

CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

FLIRTING
WITH
FASHION



A SANDY THOMAS
PUBLICATION

VOLUME 23

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 23

“FLIRTING WITH FASHION”

by Kelly Michaels

NEVER PISS OFF THE ILLUSTRATOR

By GABI

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

© 1995 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

"FLIRTING WITH FASHION"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

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



REWARD!!

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

**Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

"In writing TV fiction, there has to be a woman. . .but a good foundation garment is much more important!"

FLIRTING WITH FASHION

by Kelly Michaels

It seemed ridiculous to call this beautiful woman 'him' when every single visible part of him was so very, very feminine. Of course, I hadn't seen every single part of him, but from Brandy's demeanor and attitude and from his essence of self, all I could see and feel was woman: Brandy de la Chateau.

It was difficult to recognize Brandy at first, perhaps because an extensive wardrobe of wigs gave this beauty a dozen different looks, each one more provocative and exciting than the last.

Just knowing that Brandy was not completely female, however was enough for me to check my feelings and to explore our relationship as 'friends'. Brandy seemed comfortable with that, too.

Little did I know that my limited world would expand so much with this acquaintance, but it did. And, it did in a very big way.

My first trip to Le Chateau, was an exciting one to say the least. Not only did my host introduce me to the world of dressing up (a term that used to mean putting on a coat and tie to me) but, also introduced me to the world of performing. This was an aspect of myself that I'd thought about when I was a kid, but to have it actually happen was something beyond my wildest dreams.

Six months ago I gave my first "command performance" at The Chez Pink and since then I've found that I can juggle weekends at the club and do my work as an architect, too.

The Chez Pink is a little club in The Valley devoted to the art of female impersonation. It sits on the

Boulevard and, true to its name is a bright pink. Though the club caters to a gay crowd, it is also a tourist spot where people from all walks of life enjoy a wild evening of entertainment featuring some of the most beautiful men in the world. I'd been introduced to the emcee there and, to my surprise found myself in the show!

How Brandy shaved, plucked, painted and primed me for this adventure began with her luring me to Le Chateau for a 'break' in my routine.

What I never expected was the sort of vacation it would be. Brandy lathered and shaved a good portion of my body as well as my skimpy beard, buzzed off most of my eyebrows and softened my skin with exotic lotions. I was then corseted in satin and bone and dressed me from the skin out in silks and satins.

The whole illusion was crowned with a beautiful blonde wig and we wound up at The Chez Pink where I was pressed into service for a chorus 'girl' who couldn't make the show. I was then recostumed and became an only somewhat willing chorus girl myself.

Shortly after my debut at The Chez Pink, Brandy told me about a woman from Mexico whom she had helped get established in business here. Her name was Xiomara. Not Xiomara Smith or Jones, just Xiomara. With a name like that, I guess you only need one name. She was the wife of a powerful entrepreneur in Mexico City. His connections, it seems, were not always on the up and up. So, when Xiomara found this out, she decided to come to the United States and take control of her own life as an individual.

Xiomara and Brandy had met each other years before in Hawaii, when they had been college students on holiday. This was a time before Brandy's transformation and they had become friends there. Brandy shared her secret with Xiomara and they then became 'girlfriends' and mutually pledged to help each other any way they could. Pals, forever.

When Xiomara came north, she contacted Brandy and told her that she was interested in becoming an independent business person. Together they started

The Boob Factory. The name was an attempt at levity in providing a service for women who had undergone mastectomy surgery. Brandy knew that this service would also extend into her world as well. When they finally became established, Xiomara found that fully half of her clientele came from the world of "dressing up".

There was a strange feeling in my stomach as I parked the car and walked into the downtown building. It was an arty area near Little Tokyo that I'd been aware of but always avoided because of its close proximity to Skid Row. This block, however, was clean. The building was old, but well kept. I checked the directory and found Xiomara's name and pressed the button beside it.

A sultry voice came on the intercom, "Si. May I help you?"

"I'm a friend of...of Brandy's?"

"Yes?"

"Is this Xiomara?"

"And, what is your name?"

I was now a little flustered and looked toward the door.

"This is a friend of Brandy's," I stammered. "My name is Brian?"

A buzzer sounded signaling that I should enter the inner security door. I grasped the handle just before the buzzer stopped and pulled quickly. The door opened and I was inside.

I found my way to the elevator and pushed the button and waited. It seemed an eternity before it arrived and I stood back as a small Japanese woman brushed quickly past me. She looked up at me and smiled. Her long black hair was blunt cut at her shoulders and she wore exotic dark shading around her warm dark eyes. Her lips were full and she wore red, red lipstick. Quickly, she headed for the door, but, as she exited, she turned once more and smiled. And, then, she was gone.

Flustered, I entered the elevator and pressed the five and waited. My heart was racing a little. I was trying to remember if I had seen the attractive Japanese woman before. She looked familiar, but she had come and gone so quickly that I had not been able to say anything to her. She wasn't a knockout, but she was attractive and I have always been attracted to Asian women.

As the elevator slowly ascended, I mentally paged through my memory, trying to place the woman who had passed me in the hall. She was only about five feet tall and it seemed to me that it shouldn't be that difficult to place someone with such a unique height. Suddenly, it came to me! In college, in my old fraternity, we had been a rather maverick group, most of the brothers being at school on athletic scholarship. We had jocks of all sizes and shapes and one was a gymnast by the name of Aki Ahi. He was a year younger than I and performed feats of magic on the high bar and pommel horse. He was solidly built, but very tiny: only five feet tall.

I remembered the Greek Follies one year where we had written a skit that called for a parody of Flower Drum Song and Aki had been chosen to play the sexy Chinese girl. He'd been very resistant at first, of course, but as a pledge, he was at the mercy of the frat and when the Delta Phi's (our sister sorority) had gotten finished with him, it was amazing.

The skit called for him to have long black hair. Aki wore his in a buzz cut but the Delta Phi's had access to a whole beauty shop of makeup and hair and found him a wig that hung almost to his waist. His body was naturally almost totally hairless and his Japanese features were almost naturally feminine. Iris O'Hara, a beautiful half Japanese / half American girl became the team leader and had Aki looking like a beautiful Chinese girl in no time.

Because I'd had some experience with the show, I was assigned to supervise the transformation and joined Aki and Iris at the Delta Phi house the day of the show. Aki was stoic as Iris took him into the

bathroom and sat him on the toilet, asking him to remove his shirt.

He did so and she went right to work on him with a deep tan foundation and lighter makeup which covered his natural eyebrows, leaving his face a blank canvas for her artistry. She explained that she had gone to cosmetology school before enrolling in college and this was going to be a fun challenge for what she had learned.

Aki said nothing, but closed his eyes and allowed Iris to do her work. I watched in amazement as she first blotted out his eyebrows and then redrew them in with dark pencil, arching them high onto his brow. She then lined his eyes with a deep gray makeup and accented them with a light brown and silver shadow. She highlighted his already very pronounced cheekbones with a light foundation and deepened the hollow of the cheek with a contrasting color.

He winced a little as she lined his eyes with black pencil and added glamorous false eyelashes, blending them with a thick black mascara. The effect was stunning as she deftly added a dark red lipstick to his lips, enlarging them slightly with a somewhat darker lip liner. She blended the makeup with a soft brush and asked me to bring the wig from her room.

When I returned, Aki had been stuffed into a colorful sarong. I asked where his chest and hips had come from and Iris laughed that it was a trade secret, but then lifted his skirt to show a black panty girdle which had not only padded hips, but the buttocks were well accented as well. Aki blushed as Iris reached into his bosom and pulled out soft foam balls which pressed his naturally muscular chest into very convincing breasts.

Iris placed the wig on Aki's head and secured it with double sided tape she explained was usually used to secure men's toupees and adjusted the wig. She used a wide tooth brush to dress it smoothly down his back and over his shoulders.

As Aki stepped into his high heels, something seemed to happen to his demeanor. He had always

protested the idea that he would have to play a girl in the school show, but as he rose three inches in height and looked at himself in the mirror, there seemed to come a flirtatiousness and a swing in his step which I had not seen in rehearsals. He stepped back from the mirror and turned on the ball of his foot and putting his hands beneath the long black hair, lifted it luxuriously, letting it fall slowly about his shoulders.

He looked up through the tops of his long eyelashes and batted them a time or two at me. "In my grandfather's tradition," he said softly, "in Kabuki, all the women's parts were played by onagata, men who spent a lifetime perfecting the feminine role for the stage. On to the show!"

When it came time for our skit, Aki had to walk from our frat house to the theatre in his outfit and got wolf whistles all the way from other guys who didn't know that he was actually a boy. At first he was embarrassed but some of the football brothers just picked him up on their shoulders and jogged the rest of the way to the production. He arrived like a princess on a human palanquin.

Needless to say, that year, we won not only best skit, but Aki won Best in Show for his presentation. Now that I thought about it, that Asian woman who smiled at me as I headed into the elevator looked as though she could have been his sister. But, I didn't think that Aki had any siblings. Could that have been Aki?

The clatter of the elevator door opening brought me back to the present and I stepped into the corridor. It was clean but plain. At the end of the corridor, I could see a door with a small sign which read, "Xiomara/TBF".

I collected myself for a moment and walked to the door and knocked. Inside, I could hear someone moving about and then the door opened.

Standing before me was the most attractive Mexican woman I had ever seen. Perhaps thirty-five, she was slightly taller than I, but slender and with the deep bronze skin and high dramatic cheekbones of an

Aztec princess. Her long black hair hung to her waist and was pulled up on the sides to emphasize her exotic features. Her eyes were shocking blue: piercing blue pools that drive some men to romantic poetry.

"Brian?" She smiled.

In the background, classical music played. The room was simply decorated with tasteful pictures and on tables around the periphery were displays of bras and panties and other lingerie.

The paintings were almost photographic and featured androgynous figures which resembled high fashion mannequins painted in high chroma colors, lit dramatically from high and low angles. It was difficult to tell if the paintings were photographs which had been hand colored or photo realistic paintings done by an illustrator with considerable skill.

One painting featured an extremely feminine subject, nude from the waist up with dramatic make-up and long pendulous earrings which hung almost to the shoulder. The eyes were dark and sultry and her lips almost black. She was most striking because she had no hair. Like a display mannequin caught just before being introduced to a new display, s/he was totally bald. Bald and gorgeous!

Several mannequins resembling the ones in the paintings stood next to the tables with frilly negligees and to one side was what appeared to be a curtained dressing room with a mirror. Just outside the dressing room was a floor to ceiling mirror eight feet wide, reflecting the room and the two people standing by the door.

For a moment it was all I could do to breathe. I was completely consumed by her beauty.

"Brian?" she repeated. "You are Brandy's friend, si?"

"Uhhh... yes..." I stammered. "Excuse me. This is a little new to me and...." I could not believe how tongue tied I had become. It was embarrassing.

The Aztec princess laughed and closed the door behind me. She looked me over carefully, turning my

head gently with her hand. My heart was racing now and it was all I could do not to turn and leave the room.

