

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"CLEAVAGE"

A man faces his past and his future when his
son decides to live as a woman.



Volume 31

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE

Volume 31

"CLEAVAGE"

By YDNAS SAMOHT

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.



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Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

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"Without fanaticism we can
not accomplish anything."

EVA PERON

“CLEAVAGE”

cleav.age (kle'vij) n. 1 a cleaving; dividing 2. a fissure; division.

By YDNAS SAMOHT

Last one in . . .

Shawn looked around the corner of his bedroom with a disoriented look in his eyes.

“Get in here!” his mother commanded.

He hesitated, his eyes blinking with bafflement. “This is nuts!”

“Not nuts, you are helping your mother and our business,” I said. “Come in here.”

Head hung low, he walked into the room. His face was a vivid scarlet. . . as red as the big hibiscus flowers on the girl’s one piece suit he was wearing.

He appeared taller in the suit and very graceful. Words I’d never used to describe him before.

His arms were slender, reed-like and willowy but his full hips and rounded thighs filled out the bottom of the suit appropriately.

My mouth must have dropped but his mother was all business. “Now stand up here so I can make the last minute adjustments.”

Taking his position up on the posing stand, his mousy brown hair was in disarray from undressing. It was like he was suffocating from the tightness of the latex suit. His thin shoulders were heaving as he breathed.

“This suit fits you real well,” his mother said matter-of-factly as she made a few adjustments to the leg holes. “Doesn’t it dear?”

I stood quietly trying not to intrude. “Fraid so,” I said trying to make a joke. “Looks like you got my big butt.”

“Yeah,” he said sarcastically to his mother, “Why couldn’t Arnold be my father.”

“All that time you spend in front of the boob tube hasn’t helped!”

Yes, my son had inherited my unmuscular pear

shaped physique. His slim waist flared into fleshy, rounded hips then back into long lithe thighs and long parallel legs. There was a tight latex belt sewn in the suit which was made to accentuate and highlight the wearer's waist.

"Why aren't you doing this?" my son yelled seeing me staring at him.

"Because YOU are the right size," his mother said firmly. "Now stand still. I'd say, a 'B'?" She quickly when over to a big drawer where she kept odds and ends and pulled out two life-like breast prostheses. With dexterity, she put them into the built in cups of the suit and adjusted them slightly. "There!" she announced. "Ready for the photos."

Now with jutting breasts, my son's face again turned ruby. There was a long silence as straps were again adjusted and everything was checked. His chest heaved with each breath as if it would burst. "Don't get my face!" he begged.

"Don't worry," I said, "Your mom only wants the suit."

Silence loomed as I took the pictures. "His hair is getting in the pictures," I said.

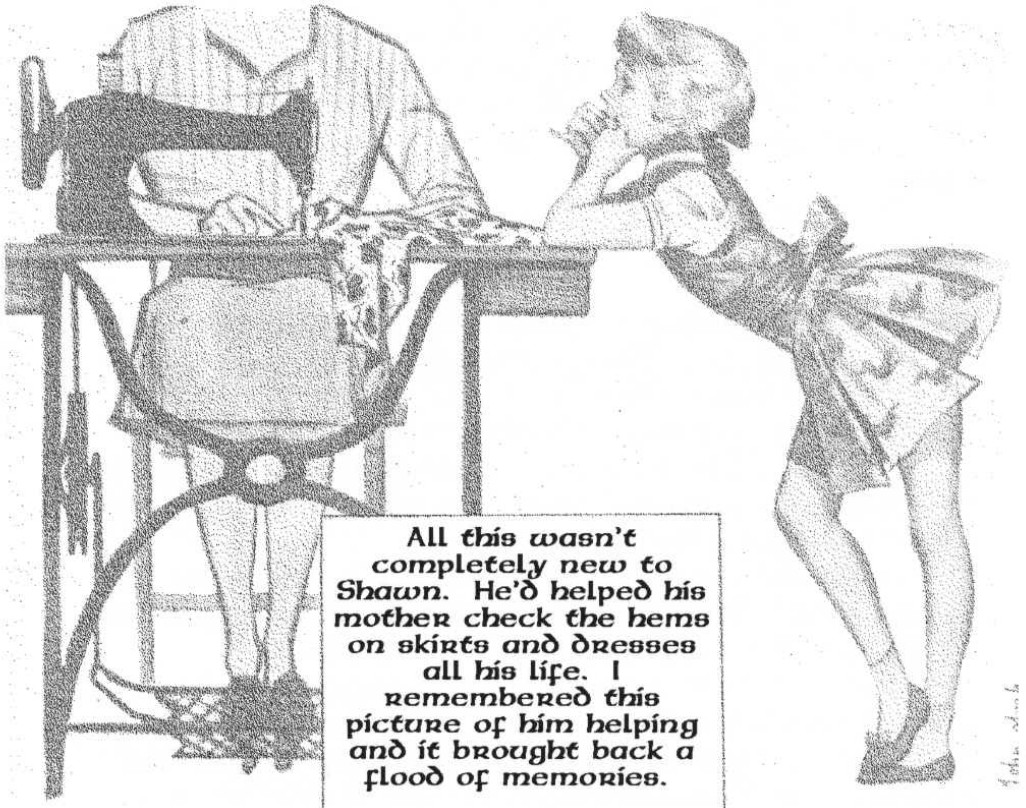
"I'll pin it up." Quickly she pinned up his hair and again posed him as I went around and took pictures. In the tiny view-finder, I was seeing what we wanted. A beautifully styled swimsuit on a pleasantly feminine anatomy.

Shawn's male pride was being seriously bruised by his mother's commentary. "My, your legs look so nice shaved and smooth." AND "From behind, I'd never guess you weren't a female."

Not meant to be hurtful, the comments couldn't help but be damaging Shawn's male self respect. What boy wants to find out he looks like a girl from behind? Even if he was in a girl's swimsuit.

The obvious problem was taken care of by a little garment Megan had sewed called a gaff. Shawn had asked his mother, "Why would you have these around here?"

"Some women need some smoothing there too," she said.



Shawn changed eight times! Once for each of the proposed styles. By the end, we all were relaxed but exhausted. I had shot a roll of film for each suit. I was a good photographer but I could never tell what my wife wanted. . .so I shot everything in every way.

When we were through, we all collapsed on the couch and I called for a pizza. Shawn threw on a terry-cloth robe over the last swimsuit---a one piece spandex suit with a plunging back and french cut bottom. It's day-glow pink and white print was eye-catching. I think he was too tired to take it off.

Megan was very happy with the way her collection turned out. "I think I'm going to get big bucks this year." The last few were hits and a lot of misses.

She went on, "If I can make my son look this sexy in one of my suits, imagine what they will do for females! Shawn, thank you!"

"For what, having a big butt?"

"No, I think part of my problem is that I've never

realized how good I am. I generally take in my collection, they pick and choose. . .throw a few bucks at me and I leave. Not this year. It's all or none. I want my name on the label and I want big bucks. . .maybe I'm ready for an agent"

"Good for you, honey," I said. "I've always said you were selling yourself too cheap."

We had the pictures back in a few days and they were my best for far also. Shawn marveled at the pictures and gasped, "My figure looks like that?"

"In one of your mother's suits, it does."

Megan and I took the photos and samples to an agent we'd know for years but there was never enough money in her sewing to pay for his services.

"These are great!" he said adding, "and I'm not just saying that." They talked for a while and came to the conclusion that he'd like to sell the line but. . .

He said, "When you expect the big bucks, you have to present your line professionally." Turning to me, he said, "You are a great photographer. . .the detail of the fabrics and style are dynamite but you cut the head off the model in every shot. I know we are selling clothes and how they fit but you need to retake these and show her face. . .and where were these shot?? Your living room?"

Megan and I left with a lot to think about. He needed all eight suits modeled by a blonde for the west coast and a brunette or red head for the east. "Regional marketing" he called it. "Can't sell a swimsuit on a brunette in L.A."

We went home and prepared a budget. "A decent model gets over \$200 an hour and I probably couldn't even get one to work on an unknown line. Besides, they are all so skinny."

"And we need TWO for all day!" I said. "I think I could make up a 'seamless' background that would look professional enough for a couple hundred dollars."

I made up a set with several different color backgrounds and Megan made some calls to some modeling agents.

"I got a few model's composites today. Not great. It's

season and all the best are on location. . .guess they'd rather be in Cancun than our living room. A couple that might work out are lined up for next week."

"Might work?"

"I don't know. . .can't tell until the suits are on."

"And we're paying them a couple hundred an hour. I hope we get this right."

"Maybe we should have a dry run. . .do you think Shawn would help us again?"

"Offer him ten dollars an hour. . ."

"Shawn, ten dollars an hour. . .but only for the time you are in the suits. Okay?"

"Are you going to take pictures of my face too?"

"No one is going to see them. It's only for the lighting and to check different background colors and film speeds."

"Ten dollars an hour from the beginning to the end," he said firmly. "The beginning means when I start to shave my legs AND I wear a mask."

"OKAY! Ten and your mother paints a mask on your face. . .and NO complaining?"

I knew that getting everything set up first work save us a lot of time and I could get the background colors worked out first. There were eight suits, two hair colors, and six background possibilities and only one ideal combination for each.

I was busy getting everything set up. I expected to see Shawn show up wearing the white tanksuit with the sheer mesh inserts on the neckline, sides and back. I wasn't expecting what I saw. . .

"What the. . .?" I gasped.

Megan giggled, "It just struck me about an hour ago when I started to paint a mask on his face. . ."

There was Shawn, his face made up perfectly, with a "California" blonde wig. His hair was in long curls of sculpted waves, girlishly dangling over his shoulder and down his back. The flaxen hair, pink lips and blush to highlight his cheekbones made his face girlishly haunting.

His eyebrows were lightened and his lashes were

brushed with dark brown mascara.

"Well?" he giggled, shaking his head so his hair tumbled around his shoulders in a golden shower.

My trained eyes searched for some sign of my son but there was none. They had even applied long pink nails and painted his toes to match. I didn't want to say what I was thinking.

We went about taking the first pictures. It was surprisingly easy this time and Shawn was having fun with it all. My Polaroid shots came out so good that I knew we had some great shots. We both choose the ones with the white background.

While Shawn changed into the next suit, Megan just shook her head as she analyzed the instant pictures. "This is exactly what I want. . .exactly."

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" I asked.

"I think I am."

When Shawn came out in the second suit, we both just shook our heads. His one-piece suit in shades of rich turquoise beamed like neon against the long golden locks of hair. The high waisted suit showed a lot of his hips and his skin appeared as smooth and rosy-pink as a baby's.

With the help of the built in bra and inserts, his figure was round, ample and fuller than his thin frame would specify.

I shot with the sand, white background. and we decided to do all the Blonde shots with it. The brunette shots would require a make-up change.

Shawn was still a little stiff so I pulled over the television set and put in my video, "Making of the Swim-suit issue."

"Do what they do," I said as he watched the beauties dancing around on the beach, in the water and on rocks. Being a good sport, he moved his hips. . .I shot. He danced. . .I shot.

Between the next suit change, Megan and I checked the instant proofs. "He's better than the girls I hired," she said.

"Can you cancel them?"

"I think so, but don't tell Shawn yet. He'll freeze up."

“Maybe we shouldn’t tell him at all?”

Shawn stared at the pictures for a long time. His mother took a brush and with several bobby pins, she pulled the sides up and away from his face. “You have a pretty face,” she said.

It was hard to believe it was my son sitting there in a girl’s swim suit with his hair pulled back and his mother touching up his lips and blush. “Keep your knees together dear,” she admonished. He quickly slapped his smooth knees together.

The next suit was a navy blue tank with white piping and a white anchor between the breasts. My wife gave him a little white sailor cap and a pair of white high heels to wear which made his legs look disproportionately long for his height.

Megan pulled his long blonde hair up into a high ponytail. It was only then I had to wonder how it was possible that Shawn could possibly present two such contrasting appearances to the world. He could be a normal looking boy that no one would look at twice or this dynamic, self-confident fair-haired beauty.

What was even more amazing was Shawn’s casual acceptance of the fact. We took a few shots and he casually took his hair out of the ponytail and pulled it forward until it covered his shoulders sexily.

Next was the deep pink suit with tiny black polka dots with little ruffles at the edges. By far the most feminine and girlish of the suits. Watching the girls on the video, Shawn was getting into swaying and whirling to the video music.

I was shooting a roll of film per suit. . .I knew we’d never get Shawn back into one again when our unspoken plan was through. I would have him sign a model’s release when I paid him. It was a dirty trick but this was the family business. He had to help!

During a break, Shawn asked his mother, “Mom, I look pretty real, right?”

She smiled, “If you can look this feminine in a skimpy swimsuit, I can’t imagine what you’d look like in a catchy little dress.”

“Could we try. . .just for kicks?”

Since we were taking a roll of pictures per suit, it was getting late and I could tell this was too much for one session.

"Once we are through the blonde session, let's quit," I said, "but don't you think this is it. We have tomorrow to finish."

"Ten an hour!" Shawn reminded.

"I'll even give you a raise to twelve! Just keep the attitude. Girl model."

Megan added, "Let me get you a dress to cover up." then turning to me, she asked, "Maybe we should keep him in the role for the evening?"

Shawn put his hand on his hip girlishly and said, "I'm game."

