

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

Volume # 7

## "CHANGING VOWS TOO"

*Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work and himself.*



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

# **CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**

**MAGAZINE**

**Volume 7**

## **Changing Vows Too**

**By Brenda Ann R.**

**Published by**

**SANDY THOMAS ADV.**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

**CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**

**'Changing Vows Too'**

**© 1990 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING**

**ALL RIGHT RESERVED**

**No part of this book may be reproduced in any form  
without the express prior written permission  
of the publisher.**

**Contact Sandy Thomas for information.**



**REWARD!!**

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION  
will pay for information leading to the  
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain  
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted  
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

**The characters, companies, and incidents  
in this book are entirely the products of the  
author's imagination and have no relation  
to any person or event in real life.**

**Editors:**

**SANDY THOMAS,  
Renee,  
Ron**

**QUOTE BOARD**

Mindy was a virgin in some places  
She had never been to Bolivia.

EXCHANGING VOWS The story continues.

# CHANGING VOWS TOO

By **BRENDA ANN R.**

With **Kristy Love**

## Prologue:

In *Exchanging Vows* (CTV #6, we met Randy, a mild mannered chap with a slight sexual malfunction. He goes to his family doctor and is informed that he is developing feminine secondary characteristics because of a blood disorder.

Randy and Mindy, his not so very mild mannered wife, belong to a dance club. When two of the women in the club cannot participate in an upcoming contest, our hero and his wife are recruited as their replacements. The only catch is that they both must travel and dance as the wives of the two men left high and dry by their women.

Randy is made to dress as Barry's wife, Kathy, for three weeks until the contest ends, with Mindy enthusiastically giving him detailed instructions. Randy has a number of adventures prior to, during, and after the contest that make him question his proper role in life.

## THE STORY CONTINUES.

### Chapter 1

"Hi," Mindy greeted me upon entering the house, "I want you to take a perfumed bubble bath, shave your body hair off, do your makeup and be ready to leave here by 7:00 P.M."

"W...what's up," I asked with some trepidation.

"We're going out tonight. I'll tell you more later," she said.

"I don't have to go out on a double date with you, do I?" I asked.

"That's all part of being a girl, Randy. You might as well prepare yourself for that fate now that you are dressing like a girl most of the time," she said.

"Can we talk about this?" I asked.

"We can, but the fact is that you are going to be spending a lot of time in dresses and if you are going to go out dressed as a girl you might as well start liking it, even looking forward to it. Be natural and don't embarrass me. I expect you to start looking at men as I do...as every girl does. You'll want to start buying prettier and sexier clothes than you have now...with the thought of catching a man's eye," she said.

"Are you sure that you still want me as a husband? It sounds like you want me more as your girlfriend," I said.

"Yes to both questions. I want you as my husband because I love you and I always will. We will always be together. I also love having you as my girlfriend. I can't always keep you dressed as a girl, but for some of the time I can. And as I told you, you will start enjoying your new role as a girl," she said.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"You did have some fun when we went to Atlanta and on our double date when we went to the Wild concert, didn't you?" she asked.

"Well...er..yes, to a point, but..." I stammered.

"Then you'll just have to believe me when I tell you that you'll enjoy being a girl even more in the future. Now be ready to go by 7 o'clock sharp. Wear the black jumper with the frilly white blouse and the black skimmers. Ok?"

"Ok, I'll be ready," I replied.

"Good. Oh, Randy, I have a meeting tonight," she said, walking out the door towards the car.

I spent the next entire two hours getting ready as Mindy had instructed me. Cache device, black bikini panties and a regular bra that pushed up my breasts, not one that hid them. I wondered what was going on this evening. Mindy hadn't said where we were going or what we were doing. I wondered whether the meeting she'd referred to was with me. We were probably going to dinner or a movie or something as two girls. That would be alright.

I artfully applied eyeliner, mascara, eye shadow, foundation, a touch of rouge, and glossy pink lipstick. After fixing my hair the best I could, I looked at myself in the mirror. I truly did make a lot better looking girl than I did a man. Maybe being a part time girl wouldn't be so bad after all. Anyway, I was sure that Mindy would tire of my masquerade sooner or later and we could return to a more normal married life.

I gently pulled my black nylon panty hose up over my smooth legs. I added a lacy black half slip then the black jumper. It

came to just above the knees. A frilly white silk blouse finished off my dressing. Nice....very nice, I thought as I looked in the mirror. Not sexy, but pretty nonetheless.

"Well, look at you, Princess. You look really nice," Mindy said. I had not heard her come into the house and I was a little embarrassed being caught admiring myself.

"Maybe I should look for a job as a fashion model, secretary or something. Then I could dress as a girl full time and make more money than I do now....Uh??...Don't take me seriously, now. I was just joking." I laughed.

"I know," Mindy replied, but I could tell her mind had computed everything that I had just said.

I noticed that she was dressed in a shiny black cocktail dress with spaghetti straps. The hem of the dress was 4-5 inches above her knee and the plunging front of her dress showed a lot of cleavage. We were dressed completely different. How could we be going together to the same function.

Then it struck me that she was going on a date with a man and the man wasn't me.

"Where are we going tonight?" I asked with concern in my voice.

"I told you. I have a meeting, sort of a date. Oh, it's not a big deal."

"A DATE? Alone?" I couldn't believe my ears.

"I accepted this date because it was good for business. The guy is my boss, Bruce Grey. He is almost old enough to be my Dad. We are going to a fashion show that will feature several dresses that I designed," Mindy explained.

"That's all?" I asked.

"Well, that and the accompanying dinner and dancing afterwards. It's strictly business," she continued.

"Business? With a dress like you are wearing? Your boobs are about to fall out of that dress," I sniped back.

"Yes, it is quite low isn't it. This is the fashion industry. Do you think Bruce will like it?" she asked.

"I'm sure he will, unless he's gay," I said.

"I don't think so, but you never know about the fashion business. Anything goes," Mindy said with a giggle.

"What about me? Am I going? I'm not dressed to go to a formal fashion show."

"No, you are not. Now finish getting ready and I'll tell you why you are dressed that way when we're on our way," she said.

Mindy drove and I relaxed on the passenger side of the car. I felt my nylon covered legs brush against one another and felt my skirt creep up.

"Mindy, please tell me where you are taking me," I asked.

"To Bruce's place," she replied.

"To Bruce's. The guy that you are going out with tonight?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said.

"Why?" I asked with concern, "Why are we going to the home of the man that you are going out with?" I asked.

"You are going to baby sit his children so that we can go out. A nine year old girl and a five year old boy," she said.

"I'm what??" I questioned.

"You're going to baby sit. That can't be too difficult. Just show them a couple of videos and they'll be ready for bed," she explained.

Mindy pulled into the driveway of a large country home stopping in front of the 3 car garage. We walked to the front door. "Who does Bruce think I am?" I asked while my knees quaked.

"He knows that you are my husband, but the children think that you are Randi, my girlfriend," she explained.

"What??? You told your boss that I would dress as a girl and baby sit his kids?" I nearly shouted.

"Yes, he loved the idea, provided of course that you are believable as a girl. I assured him that you are very feminine," she said with a smile.

At that moment the door opened and a distinguished looking man with salt and pepper hair appeared before us. He was wearing a tuxedo and he looked every inch the CEO that he was. "Good evening, ladies. Won't you please come in?" he asked, seeming to pay no attention to the way I was dressed.

"Children, please come here," he commanded gently. They arrived as if on cue.

"Brad and Lisa, this is Randi, who will stay with you tonight. And this is Mindy who is my date for this evening," he announced.

"Boy, she's pretty," Brad said of Mindy.

Bruce smiled and put his arm around Mindy. "The old man didn't do so bad, did he?" he answered. The children agreed that he had done very well indeed.

"She's pretty, also," Lisa said of myself.

"Thank you," I said blushing in front of my wife and her boy friend for the evening.

How could being pretty be a compliment in a situation like this? Here I was attired as a girl, looking like a girl, and about to baby sit the children of my wife's date so that they could have an evening out on the town.

"Run along children," Bruce said and the kids disappeared. "Have a seat girls. Make yourselves comfortable," Bruce said giving Mindy a kiss on the lips before she sat down.

"You were right, Mindy," Bruce said. "He makes a beautiful girl. Very feminine. There's not many men that I would feel comfortable in front of...you know taking her out, but in your case Randi, I'm not the least bit uncomfortable." Then added, "It's too bad that we don't have a young man for you to go out with too, Mindy said you like to double date."

I was about to respond when a young man about 20 strolled into the room. Bruce introduced him as his younger brother, Perry, a student at a nearby college. Apparently Perry lived with his brother while attending the college to get a degree in business.

Perry wasn't exactly unattractive, just a little nerdish. I guess that it was the pocket organizer loaded with pens and the calculator hanging from his waist that gave him away...That and the horn rimmed glasses that did absolutely nothing for his looks.

"Perry, this is my date Mindy and this is her husband, Randi," Bruce introduced. I could have died.

"So you are the female impersonator that Bruce told me about," Perry asked.

"Yes, I guess I am," I said looking at the floor. How far was this humiliation going to go?

"Not bad! Actually, I can't believe you're really a man. Your wife is pretty also. I'll bet that Bruce had a hard time choosing between the two of you," Perry joked.

"I'll bet not, Perry," Bruce announced. Perry then excused himself and left for a night class.

"We had better be going, Mindy," Bruce announced holding up a wrap for her bare shoulders. He put his arm around her again and as he kissed her lightly on her neck.

"Don't wait up for us, Randi. We might be quite late," Mindy said as they left the house. The cool night air whipped around my skirt as Mindy and Bruce left for the gala evening.

The kids returned to the living room. They both had a thousand questions for their new sitter. "Are you married? Do

you have a boy friend? Do you want babies?" and so on and so forth.

We did what I thought baby-sitters did. I painted Lisa's fingernails pink, the same color as mine. She loved them. "Boys can't wear fingernail polish," she told Brad.

"But boys are bigger and have to protect girls," Brad countered. I wondered how protective Bruce was being with Mindy.

"You throw like a girl," Brad had told me as we threw a whiffle ball around the recreation room.

"She is a girl," Lisa insisted.

Finally, after two videos, I got both children to go to bed. The clock kept ticking and after what seemed like days, I heard Bruce pull into the driveway. It was well after midnight. I went to the window and peeped out. Bruce wasn't going to park in the garage tonight.

From the porch light, I could see into the car interior even though it wasn't bright. Bruce was kissing Mindy and she appeared to be responding to his kisses. I saw his hand brush her breasts and he pulled down the cups of her dress. Mindy sat bare breasted in the front seat of Bruce's car. He lowered his mouth to her breasts and I could 'see' her moan.

She used to moan like that when we made love, but hadn't for a long time. The two continued to embrace and kiss for the next few minutes before I saw Mindy pull up the top of her dress. It was clear that Bruce wasn't ready to stop, but Mindy was.

A short while later, they got out of the car. Just before they entered, Bruce picked Mindy up like a groom would a bride and carried her over the threshold saying, "There, now it's official. Would you like to see my etchings?"

"Not tonight. Maybe some other time," she giggled. "Now put me down."

"Come on, Mindy. Randi will make sure that the children won't bother us, won't you Randi?" he continued, "OR, maybe Randi would like to join us."

Bruce laughed hardily at his own joke. He then looked at me and said defiantly, "Your wife really turns me on." It was said as a challenge to which I didn't respond.

"Ok, Mindy? Bedroom? Etchings?" Bruce arrogantly persisted.

"Well, I don't know. It's awfully late, but....." Mindy advised. Was Mindy was considering going to bed with this moron? I couldn't believe it!

Before she could answer, the door opened and Perry entered the house. "You people just get home?" he asked as he removed his coat.

"Yes. I thought that you were staying late at the student lab tonight?" Bruce answered obviously annoyed.

"I was, but the class was a drag," Perry answered, "Speaking of drag, that's why I came home."

"Oh?" Bruce asked.

"Yeah, I don't have a date for the Homecoming dance and I was wondering whether Randi would go with me?" Perry asked.

I choked on the water that I had just swallowed, Mindy looked surprised, but Perry was sincere. "Perry, you want to take Randi, a man, as your date to the Homecoming dance?" Bruce asked.

"Yeah, he doesn't look like a man at all. I would have the prettiest date there even if he is a man. I wouldn't tell anyone of course," Perry finished.

"I should hope not," Bruce stated. "The truth is, Perry has a hard time getting dates because of his long study hours and late nights. I guess that he sees in you, Randi, the opportunity to go to the dance with a real doll. I think that it's a good idea."

"Now wait a minute. This is getting out of hand...", I started to say.

"Isn't *she* cute when *she* gets angry?" Bruce asked Mindy.

"Yes *he* is. I don't see any problems with it Randi," Mindy said. My own wife was sabotaging me.

"Well, I do. You can make me look like a girl, but I'm 26. I can't be going to a college dance like some 18 year old girl out with a 20 year old guy," I said.

"Doesn't matter," Perry interjected, "Only one of us has to be a student and that's me. If I choose to bring an older woman, that's my business. And that is my choice."

"We'll start shopping for a gown for you tomorrow," Mindy said with a smile, "You can help this poor boy out this one time, Randi."

"Why don't you do it?," I asked.

"Because he wants you. Help him out, it's his homecoming."

"I guess so," I sighed.

"Why don't you wait in the car, Randi, and I'll be right out," Mindy said looking at Bruce. Twenty minutes later Mindy came out of the house.

"Well, I know that you didn't make love. You didn't have time," I said.

"He's too old for me, Randi. It was just a business date," she answered. For the time being I decided not to let her know what I had seen in the car.

"Now, Perry, that's another story," she went on, "You know how the hormones of a 20 year old boy can be, especially when he's out with a pretty older woman."

"I can't believe that you did that to me," I said with conviction.

"Oh, Randi, quit talking and drive. We have something pleasant to do when we get home and I don't want to spoil the mood."

## Chapter 2

We didn't get up very early the following morning. The wind up to an otherwise strange evening had been very satisfying, at least for Mindy. Somehow the events of the evening had made Mindy very horny and it didn't take much of an effort on my part to get her off. That was indeed a rare event!

I was the first to get up. I yawned and stepped out of bed. My black lace teddy clung to my body. I did like the feel of the satiny material against my smooth body. What the hell, I thought, it feels good and Mindy likes me in it. Why fight it?

"Get your hair brushed," Mindy said with a yawn, "You look a sight." I dodged the pillow that she threw at me.

"Am I going to be a girl again today? You know it's Sunday and I should have a day off," I said with a smile.

"Sure, no problem. Get dressed as a man, but be advised that we're going to get your Homecoming dance dress today. You might look a little strange trying on dresses as a guy," she answered.

I knew it. I knew that I wasn't going to get out of dresses after only one night. "Where are we going to look at dresses?" I asked.

"The thrift shop. We're not going to spend a lot of money on a dress for you. You are not a high school girl going to your first prom, you know," she answered.

"I'm glad you noticed. Now can we forget this silly Homecoming thing?" I asked.

"Nope. Perry is my boss's brother you know. Besides, the poor dear can't find a date." she answered.

"I wonder why? What a twerp nerd. He thinks that because he has money, he can buy himself anything he wants," I said.

"True. He bought you for the night," Mindy interjected.

"And his brother you!" I returned.

"Not fair, Randy. We went to a business fashion show. Had a couple of drinks and came home," she said.

