me more ladylike."

"What kind of things?" David asked in a concerned voice.

Ace shifted nervously and crossed his legs seductively at the knee as he had learned to do in his charm class. This action caused his short red skirt to ride up and reveal substantially more of his nylon covered thighs. "Well," he almost whispered, "for instance, I have to take classes in etiquette, makeup, hairdressing, walking, sitting, standing, sewing, shopping, coordinating outfits, and caring for women's clothes." He paused to wipe a tear from his eye, revealing his red, perfectly manicured fingernails. "At home, I have to practice the things I learn and do all the housework! Believe me, that leaves little time for anything else. It's no wonder I'm rapidly becoming more feminine. Who wouldn't?"

One morning, Farrell dressed in a short pleated purple skirt, lavender blouse, and low heeled sandals and paid Ace a visit. He wanted to see how his friend was getting on under the strict tutelage of Nadine and to get an idea of her methods.

His knock at the door was answered by Nadine, who was wearing capri slacks, a print blouse, and flats. She invited him into the den where he found

Ace vacuuming the carpet while wearing a short denim skirt, a red cotton blouse, and two inch heeled slippers. His makeup was light, and he had a scarf tied around his head to protect his hair.

When he saw Farrell, Ace immediately turned off the vacuum and offered him a seat and politely asked, "Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"I'd love a cup, if it's no trouble," Farrell answered.

"No trouble at all," Ace beamed as he turned to leave for the kitchen. "I just made a fresh pot."

"You should also serve some of those delicious cookies you baked this morning, dear," Nadine said, further revealing the extent of the feminine training she was putting him through.

"They aren't very good," he protested.

"No matter!" she insisted. "I'm sure Farrell wants to see how well you're progressing as a housewife."

Her reference to him as a housewife, in front of his friend, caused Ace to burn with embarrassment and humiliation as he prepared their snack. When she called him her wife, the little woman, and her better half in private, he didn't mind too much in light of his duties, but he felt her comment in Farrell's presence was far too demeaning.

Nadine and Farrell made small talk while Ace was busy in the kitchen. As they conversed, Farrell did not pursue her comment on Ace's status in the household. As they talked he noted that she was wearing pants while the two of them were in skirts.

When Ace returned with a tray containing the cups, saucers, cookies, and condiments, Farrell noticed his burning cheeks and the fact that he had

removed his scarf and fluffed out his hair as might a woman upon learning that she had visitors. He also noticed that Ace, the one who had previously laced his coffee with tons of cream and sugar, now drank it black. "You've changed your drinking habits," he observed in an effort to pursue a more pleasant line of conversation.

Ace was glad the subject was changing, and he quickly regained his composure. He replied, "Nadine suggested I lose a few pounds to enhance my figure. I've lost ten pounds already just by watching my diet and exercising."

Not long after they finished their refreshments, the doorbell rang and Ace excused himself to answer the door. "Won't you come in Millie," he was heard to say. "Nadine and Farrell are in the den. Please join us."

Farrell noticed that Millie, like Nadine, was wearing very little makeup, slacks, and flats. "Are you ready?" she asked Nadine.

"You bet!" Nadine turned to Ace and said, "We're playing tennis, going to the spa, and probably do some shopping."

There was a stunned and hurt expression on Ace's face. "What time will you be back?" he asked with sadness in his eyes.

Nadine kissed him on his red lips, patted him on the rear, and smiled. "Oh, about seven, I guess," she said as she headed for the door.

As the door closed behind the two women, Ace stamped his foot, ran to the sofa, and sat abruptly with his face in his hands. "See how she treats me?" he squealed in a tear filled voice.

Farrell noticed that Ace, like himself, now sat with his knees pressed together . . . from habit, not of conscious effort. "Why are you so upset?" he asked, trying to get a handle on Ace's feelings. "Is it because she didn't invite you to go along or because she didn't inform you of her plans?"