What was work suddenly turned into "dress up" for Megan and Shawn. He was suddenly standing wearing nothing but the swimsuit gaff and staring at the little flowered dress Megan had selected for him.

"This is silly," he said, "let's forget it."

"No way," Megan said. "I want to see how you look in this."

"He changed his mind," I defended.

"Too late," Megan said bringing my nearly naked son a pile of lingerie. "Panties, bra, and slip my dear. . .oh, and pantyhose." She ordered him over to the mirror and made him slip on the high waisted nylon panties.

She took the package and opened it, pulling out a silky pair of hose and handed it to him.

"Which side is the front?"

I picked up the package and commented, "There aren't even direction on the package."

"You've seen me do this before," Megan said like we were both idiots.

Shawn sat down and wadded up one leg and pulled the hose up to his knee. Then he did the other leg. Bunched up at his knees, Shawn was grabbed at the waistband but it wasn't going anywhere.

"Do I really need hose?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. Let me show you." With his mother help and some wiggling on his part, he finally got them on.

They looked smooth but Shawn complained, "They are

so clingy and tight?"

"Supposed to be," Megan said as she helped him into a brassiere and full slip.

My son's figure was again feminized and was ready for his first dress. He looked at me with an odd expression like he was wondering what I was thinking.

"It's okay, my son," I said, "I've seen you in a swimsuit. A skirt can't be any worse."

"It's a dress," Megan corrected as she helped him put it on. "A very pretty dress."

Megan had no trouble with the back zipper, encircling my son's feminized figure making the dress hug his full hips girlishly.

"Feel sexy?" she asked.

Shawn was silent. I was amazed to see his breasts provocative pressing outward from the bodice of the dress. Megan was telling him how well the dress fit him and how girlish his hips and bottom appeared.

Blushing, he said, "I can't help it!"

"No, that's good," Megan corrected. "At least for what we are doing."

I was overwhelmed by the way the dress hugged his curves while its skirt clung tightly to his rounded bottom and was short enough to show off his sleek long legs.

"We should keep you a girl," Megan joked. Adding some patent leather pumps, Megan had Shawn walk across the room. His reluctant movements were shyly graceful but his bottom fluttered properly with each step. "You even walk like a flirtatious young woman!"

"I can't help it," Shawn complained.

"I know, but it seems to come naturally to you. Your broad hips look great in a skirt."

"Mom!" Shawn complained, but kept his eyes on his reflection in the mirror.

I just shook my head.

Megan quickly appeared with about five other outfits for Shawn to try on. She said, "I'm glad I didn't give away my skinny wardrobe!"

Each dress and skirt fit perfectly. Pulling a knit dress over his head, Shawn's flaxen wig went askew.

When Megan saw Shawn's long messy hair she said, "Let's try something with your own hair."

With the magic of hot rollers, and Megan's adroit fingers, my son's hair was soon a mass of girlish curls.

"Oh my," Shawn said seeing some of himself again in the mirror. "Am I pretty?"

"Tell your son he makes a pretty girl," Megan said.

"You're beautiful," I said honestly.

"Mom, can you teach me how to be a girl," Shawn asked shyly then added, "I don't mean for real. . .just for kicks."

"Sure and your father can help too," Megan said, "He has quite an eye for beauty. . .guess that's why he married me."

Shawn looked at me with hesitation, "I know it's weird but. . ."

I interrupted, "I think it would be fun too. You could help me get my fashion portfolio back up to date and maybe even learn something about our family business."

Shawn had shown NO interest in our business before so this was a pleasant development.

"Yeah," Shawn said, "Never thought I'd get into the woman's fashion industry this way but I have to admit, I'm suddenly interested."

"We always hoped that someday you'd have more than this to take over but it's a start," Megan said. "Getting to know how the clothes fit and feel will give you a big advantage in the business."

"I'm not going to wear these thing all the time."

"No," Megan harmonized, "But if you're serious, there's a lot to learn. . .and you probably should have your own wardrobe?"

"You mean my own dresses?"

"Everything, my dear. And you'll have to learn to sew. There's no better way to understand fashion than creating a wardrobe. I have lots of things we can start with and go from there."

You are probably asking why I (a responsible father) didn't stop all this right then. I started to, but Shawn seemed so happy and interested.

The next day, Sunday, we finished the photos. Shawn looked great as a brunette. His mother had set his hair the night before and even trimmed it slightly into a more

girlish style in back.

The photos were not as dramatic as the "blond bombshell" poses but perfect for the more conservative East coast buyers.

To my surprise, when we were finished, Shawn came out dressed in panties, bra, and one of his mother's dresses from her "skinny" wardrobe.

He posed briefly then ran his hands down the front of his dress and declared, "These are all mine now."

"Where are you going to keep them?" I asked.

"In his closet," Megan answered. "He had lots of room after we got rid of his outgrown things. . .he's not a little boy anymore."

We all laughed when we realized the double meaning of her statement.

He also wore nylons, and black patent leather pumps with a conservative 2 inch heel. His mother had toned down his vivid photographic makeup with a glowing pink lipstick.

"Guess we'll have to redecorate his room in pinks and pastels," I joked.

"He will need a dressing table with a mirror for his makeup and stuff," Megan said reflectively.

"Can't he just use yours?"

"No dear," Megan insisted, "He needs his own space. He wants to help me sew on weekends and try utilizing some of the new styles."

For the next few weekends, I got accustomed to my son wearing girl's dresses and make-up. Every Saturday morning, his mother expected him to put on a bra, panties and a dress. During the day he was given several domestic chores, such as making the beds, then his afternoon was spent sewing and trying on clothes with his mother.

At first I felt uncomfortable seeing Shawn run around the house in skirts and dresses. I was used to him galloping and pouncing and basically being a boy.

Was it his bra or skirt that made it difficult for him to move freely? He no longer plopped down on a chair with his legs apart---Megan had him sitting ladylike with knees together.

As for learning to sew, he was a quick learner. They

started on Megan's old dresses. At first he complained his fingers were like pincushions from the needles he'd stuck into them but in several weeks, his sewing became passable and he'd updated and altered over ten dresses so each was a perfect fit. Most were shortened into a more youthful style.

In his entire life, he'd never sat in one place without wiggling but now he sewed intently for hours, often in only panties, bra and slip.

I expected him to rebel against these soft confinements, but he didn't. This was the first time in his life that he did his chores without complaining. No, he didn't take out the garbage or mow the grass, instead he helped his mother and was learning the more delicate, feminine responsibilities such as cooking and cleaning.

The house never looked better. I suppose a part of me enjoyed being catered to by two women but I knew this was just a transitory interest of Shawn's and he would soon lose interest in being back into jeans and tennis shoes again.

Seeing him leave for school, those formerly familiar clothes of his almost seemed odd on him now. Several nights a week, Shawn came home and after finishing his homework, went to his room to "shorten a skirt" or "re-vamp a dress."

One Saturday night at dinner, Shawn asked his mother, "Do you think people would know I was a boy dressed like this?"

I listened with sharp ears, but I tried not to look too interested. "I really doubt it, dear," Megan said then asked, "Why?"

Shawn blushed and looked at me. "Well, I just was thinking, that maybe I could go with you some Saturday to the fabric store. . .you know, pick out some fabric and maybe a pattern?"

Megan nodded her head. "I guess it would be a little odd to have a boy picking out fabric for a dress. . .ask your father."

I said, "Don't you have enough dresses already. . .besides people will see you. . .boys will see you."

At first I was firmly against it, but then I weakened.

Megan said, "He's ready to sew a few things from scratch and if we are going to keep his interest, he better pick out the dress himself."

Women were always able to twist me around their little fingers, so finally I agreed that he could go with his mother to a fabric store on the condition that I go also for protection and we pick a store out of town.

Megan knew just the one---a fabric superstore over an hour away.

Shawn hearing the news got very nervous. "I don't think I can really do it, besides what will I wear?"

"You've made many pretty dresses that fix you perfectly," Megan said, "We just have to make sure the rest of you is as 'finished'."

Early Saturday morning, Megan got Shawn into the shower and gave him a cream to smear all over his body, except for his head.

It was Nair! His skin began to burn all over and Shawn saw all his hair coming off in light morsels of fuzz and hair.

"I feel more naked than ever before," he said feeling his smooth and hairless limbs! "My skin feels like a girls!"

"That's the idea," Megan said. "You'll get used to it."

Then Megan had him shampoo his hair, towel-dry then combed it forward with a special comb. Taking scissors, she cut little pieces off here and there.

"I don't need a haircut," Shawn protested.

"I know," Megan explained, "I want it to grow too but if I trim the bottom straight across it will make it look even longer and more girlish."

She cut his hair so that it parted in the middle, then she shaved the hair at the nape of his neck, as well as the fuzz at his sideburns that had feebly started up.

Shining a bright light in his face, Megan took tweezers and began plucking hairs out of his eyebrows. "Hold still," she said, "Bushy eyebrows won't go with the dress you're wearing. . ."

"But what about. . .?"

"Shhhh!" Not answering any more of his questions, he shivered as she continued to pluck out hairs of his brows.

Megan smiled and said, "Girl's get cold more easily

than boys. . .now you know what it's like to be nude like a girl."

Shawn asked, "Why do we have to do all this? I wanted to just run in and grab a pattern and some fabric."

"It's not that easy," she said apply a liquid to his eyelashes. "It's an hour there and an hour back and so you will be out for most of the day. Now hold still. This will make your eyelashes long and dark. I want to make sure this is a GOOD experience for you!"

I left for a while and when I came back, Megan exclaimed, "As you can see, Shawn has left us. We have lost a son but gained a daughter!"

Shawn turned to look at my expression. I could see what she meant. His legs, arms and body were smooth and white and soft. Underneath his newly arched eyebrows, large dark eyes stared back at me. The slight hair trim had accentuated the fullness of his hair the softness and length of his neck.

"Now get out of her while we women dress," Megan ordered. "Don't come in again until we finished."

I walked out but stayed by the door for a few minutes. I could heard Shawn say, "My body feels so good, it's so smooth and soft."

Megan gave him some scented cream and he caressed his body with it. "We want to keep you soft and pretty while you are wearing dresses. When your testosterone cuts in, it will be quite a job. . ."

I left as she was applying some other unpleasant lotion to his hair and setting it on big curlers. From watching before I knew what came next---painting his finger and toenails red.

His lingerie was laid out on the bed. Nylon panties in pink with a little lace and tiny bow. There was a push-up bra, slip, stockings, some jewelry. In the closet was his dress. I hoped he would wear high-heeled shoes.



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When I returned later, they still weren't ready. "Hurry up girls," I mocked. "Good thing you don't have dates waiting!"

Shawn suddenly got wistful. "Dad, I'm sorry I'm not a muscular guy. . .guess I'm a sissy."

"Don't be silly," I said. "There's nothing you can do about that but you can make me proud. . .just be pretty and HAPPY."

Shawn looked at me funny, like I was crazy.

Shawn took the bra, slipped into it with the ease of any young woman accustomed to wearing a bra since puberty. With his arms into the straps, he positioned the cups and in a single movement twisted about, hooking the back snaps.

"My, you did that sweetly," Megan commented as she inserted the false breasts in Shawn's bra then he had no trouble pulling the stockings over his legs like a second skin. Megan had chosen a pale pink slip with a thin hem of lace for Shawn.

Wearing only this, Shawn sat under the hair dryer for a while then Megan arranged and brushed out his hair, spraying it so that it stayed in place.

"You need to learn to do all this yourself," Megan scolded.

"I'm trying to learn," he protested.

I wore a soft turtleneck knit dress that fit snugly over his expanded bust, and it's short skirt that seemed to be molded for his hips. He put his feet into high heel pumps and walked around checking his posture and getting used to the heels.

He looked taller but dainty and slight.

"Are you ready yet?" I asked feigning impatience.

"I'm scared," he said.

"Of course you are," Megan said. "Your first time in public in a dress and everyone is going to look at you. She brought him a handbag.

"What do I do with this?" he asked.

"Just hold onto it gently. You'll get used to carrying it."

We walked down the stairs. Shawn was slow, trying not to stumble. His stockings rubbed together at his thighs, making a hissing sound. Automatically he

touched his hair and felt it spring up in a curl.

Would people know this person in a dress was my son?

Shawn said, "I don't know why I'm doing this but I have to." He was scared but seemingly compelled to do this.

He tried to step into the rear of our car, but his skirt restricted him. "Watch me," his mother said, showing him how to sit down first then swing his legs in.

"Well, ladies?" I asked, "Are you all finally ready to go?"

Megan smiled at Shawn and said, "We certainly are."

As we were riding there, I noticed various people looking into our car. Did they suspect anything I wondered. Looking back in the mirror, Shawn was cowering a bit and Megan saw him sitting with his legs apart. His short skirt bunching so that the crotch of his panties was showing.

"Dear?" Megan indicated, "Sit up and knees together."

I got the impression that Shawn's composure was falling apart the closer he came to facing the public. When we pulled into the fabric store's parking lot, Shawn was agitated and bewildered. "There's too many people! I can't go in there dressed like this. . .my breasts are too big!"

Megan slowly and calmly said, "You are dressed just like the other patrons, dear."

There were a lot of smartly arrayed women attired in fashionable dresses with soft breasts projecting out from their tops.

