

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"SON TO SISTER"

A YOUNG MAN FOLLOWS IN HIS FATHER'S
FOOTSTEPS...OR ACTUALLY HIS HIGH HEELS!



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“SON TO SISTER”

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"SON TO SISTER"

By Kelly Ann

Dad and I had just finished breakfast and were about to start another Saturday of cutting grass and cleaning the garage, mom and my twin Lisa were preparing to clean inside. "I hope you two realize how nice you have it," I sniped at Lisa as I got ready to go out. "You get to stay in with the air conditioning while dad and I have to work in the hot sun!"

"Oh you're so wonderful," Lisa mocked me as usual, "How could us poor women ever hope to survive without big strong men like you to cut our grass for us!"

"Aren't they just the sweetest things," Mom remarked, joining in the fun. "Risking their lives in the hot sun just so we can have a pretty lawn!"

"That's so funny, Mom. Lisa and you should take that act on the road. You'd make a fortune!"

"Paul has a point, you know," dad added, "You two always talk about being women of the 90's, capable of anything, yet Paul and I always do the typical guy jobs while you two take it easy!"

"Take it easy," Mom exclaimed. "There's nothing easy about keeping this place clean, doing laundry, and feeding everyone. You've got a lot of nerve to say that we won't take on responsibility when you two couldn't sew a button on for all the money in the world!"

"Let's teach them a lesson, Mom," said Lisa with a self-satisfied tone. "We'll do the yard work, and let them see what it's like to take care of a house!"

Mom quickly warmed to the idea, and the dad and I were soon challenged. The women would do all of the normal weekly

yard work if we'd agree to do the housework. Dad wasn't certain the bet was such a great thing, but I was sick of hearing Lisa brag about how she could do anything a boy could do! "It's a deal, right, Dad?"

Dad soon agreed to the idea, believing it to be nothing more than an interesting experience for the women and an easy afternoon for us. The rules of what had to be done by each were quickly agreed to and the fun began!

By the end of the afternoon, dad had completed most of the laundry, the dishes, and the dusting, while I had made the beds, swept the rugs, and cleaned the bathrooms. Finally as the afternoon was waning, mom and Lisa returned tired, but happy after mowing the lawn, weeding the garden, and washing the family cars.

Over dinner, we talked about our experiences of the day and how much each enjoyed taking on different responsibilities. The conversation lasted throughout dinner and began again after dad and I finished doing the dishes and cleaning the kitchen again.

"You know, I can't believe you actually enjoyed working inside all day," Lisa remarked. "It's such a drudge! When I get married, my husband better get a maid. I'm one girl who is not about to become a housewife!"

"Then you'd better make sure your husband doesn't mind being a housewife, since maid service can be an expensive luxury," mom laughed as she kissed dad.

"So I'm a housewife now, am I?" dad said with a grin, "What do you think of that, Paul?"

"I'd better pay attention in Home Economics if I'm going to be a housewife when I grow up!" I sneered at the ridiculous idea. "I never thought about being a wife and mother, but I promise I'll wear white when I do get married!"

"I bet you'd be adorable and we'll have such fun picking out just the right dress too!" Mom was obviously having way too much fun with the idea. Continuing her little joke, she winked at dad then asked, "Which of us wears the Mother of the Bride dress though?"

"Dad, I think you'd be lovely in a deep red dress," I played along, trying to picture my macho father in a dress. What a stupid idea, I thought. "Of course, Mom would have to wear a tux and give me away!"

"No," Lisa added, "Dad's more of the pale pink type, don't you think, Mom?"

Mom sort of stared at dad for a few moments, then said with a devilish grin, "I've got a dress in just that color in the closet. Why don't we find out what you'd look best in?"

I was sure dad would blow his top over that suggestion. He was no wimp or sissy and would never allow anyone to think of him that way! "Did you just say what I thought you said?" he asked in disbelief. "You want me to try on one of your dresses?"

Mom thought for a moment then smiled broadly, "I think you'd look cute and we could settle the argument about which color would look best on you. No one's going to see you and it would be a fun way to spend an otherwise boring evening!"

"I vote for pink," Lisa snickered, trying to keep the argument alive. No wonder I considered her to be a pain in the butt! Suddenly a really devious thought crossed my mind. I'd up the stakes just a bit and watch dad tell her and mom off "You're wrong as usual, Lisa, red is the only color for Dad!"

"Oh well," dad shrugged and laughed, "I can't have the family spend the rest of their lives arguing over which color dress would look best on me, can I?" Turning to mom, he gestured towards their room, "Come on, dear, this question cries out for an answer!"

Even as they closed the bedroom door behind them, I never believed for an instant that dad would really reappear in a dress of any color. He was probably telling mom off at this very moment and Lisa would get chewed out next! I was quietly gloating and thinking that I'd done a great job of setting Lisa up to get yelled at when the door opened and dad stepped out wearing a red skirt with a sheer white blouse and red jacket. I gasped when I saw the attempt at a woman's hairstyle complete with bangs, the obvious bulge at his chest, his nylon covered legs, and red pumps on his feet.

"We couldn't find a red dress. Will this do?" dad joked, turning from side to side as if he were a model.

"But you're wearing a bra and stuff, Dad," I stammered, stunned that dad would go along, and worried that now Lisa was going to get away with a stupid suggestion.

"Your mom didn't think it would look right without the bra and stockings and the blouse is pretty sheer," laughed dad as he removed the jacket and flung it over his shoulder. "Now do I look as good in red as you thought?"

"No!" I protested, "You look like a guy in a dress. It was all just a dumb joke and now look what they've done!" I motioned towards mom and Lisa. I stared momentarily speechless, noticing the lace of the camisole dad wore under the sheer blouse. "Was all that necessary though?"

"Don't mind him, Dad," Lisa said as she planted a kiss on dad's cheek. "I think you look cute in that outfit, but I still think pink is better for you!"

"We'll know in a bit!" mother said with a smile, "Come on, dear, let's see what you look like in pink!"

"Back soon," dad cooed as he blew Lisa and I a kiss. "Ta Ta!"

Dad was gone and the door closed again before I could shout a warning to dad that they were going to make a fool out of him! "Did, you see that!" I stammered as the door closed. "He was wearing a bra and everything under that suit!"

"Big deal," shrugged Lisa. "Mom and I wear that stuff all the time. She only wants to make everything look just right. It's just a joke!"

"I know that," I insisted trying to be as calm as possible, "I'm not stupid you know. I just don't think the joke is very funny!"