I took a series of long, deep breaths as she stepped back and spoke again, "Well, I can see that what Brandy told me about you is true. You have excellent features, Brian... You are Brian, aren't you?" Her smile was all consuming.

By this time my heart rate had subsided a bit and I regained my composure. "Yes.... Hello. And, you are Xiomara of The, The...."

"Yes. The Boob Factory," she laughed. "I hope the indelicate reference doesn't make you uncomfortable. I believe in being direct and I'm a specialist in fitting prosthetic breasts and other accoutrements for the feminine fancy."

I was a little breathless. This lovely woman spoke very directly and yet I was beginning to feel more at ease.

"So," Xiomara smiled, "what can I do for you?"

She stood me in front of the free standing oval mirror and looked over my shoulder at the reflections. I could feel her breath on my neck and the subtle fragrance of her perfume: a peppery musk scent...unforgettable.

"Let's remove your shirt. That should help a little. Don't be shy, now, Brian."

I complied. I removed my sport coat and found a hook on a coat rack and took a hanger for my shirt. I stood in front of the mirror still in my tank top undershirt.

"Mmm, nice chest. Don't be modest. We have some intricate measuring to do. Also, I want to see what kind of musculature your pectorals have. Brandy said that you were the naturally athletic type. She was right!"

I removed my tank top and tossed it on the coat rack. Modestly, I am proud of my chest. I spend a little time each day doing a light workout and it is paying off, not only in my narrowing waist, but in the development of a nice set of pects. I flexed a little into

the mirror and thought that I heard a soft laugh behind me.

My chest was a little more buff than an average guy my size and I flinched a little when Xiomara reached from behind me, lifting my pectoral muscles with each hand, creating a slight cleavage by pushing them together. She laughed again.

"Ticklish, Brian?" she laughed. "Don't worry, my dear. This is strictly business. Do you have a preference for the cup size you wish to display? You are lucky to be such a small and well proportioned boy. You look more like twenty than thirty to me. Nice skin, too."

"Uh.. good genes, I guess," I laughed nervously.

"Yes, nice jeans, too," she smiled and quickly returned her attention to the reflection in the mirror. "Stay right here. I think we'll try a B cup. I'll be right back."

I relaxed slightly as the beautiful bronze woman disappeared behind a curtain and returned with three boxes. One was small and dainty, while the other two were more substantial. She put them down on a table and opened the smaller box. "Here. Try this on for size."

She handed me a dainty pink lace bra with sheer cups and a closure in the front. I took it gingerly from her and drew it around my chest. Xiomara came around in front of me and took the clasp in each of her hands, pulling the elastic tightly together.

"I think it's a little tight, Xiomara," I said.

"Hush. It must be tight for the proper effect. And, you can call me 'Zee', all my friends do. The Xiomara is mostly for effect, though, it is my real name. I am named for my grannie and for her grannie before her, an Aztec princess."

"Zee!! Ouch!!" I shouted as she pulled again.

She laughed as she pinched the pushed up flesh into the bra cups. "We can get some very realistic cleavage, if you'll just relax for a moment, Brian. Hold still!"

It was all I could do to not flinch from the pinching and the tickling, but I watched in wonder as she seemed to coax little breasts from my slim body. As she withdrew, I felt a flush of warmth go through me and fill my face. I could see that not only was my face blushing, but the rush had made my chest turn a little pink as well.

Zee opened the other boxes and produced two prosthetic breast inserts and presented them to me as she approached. She turned me away from the mirror and went to work.

The breast forms were both soft and firm at the same time. They apparently had been made out of some space age materials which reacted to heat and cold in some way to make them very much like real breasts. I could feel a sort of firm support in the back of the form which was supposed to lift and support the pectoral muscle and press them toward the center of the chest. The back of the form was textured slightly to sort of adhere softly to the skin and thereby not slide around in the bra cup.

"These are specially made for performers like you. There are flexible nylon boosters in these sacks that will help press your natural flesh towards the center of your chest. This bra has a broad underwire, too. See? This helps in the same way."

With that, Zee, took the insert marked 'L' and, pulling the flesh on my left breast up, placed the gel sack into the bra. When she released my flesh, it rested on the insert, creating an amazing illusion. Quickly, she repeated the action with the second insert and left me standing with a very real looking bosom.

She then tossed me a scoop neck T shirt. "Here. Please put this on, Bri."

I slipped the shirt over my head and pulled it down over my hips.

Zee smiled and made some adjustments, lifting and tugging on the bra and the shirt.

"Well. Would you like the full effect, Bri?"

"The full effect?" I asked. "What's the 'full effect', Zee?"

With that Zee sat me down on a bench to the right of the big mirror and took a mascara bottle from the adjacent table. She quickly did my eyes and then contoured my cheeks with dark and light make-up and applied some lipstick. She eyed me for a moment and then disappeared behind the curtain, returning with a dark auburn wig. I blushed a little more, but let her adjust the wig on my head, taking deep breaths and wondering how the effect would look. I was still a bit unsure about this whole thing.

"We might as well do this right," she said, and removed my shoes and socks deftly. "Here, take this skirt and these shoes into the dressing room and see what you can do with them. And, you'll find a pair of new pantyhose in the drawer of the small stand in there."

I took the skirt and shoes and walked into the dressing room. I deliberately avoided looking into the mirror and removed my slacks. It had been a few days since I had shaved my legs for the show but my legs still looked smooth and feminine. I found the drawer with several different sizes and shades of pantyhose and picked a nice pair of taupe stockings which were slightly opaque. The feeling of the fresh nylon on my legs was interesting.

I shrugged and stepped into the skirt. It was a little tight and matched the light blue scoop neck "T" that Zee had given me. It was sleek and tight on my waist and hugged my narrow hips comfortably. My hips were narrow, but the skirt pulled my waist in somewhat and that made my hips seem to fill out a little below.

Adjusting the skirt, I stepped into the open toed dark three inch blue pumps. They had little ankle straps that took me a minute to master. The fit was snug but not unbearable. The tightness was even a little bit of a turn on.

"Having a problem in there, Bri?"

"Uh. No...it's just these straps on these shoes. They're a little tight, Zee. I'm afraid I'll stretch them"

"That's just fine," she laughed. "The fact is that they're brand new and they're mine. I noticed that we were about the same size when you walked in, you'll get them stretched out so I'll be able to wear them comfortably when you've finished with the fitting."

"Oh, great," I thought, "now I'm the personal shoe stretcher for the Breast Lady!!" It almost made me laugh aloud, but I didn't want to embarrass myself anymore if I could help it.

"Come along, Honey, I have another appointment in a few minutes and we have some adjustments to make."

I fixed the straps on the shoes as best I could and emerged from the dressing room.

"Walk this way," Zee said, heading to the large mirror.

"If I could walk that way, I wouldn't need the talcum powder!"

I waited for the reaction which never came. "Language barrier," I thought and made a note to figure out another way to tell that joke.

"Who have we here," she smiled. "Is this the infamous Breeann of whom I've heard so much? You are very pretty, my dear."

She turned me to the mirror with her hand over my eyes. When she withdrew them, my focus was a little hazy, but once again, there was Breeann, and a buxom wench she was, too.

I stared at the new breasts. I bounced a little on the balls of my feet, rocking slightly off the high spiked heels and noticed that the flesh exposed in the scoop neck of the tight T shirt moved with me. I also noticed that not only did the breasts move very realistically, but there were subtle shadows of nipples pressing through the smooth cotton material.

"How do they do that?" I said, half to myself.

"Do what, Breeann?"

"How do the breasts make those nipples? They look so real!"

"That's nothing, watch this!" And, with that, she reached around in front of me from behind and softly massaged the nipples showing through the T shirt. I watched and actually thought that I could feel her touching me through the gel material of the inserts. I could feel my face flush again as she continued to play with the nipples.

I started to feel a bit faint and just as my eyes closed, Zee jiggled my breasts a little. I opened my eyes to see that my once subtle nipples had become erect!

"That's amazing!! How did you do that??"

"Works the same way for me," she laughed. "Seriously, the nipples are made of a heat reactive material that hardens when the temperature dips slightly below body temperature. It's adjustable to a degree...."

She paused, waiting for my reaction.

"Degree, heat, cold, get it??"

"Oh, degrees. Of course..." Temperature jokes??

"The nipples will harden and rise when the outside temperature cools them, or you can prevent it by covering them with these little foam disks or you can just let them do what comes naturally." She produced a pair of small soft pads and placed them in my hand, closing her hand around mine.

I took the pads and looked into Zee's eyes. She was a very beautiful woman and I could feel myself respond to her touch. She withdrew and stood back to view the entire effect.

I looked at the two of us in the mirror. Two attractive women standing side by side. One was apparently a little excited. I smiled.

"Well, Breeann? You like the look? Brandy said she'd like to see you as a redhead. What do you think?"

I gazed again into the mirror, this time at the full effect of the new wig and the full bosom, the well turned calves and slender waist. I am a pretty

woman, even if I do say so myself. I bounced a little more to watch the movement of the new breasts and smiled.

"You like, eh?" she grinned.

"It's pretty amazing what they are doing with plastic these days, Zee. What do you think?"

I struck a provocative pose and she tickled me in the ribs. With that, I returned the favor and in a moment, we were struggling around the room, laughing uncontrollably.

"Wait, wait! You'll stretch the shoes too much," she giggled.

As the laughter subsided, we plopped on the small settee.

"You're a riot, Alice," I sighed.

"Alice??"

"Alice in Wonderland, Zee. It's an old reference. I'll explain some day. But, you really are a kick in the pants. I want to thank you for all your help. How much are these bouncy babies going to cost me?"

Zee smiled. "Brandy says that this one, rather these two are on her. She is very much a fan of yours, Breeann. I don't know what you've done to impress her, but she wants to be your, how do you say...your sponsor? Si, your sponsor, with these...accoutrements."

I stood up and went to the mirror again. I stared at the outfit, at the girl in the mirror and then past myself to the beautiful woman on the settee. I realized that I was moving into territory that was, up until recently, unknown to me. And, something about this was very exciting.

I noticed that the nipples on the prosthetic breasts seemed to be standing up again. And, I felt my own nipples pressing against the tight breast forms nestled against my chest, pressing my cleavage up and over the cups of the new brassiere.

Zee noticed, too, and stood beside me. We were quiet for a moment, and then...

"Well. Breeann. I have another client coming in about five minutes, I'm afraid we'll have to take this up later."

"Oh.. Five minutes!! Gosh!" I said and started to undo the straps of the shoes.

At that exact moment the buzzer from the downstairs entry rang. Zee and I looked at each other and froze.

"Some people do arrive early!" she said. "No time for you to change, Breeann. Here, let me fix your makeup a little. You look darling. All I have to do is a little touch up. Stand still!"

"Wait!" I protested. "I can't go out in public like this? Doing the show at the club is one thing, but in broad daylight? Never!"