"I thought you wanted to make a few new dresses? Wait until you feel the fabrics. . ." Megan went on calmly for a while, finally saying, "If you think showing yourself off in a pretty dress is so beneath you. . .maybe you should just go back to boy clothes."

"Okay," Shawn said checking the small mirror in his purse. "Let's do it."

We went in the fabric store and I took a seat in the "men's" waiting area in the front of the huge store.

I noticed that the women we passed glanced indifferently at Shawn, inspected his dress and didn't look again. The men stared at him longer and I saw some of them staring at his legs and bottom.

As he walked through the racks of fabric, his shoulders slumped forward to camouflage the unaccustomed presence of his full bosom.

Megan whispered something to him and he straightened up.

I sat for almost an hour then decided to go find them. I was walking among the high racks of fabric, carefully weaving my way through the crowd aisles.

Getting impatient, I picked up my pace and turned quickly toward the pattern aisle. There were many good-looking young girls milling around. I stepped to one side to allow several to pass, giving me a chance to check out one girl's smooth legs perched in high heels.

Fearing that I would bump into others, I slowed down and again checked out that girl's bottom bulging out from a small waist. She saw me gawking at her and she turned towards me. I chivalrously looked down quickly but caught a glimpse of the round, full outline of her breasts. Her hair was brown, girlishly done in a mass of curls that set off her dark eyes and oval face. I looked up seeing long, mascaraed eyelashes blinked back at me.

I opened my mouth to speak but her large, red lips moved first, "Dad?"

I had to steady myself, or I would fall. It was Shawn!

There were a lot of first's that day. Shawn's first day out in a dress, his first expedition into the ladies room, and his mother talked him into a shoe store to get him started on a heel wardrobe. They had bought over ten patterns and fabric.

I assumed that Shawn's thoughts were still those of a boy but for the next weeks he was preoccupied with making those new dresses and skirts.

Every free minute was spent in panties, bra and slip sewing and trying on his creations. He no longer stuck himself with the needle; in fact, he was quite good. He'd sit in one place, his legs tucked up under him, and sew for hours.

Megan and I had many discussions to determine if we were doing the right thing. "Maybe we've let him go too far," I said.

"I don't know how you can say that. We've done

nothing to force this on him. . .he likes it.”

With each meal, he changed clothes. For breakfast, he wore a housedress for cleaning; for lunch, he changed into blouse and skirt; and for dinner, he wore a dainty dress and heels.

I hadn't seen him in pants for weeks! Sometimes I'd see him in the morning in his shortie nylon nightgowns. He'd taken on all the household chores: washing dishes, vacuuming, laundry, dusting and much of the cooking.

And all of this in skirts-I never saw him in trousers. In the afternoon, Megan instructed him in walking, dancing, and talking like a proper young lady. He was trying so hard.

In the evening, we went out to dinner to get him used to being among people, then when we returned home we watched television and he liked to sew.

One day I walked by his room and saw him checking out his figure in his mirror. “Oh dad,” he said, startled in seeing me. “I was just. . .”

“It's okay,” I interrupted, “trust me, you have a great figure.”

“I guess I should ‘thank you’ for the big butt now.”

On one particular day Shawn lost his temper when he couldn't get the hem on a skirt straight. He put his hands on his hips and screamed at the skirt. He burst into tears with a flurry of hands and high-pitched concessions. “I hate this skirt,” he moaned as Megan went to help.

It was only later that Megan commented how Shawn had acted in a totally feminine manner. . .so much different from the way he would have acted as a boy.

“Do you think he wants to live full time as a girl?” I asked.

“We don't want to put any pressure on him one way or the other. . .this is his decision.”

Megan's designs were accepted by the agent and to our surprise, he was able to sell them as a collection with the condition that she do a cover-up accessory line and followed up with a collection for the next three years!

One of the major buyers was a mail order house and wanted to use the pictures of “blonde” Shawn in their spring catalogue which mean sure success for the collec-

tion.

We all went out to dinner to celebrate and broke the news to Shawn by giving him the blue line prototype of the catalogue.

"That's me!" he exclaimed thumbing through the pictures.

"And here's the check," I said handing him an envelope. "They are paying you what it would have cost to photograph a model themselves. . .it's even better since they get what they see."

Shawn opened the envelope. "\$1600.00!"

"Eight hours at \$200.00 per," I said, "and I got the same amount being the photographer. . ."

"Oh, my," he said looking at the paperwork. "Do I sign this?"

"Just another release," Megan said. "And they want to meet you."

"What?"

"Honey, there's a lot at stake here. My line, your father's photography, and maybe \$200.00 and hour for you. It'll be a quick, 'how are you?' and we are out of there."

Shawn's manicured nails played with the check.

Megan said, "I have just the idea for the money! First, lets buy you a store bought dress and then. . .oh, just wait!"

Megan bought Shawn a new dress for the meeting and he put it on nervously. He did his hair extra carefully and made sure his makeup was perfect. He cried, "What if someone guesses my secret?"

"Not a chance if you just smile and don't talk much. Be shy! Besides, look at you!"

Megan pointed the obvious----that his hair was curled, his eyebrows were plucked and his body was soft from the time he'd spent wearing girl's clothes.

Even his breasts were beginning to form up into small, soft, swollen nipples from the constriction of his bra.

"Besides," she said, "I really doubt if they'd care. All they care about is how someone looks in the ad. I've seen top print models sit down the wrong way, walk ungrace-

fully, and speak like truck drivers.”

His features were dainty. His wrists small and he held them limply like a girl. Still I did not know for sure he would pass close scrutiny. I had seen him pass successfully in restaurants and department stores but among “connoisseurs” of femininity, could he do it?

No matter what the answer was, we were going to try.

The ad agency’s office was in a high rise downtown. There was a bunch of girls and several guys in the large waiting room which I could tell made Shawn nervous.

The girls gave him one “check-out” look and didn’t pay any more attention to him. The girls chattered among themselves. I noticed a couple of the guys looking at Shawn more than once.

That could either be good or bad. We found a seat by over in the corner and Shawn primly sat, smoothing his skirt over his knees and picked up a *Seventeen Magazine*.

“Hi! I’m Trisha. . .the account executive.”

I looked up. Trisha was tall, wearing a very short skirt and a sweater, and she had long dark hair almost down to her waist. Her eyes were dark, but friendly.

“Hi,” Megan said, introducing us. We followed Trisha back to her office. There were large prints of beautiful girls everywhere and pictures of her with celebrities in her office wall. Even I was intimidate by this young, successful agency whiz gal.

After some small talk, she turned to Shawn and asked, “You’re new to modeling, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” he said pushing aside a stray tendril of hair.

“What a pretty dress!”

“Thanks. I like your sweater too.”

“I’ll get you one. . .they are a client of mine.” Megan had obviously taught him how to make feminine chit-chat.

While they were talking about clothes, sizes and make-up, I was looking at Trisha. Under her sweater, her breasts swelled softly outward. Her skin was a sun-tanned, smooth, soft-looking and very sexy. When she talked, her dark eyes flashed and she tossed her head back, sending a ripple of dark hair flowing over her shoulders.

"What would you like to do when you get out of school?" Trisha asked.

"Oh," Shawn stammered, "I guess be like you? I mean work in advertising."

"Well, if you work hard, you could become like me. Your hair needs some work and I think you should let it grow. . ." She went on to tell Shawn about the best places to buy clothes, make-up brands, etc.

"Any serious boyfriends?" Trisha asked.

Shawn remembered he was supposed to be crazy for boys, not interested in women. He said, "I don't date much."

"That's good, there's enough distractions," Trisha said, crossing her legs so that a vast amount of smooth leg was showing.

"Yeah, I know," Shawn agreed, then crossed his legs, giving Trisha a glimpse of his upper thigh.

I had forgotten that girls had more physical familiarities around each other than boys did. Women often revealed some part of their bodies to one another without meaning to be sexy.

Before we left the agency, Shawn whispered something to his mother. Megan asked, "Where's the ladies room."

Trisha said, "I'll go with you," and they headed down the hall. Shawn looked back at me with a "what do I do now?" look.

I knew it was a whole number for him to go to the bathroom. Shawn had to take down his hose, panties and gaff, then pee, then squeeze himself back in again. I knew with all the practice wearing dresses, he was probably used to squatting like any female by now. I also knew that ladies rooms always had stall doors and much more privacy than men's rooms so I wasn't too worried.

They didn't come back right away. Girls spend more time in bathroom because they have so many more things to do.

I pictured Shawn standing in front of the mirror fixing his makeup and hair---just like his mother and the sexy Trisha. He would have to dawdle around or else it would have looked strange.

I imagined, Trisha lifting up her skirt to just her pantyhose, giving Shawn a full view of her panties and legs. A vision that my heart gave a jump start.

Would Shawn pull up his skirt and give her a glimpse of his girlish panties and bottom? I was worried, this all meant so much to the family.

It seemed like hours (but was only minutes) before I saw the three "ladies" in their heels, wiggling their way down the hallway.

Something was different. Shawn was carrying a bag and wearing a very short skirt and a sweater identical to Trisha's. "We stopped at the sample closet," Trisha said, playing with Shawn's long hair. "She looks wonderful in it, doesn't she?"

Before we left, Trisha said, "I can't promise anything, but I'll see what I can do to get you in the next catalogue. . .but I think they want a blonde. Have you ever thought about becoming a blonde?"

"If you ever got caught," I said as we drove Shawn to the beauty salon. "You would get a lot of publicity. Most of it not good."

But Shawn had made up his mind. "We better make sure I don't get caught, right?"

Megan added, "I think what your dad means is that you will be stuck like this for a while. . .you can't go back and forth."

"That's okay," said Shawn, practically radiating joy. "I'd like to try to see how feminine I can become. . .is that okay?"

And without a moment's hesitation, Megan said, "That's why we are here."

Once in the salon, Shawn was put in a gorgeous, pink kimono. Hugging his pert elevated chest as if holding back an explosion, he turned to me and whispered, "How can I ever thank you for putting up with me doing all this sissy stuff?"

"Oh," I whispered, "It's nothing. . .nothing."

Shawn sat in his pink kimono as a hair colorist and a hair stylist conferred. "Do you think we should do sunbursts instead of going all out with blonde?"

The colorist coolly insisted on blond, perhaps platinum.

"This girl is a model. . . the agency sent me two formulas for platinum blonde." He asked, turning to Shawn, "Miss? Are ready to start your life as a blonde? You have your choice of two shades."

Showing Shawn two pictures of beautiful blondes, he didn't have to think. "Either is okay with me," he said. "What ever you think?"

"That settles it," said the colorist. "I think you can handle the attention. We'll go with the lighter shade."

As they began to fuss with his hair, Shawn delighted in the attention they lavished on him.

Before long, his scalp was tingling from the bleach while a pedicurist worked over his feet. The pedicurist was rubbing lotion into his toes and along his smooth ankles. "You will be coming back here often to touch up your color. I want you to promise to take care of your nails."

The manicure came next. Shawn shyly gave her his hands. The manicurist hated the women who just sat there and stuck out their hands, as if they were royalty and she were a slave. "I want you let these grow," the manicurist ordered. "I think we should do some tips to help you grow them out!"

A timer buzzed and the colorist shooed the manicurist away. Shawn was taken to the wash bowl and the purplish residue was carefully rinsed away.

Shawn could hardly wait to see himself as he was ushered over to the stylists chair. Everyone was so serious about the whole thing, as if the precise shade of blond would make the difference between mousiness and glamour.

"Now," said the hairstylist, "they tell me you model swimsuits, so we'll leave some softness here around your shoulders and make it a little shorter here, with just a bit of fullness on top."

The stylist worked with speed and deftness. Shyly, Shawn sat quietly and completely still until the stylist finished blow drying his hair. Shawn shook his head to make more stray hairs fall.

The stylist held up the mirror for him. Shawn looked

at the front and the back and the front again. His mouth dropped in awe of the image he saw. The blond color was fabulous. There would be plenty of men that would be fantasizing about his blonde beauty.

They gave Shawn a specific list of cosmetics that would go with his new hair color. A make-up artist picked a chestnut shade of eyeshadow and used her pinky to blend it in, then brushed on a lighter shade at the brow and mixed teal with charcoal for a blue at the crease of his lid. The effect was dramatic, especially with Shawn's light hair.

They enlarged Shawn's lips a bit with a fine pointed brush, then filled them in with a slightly lighter shade and added gloss. His cheekbones were high but the added blush at strategic locations gave him an exquisite expression.

Instead of a full set of false eyelashes, the artist applied separate pieces to make Shawn's own lashes look thick and yet natural.

When Shawn opened his eyes, he didn't know how they had done it, but he looked like Marilyn or Madonna.

Watching from afar, I began to feel a few butterflies circulating in my stomach. My son was much too pretty as a woman.

"You look sensational." Megan took Shawn's arm as we walked from the shop. He was uneasy, even though he clearly approved of his new hair and makeup. I had to worry about what this would do to Shawn and how he would feel being an desirable female. As far as modeling, all that was missing was a sense of feminine sexual confidence. If he was to succeed as a model, I would have to make Shawn feel that he "deserved" to be treated like a most desirable woman.