The argument was interrupted by dad's voice in the doorway, "So, is it red or is it pink?"

Things had done from bad to worse as I saw dad wearing a full skirted, sheer pink dress, nylons, and pink heels. That outfit was fancier than the suit he'd just finished modeling and now I see that he was wearing eyeshadow, makeup, and lipstick!

"Well?" dad asked placing his hands on his hips in a suggestive manner, "What do you think?"

"I was right!" Lisa shouted with so much glee that I wanted to choke her, "You look absolutely adorable in pink, Dad!"

"What do you think, Paul?" Mom asked before I could reach over and grab Lisa's throat. "Should he wear a pink or red 'Mother of the Bride' dress to your wedding?"

How was I supposed to answer a stupid question like that? Was I the only one who thought it was strange for dad to wear any color dress? After staring, I blinked my eyes hard several times trying to rid my mind of the image of dad standing in front of me wearing a dress. How could the man that I looked up to and wanted to be like stand there dressed like he was? What was wrong with me that I thought he looked somewhat cute in a pink dress!

"Come on now, Paul," dad joked, "Which color dress should I wear?"

I wanted to yell and scream at him for upsetting me this way, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. He was still my dad and I loved him. If dad was willing to go along with the joke, there was no reason for me to spoil things. "Pink, Dad," I gulped, "definitely pink!"

"I think you're right," dad swished his skirt back and forth in his hands, "But I still sort of liked the red outfit too!"

"How do you like wearing dresses, Dad?" Lisa asked. "You make a pretty good looking lady!"

"Not bad," dad smoothed out the skirt and pretended to fluff out his hair. "That's sweet of you to think so, Lisa. Actually it's not so bad. These clothes are a lot softer than my clothes and they feel so light and comfortable too!"

"You looked so cute standing there in my panties and bra," mom joked as she patted a stray hair back into place for dad. "And it was a riot to watch you put those pantyhose on!"

"You're wearing panties too, Dad?" I blurted out in dismay, my hopes of this being just a bad dream fading fast. Why would he let mom do this to him? A dress was bad enough, but women's underwear too? "What if someone finds out about it?"

"Who's going to find out," dad said as calmly as if he were talking about the weather. "Your mom wanted to get me all dolled up and you'd be surprised at how nice they feel!"

"Why don't you stay dressed up for the evening, Ron?" Mom suggested as she kissed dad on his cheek accented with pink blush. "We don't have anywhere to go and you seem to like the clothes."

"You can't stay dressed like that, Dad!" I shouted, trying to thwart mom's idea before dad got caught up in the feminine web she and Lisa were weaving. "It ain't right! Guys just don't sit around the house wearing dresses and stuff!"

"Can I make a suggestion?" Lisa ventured, glancing towards me. I could tell by her smile that I was in trouble. "Dad wouldn't look out of place if Paul wore a dress too!"

I quickly turned and shot a withering look at her. "You're not getting me into girl's clothes," I said defiantly, my arms folded tight across my chest as if to prevent anyone from taking off my clothes. "I don't care how funny it was to do it to dad, I'm not doing it!"

"Afraid you might like it?" Lisa taunted with a snide laugh. "I'll bet you'd look so pretty in one of my dresses. You'll love the feeling of nylon underwear!"

"Not a chance!" I shot back. "I know what I like and what I don't like!" There was no way they were getting me involved in this stupid game. It just wasn't going to happen, no matter how hard they tried!

"Then prove it!" Lisa challenged, "Let me dress you up like dad. If you don't like it, then no problem, no one will ever know, I promise!"

"It's just a joke, Paul," Mom added helpfully, "right, Ron?" she asked, turning to dad who seemed puzzled over the fuss I was making.

Maybe I could still appeal to the dad I knew to stop this crap. "Dad, you've got to help me," I pleaded in a last ditch attempt to save my pride, "They're trying to make me look like a..."

I was about to finish the sentence with "Sissy", but realized that under the circumstances it wouldn't be such a good idea. I saw the hurt look in dad's eyes and knew that he had not only

finished the sentence for me, but that another kind of sentence had just been passed for me.

"I'm sorry, Dad," I said apologetically. Turning to Lisa, I held out my arms as if being handcuffed. "Take me away."

"This is going to be great!" Lisa giggled as she took me by the arm and led me out of the room. "Let's see if I can make you prettier than dad!"

I looked back and saw dad sitting comfortably with a big smile on his face. "Don't worry about it, Paul. It's not going to kill you. We're just having a little fun!"

Lisa insisted that I start with a pair of white nylons and a white half-slip to wear over them while she helped with the rest of the outfit. The panties were light and silky feeling, so different than the cotton briefs I wore. I couldn't allow myself to think of such things or they'd find a way to make me look silly too.

Lisa helped me into one of her bras, then happily stuffed several pairs of pantyhose into the cups to pad them out. I didn't want any part of her helping put on pantyhose, but relented when she threatened to make him buy new ones if I ripped hers.

"You don't have a choice in letting me help," Lisa teased as she helped me pull them on, "unless of course you have experience wearing pantyhose. How do you feel so far? Aren't the panties more comfortable than your underwear? How do the stockings feel on your legs?"

"I feel stupid!" I insisted, "If I hadn't shot my big mouth off, you'd never have been able to do this to me!"

"You don't mean that. It really feels nice wearing these clothes, doesn't it?" Lisa asked with a knowing smile. "I can see it in your face."

"Then you'd better put your glasses on, dummy. I feel stupid and I look stupid too!"

Lisa wasn't about to get into an argument with me though. Why bother when she had the chance to pay me back for all the times I had made her mad in the past. She smiled as if to say that she knew I was lying, then made me sit at her vanity while she put makeup on me.

"Okay, now for the outfit," Lisa said ominously, "I know just the perfect outfit for my new sister's debut. You're going to love the way you look! "

When Lisa finally showed me the skirt and blouse I was going to wear, I nearly died. It was a very feminine style popular with the girls at school. It never failed to get the attention of the guys. I begged, I pleaded, and I threatened, but the smile never left Lisa's face as she unbuttoned the blouse and helped me slip it on. She had a look of triumph on as she finished buttoning it up the back and watched me step into the dreaded skirt.

Everyone made a big fuss as I walked into the living room. The pale blue pleated skirt was very short and barely covered the short slip I wore. It flipped back and forth as I walked. The blouse was silky and patterned, which because of the back buttons emphasized my breasts.