"Don't argue, Bree! Hold still!"

She was fast and expert, this one. And, in a moment, the buzzer buzzed impatiently again. She turned me to the mirror and the effect was stunning.

I'd walked in to this place an average looking guy in his thirties and half an hour later was on my way as a pretty, though somewhat flustered redhead.

"Here. Take these," she said as she hurriedly slipped my clothes into a large bag along with the boxes for the breast forms. "I don't want to be embarrassed and neither do you. Just drive home and change there. You do look ravishing, you know."

She had buzzed the door release and at the same time ushered me to the door.

"I am sorry to be so abrupt, Bree, but you can handle this. Drive carefully and I shall look forward to speaking with you soon. Thank you. Goodbye!" With the heels on, I was now slightly taller than Zee and she stood close and kissed my cheek, then turned me around and patted my behind. "Scoot!" she said.

With that, she opened the door to send me out and standing there was a gorgeous blonde, at least six feet tall and wearing the shortest mini skirt I'd ever seen. She was what the guys on my gymnastics team used

to call a "substantial woman", meaning that she was stacked and could probably deck you with one punch if you got out of line. I avoided eye contact with her as I rushed down the hallway to the elevator.

Behind me I could hear Zee giggling and welcoming the new client into her office. My heart was racing like a trip hammer. How was I going to drive through the city traffic, all the way to Sherman Oaks and not be discovered? Was this even legal? What if there was an accident? What if? What if??

ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309

I entered the elevator and was thankful that no one was there with me. I then cautiously made my way to my car. I'd put the top up, thank goodness and when I made my way to the freeway, I sort of sat way down low in the seat. I imagined that at every stop that the people in the other cars were staring at me.

I successfully made it up the 101 from Little Tokyo to Hollywood and as I passed the Capitol Records round tower, traffic slowed and I was forced to come to a stop near the exit to the Hollywood Bowl. In the car next to me was a well dressed man about thirty who was trying to get my attention.

Quickly, I changed lanes and exited the freeway, almost colliding with a car coming up on my right. I zipped down the off ramp and wound to my right and up Cahuenga, thankful to be away from what felt like

an awful trap. It was at that moment I saw the red light and the black and white patrol car. The driver was motioning me to drive into the parking lot for the old Pilgrimage Theatre. It was the cops!

I had my registration for the car in my glove compartment, but my driver's license was in my pants and they were in the big bag from The Boob Factory next to me on the seat. Hurriedly, I rustled through the bag and just as the Highway Patrolman got to the side of the car, I found the pants and my wallet.

How was I going to explain this? What the heck had I done? "Deep breathing, Brian. Deep breathing," I heard a little voice in my head repeat over and over. I watched the highway patrolman get out of his cruiser and stand for a moment giving my Mustang the once over. He noted the license plate and then, as he stated toward my car, our eyes met in the mirror. He smiled and touched the brim of his cap as I rolled down the window. My heart was practically in my mouth. And, my mouth was dry as a bone.

He stood a little back from my door which made me have to turn sharply to my left to see him. He was cautious and I didn't blame him. I just wondered why he'd pulled me off the road. As though he could read my mind, he stepped forward a little, making it less difficult for me to see him.

"Do you know why I've stopped you, little lady," the officer asked?

I just shook my head, no.

He cocked his head a little to one side and then asked if the cat had my tongue and smiled again. Was this a pick up?? I knew that I looked pretty good as a girl in the forgiving lights of The Chez Pink, but here in the broad daylight in the middle of a parking lot? In Hollywood? I was petrified!

"I stopped you because you made a very quick lane change back there. May I see your license and registration, please?"

I reached into the glove compartment and got the registration and slowly handed it to him.

"Hm. Is this your car, young lady?"

I knew that I had to speak. I had to say something and with every ounce of courage I could muster, I spoke. I tried to pitch my voice down a little and put as much breath into it as I could. I don't know why, but I thought I sounded a little like Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*.

"Well, officer. I'm very sorry for what happened on the freeway back there, but there was a man in the car next to me and he..." I was this far now. I'd better make this good, I thought!

"He was looking at me and making obscene gestures and it was very, very frightening. I was afraid that he was going to follow me home or do something to me right there on the freeway. When I saw the exit, I just bolted. I am really so very sorry. I was so scared!"

"There, there, Miss," he said in a very sympathetic tone, "Don't be upset. You aren't going to jail or anything, we just don't want you pretty little things being hurt out there. Would you get out of the car, please?"

I could feel my knees begin to buckle a little, but I knew I had to do what the officer asked me to do. He opened the door of the car for me and stood back. I could feel his eyes on me as I swung my legs out and stepped onto the ground.

He was looking at my registration and then, back at me. A quizzical look came over his face and I closed the door behind me, straightening my skirt and stifling the panic rising more quickly in me now.

"I could see that you were upset by this whole thing, Ms. Sikes," he said. "How do you pronounce your name? Brian? An interesting name for a woman, isn't it?"

"Actually," I said in my most seductive tone, "It's Breeann. The DMV left an 'n' off the end of my name. It should be B R I A N N." Was he buying this? I prayed that he was.

"Those clerical people are not Rhodes' Scholars, are they?" he chuckled. He stood close to me at this point and seemed to be looking directly down at my newly acquired "accoutrements"!

"Well, I can see why some guy on the freeway might have flirted with you, Ms. Sikes. You may have acted impulsively, but you probably did the right thing. Besides, traffic was stopped and even though you technically broke the law, I think we can overlook it this time."

Why this cop didn't ask to see my license at this point, I don't know. I know that I was sweating like a pig at a luau and hoped to high heaven that he didn't notice the bead of perspiration I could feel rolling down my right cheek.

"Here's my card," he smiled, extending his meaty hand. "You just take it easy out there and if there's ever anything I can do for you, you just give me a call. Officer Benjamin Tyler at your service. By the way, are you a married lady?"

"Why, no, officer," I sighed. "I'm not married. But, I am late for a very important date. Thank you very much for understanding. Very much."

"No problem, Miss," he said. "You just hold on to that card and if I can be of service, you call me. Here, let me put my home phone number on the back, just in case?"

Officer Benjamin Tyler wrote his number on the card, all the time sneaking glimpses of my now ample bosom from his vantage point standing over me.

I accepted it and did my best to smile and wave as he turned his cruiser onto Cahuenga and headed back toward the Hollywood Freeway.

All I could do was stand there and shake for so long that I lost track of time. I was inches away from this man and he bought me lock, stock and hair piece as a woman. I got back in the car and twisted the rear view mirror to look at my reflection in the mirror. It was me, but it was Breeann, too. What was happening to me? How could he not have known that I was a male?

At this point, I really didn't want to go home. Besides, it was still daylight and how I would make it from the parking garage to my condo with no one seeing me was a problem I did not want to solve right now. As I put the car registration back into the glove box, I saw the remote control for Brandy's gate. I knew that it was not proper to surprise her, so fished back into the bag, found my jacket and my cell phone and punched in her number.

A familiar French accent answered on the first ring. "Allo? Le Chateau. C'est Marie."

"Ah, Marie! Good. It's me. Brian. I have to see Brandy. Is she there?"

"Breeann! Oh, my favorite one. 'Allo. Oui. Madame is here, but she is busy at this moment. Please. Wait. I shall tell her it is you."

"Please, hurry, Marie. It's important!" The traffic on the freeway was moving slowly. The afternoon rush to the Valley was well under way. I was fifteen minutes from home when there was no traffic, but maybe forty in the rush. I could stay on the surface streets, though, to go to Brandy's retreat and that sounded like the best thing for me to do.

"Allo? Breeann? C'est Marie, encore? Oui. Madame says that you should come right away. Are you near? I love to see you again, too, Breeann."

"I'm close, Marie. I'll be there in about fifteen minutes, if that's okay?"

"Oui, Breeann. Come right away. Madame Brandy will be waiting. She is happy, too, to see you. A bien tot."

"bye, Marie. And, thanks."

I started the car and stayed on Cahuenga East driving out toward Studio City. The thought of the man on the freeway made me check to see that both doors were locked. That encounter had scared me a little. If this was what women went through on a daily basis, it wasn't something I was very interested in doing ever again. It was a little flattering, though, to have Officer Benjamin's card, just in case.

I wound up into the hills just past Universal Studios. The narrow road to Le Chateau was deserted and when I got to the entrance, I pressed the remote control and the gate opened with a soft sigh.

Inside, the courtyard was spotless. The phallic pink marble fountain bubbled and spurted, the sound blending with the natural sounds of the serene sylvan setting provided by the hills.

"Hello, Breeann!!!" Brandy called as I crossed the courtyard toward her. "My favorite blonde is a pretty red head today? Hold still, let me take in the full effect."

I stopped and struck a campy pose, leaning forward like Jane Mansfield and shaking my new breasts a little with my hands on my tightly clad hips.

"I can explain this, Brandy. Just give me a minute to change into my jeans!" Why I had arrived fully dressed was an adventure and I first wanted to check out of my skirt and high heels before relating what had happened earlier in the day to her.

She laughed and held her arms out to me as I wobbled a little on my heels to the door.

"It is so nice to see you...Ummmmmm.. Have you been working out? Your waist is so tiny," she said, pulling me close to her as we walked toward the house. Her grasp was firm and strong. "Wish I could get mine down to that size! And, look at this outfit! What's that I see peeking through your top? You've been to see Zee, haven't you?"

"Working out? Me? I must confess that since our outing at the club I have been trying to get a little slimmer and it seems to be working. I still have to struggle into that Merry Widow that you gave me. I am taking my part time job a little more seriously, though. What do you think of these?" I said, presenting my new breasts, one on each hand to her.

"Zee is a doll, isn't she, Bree? I knew you would like her. You told her that I'd sent you, didn't you? And, those are magnificent! Let me touch!" she

laughed, holding her hands as though ready to test for ripe cantaloupe

"Yes, I did and I must thank you for your 'sponsorship'." I laughed and let her squeeze my new melons gently. "I can pay you for these, really, Brandy."

"Breean!" she scolded. "When will you understand what it is to receive a gift? This is my present to you and I want you to be happy with them. It pleases me to see you so beautifully dressed up."

We walked into the house and Brandy escorted me into the sitting room. It was nicely appointed with peach colored sofas facing each other in front of a large pink marble fireplace. On the walls were paintings of gorgeous women. These "women", as it turned out, were all proteges of my hostess. Each of them had been (or some still were) men who had been transformed into the most beautiful females I'd ever seen. Of course, the artist had helped with the images a little, but I'd seen photos of some of these girls. It was difficult to believe that they had ever been males at all.

She tugged on a velvet cord and in a twinkling, Marie, the French maid appeared.

"Bonjour, Breean!" she said. Her eyes sparkled with mischief and she curtsied, standing there with her petticoats standing straight out from her slim hips. Her legs were clad in patterned black stockings with seams straight up the back. Her four inch heels were shiny black patent leather. They seemed to pitch her body slightly forward which gave a bird's eye view of her ample cleavage. Her maid's uniform was a special design with extra "French" in the French Cut bra department. I imagined that she had had breast implants, but her bosom was so perfect it was impossible to detect any unnatural curve to it. She was a joy to behold.

