

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"TASSELS FOR TOMMY"

A young man marries a stripper. . .
she suggests he go into the business too!



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"TASSELS FOR TOMMY"

by Sandy Thomas

Based upon a short story by Ann in Transvestia

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TASSELS FOR TOMMY

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**"The two happiest days with an ex-wife. . .the
day she signs off on your divorce and the day
you hear she's getting a divorce from the man
she left you for. . ."**

TASSELS FOR TOMMY

Based upon a short story by Ann in Transvestia.

Re-written by Sandy Thomas

I have what most men want. . .just not the way they want it.

Have you ever watched a woman provocatively take off her clothes? Ever wondered how she felt as she bared a shoulder, raised an eyebrow while swinging her hips and batting her eyebrows? I used to wonder what kind of innate feminine wiles and bravado it would take to bare it in front of an audience!

I know. I am employed as a stripper in a Vegas nightclub, and I have performed in New Orleans, San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles. My name is familiar to most who frequent nightclubs, and my pictures adorn many of the girly magazines that men like so much.

Being a stripper is an unusual occupation, and not many women would like the work. It is tiring, the hours are long and irregular, and one must suffer the negative stigma that accompanies the profession. To those women who are strippers, it is a fascinating job, and if you are good, it can be very rewarding.

Recently there has been a revival of the burlesque strip tease artists and they are not only in the seedy parts of towns but many are up scale and with mixed audiences. Yes, even the big

Hollywood stars are into it although it doesn't take 12 million dollars to get me to strip.

Still, that's not why my role as a stripper is unique. You see, although not many women are strippers, even fewer men are. . .and I AM A MAN!!!! I would like to tell my story from the beginning. I will be giving you many secrets of the trade, if you are brave enough to follow in my spiked high heel steps!

• • •

I was born Thomas Nelson in the suburbs of New York on Long Island. People called me Tommy. Nothing was unusual in my youth except for an interest in girl's games. Since I was rather frail, the rough sports engaged in by the boys were just too much for me. The more I tried to live up to my friends activities, the more frustrated and generally HURT I became. I quickly realized that the girls were much more sympathetic than the boys and they didn't mind if I joined them in playing jump rope and hopscotch.

One particular girl, Cheri, was more sympathetic than the others, and she would comfort me when the boys teased me about "dropping the ball" and wouldn't let me play with them.

One day, while she and I were playing in her house, her mother left to go shopping. She said she would be gone about three hours and for Cheri to stay indoors.

I liked playing at her house and was always welcome. We played some board games, but like most kids, we became became bored.

At first, I just sat quietly with Cheri as she talked about clothes, make-up and hairdos. "Hey?" Cheri suggested, "Let's play dress up!"

"What's that?" I queried.

"My girlfriends and I do it all the time. We dress up in our parent's clothes," she answered. "Haven't you ever played in 'grown up' clothes?"

I thought over her suggestion and said, "But, you don't have a father. How can I dress up as a daddy?"

"Silly, we'll both be mothers."

"But I'm a boy?"

"That's why they call it 'pretend'. You can pretend you're a mommy like me. We'll have a tea party! I bet you'd rather be a girl anyhow, wouldn't you?"

"NO!" I flushed and stammered.

"Com' on," she insisted, "Don't you hate those bully boys and how they always beat up on the smaller boys?"

Since I was small and got harassed, I admitted, "Yes. Okay I'll be a mommy but don't ever tell anybody. They would all laugh at me and call me a sissy."

"I wouldn't ever tell a soul," she promised. "It will be our secret." Then she added, "You know, if you were a girl, the guys at school wouldn't pick on you!"

I blushed. She had noticed. "I could beat them up if I wanted!" I defended.

"Sure you could. Now let's pick you out a dress."

I was suddenly eager to see how I would look as a girl. . .but I knew boys were supposed to hate anything feminine so I had to be careful what I said. I didn't want Cheri to think I was weird but it was obvious that Cheri knew that guys hated to appear effeminate and greatly disliked wearing anything frilly. That was probably why it was fun for her.

"Have you ever dressed up as a girl?" she asked me innocently.

"No, I never have," I replied blushing.

"You have a girlish face."

"I'm a guy and want to look like one---not like a girl."

She smiled and said, "Did you ever stop to think that your looking like a girl might be an asset to you?"

"No. How could it be an asset?" I replied.

"Well," she said going to her closet, "You might want to go on the stage and become an actor or actress. Or you could play both parts?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," I moaned as she picked out a dress. "I'm not a woman, and so how could I become an actress? A man can't be a woman."

"No, of course not," she said, "but a guy can transform himself into a woman so that nobody would be the wiser---especially someone like yourself who has the face and slim figure of a girl. If you went on the stage as an actress. . .you'd be famous. . .the boys wouldn't tease you then."

"Being famous? Wow, that would be exciting, but I don't think being an actress is possible," I said.

"Wearing pretty girls' clothes is very nice and I'm sure you will like the 'feel' of them. There is nothing nicer in this world than being a pretty member of the fair sex."

"I never thought of it like that," I replied.

She handed me a near weightless rayon dress with a back zipper. "What do I do?" I asked, taking off my shirt.

"Silly boy," she berated as she unzipped the dress and slipped it over my head. It was a little dream of a dress. A moonlit blue with little flower

blossoms. The fabric was so cool it gave me chills as it skimmed my body like a whisper breeze. It's gently rounded neckline and knee length floating skirt encircled my body as Cheri matter-of-factly zipped up the back. "See, they wouldn't pick on you if you wore this to school!"

"No, I'd be dead!"

I felt something. . .a longing within me that didn't go away as we put on panties, slips, evening gowns, nylon stockings, high heeled shoes, and all the works. We had a ball!

I immediately found that I really liked the feel of nylon and silk, as they gave me goose pimples and made shivers run up and down my back. That feeling was like no other in the world and Cheri saw it in me.

"Now that you've been in a dress. . .bet you wish you were a girl now?" she asked seeing me primping in the mirror.

"No way!" But I couldn't take my eyes off the mirror and my hands off the smooth fabrics encircling my body.

"I could give you some of my old dresses to take home," she said.

"No!" I almost yelled, then said, "I can't. Besides, I wouldn't know where to put them."

"In your closet silly."

It was like she didn't realize I was a boy! I was about to push the point as she pulled out her favorite dresses for me to "try."

Boring quickly of the dresses, Cheri said, "Your hair is a mess! I'm going to style your hair a little, okay?"

"Sure," I replied. With starry-eyes, I sat in front of Cheri's vanity mirror as she worked on my hair. First, she sprayed some funny smelling

mousse into her palm and worked it through my hair. Then taking a wide-toothed comb she combed out the tangles and with a blow dryer and brush, Cheri struggled with my hair.

She used the brush to form some lift at the top and curled the sides and back under. She seemed to be enjoying her work and said, "When I grow up, I might become a hairdresser. My usually straight, stringy hair now had lots of volume and stood out from my scalp.

When all the hair was dry, Cheri took her curling iron and sectioned off some hair from the front. She wrapped the hair around the iron and after a few seconds carefully slid the iron out. Working her way towards the back, she curled section after section, then worked down the sides as well.

I just sat silently in awe of her skill. When she was done, I stared at my reflection. My head was covered in tight rolls.

"I look silly!" I finally said.

"I'm not finished," she said smugly. Next, Cheri took her hairbrush and began to brush through the curls. This evened them out and suddenly gave me a softly curled under hair style---a girl's hair style!

"Hmmm, not bad," Cheri said. "What do you think?"

I stared and marveled at my reflection turning my head from side to side, feeling the curls bounce around my face.

"I guess this means I NEED a haircut!"

"No," she said proudly, "you just need make-up!"

Of course, a normal boy is not interested in dressing up as a girl, maybe because he usually

looks ridiculous. But Cheri could not help being pleased with the result of her handiwork. Even though I pretended that I disliked looking like a girl, I couldn't help but gawk at the results. I was pretty.

For some time Cheri gave me some practice in feminine deportment. She taught me how to sit down and get up gracefully, how to hold my hands and other feminine mannerisms. "You're a born actor," she said as I quickly caught on.

Cheri wanted to see how I would look in one of her pretty party dresses, and a pair of high heels.

"How do you like being a girl?" she asked as I looked in the mirror and tried to imagine going to a party dressed like this.

"It's okay," I said. I had seated myself so that I could see my reflection in the mirror. I was sure it was amusing to Cheri, to see me continuously looking at myself, move my head---preen just like a pretty girl would do.

I couldn't help it. I was fascinated with my girlish beauty and the pretty dress I had on, which made me look so daintily feminine.

"You know you're very fortunate," Cheri said. "Not one boy in school could look as pretty as you in a dress. You really are beautiful. . .in fact, many of the girls in school would envy your looks."