"A little of both, I guess," Ace answered as he dried his eyes. Then, reconciling his situation, he smiled and said, "Oh well, no matter. I have way too much to do to finish washing, ironing, and putting this place in order anyway. When I've finished all that, I have to make myself beautiful and have dinner ready by seven thirty. You heard Nadine. She'll be here by seven, and after she showers, she'll expect to eat right away."

Farrell picked up a magazine on a table and almost fainted. The magazine was called, *SISSY MAID QUARTERLY!* The lifestyle guide for sissy maids and their employers. Farrell thought, "Boy, she's not only got you trained, she has completely broken his spirit!"

Out loud, he asked, "What do you plan to wear?" As he spoke, he realized how much like a woman he sounded because a woman would always wonder what she would wear.

"I thought about that little low cut electric blue silk dress with the short flaring skirt and my four inch spikes. Nadine says that color really sets off my eyes. And I've got these tiny bikini panties that . . . well . . .! Say! I hope you don't mind my working while we talk," Ace said as he turned red and rose to his feet and began gathering the dishes from the coffee table. He was making a sincere effort to change the

subject as he was treading on ground he preferred not to discuss with Farrell.

"Not at all," answered Farrell as he watched Ace automatically dip from his knees to prevent his short skirt from revealing what shouldn't be revealed. "Say, didn't you and Nadine have a fling a while back?"

"Yes, we lived together a few years ago, but it didn't last very long."

"Why? What happened?"

"She said I was too demanding and inconsiderate. You know, like she acted just now toward me. She's really giving me a dose of my own medicine, now that she wears the pants in our relationship."

"I see what you mean," mused Farrell. "Say, I didn't want to discuss this while Nadine was here, but now I can ask. Have you gotten used to wearing women's clothes all the time?"

Preferring not to go first, Ace countered with, "Have you?"

"I'm hesitant to admit it, but yes, I think I have," answered Farrell, playing with the hem of his skirt. "I know I should be embarrassed, but I especially like the feel of the soft fabrics like nylon and silk against my skin. There, I said it! Now, tell me how you feel."

"For the most part, I have gotten used to the clothes," answered Ace, "At least, I've accepted the fact that I have no choice in the matter. In any event, there are a lot of things worse than wearing women's clothes as far as I'm concerned."

"What do you mean?"

"Nadine's attitude towards me is one thing! For instance, she takes all my money and deposits it in

her account. Then she doles out a little at a time. As a result, I never have more than a few dollars in my purse at any time. She says I need to experience the sensation a woman feels when she has to depend on someone else for protection and support. On top of that, there are all those classes I have to attend to learn to be a woman, and I have to clean up around here all the time. She never lifts a finger to help, and she throws her things down wherever she happens to be. I have to pick up and clean after her all the time, and if the place isn't spotless all the time, she really gets mad and takes it out on me."

"Don't you ever get upset with this treatment?"

"Sometimes I do, like last week. She was over an hour late for dinner, and it dried into cardboard while I was trying to keep it warm. After all the trouble I went to, and dinner was ruined! I was really steamed, and we had a very tense evening as a result."

"Did she explain or apologize?"

"She tried to explain with some lame excuse about having drinks with some potential backer and forgot the time. She certainly smelled like alcohol! I was so mad, I wouldn't have believed anything she said. She knew I was mad too! The next day she sent me a dozen long stemmed roses, and I had a hard time staying mad after that. When she got home, I was in a much more congenial mood. We shared a nice bottle of wine and made up. She can be really sweet and loving when she's in the mood, if you know what I mean." he finished with a devilish smile.

"That was the most incredible wedding I've ever attended," Cindy said to David as they removed their dresses in their bedroom.

"I know what you mean," he answered. "To me, the most inconceivable part was when Nadine in her tuxedo vowed to have and to hold, while Ace in his white satin and lace dress vowed to love, honor, and OBEY!"