My legs were prominently displayed in suntan stockings and ended in a pair of blue skimmers. My hair was long for a boy and Lisa had styled it into an attractive short, but feminine, look complete with bangs. My eyes were accented with just a touch of mascara and eyeliner, then an off-white shadow was applied to my lids.

Lisa had carefully accented my cheeks, which bore just a trace of pink blush atop foundation and powder that removed any trace of boyishness. Combine all of this with my being short and thin for a boy my age and I had the humiliating experience of passing as Lisa's twin sister!

"He looks great, Lisa!" dad said as he hugged his daughter. "You did a great job on him!" Turning to me, he smiled broadly. "How does it feel?"

"Dumb, Dad," I grumbled. "I feel as silly as I look. Now can I put my clothes back on?"

"But you don't look silly at all," dad said as he looked at me, then at Lisa. "It's strange, but you look like Lisa. I bet that if you walked down the street, no one would notice that you're not a girl!"

"I noticed and if it's all the same to you, I don't like looking like a girl!"

"If you two ladies don't mind staying dressed, I'm sure Lisa and I would love the company!" laughed mom as she and Lisa left the room. "We'll go make some sandwiches and drinks. Why don't you two get comfortable?"

"Please let me get changed, Mom," I begged, "then I'd really be comfortable."

"It's just a joke, Paul," dad insisted, "Be a good sport and let the girls have some fun!"

"But, Dad...." I whined, "what if someone sees us?"

Dad crossed his legs and tugged at the hem of his dress. "No one's going to see us, so just relax and have fun!" he said in a voice that I very clearly understood to mean that the argument was over and I had lost. What was the world coming to, I wondered? My own dad was dressed in women's clothes and he insisted that I stay similarly dressed for the rest of the day!



“We look ridiculous in these clothes, don’t we, Dad?” I groaned. “Speak for yourself,” he laughed.

I spent the rest of the evening trying to watch TV as if nothing was different to forget what I was wearing, but then I'd see my nylon clad legs sticking out from the skirt and it was back to reality in a flash! Lisa would remind me that I was wearing girl's clothes by telling me to keep my legs together or telling me that my skirt was riding a bit high and should be pulled down! No matter how hard I tried to forget, there was always something or someone to remind me that I was wearing Lisa's clothes!

I thought it was so weird because they really seemed like they were complimenting me on how pretty I looked and expected me to thank them for letting me dress up in Lisa's clothes. I was especially upset to see dad, his dress pulled modestly to his knees and his legs crossed, watching TV as if nothing were different. I hated to think so, but it sure seemed to me that it wasn't a joke for him any longer. He was actually enjoying being dressed as a woman!

When it was time to retire for the night, mom took dad and I into the bathroom to show us how to remove our makeup. I quickly removed all traces of the makeup Lisa had put on me and raced to my bedroom to change into boy's clothes.

When I got there, however, I found that Lisa was waiting with a silly grin on her face. "I thought you might want to wear something soft and pretty to bed tonight," she said with a smile as she held out a short nightgown with a ruffled hem and a pair of matching panties.

"You've got to be joking!" I looked at Lisa as though she were from another planet. "I'm not going to wear anymore of your clothes. I'm not some kind of queer!"

"Oh, so now dad is a queer?" Lisa asked feigning innocence. "First you called him a sissy. Now you're saying he's queer! Wait until he and mom hear about this!"

"I...I...never said dad was queer," I protested, "You're making this all up!"

"Didn't you just tell me that you weren't some kind of queer when I offered you my nightgown?" Lisa asked. "You did say that, didn't you? Queer was the word you used right?"

"Yes, but I wasn't talking about dad," I attempted to explain, "I was referring to me if I wore your nightgown!"

"I don't suppose you'd like to know what dad's wearing to bed tonight would you?" Lisa asked, relishing in my predicament. "Let me give you a hint. It's white, made of satin, and it has lot's of lace!"

"Dad's going to wear a nightgown!" I was stunned, this couldn't be happening. I must be in the middle of a nightmare. "I don't believe it!"

I was sure that dad wouldn't do such a thing, then again he did try on two dresses, then spend a whole evening wearing a dress and women's underwear. My mind whirled in confusion. Maybe Lisa was lying. Maybe dad wasn't going to wear a nightgown. Of course, if Lisa told him that I said he was a queer, it really wouldn't matter what dad wore. I'd still be in a lot of trouble.

"Can you say checkmate?" Lisa asked with a grin. She unbuttoned the top two buttons on the blouse I wore. "Now admit defeat graciously," she chided as she handed me the nightgown. Lisa smiled and walked out the door. "Sleep tight, sis!" she called affectionately.

After my sister left, I stared at the nightgown, trying to sort out my feelings. It was a very short, light pink, sleeveless style that was barely long enough to reach mid-thigh on Lisa. There was a delicate white eyelet trim around the scoop neckline and a band of ruffled lace adorned the arm openings and hem as well as the leg opening on the panties.

It didn't seem right to wear Lisa's nightgown, but then again I'd worn her clothes for the entire evening and no one seemed to care. Actually, they seemed to like it. Feeling confused and

beaten, I took off the blouse and bra, and unzipped and stepped out of the skirt, slip, and stockings before slipping the panties on, and sliding the nightgown over my head. I quietly turned out my light to avoid drawing attention to what I was wearing and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning, I slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the bathroom hoping no one was up yet. I wasn't quite prepared to see my father coming out of the bathroom wearing a long white satin gown with lace straps and bodice covered by a sheer lacy robe.

"You look really cute in that nightgown," dad commented. "It was very nice of Lisa to let you wear it!"

"Yeah it was," I replied staring at him. "Kind of weird though!"

"Don't worry, Paul," said mother as she came into the hallway, "you're just having a little fun. No one's ever going to know what you wore, so have a good time and enjoy yourself!"

"How am I supposed to enjoy looking like this?" I asked, gesturing to the nightgown I wore. "This isn't the way I normally dress for bed, you know!"

"Please don't get offended, Paul, but I think you look really sweet dressed like this. I certainly wouldn't mind if you wanted to dress this way around the house," mom offered.

"You can change after breakfast if you like," replied dad, "Or maybe Lisa will find something for you to wear, whatever you'd like."

"I'd like to get my boy's clothes on," I asserted. "I feel silly like this."

"Fine, wash up, and after you eat, you can change."

At breakfast, mom once again commented on how nice I looked in Lisa's nightgown, making me wish that I had changed first. It was embarrassing to eat breakfast in this outfit!