"Do you really think I'm beautiful?" I asked. I noticed that I had unconsciously raised and softened my voice, so that it sounded quite girlish. Already the clothes and make-up were having their effect on me but it seemed more natural.

I caught myself raising one hand and adjusted the curls about my face.

Cheri smiled, seeing a glimmer of feminine vanity already cropping up in me. I blushed, smoothing the lovely dress carefully over my

knees. My legs were crossed daintily in the way Cheri had shown me to sit.

We had such fun until Cheri's mother came home an hour early and caught us in her best clothes. Cheri was put to bed, and I was sent home. . . obviously without any of the dresses and my hair wet back and my face scrubbed. I was so embarrassed.

My parents were never told of this little innocent dress-up incident. I guess Cheri's mother thought it a harmless child's game that needed no further punishment than to be caught in the act.

Me? I was no longer invited to spend nights at Cheri's and she was busy being a "popular girl" at school. But I had tasted the apple. I was hooked.

As I grew up, I secretly secured an assortment of feminine articles, although wearing them was done only in the privacy of my room late at night or when the family wasn't home.

I relate my early experiences only to show that my desires and wishes occurred early in my life.

My real beginnings as a woman began when I graduated from high school and went to work as a clerk in a large industrial firm. I worked in an office staffed mostly with women, and they greatly resented a male in their domain. As a result, they constantly made my life rough at every turn.

Consequently, I moved even deeper into my shell than ever before. When I was home, I indulged into the fantasy that I was a woman, bought feminine clothing through the mail order houses at every opportunity, and soon, I had as many clothes as the average working girl.



We had such fun until Cheri's mother came home an hour early and caught us in her best clothes..

Until this time, I had never bought a wig, nor did I use cosmetics. I guess I just hadn't reached that stage yet. One day, after I had been with the firm for two years, a girl who had been there only eight months received a promotion.

Thereafter, one girl after another went up the ladder as secretaries or senior clerks. When I asked my boss about this, he said that typing and shorthand were essential to these promotions. I explained that I had taken, and become quite proficient at, both typing and shorthand in high school.

"But, you're not a girl," he said. "The executives want women for their secretaries, not men!"

I brooded about this, especially when I learned that a top corporate secretary could earn almost twice my current salary.

Then, out of the blue, an idea struck me. If a woman was what "Corporate America" wanted to pay good money to, then maybe I could give them what they wanted. . .

I really had no idea where to begin but my strategy began by ordering a wig from a mail order company. My hair was long but not like I would need to conceal my identity.

I wasn't sure this would work but as soon as it arrived, I began practicing and learning. After work I'd go to my apartment and do my best at being a woman. I knew I'd have to project femininity in spirit as well as in being.

I worked hard at make-up, carriage, deportment, and feminine mannerisms. I was determined to be as good a woman as any of them.

It was laughable at first but after a few unforgettable weeks filled with many emotions, strangely enough, I began to feel as if it might work. Dressed as a woman, I saw an almost

pretty reflection in the mirror. As a man, I appeared small and mousy.

Unsure of the mirror, I read everything I could on fashion and make-up and spent every waking hour getting used to wearing a dress. I began to see a very striking woman in the mirror and decided it was time to venture into the world for the first time.

I was afraid and knew what I needed most was confidence. For my first excursion in skirts, I decided to go to a restaurant and a movie. Frightened but determined, I stepped out of my apartment and into a cab.

I was conservatively dressed in a silky little black dress that showed off my padded shape. I wore it with a simple elasticized waist circled with a wide black leather belt. The skirt was pleated hiding my matching black lingerie from the public's eyes. I felt so ridiculous but I was determined.

"Where to, hon'," the taxi driver asked.

To my surprise that first escapade went very smoothly. Though I probably appeared very nervous and talked softly as if I had a large frog in my throat but no one paid any particular attention to me. Before I knew it, I was home again. . . safe the closed door at my back.

I was no longer house bound!

The days became agony, the nights ecstasy, as my life became a regular Jekyll and Hyde existence. After work, I'd change, go to dinner, a movie or even do some shopping.

I watched the women and did what they did, acted like they did and felt nice inside.

I knew this back and forth lifestyle couldn't go on for long, so I took a bold step. I quit my job as Tommy Nelson and the next day, I reapplied for that very same kind of position across town as Laurie Storm.

I was immediately hired and was making 20% more than I was as Tommy!

It seemed like a lot more money but I soon found out I was spending all my extra money on new dresses and outfits to wear to work.

Whether I was wearing a simple brown tank dress or a fancy silk blouse and fitted skirt, I knew work came first.

Seeing my legs covered by nylons and a short skirt was very distracting as I typed and took shorthand for the executives. Sometimes it seemed like I was watching myself from afar.

Life was odd but wonderful. At first I was stand-offish but I got along splendidly with the girls. (like I always had) We talked about hair, fashion, and some of them talked about men. I shyly avoided any guy chatter; saying I had a boyfriend in the service.

Like in a dream, I got up each day and did my hair and make-up, slipped on a tasteful dress, nylons and heels and hurried to work.

Six months later, I was promoted to head of the department. I was in heaven, and I now earned more money than I had in three years as Tommy.

Then, it happened! I was told by the section head that I was to be interviewed by J. P. Caldwell, the executive vice president. Interviewed to be his new secretary. This caused me to worry because stories about J. P. went through the ladies washroom almost on a daily basis. He was the son of the Chairman of the Board and had

been GIVEN the position with out any work. He was a shiftless and lazy. As such, he had gone through six secretaries in as many months. I naively thought that was because they were inefficient or lazy, but I could not have been more mistaken!

J. P. liked me from the start. My reserved manner and shy approach to business made me a mark. I loved it that my salary was almost doubled. I was so uninformed. The first two weeks were routine, and Mr. Caldwell was well mannered and polite. He made many comments on my new dresses but since I was spending more on them I thought that was normal.

He really had very little to do, but he answered a lot of correspondence, and so, my work was steady.

One day, he called me in and asked me to sit on the couch. He sat beside me and said I was his best secretary since he came with the firm. Then, he began to tell me that I was also one of the cutest secretaries he had ever seen, and that all the other vice presidents were envious.

While we were talking, he surprised me by taking me in his arms and kissing me hard on the lips. Before I knew it his tongue was probing my lips. Because it had happened so fast, I was in a panic, but all I could do was stare back at him. Suddenly, his hands started roving over my body, and I really became frightened. In self defense, I slapped, kicked, scratched, and screamed! He was caught off guard by my reaction, and in seconds, he was on the floor in obvious pain.

In another moment, I was out of a job.

Everything had happened so fast! Tired, scared, and shaken by my ordeal, I hurried back to my apartment. He hadn't found out the truth about me, but still, I was out of a job.

That night, I cried, removed my make-up and wrestled with the question that raced through my head hundreds of times. "Should I forsake my beloved feminine clothes and go back to being a man?"

I was so confused and had no one to ask. I knew it was all wrong. . . a man couldn't just become a woman. Finally deciding that would be the ethical path, I grudgingly packed away my feminine garments.

Life as a man. . .

I got a job as a waiter, and entered a most unhappy existence. One day, to my surprise, I spotted a girl who looked remarkably like Cheri. When I got closer to investigate, I found to my delight that she was indeed Cheri. She was also happy to see me, and shortly we were reliving old experiences. To my delight, I found that she wasn't married and that she lived in an apartment barely three blocks from my own.

During dinner later that evening, I asked what she did for a living.

Her head lowered and she seemed a bit embarrassed as she replied, "I'm on the stage."

"Oh! An actress!" I shouted with glee. "How exciting!"

"Well. . ." she said hesitatingly. "I am taking acting lessons during the day, and I hope to be an actress someday, but in the meantime, a girl must eat."

I asked, "What do you do on the stage?"

"If you must know," she said rather bluntly, "I'm a stripper at the Royal Theater. I know it's sounds terrible, but it puts food on the table and



While we were talking, he surprised me by taking me in his arms and kissing me hard on the lips. Before I knew it his tongue was probing my lips.

pays my drama coach. If you must know, I really like stripping. I hope you don't hate me."

"Wow! A real stripper, eh? And of course, I don't hate you. Actually, I'm impressed!" I was truly amazed and could talk of little else all evening.

Once Cheri knew I didn't look down on her, she opened up and told me all about her profession. "The hours are long, but the pay is good and it keeps your body in shape. It's hard to explain," she said, "but there is a certain thrill that goes along with it."

As we talked, I asked if I could see her the following evening, and she agreed. The thought of the stage and the strippers seemed to hold a strange, yet thrilling, fascination for me that I could not understand. Cheri liked her job, but because of the public perception of strippers, she was ashamed to admit what she did for a living.

• • •

The next night, I saw all of the shows at the Royal. I even went backstage between numbers and was amazed at the activity that went on there. To me, it was a fairyland of people, costumes, and sets. I felt as if I was in a make believe world where people where people could be whatever they wanted. I was so envious. That's when I was struck by this exciting fantasy! I wished I become a part of this fantasy world?