"I agree my love," she answered. "Why don't we consider doing something like that?"

"You wish," he giggled as he pulled her into the bed.

"He's adopting her name, instead of the reverse," she said just as he pressed his lips against hers mixing the shades of their lipstick. "He's now Ace Boorman now and she'll keep him in dresses forever," she said when she finally came up for air.

"It could be worse," he mumbled. "It could be worse."

"Gentlemen, we've created a completely new show for your production," Nadine said in her most convincing sales voice to the two potential backers. "You are both familiar with the success of The Great Shootout, and my latest presentation is cast with essentially the same performers."

The larger of the two rubbed his chin thoughtfully and said, "Yes, essentially. Wasn't there some sort of scandal associated with one of your actors?"

"There was the incident with Babe and the senator, but we were able to keep most of it quiet," Nadine answered defensively. "In the end, we had to let Babe go, because she became just too much to handle."

"HE was too much," the stocky man corrected her.

"Yes, that's what I said," she answered with a frown on her thin face. She pursed her lips, shifted her position, and crossed her legs allowing her skirt to slide up and display a greater expanse of her shapely thighs. She seldom wore skirts any more due to her relationship with Ace, but now she had resolved to use all her weapons to secure financial support for her latest and most ambitious undertaking. She had come up through the beauty contest route, and long ago, she learned the value of a well turned ankle, or thigh as the case may be.

The large man gave her legs an appreciative inspection, licked his lips, and said, "Tell us what happened."

Nadine was nervous. She knew this was the sort of thing that could deny her financing and, in effect, kill the show. "The senator's wife was threatening to divorce him and go public with his relationship with Babe by naming him as the other woman." she explained. "We had no choice but to disassociate ourselves from Babe as quickly and quietly as possible."

"Whatever happened to him?"

"I'm not supposed to know this," she answered quietly as if revealing a secret, "but Babe is living in a Washington condo as the senator's mistress."

"Wow! That's hot, but enough about the past. Who do you see as the star of your new show what do you call it? Cross Currents?"

"Or Crossover," Nadine replied anxiously. "Whichever you think is best. To answer your other question, David Rennick has come along really well now that he's adjusted to dressing as a woman full time. He'll be a really big star after this latest re-

view." She smiled and tossed a newspaper on the table.

The stocky guy shrugged. "David Rennick?" he asked. "Can't you come up with a more suggestive name than that? How about Peaches or Bubbles or something a little more provocative?"

"He isn't a stripper! He's a true artiste." Nadine said in an angry voice. She buzzed the intercom and said, "Send David in."

The new DAVID, who sauntered expertly into the room on black, four inch stiletto heels had long hair half way down his back. It was waved out from the center parting and had many blonde streaks. He wore huge earrings and very little makeup, save for a bit of eyeliner and a touch of pink lipstick. His voluptuous body was poured into a tight black leather dress that ended several inches above his attractive, dark, nylon covered knees. The dress plunged to show a spectacular cleavage, and was contoured to accentuate his narrow waist and wide hips.

David self confidently wiggled across the office in his tight skirt, pouted at the men as he turned and stretched, allowing his rounded breasts to thrust tightly against his dress.

"You . . . you're David Rennick?" asked the tall guy.

"Yes Darling," He answered in a low, sultry, contralto voice.

"David has always been a complete actor for whatever role he has to play," Nadine put in anxiously. "He can sing in his male voice too," she added, over

selling the sexy product standing and gyrating before them.

"He still needs a girl's name," said the fat man.

David turned to him and flicked his long hair over his shoulder, bare except for the thin straps that went up and behind his neck. "I disagree," he purred, "My male name intrigues the audience and keeps them aware that I'm a man." He wiggled back toward the door, and gave them a little wave of his slender hand with the big diamond ring and long pink nails.

"David's married, you know," Nadine said huskily as the two men stared open-mouthed at the door.

"To what?" croaked the tall man.