I wolfed down my breakfast then hurried back to my room to change, relieved that Lisa wasn't waiting for me again. I threw the nightgown and panties on the floor in disgust, then pulled on my own underwear, a pair of cutoffs, and a tee shirt. Slipping my bare feet into a pair of beat-up tennis shoes once again, I felt comfortable and at peace with myself.

I picked up the clothes and was about to throw them into the clothes chute when something made me stop and look at the panties. What was it about them that attracted my attention? Was it just the curiosity all boys had about the panties girls wore and how to get them out of them? Normal thoughts for a seventeen-year-old boy, I told myself as I examined the panties. Nothing to be afraid of here!

I heard mom say that she and Lisa were going shopping and that dad and I were to clean the dishes before they got back. One little argument over whom does the hardest work and now they expect dad and me to do all of the housework!

I finally threw the panties into the clothes chute and went to the kitchen to help with dishes. I was shocked to see that dad had apparently decided to continue the little game we played yesterday. He stood at the sink wearing a pair of mom's white shorts, her pink and yellow plaid top, pink fuzzy ankle socks and mom's sneakers. The top was tight enough for me to make out the straps of the bra he wore. When I looked at the shorts, I noticed that there were no visible lines from his underwear!

My gaze was drawn back to dad's legs for some odd reason. It took a couple of seconds to realize why. Dad must have shaved them for they were now perfectly smooth! "Dad!" I cried out, "What are you doing?"

"Dishes," dad replied, "now grab a towel and help dry!"

"But you're wearing mom's clothes!"

Dad stopped what he was doing and smiled at me. "How do I look?" he asked with his arms stretched out to his sides to allow a better view.

"Strange," I muttered, "Are you wearing anything under those shorts?"

"Of course, why do you ask?"

"I couldn't tell, that's all."

Dad pulled the waistband of his shorts down a little to show me the white nylon panties with lace at the waist and leg openings. Holding the lace waistband out for emphasis, he said laughing, "Mother said this prevents unsightly panty lines!"

I shook my head bewildered. This was the man I looked up to all of my life. I did everything I could to be just like him, to follow in his footsteps, and now he was dressed like a woman! How was I supposed to adjust the image I had of dad building a deck for the swimming pool, and fixing a leaky roof, with the image of him wearing that dress last night and now wearing women's shorts and top, his legs cleanly shaven and smooth.

What's wrong, Paul?" asked dad, "you seem like you're lost somewhere far away, judging from the look on your face. Is something bothering you?"

"Why are you dressed like that, Dad?" I asked, unable to hold back, feeling hurt and confused. "It's not right for you to look like that."

Dad stopped what he was doing and walked over to me. "I guess you're feeling pretty confused," he said softly putting an arm around my shoulders, "Would you like me to explain?"

"It was bad enough that you let mom dress you up last night and then you wore her nightgown to bed, but you shouldn't be wearing her clothes again today! You're my dad. I've got a mom and you're not her, so why must you wear her clothes?" I blurted out before dad had a chance to explain.

I felt tears building up, but desperately fought back the urge to cry. Men just didn't cry I told myself, but of course men didn't wear ladies shorts, tops, and underwear either. Yet my dad did!

Dad pulled me close and held him tight. "Sit down, Paul," he said gently, "I'll try to explain things for you."

I sat for nearly an hour while dad told him how the whole thing had started out as a joke the night before. He patiently explained that he went along in fun even as mom asked him to wear the panties, slip, bra, and stockings. Once he was all dressed, the idea of wearing makeup and having his hair styled a little differently didn't seem like a big deal, so he calmly submitted to mom's skills with makeup and a hairbrush. Wearing the red suit felt kind of odd. Even though he was wearing more clothing than he would normally wear under a suit, it felt as though he had less on. The lingerie was so light and soft that it was almost as if he wore only the suit. When he put on the pink dress, he was amazed that he felt more comfortable than he imagined. He'd always felt sorry for mom, thinking she had to wear a slip and stockings in addition to a tight bra and underwear. But when mom zipped up the back of the dress and asked him how it felt, he told the truth, it felt wonderful!

When mom suggested that he shave his legs to look better in nylons, he agreed without a second thought. When he finished shaving them, he was thrilled with the way they felt and looked. He hadn't meant for me to have to get dressed up too, but once Lisa suggested it, he honestly believed that I would come to enjoy it too! Spending the evening in a skirt and stockings was supposed to be a treat for me as was the nightgown. He was sorry that I hadn't enjoyed the experience, but when mom asked if he'd

like to wear her clothes again, he readily agreed, not realizing how upset I would become.

"Would you feel better if I got changed, Paul?" dad asked me, "I don't want to make this a problem for you."

I really wanted to tell dad to change, to insist on it as a matter of fact, but somehow I just couldn't do it. He seemed to enjoy wearing mom's clothes for some strange reason. I couldn't bring myself to upset him. "I guess it's okay, Dad," I said with a shrug, "but are you going to keep dressing this way?"

Dad hesitated, I guess that he didn't want to lie, but he didn't seem sure of the future himself. "I think so," he finally answered, "at least for a little while. It's fun and I just want to see what it's like, okay?"

"But what about us, Dad?" I asked concerned about what might come between us. "What's going to happen to us?"

"I don't understand, Paul. Nothing's going to change between us. I'm still your dad, no matter how I'm dressed. I'm not going to embarrass you by going to your school events in a dress if that's what you mean."

"Will we still work together in the yard and stuff like that?" I asked anxiously.

"Absolutely," dad smiled, "We'll still do yard work together and fix things like we always did. Once in a while I may look a little different than you're used to, but I'll always be there for you."

I suddenly felt as though a tremendous weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I still wasn't happy that dad wanted to wear women's clothes, but he'd promised that nothing would change between us and that meant everything to me. Of course, I'd still have to be careful that Lisa and mom might try to get me

involved again, but maybe they'd be satisfied just to have dad to play dress up with!

Of course I had no way of knowing what schemes mom and Lisa were hatching on their little shopping trip! When they returned from shopping, mom set the packages on the couch and called dad in to see what they'd bought. "You seem to enjoy dressing up like this, but you're going to have to decide if you're really serious about this," she told him with a twinkle in her eye. "I think you could make a cute lady, but it's up to you."

"And if I say okay?" dad asked, acting like an animal sniffing the bait around a trap, almost certain it was a trap, but wanting the bait too badly to care. "Then what?" He eyed the packages on the couch.