In Cheri's dressing room, I told her of my thoughts, and we talked about what was required to become a successful performer. I also told her of my escapades as a male file clerk and as a female secretary. I told her everything including the sordid confrontation with J. P. Caldwell and my subsequent change back into a male.

Cheri listened with a sympathetic ear. When I was finished, she said, "I always knew that you would make a better girl than a boy. I tell you what. Why don't you come over to my apartment tomorrow night as a girl? I would love to see how you look now."

"I've packed it all away," I said.

"So unpack it."

• • •

The next evening, I was scared Cheri would laugh at me but I was unable to stop. I wanted to be perfect so I shaved my legs again and plucked my eyebrows. All those old feelings came back again.

Before I knew it, I was back in the clothes I had learned to enjoy so dearly. . .the nylon stockings, the slip, the cosmetics, and the lovely accessories that I had collected. It felt so natural.

I wore a suitdress. It had a long, loose knitted jacket with flanged shoulders, decorated with embroidered blossoms and a little contrasting piping in front. The trendy fitted plaid, pull-on skirt was short enough that my knees showed.

Scared to dead, I took one last look in the mirror and went to Cheri's apartment.

When she saw me, she actually reeled back on her heels. "Why, you're beautiful!" she exclaimed. "You're much more feminine than I ever imagined. I can't get over it! You look like a married lady on her way to church!"

"Really?" I thought that was GOOD!

"Yes, very proper and ladylike! But I prefer clothes a bit more. . .fun and revealing."

I blushed and said, "I thought. . ."

"You thought that since you are a man, you shouldn't be sexy as a woman, right? I can see why you got your boss going. . ."

I blushed.

"Being sexy is one of the most fun things about dressing like a woman and being feminine! You obviously like being feminine?"

I nodded. I was in awe of Cheri. She could teach me so many exciting things about femininity. I shuttered at the notion I could ever be sexy and confident as a woman.

We sat and talked like two girls for the rest of the evening. She was so understanding.

"You are so wonderfully slim. . .like a girl's figure." During our conversation, Cheri said, "Hey, I could teach you how to strip and dance. It would be fun and a great exercise. It would help you learn to move and handle your self with a more feminine posture."

"Really. . .that would be fun."

In her spare time, Cheri helped me learn the art of stripping. She joked, "When you get it down, maybe I'll introduce you to the manager of the club."

"Oh sure," I laughed.

"I have a feeling that your mother won't recognize you when I'm finished with you," laughed Cheri. "Yeah! That is what we are going to do--- we are going to completely feminize you!"

Flushed and excited, I was happy to hear her enthusiasm for what had be an unshared fascination.

WE BEGIN. . .

I looked forward to her calls. She'd say, "Honey? Are you ready for some EXERCISE?"

Each session was spent with a recap of our previous work out then a reminder of a few little things I could do to feel more girlish and sexy. This always made me blush. Cheri would say, "Forget about any male ego around me."

I worked hard, and when she thought I was ready, Cheri even brought home some of her costumes for me to wear in my practice routines. They were such fun to put on.

Her costumes were exquisitely styled with all the "accessories" including the necessary feather boa, cigarette holder, sunglasses and spiked heels.

There was beautiful bride costume with an exquisite white flocked tulle gown with a sprinkling of silvery glitter over a satin lining. The veil was accented by a pearl-like headpiece with mid length veil. Accessories include pearl necklace, with open toe high heeled pumps, short white gloves, garter and bouquet. (To throw to the highest bidder)

Theme costumes were big with the customers.

There was "The French Lady." It was an authentic costume inspired by the age of Napoleon in a French blue, gold and ivory gown with big puffed sleeves, fitted empire waist and an overskirt with golden metallic braid around the waist and hem. I felt so regal in the gown with the blonde wig in an upswept and softened do---worn with tiny curls fluttering around my face.

"It's even more fun taking it off," Cheri said with her insightful expertise. "Being a stripper means you are many women from many far off places to many men!"

I loved wearing the "Chinese Empress" costume with the striking mandarin-collar jacket with long sleeves that covered to my long red fingertips. (a Chinese tradition) Adorning the front of the jacket were two dragons, a symbol of royalty. Beneath the jacket, I wore a yellow silk dress. The final touch was a black upswept wig embellished with a large red tassel and golden charm. Accessories include 2 beautiful necklaces, faux jade and golden earrings and red high heeled slippers that made my feet appeared bound.

I was disappointed that I didn't have the physical attributes to fill out the costumes, after all, a stripper had to go a lot further than I could without revealing my true gender. This caused me much despondency, but I continued working very hard. As a result, the feeling had gone out of my life.

Cheri noticed my anxiety over the weeks, but what could she do? She added a new spark to my life. We went out as girls and went to movies, plays and restaurants.

We were becoming very close. She commented, "I love having a friend I can tell anything to. . .the minute I've ever told any man about my love of stripping, he runs."

I was wearing a knit open cardigan with a mock turtleneck pullover that flared over my hips and my short black skirt. I said, "I guess I love putting on women's clothes so I understand why you'd enjoy taking them off. It must be fun."

"It is! I wish you could really become a stripper."

"Me too," I said wistfully, playing with the hem of my skirt. "Mostly, I just wish I didn't have to keep switching back and forth."

Then, one day, she burst excitedly into my apartment. She said, "I talked to one of the girls who had been extremely flat chested in the beginning. Her solution was to visit this woman doctor who gave injections of estrogen hormones and plastic surgery. Now, she had the largest breasts in the show!"

"So?"

"You could too!"

My heart pounded as Cheri handed me the doctor's name. "I can't just waltz into a doctor's office and tell them I want big boobs so I can become a stripper," I said.

"Sure you can. I'd go with you. You just have to impress the doctor with how feminine you already are. I'll let you to wear one of my sexiest dresses."

"Oh dear, I don't know what to say," I muttered, "I'm a little frightened about it but I must admit. . .I'm terribly thrilled at the same time."

"Don't worry," laughed Cheri. "I'd love to see you completely transformed. I trust you will do your best to make yourself into a perfect girl."

"Oh my," I moaned, almost swooning at the seriousness of her proposition.

I was so scared that I couldn't even eat on the day of my appointment. I could barely hold my hands still as I applied make-up. I spent extra time on my eyes making them stand out the way Cheri showed me. My lashes were thick enough that I didn't need false ones for day but I used extra mascara. My lips were trembling as I painted them a ruby red.

I slipped on small gold earrings and nude colored pantyhose. When I reached for the white,

lacy bra, I looked down at my flat skinny chest. "I must be nuts?" I asked myself as I strapped the brassiere around my chest and hooked the back. I slipped some special breast pads made of silicone in the cups and pulled up my own skin to 'make' cleavage.

The frilly print dress Cheri suggested I wear was low-cut with a wide leather belt that created the impression of a narrow waist. The dress's skirt was full and flowed about my hips and legs. The long blond wig and black four inch high heeled pumps were also Cheri's suggestion.

"Isn't this outfit a bit sexy for day?" I asked.

Cheri laughed, "You are telling the doctor you want breasts to become a stripper---not a librarian."

• • •

The doctor was very nice and after a complete (embarrassing) examination, she listened very intently to my story and motivations. In the end, I felt as though I had made another friend.

She said, "You appear very feminine. You understand that with big breasts, you couldn't switch back and forth?"

I nodded.

Then without any prejudice, the doctor asked, "Do you wish to become a woman all the way?"

I looked at Cheri, who held her eyes fixed to the floor. I gulped and said, "No, I wish to look as feminine as possible, but I want to retain my male equipment and sex drive. Is that possible?"

"You aren't asking for much are you," she laughed, adding, "but seriously, I don't understand why you want to do this. Although I can see that you are a slight, under developed male and very feminine already. Your hands and feet are

small and delicate like a womans'. I hope you understand that what you are asking will make you so feminine that being a male in appearance will be impossible? Males will be attracted to you, not females."

"Yes, I guess that's true doctor, but I love women. I could never make love to a man. I guess I am a cross-dresser in the truest sense of the word. Although what I'm asking is almost like a transsexual, I'm in love with a woman, and I definitely do not want to lose forever the capacity to make love to her. I may be an emasculated male by appearance, but my masculine sexual urges are strong. I want to retain them. . .or at least some of them?"

"Who is the woman you love so much?" Cheri asked as her eyes rapidly filled with tears.

"You, of course, my darling Cheri," I replied. "I've loved you since we were kids together because you always understood me. I love you now, more than ever!"

"Oh darling!" she said as she rushed into my arms. "I love you too! My biggest wish is for you to be happy, and I'll even help you become a woman all the way, if that's what you want."

"No," I said, then turning to the doctor, "What can be done with me?"