The next few days were spent taking pictures. It was odd working with my son. As I talked to Shawn, I had to position his arms and legs, check the shot, always talking, always encouraging him to "think feminine." I had to tell him how enchanting and beautiful he was to get the special energy and excitement that would make these pictures live.

"When he got tired," he'd moan, "I feel stupid in this

stuff. I'm a guy!"

"I know," I'd encourage, "but I want to see the other side of you. What I see in my camera is glamorous and sensual." Click. "You're the kind of woman every man dreams about." Click, click. "You're on a crowded beach now. The sun is strong. You feel the heat warming your skin, and the eyes of every man on your long smooth legs." Click, click. "Good. Now relax. Shoulders back. Perfect." Click.

I had already mesmerized Shawn with his own image and he was enjoying himself again. He was responding like the many women I'd worked with over the years. It was easy to mesmerize them with their own reflection. Shawn had forgotten everything but the woman I was making him see. He was smiling as I adjusted the light and began to shoot more. "You better get used to people staring at you, and why shouldn't they? You make a beautiful girl." Click, click. "You're back on the beach and a terrific looking guy is coming towards you. Look straight at him. . .right here. . .into the camera. Look straight at him as if to say, 'Go ahead and take a good look. I know what I can do to a man.' Fabulous!" Click, click, click. . .

I went on getting the best pictures of the day. "Shawn, tease him. You can feel his eyes on you. Turn like you are starting to walk away. Take a step knowing he can't take his eyes off your bottom and hips. Now give him a look he'll remember for the rest of his life." Click. Click. Click. "Incredible."

During his first few outside modeling jobs, Shawn was scared that someone would guess that he was not a girl. But, as he got experience, he accepted the fact that he was very feminine and his confidence as a girl rose. It wasn't like they were going to have him take off EVERYTHING! I was there to make sure of that.

Occasionally while waiting for a lighting check, he sit with a bunch of other girls talking about the job, clothes and most often boys. Megan had warned him to also recognize the presence of handsome guys so the other girls didn't get suspicious. Megan suggested, "Just make a comment about something that girls don't have, like

muscles, beard, suit or. . .”

“Penis?” Shawn interrupted, “that’s all I hear the girls talking about.”

“Yes, most girls don’t have one of those,” Megan laughed. “Be innocent, but when some guy comes up to talk don’t discourage him. I know you can’t give them what they want but it will make you appear normal.”

I added, “There’s some of the advantages to having guys around. You’ll breeze through doors while guys puff to hold them open. They’ll give you their seat and help you carry your things.”

Megan laughed, “Around boys, just blink your eyes, rolled your hips, and life gets easier!”

Shawn learned from the other girls that “boys” were like a double edged sword. Most of the models were having trouble with their boyfriends and Shawn tried to give them advice and let them cry on his shoulder.

In the fashion business there is an endless parade of “events” that required attendance from fashion shows, holiday parties, charity benefits to campaign kick-off parties. We were easily accepted among the “in” group. Many of these charity events were just shams to get the models to work for nothing. Everyone knows it but attendance was only required if you ever wanted to “work in this town again.”

It was a small price to pay for what was becoming a lucrative family business venture. Generally, we got a call from Trisha asking Shawn to model for free at an 100+ dollar a plate dinner/lunch.

Then we were asked to pay for our tickets to see our own son in the show. We of course accepted (and I raised my fee for the next session accordingly).

Since everyone wanted to get in on the good side of Trisha, it was very good for business contacts.

I often shot the publicity shots for these functions and Megan helped at the door. (FREE) Through contact made, people called us asking for our help and in turn, we got more jobs until we had to turn some down. (thus having to raise our daily rate) It was vicious and addicting circle.

By now, I'd forgotten the last time I saw my son in boy's clothes. He hugged everyone "hello" in that Hollywood, friendly fashion and while remaining modest, he sometimes ran around backstage amidst the stylists, designers and other models in bra and panties that showed (almost) all he had.

No one suspecting a male in their midst, some girls casually allowed their boobs to show, spread their legs in a very unladylike fashion, giving Shawn great views of what most boys would die to see.

Shawn never gave a clue as he worked among the girls, looking as provocative in a short skirt as any. But underneath his soft niceties, I could sometimes get a glimpse of my son again in his eyes.

I saw the body of a young girl, a soft belly, the curve of a hips, the soft vacant void between his thighs, even the way he delicately carried his arms and displayed his bosom.

But I could see it occasionally. . . actually less and less. His eyes sometimes filled with a curious deep confusion and I could see my son staring out, trapped in what he'd become.

Finally one day, I knew when I saw that look, Shawn was humiliatingly conscious of my scrutiny. Tears came to his eyes and he said, "I'm so sorry Dad. I really wanted to be like you, not some fairy flitting around in a short skirt."

When Megan heard that, she took me aside and insisted, "Tell him. . . everything!"

TELLING

I began to tell him a story but my mind was on that last month so long ago.

I began to cry. . . I had become a girl, a young woman, a girlfriend, a sister and now it was time to become a man and a father.

There were tears of joy and tears of loss.

Megan's precipitant words brought me back to the present. "Your father used to live as a girl. . . we lived as girls."

Shawn shook his head, his tears turning to confusion. "What? You mean."

Megan began, "When your father got out of high school, he was like most boys and didn't have the slightest idea what he wanted to or could do. I was a beginning designer with no money and I begged his help to hem some skirts. All I needed was his legs."

I was cringing but watching Shawn's expression of disbelief.

Megan went on, "Just like you, one thing lead to another and pretty soon, your father was my model. He moved in with me and pretty soon, he was wearing my clothes full time. We had so much fun."

Shawn stared at me like he'd never looked at me before. "You don't have a beard?"

I shook my head, "Electrolysis and hormones."

"Hormones?" he gasped. "I noticed that you were flabby around your breasts. I thought it was age?"

"Just the remnants of taking female hormones, Shawn," Megan said, "He was developing quite a figure when we found out you were coming along. It took some time, we cut his hair into a pixie cut, quit plucking his eyebrows, but with his soft girlish features it took a while before he fit the image of a *breadwinner*!"

"Do you have pictures?"

The rest of the night was spent showing him our old albums that had been buried up in the attic for over a decade.

Looking at a beach picture of me with the inscription, "My first bikini!" I was wearing a pale pink bikini made out of a shiny material that tied at my hips and matching padded top.

Megan laughed at the picture. "Remember how you worried that you couldn't keep your *thing* tucked safely underneath? And I made you that gaff? We had such a good time as two young girls in the big city."

I laughed too. "I remember feeling like I wanted to check to make sure I wasn't showing, but I couldn't. I just had to trust that your stitches wouldn't give out!"

Shawn thumbed through the pictures of his bikini clad mother and father, hand in hand, prancing in the water and on the sand completely exposed.

Shawn asked, "Why didn't you stay a girl."

"Different time, different place," I said. "I didn't know where my dressing up was going to lead us and we wanted you to have everything. You were much more important than my fling into femininity."

Shawn seemed delighted at the news. "I wish you'd told me sooner."

"We didn't want to influence you," Megan said. "We tried to hide it from you."

"You haven't been dressed up since I was born?" he asked.

"Once in a while," I said. "When you were at camp or gone but it was too frustrating for me. Easier for me to just forget it all."

Looking with amazement at the album, Shawn said, "I've got to see you in a dress!"

"I'm a lot older now," I said. "I'm not as pretty as I was in my youth."

Megan smiled and said to me, "There's no reason why we can't pick up where we were before Shawn was born."

"I don't know, life is so good now."

"It could be better. . . I can tell you miss it from the way you look at Shawn and frankly, I miss my girlfriend too!"

That night, Megan and I stayed up drinking champagne and going through the albums. We some how ended up in the bath tub together and she said, "I want you to start shaving your legs again. I used to love the way that felt in bed."

"Okay," I said a bit dizzy from the two kinds of bubbles.

"Now," she said taking her pink razor from it's place on the tub. "We won't have to worry about Shawn now."

Our giggles could have awakened Shawn but I left the hairy bath tub as smooth as when I was born.

"That's the smooth round bum I fell in love with," Megan joked. "Now sit here while I clean up those bushy brows."

I sat, closed my eyes, feeling the first warm sting of an eyebrow being pulled from my brow.

I felt her pull and pull until I yelled, "Stop!"

"Just a few more ugly, straggly hairs," she said. "Can't hurt that much after two bottles of champagne? Just sit and be a quiet young woman, you'll be much prettier, I

assure you.”

She distracted me with more reminiscing about our life as “girlfriends”. The bathroom counter was filled with the long hairs of my eyebrows.

“Isn’t that enough, dear?”

“A few more. Sit very still.”

I couldn’t see what she was doing.

“When was the last time I did your brows,” she asked.

“Right before the test turned pink,” I laughed. I was almost hysterical.

“Shawn will be surprised at how you look.”

It was like I suddenly got sober. “What are you doing?” I cried as she put some astringent on the red brows.

“Finished! The face I love is back.”

I was laying face down on the bed, when I heard Shawn come in and say, “Dad? Are you awake? It’s so dark in here. Do you have a hangover?”

“Ohhh,” I moaned as he opened the drapes.

“You have to get up. I need those pictures and we are missing the morning sun,” he said then suddenly gasped as I turned over, “Oh my?”

Shawn looked so fresh and pert in his pleated mini-skirt and “V” necked sweater but I’d never seen the expression on his face before.

His face held the same expression for a moment. Then his mouth dropped and his hand touched my face, then began to giggle softly.

“Your mom did it and it’s not funny,” I told him.

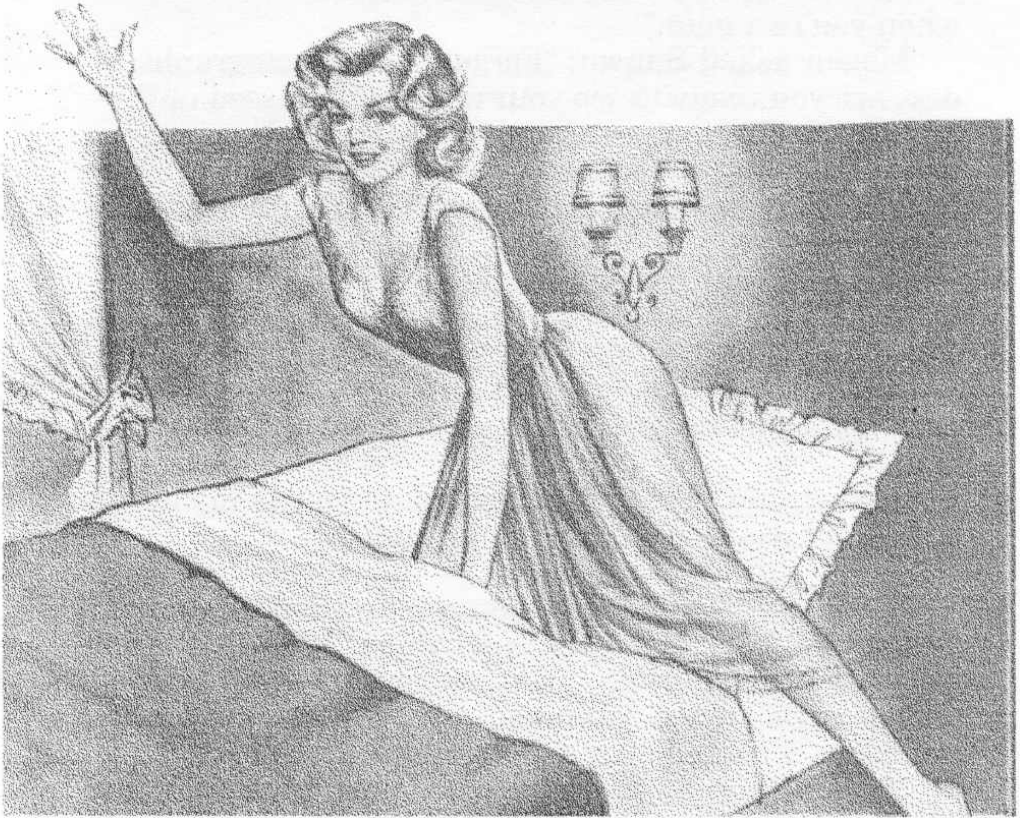
“Oh, yes it is, you better take a good look at yourself?”

As I woke up, I realized I was wearing a nightgown, push-up bra and panties under the covers and then I remembered shaving my legs. I moaned outloud. I had a blonde wig on my head.

Megan came to the door and watched me cloister under the cover. “Get up dear, it’s nothing your feminine son hasn’t been showing you for months. . .”

Aware of Shawn inspection, I got out of bed and stood in front of the mirror above the dresser. Megan beamed at me with pride and announced, “Your father is going to be pretty again.”

The cool air made my nipples turn into little knots



As I woke up, I realized I was wearing a nightgown under the covers and remembered shaving my legs. I moaned out loud.

atop the small, jellylike mounds of fatty flesh remaining from my days on female hormones. They had gotten smaller but had never gone away.

I looked at my face in the mirror. My hands touched it to make sure it was really mine.

My brows were no longer thick and bushy as nature had planned them to be. They rose above my large eyes in a delicate, high, pencil-lined arch; well-carved and perfectly curved. The silky and thin eyebrows of an attractive, feminine woman.

With my smooth cheeks and plucked brows, I saw the face of my youth again. I should have been mad at Megan but I was intrigued.