"And parked in the driveway where your delicate spaghetti straps fell down and your bodice tumbled to your waist," I finished.

Mindy didn't say much. She just blushed and said, "That's as far as it went. It could have gone farther. Now will you get yourself ready?"

An hour later I was attired in red Bermuda shorts, a red print blouse, red flats with a "T" strap, and shiny silky hose over my shapely legs. Mindy was similarly dressed. Our makeup was nice, but light.

We grabbed a breakfast sandwich on the way and shortly after 11 AM, we pulled into the thrift shop parking lot. There were a few people in the store and we had complete freedom to do what ever we wanted.

The sales women were more interested in their breakfast Danish and coffee. We stopped by the wedding gowns. Mindy held one up to me. "You would make a lovely bride, Randi," she said.

"I'm only going to the dance. He hasn't asked me to marry him, yet," I said.

Mindy laughed, "I hope not. That would be very confusing. Let's see my husband would be the bride of my boss's brother. That would make my boss my husband's brother in law and...."

"Forget it, Mindy. You are being more than silly," I interjected.

"You're right," she chirped, "Now let's get serious."

*Ask about our special products!  
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,  
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

After looking at a dozen or so prom dresses and trying on three, we finally decided on a white taffeta dress with a scoop neck, puffed sleeves, a large bow at the waist, and three tiers in the back of the knee length skirt. A large petticoat held it out. We even found some white brocade shoes with a 2" heel and a matching handbag. I was ready for the dance and it only cost us \$35 for everything.

We spent the rest of the day playing. The next day was Monday and the morning clock was more unfriendly than usual. Mindy had a great job to go to as a fashion designer and part time model. I was still without work.

The week went by slowly. I was at home, alone, forced to dress as a girl most of the time. Occasionally I'd put on some of my male clothes, but they wouldn't feel right and I'd soon revert back to some simple piece of female attire. Mostly though I was bored.

I got in from looking for a job about 5:30 PM. I removed my men's clothes and sports bra giving my breasts the freedom they craved. Tonight I would accent them, making them as prominent as possible. Not many people could be a man by day and a Homecoming queen by night.

If it wasn't for the fact that I was being forced to go to the dance with nerdy Perry, I might even look forward to going out dancing....as a girl!

Mindy arrived home about 6:30 PM. By that time I had showered and done my makeup. Mindy helped me into the taffeta dress. I needed her help as it zipped up the back. The net petticoat made the skirt stand out. I liked the feeling of the fullness of the petticoat and I liked the feel of the taffeta material. I loved the rustling sound of the two as they brushed against each other.

"I guess you're ready to go Randi," Mindy said as she critically eyed my outfit. "You need some sexy perfume though," she said running into the bedroom to get some. "Put some of this behind each ear and on your wrists. It smells really pretty."

"Mindy, I'm not trying to turn on young Perry," I said.

"I know. What if it was Barry or Dale that you were going out with. Would you try to turn them on?" she asked.

"At least they're men...not boys...and definitely not nerds. Oh...what am I saying. I'm not trying to turn on any man," I stammered.

"Oooh? With your figure, I think that you just might someday," she said.

Suddenly we heard a beep! beep! beep! from outside the house.

"I believe your chariot has arrived, sweet queen," Mindy said looking out the window, "You were wrong, he doesn't have a Porsche or Mercedes. He has a BMW."

"Figures. By the way, what are you doing this evening? Going to Bruce's?" I asked.

"Staying home. Watching T.V., reading. I wish you would believe me when I tell you that Bruce does not turn me on. He is way to old," she replied.

"Not young like Paul or Roy? Those young studs turn you on?" I continued.

"You know that they do. That's no secret. You were with me when I was with them," she said.

The TV was on and a something caught my eye.

"Wow, did you see that play?" I said with my eyes glued to the TV, "Rod King just ran 30 yards to set up a touchdown."

"Who is Rod King?" Mindy asked.

"He's the Atlanta Sky's best halfback. #40 on top of the screen," I answered.

"Oh, he's cute. Got a cute butt too," Mindy giggled.

"Best player in the league," I said ignoring the sexist comments.

Beep! beep! beep!

"Your prince is getting impatient," Mindy commented.

"What happened to the days when the young man got out of his car, came to the door and met your parents?" I asked.

"You are old fashioned, Randi. Besides, he's already met your wife. Too bad your parents aren't here to see how pretty you look. How would they react to seeing their son as a pretty girl in a prom dress?" she asked.

"Are you kidding? My mom would cry and wonder where she went wrong, but love me anyway. My dad, the retired army colonel and current gun shop owner, would say something like 'you f.... little sissy. If you want to be a girl, I'll make you into one'. Then he would take out his hunting knife and do just that ...without anesthetics," I replied with a shiver.

"Whew, I hope that you don't run into him, not that he would recognize you. You had better run before Perry wears out his horn." she said.

Mindy kissed me and I hurried out the front door. I felt the breeze on my nyloned legs and the wind flirt with my petticoats and skirt. I opened my own door and sat down next to Perry.

"Not too bad....for an older woman," he commented laughing at his joke.

"Consider yourself lucky that I'm doing this for you, Perry. This is not my idea of a good time." I said.

"You may change your mind before the night is over," he said.

"I doubt it," I returned. "Hasn't anyone ever taught you how to treat a woman? You are to come to the door."

"Oh," he said looking a little stunned. "I really haven't dated much. Maybe you could help me? Just tell me what to do."

He was serious. He didn't know how to behave on a date.

He wheeled the BMW into the parking lot of the Cranston pharmacy. "Come on. Let's go in," he said reaching across and opening my door.

"You are to opened it for me from the outside and why are we stopping here?" I asked.

"Come on. Just for a minute," he continued. I shook my head, opened my own door and strolled into the pharmacy. Perry made a point of putting a possessive arm around my waist.

"Wait here," he said.

I did as I was told. I watched as Perry talked to a young red haired stock boy. Both glanced over to where I was standing and the red haired boy shook his head at Perry in an affirmative manner. He had a knowing smile on his face as he went into the back room. I had seen the little green package that the stock boy had handed Perry.

"OK, let's go doll," he again put his arm around my waist and escorted me to the car. This time he opened the door for me.

"Doll?" I thought, "Please let this evening be over!!!"

"Did you get lubricated ones," I asked.

"Lubricated?" he innocently asked.

"Condoms...Are you afraid that you might get me 'pregnant' if you don't use them?" I asked.

"They are for tomorrow," he growled and stuffed the package deeper into his coat pocket.

"Bull," I thought. They were to impress his little red haired buddy back at the Pharmacy. I didn't say anything. It was his night to howl. Probably the only one in his entire life and unfortunately I had to be the girl that he makes his statement with.

We arrived at the college about fifteen minutes later. Surprisingly, Perry opened my door again. "Make a good show tonight, will you?" he said as we walked into the auditorium.

"Whatever you want," I thought, "Let's just get it over with."

"But first let's get rid of that silly pocket organizer. It just doesn't go with a tuxedo, Ok?" I reached over and removed the object from his shirt. At least he had left the calculator behind.

The gym was almost full, filled with anxious young men and women in their fashion best. Sequins, satins, full length-mid length. Expensive and hand me down gowns, but something special for each girl.

"Hi, guys. Hi, Jeff, hi, Steve. What do ya know Kate? Hey, meet Randi. She's a professional model for my brother's fashion company and she's crazy about me. She insisted on coming with me tonight even though she's a lot older than me," Perry carried on.

"I just learned a few things about myself," I thought, "I'm a model and I'm nuts about Mr. Nerd....can't hardly keep my hands off him." I looked at the dainty gold watch on my wrist. I couldn't believe that we'd only been there ten minutes.

I noticed that absolutely no one was paying any attention to Perry, but there seemed to be a lot of attention towards me. I could tell that everyone wondered what this attractive auburn haired model was doing with this schmo.

We danced one slow dance and Perry held me very close to him. I wondered when the last time was that he had taken a shower. We sat down among various groups throughout the evening, but as each couple got up and danced, they always chose to sit somewhere else when they finished dancing. We spent most of the evening by ourselves. I glanced at my watch - 11:30 PM.

"Are you ready to go, Perry?" I asked hoping.

"NO", was his answer.

"Well, I am. I'm the adult here, I'm not having a good time and I say that its time to go," I replied.

"You may be the adult, but you are also the one wearing the nylons, high heels and the pretty dress. You are also the one that's used the ladies room a couple of time this evening. You either do what I say or I blow the whistle on who you really are...and what you are. I'll tell them that you completely fooled me and that I just found out that you are a man," he threatened.

"You wouldn't," I exclaimed.

"I would. How would you like all of the publicity? I'm sure that the papers would love it. Probably radio and TV also," he stated.

"All right. You win," I gave in.

"Good. Now tell me who's in charge and what our relationship is," he demanded.

I lowered my eyes to the gym floor, "You are in charge, of course. You are the man, I'm your girl," I confessed.

"Good. Now, this is what I want you to do. I'll announce that I'm going out for a smoke. I know these kids and all of the girls will surround you. They'll want to know all about you and all about us. You will tell them that you are a model and that you fell for me the first time that you saw me. You will tell them that I'm a terrific lover and very well endowed. Suggest that you want to leave early so that we can go somewhere to make passionate love. Then we will leave," he finished.

The last thing he said sounded real good. At last there was a light at the end of this loooong tunnel. "All right, let's get on with it," I said. I swallowed. I was about to do something that I didn't want to do...to tell these kids that I had let Perry make love to me and that I was looking forward to it happening again. I shuddered at the thought like any girl in this situation would.

"I'm going out for a smoke, Randi. Maybe a couple. I want to B.S. with the guys," he announced as he strolled away.

He was right. He wasn't too dumb. I had to admit that he knew exactly what the girls would do. Please, let me think and answer like a girl would, I prayed to myself. I was ready for the questions.

"How old are you?"

"26."

"Are you really a model?" "Yes"

"For who?" "Uh...Bruce's fashions"

"Oh, I know a lady who designs for Bruce's fashions. Her name is Mindy...I can't remember her last name. Do you know her?"

"Uh, yes."

"What do you model?" "Sportswear..uh..swimsuits and stuff."

"How did you meet Perry?"

"His brother's my boss."

"Why do you go out with him? He's such a nerd and you're really pretty."

"Uh..thanks. He's no Bert Reynolds, but he has a special talent..."

"What?" "Yes, he knows how to please a woman."

"Really?" "Really."

"Is he well endowed?"

"To say the least. I doubt that there's a man here as big as Perry."

"Really? Have you had other lovers?"

"That's kind of personal, but yes I have and he's the best I've ever had."

"I'm back, Randi. Are you ready to dance?" Perry interrupted.

"Oh, I was just thinking that maybe the two of us could go somewhere by ourselves," I suggested coyly.

"Nah. We should dance some more. It's still early," he said.

I put my hands on the back of Perry's head and ran my fingers through his hair. I played it up really big. "Please, Perry," I cooed, "Please can we go?"

"Uh..well, sorry guys. Sometimes you have to do things to keep your girl happy. See you later."

Perry put his arm around me and led me out of the auditorium. I waited while he opened my door. He had accomplished everything that he had set out to do. He was a stud. I was his good looking lay. But it was finally over. I breathed a sigh of relief...too soon.

Perry had turned into the driveway of the plush Ironsides motel.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked.

"I've got us a room here," he stated.

"What? A room? Perry, I'm not going to have sex with you if that's what you're thinking," I said.

"I know. I don't expect you to," he said.

"Then what? Oh, I know. This is the 'hang out' tonight. Your friends will see your car in the parking lot and will think that you are giving it to me but good. That I'll be begging you for more," I said.

Perry was actually blushing, "Yeah, something like that."

"All right, Perry. Let's get this over with. How long did you plan on making love to me?" I asked.

"A couple of hours," he answered.

"HOURS? HA! Ok, I hope that there's something good on TV," I said.

"A spook show, I think," he said.

"Good," I thought, it'll go good with the creep I'm with.

Perry had already checked us in. We walked across the lobby to the elevators. A man and woman looked us over and I could tell what they were thinking, "Lucky guy," would be the man's thoughts and "disgusting" would be the woman's.

Perry unlocked the door and opened it for me. The room was expensive. The bed was King sized. I turned on the TV and sat down in one of the chairs. Perry watched the show for a while and I had the uneasy feeling that not everything was over.

I was right.

"Uh, Randi, I bought something for you. A little gift to thank you," he said handing me a lingerie box.

"Oh, no," I thought. I didn't know what was in it, but I hoped that he wouldn't want me to model it for him.

Inside the tissue paper, I found a light blue sheer baby doll nighty. It was very beautiful and sexy.

"I hope you like it. Would you wear it for me?" he asked.

"Perry," I sighed, "I'm not a girl. Why would you buy something like this for me?"

"Mindy told Bruce that you love to sleep in sexy nighties. Besides, I want to see what you would look like in it," he answered.

"I'm a man, not a woman," I replied.

"Please put it on for just a short time," he pleaded.

I sighed again, "Alright Perry, but no joking, and you take me home right afterwards," I said. He agreed.

"Fifteen minutes and I get out of here and go home," I thought.

"Unzip me," I requested.

Perry's trembling fingers undid the back of my dress. "I can take it from here," I said and went into the bathroom to change.

Self hypnosis, self control, I concentrated. This is silly. I am a man not a girl. I thought, "The kid's such a nerd. Does he really think of me as a girl?"

How would a real girl act in this situation? Embarrassed? Shy? Bashful?, Pleased? Yes to all of these...That's how I would act.

I stripped down to my bra and panties and stopped. Here I was a 26 year old man stripping down to only sexy women's lingerie in front of a 20 year old boy. Was I crazy? No I thought, maybe I'd scare him by being sexy, but no sex.

I removed my bra and let my breasts free. I ran my hand over them until my nipples were hard. Pretty good looking tits I thought to myself. I pulled down my panties leaving on only my flesh colored cache device.

My waist was narrow, my hips were somewhat rounded and my breasts were those of a small breasted woman, larger than those of a teen aged girl. I slipped on the flimsy blue bikini

panties and eased the filmy baby doll over my shoulders. I looked very sexy.

I started to open the door, but stopped. I added some more red lipstick and gloss and put some perfume under my breasts. Why? Why was I doing this? I'm thinking like a girl, that's why.

Well, on with the show. I opened the door and turned beet red immediately when I saw Perry's reaction. "My lord, you look just like a woman. I could make love to you right here, right now. Your body is sensational," he whispered.

"Whoa, Casanova," I said placing my hand against Perry's chest, "It's just an illusion and no sex remember?"

"Those tits aren't an illusion," he stammered.

"The rest is. Take my word for it. Now can I get dressed?"

"Ah..no. I would like to take your picture like this," he said.

"I'm almost naked," I stammered.

"Yes. Please. Then I'll take you home, I promise," he said.

"Alright, but no touching, agreed?"

"Promise. Uh...now get up on top of the bed," he said, "kneel and face me. Bend at the waist a little so your tits push forward. They are beautiful through that filmy material. You even redid your makeup." He had noticed.

"Ok, lay on your right side. Give me a sexy look," he instructed as he took the pictures. "Ok, now let me mess up the bed," he said.

"The bed?" I asked, "Why?"

"So it will look like we slept in it of course," he replied.

"Of course," I repeated.

"Now take the top off," he continued.