"Then I'll teach you everything you need to know about being a woman, just like I did for Lisa when she was growing up!" mom stated as though there was nothing special to teaching her husband how to dress as a woman.

"You're certain that you don't mind if I wear your clothes occasionally?" dad asked wanting to make sure everything was going to be okay.

"I don't have any problems with that if you'll let me borrow an outfit of yours occasionally," mom said with a nod towards the packages.

Dad followed her nod towards the couch, "For me?" he asked anxiously.

"Go ahead, Dad," Lisa urged, "they're all for you!"

Dad was obviously trying to control his emotions, but his shaking hands were a dead giveaway to how he really felt. He quickly opened the bags and was obviously thrilled to find women's shorts and tops in all different styles and colors. Another, larger bag contained several summer skirts, tops, and

sundresses, but when dad reached for the last bag, there was a sudden sucking in of breath from mom and Lisa. There had to be something special in that one because it took an awful lot to shake up mom, and yet she was nearly trembling!

Dad's eyes grew to an enormous size when he saw the assortment of underwear that spilled out of the bag. Even I was amazed to see what underwear women wear. You'd have thought mom and Lisa had emptied out their drawers onto the couch!

Dad was like a kid in a candy store as he very slowly examined each and every pair of panties, bra, and slip as he took them from the bag. There were more colors and lace on the couch than I ever imagined possible. Dad now had slips, bras, and panties in every shade. Each item had to be the frilliest one the girl's could find!

Lisa stood with a smug look of satisfaction on her face. I could almost hear her gloating that from now on the odds were against me in the family. There'd be three women to one guy now that dad had obviously switched sides! I wouldn't be doing any more joking with him over how long Lisa and mom took to get ready. He'd understand a lot better than I would just how long it takes to do your hair and makeup!

"You must have spent a fortune on these things," dad pretended to complain. "I thought I'd just borrow a few things now and then. I didn't plan on having a whole new wardrobe!"

We could all see that dad wasn't moving away from his new wardrobe. It was clear he didn't mean a word of what he just said. "Don't worry your pretty little head about it, dear," replied mom as she brushed aside his mock complaint. "I want my new girlfriend to look her best, and it helps me to have more clothes too!"

"Well, since you put it that way," laughed dad as he began to scoop the lingerie up in his arms, "I accept your presents!"

He started towards his bedroom when Lisa stopped him. "Not so fast, Dad," she called out, "You forgot some stuff."

Dad appeared confused when he looked at the couch then the floor, but found nothing he'd forgotten or dropped. "Where? I don't see anything?"

Lisa smiled and pulled out a bag that was hidden behind a chair, then handed it to dad. "We couldn't resist buying these for you!" she giggled.

I couldn't believe my eyes when dad opened the bag and pulled out a short silky red nightgown trimmed in black lace. When he pulled out the matching panties, I felt as though I should leave the room. These weren't clothes your average seventeen-year-old guy would normally see. They were hot and sexy, the things that would turn a guy into mush in the hands of the woman wearing them! Dad's smile went from ear to ear as he held the nightgown up to his chest and found that it would barely cover his thighs!

"I thought you might enjoy getting really dolled up in some slinky little thing!" mom explained. "You always did enjoy seeing me dressed that way. Now I get to see you in a sexy little number!"

"Keep going, Dad, there's more!" Lisa urged, as dad seemed caught in a trance. "Hurry up!"

Dad reached back into the bag and came up with a white, one-piece item that went from shoulders to the hips. It had lace straps to hold it up, sort of a flared skirt also made of lace and nothing but lace for the chest part!

"A teddy!" dad exclaimed breathlessly, "My God, this is sexy!" He reached in and pulled out several more of those teddy things in black, yellow, and pink. "They're gorgeous, but do you really think I should be wearing such frilly stuff?"

"If you don't want them, we can take them back," mom teased. "They're a little too frilly for my taste!"

Dad must have noticed me staring at him. He turned and set the teddy down. "I never expected anything like this. It was just a little joke that's all," he explained. "If this bothers you, I'll have the girl's return everything, okay?"

"Keep them, Dad. I'll manage," I did my best to smile, hoping he'd believe something I wasn't sure of myself!

Dad kept the clothes and wore them occasionally, although he never wore anything too frilly if I were around. He settled for shorts and a top, or simple casual sundries. He kept his promise about being there for me and doing things with me.

After a couple of weeks, I even managed to adjust to dad's pattering around in the garden in women's shorts and having breakfast in a nightgown. I had to admit that when he got all dressed up, he looked so good that there were times I found it hard to believe he was a guy. It wasn't long before I noticed that I was watching dad closer than ever before. There was something about him in women's clothes that fascinated the heck out of me and brought back memories of when he and I had first been dressed up by mom and Lisa.

One day when I was home alone, I went to dad's room to borrow a pair of socks, but somehow I found myself drawn to the one drawer I didn't dare to open, the drawer where he kept his lingerie. I stood there and stared at the drawer, trying my best to beat the urge to open it, but I knew I couldn't. I just had to open that drawer.

Back in the safety of my room, I waited for my heart to stop pounding as I quickly removed my shorts and underwear then pulled on the panties I borrowed from dad. I had just finished pulling them up when I heard the front door slam. There was no time to change and put them back, so I kicked my old underwear under the bed and pulled my shorts back on.

Just my luck, it was Lisa who had interrupted me. I made some lame excuse about looking for a book in my room, but I was sure she could see right through my shorts and knew I was wearing panties! I walked by her, fully expecting her to say something about my underwear, but she remained silent. I wondered how she could miss, but I was thankful that she did.

The excitement I felt as I spent the rest of that day in panties did what an entire evening in girl's clothes couldn't. Soon I was raiding dad's lingerie drawer every chance I had, and often found myself wondering about being Lisa's twin sister!

School had let out early one day. Lisa and mom were going to be gone until late that evening and dad was at work. I finished my homework and my mind began to wander to more pleasant thoughts. I don't remember going there, but the next thing I knew I was in dad's room going through his lingerie!

I was glad there was plenty of time before anyone would come home. This was going to be the day I went all out and dressed completely! Up to now, I had only worn panties or experimented with dad's makeup, but today I was going to combine it all and be a total girl!

I carefully chose just the right pair of panties, one of Lisa's bras (dad's were too big for me), a fancy half-slip, a pair of dad's silkiest pantyhose, and to top it all off, I decided on one of Lisa's dresses. It was a pale yellow dress with a full skirt, white square collar, short puffy sleeves, which ended in white cuffs, and imitation pearl buttons down the front.