Shawn said, "With make-up you'll be a really pretty woman! You can fill them in with an eyebrow pencil

when you're a man."

Megan asked Shawn, "Forget those photographs today, are you ready to see your father all dressed up?"

I was feeling embarrassed. Everything I'd been trying to hide from my son was now out in the open. I carefully inspected my face for a sign of any masculinity. But there was none.

"I'm still your father," I stated.

"That's not what I had in mind," Megan said. "I just called and cancelled all your appointments for a month. We have enough money and we can live together like two girls again. A vacation from all these years of being a man."

Shawn said, "Dad, I'll still think of you as my father but I can't wait to see you as a woman."

Before I knew it, I was standing in front of a mirror in just panties, padded bra and nylons. My wig (the one we used with Shawn's first session) stood out in soft blonde curls. When I blinked my eyes, my mascaraed eyelashes fluttered over my blushing cheeks.

Megan's hands picked up a short pink slip and smoothed it over my trembling body. She adjusted the little satin straps so they lay flat across my shoulders.

"I'll just have to get used to loving you as a woman," Shawn said, bending over and kissing my lipsticked lips. Tears welled up in my eyes, I felt my mascara running.

"You really want me to do this," I asked Megan.

"We have to make up for a lot of lost time," she stated. "You've give up everything for us and now it's your time to be taken care of. We'll teach you how to do it better and I'll buy you lot of pretty things." Her fingers played with the hem of my lacy slip. "We'll go shopping together and buy new clothes for you. Panties, and slips and lacy things. Would you like that, dear?"

"I don't know," I said but felt those delicious stirrings inside my groin.

Shawn giggled, "You have a sexy shaped bottom. I bet men look at you!"

"Your father used to love to show off his legs and get the guys going," Megan informed. I wasn't sure I liked my son knowing EVERYTHING!

Megan added, "Don't forget----underneath all his skirts and stockings and frilly underclothes, he'll always be your father."

Shawn laughed, "But he looks like my mother!"

I looked into the mirror and saw a nice looking woman staring back. I muttered, "I wish I was younger."

"You'll go on a diet tomorrow," Megan said. So it was settled that I would live as a girl for a month. Megan went down to the department store and bought me home some "welcome back" clothes.

As soon as Megan saw that I was enjoying the experience, she seemed to delight in dressing me in the most revealing, feminine clothes possible.

When she shopped for herself, she bought plain, white underclothes, neat dresses and skirts that weren't too short. But for Shawn and I, she picked out bright panties and bras, slips with lacy tops, low-cut dresses and micro-skirts. Shawn loved them but I was too embarrassed to even think of wearing them out of the house.

I didn't go out of the house for a week. I spent each day just getting used to feeling feminine again.

"Come on, hurry up," urged Megan.

"Don't rush me," I yelled back in a high girlish tone. After only a week as a girl, I had gotten back into taking my time in front of the mirror. Now, I surveyed my reflection and decided for the twentieth time that I would pass.

My narrow, highly arched brows and blonde hair gave my face a sweet, womanly expression that I couldn't get enough of looking at.

For my first outing, I wore a navy blue, knee length dress with gold buttons up the front and matching navy pumps. I looked like a school teacher.

"Ready!" This was the first time in over ten years that we had gone out together as two girlfriends. First we went to a mall. In public, my female clothes suddenly felt so strange on me. I constantly had to remind myself to correct my walk----I had to get used to swinging my hips again when wearing a skirt.

"I have to get some tampons," said Megan. "We'll go to the drugstore." The nearest drugstore was a large,

brightly lit store in the middle of the mall. It was very busy and not the best place to go first.

As bright lights of the drugstore surrounded us, Megan asked, "Dear, would you go buy me a box of super absorbent? I have to go to the pharmacy."

I nervously smiled. I felt very brave but very exposed. I knew this was Megan's idea of a test. I went to the section and picked out her favorite brand and got in line. Several men turned and looked at me holding the box. I blushed but was determined. I had forgot how everyone looks at an attractive woman. "I feel so odd," I whispered to Megan who came back to where I was in line. She was carrying a small bag.

"Of course," she said, "you can't expect to change everything right away. In a week or two, you'll be more comfortable as a girl. Right now, you're not used to it."

"Will this be all for you, ladies," smiled the salesclerk, looking at both Megan and me.

"Yes," I said, taking my wallet out of my small purse. I felt like everyone was staring at me. One man behind me gave me a look that said, "I wish I was in that box!"

I looked back with a look that said, "When you're king!"

"That was wonderful," Megan said as we left. "Look at you. You've been a father for eighteen years, but nobody would ever know it!"

I was euphoric as we shopped and I was accepted in my new role. It was all coming back so quickly, all the feelings and sensations so deeply buried.

There was that pride and feeling of triumph whenever men would turn their heads to stare at my legs. The freedom of letting my hips swing from side to side as much as they liked. The flirtatious teasing of giving men a good view of my bosom.

Memories of my youth and my early courtship of Megan flowed. I remembered how worried I was that she'd reject my increasingly feminine ways but with every step in unmasculinizing me, Megan seemed to like me more! So I tried harder to respond in girlishly.

I hadn't realized how I missed walking around in skirts and blouses, nylons, panties and bras. Number one, it was cooler since more of my body was exposed.

Those unexpected breezes that found their way up between my legs never failed to thrill me. I got goosebumps from the delicate fabrics that clung to my skin.

When we were through shopping we went to dinner. Megan saw my face glow when the waiter called me "Miss." I brought my hand up to stifle a giggle. She asked, "I've missed YOU like this."

"Me too," I said, touching up my lipstick.

"Maybe we should fix you up with hormones again."

"Oh, I don't know..." I stammered, "I wouldn't even know where to get them anymore?"

Megan opened her purse and took out the small bag from the drug store. "You could start here." She handed me the bag.

Inside was a prescription for Horm-Normettes.

"How?"

"Don't ask," she said holding up a glass of water.

Taking hormones in my developing youth had indelibly sleeked out the muscles of my arms and legs and widened my hips. Since my breasts had budded, I knew that a fresh supply of female hormones would make them blossom quickly.

"Remember what they do," I asked, "Won't you miss my manly attention."

"I have other plans for our love life," she smiled.

"Besides, unless you take tons of them, they wouldn't make much difference. Just take two a day, for a couple weeks to revive some of those sensations we both miss."

"Here." Megan handed me the glass of water so I poured out one of the pills and swallowed it.

I know it shouldn't happen this fast but within a week, I felt my skin got softer, my hair grew faster and except for a little morning nausea that quickly passed, nothing seemed too different.

Since my breasts had dried up from the lack of sustenance, the flowing feminine nutriments made them flourish again. My previously "flabby" chest now swelled outward, with temperature sensitive nipples that gathered into a tiny knots at the slightest contact. By the end of a month my boobs fluttered when I walked quickly.

I delighted in the sensations of wearing nylon and about swooned when Megan pointed out that my padded

bras no longer fit me correctly. "Time to get you fitted with some new brassieres," she said.

"Shouldn't I stop taking those pills and go back to work? People are going to think I died on that photo safari."

"Yeah, a man-eater got you!" she said. "Look, we don't need the money and you can still work here at home."

Megan came over and ran her hands over my bosom, feeling their delightful smooth softness. She had become more sexually aggressive now that I was feminized, frequently teasing my pantied bottom, or fondling my breasts.

When she hugged her body against mine, our breasts tussled for position and our hips almost matched. It was a different kind of desire that floated through my body.

When I put my arms around her shoulders in a feminine way and kissed her, our lipstick melted into one another.

She slipped her fingers into the cups of my bra and said, "We must get you some new bras that fit!"

"I adore you," I said feeling her fingers squeeze my nipples until I was squirming.

"You big sissy," she giggled, her body slithering against mine, "Running around in a little dress with boobs like a girl. . .I love my sweet little swish!"

Teasingly I'd sometimes try to wrestle out of her grip, but the hormones had taken a lot of my stamina and she could restrain me as easily as if I were another woman.

Holding me down, she whispered, "You can never be a man again. . .I'm going to feminize you until you think you can have babies!"

Her caresses were too much! A groan escaped my lips and we made love. My entire reality was being inseminated.

My vitality surrounded by soft delicate substance, my unmanly physique filled with warm, slithery things. My sexual snakes were shrinking into MY groin.

Just before we went to sleep, I remember Megan saying, "Shawn's been taking hormones too. . ."

IF IT FITS. . . YOU MUST COMMIT.

"Your first profession fitting?" The woman in the lab coat asked Shawn and me.

We both nodded, as I let my eyes wander through the "THE BRASSIERE CLINIC". It was owned by some hotshot plastic surgeon and it was through them that Megan had obtained the hormones.

"Don't you two be embarrassed," she went on, "Lot's of men are wearing bras these days. . .our male business has doubled in the last six months. Some just for a jogging bra for gynecomastia, others like you two."

I looked up and saw their motto on a small placard next to a display of breast developing potions, "Once a customer, always a customer!"

The lady went on, "The hormones are to soften you two up, my job is to give you shape! Your bra size is made up of 2 parts, your Frame Size (32, 34, 36, etc.), and your Cup Size (A, B, C, D and so on). Now take off your tops so I can see what I have to work with."

As we undressed, she took our current bras and shook her head. "These cheap scraps of fabric simply don't do the job," she said, standing back to analyze our development. "A very nice start," she said to Shawn. His breasts and nipples appeared tender and considerably swollen.

"Those pills make me sick sometimes," he said.

His shoulders and skin were pale, clear and girlishly smooth. She nodded, "I know dear, but if if you want nice breasts, it's important you take your pills everyday."

"I know," Shawn said, blushing at the close survey of his girlish points.

"It's nice to see a young man get an early start, I see the veins in your hands and feet are no longer visible like most boys---that means you are on your way."

She measured tightly around our chests and directly under our nipples, double checking to make sure that her tape was straight across back.

She wrote the numbers down and said to me, "You have very nice development. . .but have you been going braless?"

"For too many years," Megan said, her first comment since we arrived.

"Well, don't do that again," the woman scolded. "I can

see some stretch marks. I have a cream for that. She continued talking but her eyes never stopped wandering from our busts to our faces, then to our breasts again.

Then she measured directly across fullest part of our nipple area [at the physical bust point] with our arms at our sides and standing erect.

She wrote this second measurement down. "We subtract your frame Size from this second measurement. This difference is your Cup Size."

She checked a small chart:

If your Cup Size is:

The same as your frame size—AA
up to 1" larger than frame size—A
up to 2" larger than frame size—B
up to 3" larger than frame size—C
up to 4" larger than frame size—D
up to 5" larger than frame size—DD
up to 6" larger than frame size—F
up to 7" larger than frame size—FF

"They go to to 'FF'?" Shawn gasped.

Shawn was an "A" and I was a "B". She said, "We want you to be comfortable around your ribcage. Since we are 'encouraging' your extra fat to project off your body, we want to take any fat under the arm and send it out front." Turning to Shawn, she said, "You have a nice amount of flesh that we can get into your cups. Are you still trying to be a boy for school or anything?"

"We've recently decided to stop trying to hide the fact that he makes a better looking girl," I admitted.

Shawn's eyes brightened and asked, "Could I ever be a 'B' cup like Dad?"

"I don't see why not, with the new hormone cocktails they have now, you could possibly even be more stacked than your mother! Until then," she pointed out, "We can with bra styles make you as 'noticeable' as you want. I'll size you both for 'maximizer' styles. . .those WILL shape that store of fat on your chests into larger appearing busts."

"Neat!" Shawn giggled, holding his hands over his distended nipples, "Will that really work?"

"You'll see. You'll get used to the snug fit, and like the fuller new look."

She went in back as Shawn and I waited nervously. She came back with six boxes. "Watch this," she said, pulling out a lacy brassiere. "This is why you want a properly fitting bra?" She put the straps over Shawn's shoulders and checked that the cups that fit all the way around each breast area then adjusted the straps that they didn't dig into his shoulders.

Under his arms were straps wide-enough to take a lot of his jelly-like under arm flesh and push it forward into the cups.

"This is how the cups should fit," she said, running her hands over the eye-catching cups, "snug-enough but with straps that shouldn't dig into your flesh. You'll be wearing these all day so we don't want them to bind. How's that?"

"Snug," he said.

"If it slides around, it's too loose and not doing it's job. See how the center touches your chest at the sternum and fills your cups gently without bulges?"

Shawn nodded, running his hands over the seemingly full cups. "Mom! It's all me!"

"I'm proud of you!" she said smiling.

The clerk said, "I choose a bra cup style to define your new bustline however the choice of a shape is a personal one. Any preference?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"You better start. These bras are designed to shape the breast and we have to look for what shape works with your body. You'd be surprised how many real women have never been fitted for a bra. As your body adjusts and develops, I want you to come in often."

Standing in front of the mirror Shawn turned around and looked at his back. "When should I come back?"

"One rule is when you see any bulge of your breasts above the cups. Pull your shoulders back and should you see any flesh above the bra, that is a sign that the cup size is too small and not working to shape you."

Shawn leaned over sexily and the light weight nylon supporting his chest moved slightly pushing his bust forward. Parts of the cup were seamed and the distribution of force than resulted, changed the elasticity of the straps and pushed more flesh forward pressing outward

the cup.