"What? I don't think so," I replied.

"Why not? I can see your boobs anyway. One picture, that's all," he pleaded.

"What the hell," I said. I took the top off and sat bare breasted in the bed in a bedroom with Perry. Last week my wife had been bare breasted with Perry's brother. We were sure entertaining the men in the Seigel family. I was also feeling a little sexually excited. My nipples had grown.

"Put your hands under your breasts...Excellent!"

"Now take your panties off," he instructed.

"No way!" He didn't argue this time.

"Lay on your stomach....On your elbows." Perry asked, "Have you made love with a lot of men?"

"No! I'm married," I answered a bit shocked by the question.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said taking pictures. "Mindy told Bruce that you two double-dated and I assumed that you both got 'laid' sometimes. You are very sexy. Would you roll over again."

I did as I was told. I was hot. Even this wimp had me going. I liked the attention and praise. I was breathing hard.

"Ok, thanks Randi," Perry said, "You can change now and I'll take you home."

"You what?" I asked.

"Take you home. Don't you want to go home?"

"Ah....ah yes." Talk about frustration. I had taken cold showers before, but never as a woman. "I want copies of those pictures Perry," I said.

"You do? Oh sure, no problem. I'll send them home with Mindy," he said.

I dressed quickly and soon Perry had pulled into the driveway of my home. "Goodnight, Randi. You know at times I almost forgot that you were a man. When you were posing in the nude, I felt like making love to you. Just as if you were a woman. Do you ever feel like having a man make love to you?" he asked.

"No," I lied.

"Too bad. It would be fun for Bruce and Mindy and you and I to go somewhere for an erotic weekend," he said.

"I don't think so Perry," I said.

"Well, anyway Bruce is going to score with Mindy sometime. You can count on it. He wants her in bed in the worst way. He says that he will have her!" Perry said.

"That's my wife you're talking about," I said.

"I..uh..know. It's just that you are so much like a girl...I mean...well, what does Mindy do when she wants a man?" Perry asked.

"None of your business," I replied.

"Uh, right. Uh, thanks, Randi. You did me some good tonight," he said.

"I hope so," I answered, "But listen to me Perry. You don't have to go around blackmailing people to go out with you. All you have to do is 'get a life'. Throw away that pocket organizer and try being as good with people as you are with that calculator. You wouldn't be such a bad guy if you just tried. Oh, and get rid of those horrible glasses....try some contacts lenses or get new frames."

I opened my door and got out. As I was walking away, I glanced over my shoulder and said, "Actually, Perry, I had a pretty good time this evening." I then went into the house.

It was 3:00 AM.

### Chapter 3

When I finally awoke, it was after 11:00 AM. The days first football game was on. I was delighted when I realized that the Atlanta Sky were playing the Austin Tornados. The Sky should scuttle the cellar dwelling Tornados. I sat down on the couch in the Rec room to watch the game.

"Ooooh, the sleeping Princess has arisen and she looks so cute in her blue baby dolls. You should brush out your hair. It is getting quite long now and it can look rather ratty after a nights sleep," Mindy rudely pointed out.

"Isn't that your favorite football player, Jim King?" she asked.

"Yes, but his name is Rod King," I corrected her.

"Oh, he is cute, isn't he?" she continued.

"I guess. You know that I met him at the clogging finals in Atlanta," I said.

"You did?" she questioned.

"Yes, after our final performance. I met Rod and he met me as 'Kathy'," I explained.

"Oh, I see," she said with a far away look in her eyes.

"Yeah, he apparently thought 'Kathy' was a pretty good looking girl. He even asked me out," I finished.

"Why didn't you go out with him?" she asked.

"As a girl?" I asked.

"Yes. He wasn't looking for a buddy you know. He was looking for a date," she said.

"I know. I'm not sure that I could be a date for a Pro football player. I mean, I would want to talk draft and trades and so on..." I continued.

"...And he would want to shut you up by kissing you firmly on your red lips. Is that what you were worried about?" Mindy finished for me.

"Yes," I blushed. "Well, you should have gone out with him. If you ever get another chance to do it...I mean go out on a date with him...would you do it?" she asked.

"Well...I don't know. This isn't exactly the relationship I had in mind with Rod King. But, maybe I would, but I doubt that I'll ever meet him again," I said.

"You never know," Mindy smiled at me.

At half time, I brushed out my hair, did my makeup and put on shorts and a blouse and returned to the game.

"I didn't tell you that you had to dress as a girl today," Mindy said.

"You didn't? You didn't, did you." I replied.

"No. I think that you're beginning to like being a girl. What happened at the dance last night anyway?" she asked, "Were you the queen of the dance?"

"No, nothing happened. We danced a little, socialized a little. Did you know that Perry doesn't have any friends?" I asked.

"I know. With his attitude problem, it's no wonder," she said.

"True. Anyway, we left before the dance was over," I explained.

"You did? You left before midnight? Then why did you get home after 3:00?" she asked.

I had myself trapped. I now had to confess about the time at the motel and what happened.

"Motel? And you said nothing happened? Huh?...And to top it off, you end up wearing a sexy baby doll nighty that he gave you?" she inquired.

I sighed, "He wanted people to see him taking me into a motel. He knew that word would get around that he had laid his older woman. That's why he parked his rather obvious car right beside the highway. Then we watched TV for the next couple of hours," I explained.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then he gave me the baby doll and asked me to model it for some pictures," I continued.

"Pictures?" Mindy asked.

"Yeah, while I was wearing the baby doll and uh..." I stammered.

"Yes?" she asked...

"A couple of me topless," I finished.

"Did you then let him make love to you?" she asked.

"No, of course not. He's an immature rich kid." I answered.

"Would you have let Rod make love to you?" she asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Mindy, I'm not a girl. How could Rod make love to me?" I inquired.

"There are ways," she giggled, "I would love to see you make love to a man. You'd never be the same!"

I turned back to the football game saying, "I don't know about you, Mindy." King had a great day. I wondered to myself what it would be like to be out on a date with Rod King.

The rest of the week was a real bummer. I couldn't seem to get a job. More importantly, Mindy was having problems with Bruce. It seemed that more and more her job depended on putting out for him.

Each day was more trying for Mindy. She made more money than most women made and now she was our only source of income. If I could get a job, then Mindy wouldn't be in quite the position she found herself in.

Bruce was not concerned about me coming over and beating the hell out of him. He had told Mindy, "That sissy wouldn't fight me. I'd get makeup all over my fists and he'd cry if he got a run in his nylons. No, I'll make love to his wife while he watches, that's what I'll do to Randi."

I wanted to confront him man to man, but Mindy wouldn't let me. "He would hurt you," she said. "We'll think of something else."

We went out to eat a couple of times and to a movie once while I was dressed as a girl. We spotted my sister and brother, but fortunately they did not see us.

One of the girls that had been at the dance saw Mindy and I leaving the movie. She stopped and chatted with us for a couple of minutes. She was convinced that we were girlfriends out for a night on the town.

"You know, Randy, I'm not sure that we can continue to dress you up and go out in public. Someday someone will figure it out," Mindy said.

She was concerned and she was right. This town was too small to continue as we were. "I'll think of something. I do have an idea," she said deep in thought, but she did not elaborate any further.

Saturday brought the first sign of light heartiness that I had seen in Mindy in over a week. "I've got the solution to all of our problems," she said happily.

When I asked her what that might be, she told me that it was a surprise and she was going to hold off telling me until the next day. "Besides, I don't want anything to interfere with tonight," she said.

"Tonight?" I asked.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Tammy and the girls at the club have devised a little surprise for you...for being such a good sport with

the dance contest," she said, "We have to be at Tammy's house at 7:00 PM."

"Do you know what is going on?" I asked.

"Yes. It's a darling idea. I love it. You will also," she responded.

When I pressed her for further details, she said that I'd just have to wait.

"What am I going to wear?" I asked.

"Well, it doesn't matter what you wear now. You're going to change at Tammy's. Just get as pretty as you can. Make sure that your legs are smooth and do your makeup a little on the wild side," she said.

I did as I was instructed. I picked a simple blouse, blue jeans and high heels just to be different. Mindy was pleased with my appearance, "You'll knock them dead. Let's go."

I was surprised that only Tammy was home when we arrived shortly after 7:00. "Does he know?" Tammy asked Mindy.

"Not yet," Mindy replied, "I thought that we would wait until 'he' gets here."

I didn't ask who "he" was.

I sat down and visited with the girls while we watched TV. A short time later, there was a knock on the door. Both girls jumped. "He" was here. Tammy answered the door.

"You are all under arrest!" came the booming voice of Officer Biggs. He carried a covered clothes hanger. He was wearing his police uniform. Tammy laughed and said, "Well here's your partner for tonight."

She was pointing at me.

"Me? Partner? Isn't this going to be another bachelorette party?" I asked bewildered.

"No" Tammy said, "It's going to be just the opposite. You and Officer Biggs are going to a bachelor party. He's going as policeman and you as a policewoman. Tonight you are going to be the star!"

"Wha...? NO I'm not going to do any such..." I stuttered...The looks from Mindy and Tammy told me that I was going to do it.

"Kathy," (Officer Biggs only knew Randi as Kathy) Officer Biggs said, "Go change into this outfit and I'll explain what you'll have to do on the way."

I shook my head, took the clothes hanger and went into Tammy's bedroom to change. Approximately 15 minutes later I reappeared in the front room. My police raincoat covered me

from my chin to the top of my patent leather 4" high heeled shoes. You could see silky dark hose only up to my ankles.

"Let's see the rest," Mindy said.

"Nope. We don't have time," Biggs retorted. "I'll take pictures," he said as we left the house.

After climbing into his car, Officer Biggs shut my door and we were off. "All you do Kathy is follow my lead. You know, you are going to be the star tonight. I'm just along to give you a little lead and for your own protection also," he explained.

"Protection?" I asked.

"Yeah, you know. These guys will be drinking and you'll be the only girl there amongst 15-20 guys. I'll make sure that they behave," he answered.

Officer Biggs was large enough to back up his boast. I let him put his large arm around me. I felt very protected. "We'll be at this gig for a couple of hours and we both get \$100.00."

We arrived at the community room of a large town house complex in a relatively short time. Biggs asked the party host to step out into the hallway. "Well, here she is. Kathy. Isn't she everything that I told you she would be?" Biggs stated.

"Yes...yes indeed," the pot bellied guy named Lou said, "Very pretty."

"Ok, the rules," Officer Biggs went on, "We'll do the entrance, arrest the future groom...Bob?"

"That's right," Lou confirmed.

"Kathy will do her act. Pictures with all the guests are part of the package," Biggs negotiated.

"Ok," the guy confirmed.

"Topless will be \$50.00 more, \$100.00 for total nude," Biggs said.

"I'm not getting totally nude," I shrieked.

"Ok," Biggs said, "no nudes...she may go topless, that's up to her."

"So noted," the guy said.

"You didn't say anything about topless or nude," I said angrily.

Biggs shrugged his shoulders, "That's what Tammy told me you wanted to do."

"Oh, she did, did she?" I said. The plot thickened.

"A show, yes, nude, no way. Topless, uh? Probably not. I don't think I can do that," I insisted.

"Ok. It's up to you. Are you ready?" he asked.

I nodded.

Officer Biggs rapped on the door..."Police", he announced not waiting for anyone to answer the door. We entered the room to the amusement of some and the momentary shock of others.

"That's Bob. Arrest him," I said walking up to the young man named Bob and grabbing his arm. "You are under arrest, Bob," I said to him softly. The guys all laughed.

"Better go with her, Bob," they chided.

"Sit down. Put your hands behind you," I commanded a little louder this time. I snapped the handcuffs on his wrists. The guys loved it.

"It's too hot in here," I declared. I turned my back on the guys and faced only Bob. I slowly and sensuously undid each button. Bob's breathing increased. I opened the entire coat with one move. Bob could see what the others couldn't.

"What's she wearing," one of the guys yelled to Bob.

"Uh....A micro mini..uh..police skirt, I think. And a filmy thing across her breasts," Bob replied.

I dropped the coat. The guys could now see the dark hose that ran under my skirt. When I stooped they would be able to see the black satin bikini swim suit bottom. It was definitely brief. A black filmy material was twisted in a knot and covered my breasts like a halter top. You could see my breasts through the material, only in a teasing way. A woman would not be able to wear this top in public without being arrested. The guys at the party went wild when I turned around and faced them.

"Search him for weapons," Officer Biggs yelled at me.

I complied by unbuttoning his shirt. I ran my slender red tipped fingers through the hair on his chest.

"He's hiding weapons in his pants," the others shouted, "He's got a dead weapon."

I told Bob to stand up and when he did I unbuckled his belt. The men howled just as the women had done. Biggs nodded at me. I undid the top button and unzipped his pants. I stood back as his pants fell to the floor.

"Don't touch him sexually," Biggs whispered to me.

I had Bob sit back down. I didn't know what else to do.

"The skirt. Take off the skirt," the men yelled.

I looked at Biggs and he nodded again. I faced Bob and hooked my fingers in the top of my skirt. I slid it slowly and sensually down my body. Soon I stood in the bikini bottom, filmy halter top and the black hose that had lacy elastic at the top of each leg. I was half nude standing in front of a group of yelling men, wearing sexy women's lingerie.

"The top. Take off the top," they yelled.

I didn't look at Biggs. This was my choice. I touched the knot. It was firmly tied. I worked my fingers into the knot until it came free. This time I looked at Biggs and he nodded.

I released the knot and moved the filmy material to cover my breasts, my back was bare. Bob was breathing harder, I felt wicked, I was finally tantalizing a man. As a woman I had control over a man. I never had that control as a man.

"Shall I?" I looked at Bob. He shook his head yes.

I swallowed. Maybe this wasn't going to be easy after all. I suddenly was very embarrassed, but I could no longer back out.

I lowered the filmy black material inch by inch. Soon my milky white breasts with hardened nipples were pointing at Bob. He made an attempt to put his mouth on my breasts, but was restrained by Biggs. "No touching, remember?" he said.

I turned around and brought an assortment of appreciative wolf whistles and comments that can't be repeated here. Some were a little disappointed that my breasts weren't larger, but all enjoyed this semi naked 'woman' entertaining them.

"Picture time," Biggs declared, "Sit on Bob's lap," he ordered as he took off Bob's handcuffs.

I sat down on his lap feeling his hairy legs against my smooth legs. My perfume mixed with his after shave. I was aware of my naked soft breasts in contrast to Bob's flat muscular chest.

"Kiss him," Biggs whispered. I put my arms around Bob's neck and planted a kiss on his lips. My breasts crushed into his hairy chest...Click, flash.

"Uh..no touching," Biggs said rushing to pull me away from Bob, "We don't want the real police showing up. Turn around Kathy," he commanded as I felt the cold steel on my wrists and heard the clicks as Biggs handcuffed me behind my back causing my breasts to protrude even more..

"Yeah," the men shouted, "Take her bottom off." Biggs looked at me.

"No way," I said, "No way."

"Not tonight guys, but step right up. Get your picture taken with a bound, half-naked girl. You can kiss her, dominated her, but you cannot touch her sexually," Biggs reminded them.

For the next twenty minutes, I posed with the men. Some put their arms around me, some kissed me, some grabbed my wrists and treated me like a captured sex slave. Each snuck a feel or a rub against my sensitive bare nipples.