"Well, we can start you out on extremely potent female hormone treatments. . .killing your sex drive only long enough to make you as feminine as possible. Shortly after your breasts start budding, I can operate on your chest and place saline breast implants under your skin. This procedure will make your breasts as full and sensitive as any woman's. It is quick, painless, but not proven safe for long term. We will want to remove them in about a year but by then you should have developed your own. I have helped many flat chested

women achieve self respect through this series of treatments," she explained.

"And his male sex drive," Cheri asked. "Will it come back?"

The doctor smiled, "After he's fully feminized, we will reduce his dose and his male drive will return somewhat although I doubt if it will be up to most male standards."

"I don't care," she stated. "I want him to have breasts."



The die was cast. I would become as feminine as possible but male enough to retain my girl, Cheri. Overjoyed, the following week, Cheri and I were married, and I moved into her apartment. For the time being, it was decided I should keep my job and male identity.

We lived together as man and wife for one week before I started the female hormones. Cheri danced for me and I was finding a never ending desire for her. She commented to me, "I'm glad you are going to be 'calmed down', your sex drive is too much for me."

Excited but filled with apprehension, just as I was savoring my awakened male yearnings, I received the first of many weekly female hormone treatments. Cheri seemed elated as the doctor pumped me full of female hormones.

The first couple days, I was nauseated in the mornings and sometimes couldn't get out of bed until noon. By the end of the first week, that male "itch" was gone and taking it's place was a glow that gave me goose bumps at the slightest temperature change.

"I'm sorry," I whispered after a failed attempt at making love to Cheri.

"Shhh! Put back on your gaff. . .this is good!" she said, caressing my sensitive skin. "It means the hormones are working! I'll teach you other ways to show your affection."

"Are you sure?" I asked, putting on my restraining garment and a pair of white nylon panties.

"Hold me and I'll show you what girls do."

Cool puffs of a new kind of desire began to flow through my blood vessels. I found my erotic sensations had fled my maleness to inhabit my chest, thighs and bottom. My nipples were tender and sensitive even with the protective restraint of the push up bra that Cheri encouraged me to wear continually.

Cheri ran her cool skillful fingers over my bustline, remarking, "These will be getting a lot better." Slipping her fingers into my bra cups and giving my nipples a little pinch with one hand and un-doing the bra with the other, her hands went over and over my immature chest. Her fingers went round and round, massaging the flesh, pulling it ever upwards until I had the awareness of what possessing a feminine bosom would be like.

Delightful sensations coursed through my body, as my manhood remained drawn up tightly between my pantied thighs.

Cheri patted it devilishly, teasing me she did so. "That's a girl. The only sexual indication I want to see is a wet spot!"

I flushed hotly, I muttered lowly, seeing how my dark pink nipples stood out distended on my chest, "My, they seem larger already!"

Cheri chuckled, "Men like big breasted females."

Each night I enviously watched Cheri head for the noisy topless bar with her spangled g-string under her dress and and high heels in her over-night bag. As I watched television at home, I knew she was on stage in the spotlight twirling her boobs while the men hooted and whistled and stuck money down her g-string.

Nothing was happening quickly and I was getting discouraged and sometimes cried when she got home. Cheri reassured, "You'll be coming with me soon, my dear. I see the changes in you already. You are getting emotional and that means it's working!"

"Really," I said as she dried my eyes. Her fingers pinched my alert nipples and I jumped.

"Ouch!" I said pulling away and covering the small but distended nipples. "Oh my, I see what you mean."

Cheri was unrelenting in her crusade to stamp out my male mannerisms.

"It's almost like you hate men?" I asked.

"Not really," she smiled, "I just hate the way they act. . .like they are high and mighty gifts to women. You don't act like that."

"I'm hardly a gift."

"You are to me!" With her ongoing prompts, my posturing, affectation and even feelings became more decidedly feminine. I carried myself differently. . .like Cheri did.

Over the next couple months I added weight to my hips and rounded out all over. On advice of the doctor, I went to an electrologist. Painfully slow all of my beard was removed---never to return.

I'll never forget when it started to become obvious and I put on my first bra for real---meaning I was beginning to need the support. Cheri had purchased me what she called a "training bra". It went on rather easily. All I did was take the straps and put them over my shoulders and reach behind my back and toy with the clasp until it hooked. The main difference was how the little soft cups gently pushed up my small mounds making them look bigger and full. The soft cups brushed against my nipples. I actually had some cleavage!

I stared at the dwarfish swellings. . .but the bra fit! My bosom was not as large or well-rounded as most females my age but there was no question I had girl's breasts on my chest, pronounced and feeling most out of place.

My waist was smaller and my bottom and thighs seemed fatter than ever. My body was being molded into the soft curves of a woman. For a couple days, I couldn't keep my hands off the cups of my bra and blossoming breasts. My fingers traced their delicate upward curves, lifting and weighing their light but luscious mass. My thumb and fore fingers pestering my sensitive nipples with deliberate roughness that was so frenzied I'd find myself in tears.

"Don't worry," Cheri assured me. "As they get bigger and more sensitive, you'll get more used to the feelings."

Most males who have heard my story, say, "Weren't you terrified?" I guess it occurred to me but it was like I was looking at myself from outside my body. This was all some kind of an dream (or nightmare) that I would awaken from---untouched. Me, a man, with tits and the figure of a woman? Impossible.

The incredulity of my situation bounced off me as the tide of emasculation continued to advanced until I couldn't deny it any longer. I suppose it is the same progression as a drug addict. One day you have to admit you're hooked.

I was only human: Deep down, I was convinced that my own body could never really be feminine. But there they were. . .curvy new contours under my clothes. Contours that made skirts fit better than pants and a bra a fitting addition. But I was still the same old me---right?

Wrong. When I first dressed up at work, it was really a disguise. I don't know when it was that I realized that now this was for real! I was going to be a woman.

All my "dressing up" had been entertaining, even stimulating but suddenly it all took on an spooky ambience. I saw women of all ages and couldn't help but wonder what it was like to BE them. Unless I did something, the hormones would continue to feminize me far more that they had done so far. . .maleness was already not an option.

I thought about it all the time. If I continued, I would be destined to a life-time of fine lingerie, curling my hair, walking in high heels and even having to respond like a woman.

Each day was taking me farther from my masculinity. Audaciously I began to study Cheri and other women around me. The way they sat with their legs together, their bearing, attitudes and emotions! Something new to me, even a run nylon would make tears flow.

Cheri was so understanding. She said, "We girls go through all this when we are in our teens. You are just a little late but look how well the hormones are working!"

She took one of those little cloth tapes women use to sew with and began to note my measurements comparing them to some that I had from a suit fitting. There was no question about the swell of my chest but what was amazing was the rest of my body. My girth is what fascinated me. My formally narrow hips were chubby with soft flesh that was clear and snowy white. My "outty" belly button was now an "inny" and my belly was no longer flat but rounded and stuck out a bit.

There was no question my boyish body had yielded to the flow of female hormones. My masculinity had retreated and no longer even made an effort. It was like my male sensory circuits had been clipped and re-routed to center on my breasts and bottom. All the fuss we "males" make about penis size now seemed so trivial.

I wanted BIG breasts!

Finally, the day of my operation was scheduled. It was decided that I should have 550 cc implants which I thought would be way too big but Cheri smiled at me and said, "School teacher or stripper?"

I quit my job and I we headed for the hospital for one night's stay.

Cheri giggled, "When you see me next, you'll be a new woman!"

I tossed her hair and grinned, "No more falsies or pads."

Cheri gave me a quick hug as the nurse wheeled me back to the pre-op room. "Tell the doctor to not spare the silicone! You're going to need as much as you can get to be a stripper."

I smiled nervously. She held my arm as they glided me through the doors.

Inside they adjusted my arms and strapped them in an awkward position and put an IV in my arm. The room was getting very warm even though I was naked from the waist up. I was feeling hot, flushed and thirsty as the throngs of operating room people prepared. I was about ask for water when I felt a cool flow in my vein.

I was distracted from discomfort but the doctor making marks on my chest---smiling and pointing.

Things got fuzzy and my eye sight blurry. I pictured myself walking through a mall in a prim, high necked blue dress that Cheri would never have worn in a million years. Then everything stopped abruptly.

“Hi dear,” I heard Cheri saying. “I’m so glad you are awake,” she said into my ear. “It’s over.” She brushed her lips softly against mine. I felt myself shiver with delight as looked down at the way the white sheet swelled outward from my chest. Cheri again pressed her lips enthusiastically against mine and we gazed at each other for a heartbeat.

It wasn’t until the next morning that I got to see them. The doctor came in to inspect his work and said, “Go look.”

I got up, a bit unsteady but went to the large mirror. Gasping, I closed my fingers around my full, perfect breasts. They were plump and heavy. They felt like jelly in my hands, and I gently hefted them---testing their bounce and elasticity. The scars were under my arms and shyly my thumbs worked across my nipples.