"Bonjour, Marie," I said as she bounced over and threw her arms around my neck. "It's nice to see you."

Brandy giggled and Marie blushed and then said, "I was wondering when I am going to see Mademoi-

selle Breeann again? You are so beautiful and this is beautiful new hair you have." She reached up and stroked my long auburn wig and let her hand stray across my chin for a brief moment. "I have some new lingerie that I know you will love."

I blushed and Marie laughed with glee. "I shall bring the lingerie for you to see, Breeann."

"I think we'll just have tea right now, Marie. S'il vous plait?" Brandy said.

"But, Madame. She will look so pretty in the new lace we have from Paree," Marie pouted a sexy little pout and then blew a kiss in my direction.

Brandy giggled again and ordered tea for two, shoos Marie out of the sitting room and then pulled me down on one of the sofas beside her. Her look today was casual compared to the way I had seen her in the past. She was always dramatic, but today's outfit was the sort of thing that you might see a well dressed woman wear for a shopping trip during the day.

She wore three inch burgundy leather pumps with little silver toe caps with matching decoration on the top of the heel. You could see them when she sat down, but while standing, her long silken slacks came perfectly to the ground. They were creamy beige and were topped by a matching long sleeved silk top with a burgundy cowl dickie underneath.

Her hair was pulled back in a sort of French braid which came just below her neck and was tied with a large burgundy bow. Her bangs hung low over exquisitely made up eyes, a smokey purplish grey complimented by dark red lipstick and dramatic blusher. Her earrings were small pearl drops that hung from golden hooks which pierced each ear. In her left ear was an additional golden hoop that she fingered sensually as we spoke. Her ensemble was completed with a simple pearl necklace that peeked from beneath the folds of her burgundy cowl.

She brushed an imaginary hair from my cheek and lifted my chin with her hand. "You have lost some

weight, Bree. Your cheeks were looking good when we did your first transformation, but with your slight weight loss, not only is your waist narrowing nicely, but your cheek bones are looking very, very good."

I blushed and then made a face by drawing my cheeks in like a fish. She laughed and tickled me in the ribs which made me blow out a big breath and laugh with her. Marie arrived with the tea service and made a point of brushing against my leg as she put the tray down on the table in front of us. I patted her petticoats as she turned away and she laughed as she literally skipped out of the room. I had seen Marie only a few times in the time that I'd known Brandy and was really uncertain as to whether or not she was one of Brandy's "creations". For now, it really didn't matter, but if she was a 'real girl', she might be worth exploring further. Because of her employee status with Brandy, though, it didn't seem like the right thing for me to do to pursue her right now. The fascination returned though each time I saw her.

Brandy watched me watch Marie and I could feel her smiling. "You wonder about Marie, don't you, Bree? Well, let's just leave Marie in the maid's quarters for now, alright?"

I blushed and told Brandy that I thought Marie was a knockout and when she or Brandy decided to tell me her story, I'd be available to listen. Meanwhile, I needed some help and hoped that Brandy would be willing to be my accomplice.

"Accomplice?" Brandy asked.

"As you know, sweet Brandied One, I've been performing at The Chez Pink on and off since you shanghaied me there months ago and now, I have an idea that I want you to help me with. I've told you about Suzanne, the lady that I've been seeing for the past few weeks, haven't I?"

Brandy sighed and nodded her head, "The attorney you met at the green grocer?"

"Yes. Suzanne, the attorney. I call her Royer, the Lawyer. She's becoming an important lady in my life

and I have yet to tell her about my little side line at the club."

"What can I do to help you, Bree? It's an honorable profession, dancing in a honky tonk in frills and high heels. What's the problem?"

"Just let me get out of this get up and we can discuss it," I said, rising to get my clothing from the car.

"Oh, Breeann! You look so pretty. Even Marie says so. Please, do me the favor of staying in your feminine attire? You might even get to enjoy it."

"Well, it did help me out with a Highway Patrol Officer on the way here. I would like to change before going home, though. That was a close call!"

I related my brush with the law and she laughed. "You are just beginning to see the advantages of being a woman, Bree. Come with me," she said, and led me to a large mirror in the adjacent powder room. She stood behind me and pressed herself close as she cupped my new breasts in her hands, lifting the flesh even further out of the cups of the lacy bra Zee had given me.

"You are a very pretty woman, Bree. Look at this presentation. No wonder the officer was polite to you. We are living in a time when men and women are becoming more equal, but when you look like this, you may sometimes be, shall we say, a little more equal?"

Each time I had seen myself with the new 'accoutrements' today, I had felt something deep within me respond. I was totally satisfied with my life as a man and the new relationship with Suzanne was becoming important to me, but when Brandy pointed out that pretty women sometimes had a little advantage, and that I was a rather pretty woman, it made me feel warm all over.

"Watch this," I said and guided Brandy's fingertips to the nipples in the bra. "Just rub a little and see what happens."

Her fingers gently massaged the nipples and our eyes met in the mirror. As before, I could almost feel

her touching my real nipples under the inserts and as we watched, they began to rise and harden a little.

"Mmm," she sighed. And, I echoed her tone. My eyes closed and could feel myself begin to feel aroused. What was happening? Brandy was my friend and my sponsor. But, Brandy was a man, too.

Quickly, I reached up to hold her hands and stepped away from her, gently placing her hands at my waist.

I turned and stood facing her as she smiled and took a short step back from me, still with her hands on my waist. "We should have another cup of tea, perhaps, Bree?"

I caught my breath and stepped back and wondered where this beautiful person had come from. Why we'd met that day and how this was going to change my life. "Yes! Some tea. Yes, that's the ticket. I didn't mean."

Brandy gently placed her fingers on my lips and stopped me. "Shhh. Be still my beautiful friend. Be still. Don't worry."

She lead me back to the sitting room and poured.

"This is a new world for you, Bree," she said. "You are an excellent student and shall be amazed at the potential that this world holds for you. It is important that you take your time to explore, however. I sent you to Xiomara to take another small step and you seem to like it. Just enjoy. Cheers!" she said as she clinked her cup to mine and daintily sipped her tea.

"And, here's to sharing of secrets," she said as I blushed still from the sensual encounter we both had enjoyed.

"Yes. Sharing of secrets. What am I going to do about Royer?" I asked. "She deserves to know about this, especially if she and I get any more intimate than we have been. She's one of those confident and sexually liberated women, you know? We haven't actually, 'done it' or anything, but I can tell that it's important to her and, gentleman that I am, she's very attractive and what am I going to say the first time we get naked

and she notices a certain lack of hair on my legs and arms?"

At this point we both began to laugh and Brandy reached under the coffee table, bringing out a large photo album. I hadn't seen it before and she opened it to some photos that I didn't know existed.

"These were taken with a special camera that I have mounted in the transformation room, Bree. Does this lady look familiar?"

The photos were of me! It was a complete documentation of the transformation that Brandy had done the first time I visited her at Le Chateau. I was amazed how good I looked even half way through the procedure. When she finished my make-up and underdressing, then crowning me with the platinum wig, I really did look like a girl. A little pudgy, perhaps, but very feminine.

"Why don't you just show her these, Bree? I'm sure they tell the story better than a million words."

I leafed through the album and smiled. The feelings of that first night in silks and lace were still exciting to me in spite of the resentment and fear that I'd held for a while. But, we both knew that simply showing the photos to Royer, the Lawyer would be an unwise thing to do. There would be many questions about where this had taken place and who took the photos AND who the striking woman with the razor was!

"The straightforward approach, eh? I don't think so, Brandy. This is an intelligent lady and from what I've been able to determine, a bit liberal in her thinking, but I think it's better to find a more subtle way to let her in on my little secret."

Brandy fingered her teacup and smiled. "I have an idea, Bree," she whispered conspiratorially. "Here's what we'll do...."

Suzanne Royer, the lawyer, was five feet three inches tall and weighed in at one hundred twenty-five pounds. She was fit and strong. She had a laugh that

shook the room and a sense of humor. Her short red hair was not that natural red you see on other Irish lasses, but an almost punk purple which laid over her true black Irish locks and emphasized her aggressive attitude. She was a junior partner for a small law firm in Century City for whom I'd done a small remodel in their mountain retreat a few months ago. Suzanne was the liaison for the firm and we'd hit it off almost immediately.

She stood almost as tall as I and the first time we went out someone commented that they thought we might be brother and sister! We looked in the window of the restaurant where we'd eaten and laughed because we could see what the maitre d' was talking about. Though I was a sandy haired guy, our features were definitely Celtic and the old country was in us both.

The relationship with Royer was an easy one. We were friends almost immediately and became closer as we worked together. We shared an off the wall sense of humor and I found myself becoming attracted to her almost from the start. She was smart and funny: two major attributes in any friend as far as I was concerned. I wanted to tell her about my working at the Club and that this dressing up was a part of my life. I wanted to tell her, too, about Brandy and even the story of Zee and the incident on the freeway. I was afraid, though, that there might be something in her which would reject the idea of going with a guy who spent time in make-up, fancy dresses and high heels.

Brandy and I had devised an idea, though, which we thought might gently draw Royer into this scene and in the doing involve her in such a way that not only would she approve, but maybe even want to participate.

I'd met Suzanne for an early dinner one evening in Century City before going to see a movie there. We chatted idly about the day and I complimented her on a new color she'd rinsed into her hair.

"Oh, it's nothing. Just a little purple for fun," she said.

"You know, you women have all the fun," I said. "You get to get all gussied up in paint and do your hair while we poor men stay plain as oatmeal. I bet if this was like the animal world where the male of the species is the painted and puffed up one, that any man could look great."

"What are you saying?! Are you saying that it's all paint and powder that makes us so beautiful?" She emphasized the "beautiful" with long drawn out syllables and laughed.

"I'm just saying that you gals have an advantage, that's all. I'll bet that with a little help almost any man could be as attractive as a woman."

I knew that a challenge or a bet was irresistible to Royer and as we chatted I baited her further. "Take that guy over there," I said, pointing across the food court, "He's an average looking guy. Shave that beard and mustache and put him in a dress with a little make-up, I'll bet he could pass for a woman in a minute."

"That guy?" Royer laughed. The man I'd chosen was slender with longish hair and looked like a stock broker or someone in a nine to five job who worked in the area. "I don't think so, Brian. Even though hair and make-up do help a little, it's the inner beauty and feminine charms which make the woman. You boys are too full of snips and snails and puppy dog's tails!"

"Say for a hundred bucks?" I teased.

"Oh. I see," she smiled. "A challenge? Well, I'll tell you what. Let me go and talk with him and...No! YOU go and talk to him. And, if you can get him up in some acceptable drag and take him out in public and no one seems to notice, you win. However! If he doesn't pass the test, then you will have to take me to Tahoe for a week and pamper me from head to toe."