Officer Biggs gave the camera to Lou, the guy throwing the party. "I want a picture, too," he said.

Lou smiled as Biggs pulled me close to him. He kissed me hard on my lips inserting his tongue deeply into my mouth.

The men loved it.

He hooked his fingers in the top of my satin bikini bottom. "Shall I?" he asked.

"No," I moaned.

"Yes," the guys yelled. He pulled my bikini down about an inch.

"Sorry guys, maybe next time. Bring more green with you..." Then it was over.

I sat in Bigg's car. I had dressed again in the skirt and halter top, but did not put on the coat. I sat next to Biggs and allowed him to run his hand up my leg. His right hand quickly cupped my breast saying, "You have sexy tits. Would you like to stop somewhere?" he asked.

"I can't tonight, but if I could, would you like to have me?" I asked.

"Would I? I would make love to you all night. I would spread those creamy white thighs of your apart and you would never again want any other man," he answered.

"Maybe next time," I said softly.

"I can't wait," he said and opened the door to let me out. "I'll watch you to the door. I would walk you, but..."

He gave me a kiss and some money. I walked to the door. I gave Mindy and Tammy the details of the evening and the 2nd copy picture from Bigg's camera.

"You and a group of men," Mindy squealed.

"What a lucky girl," Tammy said. I didn't show either of them the picture of Biggs and I.

"Did you enjoy yourself as a girl tonight?" Mindy asked as we went to bed.

"It was okay." I answered.

"Do you like it when we go out as girls?" she asked.

"Yes" I answered.

"Well, then you're going to love what I have to tell you tomorrow. Good night."



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN**

**24 HOURS!**

**We appreciate your business!**

**Sandy Thomas**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

## Chapter 4

It was the smell of fresh brewed coffee that awakened me. It wasn't coming from the kitchen, it was on the night stand right beside me. I opened my eyes and turned towards the aroma. Mindy was smiling at me. "Are you going to sleep all day?" she asked.

I glanced at the clock. It was 6:30 A.M. "Mindy, we didn't get home until after 2:00 this morning. What are you...we doing up at this time of the day?" I asked bewildered.

"I've been up for over an hour. I just couldn't sleep," she replied with a twinkle in her eyes. She was dying to tell me something.

Ahhh, the surprise, I remembered.

"Randy, do you remember the night that I went with Bruce to the fashion show?" she asked.

"Unfortunately, yes. I baby sat his two kids so the two of you could go out," I replied sleepily.

"Right. But at the show I modeled one of my own creations and guess what? Mr. A.D. Slinger, the world famous designer and manufacturer was in the audience. He offered me a job as a model at a 50% increase in salary plus bonuses and perks. He called me Friday and made the offer," she said with excitement.

"Hey, that sounds great. When does he want you to start?" I replied.

"Next Monday. The job is in Atlanta and it comes with a furnished apartment and a rental car," she answered, "All moving expenses are paid, of course. It's for a ninety day trial period. If I like them and if they like me, the contract will be extended till who knows when."

"And me? What am I supposed to do while you're running all over the country?" I questioned.

"That's the other exciting part. We are both going to Atlanta.. ..as two single girls," she finished.

I started to interrupt, but Mindy held up her hand. "Don't you see Randy. No more changing gender roles back and forth during the days and nights. No fear of running into your sister or our parents or friends. No more worrying about our cloggier friends catching you while dressed and not practicing for some exhibition."

She was right about the last part. I figured that we would just forget about my dressing and going out in public, but Mindy had figured things differently.

"When we arrive in Atlanta, those folks will know only Mindy and Randi, two single girls. Randy the man will not exist. You can live, work, and play as a girl full time.

It's only for ninety days. If you don't like it, we can end it there and look back on it as a fun, unique adventure that few couples would ever experience. The timing is perfect. I get rid of Bruce. You have no job to leave...Come on Randy, say you'll do it," she finished.

"I don't know Mindy," I stated, "I'm not sure that I want to move to Atlanta. I'm definitely not sure that I want to live as a girl full time.

"Well, we are and you are," she defiantly said.

"Oh? That sounds like an ultimatum," I questioned.

"It is. I'm going to Atlanta...with or without you. If you like, you can shed your pretty clothes and face and go back to being Joe Schmuck, macho man. But I warn you Randy, I may not come back if you do that. Also I don't want any contact with you at all during my ninety day stay in Atlanta. I'm going to live out this opportunity no matter what," she exclaimed.

"You sound pretty firm about this," I said.

"I am. You can be with me, living as my girl friend, enjoying one another, loving each other, or you can stay here smoking cigarettes and chugging whisky. You could even try dating if you wish Randy, but I advise you to date men and not women. You'd have better success." she said.

"But I'm a man," I replied.

"Randy, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but let's be truthful here. You've never been a man. A male yes, a man no. You have a small build, a soft voice, and delicate features. The highest level of manhood that you ever reached could best be described as 'sissy'. You are much more desirable as a girl than you are as a man," she said with emphasis.

"If that's all true then why did you marry me?" I asked.

"Because I loved you and still do. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. You are kind, polite and very caring. I didn't care that you were not rugged and manly. I wanted you and I got you. I, of course, had no idea of turning you into a girl, but when things happened like they did, and you were forced to be a girl, I fell more in love with you. I loved and do love Randi more than I love Randy. I know that it sounds crazy for a woman to want her husband feminized, but doll, I hope that you'll love being a girl so much in Atlanta, that you'll never want to wear pants again...well maybe woman's slacks," she finished.

"If you love me so much, why then do you want to go as a single girl? Does that mean that you'll want to date?" I asked.

"Date? Randy, for all of your positive traits there is one thing that you can't give me. It's not your fault, but a girl needs a real man once in a while to fulfill her needs. A one night stand if you will. Use em and lose em. No romance."

"You're going to sleep with other men?" I asked incredulously.

"If I find one that I'm attracted to and compatible with, yes!" she answered.

"I see. Maybe I'd better go with you then...Just to check out my competition," I said.

Mindy laughed, "You don't have any competition. I'll always come back to you."

"Is there anything else that you want to share with me? Any other surprises?" I asked.

"Yes, just one. I assume that you are going to go with me?" she asked.

"Yes. I don't see that I have any choice," I answered.

"Good," Mindy said throwing her arms around me and kissing me hard of the lips, "Now all we need to do is feminize you a bit more."

"More? I'm already too curved. Why," I asked?

"If you're going to be a girl, then let's do it right. Dr. Dan is expecting you Tuesday at 9:00 AM. Remember the ZZM," she shyly said. "The ZZM will heighten you femininity. Dr. Dan said that after your shot is administered, your body will begin changing the very same day. Within a short period you'll have a totally feminine body. Your voice and skin will soften even more, there will be no beard to shave, you can wear dresses with plunging necklines and show real cleavage, no more pushup bras, your hips will flare and maybe you'll even start thinking like a girl. The ZZM will last sixty days and you'll need a booster shot while we're in Atlanta, at half strength for the final month."

"Just what every man dreams of," I dryly said.

"There's more. A side effect is that if you discontinue the ZZM that your body will then start producing more natural male hormones than ever before. They would be safe and not cancer causing as the synthetic male hormones would be." she said.

"You're kidding? In order for me to become a man, I have to become a woman first?" I asked.

"That's true..er..if that's really what you want to do," Mindy said somewhat taken back by my observation.

"Well, then, let's do it. Give your husband, soon to be your girlfriend, a big kiss." I said sealing the deal.

We spent the next few days taking care of business, closing accounts, arranging a rental for our home and saying goodbye to family and friends.

I kept my appointment with Dr Dan. What Mindy had told me had been very accurate.

"There's one other thing that I forgot to tell her, so I'll tell you," Dr Dan said, "Unlike other traditional female hormones, on ZZM you will not lose your sex drive. You'll want sex every bit as much as you do now, but you won't have very much to do it with. Your genitals will shrink to those of a 2-3 year old boy. You can tuck them into your body cavity and even in the nude you will look like a woman..." Dr Dan explained.

"I'll be like a girl totally then?" I asked.

"Well, the one thing ZZM won't do is create a vagina for you. That can be done later if you find that being a woman is what you want to be. I can refer you to an excellent doctor in Atlanta that specializes in such surgery. By the way, he's the one who will give you your booster ZZM shot. Randy, the surgery has been pre-approved by the gender reassignment committee. All you have to do is tell them to do it and they will. I personally think that you should have it done," Dr Dan stated pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"I don't think so Doc. This is a ninety day trip to end this femininity trip." I said.

"Well, that's up to you. ZZM tend to make people change their minds. Think about Mindy. She may want a baby some day. You won't ever be able to give her one," he answered.

"Hey, Doc, when ZZM is improved maybe I'll have my own baby," I answered.

He laughed and left the room for a syringe and the mysterious vial of ZZM. "Bend over the table, Randy. Pull down you panties. Now I know that you made the right choice," he murmured, "Now are you sure before I give this to you? There's no going back."

I told him to go ahead. I felt the cold steel pierce my rump followed by the injection of a warm fluid. I was now chemically a woman. It was done. "Better hurry home, Randy, and change out of those jeans," Dr Dan beamed, "Those are men's jeans and your new figure won't fit into them."

"It works that fast?" I asked.

"No, not really, but soon you will not be able to wear men's jeans any longer. You will have to wear clothing cut for a

woman," Dr Dan explained, "Oh, one more thing. If you are going to say any goodbyes as Randy, you'd better do it today or tomorrow at the latest. By Thursday your breasts will swell up. It's nothing to worry about, they will just be very sensitive for a while."

A plan of people that I had to say goodbye to ran through my mind. Mom, Dad, definitely Dad. How could I tell the colonel that his son was about to become his daughter.

Mindy and I took care of all our business needs and had dinner with both her folks and mine. They were sorry to see us go, but thought the adventure would be too good to pass up.

My father shook my hand in his usual rough grasp. "Lots of construction work down south son," he told me. "Heavy equipment operators needed too. Mindy is going to be so busy that you two won't see much of each other. Why not try driving the road? Big rig."

"Sure Dad, I'll think about those ideas," I said aloud. My mind was saying, "but the reality is that I'll be a secretary, receptionist, waitress, salesgirl or something else feminine".

My Dad could never know this, of course. Mindy's folks thought I could get into sales, computers, or some other refined masculine pursuit.

By Thursday, I had changed to all female clothing. My voice was, indeed, softer and more feminine. My breasts suddenly bloated up and we now measured 34", an increase of a inch over the last two days. Mindy was loving it and I was fascinated by the changes. I could now admit that I too was looking forward to living as a girl now that I practically was one.

A moving truck delivered an air freight wardrobe box. Mindy and I filled the box with all of our clothes and personal items including many new clothes that we had purchased for me the last couple of days. I felt bloated. I noticed that my jeans, cut for a woman, were filling out nicely in feminine curves.

The last thing that we accomplished Thursday evening was at Tammy's. Pam was there also. The purpose of this session was to cut and perm my now shoulder-length hair in a permanent feminine style. Tammy then did a fabulous job on my nails. They were long, shapely and painted a pretty coral. Both Pam and Tammy knew about me becoming a girl for the next three months.

They both hugged me as girls do. Tammy said, "I think that most of the gang suspects that you spend a lot of time as a girl," Pam said, "Barry would like nothing more than to have you change into a full time girl. He's always talking about you. If

he saw you now, he would probably attack you. And Mindy, ...Roy wants your body in the worst way."

"Too bad he didn't ask. I might have accepted," Mindy replied coyly. "We could have had a foursome. I'm sure you wouldn't mind getting laid, would you Randi?" I just blushed. I didn't say anything. The girls had their laugh and we went on our way.

### Chapter 5

"Better hurry. The taxi is here," Mindy called to me from the front room. I adjusted my clip-on earrings, checked my makeup, and smoothed my feminine white blouse. A pink cord skirt and pink skimmers completed my outfit. I carried a white clutch purse which contained among other things, my drivers license made out to Randi, a female.

Mindy wore a sky blue shirtwaist dress. She was very pretty. Just right for a model, I thought.

I thoroughly enjoyed the whole transportation bit. The male cab driver carried our luggage to the terminal and airline personnel saw that it was checked in with only minimal effort on our part. The gate agent was very friendly towards us, almost flirtatious.

On the plane, we sat in the first class section, ate filet steaks and sipped liquor from a glass. I noted with delight my lipstick on the glass rim. All this had been paid for by the A.D. Slinger company. Mr. Slinger was aware that Mindy was bringing a girlfriend and he had picked up both tabs. I had never met the gentleman, but I already liked him. We arrived in Atlanta all too soon; but now the real adventure was to begin.

"Mindy..Mindy, over here." The voice came from a tall, distinguished, gray haired man. He was dressed in an expensive gray business suit. He wore a red power tie. This had to be Mr. A.D. Slinger, the CEO and President of Slingers Fashions.

It was.

He gave Mindy a grand fatherly type hug. He took my hand and kissed it. "Well, ladies, if you'll give me your baggage claim stubs, I'll have one of the boys pick up your luggage and bring it to your condo. In the meantime, our ride is out front in valet parking," he finished.

I wasn't surprised to see the gleaming white limo awaiting our arrival. "Stanley, this is Miss Mindy and Miss Randi. Stanley has been my driver for years," Mr. Slinger went on.

We acknowledged the introduction and soon we were on a country freeway heading for the suburbs of Atlanta. This was an expensive area. We soon turned into a development and Stanley parked the car and opened our doors.

Mr. Slinger handed Mindy two sets of keys including keys for a red Toyota convertible. "I think that you'll like it," he said.

"I love it," Mindy said, her voice quivering with excitement.

"And your condo," he continued, opening the door to a huge condo. It was the biggest condominium that I had ever seen. It had three levels with two bedrooms upstairs.

He continued, "I assume that you will want the master bedroom, Mindy. The other room is very nice also, Miss Randi."

I smiled. It was only now the fact that Mindy had no husband was sinking into my head. Husbands and wives shared bedrooms, not two single girls.

The wardrobe boxes stood in the hallway between the two bedrooms. "I wasn't sure whose was whose or I would have had it unpacked for you," he finished.

"That's fine," I said, "It won't take us long to unpack."

"Good," Mr. Slinger went on, "I think you will find everything else you will need."

He was a remarkable man.

He motioned for us to sit on an inviting over-stuffed couch that was piled high with pillows. The couch was in the elegantly decorated sunken living room. He pointed to the patio door and out towards the pool, sauna, and hot tub. "You can check it out later."

"So, Randi, what are you going to be doing while Mindy is fulfilling her modeling contracts?" he asked.

"I really don't know. I'll start looking for a job on Monday," I answered.

"Do you know your way around Atlanta?" he asked.

I answered, "No."

"I'll have Stanley drive you. Also, I may have some part-time serving positions open if you're interested," he offered.

I thanked him for the offer.

By this time Mr. Slinger had poured us each a glass of wine. "To success and happiness," he toasted. We clinked our glasses. "Mindy, you tell me that you are single?" Mr. Slinger inquired.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"Strange. Bruce told me that you were married. He said that your husband dressed as a woman on occasion and was actually quite pretty," he announced.

My mouth flew open as did Mindy's. That rotten SOB had called Slinger and told on us after Mindy resigned.

"That wouldn't be you, would it Randi? Quite a coincidence that your husband's name is Randy and that your girlfriend's name is also Randi," he observed.

Mindy and I looked each other directly in the eye. He knew.