I felt a sense of disappointment as I carefully applied my makeup. After all the carrying on I had done about wearing girl's clothes the first time, how could I ever let my family know I had changed my mind? If I had kept my mouth shut, if I had just gone along, there might be pretty dresses in my closet to wear with the silky underwear and stockings that would be waiting in my dresser drawers.

Resigned to my fate, I decided to make the best of it. I still had plenty of clothes to choose from and most of the dad's lingerie was extremely frilly, making it my favorite to wear! I turned on the stereo then sat back to enjoy one of Lisa's fashion magazines, which had become some of my favorite reading material lately.

I was enjoying the feel of satin and nylon against my body and was engrossed in an article about the return of the mini skirt and must have lost touch with my surroundings. My heart stopped as I heard the front door open and saw dad's car sitting in the driveway. I made a quick dash for the steps, but it was too late. Dad was standing in the doorway staring at me with a puzzled look on his face. It was difficult to tell who was more surprised as we stared at each other.

Dad finally broke the ice with a smile. "You look very pretty," he told me as my knees started to shake. "That dress is perfect for you."

"T...thanks," I answered, my knees shaking uncontrollably and my stomach doing flip-flops. "I guess I should get changed."

I tried to step around dad to get to back to my room. Dad put out his hand and gently kept me from leaving. "I've got a better idea," he smiled, and gave me a gentle hug, "I'll get changed. You wait here so that we can talk."

"But mom and Lisa...." I started to protest.

"They're not due home for a couple of hours yet," dad interrupted as he walked away, "We have plenty of time."

With no choice left, I did as I was told and waited for an eternity until dad's bedroom door opened and he walked out wearing a casual dress, nylons, and sandals that showed off his red toenail polish. "I'm sorry, Dad. I guess you'd like an explanation?" I choked back tears that were forming.

"I think it would clear up some confusion." dad sat down, smoothing out his skirt and pulling down the hem of his dress. "I thought you hated the idea of wearing girl's clothes?"

I opened up and told dad the whole story of how he had been so fascinated that he would willingly dress as a woman, that I just had to try it. One thing led to another and I found that I really enjoyed wearing panties and quickly added bras and then slips.

"Today was the first day I've ever gotten completely dressed," I explained. "What's going to happen now, Dad?" Tears ran down my cheek. "If Lisa finds out, she'll never let me live it down after the way I acted."

Dad gave him a hug to show that everything would be fine. "We still have sometime before the ladies get back. Here's what I want you to do..."

An hour or so later when the women did get back, dad met them at the door after changing into a black pleated skirt with a yellow jacket and one of mom's black camisoles for his top. He had done a superb job on his makeup and was wearing a pair of black stockings and heels. "Hi, Dad, you look great," Lisa greeted him with a kiss, "What's the occasion?"

Dad smiled broadly, "I wanted to look my best to introduce you ladies to our newest family member." Turning to the bedroom he called, "Linda Jean, would you step out here, please?"

"Linda Jean?" mom asked dad, "Who's Linda Jean?"

"Got me, Mom," I heard my sister's puzzled reply.

"Are you saying..." mom started to ask. Just then I stepped into the room wearing the yellow dress and nylons, my hair neatly styled, and a pair of Lisa's low-heeled yellow pumps on my feet. Thanks to dad, my facial features were softly accented with makeup.

"Hi," I waved timidly before clasping my hands together in front as I saw other girls do.

Lisa dropped her package and rushed to my side, circling several times checking out my hair, makeup, and clothes. "You are a doll!" she exclaimed giddily, "What made you change your mind?"

"It's kind of a long story," I looked at the carpet, not wanting to meet her gaze. "Please don't laugh at me," I pleaded.

Lisa gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I promise not to laugh, Linda," she said softly. "Welcome to the feminine side!"

Mom hugged me and began to cry, "You make such a lovely young lady," she said choking back her tears. She held out her hand for Lisa to take, then drew her close. "You two really are twins now!" she happily cried. "Linda and Lisa!"

After the tears had dried and I was officially accepted as Linda, the family got together in the living room to talk about my changing my mind. I was truly relieved that no one laughed or even snickered as I told my story.

When I was done, Lisa proposed a little ceremony to welcome her new sister into the family. "Remember what we were saving for later, Mom?" she winked. "Don't you think this would be a better time?"

Mom caught on immediately and agreed wholeheartedly. "You're absolutely right. Why don't you take care of your brother and I'll take care of..." Turning to dad, she smiled, "With the way you two are dressed, I don't think we can continue calling you Ron and dad. What would you like to be called?"

Dad thought about it for a bit, then his face brightened up. "Maybe you could call me Barbara? Is that okay with you?"



"May I introduce our new 'occasional daughter'," dad proudly gushed as I entered the room. "We call him Linda."

"Barbara?" mom smiled. "Okay Barbara, if you'll follow me, I've got a surprise for you!" She took his hand and led him to their room. "Take good care of your sister, Lisa," she called as they left. "I'll let you know when we're ready!"

As we walked to her room, Lisa explained to me that she and mom had planned this as a little surprise for dad's birthday, but with me now one of the girls, it would be best to have it tonight and let me participate.

Lisa helped me out of the dress, then told me to take off my slip and bra too. She handed me a long slip with a built-in bra and helped me step into it. As I pulled the slip all the way up so that the bra cups were in the right place, I noticed how much silkier it felt than the one I had been wearing.

The bra part was made of a satiny material with delicate lace edging around the cups, while the rest of the slip was made of the same material, but was elaborately trimmed with lace. I wasn't certain what was going on, but I was sure things could only get better. "How come this slip is so fancy?" I called to Lisa.

"It's for a special dress," she called back, "Now quit asking so many questions and get dressed. Sit down so I can do your makeup!"

"Can I try doing it myself?" I asked hopefully, "I could use the practice you know!"

"Not this time, Linda," she replied happily as she sponged foundation over my face. "This time everything's got to be perfect.

As my sister explained things, my excitement level increased dramatically. When she walked out of the closet holding a plastic wrapped prom dress, I nearly died! "You are going to look fantastic!" Lisa told me as she helped me into the gown. "I'm sorry I teased you about it before. I really think it's neat that you and dad like to dress up like us girls!"

Soon I was all dressed, my makeup was perfect, and Lisa had even managed to put a little curl into my hair. I lifted the hem of the gown. Feeling very dainty and girlish, I slid my nylon-clad feet into a pair of matching pumps with a two-inch heel, then stood admiring myself in the mirror. I knew that it wouldn't take a great deal of imagination for anyone to mistake me for a girl.