"To Cindy Brenner that was," Nadine was gossiping now. "Or Cindy Rennick as she is now. She's expecting in a couple of months. That's why she had to quit dancing."

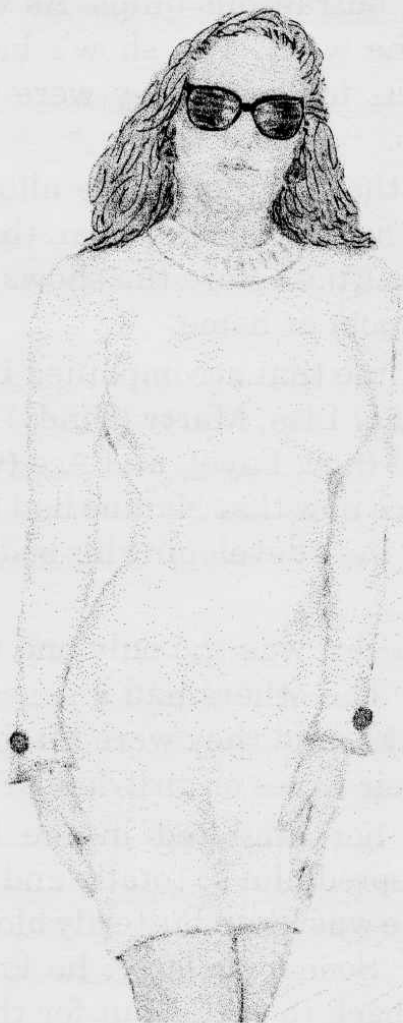
"Cindy!" said the fat man, sitting up in his chair. "That's a good name."

"Most of the boys now have girl's names. . . It's Marty Salter's femme name too," Nadine said apologetically. "He'll be in the new show along with David."

The thin man snapped his fingers. "It might be better to leave his name as David Rennick," he said. "Yeah, that's it!" He was excited. "Get a lot of photographs of him dressed as he is now . . . as sexy and alluring as you can get. Hey! We have the beginnings of a really great idea here! We can make this David Rennick one of the most talked about personalities on the stage in years."

"Yeah," answered the fat man, licking his lips, "and we can make a bundle in the process."

David didn't enjoy the photo sessions nearly as much as he enjoyed his interviews with the reporters. He felt quite different acting sexy and feminine for the photographer, who was straight and as disapproving of David's antics as possible. David felt especially degraded in the photographer's eyes when



“

CALL ME DAVID!”

“David in a sweater dress in a sea foam blue. Curve skimming that left little question about his sex.

he had to pose in a tiny polka dot bikini or for the many lingerie shots.

He felt much more comfortable and at ease before a group of reporters in a strapless evening gown, cut to the sides to expose his fishnet stockings, and with his newly lightened hair cascading over his bare back. He had become quite clever at putting on the reporters with outrageous quips. As well, he was a hit wherever he went. The show's backers always provided escorts for him. They were usually male, but not always.

Cindy was the only person he allowed to be his dresser. Now that Jason was born, they had gotten into a sort of routine before the shows as he had his own dressing room at home.

The chorus line that accompanied David onto the stage consisted of Lisa, Marty (Cindy), Clinton (now Claire), Farrell (now Faye), and Ace (who preferred to be called Alice now that Nadine had him on female hormones that were developing his body at an alarming rate).

David; however, was the only one who still used his real name. The others had a sensation of being treated as freaks, and they were afraid of letting go except with their wives or girlfriends.

David was not inhibited in the least because Cindy had accepted him so totally and completely in his new role. He was like a butterfly blossoming forth from a cocoon. Sooner or later, he knew he would have to crash back to earth, but for the time being, he would take full advantage of the star billing of the new show Nadine had created especially for him. Not

a real girl crossed the stage despite the show's title, and it was a tremendous hit at the box office.