Mindy's dream job was over and I knew that security would be throwing us out soon. "Mr. Slinger," Mindy's voice quivered, "let me explain. Randy has this horm....."

Mr. Slinger held up his hand. He was smiling. "You don't need to explain. I don't pry into my employees personal lives. If your husband wants to impersonate a woman and you want him to, that's your business. I just need to know who the players are and what the rules will be. Are you here as husband and wife?"

"Yes and No," Mindy hesitated, "This is an experiment. We agreed to come here as two single girls. I figuratively left my husband in Maine. He doesn't exist any longer, at least not in Atlanta."

"I see. Mindy does this mean that you'll be dating other men?" he asked.

She blushed, "Yes, and as my girlfriend, Randi doesn't care if I date. He knows that it might happen."

"Uh Huh. And Randi, how do you feel about your wife going out with other men?" he asked.

"She's free to do so. We agreed prior to coming down here that we would not be spouses. We would only be girlfriends. A girlfriend wants her girlfriend to be happy. If she finds a man she likes then she should go out with him," I answered.

"And what about romance and sex? That's a part of dating," he asked.

"That's up to her. She can do it if she wants to," I answered again.

"Well, in that case, Mindy, my son Tony saw your modeling pictures. He's very handsome and would very much like to take you out. Would you be interested?" Slinger asked.

"Yes, I would," Mindy all too quickly said, "How will I get to meet him?"

"He'll pick you up tomorrow night if that's Ok," he said, "It's our company's annual Halloween party and dinner/dance."

"That sounds like fun. I'm not sure what I can get to wear on such short notice..." she answered.

"That's already taken care of. Tony is going as a Sheik. I took the liberty of picking up a harem girl outfit for you. It's in your closet. I hope that's alright?" he finished.

"Perfect, I'm looking forward to it," Mindy replied with a big smile.

I realized this was going to be my first big test of seeing Mindy out with other men; and it was happening much sooner than I ever thought possible. My thoughts were interrupted by Mr. Slinger, "How about you Randi? Would you like to go to the party? With a date?"

"Uh...but you know that I'm a male. You wouldn't fix me up with another man knowing what I truly am would you? No man would knowingly want to go out with me," I stammered.

"Ah, to the contrary! I know such a man both personally and professionally. While he has dated many beautiful women in his day, I have known him to date a female impersonator on occasion as long as she looks and acts like a girl. He enjoys the companionship of feminized males. Are you willing to go out with a male date?" Mr. Slinger asked.

"Yes," I said, lowering my eyes to the carpet and blushing deeply.

"Good. How about you Mindy? I would hate to see some kind of a problem here. Do you really want to see your husband go out with a real man?" he asked.

"Yes, I do! I really, really do. I want this man to treat Randi absolutely like a man would treat a woman," she answered with enthusiasm.

"He will. You can bet on that. Can you respond as a woman, Randi?" he asked me.

"I think so. I would give it a try anyway." I answered.

"Good enough. Now I will reveal the identity of this man. As I will keep your secret, you must promise to keep mine," he said.

We both nodded. These were the kind of secrets that no one would ever know.

"The man is my other son, Brian. He mostly prefers women, but I think that he will find you quite attractive, Randi," Mr. Slinger said.

"Will he know that I'm a man?" I asked.

"Yes. You will not have to worry about being discovered. Do you have any miniskirts with you, Randi?" he asked.

I answered yes.

"Do you have a sexy blouse with a plunging neckline?" he asked.

I again answered yes.

"White go-go boots?" he continued.

I told him no.

"Give me your shoe size. I will have them delivered to you. You will of course be going as a go-go dancer. Brian will be a bartender," he said.

"Sounds like fun," I said. I wasn't as confident as I sounded.

"Well, I have to be going. The boys will pick you up about 8 pm," he said.

"Will we be going together?" Mindy asked.

"I should think so," he answered closing the door behind him.

Mr. Slinger had just set up his two sons with my wife and me. It was obvious that he was used to getting what he wanted.

"We're going to the ball," Mindy was almost singing, "You're going out as a girl with a man who knows that you are not a girl. No telling where that may lead."

"And you're going out with a man who knows that you are all woman. I know where that could lead," I responded.

"Uh...maybe...I haven't even met him. Maybe I won't like him," Mindy giggled.

"You will. I have no doubts." I said grimly.

"Randi, what if he and I end up going to bed?" she asked coyly.

"You probably will," I said with a grimace.

"Will you be jealous?" she asked.

"Yes, of course I will. What do you expect?" I answered.

"Maybe you would like to watch. Maybe it would be exciting to see some gorgeous sexy hunk lower his body between my thighs. Maybe he would make me beg him to give it to me," Mindy speculated.

"Would you beg?" I asked.

"If he has what I want, probably. Randi, I think that you want another man to take me, don't you?" she asked.

"Ah...I don't know. It might be exciting, particularly now," I answered.

"And I want to see another man take you, all the way," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing. Good night." she said.

We drifted off to unpack our things and sleep in our separate bedrooms.

Shortly after Mr. Slinger left, Mindy and I finished unpacking our boxes and suitcases. I put all of my clothes (now skirts, blouses, dresses, lingerie and woman's shoes) into my bedroom and Mindy put her things into her own bedroom. We were now truly two single girls and no longer husband and wife, nor was I a man.

My private bathroom did not consist of after-shave or any manly scented colognes. Instead, I carefully arranged my bottles and tubes of lipstick, nail polish, eye makeup and mascara, foundation, blush, perfumes and lotions onto the vanity. There was scented bubble bath beads that I placed on the side of the bathtub along with a razor and shaving cream I needed to keep my body silky smooth.

My bedroom had lace curtains and a queen sized bed. The bed was adorned with a satin and tiered lace comforter. Mindy and I had kissed goodnight and I lay awake in my own bed thinking of what the future might bring. How long would Mindy be sleeping alone?

How long would it be before I shared my bed with another man. Not a man like me, but a REAL man as Mindy would have said. I was a sissy at best. The kind of male that best pleases other males by submitting to them, not the kind that pleases women with their masculinity, virility and size. I ran my hands over my substantial breasts, now 35" in size, along my 25" waist and 35" hips. Those were hardly the measurements of a man. My skin was wonderfully soft and smooth to the touch. I could be sexually aroused by stroking my nipples. Yes, I still felt sexual arousal even though my male anatomy had shrunk to size of a little boy. I could easily hide my maleness by pressing my thighs together. I looked like a woman, even while nude. After much tossing I finally drifted off to sleep.

"Randi? Randi!...Wake up little girl. We have to get a costume put together for you," Mindy's voice was happy and warm. She was getting everything she wanted. A chance to date other men and a chance to turn me into such a feminized male that I too would want to date other men.

I thought about the latter. I wondered what kind of a man Brian would be. I decided that I was going to completely forget that I was not a complete girl and accept the fact that I was a girl for at least the next couple of months. I would enjoy myself as a girl, even if that meant dating men, kissing men and flirting with them. However, the thought of sex had me scared. I had no idea what sex would do to me or for me. That was an unknown factor. I had been kissed before but what would sex do to me mentally and physically.

"You know, Randi, you really don't have anything here that would be appropriate for a costume. You have miniskirts and dresses, but you would just look like a girl in everyday attire, only with white go-go boots. We'll have to get you something else to wear," Mindy said.

She searched the phone book for a costume shop and made a few calls. She was pleased to find that there was a shop only a few blocks away. We didn't even take time for breakfast, just time enough to do our makeup and to slip into a blouse and jeans. Then we were on our way, just two girls getting ready for a Halloween party.

We spent very little time in the shop before Mindy discovered a red sequined mini dress with spaghetti straps. "This is perfect, Randi," she said with delight. "Go try it on."

Here I was, again, in Atlanta, trying on dresses and costumes. You know, I have never walked the streets of Atlanta as a man.

As it turned out the dress fit pretty well. It was a little tight. If cleavage was the desired effect, then this was the right dress for me. It had built-in cups so a bra wasn't necessary. I was afraid that if I bent over everything would tumble out. Mindy assured me that such a thing would not happen. We paid for our things and took the package to the car.

"Now for accessories," Mindy declared steering me to a cheap jewelry store. Gaudy, not suave. After all, I wasn't going as a sophisticated lady, but as a racy, raunchy go-go girl. "These will do," Mindy said holding up a necklace made of red beads. "Oh, and Randi, these will be perfect with your outfit," she said holding up a pair of Indian style earrings made with red feathers.

"These aren't clip-ons, Mindy," I said.

"I know, I know. It's time that you had your ears pierced. They can do it right here, right now." she answered.

"Mindy," I whispered, "I can't have my ears pierced. When I go back to being a male, my ears will be pierced."

"That is IF you go back to being a male. You might not want to. Besides, if you do want to go back, the holes will heal shut again. Come on. Don't be a chicken. You were going to enjoy being a girl, remember?" she replied.

Yes, I thought to myself, I did make that promise to myself this very morning. "Ok. I hope you're right about the healing though," I said.

"Oh, I am," she assured me.

The ear piercing was relatively easy. The sales clerk was skilled with the gun and shortly I was wearing two silver hoops that Mindy had picked out. We left the store with several other pairs of earrings that Mindy said I would be needing for everyday use. I had to admit that I liked the dangling feeling from my ears and I liked the way they made me look so feminine. At this very moment I felt that I would want to wear earrings for the rest of my life.

We shopped the mall for the next couple of hours and picked up some things for our apartment. Soon we were back home and it was time to start getting ready for our dates. I went through the necessary feminine rituals women go through, just as Mindy did. I for my date, she for hers.

Approximately two hours later with makeup in place, I was squeezing into the sequin dress. Mindy zipped up the back of the dress for me.

"Why do they always put the zippers in the back of woman's clothes," I complained.

"So the zipper doesn't mess up the natural beauty of the bust line, silly," she explained.

I examined myself in the mirror. My long, slender, smooth legs emerged from the mini skirt and poured into the tops of my new white boots. The dress had a plunging bodice with too much smooth, creamy cleavage bursting at the tops of the cups and only two thin red straps holding up the dress. My auburn hair was in place, tickling the top of my shoulders. I tied a red ribbon into my hair. My makeup was slightly over-done with Mindy adding extra long eye lashes and red glitter to my eyelids. I looked the part alright. I could probably dance at any sleazy club in town.

Mindy, on the other hand, was very beautiful. Her long blond hair hung almost to her waist. The pale blue material was see-through except for the bikini type bottom and sequined halter top. She wore a veil over her face. Her eyes were mysterious with the overdone eye shadow and makeup. Any man would want to have her, even me, but it wouldn't be me that she would choose when that time came.

We didn't have to wait very long before the knock on the door came. Mindy answered the door. Two young men, one a fierce looking sheik and the other a handsome mustachioed bartender, stepped through the open door. Both were tall, tanned and well built; the kind of guys that would excite any young woman. I wondered if I would be woman enough for the bartender. I hoped so, I was definitely attracted to him.

"Hi, I'm Tony," the sheik said, "you must be Mindy, my harem girl for tonight." Mindy nodded, obviously delighted with the man that had been picked for her tonight. "You are every bit as beautiful as your portfolio showed," Tony said.

"Thank you," she blushed.

"And you must be Randi, Mindy's husband," the bartender said looking me over from head to toe.

I nodded, my eyes looking down at the carpet.

"Well, I think you look much more adept at being my girl, than her husband. How do you feel about dressing like a girl and going out with a man?" he asked.

I was still blushing when I said in a soft, girlish voice, "I'm honestly looking forward to it."

"Wow, you even have a feminine voice. You'll easily pass for a girl," he finished.

"Then I meet with your approval and acceptance?" I asked.

"By all means. There is something that you should know. If you go out with me, I intend to treat you like I treat all girls and I expect you to respond as one," he said.

"Of course," I answered looking Mindy directly in the eye then back at Brian, "I'll try to be as much a woman as you want me to be."

"Alright, we'll have a great time then," Brian declared.

"One other thing," Tony said looking at me, "I intend to treat your wife as my girlfriend. Kissing, petting, who knows what. Is that going to be a problem for you?"

"He wants me to go out with other men," Mindy chimed in, "Randi's my girlfriend now, and as you can see, not much of a man. My sissified husband gets turned on when I go with other men."

"It's Ok, really." I was finally able to answer Tony.

"And how do you feel about seeing your husband dressed like a woman and out with another man," Brian questioned.

"I turned him into a girl because he is much more desirable this way. A girl naturally should have a man. If you like Randi that way, as a girl, I'm sure that both she and I would enjoy that," Mindy replied.

"Ok, I think that the ground rules have been set. Mindy and Randi are both single girls and we'll treat them as such. Let's go," Tony said.

If Mindy and I expected a Rolls or Mercedes, we were certainly in for a surprise. Tony opened the door of his red 1950 restored Ford convertible. Brian and I rode in the back seat,

Mindy sat close to Tony in the front. Tony put his arm around her and Brian did the same with me.

Like everything done in the Slinger organization, the Halloween party was spectacular. To enter the party in the old mansion, you had to go through the haunted catacombs. Brian held my hand as we turned each corner and observed each scene.

There were witches with boiling pots of brew, bats on thin strings, spiders and cobwebs to walk through, a Dracula scene, a mummy that tried to grab each party goer, a dungeon, space monsters and much more.

I screamed and jumped into Brian's arms when I realized that a cobra in a basket was the real thing. "You are totally believable," he whispered to me as he protectively put his arms around me.

Finally we were through the catacombs and into a large ballroom. The place was filled with guests in many different costumes. There was food like at any party, but this was catered and the treats were exotic.

A fifties band played rock and roll music. Brian and I danced the slow songs cheek to cheek. His hand slid down to my bottom and he pulled me close to his body. I could tell that he was aroused by his manhood pressing against my stomach.

During the fast songs, I danced the twist, the jive, and others as a go-go girl would. At times we even attracted an audience. I felt comfortable in my dress, I felt wicked with my exposed cleavage and yes, I was enjoying being a girl. It was obvious that Brian was enjoying me as a girl also.

I had totally forgotten about Mindy and Tony until we stopped to have a drink. "Oh, they are around somewhere," Brian told me, "this is a big place." I guess it really didn't matter anyway, I thought.

"I know this is a little rude, being our first date and all, but would you mind terribly if I watched some of the heavyweight boxing championships on the big screen in the TV room?" Brian asked, "You can come along of course, but it will be smoky and rather course." I declined and told him to run along.

Brian left the room as had most of the men, leaving us women to ourselves. A young, slender, good looking girl with long dark hair sat down next to me. She was dressed like a prostitute with a silver lame mini-dress and 4" spiked heels. She was very pretty in an ultra feminine way.

"Do you mind if I join you?? My name is Julie....at least now. My real name is Fred," she said in a mockingly deep voice.

"You are a man?" I asked. "Well I guess you could say that I used to be, but I'm not much of a man anymore," he replied.

"You're very pretty," I said.

"Thanks, uh,, I guess. Is it a compliment if a man is told that he is pretty?" he asked.

"If he's dressed as a girl it is," I answered.

"Everyone here knows about me," he continued. "I used to work here as a stock boy. Before. . . This was Brian's idea. A model didn't show up one day and I took her place. After that every time Brian got a chance, he dressed me as a girl."

"You mean like every Halloween?" I asked.