“THAT should feel good,” the doctor commented matter-of-factly.



I got up, a bit unsteady but went to the large mirror. Gasping, I closed my fingers around my full, perfect breasts. They were plump and heavy.

I had to make my mouth move. "It does." I was in danger of fainting. My breasts bobbed as I went quickly back to my bed and sat down. There was plenty of time. . .for the rest of my life, I would have a pair of tempting female breasts on my chest to touch and stroke.

Quickly after my breast augmentation, Cheri moved us into a new apartment, where, although we were man and wife. . .at least male and female. . .or something like that, we would live in the public eye as female roommates. The plan was that I would become Laurie Storm and probably never dress or appear as a man again.

At the beginning, when I returned from the hospital, I felt so odd and bizarre. They were huge! I was a husband but had a body any woman would be proud to possess and few men wanted as I did. My measurements were 38C-26-37, and now filled out Cheri's stripper's costume to perfection.

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Cheri almost laughed out loud as she surveyed my bewilderment as I got used to having BIG breasts. "And you thought I was joking, eh? It's going to be weird at first but you'll find out how wonderful it is to have big breasts like me," she giggled as her hands roved over my body.

Feminine feelings swept through me more and more as I submitted to my wife's subtle fondling. I relaxed letting her have her way. . .any notion of a masculine response had vanquished.

We exchanged loving coos and Cheri complimenting me, teasing, "My dear, I can't wait to see them sticking out through a sheer blouse!"

Our conversations had developed a girlish trill of gushing superlatives, spiced with saucy giggles and sly asides.

"The ARE big," I blushed.

"Sexiness isn't measured in bulk," she said, "Big tits aren't sexy with out being enhanced by self-confidence and a little intrigue. I can teach you that!"

"Where do we begin," I said, knowing that with each move forward, turning back now was more difficult.

To launch my future career, I needed to practice for hours each day the routines I learned from Cheri. I had to be able to dance and maintain the "image" for the six hour shift at the club. While no one danced for that long, they were under the eye of the patrons as they served drinks and socialized (also know as 'fishing for rich friends.')

I wouldn't be prepared for an audition until I could easily dance for hours without being tired! Yes, dancing was difficult but the hardest part would be doing it for hours in high heels wearing nothing but a revealing microscopic G-string.

The doctor showed me how to position and secure myself with surgical tape. Cheri made me a special garment to wear so that *everything* was pressed up and out of sight. It was very uncomfortable at first. Cheri insisted that I'd come this far that I couldn't let such a 'little thing' flaw my perfection. It was called a gaff g-string. Here's how she made it!

Gaff g-string pattern:

Cut a triangular piece of material that's big enough to cover all you have to cover, allowing a little extra for hemming. (If the fabric you choose is abrasive or rather sheer, you might want to line it with a second triangle of soft, plain fabric.)

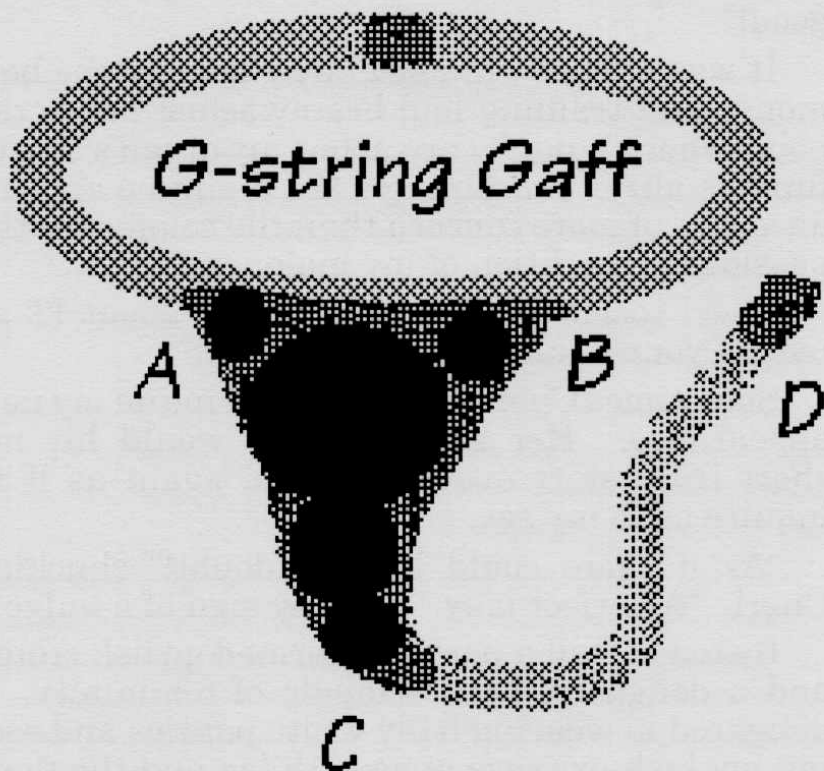
Cut one length of round elastic (the stronger the better) to approximate your hip size, and another about three to five inches long (both lengths should allow for fitting). The hip length of the elastic (See Figure) is attached to one corner of the upper part of triangle (point A or B); the short length (See Figure) is attached to the bottom point (C). In fitting, the short length is passed between the legs and tied in back to the center of the hip length. At this time, you must ADJUST everything up and jiggle it a bit for a snug and tight fit, and then attach the hip elastic to the third corner of the triangle, snipping away any surplus length. (For future wearings, just step in and out of the g-string as if it were panties. Make sure everything properly tensioned and hidden away!

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Even with the gaff, I wasn't perfect. It took weeks of 'persistence' to get it right but I was delighted when I saw the smooth feminine fit of the tiniest G-string. I was amazed that I could be so delighted with two most un-desirable male characteristics. I'd been emasculated and feminized to the point I enjoyed looking so girlish there.

Still I was worried. "Cheri, it's all numb," I commented after several days of continually being in a gaff. With my maleness so tightly compressed and useless, I worried that I might lose the ability to become erect completely!

Cheri said, "Don't worry about that! You just need to make sure there's no erotic pressure in-

side that gaff that could give you away! Numb is good!"

It was almost whimsical how quickly the hormones and training had brainwashed me to the point where I didn't care about my organ's size or functionality. Presenting a flat feminine appearance was of more concern than the comfort or the passionate condition of my maleness.

Cheri coached, "You must forget about IT as part of your sexuality. . .for it is not."

Sometimes Cheri complimented me on my new appearance. Her roving hands would lift my short frilly skirt every now and again as if to inquire as to my sex.

"As if there could be any doubt!" chuckled Cheri. "A perfect lady. Not any sign of a bulge."

Instead I had a perfectly formed girlish crotch and a delightful little triangle of femininity. I delighted in wearing frilly white panties and seeing my lush expanse of smooth leg and the flesh of creamy soft thighs in nylons. The hormones had softened and rounded my figure to the point where I could use a girdle with some outfits. I wasn't fat because I danced and exercised every day, but I was just carrying my weight in those womanly spots.

The hormones were putting me through ups and downs. Sometimes, I floated around the house like I was on a cloud. Other times I was the cloud.

"I can't do this," I moaned, feeling like tepid dishwater.

"You have to get some confidence in your femininity," Cheri said. "You have been transformed physically but I guess we better work on your mind. . .I have an idea."

"So, where are we going," I asked as Cheri took me into a big hi-rise luxury apartment building. I was wearing a conservative silk dress with three inch high heels.

"You'll see," announced Cheri. On the way up the elevator, Cheri told me that I was to meet a young man by the name of William, William Kennedy. "He's an old boy friend of mine. . .he will be your male escort," said Cheri matter-of-factly, adding, "A kind of boy friend for you."

"What?" I gasped, starting to shake and get nervous.

"Don't blush, my dear. He called and needed a date for a few business functions. . .I'm working nights and frankly, you aren't! This is a chance to get used to males paying attention to you."

I ranted on, "He's your old boyfriend? Does he know? About me?"

"Shhh! He's a gentleman and will treat you like a lady. Something you will love in the end. Wait until you see how men will rush to do your bidding and fulfill your tiniest wish."

Gaily laughing, Cheri rang the bell, and the door was opened by a fine looking young man. As William was introduced to me, I couldn't help feeling a little uncomfortable and blushed under the intent gaze of William.

Cheri was right again.

It was a lot of hard work but in a couple months, both Cheri and I felt that I was ready to tryout. By this time, my hair had grown to my shoulders, and I had it dyed auburn red.

My new name, Laurie Storm, was a natural, and my body was beautifully feminine. Underneath my skimpy costumes, with my training and

a specially designed G-string of flesh colored latex; all signs of my masculinity are concealed. With this camouflage in place, I could strip to pasties and a G-string with full confidence.