Many of David's photographs turned up all over the city to advertise the show as well as many commercial products, namely women's clothes, cosmetics, and so forth. Almost everywhere he turned, he saw a picture of himself on a billboard. One pose in particular that showed quite often was of him in a black, lacy bikini revealing his feminine curves and shapely legs, and with his long hair tumbling over his authentic bust and shoulders. The caption was very simple. It simply read, "David Rennick, A Woman of the Future".

THE END

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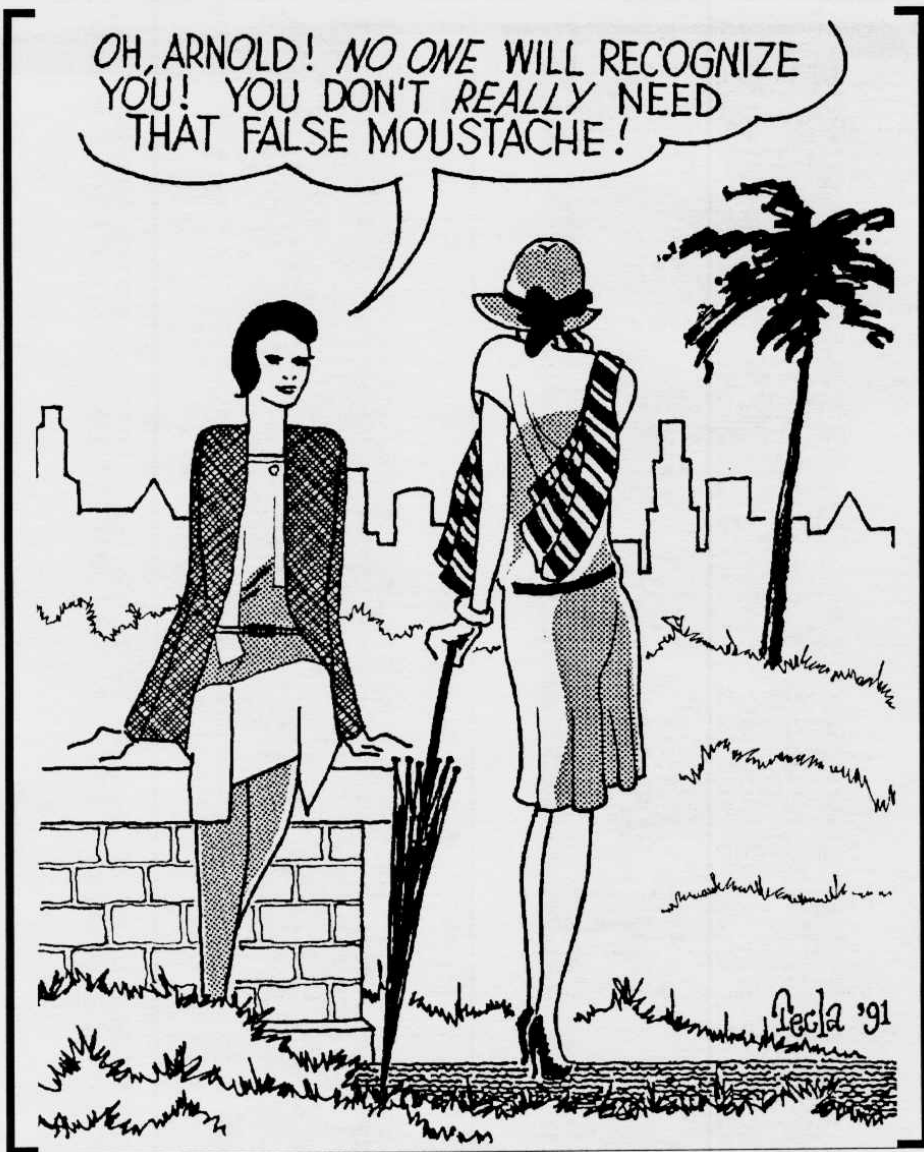
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