This was a win / win situation as far as I was concerned and laughed. "So, if I succeed, you pay me a hundred bucks and if I don't then I have to spend a grand on a trip to Tahoe?"

"Shake on it, pal," she said and extended her hand.

We shook hands and laughed. Her grip was strong for a woman and I liked that. All I had to do was approach a total stranger and tell him about a little bet I had with my girlfriend and in a few days I'd be a hundred dollars richer or...I'd have a wonderful vacation in Lake Tahoe.

I excused myself and walked over to where the dark haired man was sitting. Royer watched with some amusement as I returned to the table with a distraught look on my face.

"Aww, what's the trouble, Honey? Did the big bad man send you away?"

"Well, he seemed to take to the idea pretty well. Asked what was in it for him and I told him that we hadn't discussed that part of the deal, but offered him a hundred dollars, knowing that I'll be getting it from you very soon."

"You dog!" she said as she poked my arm with her tiny fist. "But, is it a deal? Will he cooperate? What did you have in mind, anyway?"

"Well," I said slowly, "it's like this. He said that he'd do it, but...."

"But???"

"But...he said that...that I'd have to do it, too! So, let's just call the bet off. I was only kidding anyway."

"Call the bet off? Call the bet off?? Are you kidding? Let's double the bet! Okay, Mr. Smarty Panties, you were so sure that you could make any man into a hot looking girl, let's just see what you come up with!"

She was practically beside herself with laughter and I just sat there looking perplexed! "But, Royer," I pleaded, "I can't dress up like a woman. It was just a joke, come on, let's call the whole thing off and just go to Tahoe anyway?"

"My dear Brian, a bet is a bet. And, as any manly man will tell you, when you shake on it, it's a done deal. What's your new girlfriend's name, anyway? Mary?" She bleated the name Mary like a sheep and laughed uncontrollably.

"His name is Brandon Something," I said. "He's in investments."

"Investments! Perfect!" she said. "This is an investment for sure. Is he willing to do whatever it takes to do this? I don't want him wimping out. What about his beard?"

"We only talked for a minute, Suzanne," I said, "but he seems like a nice guy, maybe I can talk him out of my doing this with him? I really don't know."

"A bet's a bet, and if the deal is that you do it, too, then you do it, too. If your theory is right, then you'll probably be the Queen of the May next to him. He must be six feet tall!" With that she pointed toward the man and sent me back to make arrangements for the challenge.

After a moment the two of us returned to our table and I introduced Brandon Speakwater to Royer, the Lawyer. We discussed the ground rules for the bet. I was to arrange to meet with Brandon the following weekend and together we would find the proper wardrobe and other frills and fancies and meet Royer and a friend she had wanted me to meet at Apple Annie's in the Valley for dinner. We had to stay for the entire course of the meal and then after dessert, if no one had done anything to indicate that we had been discovered, then I would win the bet. If anything happened to the contrary, then I was the loser and would have to face defeat.

Royer was charming and Brandon was gracious and seemed up for the challenge. His well trimmed beard and mustache made his eyes seem to sparkle. His smile was engaging and as we chatted at the table, I don't think that Suzanne knew for a second that Brandon was, in fact, my dear patron, Brandy de Le Chateau.

Later that night I drove Royer to her apartment in Santa Monica and she invited me up for a night cap.

"This is exciting," she said, "I'm going to love to see you in drag. I remember a show that my brother took

me to when he was in college where the fraternities did skits all dressed up like girls. At UCLA, they were very creative and I remember one take off on Alice in Wonderland where the guy who played Alice was a riot!"

I blushed. Royer was a few years younger than I and the skit to which she referred was the one my frat brothers and I had written and I had played Alice!

Years before discovering the intimacy of what Brandy was teaching me, I, as the smallest guy in my fraternity had been chosen for service in the annual Greek Follies. The idea was that the more outrageous the skit, the more likely we were to win the coveted Greek Fountain, inscribed with the names of the winning fraternities for the past fifty years. It was in fact, an old porcelain bidet donated by one of the founders of the Greek system at the university and pressed into service as a trophy sometime in the Twenties. It was inscribed with the names of the winning fraternities for every year from then until the present.

How I came to play Alice and help write the skit was simple. I was in a fraternity made up mostly of jocks: athletes. These guys were my brothers and I loved them, but I was a scholar much more than most of them and thus, once the theme of children's stories was announced, Buddy Howe, the president of the frat, decided that Alice was what we would do and I would do it. I think Buddy only knew one story and Alice was it.

In a nutshell, I came up with a short skit where all of the brothers would play the chess pieces from *Through the Looking Glass* and I'd play Alice and knock them all down. I can't remember the essence of the story if it had one, but I knew that without my input, we wouldn't stand a chance in the Follies.

After I'd rehearsed the brothers and found that they all could fall down on cue, I had to get my costume together. I went to a friend from an art class I'd taken who was a Theatre major and she'd agreed to do my costume for me.

I met Ellen Lang late one afternoon at the Costume Department in the Theatre Complex and she had my whole outfit laid out on a work table.

"Get undressed, Brian and let's see if this all fits. I don't have much time today and if we can get this done fast, then all the better. Don't be modest. In the theatre we all undress in front of each other all the time."

I was an engineering major, though and my sensibilities were a little different from the theatre crowd, but I slipped out of my jeans and tennis shoes and blue oxford cloth button down.

"T shirt, too, Brian. Come on, I don't have all day!"

I slipped off my T shirt and stood there in jockey shorts and socks. On her look, I took off my socks, too and felt a little naked.

"Oh, my...look at that golden down on your chest and arms. Your legs are a sight, too," Ellen said. With that she went to a table with make-up mirrors and took an electric clipper out of the drawer. "Come here," she said a little impatiently.

And, before I knew what was happening, she'd turned on the clipper and started to shave my chest!

"Wait a minute, Ellen. This is just a little frat skit, this isn't necessary, is it?"

"You want to win the Fountain, don't you?"

"Well, of course, but from the stage, who will see? Come on."

She continued to shave me as we spoke and it was clear that, like it or not, I was going to be a smoothly shaven Alice or not at all. It only took her a few minutes to complete her work and before I knew it, there I was, looking into the mirror of the costume shop with hairless arms and legs and the few hairs on my chest were gone as well.

"Now," she almost barked, "put this on." She handed me a white blouse, a blue pinafore with a white apron and a mass of stiff crinoline underskirts. She had black patent leather shoes with straps which

pinched a little when I put them on, but she scolded me and told me that it was important to wear stockings with them, which would keep them from sticking and make them easier to wear.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a flat chested Alice. Ellen, in her haste to get me dressed had forgotten and quickly skinned me out of my blouse and strapped a white bra on my chest already padded with foam rubber falsies. She pulled the straps up over my shoulders and then hurried me into buttoning the blouse as she pulled up the pinafore and apron.

On a Styrofoam head on the work table was a long blonde wig with a page boy curl, which Ellen placed on my head. "There!" she said. "Now for a little make-up and away you'll go. The bell of the Follies!"

She opened a large make-up box and started with my eyes. She wanted to do something to my eyebrows, but I said that was really out of the question, so she waxed them down and reshaped them with an eyebrow pencil. She applied a matte base of foundation and then blended my cheeks and did a blue shadow on my eye lids. Since I'd never had much of a beard, it was simple for her to totally cover it. She finished the job with a bright pink lipstick and an additional coat of mascara.

My head was spinning at this point and realized that all I had to do was basically stay out of her way and I'd probably be fine. She worked like the wind and when she spun my chair around and boosted me out of it, there I stood: Alice! And, I felt like I was in Wonderland!

Actually, I looked rather pretty and it seemed as though Ellen thought so, too, as she came close behind me turned me to her and adjusted my stuffed bra. "You're a riot, Alice," she smiled and kissed me on my lips.

I was shocked, but that kiss to a nineteen year old fraternity guy with healthy hormones, regardless of the situation from a pretty coed was very welcome. I returned her kiss and we found ourselves on the work

table...working, as it were, to undo the wonderful job she'd just done for my "Alice".

I reached for her skirt as she pulled the apron and pinafore over my head and undid my blouse. It was pretty intense for a minute when we heard a sound and looked to see Mrs. Stevens, the head of the costume department coming in the door at the far end of the costume shop! She was preoccupied with a book she was carrying and we were able to disengage and roll off the table out of sight before she got to our end of the room.

I looked at Ellen and I could see terror mixed with passion in her eyes. We started to giggle, but stifled ourselves and stayed quietly on the floor, hidden by the work table. Mrs. Stevens was so preoccupied with her reading that she simply passed through the shop and into her office and closed the door.

Ellen and I stared at each other silently. I imagined what I must have looked like with a blonde wig all askew and my costume in various states all over the place. We sat quietly on the floor and finally, Ellen whispered, "You are a riot, Alice!!" and fell on the floor in silent gales of glee. I held a hand over my own mouth and rose to gather my jeans and quickly dress.

I found a jar of cold cream on the make-up table and rubbed the make-up into oblivion as Ellen sat quietly on the work table watching me. "You really make a really cute girl, Brian," she said quietly. "I like boys, of course, but when I saw you all pretty in your Alice costume, I just couldn't help myself. Maybe we can do this again sometime when we have more privacy?"

"Geez, Ellen," I said. "This is just for the Follies, ya know? I like you just fine, but if we have to dress up, then, well, I just don't know."

Ellen and I stayed in touch during the remainder of our college days, and, we discovered some interesting things about each other. But that's another story. I'd like to say that my fraternity won the Fountain, too, but it was the O Pi's with their rendition of The Ugly Duckling, featuring a real duck that won that

day. I did get some nice compliments on my legs, though and won 'Best in Show' for my Alice costume, so we didn't lose out altogether.

During the week, I visited Le Chateau and conspired with Brandy to prepare for the following weekend's date with Royer and her friend. Brandy's sense of humor was in fine shape as she produced a sequined cocktail dress she'd found for me to wear.

"Sequins? Really, Brandy, isn't that a bit much?" I asked.

"Well, Bree, my dove, since the real purpose of this little charade is to help you disclose to your Royer Lawyer your growing interest in dressing up, why not make it special? Besides, I get these gowns at a special rate, so we aren't spending a fortune. This is going to be fun, wait and see. We'll have to tell her how I had to shave and shave and how finding just the right wig and make-up were so difficult."

We discussed our outfits and it was decided that I would come early on the following Saturday morning and together we would "create" our characters. Of course, it wouldn't be nearly as much trouble as we would complain to Royer that it was.

Saturday morning came and I called Royer on the phone to tell her what our progress was and to confirm what time we would all meet at Apple Annie's.

"Hi, Suzanne, it's Brian," I said on the phone as Brandy assembled our outfits and accessories. "I was really reluctant to do this, but finally went to the bathroom and took razor in hand to shave. I was very concerned about nicking myself but the lather felt so warm and creamy on my legs when I lathered them up."

"Oh, Brian," Suzanne breathed on the phone, "you are making me a little warm, but do go on."