Cheri then secured an audition for me.

The day for my audition, I awoke, drowsily looking at Cheri and stretching in the luxury of a silky nightgown. I laid back and allowed my thoughts to wander at will. I'd been dressing up as a woman and when I thought of becoming a stripper, I blushed deeply. The intimate relationship with Cheri and the "good" times we'd had in feminizing me were over. . . Was I really ready to take my place next to some very sexy women?

"Oh my. If I'm a stripper---a sexy, attractive young temptress, then I've got be comfortable with men wanting me!" I said to Cheri who was waking up. "I've only thought of men as pals and such like before. I think of my ex-boss kissing and embracing me---so turned on."

"Wasn't it was kind of thrilling?" she asked.

"Sort of. Not to be embraced by one of my own sex but the thrill of posing as a female. That was nice."

"You'll find out," she smiled. "You'll find your whole being coursing with delight as a male's eyes rove over your feminine figure."

Thoughts came back to me of my school days and that "dress-up" night with Cheri as kids. "Those bullies. . . wonder what they'd think of me now," I said, looking down on my beautiful negligee, so exquisitely cut, so sheer and transparent---seductively showing my full breasts.



*I nonchalantly un-zipped my skirt letting it drop to the floor.
Then I removed my top and bra, uncovering my pent-up
breasts, my nipples responding to the chilly room.*

Cheri said, "They always reckoned you were a sissy. Don't we have a class reunion coming up? We have to go!"

THE AUDITION. . .

It took several hours to get ready for my audition.

Cheri led me through the darkened nightclub, up some stairs and into a dusty office with a window that looked out onto the parking lot. A chilly breeze came in the window and up my short skirt. Cheri introduced me to the manager, a nice looking fellow about forty. I sat down, crossed my legs against the chill and put my purse on the floor.

"Stand up, dear," he said. I stood up. "Ya' got any objections to taking your clothes off?"

I shook my head and smiled. Cheri told me what to expect.

I nonchalantly un-zipped my skirt letting it drop to the floor. Then I removed my top and bra, uncovering my pent-up breasts, my nipples responding to the chilly room.

"Nice," he said. "Can ya' dance? I just need to make sure. We get all kinds in this business."

I nodded my head.

"All right, you'll start next week. Hundred bucks a week plus tips. How's that sound?"

"Great!" I was excited by the prospect of getting money just for looking like a girl and wearing great dresses.

"What's your stage name?" he asked, when I had consented to the job offer.

"Laurie Storm."

We went down to the dressing room and Cheri introduced me around.

To say the very least, I was very nervous and scared, but despite that, I made the grade and was to start to work the following week. I had done it but I suddenly wondered if it was right? "But I'm male just like the customers," I cried.

"Hardly," Cheri countered, "In fact, you are nothing like them now. You have the breasts of a woman, the figure of a woman and love wearing little short dresses, right?"

I nodded, drying my eyes.

"You now have what men WANT!" Cheri said, "Think like a stripper. Your next step is comprehend that however girlish you may feel in that short skirt, you're about to feel even more feminine without it!"

I blushed and said, "Are you sure I can do this?"

"As girlish as you've always been, and with that 38-24-36 figure, it's only natural that you learn to be desirable too."

"I only want to be desirable to you," I said getting a bit emotional. "I'm so afraid you'll meet another man."

"Men?" she laughed, "The only man I want is 85-95-105!"

I looked at her. "What kind of figures are they?"

"The man I want is 85 years old, has 95 million and has a temperature of 105!"

We both laughed.

Cheri and I got all dressed up in a couple sexy dresses and went out on the town and celebrated

what hard work and determination could accomplish. . .I was about to be a woman stripper!

But I dressed like a school teacher. I wore a pink champagne, one-button brocade jacket, bordered with little pink "pearls" and glossy braid. It had shoulder pads that accented my bustline. I wore a lined georgette dress beneath with a sleeveless slip top and a below the knee pleated skirt, beige nylons and high heeled pumps. Very wholesome and proper!

"If I didn't tell you before, darling, you look beautiful," Cheri said, gazing into my eyes.

"You did mention it, but I don't mind hearing it again," I retorted seductively, my face blushing softly. A black velvet headband kept my hair back, but long, wisps floated stubbornly about my face making the dim light shimmer out. I femininely brushed them back not wanting to appear too prissy but definitely wanting to look irresistible to Cheri. "I'm so happy," she asked over our toasting glasses of champagne. "How do you feel?"

"In a daze," I admitted, checking the hem on my skirt. "Somehow this is not how I saw myself being with my wife. . .sharing brassieres and g-strings. . .but I love it!"

"I love it too," she said rubbing her nylon leg against mine. "I want you to be perfect."

Being a woman was one challenge, being a stripper was very different!

That first night I was so scared I couldn't eat. The butterflies in my stomach were like buzzards.

Cheri introduced me around to the others in the cast and made me a place to dress and do make-up. Some of the girls were nice, and some weren't. Some were really bitchy.

Backstage

Standing backstage waiting my turn, I was almost swooning from the surreal universe and the hyper-sexy women who swirled around me.

My blond hair was poufed and sprayed around my carefully but lushly made up face. A small gold heart in diamonds falls between my cleavage.

I hear the announcer calling my name, "And new here at the Royal is. . ." I could barely hear the loud music as I peeked around the curtain and watched the men strain their necks out to get a first look. NEW was always better.

I took a deep breath and looked back. There, along the dressing room walls housing hundreds of beaded gowns, hung the pictures of famous strippers from years past.

I hoped to be joining them. On more check as the men were getting restless. I had decided to wear a red sequined gown that gracefully snaked up my torso to my neckline in a daring halter top that was so small it threatened to expose my breasts before I was ready.

With hands on my waist, my pelvis thrust forward, I walked out on the stage, advancing toward the men crowded around the end of the runway. With my chin in the air, not looking at anybody, I strutted out confidently. Making sure my knees crossed each other with every step so that my hips swayed to the maximum, I made my first cursory glance at the men's expressions.

I was center stage as the men sized me up. Did I really want to be here? Like this?

The owner of the club told me the first day, "Stripping is not for everyone. I don't suggest that it is. I am not aware of a single stripper who became one at gun point."

I saw Cheri over in the wings watching. She was responsible for polishing every aspect of my new being---from walking to talking to eating to how I thought.

“Yes,” I wanted to be here.

I sized up the audience. “What did they want from me? What kind of personality would be the best turn on? Scared, aloof, dependent, confident, wholesomeness, trashy? I knew them all!

I picked out an affluent looking business man in the front row and gave him that “You could have me!” smile.

My dress looked and felt great on. I blushed, knowing that Cheri was watching me.

I remembered her training me. . .

“Okay, what do I do?”

“Pick out a guy with a fist full of money and face him straight on to let him know you’re getting down to business! Now slowly open your dress part way. I like back zippers because most guys haven’t a clue as to how women do those!”

I reached around and unzipped the back of my dress about four inches then two more.

“See how easily it can be slid down after it’s been undone and you can bare each shoulder without any difficulty.”

I was practically holding the dress up but bared one shoulder at a time by sliding the strap off my shoulder and down the upper arm with a warm, self-caressing gesture. It gave me goose bumps.

“Good,” Cheri said, “now sort of cuddle the dress to your chest to show that you enjoy this tactile stuff, but be careful not to overdo it or he’ll wonder why you need him around at all. Hold the neckline of the dress with both hands in a ‘modest’ gesture



Cheri had said, "Now sort of cuddle the dress to your chest to show that you enjoy this tactile stuff, but be careful not to overdo it or he'll wonder why you need him around at all."

of keeping your bosom covered then turn your back to him. This will enable you to retain the suspense while you finish unzipping so the dress will get over your hips."

I looked down to see the zipper. Cheri said, "Don't loose his eye---keep looking at him over one shoulder. Now, wiggle your hips gently let it hang up for a moment on your hips. Give an extra wiggle, along with a wink, smile, or raised eye-brow and let the dress fall to your feet."

I did as she said, stepping out of the dress, picking it up and holding the dress up to cover the front of my body.

Cheri said, "Good! Assume a coy, 'You want me?' attitude as you let your arms and dress slide down slowly."

"I don't know if I could do this in front of a man," I whimpered.

"You little tease," she snickered, "You will be doing it in front of men. . .no woman would be dumb enough to pay you!"

"Now what?"

"If there's a glint in his eye, let the dress drop with conviction. If he looks away, play it cool and tease him a bit more and start to walk away. . .that very bad-girl walk!"

Having followed her instructions, I saw THAT look in the businessman's eyes and more importantly, the bills in his hand. I ignored him and moved to the construction worker with a ten in hand. . .I gave the businessman a meltdown, show-stopping smile that said, "Watch out, baby, I'll be back for you later."