The emerald green gown looked so pretty. The top most section just above the bustline was a sheer fabric in a lighter shade that gave just a hint at the developing young woman inside while the short cape fastened around my shoulders seemed to impart a touch of innocence. I appeared to be an innocent young girl on the verge of womanhood.

As I admired myself, I was overcome with excitement. It didn't feel at all silly to be wearing my sister's prom dress and lingerie. It didn't even seem odd that my hairstyle made me look like a girl or that I was wearing makeup. It all felt as natural and wonderful as if I really was a girl! Now if only I could go somewhere as a girl and get away with it, that would be so exciting!

Soon mom called for us to come out. When I did, the first thing I saw was a pretty woman with Auburn hair dressed in a beautiful white wedding gown with billowing petticoats. "You're a beautiful woman, Dad!" I gushed as I ran to his side. "Does that dress feel as good as it looks?"

"It's the nicest thing I've ever worn," dad's eyes were beginning to mist up with tears. "I just hope I look half as pretty as your mom did when she wore this dress!" His voice broke.

"Linda's right, Dad," Lisa added with pride. "You make a beautiful bride. You could easily pose for Bride's magazine!"

"I have a few more accessories for you girls," mom promised as she left the room. She returned shortly and handed each of us a dried floral arrangement to carry. "That's just about right," she pronounced as she moved to dad's side. "One last thing for you

though," she said as she fastened a veil to his hair and draped it on either side of his face. "The prefect bride!"

"Okay now, Linda, stand next to your Aunt Barbara and smile for the camera!"

I no sooner was in position than multiple flashes of light blinded me as Lisa took pictures of us. I glanced at dad who was beaming with happiness, held my bouquet closer to my chest, and posed for the pictures.

After the pictures were taken, the gowns were reluctantly taken off and put back into the closets for storage. Dad changed into a pair of shorts and a top, while I insisted on putting back on the dress that I wore when dad had caught me.

Lisa worked with me every chance we had from then on, helping me to learn everything I needed to know so that we could go out shopping together. When I came home from school, she insisted that I wear girl's clothes and practice walking, sitting, and expressing myself as a girl.

At night, I wore pretty nightgowns and panties and had stopped taking showers in favor of long bubble baths. It seemed funny to realize that once again I was trying to live up to the example set by dad who had become so feminine and pretty that he and mom often went shopping together!

I worked hard on my lessons and was so thrilled I thought I'd burst when dad asked if I'd like to go out that weekend. It was to be a special 'Girl's Day Out' dad explained. "Just you and I out shopping for dresses, having lunch, and catching a movie together! I think you are feminine enough for that now."

When the big day arrived, I spent an hour soaking in a tub of water scented with perfumed bath oil beads making certain that my legs and underarms were as smooth as I could get them.

When I was certain they could get no better, I stepped out of the tub, slipped on panties and a robe, and started to work on my makeup and nails. I was so excited that I was finding it tough to keep my hand steady for the more delicate parts of my makeup such as putting on mascara and nearly brushed my eyes on several occasions. I carefully applied a light pink shadow to my eyelids, then blended in a little white above it to place more emphasis on my eyes.

Picking up one of the makeup sponges mom had bought me, I slowly spread a light colored foundation over my face, then gently patted a powder of a slightly darker shade over it. Pink blush to highlight my cheeks, then a light coral shade of lipstick made my face complete! I brushed and blow-dried my hair the way Lisa had taught me, then clipped a pink lace bow to the back of my head. I picked out a pretty bra that mom had bought for me, carefully turned it around and slipped the straps over my arms. I adjusted the lacy cups to fit over where my breasts would be, padded the cups out with pantyhose, and then adjusted the satiny straps to keep everything in place.

Even after doing this day after day for weeks, I still got a tingling feeling up my back when I got dressed up and saw myself as a girl. I wanted to get all dolled up for the day, but dad said I'd look out of place, girls just didn't get dressed up to go shopping on a weekend. If I was going to fit in as a girl, I had to do things the way girls did and most importantly not the way they didn't! This was to be just a mother/daughter trip to the mall and there was no reason to wear anything fancier than a sundress.

Just as I was about to put on my sundress, dad knocked at the door and entered wearing a short nightgown and robe. "Here's a little gift from mom and I," he said as he held out what looked like some sort of athletic supporter. "You'll look better wearing this with your dress."

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I couldn't believe dad wanted me to wear it after I went through so much trouble to look like a girl. "Why would a girl wear this thing, Dad?"

"They go a long way to hide little flaws in a girl's figure," dad answered as he removed his robe and gown. "If we want to look just right in tight clothes, these are essential. Now pay attention and I'll show you what to do."

I watched in amazement as dad carefully tucked his genitals into his body, then pulled the item snug to keep them there. He pulled on a pair of shorts and turned to show me that although the shorts were tight, there was no hint that he was a male! The cut of his shorts seemed to nicely lift and shape his butt into feminine proportions and from any side dad was a lady with a nice butt!

I carefully followed dad's instructions and soon had my own supporter pulled snugly against my body. I pulled on my sundress and found that there was no difference between the way I now looked and how my sister looked!

"One more gift for you," dad smiled and held out his hands to reveal a pair of breast forms. "To separate the women from the little girls!"

Dad undid my bra and while I stared speechless at my new gift, he produced a tube of glue, applied a thin coat to one the forms, and pressed it against my chest. After a few seconds, he released the pressure and repeated the process with the second breast form. Once the glue had set properly, he gently guided me over to the mirror where I nearly fainted! I had breasts just like a real girl!

"Oh, Dad, it's wonderful!" I exclaimed joyfully. "They look so good and feel so real! I look just like a real girl!"

"They'll help to remind you to act like a young lady when you're wearing them," dad said as he fastened his bra and slipped

on a casual green blouse. "You'll always have that weight on your chest to remind you that you're not a boy anymore!"

I carefully cradled my new breasts and gently placed them into the cups of my bra. "They're fabulous, Dad!"

I marveled at the realistic cleavage they created. "Don't worry, I'm not going to forget that I'm supposed to be a girl. I'm going to learn everything I can about how to act like a girl. I think I'll let my hair grow so I can practice with curlers and maybe I could get a manicure!"