"That's a REALLY NICE BRA," I said, amazed at how the bra pushed up Shawn's development and adequately filled in underneath producing a sweetly pointed but round girlish look.

"Will they get more pendulous and pointy when they grow?" he asked.

"Depends on how committed you are. Our mission isn't twin rockets sticking out of your chest like some starlet but a soft, round bosom with nice full nipples! I'm sure that will make you happy."

"I haven't really thought about having really big breasts," Shawn said. "I just like dressing as a girl..."

"I understand," she said getting ready for me, "many boys have some trouble relating to their new body image at first. It doesn't take long to get into the nitty-gritty of bras and wearing them will come to you quickly. Let's try a few on your dad."

I tried on several cup styles. I liked the full cup styles, although she pointed out, "You'll need various styles for different outfits. . . What looks good under a dress may be too pointy under a tight sweater."

As we tried on each style, One by one, my son and I were learning about our own special collection of brasieres and what they meant to our figures. There were bras for under a leotards, a padded one that could double as a swimsuit bikini top.

"Summer is on it's way." she said.

"I can't imagine wearing a top at the beach!" Shawn stammered.

"By summer, you won't want to be without one!" Megan laughed.

There were even 'sleep bras' that the clerk suggested we wear every night. "These are made out of less-stretchy material but will still provided lateral lift in the cups," she said. "When you are sleeping and relaxed, the bra continues to work!"

The "sold" pile of lingerie was growing. Shawn wanted a pull-on cotton workout bra, and Megan made me get the camisole bra with the lace piece across the neckline above the cups that is supposed to peek out.

Some had soft cups and some were underwire styles;

each in a different fabric. Some were sheers, elastics, laces---Shawn wanted one with little ribbon flowers on it!

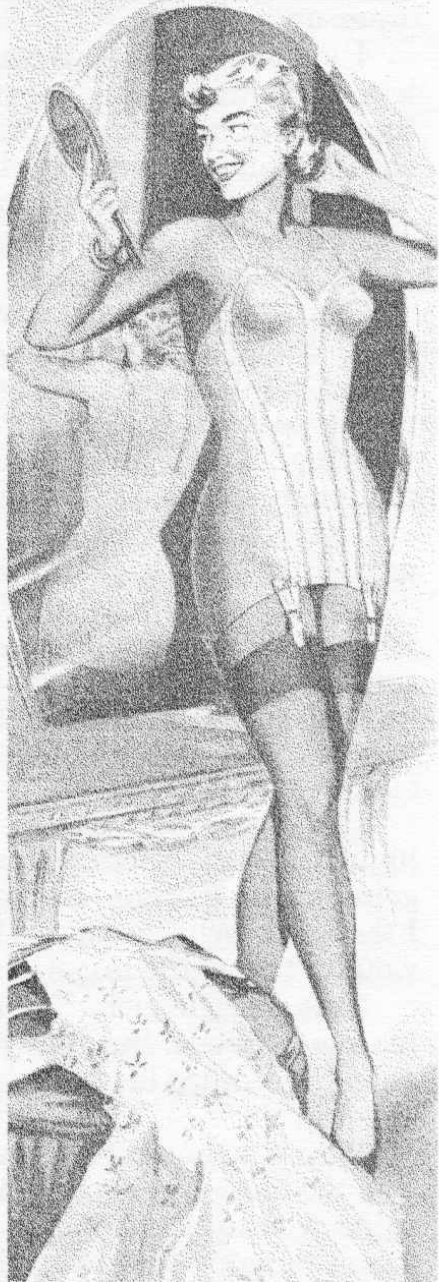
All were “maximizers” and each was designed so that our nipples were pushed forward toward the center front of the cups and to squeeze tissue beneath the underarm into the cups. I could feel the gentle pressure from the straps flexing my flesh toward the center of the cups.

Each bra was put on, taken off, adjusted, and re-evaluated. My favorite garment was a long-line slimmer!

By the time we were finished, the saleslady looked at Shawn’s glassy eyes and said, “I know this is a shock but women all get used to it and so will you.”

When we were checking out, the saleslady threw in several extras and flattered Shawn, “You are the prettiest boy we’ve had in here and frankly, one of the prettiest girls too. Keep taking those pills and the boys will be falling all over you.” Shawn blushed deeply.

At home I made a place for my new lingerie. There were so many that they almost took up an entire drawer and they had a different smell from my



My favorite garment was the long-line slimmer.

Besides training my breasts, it did wonders for my waist and bottom!

other underwear.

I suddenly got depressed, feeling deprived and lifeless. Why was I allowing this to happen to me. I ran my hands over the soft mounds pressing outward on my chest. What was I doing? I was getting tits like a woman and preparing to wear a bra everyday? My head bowed and slumped in disparagement feeling the unaccustomed sensations at my breasts.

Biting my lip and knowing what Megan expected of me, I changed into a babydoll nighty and carefully adjusted the built-in brassiere like I'd been shown. The nighty was short enough that a lot of smooth leg was showing. I made a grimace into the mirror and stuck out my tongue at the sissish interloper in my life.

I worried about Shawn. Oh, how I wished that I found no delight in such girlish finery. But I did.

The next morning, I awoke and went into Shawn's room. His eyes were closed but he was instinctively fingering his silky nightgown over the tightness about his bodice. I looked down and saw his small mounds pressing outward.

His room was a mess. There were clothes, lingerie, high heels and some boxes of his boy clothes that were going to the garage. He had amassed quite a wardrobe. I thought, "What a mess! I don't know a single girl that wouldn't envy his lingerie and wardrobe."

"Not a single girl. . ." kept ringing in my mind as I left his room. Sure, but how many boys would give a darn about how much lace was on some bra cup? Maybe it was genetic?

I knew I should do something to stop all this before it was too late. The female hormones flowing through our veins were quickly taking away what ever masculinity dared remain. I had to fight.

Back in my room, I saw the luscious set of lingerie neatly packed in my drawers. They were so luxurious that in the bath I decided to not do anything rash today.

As for my relationship with Shawn, it was changing as were our interests. For one, I saw that we both spent more time looking at other girl's clothes than looking at

their bodies. When he said, "Look at her!" That really meant, "How does she look compared to me?"

That wasn't all, there were emotions. Sometimes I would start to do something then forget what I was doing and get mad at myself.

Shawn burst into tears once because a stocking had run and another time because he broke a nail. I also felt generally more moody and sometimes Megan and I fought like two cats. I found myself becoming bitchier.

For the first time in Shawn's life, he just loved to sleep, and gossip. Words poured out of his mouth endlessly.

Shawn used to be able to take out the trash by himself, but now he could hardly carry one basket in both hands.

BOTTOMS UP

When Shawn was modeling, he made a lot of money but there was a lot of time between jobs and I hated to see him just laying around.

"He's going to get fat," I told Megan.

She suggested that he get a job.

"A job? What kind of a job can he get?"

"A job as a girl, in an office."

To my surprise, Shawn was for it. He opened the paper and went to the "Girl Friday" section and made a few calls. It wasn't a week when he came home and announced, "Oh, it was such fun! I was interviewed by this man in a suit. I just kept crossing and uncrossing my legs and he kept trying to get a look at them. He hired me!"

"There's more to work than looking pretty," I scolded.

"Maybe not," he said. "This man showed me through the office just to see if the salesmen would stare at me. They did! He hired me on the spot."

Shawn was wearing a short pleated skirt and dark smoky-brown nylons that made his legs look longer. Underneath his modest silk blouse, you could make out the form of young breasts. His hair had grown so long that it brushed across his shoulders and down his back.

"I don't think the other girls liked me but I don't care, two of the salesmen asked me out."

The next day Shawn started to work at his new job.

Shawn was wearing a short black skirt and a red, scoop-neck sweater with matching black high heeled pumps. His hair tumbled and curled down on his shoulders, and his purse was slung over one shoulder. I expect that if you told them Shawn was a boy, they would have laughed in your face.

There was not perfect harmony in our house. I still wasn't sure we were doing the right thing with Shawn and I told Megan so. I tongue lashed her with, "He shouldn't be running around in such short skirts." Yes, we had quarrels about his wardrobe. Megan saw Shawn's wardrobe as young and fashionable, I saw it as provocative and too suggestive.

I won. Megan and I went shopping and Shawn came home from work to find six new outfits hanging in his closet.

"For work," I said holding up a blue suit with a trim above the knee skirt, "Exquisite and elegant work clothes."

There were silk blouses, neat skirts, conservative dresses, leather pumps and even a fitted jumpsuit.

He was appalled, and complained to his mother, "But I won't get any attention in these!"

"That's why they call it 'work'," I said, "but try on the suit, I think you'll like it."

After putting on the fitted suit, Shawn admitted he'd been wrong. "WOW," he said standing in front of the mirror. "This is just like the ones Trisha wears!" It was made of the finest wool and it's form fitting bodice did nothing to hide Shawn's curves. The short jacket over a white silk blouse did nothing to hide the curve of his hips and bottom. He was accustomed to being pampered at work and turning every male head. He still would.

"This is okay," his red lips said with approval. "But I think I'd wear one of my more padded bras with it and maybe with my hair up. . .like Trisha? She gets asked out all the time."

"Okay," I said, then turning to Megan, stated, "but I don't want him even thinking about going on a date with a guy!"

Megan shook her head and said, "You did. You and I

went on dates, ran around in short skirts and danced until the wee hours. . .”

“Ahh,” I stammered, seeing Shawn’s expression, “It was different then. Everything was. . .”

“Different? I remember how much we enjoyed dancing and being girls out on the town, do you?”

Shawn said, “You did that? Hmmm? There’s a fresh guy at work who keeps asking me out. He’s very good looking in a rough and tumble sort of way. . .but I know what he after and I can’t give it to him. Even Trisha has asked how come I don’t date.”

“You might have a good time dating,” Megan smiled, “If you dress this way, a man will treat you in a more respectable way. Your father always was able to be treated like a lady because he dressed and behaved like one. . .right honey?”

“Okay,” I sighed. “It was fun then and I guess wouldn’t be too dangerous for a *nice* girl to go on a date. I guess I’m showing my age.”

“I’ve got a cure for that,” Megan giggled.

“NO!”

“Why? We’ve known Matt for over twenty years and we always go to dinner with him when we are in New York for the market introductions,” Megan said. “I already told him about YOU and he can’t wait to see you dressed up again.”

“He’ll laugh.”

“No, he thinks it’s great. In fact, he said he wanted to set up a friend on a double date. . .just dinner and maybe a show. It’ll be like the old days!”

“I don’t know. . .he’s your old boyfriend.”

I moaned as she added, “I already said yes. He can be your date and I’ll take on the ‘unknown’. We’ll say that you are my sister in law staying with me.”

“What do we tell Shawn?”

“A double date in New York! With Uncle Matt?” Shawn laughed when his mother told him. He had always called Matt ‘uncle’ even though there was no relation. . .just an old friend; actually Megan’s boyfriend before me. “Oh Gawd, that’s funny! Dad, are you really

going to go?"

"Of course I am. I'm even buying a new dress for it," I said trying to show some confidence. "Your mother is always complaining how we never go anywhere and we just sit around like old people. Well, it's time to go out and have some fun like young people."

Shawn came up and gave me a big hug, making our bosoms press together. "Dad, you are so cool!"

We flew to New York and Megan's new collection of swimsuits were a big hit but I was more worried about our double date. The night of the date, Megan wore a blue low cut, satin dress that really showed off the cleavage of her warm, soft breasts. She had put her hair up and made up her eyes more dramatically than usual.

Working on my own to get ready, I couldn't take my eyes off her. "My, you look hot tonight," I said staring at smooth legs. "You are getting me excited, I can't imagine what you'll do to your old beau!"

"Relax, dear," she said coming over to me, "You'll ruin your figure besides Matt is your date. I'll be with his client, a married buyer from Cincinnati!" She put her arms around me and caressed my breasts. "This is so fun. . . just like when we were kids."

I was wearing an sleeveless crepe little dress that showed just a modest amount of cleavage and high-heeled sandals. I was wearing one of my prettiest push-up bras, but didn't really expect anyone would see it but Megan.

I had put my hair up, too, and I wore some jewelry. The week before, I had gotten my ears re-pierced, so I wore tiny gold-hooped earrings in them.

When our dates arrived to pick us up, their eyes almost fell out of their heads. Matt of course knew about me but hadn't seen me dressed for twenty years. His buddy thought they had really scored on two hot dolls. We let them help us on with our coats and get a peek down our cleavages. Beneath all the mascara, our eyes twinkled at each other humorously.

Since they had suggested dinner and they were on an expense account, we recommended one of the most expensive places in town. "Why not," Matt said, taking my

hand. "Not often I get to take out such a pretty WOMAN!" He squeezed my hand and whispered, "You look fabulous. . .you back on the hormones?"

I gulped hard, but didn't answer. I felt so sophisticated and feminine in that first class restaurant! Megan and I both ordered champagne but a small chicken dinner. I had lost over ten pounds, mostly from my waist from watching my food intake.

Greedily we devoured everything, chattering between ourselves. Our dates ordered us drink after drink. I could tell Megan's date was softening her up for the kill while Matt continued to treat me like he might get lucky too.

After dinner, we giddily said that we wanted to go to a nightclub and dance. Outside the restaurant, waiting for the car, I felt a little unsteady on my high heels. I leaned against Matt's shoulder, and he put his arm around my waist and felt my hip.