Wearing and taking off my feminine clothes---I don't think any ever suspected I was anything but female. Several times I thought about exposing myself just to shock them, but I kept my manners ladylike. It was fun to undulate my rear while men eyed my very tight g-string that fettered my maleness between my legs---assuming wrong what was underneath!

I felt a momentary revulsion. Then there was the strangest sensation in my belly as I danced and moved in front of the men. My belly grew queasy as a thrill ran through me. I realized that I was turning on men like a woman!

I put my hands on my hips and saw that a few of the men wanted me. . .wanted their maleness inside me. It felt strange to see that look in their eyes but not entirely unpleasant.

I felt almost violated by their intent but I was no longer resisting. When I realized I could not escape their intent, my revulsion passed away. Giddily I submitted to my fate. My bottom could be theirs for a price. . .at least mentally.

I was no longer as uptight as before and the notion of males wanting to be inside me gave me a new excitement. A high-pitched giggle escaped my mouth. My background no longer held me back. Willingly I showed my bottom and moved it about like a woman who deliciously needed a man. I could not suppress the involuntary thrills that ran through my body.

MEN! I had never realized how beautiful they were. When my time was up, I would have gladly begged for more, except that my feet were terrifically sore dancing so vigorously in high heels.

Cheri met me as I walked off stage and pulled on a pair of panties, then my hands went to straighten up my hair. I laughed. My g-string was wet from the excitement.

"WELL? How did I do?" I asked breathlessly as I searched my g-string for more "tucked" bills and stuck them into my handbag.

"Wonderful, my dear! DO I detect a note of feminine triumph and excitement in your voice?" Cheri asked. "So which one are you taking home and riding hard?"

I blushed and said, "The construction worker." I continued organizing the bills and counting the haul. I wasn't really going home with anyone but Cheri said it was THAT perception I had to keep in their minds. . .I was a woman and these were sexy men that I wanted IN me, riding me, pleasuring themselves and me. Using my body for their pleasure. It was now business. If they were nice to me, I had to give them some hope of making it with me.

That night we got home about four in the morning. I immediately took a long, hot, scented bubble bath. It felt so good after dancing. Cheri came in and sat by the edge of the bath. She asked, "Does it turn you on?"

I shivered and blushed an answer. "I guess I was always jealous of your looking so sexy and feminine. . .and now, well. . ."

She watched as I got out of my warm bath and dried off; putting on dusting powder. "Don't forget to take your hormones," Cheri reminded. My body was as soft and hairless as a baby's. The only protuberances were my full breasts and my dwarfish, pink maleness.

It was an all whole new routine for me. Sleeping until noon and all but after a couple days, I got into the swing of things. Cheri continued to

coach me. There were subtle things I couldn't possibly know. She'd say, "When a woman is getting laid, she curls her toes and she moves her hips in little circles. . ."

As she watched me trying to match her hips movements, she said, "Maybe you need a man to make love to you so you understand what's happening?"

"Honey?!?"

"I'm serious," she said in thought. "It might really make a difference in your movements and demeanor. Or maybe I should pull out one of my 'little toys' to make love to you with. . ."

We both signed up to work as much as possible. For the first few weeks, I was sore but got into the routine of rushing about backstage with my wife. We'd both be dressed in a pale, rose-colored gowns with tiny spaghetti straps supporting our bosoms waiting our turn to strip them off down to our g-strings, stockings and heels.

How we stripped depended on the audience and who was the big tipper.

I learned that the men of the world can be divided into leg-men and breast-men. The leg-men are generally the more sophisticated; the breast-men more immature and boyish. Cheri would size up the men for me to begin with until I could figure it out myself. You didn't spend long on the bra if you were going for a leg-man and visa-versa.

Like Cheri, I learned to stick pasties to my nipples and shake them in the faces of the respectable men who came to watch the show. I quickly learned about tassel twirling!

The pros and cons of tassel twirling were often argued about among the girls. Some girls

thought it was pretty gimmicky but in the spirit of fun and games, I thought it was worth a try.

How to twirl tassels. . .

Cheri had a truly awesome control of her pectoral muscles but it was mostly just a trick! Don't tell anyone but the truth is, even a flat chested man could do it!

The tassels we had ran the gamut from the glow-in-the-dark kind to noisemakers. If you want to try this, any lightweight upholstery-type tassel will do. Stitch them to the tips of the pasties, allowing just enough cord on top for them to swing easily but controllably (you might have to experiment a few times). Now, stand up straight and start bouncing up and down from the knees till an even rhythm is established and the bosom is bouncing. Then, hold the ends of the tassels, keeping them still without breaking the body motion, and flip them clockwise. They should keep spinning as long as you maintain a steady jiggling. After a little practice you should be able to vary your act by twirling them counterclockwise, both inwards, both outwards, and even one at a time (all directional changes are made only by stopping the tassels by hand and starting them off again). Arms should be wide open once the tassels are gaily in motion.

Another trick was the tantalizing Breast Bounce, in which the breasts seem to voluntarily jump about. This can easily be faked too! Cross your arms in front of you, with the elbows at shoulder level. The hands should be positioned so that the heel of each hand is against the inner arms, with the tips of the four parallel fingers near the shoulders, but under the collar bones. The thumbs are either almost in the armpits, at the top of the sides of the breasts, or, if your bosom is particularly small, actually at the top center of

each breast. The angle of the arms should hide the thumbs (practice a while in front of a mirror). Anchoring the tips of the other fingers, use the thumbs to pull the breasts up and down, one at a time or together.

It was such fun. My whole body was shaved and powdered and I wore a ton of stage makeup.

I liked it when men would say, "You are the prettiest one in the show." That pleased me a great deal, as I worked to make my appearance perfect. Now I had my hair done and a manicure at least twice a week.

After I had been with the nightclub several weeks, a representative of a girlie magazine asked me to pose for a feature. I posed in panties and bra, then in a long gown, then in a bikini. Finally I wore a shortie nightgown and did several shots topless.

With the money, I bought Cheri a mink coat for a birthday present. For my birthday, she gave me a lacy negligee, perfume, a leather mini-skirt and diamond earrings.

I began to develop my own "characters" like the "Belle of the Ball" costume. It was a beautiful gown with a shimmering golden metallic bodice. The fitted bodice gave way to full, puffed sleeves that were slightly off my shoulder and showed a lot of cleavage. Complementing the bodice was a two-layered skirt, featuring an underskirt of blue satin and an overskirt of white tulle touched with golden highlights. I wore extra long blonde hair that was loosely curled, framing my face.

I tried to imagine going home and having sex with the big tipper in the blue business suit. Cheri said it made a difference.

Each night was so exciting and unfamiliar to me. Luckily I had Cheri as my coach. Sometimes I felt so silly as I tried to guess what I should wear to be a "turn-on". I picked out a black, long sexy dress from the costumes that made my tits show and said, "How about this?"

"Sure, if you want to end up in the poor house," mocked Cheri, "You have a fine pair of legs---legs that should be shown! Revealed in a sexy way. If you are out to conquer a male and his pocketbook, sometimes a little role playing is more effective than brazen appeal."

Sometimes I was embarrassed at trying to be too provocative but Cheri laughed and said, "You must remember that you are---or almost are a female. . .and that means you ARE NOT EASY! A lady is proper," laughed Cheri holding up a pair of fishnet stockings. "Change into these---something more in keeping with the saucy French maid's outfit I had made last year."

Cheri seemed to have everything at hand, and soon I was thrilling to the touch of Cheri's fingers on my smooth legs as she adjusted the hose. Kneeling before me, she fixed a black garter belt and adjusted the straps high up around my thighs---so tight that they pinched into my flesh.

Black, shining patent leather shoes, with six inch heels added to my feminine appeal.

"Now for the dress," Cheri said. The black dress with white lacy cuffs and a low neck line was slipped over my head and Cheri had to help putting it on, especially getting the lacy, white slips properly adjusted over my hips. Seeing my reflection, I gasped.

"You were made to be like this," Cheri commented, as she surveyed the dress, which ended

a few inches above my knees. Indeed as I moved, twisted or swayed about in the dress, it barely covered the essential parts but was very "proper".

"Ah, what a delightful French maid," mocked Cheri, going up and kissing me---her hand roved down my back and her fingers stroked over my silken clad bottom, sending enchanted thrills up my spine.

I almost swooned at my reflection and I must say a perfectly saucy French maid greeted a most spirited audience.

Flushing and barely able to keep my senses, I went about my job. Slowly but eager with anticipation, I danced, removing my dress first, and then to the more pleasant task of removing my more intimate clothing.

When I was down to my lingerie, the audience's big eyes roved over my scanty clad charms. As I walked, crossing one silken clad leg over the other, I displaying my feminine charms encased in exquisite lace-trimmed, French panties.

It was all so normal, right? Men in easy chairs, their eager eyes on the feminine lines of a young girl. Any body could see---this was just men ogling at a woman? WRONG!