"Halloween, costume balls to begin with then just to go out, you know? He's very sweet. Sometimes even when we made a bet and I lost. He'd always make my penalty to dress up in some girl's costume. He told me about you. I think it's wonderful that your wife likes you this way," he stated.

I blushed at someone knowing and wondered who else Brian told. "Do you and Brian have a *thing* going?" I asked.

"No, I'm sort of married now. . .that's Donald over there, my husband. He very rich and takes wonderful care of me," he adding, "I'm a girl all the time now. Donald won't allow me the slightest maleness. He makes me take my female hormones and buys me the most wonderful dresses and lingerie. To him I'm all girl. Actually, I think it would be fun to dress up as a boy again. It's been so long I've probably forgot how."

"Well," I said, "My wife, has gone too far in this cross dressing stuff,"

"Why," he asked. "You are very feminine."

"She dating other men," I said pointing out Tony and Mindy.

"Tony is very handsome and very well endowed," Julie said winking at me.

"You and Tony?...SEX?..." I gasp.

"He made me a woman," Julie said then winked.

"How?" I asked innocently.

"Darling!" Julie whispered, "After being with Tony, I could never be a man again."

"The fights over. Straken won," Brian said, returning with the rest of the men from the TV room. I said goodbye to Julie. Donald was a handsome husband treating Julie like a girl. I could now understand better why Julie stayed with him. Donald wanted a girl and Julie wanted to be one.

We left the party soon after that. This time, Brian and I cuddled uninhibitedly. Mindy and Tony would have done the same, but he had to drive. It wasn't long before we had stopped in the parking lot at our condo.

"You two go ahead. We'll be in just a few minutes," Brian told Tony and Mindy.

Mindy looked me in the eye. "You don't have to hurry," she purred and they were gone.

Tony had his hand around her waist and he let it slip to her bottom as she unlocked the door.

"So, you met Julie...or Fred, I see," Brian chuckled.

"You know her...er him?" I asked.

"Everyone does. He's been dressing as a female for years. You know, he's very girlish. Much like you but strange." Brian continued.

"What's strange," I asked.

"Rumor has it that Donald is trying to get Julie to adopt a baby," Brian finished.

"Really!," I replied.

"Donald likes Julie as a girl and wants to make him a mother but sometimes Julie wishes he was a boy again," Brian said matter of factly. "Donald thinks Julie just needs to become a mother."

Brian continued, "You know, in some ways you and Fred have a lot in common. I mean you dress as girls, Mindy goes out with other men, it could happen that she will sleep with another man while you're here," Brian said.

"I know, but what's that mean?" I replied.

"Tony is pretty attracted to your wife. I expect that he will try to sleep with her," Brian warned.

"I know that. I could tell, watching the two of them together like young lovers," I replied.

"Once Fred had a man, he became much more feminine," he stated.

"I know that, Brian. What are you trying to say?" I asked.

"That soon you may have had your first man also," he replied.

"Are you talking about yourself?" I asked.

"Of course, who else?" Brian said as he buried his tongue deep inside my mouth. I responded, knowing that this man wanted this woman...me. His lips caressed my neck and shoulders, he took down the thin straps to my dress and soon his hot mouth was encompassing my breasts with my top down to my

waist. I could feel his hand going up my silken legs, my breathing was deep and hot.

I was scared and wasn't sure what to do. Did I want to be Brian's woman tonight? Did I want him to use me like a man uses a woman. Would the experience turn me into a woman? My mind raced.

Brian's hand pulled back from my thigh. "Not here, not in the car, not now. It's only our first date. It will happen though, Randi. When you want. I will have you when the time is right," he said with tenderness.

He kissed me lightly on the lips and we went up to the condo.

To my surprise, Mindy and Tony were merely having a night cap. Mindy's costume was still in place.

Mindy and I talked after the men had left. "Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"Yes, I did." I replied.

"Are you going to see him again?" she inquired.

"I think so," I said.

"You were petting, so I can tell that you enjoyed being treated as a girl. Romantically, I mean," she said.

I acknowledged her observation.

"Ah, then you'll have sex with him someday?" she asked.

"I don't know," I replied truthfully.

"You will and I want to be there when it happens," she said excitedly.

"You want to watch?" I asked puzzled.

"Yes, and when Tony makes love to me the first time, I want you to be a part of it also," she said with enthusiasm.

"Tony may not like that," I remarked.

"He'll love it, and so will you. I turned you into a girl, Brian can turn you into a woman, and I can be penetrated by a marvelous man while you watch. Would you like to see Tony take me?" Mindy asked.

"Yes," I said red faced, "I would like to see Tony making you squeal like you haven't for years."

"And Randi, you'll love being used sexually by a man, by Brian. He probably will squeal with delight. You probably won't be able to, you'll be too full," Mindy giggled, "They're taking us out next week."

I couldn't fall asleep that night. I felt like a young girl, filled with the intriguing promise of eventually being fulfilled.

## Chapter 6

Sunday was a fairly quiet but productive day. Mindy and I read the classifieds in two Atlanta papers searching for a job for me. We also obtained a bus map deciding that going job interviewing in a limo wouldn't look right. We circled several help wanted ads and planned the bus route. I was about to enter the career market as a woman.

Let me tell you how my Monday went. I set the alarm for six AM, showered, did my makeup and dressed myself in a slim knee length black skirt, white lace blouse, dark nylons, and black patent 3" heels. Mindy and I shared a continental breakfast and then she dropped me off at the bus stop. Mindy whisked off to her modelling assignment in the Toyota convertible.

For the first time, I stood, all alone, in Atlanta, a town unfamiliar to me, in women's clothes, and about to meet a bunch of strangers. I was going to present myself as a woman and hoping to get a job as a woman. Men would look at me as a woman, speak to me as a woman, and I would have to respond to them as a woman.

A smile and pretty face will gain me nothing with them. I liked the feel of the wind blowing my shoulder length hair about my face and neck. I liked the smell of my perfume, the taste of my lipstick, the prettiness of my red enameled nails. I liked the weight of my hoop earrings pulling down on my ears. In short, I was enjoying being a girl.

There would be no labor gang bosses, no splinters in my hands, no macho in my mind. Mindy was right, I was much more suited being feminine than impersonating some masculine hunk. Being feminine was okay, if I could get a job.

I stepped into the opening bus door and told the driver where I needed to get off. I told him that I was new in town. He assured me that he would advise me of my stop. An older grey haired man gave me his seat as the rest of the bus was full. He would have died if he knew that he gave up his seat to a 26 year old man. I noted, however, that as he stood holding the rail, he took every opportunity to check out my legs. I let my skirt ride a little further up my legs. After all, he had earned the right for a little look.

"This is your stop, Miss," the driver informed me. I thanked him and stepped onto the street. A sign on the building told me that I had found what I was looking for. "Earl K. Thomas Trucking".

"Ok, Dad," I thought, "You wanted me to go to work for an over the road trucking outfit and here I am."

Of course, Dad probably thought that the job would consist of hours behind a wheel, piloting 80,000 pounds of freight. He probably thought I would have on jeans, a plaid shirt and a cowboy hat. I guess that he would be shocked seeing me in a lovely skirt and blouse crossing my nyloned knees and seeking work as a receptionist/cashier for the truck lines.

I was a clone of the girl that my father and all of his crony friends would find necessary to do the paper work so that the men could do the real work. And when the work was done, I would be the one they would love to dress in flimsy temptations and take to bed. The last part didn't seem so alien any more.

"Mr. Thomas will see you now, Miss Moore," the receptionist said, giving me a female going over.

"Thank you," I said and entered the office of Earl Thomas. The office was done in pine paneling, rare care pictures and trophies. There were more photos of the big diesels that bore the Thomas Trucking logo. The office smelled of cigar smoke.

"So, you want to be a trucker, eh, Miss Moore?" the 50ish red face of the company owner smiled down at me.

"A trucker? Me? Oh, my no, I couldn't wheel one of those big trucks around," I said acting a little bewildered.

"Well, you could. A lot of women do. But I expect that you are here for the receptionist/cashier job," he said.

"Yes," I answered, somewhat relieved. Mr. Thomas laughed.

"You'll answer phones, take orders for freight, check the drivers in, give them their paychecks, and lie to their wives if you have to," Mr. Thomas laughed again. His husky voice was punctuated by coughing spells. "The pay is \$6.00 per hour, 40 to 50 hours a week plus benefits, you know, hospitalization, sick leave, maternity leave, vacation. You're not pregnant are you? I hate to train a woman and then lose her right away," he finished.

"No, sir, I'm not pregnant. Do I look like I am?" I said looking at my stomach.

"No," he laughed again, "You look fine. Just fine....Oh and that's something else. You're real pretty. Some of the drivers and warehouse men and Lord only knows who else, will try hitting on you. I don't care whether or not you go out with them, but expect to be hit on. If you can't take it, then don't take the job," he finished.

"I can handle myself," I replied.

"I believe you can. Tell you what. You call me in the morning and I'll let you know. Ok?" he answered.



*"I felt so strange walking on the street. Everyone seemed to be watching my every move."*

•IWANTED: TV STORIES!•  
SEND TO: Sandy Thomas  
P.O. Box 2309  
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

"Ok," I said a little disappointed. I thought that I had the job, but apparently not just yet anyhow.

My second interview was at Blue Sky Rental Cars at the airport. The woman who interviewed me said that she would let me know by the end of the week.

Lunch was next on the agenda. It was quick and light. Chomping down loads of meat and potatoes would not be very feminine, least of all good for me in my new form fitting clothes. A slender body was of much more importance when you wear skirts and dresses rather than 3 piece suits that hide a little bulge.

My next appointment was a 1:30. Mindy warned me that she didn't like this ad, but I told her that she was just jealous of what I might get. "Model Wanted" read the ad, "slender, seductive female, uninhibited, start today. No experience necessary. 999 Walker Street."

I again asked the bus driver for assistance. He was surprised when I told him where I was going. "I'm looking for a job," I told him.

"They'll put you to work right away, I'm sure," he replied giving my body and face the once over, "I might even come to see you tonight."

"Tonight," I thought, "What kind of place was this anyway?" As soon as the bus doors closed behind me I wished that I was back on the bus.

999 Walker Street... "Where the fun begins!!! Girls, Girls, Girls," the neon lights declared. Fun Felix was the name of the joint. I thought about not going in, but what if this was a legit advertisement from an office upstairs. I pushed open the swinging doors and immediately was overcome by the odor of alcohol and smoke.

"Right place, girlie," a man yelled at me.

"I don't think so," I said starting to leave.

A strong hand wrapped around my arm. "The boss says he wants to interview you," the man said. I was being pulled towards the storeroom. Suddenly the strong hand released its grip on me.

"I believe the lady said NO!" a firm voice came from behind the badge.. Atlanta's finest was here.

"Uh...I was just trying to help the girl get a job," the sleazy guy said.

"She doesn't want to work for you, slime ball. Do you?" the officer asked.

"No, I certainly don't," I answered with enthusiasm.

"I thought not. Why don't you come with me," the cop said.

I was terrified. The sun was bright, the air was fresh. I was glad to be out of that hole. "Have a seat," the officer offered in his car. I swallowed hard, but sat down in the passenger side of the car.

"You don't look like a stripper or hustler. You look more like a girl from a downtown office. What are you doing down here on Walker street?" he asked.

"I'm new in town. I was applying for a job as a model," I answered.

"A model? Ha! At Felix's all you model is your birthday suit. No one on Walker street is legit," he answered.

"I didn't know that," I answered.

"I know you didn't. Let me drive you back to a decent part of town," he said. He dropped me off at city hospital where I had my next interview.

The officer was tall, dark, handsome and Irish. I had never really looked at men that way before. Before I knew what I was doing, I kissed him on the cheek and reached to shake his hand. "Thank you, officer, I'm really grateful," I said with conviction.

His strong hand engulfed my smooth dainty hand, "Well, thank you," he said surprised, "Are you looking for a job here?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, I hope you get in. This hospital's in my district. I may see you again. And stay off of Walker Street," he said.

"I will, I promise. I hope I see you again sometime," I said, and I meant it.

The hospital was new and modern. It was clean and friendly like hospitals should be. I interviewed with a personnel specialist. An information admissions job was on the line. The pay was \$7.50 per hour plus shift differential and weekend pay. The benefits were outstanding.

"Tell me about your medical background. Your knowledge of medical terms, illnesses and diseases," she asked.

My heart sank..."I don't have any medical background, I'm afraid," I answered.

The lady smiled, acknowledging my hopelessness. "You're not out of it, Randi. It depends on what background the other applicants have. On your side you have very good test scores, a solid work history, and a very pleasant personality. We'll let you know," she said.

That night I discussed my day with Mindy. "I told you that the ad was not legit. You are going to have to trust my feminine instincts. Yours are not developed...not yet anyway," she said.

Tuesday was another round of bus trips and interviews. A sales position at a cosmetics counter...Yes they would hire me, but it paid only \$3.80 per hour. A front desk position at the Elegant hotel. "We'll call you". And a receptionist position at a car dealership. "You know that making coffee is a part of this job," the man with the checkered sports coat, polyester slacks and white shoes told me.

"That's fine," I replied.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Boyfriend?"

"No."

"Well, let's discuss it over dinner...at your place. I'll call you for directions to your place," he said. I gave him the phone number of "dial a prayer" that Mindy had jokingly written down on a piece of paper and had given to me.

Wednesday I received a call from Mr. Thomas, "Uh..I'm afraid that you're a bit too pretty for this job. Ah...um..well the woman that sent you into my office was my wife and she...er..well, she liked the lady before you. The...uh..weighty one," he stammered.

"I see. Thank you, anyway," I answered. My first time shot down as a woman, by a woman, I thought. I didn't look for any other jobs that day.

Later, when Mindy came in she was light and happy. She carried some clothing underneath a brown plastic cleaning sack. "You're no longer unemployed," she said happily, "Well, it's not much, but you now have a part-time job with Slinger Fashions as a server."

"A server?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied taking the sack off of the costume.

"Mindy, that looks like a French maids costume," I blurted out.

"Yes, it is. Isn't it cute?" she giggled.

It really was. It was a typical costume that you see on French maids in the movies with a black, satin, plunging neckline and short skirt, and white apron with starched white petticoats underneath. "This will be worn with your black high heels and black hose," Mindy said, "You'll look like the doll that you really are."

"What will I be doing?" I asked.

"Oh, there's a fashion show going on tonight. The latest in Paris fashions, big name designers... the whole works. You'll serve cocktails to the guests," she explained.

"All right," I agreed. A job was a job and my emerging feminine self loved the costume.

Mindy dressed in a black cocktail dress. "I'll be with Tony tonight as a representative of Slinger Fashions," she said, "You won't be jealous will you?"

I will and I was. My wife, who was a total blonde bombshell dressed in a form fitting cocktail dress would be going to a fashion show as another man's date and I would be going as an employee. A tastefully, but sexily dressed cocktail waitress. Mindy gave me the keys to the Toyota. Tony would be picking her up.

I was very much aware of the shiny nylon encasing my knees and legs. My high heels would get their workout tonight. And what a dainty lace apron I was wearing. The apron was tied in a big bow behind my dress. The stiff petticoat pushed out the skirt in a very full manner.

Madge was the lady in charge of the cocktail waitresses. "This will be your area, dear," she told me. It consisted of several private tables enclosed by green hedges in the open patio area. People could be alone here if they wanted to be.