Brandy smiled.

"I bought a special lady's razor and took special care to wash each leg and then lather it from my ankle to my thigh. And, with long slow strokes I drew the

razor up and up my leg, watching the clean pink skin show through with each succeeding stroke. The sensation of the smooth clean skin is incredible. Just wait until you see me!

"Then, I shaved my arms and even, in the spirit of the evening decided to shave under my arms. Of course, my sequined gown is sleeveless, isn't it? I know that you believe in doing things all the way and this is for you!"

"Oh, Brian. You actually shaved all the hair from your body?" Suzanne asked.

"Not all the hair, Royer, but I did do my eyebrows a little. Brandon insisted that I have to sacrifice something because he had to shave his beard and mustache. You won't be disappointed."

We chatted for a minute longer and I was really getting the feeling that Suzanne was more into this than I'd ever imagined. She was a competitor, though, so I hoped she wouldn't have an ace up her sleeve just for the sake of winning the bet.

Brandy and I then set to assembling our outfits and for the evening she pulled from her stock of beautifully coiffed wigs a mid back length honey blonde hair piece which was close to the natural shade of my own hair. She said that she could blend it with my own hair to make it look as though it was actually growing on my head. I rolled my eyes at her ingenuity and knew that if nothing else, this would be an evening to remember.

Marie was again on hand to help and her fascination with me seemed to grow. I was very flattered and wanted not to rebuff her, but I was doing this to help Suzanne understand about my performing at The Chez Pink and to see if our relationship could sustain with this added element.

Marie led me to the bathroom where all manner of fragrant soaps and lotions were laid out. She asked me to remove my robe and, reluctantly, I did, but left the terry cloth wrap around my waist. She laughed and turned on the shower and then with a deft move-

ment, pulled the wrap from my waist and guided me to the warm water. With a soft cotton washcloth, she washed my back and then pushed my head under the spigot and laughed.

"You'll have to do the rest yourself, Breeann. Madame says I must not. But, when you are pretty and clean, I have a surprise for you."

I washed myself with a wonderfully scented soap and shampooed with something called Santa Monica Blonde, which Marie said would bring out the highlights in my hair. I rinsed with a special Blonde rinse and then turned off the water in the shower. Marie handed me a thick white Turkish towel and as I wrapped myself in it, she stood me in the bath tub and began to lather my legs with a soft shaving cream.

"Whoa, Marie! I can do that," I gasped.

"Oh, Sweet Breeann, it gives Marie so much pleasure to do this for you. Please, allow me the honor? I shall be very, very careful. Marie promises."

I relaxed a little and watched as Marie deftly lathered my legs one at a time. She produced a straight razor, the kind that has always spooked me a little and proceeded to consummate the activity I'd spoken on the phone to Suzanne about. The only difference being that I was being shaved by a beautiful blonde maid whose soul purpose in life at this moment was to make me appear as feminine as possible. From time to time she would look up at me and smile. She was so pretty and I felt so pampered, it was wonderful. I was in Wonderland, again.

**ASK ABOUT OUR SPECIAL
PRODUCTS AND SPECIALITIES!
VIDEOS, AUDIO TAPES, MANUSCRIPTS & MORE!**

**Write to me,
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

She proceeded from my legs to my arms and then with expert skill, did my under arms and then glanced at my crotch.

"Breeann would like the bikini line, perhaps?" she giggled.

"Breeann would like not the bikini line, you little vixen," I replied and we laughed.

She took a light astringent lotion and bathed my limbs and under arms with it. It stung slightly, but had an intoxicating aroma. After the sting subsided, my skin felt baby smooth and tender all over. The soft feminine feeling was glowing in me and I was anxious to find my frilly accoutrements and begin this adventure.

"Madame is in her boudoir, Breeann, and has asked that I supervise your ensemble. Is this agreeable with you? She is taking extra time to be especially beautiful so that you may win your wager with your Royer Lawyer."

From the bath, she led me to the room where I'd undergone my first transformation. It looked pleasantly familiar to me now. Set out on the bed was the black sequined gown, sleeveless, with a choker collar and cut in the back almost to the waist. The bodice of the gown was specially prepared for the new breast inserts I'd gotten from Xiomara's shoppe, but first, Marie held out the bright red panties and garter belt Brandy had prepared for this evening.

HEY,
YOU
WITH
THE
PENCIL!
YOU
STINK!

NEVER PISS OFF
THE ILLUSTRATOR
BY GABI



I took the panties and pulled them on my freshly shaven legs. The feeling was extraordinary. These, too, were specially constructed to flatten my male member tightly against my body and it worked like a charm. Marie turned shyly away as I adjusted myself and then handed me a matching red lace garter belt and a pair of sheer black nylons. I donned the garter belt and Marie helped me turn it so that the garters were in the proper position. I glanced at myself in the mirror and it was with mixed emotions I realized that this process was a very thorough one. The reflection in the mirror, if you saw it from my waist down, was simply ultra feminine. From the waist up, however, I was still just me. I enjoyed the vision by blocking my recognition of my upper half and let Marie help me into the nylons.

The nylons had a subtle pattern and unlike pantyhose, which encase you very snugly in the tummy and buttocks, these allowed my natural shape more freedom of movement. Even though my hips were slim, my well formed buttocks were emphasized by the silken panties in a feminine way. We secured the stockings with the garters and Marie stood back to admire her handy work.

"Ah. Bien," she sighed. "Marie does good work, no?"

I smiled and reached for the slinky black sequined gown she handed to me. I held it in front of me and asked Marie where my breast inserts were.

"Right here, Mademoiselle Bree," she smiled, and placed the two inserts on the bed beside me. I drew the gown up along my nyloned legs and felt the silky lining caress each inch of me as I did. Marie came behind me and before she zipped the back, I placed the breast inserts into the special bra in the gown. They fit perfectly. I would have no real cleavage in this outfit, but the feeling of the inserts against my bare chest was warm and comforting. It felt almost as though these were a part of my natural anatomy.

I hooked the sequined collar at my neck and Marie zipped up the back and secured it with a dainty hook and eye.

"We must do your make-up to perfection tonight, no, my Bree?" Marie grinned.

"We must do my makeup past perfection tonight, yes, my Marie," I replied. "I know you're an expert. Just make me beautiful!"

"Oh, my Bree. You are already beautiful, you know? I have thought so from the day we met. Let me see," she said taking my face in her hands. She had shaved my face not once, but twice and my skin was sensitive and pink. She took another light astringent and stroked it on my cheeks and chin. She then took a special emollient and with most sensual care caressed my face. It felt like liquid silk.

She then applied a base make-up and contoured my cheeks and eyes and quickly applied several coats of mascara. She plucked my eyebrows a bit to get an extra arch to them and finished the job professionally with lipstick and blusher. I had deliberately kept my eyes closed as this procedure took place. It was much more fun for me to have the full effect and then take it in, gazing into the mirror.

After shampooing with Santa Monica Blonde, I could see that the highlights in my once sandy hair were now much, much lighter and the over all effect was that where I had been only a marginal blonde before my lightening shampoo, now I was much, much blonder. Blonde and blonder. An interesting concept.



I could hear my Marilyn Monroe voice getting softer and ditzier which made me almost laugh out loud.

Marie had set my hair with large soft rollers and even though my hair wasn't long in the rock and roll sense, I had let it grow out to about four or five inches: well over my collar and over my ears. Somehow the lightening seemed to make it look even longer and as I watched Marie do my makeup with the rollers in my hair, I imagined that even in this unfinished state that few would guess that I was really a boy.

Marie sprayed my rolled up hair with a setting lotion and then proceeded to softly and sensually begin to remove the rollers, leaving my hair in large sausage curls falling over my forehead and ears. She fluffed my hair and took a small brush to tease it into a bit of fullness. I relaxed and let my vision blur as she fussed over my now blonde tresses. Marie seemed to genuinely enjoy this process and every now and then our eyes would meet in the mirror and she would giggle and bite my ear or pinch me gently, telling me what a gorgeous woman I was becoming.

I blushed and batted my long eyelashes at her, making her giggle all the more.

She brushed and sprayed and pinched my hair into stiff curls and then kissed me gently on the cheek. "Wait right here, Breeann. You will love this next part," she cooed and went to the large wardrobe across the room.

It was probably my imagination, but with the platinum highlights in my hair, I was having trouble remembering my right from my left. Maybe there was something to this 'Blonde joke' stuff after all.

In the mirror I could see Marie approach from behind with the beautiful blonde wig held before her like a gift. She held it at arm's length and took exaggerated little steps coming up to the mirror. It was obvious that this was a big turn on for her, too and she milked it for all it was worth.

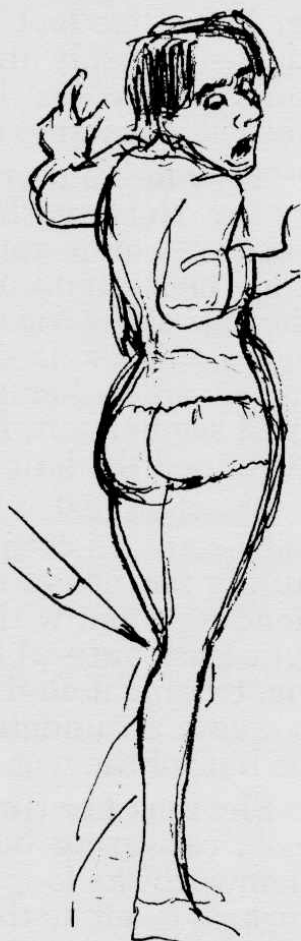
There was a pointed stand attached to the top of the dresser for the wig block to sit on. The wig had

been dressed in large soft rollers like the ones Marie had put in my hair and as she placed the wig on the stand, she began to remove them quickly and carefully. The golden hair relaxed slightly as she removed the curlers and seemed to glimmer a little in the light of the makeup mirror. She used a wide toothed wire brush with plastic protectors on the bristle tips to fluff and style the long blonde wig. It came to life in her expert hands as she carefully pulled the brush through the honey blonde and platinum tresses.

Gently, she used her left hand to curl the ends of the hair down and under, making the soft page boy bob bounce and shine as she did. Watching her work, every now and then, I would catch her eye and she would wink and giggle as if to say, "You must be patient! For perfection, patience is the key." I smiled and reached out to touch the glowing wig and Marie playfully slapped me with her brush. But, then, quickly took my hand and kissed the offending fingers one by one.

The top of the hair piece was styled a little shorter than the long smooth back and Marie fluffed the curls and smoothed the bangs, trimming straggling hairs with a pair of silver scissors. It came into shape in minutes and she then, withdrew the pins which fastened the wig to the block and gently lifted it by the edges and supported it with one hand and held it for me to see.

She was like a chef who had come from the kitchen to present her "piece de resistance" to the admiring patron. She smiled and curtsied with a quick bend of



her knee, one foot behind the other. Her crinolines stood out crisply and as she curtsied, I could see for a moment into her blooming bosom. I blushed and enjoyed every step of her presentation.