Later in the bar, I would continue to be the perfect French maid, dispensing drinks and cigarettes, showing off nearly all of my shapely legs. For the right tip, I revealed a bit of my panties.

As a well trained maid, I pretended not to take any notice of my "allure". Cheri complimented me on my appearance, my charm, and as a few roving hands went up my short frilly skirt, my prim attitude. Cheri was right when she said, Cheri said, "You make a perfect maid---not a sign of a bulge. . .except for the big wad of bills."

I was sorry when the evening drew to a close, but there were many more to come. I was just learning to lean over to reveal my frilly white panties, a lush expanse of leg and the sight of my lacy garters clinging lovingly around my rounded, creamy soft thighs.

With Cheri's coaching, after only two months of "paying dues," I became a headliner at the Royal. My career and figure were blossoming. Not long after that, Cheri and I went on tour with a company that toured the southwest at very good salaries. Of course we both avoided any totally nude shows.

As this exciting tour was ending, Cheri gave me an unexpected surprise by announcing that we were to become parents. That put her out of work, and I became the sole supporter of our family.

Our luck was running hot, because about this time, I received an offer from a Las Vegas casino for a lot more than Cheri and I had been making together. In fact they wanted me to choreograph the show and find some of the 'talent'.

In order to find fresh faces, Cheri and I decided to open a training school for aspiring strippers. We ran an ad in a Vegas newspaper that said, "HAVE G-STRING, WILL TRAVEL!" We had over 500 responses from women who were interested in our school and surprisingly 20 from males. After interviewing them all, we began the classes. Most inspiring were the young men who were serious. We put on special 'feminizing' classes for them, then they were put in with the girls and expected to compete on their level.

Cheri insisted that the 'boys' be on high doses of female hormones so that the real girls wouldn't feel 'threatened'. After all, this is about stripping and male titillation.

We have had a lot of girls (and a few guys) that have become famous strippers.

With our successful school and my career, Cheri and I are happier than ever.

MORE CHANGES. . .

My doctor came to me several years later and suggested a new procedure. My maleness which remained mostly curled up and tucked away was smaller than ever. Barely showing, it nested up like it was asleep.

"It's radical but you could do NUDE!" the doctor said.

Vegas was beginning to do all nude shows and I saw a chance for more money. At Cheri's urging, I signed up for the experimental procedure. The doctor's description was, "We are going to sculpt your maleness into a woman's contour."

I sat in awe as the operation was explained to Cheri and I. The doctor explained, "We start by moving the testicles into the body cavity where we make an opening and suture the scrotum skin flaps together."

"Do the testicles still work?" I asked.

"Yes, just enough to keep them healthy but the female hormones keep them small and ineffective. But here's the neat part. . .the maleness itself. There are two arteries, one on each side of your maleness that supply blood to the empty spongy cells necessary to create an erection. Now you don't want to be having erections as you are dancing nude as a girl, do you?"

We both nodded agreement as he went on. "So I would make two small incisions at the base and tie off the arteries. Obviously, after that, you will be unable to have any more erections. Is that okay?"

I looked at Cheri. She nodded. We'd been making love as girl-like for a long time and my maleness was no longer important.

The doctor continued, "Next I would remove most of the spongy material and push the excess maleness upward. The organ would then be in the lower abdomen and the urethra would point downward." He turned to me and said, "So you would have to sit for all functions?"

"I do anyway," I said, adjusting my skirt. "It seems like there is a lot of excess skin?"

He smiled, "That's the really neat part. It creates a pocket. . .when your pubic hair grows back, no one could ever tell!"

The doctor brought out a book of pictures. The "before" showed an feminine looking, but naked boy-girl with a most feminine figure but was spoiled by the obvious maleness between his legs. The "after" clearly showed the value of the operation. There was no tell-tale symbol of maleness. There was only the perfectly smoothly formed little triangle of public hair.

"How many have you done?" I asked breathlessly.

"Many," the doctor said confidently. "Haven't had a complaint yet. I am told it is quite comfortable and most are relieved to not need a tight gaff anymore."

Cheri and I stared at the pictures.

I'll never forget my first examination. I got scared when I could no longer feel my testes and my maleness was no longer curled, it had been drawn up into my belly and was like a spring was attached pulling it up out of sight. Excess skin made perfect looking "lips". I ran my fingers over the lips and realized that there was actually a fold



The other day, my daughter walked up to a teenaged boy that was being interviewed and asked innocently, "Are you going to be girl dancer too?" The boy blushed!

that I could get my pinkie into. It was unmistakable and my hand trembled as I explored.

Later, Cheri and I "compared". With some lubrication, she was actually able to get her whole finger in the opening.

"Quit squirming," she said as worked it around, making my toes curl. She pronounced me "perfect!" but "TIGHT!" Then added, "Even our biggest 'toy' will fit!"

That was years ago, and today, I am one of the best known "girls" in my profession.

• • •

Our daughter is now four years old, and in a few years, we will tell her all about her unusual family. I'm sure she'll understand because, we're slowly educating her about our lifestyle as we go. The other day, she walked up to a teenaged boy that was being interviewed and asked innocently, "Are you going to be girl dancer?"

The boy blushed to the roots of his longish blonde and wavered, "I don't know."

My daughter smiled and said before skipping away, "You'll be real pretty."

• • •

My life is complete. To everyone, I'm a successful show girl, one to be envied and looked on with desire. My pictures have appeared in many magazines, and I have been on the covers of at least three calendars. My salary is six figures and still rising. I have even been approached about appearing in an upcoming movie.

Cheri is the perfect housewife, and our comfortable Nevada home nestles on three spacious acres of land with a pool. I am full of vigor, and I have the existence I have always wanted. I live

with the woman I love, yet I am a woman to all the world.

THE END

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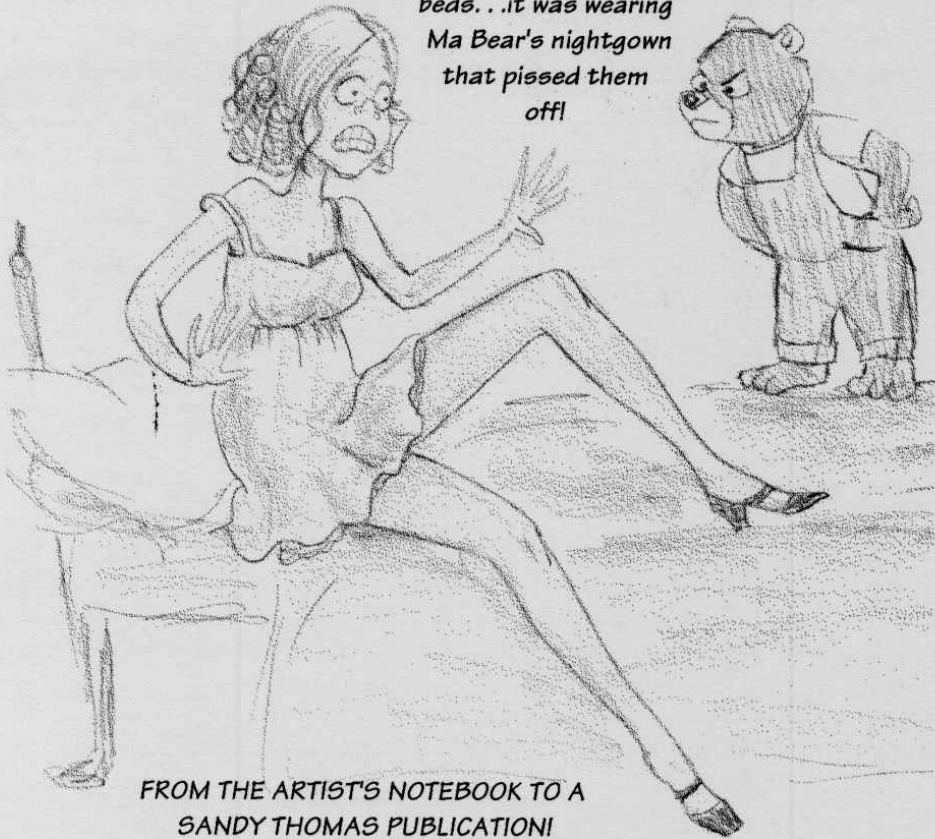
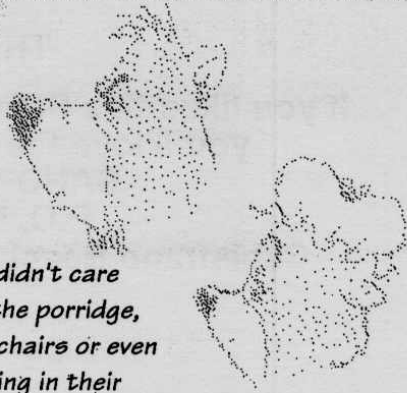
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