For a moment, I was shocked and wanted to respond like a man but I felt so comfortably drowsy that I did not resist.

I looked over and saw my wife and her date embracing each other. Megan giggled and coyly flirted with her escort so I did the same thing. To my surprise, Matt's masculine hand took mine and began stroking it. My fingernails were long and painted, and my hand looked dainty and very feminine in his.

Since Megan's date was driving, Matt and I sat in the back seat. As soon as we had sat down, he put his arm around my shoulders and drew me closer to him. He pulled me against him and whispered, "You're so cushy and soft." I tried to resist, but I knew I couldn't resist completely without calling attention to me. It was a price I had to pay for being a woman with a man.

Then Matt's lips touched my cheek. I was repelled at first by him. A man! I didn't want to be kissed by a man but I saw Megan being kissed at a stop light and realized this was all for show. We were with one of Matt's most important clients and I couldn't make him look bad. I didn't want to be kissed but I had no choice.

I sat meekly trying to dissuade his advances while he kissed me. The feel of his rough cheek against my smooth face was a novelty. His rough beard rubbed against my

chin.

Suddenly, Matt's lips kissed my lips and whispered, "I could make a real woman out of you!" I was completely confused. This was all a big joke but somehow I had forgotten how submissive being around a man could make me feel.

"But. . ."

"Shhh," he said. "Sorry, I am just responding to what I feel next to me." I tried to relax and flow with the mood of the evening.

I remembered back to my first double date and what Megan had instructed me. "You are feminine so respond to your date's masculinity."

Matt continued to stroke, kiss and nuzzle me until I was no longer in control. I felt weak: when I tried to push his arm away, he took my wrist and put my hand back in my lap. I felt so helpless! I had to sit there and let him kiss and fondle me as if I were really a girl.

I looked up and saw Megan looking back and laughing at my difficulties. I realized how I must look, wearing a dress, my hair curled, my face made up-sitting in the back of a car being kissed by her old boyfriend.

I determined to get Matt off me but I felt so defenseless---I raised my arm to push him away---my fingers grazed his cheek---my arm went around his broad shoulders---my lips parted and met his. I had never felt like this before. It was so strange. I felt dizzy and weak. His mouth tasted pleasant but salty on mine. I pressed my sissy body against his. His lips kissed mine again and again. I was trembling.

His hand grabbed mine in a strong grip and he whispered, "That a girl. You are so sweet, I wish I could show you how exciting you are."

Almost as an after thought, he pulled my hand down between his legs. I felt his warm, throbbing, maleness.

My mind went blank! I muttered, "I. . .I can't. . ." but my hand was being held firmly against it. This had never happened to me before. I tensed up, feeling so girlish, so improper, but so submissively feminine.

He smothered my objections with his lips. The shock of sitting there with his maleness under my hand made me tremble and I tried to control my fear. I tilted my head

back, his lips pressing mine and demanding response. His fingers were beginning to play with the soft silk of my top, feeling the warm flesh above my bra. His hand slipped inside the bodice of dress and pushed down the cups of my brassiere until my nipples sprang free.

"That's what I thought!" he whispered.

As his fingers encircled the soft mound of flesh, my nipples responded. "No, please," I requested but he nimbly freed my other breast.

His aggressiveness had torn away the fragile tissue of what remained of my masculinity. My latent feminine feelings were becoming dominant again. His hands found my breasts and his fingers teased my full, erect nipples.

Was I really a turn on to this man? I found my fingers preening his virility. I felt so subservient and docile.

What could I do? I wanted him to explore my girlish curves and tell me how feminine I was. I wanted him to touch my legs, my belly. At the same time, I knew it was impossible to go further.

By the end of the evening, I was comfortable kissing back. Megan teased me mercilessly, "It wasn't nice for you to get Matt so hot and bothered. I thought you two were buddies?"

"I couldn't help it. . ." I started to say but then said, "You weren't acting like much of a married woman either?"

The next night on our second date, Megan and I persuaded Matt and his client to take us out to a place where we could show off our new dresses and masculine dates in public. I shivered with excitement at going someplace all dressed up in a slinky new dress on the arm of a man.

When they picked us up, I kissed Matt right away just to make Megan jealous. It didn't work because she was busy kissing her date on the ear while he was driving.

Matt whispered, "So you want to make her jealous, eh?" I giggled and when Megan looked back, I pressed my mouth tightly against Matt's.

The guy who was driving looked in the rear view mirror and raised his eyebrows. "Sure you girls want to

go out tonight?" He thought they had a couple of sure things tonight!

I gave Matt free range and he was so spurred on by the time we arrived at the nightclub, I had to re-hook my bra and adjust my skirt to look presentable. I was still somewhat confused by Matt's aroused passion.

The interior of the nightclub was dimly lit and very glamorous. We got a table near the stage. A combo was playing dance music, and out on the dance floor, couples were holding each other tightly and swaying to the rhythm.

I had barely time enough to set down my purse and cross my stockinged legs when Matt pulled me out onto the dance floor. I pressed my body close to his so that he couldn't edge in a hand inside my dress. He contented himself with stroking my exposed back and cupping his hands over my rounded bottom.

Primly I removed his hands, laughing, "So what goes. Is this all an act?"

"Hardly," he said pressing his pelvis against me. "I've always loved seeing you dressed up and I've missed seeing it since Shawn was born. I wish I could show you how much I like you!"

The double dose of hormones had neutralized any sensations under my skirts. But Matt didn't have that curtailment---he had that age old male complication---I was turning him on.

Somehow after the club, we couples got separated and Matt and I took a cab back to our hotel. "They probably thought we left so they are on the way back here," he said holding me tightly.

At the desk there was a message that said:

'Sorry we got lost. Going to look at a collection. Be back in a couple hours!'

MEGAN

I should have been mad but I had my hands full. Matt smiled, "That's good, I wanted to spend a little time with you alone. . .do you like being kissed as much as I like kissing you?"

I blushed.



On our second date, our dates took us to a place where we could show off our new dresses in public. I shivered with excitement at going someplace in a slinky new dress on the arm of a man.

It was very late when Megan finally came home and I was already in bed, intoxicated with passion. "What are you doing, dear?" she asked as I began to snuggle up to her.

"I just need you close to me."

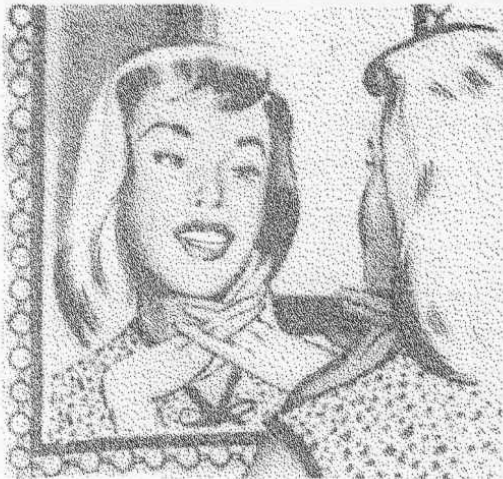
Megan giggled. "But I thought you would be worn out by Matt? Did he have fun?"

She pulled up my nightgown and rubbed her hips between my legs until I was rubbing back. She gave my nipples a little caress and I flinched. She asked, "Sore from too much attention? Too bad you overdosed on the hormones." She affectionately squeezed my tiny, flaccid maleness between her thighs. My whole body was smoothly shaved and perfumed and I still was wearing my makeup.

"Was Matt surprised that you've grown breasts again?"

"Not really," I blushed. "He thinks I make a wonderful woman."

"Obviously." Megan again touched the swelling, tender buds of my breasts. Her hands felt so soft and tender compared to Matt's. My smooth nipples hardened into large erect cones of dark flesh atop creamy mounds.



Megan asked, "Did you 'thank' Matt properly for the evening?"

"Yes," I said, blushing. I knew that I would tell her everything. I had been so demasculinized, sissified, and feminized.

"You little seductress!" An involuntary shudder of fulfilled desire passed through me. A wave of tenderness tingled me deep inside. Now I was satisfied.

There was my son in slip and negligee, seated at my wife's dressing table, preparing to spend an evening with a boy.

Shawn's first. . .

"Com' on in dad," Shawn yelled as I went into my bedroom. "Tonight's a big night. Want to watch me dress?"

There was my son in slip and negligee, seated at my wife's dressing table, preparing to spending an evening with a boy.

It had escalated so quickly. "Your mother helping you?"

"Naw, I want to do it all myself," he said proudly, finishing his base with a delicate light powder. Leaning forward to apply the rose-pink lipstick, he smiled at me in the mirror then went on to his eyes.

He undid his mascara tube. "Good heavens," I thought, "How easily he applied just the right amount of mascara almost without thinking about it."

It was obvious his new goal was to become as feminine as possible. "I want to thank you for telling me. I do love wearing dresses," he said, his fingers gently touching his soft blonde waves that fell to his shoulders and the long soft bang that swept over his forehead softening his features even more. He added, "I love it that you understand how I feel. I was beginning to feel so ashamed."

He went to where his dress was hung on the closet. "Mom picked out this!" It was a red and black, soft silky Nylon Jersey dress, with a very full, flaring knee length skirt.

"This ought to do for dancing," Shawn said as he held the dress in front of him.

Shawn's flesh colored nylons were very sheer and shined as he stepped into some open-toed, back-strap sandals with three inch heels, and glanced down at his glistening legs in nylons.

"Aren't you a little scared?"

"Mom says I have to do it to feel complete."

The effect was stunning. The soft dress had three quarter sleeves and the long sliming skirt ended at just above his knees.

A soft belt, knotted tightly around his waist, neatly accentuated his figure.

"I just don't want to be dressed out of tune with the other girls," he said.

When his date arrived, Shawn took his arm and proudly posed for a few pictures. I'm sure his date wondered what the big occasion was but Shawn wanted proof of how utterly feminine he could be.

There was a little flip in my stomach as I remembered my first date with a man. Megan and I had been living as girls for over six months when we were asked out during a vacation. Megan said "Yes" so quickly I was almost jealous.

"It's just a date," she insisted. "you will find it exciting!"

Men had been socializing with me for months but was this going too far. I was living in a woman's world, using the ladies bathroom, wearing woman's clothes exclusively but taking a man's courtesies simply because I was feminine and he was masculine?

"Get over it and just respond the way your date expects a girl to," Megan instructed.

I thought of Shawn who was probably comparing his girlish characteristics to his dates at that very moment.



When his date arrived, Shawn took his arm and proudly posed for a few pictures. I'm sure his date wondered what the big occasion was but Shawn wanted proof of how utterly feminine he could be.

I knew at the end of the evening, Shawn would fumble with his purse, his mind would go blank. His date would probably find his cheek first and then head for his lips.

By then Shawn would be filled with heady anticipation. As his date's lips get closer, he'll worry that he might be disappointed. Shawn would anguish over his own inexperience and awkwardness but would come off as a nervous girl unsure of herself. A most

stimulating turn-on for a man.

Tonight Shawn would be kissed and never forget it.

He would probably cry when he went to bed that night. I had cried. I cried for what I had not become.



Shawn kept looking at the picture. It flooded his senses with memories of this first date and what dating men would mean in his future. "I'm really like a girl now!"

The next morning, Shawn came down early to get a cup of coffee. He walked almost trance like in his pink short nighty. Without thinking he took the large scrunchie that held his ponytail back and let his golden waves fall about his face.

Megan and I sat and studied our son as he began to wake up. How slender and hairless his arms were---his thin arched brows gave a radiant expression of innocence.

"Well?" Megan finally asked.

Shawn sat down with us and cuddled the warm coffee in his red tipped fingers. "He said he liked it that I always wear skirts, not pants like some other girls."

"That's all," I asked, "Did he kiss you?"

"Dad!" he blushed, "I'm not going to tell you everything. . .but I've never felt so feminine and desirable."

"That's what men are for," Megan joked, "Maybe their only use!"

I insisted, "Did he get to 'first base'?"

He blushed.

"Second?"

"DAD!"

"THIRD?"

"Don't be silly," he spouted getting back his composure. Now all I had to do was figure out what second base meant.

IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS.

It wasn't Shawn's agency that referred us to Dr. Stienner, it was "THE BRASSIERE CLINIC". He had an interest in the place but didn't need the money. With 100 facelifts a year at \$10,000 each and 150 nose jobs at \$4,000 each, then 150 augments a year at \$3,000 each, adding in tummy tucks, buttocks lifts, the new fat suctioning, Dr. Stienner was making several million a year.

I guess his interest had started with a few rare surgeries to correct mistaken sexual identity then found that there was a lot of gray in gender identities.

We were there because Shawn was finding that swimsuit modeling required "that little extra" that he was not developing.

He was passing on the many assignments that were marked: "TOPLESS SHOOT." Mostly they only required dangling a top sexily over his shoulder, bare back to camera, perhaps winking. But Shawn was developing but not voluptuous!

"I want to be able to do these," Shawn pleaded. "The lady at the BRASSIERE CLINIC said he loves to work on boys."

That was why we ended up at Dr. Stienner's.

It was all done "out patient". Megan and I went along the day of the consultation.