"Now for your crowning glory," she whispered into my ear. Her breath was soft and warm. The scent of musk was on it and I could feel the hair on the back of my neck stand up excitedly as she lingered there. The hair of the wig softly caressed the back of my neck and shoulders as she adjusted it on my head. She turned me to her on the vanity bench and again, I could see her soft, firm breasts move as she carefully positioned the hair piece.

She then took a large crochet hook from the vanity and began to fish through the weft of the wig, carefully pulling strands of my new blonde curls through and blending them with the blonde of the wig. She also pulled my natural hair in front of the hairline of the wig, teasing it slightly and brushing it into the bangs to create an undetectable blend of my own hair and the hair of the wig.

She took her time and teased me with the crochet hook, capturing little groups of curls and blending them with the long, luxurious hair of the wig. As she worked, it felt as though the long blonde tresses were actually growing from my head and I shook my hair slightly to see the light reflect from the room lights and could also see the reflection in Marie's eyes. They seemed to be alive with passion and creativity and she held my face firmly and pinched my red mouth into a bow saying, "No, no, Breeann! I'm not yet finished with you, ma cherie."

She primped and fluffed and pinched and puffed each curl until, at last, she finally stepped back to admire her handy work. She leaned her head to one side and studied. She then leaned to the other side and tapped her nose with the brush as if to say there was some new grace note she could add to make my transformation complete: some subtle addition she might devise which would make me not only a work of art, but her masterpiece.

"Mademoiselle Bree?" I heard Marie say as I came back from my brief reverie. "My Bree? Would you like to win this bet with a flourish?"

"A flourish, Marie? Why, whatever do you mean?" I noticed that my voice had become softer and the sound I'd struggled for a few days before was easily coming from me now. "Tell me what you mean by a flourish, Marie?"

"I have a little instrument here. It is for the pierced earring? Would you like for me to do you tonight? It only hurts for a moment and the effect is stunning. See? Madame Brandy has done me many times." She pulled back her platinum curls to reveal an ear with several small hoops, descending in size as they climbed up her ear lobe. She was breathing in my ear now and the effect was intoxicating. How could I resist?

"What the heck," I thought to myself and took a deep breath. "Marie, only one in each ear!"

Marie approached me with a cotton swab and she held my chin in her soft hand as she quickly and efficiently applied alcohol to each of my ear lobes. The solvent was cool and the sharp scent reminded me of the scent of alcohol the first time that Brandy had plucked my eyebrows. A moment later, Marie had centered my right ear lobe with the stainless steel piercing gun and then, with utmost grace, whispered, "This will pinch a little bit. Be brave!" She giggled and I heard a loud "Pop!" and could feel her place a little clamp on the post of the stud to hold it in place.

"Good," she said. "No bleeding! You are the very brave one, my Breeann. Hold still, one more to go."

She moved to my left ear and before I knew it, I heard two distinct pops and when Marie drew back, the look on her face told me that I was a three earring boy now, in spite of our agreement.



"I couldn't help myself, Breeann," she cooed. "Your ear cried out for two and I could not resist. Just wait until you see the results. Besides, it is our time for men to have the earrings, is it not?"

I could feel her place the tiny fastener on the first stud, but felt a curious pulling as she played with the other piercing. I could feel a bit of weight and when she stood back again, I gazed into the vanity mirror to see two diamond studs and on the left an additional long dangling chain of gold with a charm fastened to the end almost brushing my shoulder.

I had to admit that the idea of pierced ears had long been an idea I'd had. The fashion of men having one ear tastefully done was now in vogue and I'd even discussed it briefly with Royer well before this idea had arisen.

Three earrings! Well, what was done was done, and I had to confess that the sensual rush that accompanied the piercing far outweighed the slight discomfort of the actual Pop! And, I looked amazingly feminine, especially with the long and dangling earring brushing my soft white neck.

Unlike the costumes and the makeup that I'd done before, this was different. This was a very classy person. The person in the mirror was a person to be dealt with. This was power!

"Wow," was all I could say and over my shoulder I could see Marie hugging herself with glee.

"I do good, Breeann?"

"You are a magician, Marie."

I stood before the mirror and Marie came up behind me and put her arms around my tightly cinched-in waist. The black sequins shone with the ambient light of the room and it even embarrassed me a little to find that the honey blonde in the mirror was even turning me on a little.

At that moment, Brandy's voice came from outside the door, "Breeann? Are you decent?"

The moment passed and I hugged Marie who pressed her little body close to mine and hugged me back.

"Open the door, please, Marie," called Brandy. "I want to see this masterpiece and see if I can measure up."

Marie opened the door.

I had known Brandy for many months now and thought that I had seen all of her special persona, but the image standing framed by the door was dazzling.

Brandy had chosen a deep burgundy, velvet gown which clung to her slender body like a glove. The sweeping skirt flowed from her well turned hips to the floor as the close fitting bodice and long sleeves accented her perfectly proportioned breasts and shoulders. At her throat was a simple diamond necklace, complimented by a matching bracelet on her left wrist.

Her hair was drawn back in an upsweep, to which she had added a perfectly blended fall which came to her shoulders and made her look as though she had just stepped from a 1940's detective movie as a femme fatale. In each ear she wore a simple diamond stud. Her nails were perfectly matched to her gown and from beneath it, when she walked, through the thigh high slit I could see her black stiletto heels. She stood well over six feet tall and carried every inch of it like a lady.

"Bree? You like? You think Suzanne will be surprised?"

I was speechless. "Brandy! You are the classiest woman I have ever seen. There's no way that Suzanne will ever believe that you and your Brandon character are the same person."



She laughed. "Breeann, my love. Take a look in the mirror. She might have a doubly hard time with this, don't you think? Marie, Bree is your masterpiece tonight! Congratulations!" Marie curtsied and glowed with pride.

We all stood there for a moment realizing that our feminization was a fantasy come true and even though I still had doubts about how I wanted to include this "hobby" in my life, I knew that with my freshly shaven body, plucked eyebrows and pierced ears, I'd made some commitments already. What if Suzanne couldn't accept this? What would I do then? I did care for her very much.

As though she could read my thoughts, Brandy, stepped close to me and put her arms around my neck. She looked directly into my eyes and smiled. "Don't worry so, little one. Tonight is our night to shine. Let's get to it!"

I had promised Suzanne that we would arrive at the restaurant by eight and it was now almost seven thirty. Brandy insisted on taking the Jaguar and I was happy to ride in it. We wound our way down Ventura Boulevard and past The Sportsman's Lodge to turn into a little driveway where Apple Annie's was located in the back of some other exclusive shops and cafes.

Brandy pulled up to the valet and waited for him to open the doors for us. A strong young man offered his hand to me and helped me from the car as Brandy admonished the other valet to take special care of her Jaguar. I saw her slip him a tip as I walked to her side. She took my arm, as lady friends often do and we entered the restaurant with flair.

Inside, it was dark and soft music was playing. I looked around to see if Suzanne and her friend had arrived yet and spotted her sitting at the bar with a very handsome man. Brandy and I approached them and I could feel the eyes of everyone in the place watching us as we slowly found our way through the bar. I even thought I heard a low whistle, which made me blush. I could feel the long blonde hair brush my

shoulders and the subtle scent that Marie had sprayed on my neck and wrists was now making me feel dizzy. Dizzy, but in a good way.

As we approached, Suzanne looked up and looked directly into my eyes and then she looked at Brandy. A hint of jealousy popped into them as she turned back to the gentleman she was sitting with. I came up to her side and bent to whisper in her ear. "We're here!" I smiled. She jumped a little and then pulled back to look at me.

Suzanne's jaw flopped open like a trout and her eyes grew big as saucers.

She cast her gaze first to me and then to Brandy and then back to me. All of a sudden, she caught her breath and almost screamed, "Oh, My God!!!!"

That startled me and I could see that others in the restaurant were a little alarmed, too. We were attracting a bit of attention.

"Oh, My Gawwwwd!!" and that was all she could say for almost a minute. Then, she began to laugh. I looked past her to the man seated next to her and thought that he looked familiar. I couldn't place the face, but, there was something about him that I knew that I knew. At this moment, however, it was Suzanne who was going over the top and the more she laughed the more giddy she became.

After a moment, we all calmed down and I quietly asked Suzanne if she wanted to pay me the one hundred dollars now or perhaps wait until after dinner. By this time, the entire restaurant had noticed us and whether or not we had been "clocked" by anyone I



couldn't tell and at this point didn't even care. I felt so confident, though, that I knew that no one would ever, in a million years read Brandy and with this new look of mine, I felt that I was totally presentable, too.

We retired from the bar to a table in the back of Apple Annie's and Suzanne introduced her friend. He had not been let in on the bet and as far as he was concerned, he was now with three beautiful women for dinner and an evening on the town. Gregg Campbell was another lawyer whom Suzanne had gone to law school with in San Francisco and he was in Los Angeles for a week to see clients and take a deposition, he said. I stared across the table at him, wondering where I had seen him before and he returned my smile.

Suzanne started to introduce us and said, "Well, Gregg, this is a little unusual, I guess. This is...."

"Breeann," I quickly inserted, "and my friend Brandy? We met Suzanne last week at Century City. Do you ever shop at Century City, Gregg?"

"I've had some business at Suzanne's office, so I did go there once this trip," Gregg replied. "I haven't had much time for shopping though. It takes so long to get from one point to another around this town of yours, I spend half of the day driving on your freeways."

It was at that moment that I realized who this person was. He was the blonde I'd seen at The Boob Factory! He didn't seem to recognize me, but I could feel my face flush. I was a red head when we'd brushed past each other. Did he recognize me? I quickly kicked Brandy under the table.

I gestured with my eyes and she understood that I had to talk to her and it had to be Now! We excused ourselves to the Ladies' Room and when we closed the door, I was almost out of breath.

"That guy. Gregg? I saw him at Xiomara's last week when I was there. He was a beautiful blonde in a micro mini skirt! And, he saw me! What are we going to do??"

Brandy smiled. "So, Gregg is an adventurer in the land of satin and silk, eh? Well, let's just play the evening out. I may have a little surprise for him later on."

We settled back down at the table and Gregg was still looking at me with some curiosity.

Suzanne then asked, "Gregg? Do you notice anything different about these friends of mine?"

Oh, no. Was she going to blow our cover right in the middle of the restaurant?

Gregg looked at Brandy and then at me. I reached under the table and pinched Suzanne on her thigh.

"Ow," she cried and then laughed. At that moment the waiter appeared, asking if we'd like drinks before dinner and Gregg took charge. "Bring us a bottle of nice champagne," he said. "And, some glasses? These are classy gals I'm out with tonight!"

We all laughed politely and carried on light conversation for a bit. "What did you mean a moment ago, Suzanne? Something about your friends? They're delightful ladies from where I sit. If either of you are ever in the Bay Area, I hope you'll give me a call." He took his business cards from an inside jacket pocket and handed one to Brandy and one to me. "How do you all know each other?"