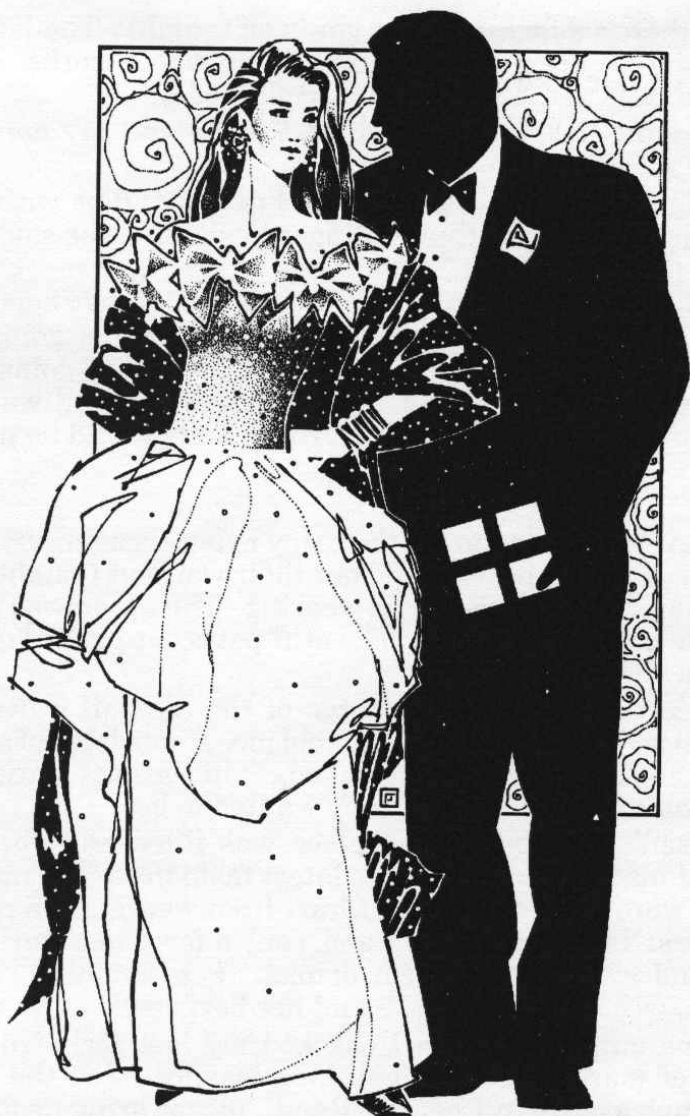
It wasn't long before the place was filled and dozens of beautiful models showed off the latest fashions to the insiders. My legs were tired and my feet hurt from wearing the pointed toed shoes. I had seen Mindy and Tony a few times during the night, and even served them drinks. I, a feminine cocktail waitress, was serving my wife and her boyfriend.

It was quite late when I checked my last secluded table. Sounds of masculine and feminine pleasure filled the air. I started to leave when I heard, "Randi, please bring us another drink; we have something to tell you, don't we Tony?" Mindy said.

"Yes, we certainly do," Tony's deep voice was in a command mode.

I put their drinks on the table. Mindy's arm was around Tony's neck and her long fingernails played with his short cropped hair.

"You're done for the night here," Mindy said in a soft voice, "Tony and I are going over to the condo in a little while. You'll be at least another hour cleaning up around here. We'll see you



*"The dress Brian gave me was beautiful. I felt pretty and feminine. Emotions that would probably get me in trouble."*

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,  
WRITE: **SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**

there when you've finished here. Could we get some more coffee?"

Mindy looked fantastic. She looked ready for a good lay. She fluffed her long blond hair over Tony's shoulders then applied some perfume.

I sighed. I did as ordered pouring their coffee. Her evening appeared to be wrapped up. I thought, "She's about to get laid and I didn't want to be there while Tony sticks it to her."

"Maybe I should find another place to stay tonight," I said.

Even Tony said, "Let's go to my place. Isn't it a bit much for you to know your husband is there?"

"Oh, that won't be necessary dear," Mindy explained, "We won't be doing anything that Randi can't know about. I'm a single girl, remember?"

Mindy added, "Randi, tell Tony it's okay and that he's welcome in our house."

"You have to be kidding?" I shouted. But Mindy persisted and I knew that I'd have to follow her lead.

I wanted to shout, "Tony...Thanks for doing it to my wife. I really enjoyed it," but I meekly said, "It's okay, Tony."

"Thanks, sweetheart," Tony said, adding, "You really are handling all this very well."

"Randi, you're next," Mindy said with a smirk, then smiled, "We'll see you in a little while." She dismissed me.

As I walked away, I heard Tony ask, "Do you think he'll care?"

Mindy's voice was soothing as she said, "Of course not, silly. We're girlfriends now." I looked back and saw them kissing.

It was more work cleaning up after the party than it was serving. There were a million things to do. Tables to clean, glasses to pick up, gossip to exchange with the other girls. Just when I was dressing in my street clothes, Brian came up to me and complimented me on my work during the evening.

"Would you care to have a nightcap with me before going home, Brian asked.

Remembering that Mindy and Tony were already home, I accepted his kind offer. I really didn't want to go home at all with them there. "I wish I was dressed better," I said to Brian. He was still in his tuxedo.

He smiled and said come with me. We walked into the models dressing room and he grabbed a beautiful off-the-shoulder evening gown and threw it to me. "Here, wear this."

I had seen it in the show...over \$5,000.00 of pink satin, lace, bows and dreams. "Aww, I couldn't. What if I spill something."

"I'll make another one...Put it on."

"Here?"

There's no one here but you and I," Brian said. "I'm in the dress business, REMEMBER?"

I was beet red as I undressed down to panties, bra and hose.

"It has a built in bra," Brian informed, then watched as I removed my bra exposing my large erect nipples. He added, "You have a wonderfully feminine figure." I quickly pulled up the long dress and Brian helped me with the back zipper. This dress was like heaven to wear.

Brian seemed to be the nicer of the two brothers. Tony was a spoiled brat, whereas Brian seemed to be much more level headed....And sweeter. After finding a matching pair of shoes, some costume jewelry and a black wrap, we left.

I carefully seated myself in the passenger side of Brian's refurbished Roadster after he had gallantly opened the door for me. My long skirt made the entrance somewhat difficult since cars were made a lot smaller in those days, but my recent practice came into good use. As each day passed, I felt more and more confident with my new clothes.

Brian drove to a fancy late night eatery on the outskirts of Atlanta. It was flashy, but you could tell that this was a place that the well to do went to get away from the maddening crowd. Apparently Brian wanted to spend some quiet moments with me...And I wasn't adverse to the thought myself. Mindy wanted to play the single girl bit, well two can play that game.

After being seated in a secluded booth, Brian ordered drinks and asked, "And how are you adjusting to being your wife's girlfriend and a single girl?"

"Actually, I'm finding the experience quite exhilarating," I said taking a sip of a wonderful Margarita. I then went on to describe my attempts at finding work over the past week. "I haven't had any problems with people reading me as a man. My problem seems to be separating the serious job opportunities from those where the only thing on the man's mind is my body."

"Well, I can understand where those lecherous men are coming from," Brian remarked, "You do have one hell of a shapely figure."

I blushed and thanked him for the compliment. I was no longer embarrassed at being called pretty...I even enjoyed hear-

ing the compliments, especially when they were obviously sincere and coming from such a handsome man.

"Would you be willing to go to Las Vegas with me...for a long weekend?" Brian asked, "I mean as my woman. I guess maybe Mindy could come along if you need her?"

"Why, Brian, that would be lovely," I said, "And Mindy was the one who set the ground rules of being single girls. I see no reason why she has to trail everywhere I go. In fact, she doesn't seem to have any problems leaving me alone. She's alone right now with Tony at our Condo..."

"Oh, they are?" Brian asked, "That's interesting."

"Isn't it, though?" I returned.

"And you aren't jealous?" Brian asked.

"Again, she was the one who set the rules. Yes, I'm a little jealous, but I'm not going to play the jealous lover. She wants to live out this fantasy, fine. I'll live out one myself," I said.

"Does that mean that you will be willing to be a woman all the way with a man?" Brian asked.

"That depends," I answered. "I can't believe I'm saying this. I'm not a promiscuous ma...woman, but I feel so different lately. I guess if the right person comes along..."

"Am I the right kind of person?" he asked.

"Time will tell," I blushed, already knowing that I definitely was intrigued by this gentle fellow. I asked, "Why me. . .you knowing and all?"

He smiled, "I love women but I find it very exciting when a man finds femininity. It's like the ultimate in femininity. I see you giving up your maleness and finding pleasures in womanhood. I'd like to be the one that refashions your outlook. Are you are ready to give it all up."

My heart pounded at the objective of invitation. I wasn't sure what it meant. I answered, "I don't know, I think so."

I felt his eyes warming me as I began to realize exactly what he meant. I had to suppress a physical shiver. My heart pounded at the thought that I might want to be the woman with a man. I felt his fingers on the back of my nylon covered ankle then knee then creeping up to my thigh.

Brian continued, "I'd like to make you even more feminine than you are now but are you sure you're ready."

"Mindy has pretty much feminized me," I said, deep in thought but aware of Brian's hand rising higher beneath my modest skirt. I squirmed in my seat.

"Nothing like I have planned for you," Brian said. "Not just a one night stand but a long vacation, almost like a honeymoon

with good food, entertainment and complete abandonment of everything you know as male. Are you mentally and physically ready?"

Brian gently placed his other arm around my waist and drew me towards him. Our faces gravitated towards each other and our lips gently pressed against each other. He was not gruff or pushy. The kiss was passionate without making a scene in this crowded restaurant. He smiled and whispered, "My darling little sissy, are you ready to accept all that goes with being a woman?"

Shame colored my cheeks and my eyes lowered helplessly. I felt for his hand that rested under my skirt and gasped it boldly. "I wonder what he will do to me," I thought thinking about the potential new fullness of my woman's role.

As if reading my mind, Brian whispered, "Everything. I'll teach you everything I know."

I whispered, "You make me feel so girlish.

He smiled and said, "You are and I know you will love the new sensations."

I was glad that we had chosen such a secluded booth for our night cap.

We talked about the vacation. Brian told me that we would go shopping and he would buy me everything I needed for the vacation. New lingerie, a white wedding nightgown, sexy dresses, new high heels, earrings and more.

"I'm going to take care of you. I want you to feel beautiful, pampered and totally feminine," Brian whispered. "I want you to want me. . .to have a feminine need for me."

I was scared and excited at the same time. I knew what he would expect in return and I wasn't wholly sure I was woman enough.

After another half hour of talking, Brian, like the gentleman he obviously was, took me back to my car so I could return home. Before parting, we again embraced in a lingering kiss and hug. He could be habit forming if given half a chance, I thought.

We had agreed on a date for the 'vacation honeymoon'. He said that he would get a room and show reservations. I was looking forward to seeing the bright lights, fabulous costumes, and beautiful dancers. He was going to make an appointment at a friend's beauty parlor to glamorize me. "I want you to be the most attractive woman in Vegas. By the time we come back, you'll have performed everything a woman does. I know you'll love it." He took me back to my car and told me to keep the dress.

I drove back to the Condo thinking of the lovely two hours I had just spent with Brian. Being a woman could be quite enjoyable when given a chance. In truth, I had completely forgotten about Mindy and Tony during the time I spent with Brian.

I parked the car and walked up to the apartment. I opened the front door with sugar plum fairies dancing around in my mind. The lights were on in the living room and that should have alerted me. But without thinking, I removed my wrap while humming a little tune.

I walked towards my bedroom when suddenly Mindy's bedroom door opened and she and Tony emerged. Mindy was startled to see me standing in the middle of the hallway and a flush came to her cheeks.

"Oh....Hi Randi," she stuttered, a bit disoriented by my dress and the surprise, "We didn't hear you come in."

"Obviously," I replied peering over her shoulders into the now empty bedroom. Her bed was rumpled with the sheets all gathered towards the foot of the bed.

"Uh...I was just leaving," Tony stammered as he fiddled with his tie. He slipped on his jacket, then gave Mindy a soulful kiss and left.

"W..we..we were just having a night cap," Mindy said.

"Uh...yes, I can see," I whispered, embarrassed at catching my wife in such an embarrassing situation, "Did you and Tony....?"

"Did we what?" she smiled.

"You know...*'MAKE'* it tonight?" I asked.

"We were just fooling around. Why, do you want to hear all the sordid details?," she asked as she brushed her rumpled hair, then added, "You did very good job tonight, Randi. Tony said you could serve cocktails at the fashion show next month."

"Thanks," I said, "But I don't think I'll be doing it again."

"Oh?" Mindy said pointing to the dress, "You've found another job, have you?"

"No, not yet. But I'm tired of you being the belle of the ball while I'm just the cleaning woman. I've decided that it's time for Cinderella to lay down her broom and start enjoying herself," I said.

"Oh?" Mindy questioned, looking in the mirror at me.

"Yes," I said, "I've noticed that I'm always the one who fills the lowly position while you get to go to the ball. It's usually you that gets me into those situations. Well, I'll take care of my

own social and work life from now on, thank you. You decided that we were to be two single girls. So be it. And I'll be single with whomever I like."

"Oh my? SHE'S getting awfully assertive. PMS dear?" Mindy smiled with a questioning look.

"Good night, Mindy. Sweet dreams," I said, turning towards my bedroom.

"Well...it looks like Cinderella met her knight in shining armor? What about us?" Mindy asked.

Remembering that we were in Atlanta, I threw my long hair back and said, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn!" I closed the door to my bedroom.

### The End

Dear reader,

There are four parts to Randy's story. Want to know what happens to Mindy and Randi. Should Randi take control of his life and stop all this foolishness? or should he explore the interdepths of his feminine soul and what should he find???

Write to me and let me know!

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

#### CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE  
Volume #6

#### "EXCHANGING VOWS"

Randy must pretend to be a 'wife' for a weekend while his own wife lives as the 'wife' of another man.



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

#### CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE  
Volume #8

#### "VIRGIN VOWS"

Randy and his twin sister, Rose have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's prom gowns.