In a small private room, Shawn removed his dress and looked at himself in his slip, the extra tricot bunching around his pert but immature bosom. He removed the slip, along with his nicely filled 34A bra. His large bloated nipples sat on small mounds of jelly-like flesh. No one would ever mistake this for the chest of a boy but barely enough to hold down a bikini top.

On the bed were several gorgeous pieces of lingerie. A lacy bras with large full cups. He felt a sensual thrill as he slipped the lace straps of one over his shoulders. The top portion seemed so large. Would it really fit

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afterwards?

Shawn was startled when the Doctor burst into the room. His hair was unkept and his manner brazen. "There will be plenty of time for that," the doctor said, "Let me see what I have to work with.

Stiener unhooked the top of Shawn's brassiere, taking his breasts into his cold hands. "A very nice start," he said, his fingers pressing, pulling and teasing both breasts. "These are going to be works of art," then, sliding his fingers down to Shawn's narrow panty's bottom piece, he said boldly, "Bet someday get this too! Most of the boys I've feminized have gone all or most of the way."

Megan and I didn't know how to respond, but I felt my nipples growing hard and a tremor in my belly.

"Most of the way?" I gasped.

Shawn's mouth dropped in awe as the doctor went on, "Trust me, dear. I will only transform his body to the point he wants. . .when I'm through, he will be gorgeous."

"He's awfully pretty already," I stammered.

He ran one hand along the Shawn's smooth face. "There's so much we can do. The hormones have softened and sissified him but I can make him a goddess. I say we take just a bit off the nose, a chin implant, perhaps we should even suction off a bit of this fat here and here," pointing at the sides of his waist, "and move a bit here and here," pointing to the "saddlebag" area of his thighs. "It'll look great in a tight skirt! And more if he wants."

"More?"

He scoffed, "You think that medical science can transplant a heart and lungs but can't do ovaries and a little uterine tissue? All I need is a tissue match. If you don't want him to go that far, there's lots of little things I can do to make him feel and look 'nice' even when naked." He turned to Shawn and asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Nothing serious."

"You will. A pretty young thing like you will have to learn about your body and how to use it."

Oddly enough, though his words were rather clinical, the notion of transforming my son into his image of the perfect woman was visibly exciting him. . .and me.

"I don't know if we can afford all that," I said coming

to Shawn's rescue.

"I have a special rate for effeminate boys like Shawn. Don't you worry about the cost," he said, pleased with himself for being so rich and generous. As an after thought, he asked, "Are you his mother?"

Megan said, "No, he's the father."

Stiener did a double take but didn't let him phase him. "It runs in the family, eh? If you are worried he might not like it, I have a 100% guarantee. I will fix anything I do. If he's not satisfied, I'll remove the breasts, and fix anything else we've done to make him feel girlish."

"Anything else? Like what?"

If you want your son or even yourself to feel completely feminine, we have to remove the source of the testosterone. It's really quite simple. We can freeze and store them. . .it's a simple micro surgery can put them back in working order. . .or trade for some ovaries later"

Shawn was caught between the excitement of embarking on the unknown and breaking all the rules of society. "I shouldn't really be doing this. . ." he stammered. "Will it hurt?"

"Your father can watch the whole thing, if he's got the stomach for it."

We scheduled Shawn to have what they called a breast augmentation and the "works".

Shawn made me promise I would be there for the surgery. I was hoping I wouldn't get too squeamish.

Shawn was prepared and we were promised he wouldn't be in much pain. Dr. Stiener's techniques had been perfected to such a degree that only the tiniest cuts were needed.

As they rolled him into the operating room, Shawn looked so happy and was heavily sedated but not deeply asleep. I had to wonder what he was thinking.

Dr. Stiener did not like to take any unnecessary risks of him waking up suddenly so he ordered more snooze juice.

Shawn didn't complain and I watched as he operated.

Wearing the operating room garb, my shoes covered, my face masked, I tried to blend in with the surgical team, but my stomach turned over when I saw one of the nurses



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holding a syringe that was terrifyingly long.

"What if he died or something," I thought to myself.

I forced myself to concentrate on what Dr. Stienen was saying to his resident. "These are my favorite cases. What we have here is a young man who lives as a woman. The significant thing here is nonviolation of the tiny bit of breast tissue present. We'll keep the cutting to a minimum, yet try to give this fellow the best set of boobs money can buy."

There were some chuckles in the room.

The doctor continued, "We are stretching a lot of skin so feelings and sensations will be elevated and enhanced.

Shawn's chest was being washed; a large marker had been used to delineate with dotted lines the area of injection.

"How big does he want them, doctor?" a nurse asked.

The doctor smiled at me and said, "We can't tell until we cut and see how much room we have." He didn't answer the question as the nurse injected along the marked lines.

I felt a flip-flop in my gut and almost called the whole thing off. I looked at Shawn's cherub peacefulness face and had to look away.

I took a deep breath and watched the heart monitor for a long time until I heard Dr. Stienen say, "The injections are now completed. We make the periaureolar incision just inside the area of pink color change. . ."

I was drawn back to the business at hand, watching with fascination as Stienen made a semicircular slit in the pinkish brown area around Shawn's nipple. It was too late now to stop. . .

His technology was state of the art and considered a nonviolation of breast tissue. The breast itself was not really cut leaving it sensitive and alert.

First preparing one side and then the other, he was using an instrument to pull the skin away from the chest wall, explaining, "After the periaureolar incision is made, the inferior flap is elevated, a plane developed to the point of the inframammary crease."

I looked at Shawn. Peacefully unaware.

Dr. Stienen had magic fingers. Through that small opening, skin was pulled away and skin flap is elevated

then retractors were placed.

"Good," the doctor said as Shawn's tiny breast tissue was lifted safely, "He's got a nice amount of breast development here from the hormones."

Using sharp scissor dissection, he prepared a "pocket".

The bleeding was minimal as Dr. Stiener was placing his finger in and around the surgical area with great care not to tear the underlying breast tissue.

It was like I was dreaming. It was so surreal. I couldn't help standing in awe of Dr. Stiener's incredible mastery. He used a long instrument to open the pocket. "Implants," he ordered. Four sets of various sizes magically appeared.

"We must make sure the pockets are larger than the implants. This is the challenging part."

Winking at me, he turned to the sleeping Shawn and asked, "Princess? How stacked would you like to be? Really BIG! Okay."

Dr. Stiener was taking one of the rather large rounded saline filled sacks that looked like a cellophane bag filled with clear jello. It seemed much too big to fit in the semicircular opening that was no longer than his thumb.

"What do you think guys," he said, "I think we can go bigger. . .these are 350cc's. How about these? The 450's"

I gasp. I wanted to say something but couldn't. He'd be much bigger than his mother!

Somehow, Stiener manipulated the soft, pliant packet through the incision and into the space he had made between breast skin and breast tissue.

Mockingly, he turned back to the sleeping Shawn and said, "You'll thank me later," adding, "Firm but gentle insertion allows the implant to slide in with steady pressure. We'll use a suture to close. . ."

I watched the rest of the procedure without flinching or twinges of guilt. "Who wouldn't want a set of Dr. Stiener's boobs?" I asked myself,

Restitching of the small incision Dr. Stiener carefully adjusted the implants to make sure they were symmetrical and properly positioned. Several nurses cleaned the area and put a small bandage on the small sutured area.

"Wow," I gasp, "They look like a 'D' cup!"

Dr. Stiener smiled. "Just a nice full 'C+'. There's

swelling that will take a while to go down. Shall we wake him up and see what the patient says?"

"Do we have to," I muttered looking at Shawn's womanly tits.

Shawn was awakened slightly and was still in a stupor when I smiled at him and showed him the brassiere.

The nurses lifted him into a sitting position while the nurses placed him in the firm support brassiere.

He didn't say a word. I was sure he was thinking he was dreaming.

I went out to Megan as they finished the other "details" that I couldn't watch. I stated, "Two small scars you can hardly notice and he has two of the best boobs in town."

It had been six months since Stienner had done Shawn's boobs, nose and chin implant and such. His face had healed with remarkable speed. Whether it was Stienner's extraordinary skill or what, the only sure thing was that every time I saw Shawn, I was surprised anew by his perfect feminine nose and chin.

I was hard to believe that these new features belonged to my son! His nose was small now and delicately shaped, his chin less prominent, giving his face balance. His eyes, which had always been a good feature, seemed better spaced, and his skin had a healthy glow.

Yes, Shawn had changed after the enhancement. There were obvious changes of face and figure, but gradually came the subtle changes of a person beginning to be assured of himself as feminine and attractive. There was a completely new hair and makeup style to go with the change in his face. The Doctor was right. With a more difficult road back to masculinity, a lot of confusion was gone. He behaved differently---self-confident as a shapely and attractive young lady.

Every now and then, when he was reading or absorbed in sorting through his photographs, he would absent-mindedly touch his face or lay a hand on his ample breasts. I could tell the gesture brought a pleasant sense of satisfaction. A reassurance that he was no longer a simple, flat chested and uninteresting boy. The overall

effect was remarkable and fascinating.

From the long, straight hair, he went to a soft, layered style with curls and waves that framed his face beautifully.

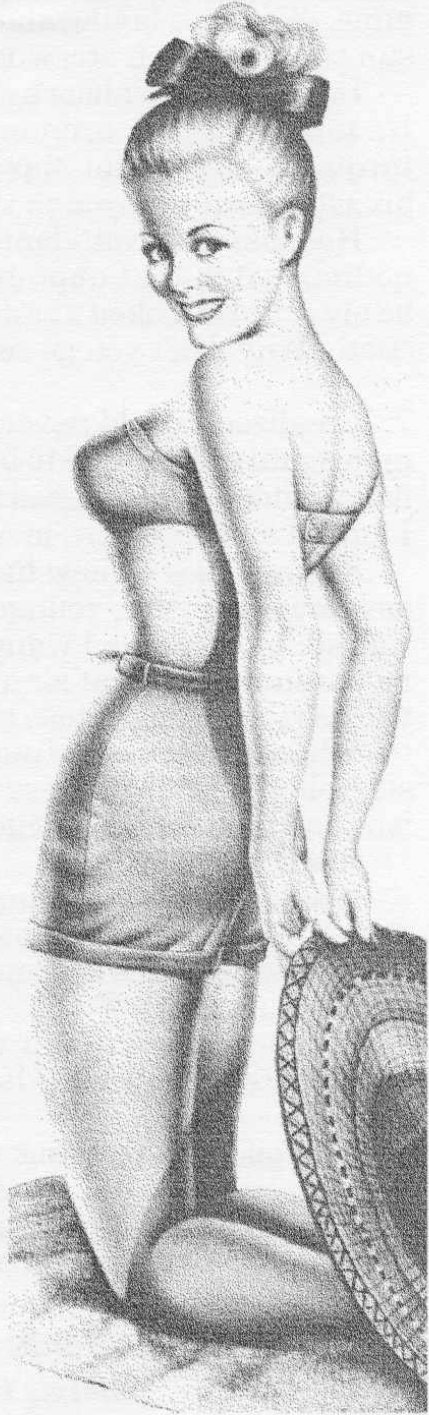
There were several follow up visits for Shawn and it always surprised me that Dr. Stiener never asked why a perfectly healthy young man would want to be feminized.

Seeing Shawn glow was the answer.

With Megan's success, we took many exotic vacations. Mostly to hot spots where we could write off the trip as "research" for Megan's swimsuits.

I mostly wore Megan's one piece designs but at Shawn's recommendation, I tried wearing my first bikini in Cancun Mexico. I felt a bit foolish slipping it on. It was not as daring as Shawn's, but scandalously small by most standards. It had a built in bra top which reminded me of my old brassieres with the built-in padding that made them stand up by itself when I laid them on my bed.

This shiny two piece yellow bikini was cut high on the thigh and had just one small hook in front to hold the top together. Megan's was also quite daring. Her figure was a bit more eye-catching than



Shawn said, "Last one in the water is a sissy!"

mine. We loved laying about the pool in the hot Mexican sun sipping frozen strawberry daiquiris.

I was almost jealous by the attention Shawn induced. He toweled off his dripping hair and adjusted the loose turquoise net bikini top over his stunning overlarge breasts showing through the near sheer fabric.

He looked so confident and exhilarated. There was nothing left of that apprehensive, plain boy who used to be my son. He looked at me and my bikini and whispered, "Dad. Why don't you go see Dr. Stiener?"

I realized I could never go back to completely being a man again so I wanted to beautify myself. The hormones had rounded and softened my body so thoroughly so that I longed for some new, more revealing clothes and more.

Seeing Shawn's new figure and face, I decided I could look much prettier, younger and more feminine. Megan was all for anything I wanted to do so early that summer I went in the hospital for a few days and came out with a tiny, attractive new nose and fewer wrinkles all over.

When I came home from the hospital, Shawn saw my sleeveless white sundress with a deep "V" neckline, nylons and high heels that clicked as I walked into the room.

"DAD!" he screamed.

"Sort of!" I said, pulling apart the snaps on the sundress I bought for the occasion. I unhooked the front of my lightweight lace bra and stuck out my chest. "Are they good enough NOW?"

"Perfect!" Shawn said with an authoritative point of his fingers, acting as if he reviewed his father's C-cup breasts every day.

I snapped my bra back together but could not contain my excitement. I did a joyful pirouette, letting my skirt flare out like a little girl who was showing off a new dress. I guess I was showing off a new everything!

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