I looked at Suzanne and she looked at me. It was Brandy who spoke, however, "Bree and I were at the Century City Shopping Center one evening and Suzanne sort of picked us up!"

We all laughed and Suzanne replied, "Well, it was something like that. What have you been doing for



fun while in L.A., Gregg?" quickly changing the subject to him.

"I've been too busy for much socializing, but wanted to see a club out here I've heard a lot about? The Chez Pink?"

I almost did a classic spit take and Brandy was even surprised by this one.

"Where's The Chez Pink, Gregg. I don't believe I know it," Suzanne replied.

Leave it to Suzanne. She was probably splitting at the seams now with this guy wanting to take in a female impersonator show and certainly she knew that if Brandy and I went in there, we would be discovered in a minute. She didn't know that I'd been working there, but it seemed like a natural place for us to be read.

"It's a female impersonator club, Suzanne. We have Finocchio's in San Francisco and I go there with clients from time to time and I've heard that The Chez Pink is equally entertaining."

"Sounds like fun!" Suzanne smiled and I kicked her under the table. She kicked me back and made a funny face at me.

We finished our dinner and all the while I was trying to figure out how to avoid going to The Chez and Suzanne was continuing to rave about how much fun it would be to go there.

The service for our dinner and the food had been wonderful and I'd hoped that at the end of dinner, as we had agreed, we would stop the game and pay off the bet which ever way it went.

Brandy took Gregg's arm and Suzanne took me aside for a moment and asked, "Okay, what did you do with the guy we met at Century City? This is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my life!"

"It's Brandon, Honey," I said. She gave me the evil eye. "Honest. I got a professional female impersonator to help us and I'm as surprised as you are that he cleaned up this good. This is a test to my heterosexuality, I can tell you."

"You're not a bad looking girl yourself, 'Breeann'. Nice take on Brian! Did you do something funny to your eyebrows? And, it looks as though your ears are really pierced. Nice touch!"

"Well, I may have gotten carried away. But, do we look like beauties or Queens of the Boulevard?" I knew the answer. I just wanted her to admit that both Brandy and I were great looking girls.

Suzanne slipped something into my hand. It was a one hundred dollar bill. She smiled. And, then, when no one was looking, she planted a kiss on me that was not a girlfriend peck on the cheek. "Let's go over to that club Gregg wants to see. If you pass there, you'll pass anywhere. And, you'd better fix your lipstick!"

"Your lipstick can use a touch up, too," I laughed.

In the Ladies' Room Suzanne helped me with my make-up. She seemed to enjoy this added element. "You do look stunning as a girl, Brian." The attendant's ears perked up at that and we quickly left!

"I have an idea," I said to Suzanne. "Why don't we just tell Gregg and call it a night? If he wants to hit the club, then he can do that by himself. I'd really like to spend a little time alone with you!"

We returned to the foyer of the restaurant and joined Gregg and Brandy. Brandy said that she had a surprise for us. Why couldn't we go back to her place for a night cap?



That seemed like a better idea than having the gang at The Chez Pink greet us like long lost pals and basically blow our cover as well as let Suzanne know too much about me before I was ready. So, we left Gregg's and Suzanne's cars at the restaurant and all got into Brandy's Jaguar to go back to Le Chateau.

On the road, Brandy picked up her car phone to tell Marie to expect special guests and in a few minutes we were driving through the gates of La Chateau and parking in the cobbled courtyard.

"Interesting fountain," Suzanne remarked. "Brancusi?"

"You are a collector?" Brandy asked.

"More an enthusiast," she replied, "but I do find this piece striking. And, a bit suggestive?"

We all laughed. "Freud once said that sometimes a cigar is just a cigar," Brandy giggled.

"But, this is a fountain which is not a cigar," Suzanne responded and everyone laughed again.

We all sat comfortably on the warm peach colored sofas in the drawing room and Gregg toasted us. "Here's to the three most beautiful girls in the world," he said. He'd had a couple of drinks and now the spirit of the party was warm and loose. He'd loosened his tie and was admiring the artwork on the walls of the room.

He then looked at me and had a strange look in his eye. "I've seen you somewhere before, Bree, haven't I? You have looked so familiar all evening. You were not so elegantly dressed, but I know I've seen you before?"

"Oh, Gregg. It's just the wine, I'm sure. I have one of those faces, you know?"

"Were you ever a red head?" he asked.

At this point I could see a look of some concern in Suzanne's eyes and began to feel a bit uncomfortable. "No. Just a silly blonde," I said, laughing a little nervously.

The look in Suzanne's eyes was quizzical. "I'm going to the powder room. Join me, Breeann?"

"Right behind you," I said and we rose and headed out of the room.

"What is Gregg talking about? You only have one wig don't you?" Suzanne whispered, lightly touching my hair sensuously. "You do look beautiful, Bri. You are truly a beautiful 'girl'. This is a test to MY heterosexuality, I guess." She snuggled into my arms and kissed my neck softly.

Then she held me at arm's length and looked at me suspiciously. "Have you ever seen this guy before?" she asked softly.

I was stuck. I wanted to confess everything to her at that very moment, but was unsure as to how she might react. What would she say if she knew so soon that this was more than just a casual hobby for me? I looked into her eyes and then, took her face in my hands and I kissed her.

"Brian! My make-up! Our make-up! What are you doing?"

"Royer, I love you. You know it and I know it. How do you feel about me?"

"Brian? What are you saying? We've only known each other for a few weeks, how can you say this?"

I kissed her again and this time she responded. She drew back briefly and then, reached for my sequined breast and my magic nipples responded to her touch.



"What is this?" she smiled. She then let her fingers stray into my top and found the nipple again. We kissed and I mirrored her amorous touches. This gave new meaning to the phrase tit for tat! We fondled each other for a moment until it was clear that my dress would not stand this kind of abuse and we reluctantly pulled apart.

We both went into our respective purses for make-up repair and wound up working on each other instead of ourselves.

"We have to talk more about this, I think, Mr. Sikes," Royer said.

"Tonight would be good, I think," I replied as we exited the powder room and rejoined Brandy and Gregg in the sitting room.

Brandy and Gregg had evidently hit it off quite well and were seen climbing the stairway to the second story of the estate when we returned. Royer looked at me as if to ask what was going on, but I just smiled and pulled the velvet cord summoning Marie.

Brandy turned back to us from the stairs and blew a kiss. She winked at us and then waved with her fingers. "Toodle ooo," she mouthed and grasped Gregg's arm as they turned down the corridor which





AAAH!
I GUESS
IT'S A
LITTLE
LATE TO
SAY I'M
SORRY?

NO! NOT
THE INK!

led to a room I knew very well. Brandy had a surprise for Gregg and I think they both knew what it was.

"Oui? You rang, Mademoiselle Breeann?"

"Royer and I are going to leave now. Thank Brandy very much for the use of the hall and tell her that I shall expect a full report in the morning."

"Brandy?" Royer asked. "Brandy is Brandon's name? Is there something I'm missing here, my dear?"

I smiled at her and handed her her purse and opened the door. I waved at Marie who blew me a little kiss and waved good night. We crossed the cobblestones to my car and Royer stopped me by the fountain.

"There is more to this than meets the eye isn't there, my peach? Did you know this Brandon/Brandy/whoever he/she is before we saw him at dinner that night?" Her face was close to mine and I could smell that subtle fragrance only lovers smell when everything is going right.

I just smiled and in the moonlight, kissed her again. "Forget about the make-up this time, Suzanne. I've got a lot to tell you, but I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. What do you say?"

She reached her hands up into my hair, careful not to disturb the wig, but to let me know that she was touching me in a very intimate way. My hands went to her well formed bottom and massaged it as I drew her to me. My sequins crunched a little as we kissed in the moonlight in the shadow of the marble fountain.

Quietly, we walked to the car and as I opened the door and helped her into the front seat we kissed again. Rushing to the driver's side, I started the car, opened the gate and drove with Royer, the Lawyer into the soft California night. The smell of eucalyptus wafted through the air. The sound of the freeway hummed in the distance. Yes. This was a night to remember. Yes. And, this was the beginning of a very beautiful friendship.

Yes.

If you liked this story...let me know!

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



TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

**"BORN TO BE
A BRIDE"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 46
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

**"BORN TO BE
A DAUGHTER"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM**TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES**

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

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

TV Fiction Classics

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW.....	10.00
A PROPER LADY #91 NEW.....	10.00
A PROPER BOY #90 NEW.....	10.00
SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW.....	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #16.....	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A.....	10.00
GIRLISH #87.....	10.00
PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86.....	10.00
GIRLS GETAWAY #84.....	10.00
PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83.....	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82.....	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81.....	20.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79.....	10.00
CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78.....	20.00
JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76.....	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74.....	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGHEN #72 & 73.....	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71.....	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70.....	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69.....	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67.....	10.00
JUST & TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66.....	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64.....	10.00
FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63.....	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62.....	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61.....	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60.....	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58.....	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56.....	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55.....	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53.....	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52.....	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51.....	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49.....	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47.....	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books.....	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43.....	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 books.....	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41.....	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40.....	10.00
WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39.....	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38.....	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37.....	10.00
SLINK OR SWIM #36.....	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35.....	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34.....	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33.....	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32.....	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31.....	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29.....	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28.....	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books.....	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25.....	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24.....	10.00
PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23.....	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22.....	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21.....	10.00
THAT A GIRL #20.....	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19.....	10.00
NEAR MISS #18.....	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17.....	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16.....	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15.....	10.00
MAID UP #14.....	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13.....	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12.....	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11.....	10.00
SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10.....	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9.....	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8.....	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7.....	10.00
CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6.....	10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:

DRESS or CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW.....	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW.....	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70.....	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69.....	10.00
SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68.....	10.00
PURSE STRINGS #67.....	10.00

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

TRANSFORMA Fiction Series:

MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25.....	10.00
RED, WHITE AND PINK #24.....	10.00
FOGLED INTO FRILLS #23.....	10.00
TURNABOUT PARTY #21.....	10.00
BOYS TO BABES #19.....	10.00
THE MAKEOVER #18.....	10.00
PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17.....	10.00
FEMININE FORKIE #16.....	10.00
MANNQUIN #15.....	10.00
BIRTH OF BARBARA #14.....	10.00
IDEAL MARRIAGE #13.....	10.00
CHARM SCHOOL #12.....	10.00
ACCEPTANCE #11.....	10.00
FASHION MODELS #10.....	10.00
TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9.....	10.00
CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7.....	10.00
CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5.....	10.00

TRANSFORMA TV FICTION

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

OTHER GREAT STORIES:

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

TOTAL ORDER

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA residents only).....	
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 mod.).....	
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate - up to 10 books).....	

TOTAL ENCLOSED**SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:****SANDY THOMAS ADV.****P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

VISA or MC

exp /

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ST

ZIP

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD

9-08

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

HUSBANDS and WIVES

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION



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

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,

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

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

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

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.