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

#### CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

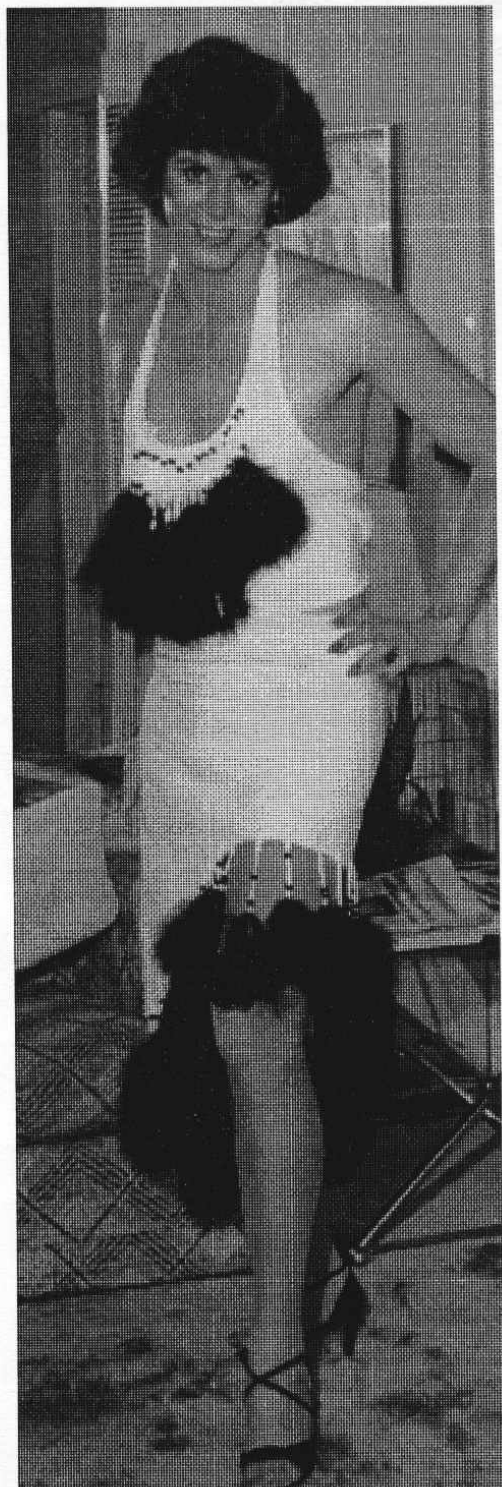
MAGAZINE  
Volume #9

#### "VOW OF FEMININITY"

RANDY IS FACED WITH DECISIONS:  
MINDY, BRIAN OR RODD?  
MAN OR WOMAN?



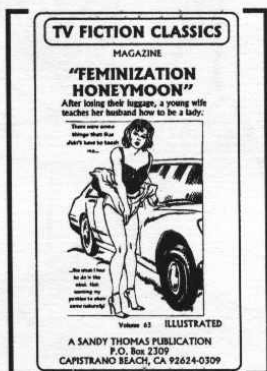
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION



*SANDY THOMAS,  
Editor*

*"Write to me and let  
me know what  
kind of stories you en-  
joy."*

*SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. Box 2309  
Capistrano Beach, CA  
92624-0309 USA*



NEW SERIES ONLY AVAILABLE  
FROM SANDY THOMAS  
WHEN BEING HER BEST  
FRIEND IS JUST NOT  
ENOUGH!

HUSBANDS and WIVES

GIRLFRIENDS  
TV FICTION



WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

**SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM**

**TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES:**

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW	10.00
MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
THE SISTER IN PINK I	10.00
THE SCORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO Sissy #1	10.00

**CHILDREN'S TV FICTION:**

WEDNESDAY WITH THE HOSTESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL (trilogy part #)	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00

**TV Mystery Classics:**

AUNTIE'S HELPER #22 NEW	10.00
A BRIDE FOR LADY #21 NEW	10.00
BRIDE OF A BRIDE NEW	10.00
SWEETHEART #20 NEW	10.00
SWIFT-THINKING #18B NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #18	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #18A	10.00
GIRL #17	10.00
PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	10.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HER MISSY #78 & #78	20.00
JESSE ENJOY JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TIGHTENED #72 & 73	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #66	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #65	10.00
FEMINIZATION MOONMOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GIRL #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	10.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51	20.00
DARVYN'S WOMANHOOD #49 & #49	20.00
BOSS TO BE MRS. DAUER #48	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ON THE BEACH #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAUL GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT'S A GIRL #20	10.00
HIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MISS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00

**Contemporary TV Fiction:**

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00
SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
THEY'RE IN GIRLS NOW! #61&62	20.00
DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
CHECKS RULE #51	10.00
DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 & 50	20.00
SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47	10.00
TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
FEMININE DESIRE #44	10.00
SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
CLAIRING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
CLAWAGE #31	10.00
CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
FURTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
REDCIPS #21	10.00
DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
GIRLIES #16	10.00
HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
VIOLIN VOWS #8	10.00
CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00

**TELEVISION TV Fiction Series:**

MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
DAVY'S DA DRESSES #20	10.00
THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
PETTYCOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
FEMININE FORTÉ #16	10.00
MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
TALE OF TWO CITIES #9	10.00
CHRIS TO CHRESSE #7	10.00
CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00

**TELEVISION TV FICTION:**

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
TV VACATION #3	10.00
BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

**OTHER GREAT STORIES:**

TRANSFORMA COMIC #100 ea.	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6	
THE SLIP	10.00
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

TOTAL ORDER \_\_\_\_\_  
 STATE TAXES 7.25% (CA. residents only) \_\_\_\_\_  
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate - up to 10 books) \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_  
 SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:  
 SANDY THOMAS ADV.  
 P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC  exp / \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD  9-08

# HOW I STARTED... Part 1



*“Then the airline porter said, ‘Sir, This looks like your trunk.’ It really did look like my trunk.”*

©1991 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

**Sandy Thomas**

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### **FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II**

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

### **ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2**

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

### **MODEL HUSBAND #3**

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

### **SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4**

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

### **PAT GOES COED #5**

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

### **CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6**

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

### **PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7**

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

### **LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8**

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

### **JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9**

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

### **SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10**

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

### **NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11**

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

### **ALL DOLLED UP #12**

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### **ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13**

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

### **MAID UP #14**

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

### **FLIGHT OF FANCY #15**

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

### **DRESSED TO DANCE #16**

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

### **GOING A BROAD #17**

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

### **NEAR MISS #18**

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**COED CREATED #42**

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

**CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78**

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

**GIRLISH #87**

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

**GIRLHOOD #89**

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

**GIRLIES #16**

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . .

**DOUBLE ISSUE****FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

**MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47**

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

**SON TO SISTER #48**

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

**A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50**

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62**

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

### **A PARTY GIRL**

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

#### **TV VACATION #3**

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

#### **IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)**

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7**

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

##### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

##### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

##### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

#### **AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

#### **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

#### **ILLUSTRATED**

#### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

**#1 NORM:**

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

**#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

**#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

**BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

**HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

**SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

**BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

**THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

**BOUND TO BE A MAID**

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

**NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

**THE SARAH SCHOOL**

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

**CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

**TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

**AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

**DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:**

**ONE, TWO, THREE**

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

**MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

**PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

**POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

**"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

**FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1**

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2  
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES  
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC  
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

**I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC  
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC  
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC  
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

**FROM MAN TO WOMAN**

**BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

**I BECAME MY TEACHER**

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

**THE SISSY SERIES**

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4  
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS  
ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

**WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

**THE SLIP**

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

**THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

**NON-FICTION BOOKS**

**THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

**TV CONTEST VIDEOS**

**MODEL SEARCH 2004**

**THE ART OF FEMININE ILLUSION**

Take a bunch of boys, a hundred foot runway, a slew of beautiful dresses,


swimsuits and the highest heels and what do you get??? Two hours of the finest of female impersonations! **In VHS or DVD. Please Specify.**

**TV FICTION CLASSICS**

MAGAZINE

**"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 46  
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

**TV FICTION CLASSICS**

MAGAZINE

**"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47  
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

**CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??**

Ask your dealer or write:

**SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

# GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ONLY DIRECT FROM SANDY THOMAS!  
**FEMINE PROPOSAL**



Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would  
ever believe that I was Stanley, a guy,  
only a week earlier. What was I going to do!"

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN  
**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



# ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?  
OR JUST A  
"GAL" WITH  
SOME IDEAS  
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
I'D LOVE TO SEE  
THOSE AND  
MAYBE EXPAND  
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE  
THOUGHTS TO:  
SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. BOX 2309  
CAPISTRANO  
BEACH, CA  
92624-0309

# DAZZLE YOUR FRIENDS...

## WITH BIG, BEAUTIFUL PRETEND BREASTS!



HEY FRANK!  
I LOVE YOUR  
TITS!

MY WIFE  
GAVE THEM  
TO ME!

They say, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend," but we all know what the real "best friend" is...

Guaranteed to make you the center of attention every time you wear them.

A PERFECT  
GIFT...  
HARDLY ANY  
MAN HAS  
THEM!

For this and many other stories of men getting unusual gifts, WRITE TO:

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

MOST ORDERS ARE  
SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN  
**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

**WE ACCEPT**



\_\_\_\_\_  
CREDIT CARD NUMBER

\_\_\_\_\_  
Expiration Date

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature

**SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM**

**TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES**

..... WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW... 10.00  
 ..... WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW 10.00  
 ..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL NEW 10.00  
 ..... PRETTIER IN PINK II NEW 10.00  
 ..... PRETTIER IN PINK I NEW 10.00  
 ..... THE STORE BRIDE 10.00  
 ..... GIRLS' THINGS II 10.00  
 ..... GIRLS' THINGS I 10.00  
 ..... A WILLING WOMAN 10.00  
 ..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL 10.00  
 ..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS 10.00  
 ..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2 10.00  
 ..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND TO SISSY #1 10.00

**GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10 10.00  
 ..... DRESSING DOWN #9 10.00  
 ..... A PARTY GIRL #8 10.00  
 ..... LUCK BE A LADY #7 10.00  
 ..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)  
 #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 10.00  
 ..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1 10.00

**TV Fiction Classics:**

..... A PROPER LADY II #91 NEW 10.00  
 ..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW 10.00  
 ..... SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW 10.00  
 ..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #18 10.00  
 ..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A 10.00  
 ..... GIRLISH #87 10.00  
 ..... PINK SLIP #86 10.00  
 ..... PINK SLIP I #85 10.00  
 ..... GIRLS' GETAWAY #84 10.00  
 ..... PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83 10.00  
 ..... MISS UNDERGOOD #82 10.00  
 ..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81 20.00  
 ..... GOING AS GIRLS #79 10.00  
 ..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78 20.00  
 ..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76 20.00  
 ..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74 10.00  
 ..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGHEN #72 & 73 20.00  
 ..... TOES IN THE HOSE #71 10.00  
 ..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70 10.00  
 ..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69 20.00  
 ..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67 10.00  
 ..... JUST TRAINED LIKE MON #65&66 20.00  
 ..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64 10.00  
 ..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62 10.00  
 ..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61 10.00  
 ..... BECOMING LADIES' GF #59 & #60 20.00  
 ..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58 20.00  
 ..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56 10.00  
 ..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55 20.00  
 ..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53 10.00  
 ..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52 10.00  
 ..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SSIS #50&51 20.00  
 ..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49 20.00  
 ..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47 20.00  
 ..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books! 20.00  
 ..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43 10.00  
 ..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS 20.00  
 ..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41 10.00  
 ..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40 10.00  
 ..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39 10.00  
 ..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38 10.00  
 ..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37 10.00  
 ..... SLINK OR SWIM #36 10.00  
 ..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35 10.00  
 ..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34 10.00  
 ..... FEMININE APPEAL #33 10.00  
 ..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32 10.00  
 ..... MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31 20.00  
 ..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29 10.00  
 ..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28 10.00  
 ..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books! 20.00  
 ..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24 10.00  
 ..... PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23 10.00  
 ..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22 10.00  
 ..... WOMAN'S WORK #21 10.00  
 ..... THAT A GIRL #20 10.00  
 ..... TIT FOR TAT #19 10.00  
 ..... NEAR MISS #18 10.00  
 ..... GOING A BROAD #17 10.00  
 ..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16 10.00  
 ..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15 10.00  
 ..... MAID UP #14 10.00  
 ..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13 10.00  
 ..... ALL DOLLED UP #12 10.00  
 ..... NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11 10.00  
 ..... SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10 10.00  
 ..... JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9 10.00  
 ..... LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8 10.00  
 ..... PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7 10.00  
 ..... CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6 10.00  
 ..... PAT GOES COED #5 10.00

**Contemporary TV Fiction:**

..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW 10.00  
 ..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70 10.00  
 ..... DRESS UP DAY #69 10.00  
 ..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68 10.00  
 ..... PURSE STRINGS #67 10.00  
 ..... BIKINI BOUND #66 10.00  
 ..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65 NEW 10.00

..... MY BETTER HALF #64 NEW 10.00  
 ..... LEARNING CURVES #63 10.00  
 ..... THEY'RE (A) GIRLS NOW! #61&62 20.00  
 ..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60 10.00  
 ..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59 10.00  
 ..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58 10.00  
 ..... BECOMING EMMA #57 10.00  
 ..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56 10.00  
 ..... FEMININE BUDDY #55 10.00  
 ..... GIRLIE GIRL #54 10.00  
 ..... SITTING PRETTY #52 & #53 2 bks 20.00  
 ..... CHICKS RULE #51 10.00  
 ..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 + 50 20.00  
 ..... SON TO SISTER #48 10.00  
 ..... MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47 20.00  
 ..... TAKING HER PLACE #45 10.00  
 ..... FEMININE DESIRES #44 10.00  
 ..... SISTERS FOREVER #43 10.00  
 ..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41 10.00  
 ..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks) 20.00  
 ..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38 10.00  
 ..... WINDOW DRESSING #37 10.00  
 ..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36 10.00  
 ..... A SUMMER GIRL #35 10.00  
 ..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34 10.00  
 ..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33 10.00  
 ..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32 10.00  
 ..... CLEAVAGE #31 10.00  
 ..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30 10.00  
 ..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29 10.00  
 ..... A LIVING DOLL #28 10.00  
 ..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27 10.00  
 ..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26 10.00  
 ..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25 10.00  
 ..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24 10.00  
 ..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23 10.00  
 ..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22 10.00  
 ..... REDTOES #21 10.00  
 ..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20 10.00  
 ..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19 10.00  
 ..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18 10.00  
 ..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17 10.00  
 ..... GIRLIES #16 10.00  
 ..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15 10.00  
 ..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14 10.00  
 ..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13 10.00  
 ..... THE GIRL'S PART #12 10.00  
 ..... THE NEW GIRL #11 10.00  
 ..... FRENCH DRESSING #10 10.00  
 ..... VOW OF FEMINITY #9 10.00  
 ..... VIRGIN VOWS #8 10.00  
 ..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7 10.00  
 ..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6 10.00  
 ..... FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5 10.00

**TRANSYST TV Fiction Series:**

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25 10.00  
 ..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24 10.00  
 ..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23 10.00  
 ..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21 10.00  
 ..... BOYS TO BABES #19 10.00  
 ..... THE MAKEOVER #18 10.00  
 ..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17 10.00  
 ..... FEMININE FORTE #16 10.00  
 ..... MANNEQUIN #15 10.00  
 ..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14 10.00  
 ..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13 10.00  
 ..... CHARM SCHOOL #12 10.00  
 ..... ACCEPTANCE #11 10.00  
 ..... FASHION MODELS #10 10.00  
 ..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9 10.00  
 ..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7 10.00  
 ..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 10.00  
 ..... PINK MIRROR #3 10.00  
 ..... IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2 10.00  
 ..... FATED FOR FEMINITY #1 10.00

**EMERGENCY TV FICTION**

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1 10.00  
 ..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2 10.00  
 ..... TV VACATION #3 10.00  
 ..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4 10.00  
 ..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5 10.00  
 ..... DRESS UNIFORM #6 10.00

**ORDER SLIP \$10.00 ea.**

..... TRANSFORMA COMIC 10.00 ea.  
 #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6  
 ..... THE SLIP NEW 10.00  
 ..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW 10.00

**TOTAL ORDER**

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA residents only)  
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.)  
 (OVERSEAS \$11.00 flat rate—up to 10 books)

TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_  
 SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:  
 SANDY THOMAS ADV.  
 P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp. / \_ / \_  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 ..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 3-08