I watched dad as he carefully buttoned his blouse and noticed that he had left several of the top buttons undone to reveal a hint of cleavage from his breast forms. I continued watching quietly as dad finished dressing, then did his hair and makeup, noting how relaxed and confident he appeared as he deftly applied foundation, blusher, lipstick, mascara, and eyeshadow. He never hesitated and unlike mine, his hand never shook from the excitement of making himself appear to be an attractive woman. I had seen mom and Lisa apply makeup before and there was no difference between their actions and dad's. To dad, wearing makeup was simply something one did to look good. The fact that he was actually a male had no bearing on the matter at all!

As we walked through the mall, the initial terror and fear of being discovered wore off quickly as I realized that we were successful in portraying ourselves as a woman and her daughter out for an afternoon of shopping much like any of the others we passed. I even began to amuse myself by scrutinizing other girls hoping to discover that they too were boys!

My excitement grew by leaps and bounds as we approached a major department store where dad had promised to let me buy some clothes for myself. I smiled nervously at the girls entering and leaving the dressing area as I quickly made my way into a vacant booth carrying three dresses I was dying to try on.

I placed the dresses on a hook inside the booth, then shut and locked the door behind me before letting out the deep breath I had been holding before going in. I'd waited as long I could, hoping the seemingly endless parade of girls would let up and I could slip in unnoticed, but finally dad told me to just smile and keep walking. Now here I was in an area second only to the girl's bathroom in sacredness, expected to try on girl's clothes and model them for dad and anyone else who might be nearby. The idea was both thrilling and terrifying at the same time, but I knew that I'd do it, the urge to be seen in a dress was just too tough to deny!

I gently removed from its hanger a pink dress that had caught my eye. The dress had a pink jacket over it with pink satin strips around the bottom of the jacket and the ends of the short sleeves to add just a touch of contrast. The skirt was a flip type that would swing out from the body as the wearer walked painting a picture of a carefree, yet self assured, young lady.

I wasn't sure that the dress was my size, but I was sure that if there were one in my size, I would do anything to get dad to buy it for me! I slowly lifted the dress over my head then held my breath and hoping it would fit, I carefully slid it over my head and put my arms through the sleeves as it slid over me. I knew what to expect before I opened my eyes, but I had to see just to be sure. I opened my eyes in a slow, deliberate manner, and nearly jumped for joy when I saw myself in the mirror.

The dress not only fit me, it seemed like it was meant for me! The striped accents on the top drew the eye first to the end of the jacket then to the sleeves, all the while framing the wearer's breasts. The flip skirt then drew attention to my legs as the final outward expression of the wearer's femininity.



We had a most odd 'father and son' outing at the mall. But I liked shopping for lingerie and dreamy dresses with dad.

I proudly walked out of the dressing room to show off for dad, wishing that I had been allowed to wear nylons and heels for the shopping trip. Dad beamed with pride as he watched me walking towards him. There was no sign of a seventeen-year-old boy here—I pranced and sashayed as if I had never been a boy.

It felt a little weird to see other girls checking me out. The stares from their boyfriends didn't make it any easier for me either, but I told myself that it was okay. I was a girl and this is what it was like. I even put a little extra swish in my walk for Dad's benefit! I wanted him to know I was having fun.

Once we bought a few dresses for me, dad led me off to pick out lingerie. I stopped dead at the start of the lingerie department. I looked at the slips and camisoles, the panties and the bras, nightgowns, girdles, garter belts, and nylons, and knew it was what I wanted. I wanted to look in a mirror and admire the jade green panties with the lace waistband around my hips. I wanted to see my breast forms cradled in the lace-covered bra that would match the panties. I wanted to pull on the matching half-slip and stare and the lavish lace hem, to slip on the camisole and feel the smooth nylon encasing my legs as I slowly work on a pair of pantyhose.

Before I could enjoy any of those sensations though, I would have to be willing to go into that department and examine the garments to find the right size. "Scared, honey?" dad asked as he examined my face and quickly saw the fear and reluctance I was trying to hide. "I understand that you might be afraid, but it's okay now. You aren't like other boys. You should be wearing pretty things like these and I want you to enjoy them like any pretty young lady!"

"But, Dad," I whispered frantically. "What if I really, really like wearing these things and don't want to stop?"

"You're old enough to make your own choices now. You'll be graduating soon and will have to make a few decisions about

the rest of your life. Who knows, maybe one of those decisions will be whether you would prefer to live as a girl!"

I was stunned to hear dad suggest that I might want to become a girl. This had all been sort of a game, even if it did produce some very curious feelings in me. What would happen if I gave in to those feelings and tried to live as a girl? What would it be like to wear nightgowns to bed, to put on panties and bras, to wear dresses and heels, or to go to a beauty parlor and have my hair done for some special occasion where I'd be wearing a dreamy outfit?

The longer I thought about it, the more excited I became. Dad was sure I could do it, the only question was how? "Let's go, Auntie," I said as I boldly walked into the lingerie section, "I need to pick up a few things!" Dad laughed and fluffed his hair.

Later at home after changing into a sundress and sandals, I broke the news to the family. I wanted to be able to spend my entire summer vacation as a girl, live each day of the summer as Linda, dress as a girl, and go out as a girl. I wanted to become a girl on the day I graduated, and stay that way throughout the summer!

My sister was thrilled with the idea of another girl in the family if only for the summer. "That's great, Mom! He can get away with it!" I'm sure she wanted to double her wardrobe.

"You aren't very masculine and I'm sure you could probably convince everyone that you're a girl for a while, but you're asking a little too much. Tell you what, Barbara and I will talk it over and we'll watch how you handle yourself. I think it might do both of you a lot of good to spend some time as women."

Dad felt insulted. "I happen to think I'm getting pretty good at being a woman! Haven't we gone shopping as women? No one ever gave me a second look, even when I bought new bras today!" With mother's help, Dad had worked hard to perfect the

way he looked and acted—even his way of thinking. Now mom seemed to be implying he wasn't feminine enough!

"You're both very pretty and you both do very well for the time you spend as women--but it's still just a game. You can put on a dress and pretend you're women and when you get tired, you can be men again. That's not what it's really like for Lisa and me. We're female twenty-four hours a day, every day. We have to sleep in curlers to look our best in the morning, and have to wait in long lines to use the restroom. Trust me, if you had to spend all day in heels, you'd sell your soul for a pair of flats!"

"That's what makes the idea so good, Mom," Lisa added quickly. "If they spent a whole summer as females, they'd really understand how hard it can be!"

"What do you think, dear?" mom asked dad who was nervously toying with the hem of his dress. "If it could be arranged would you be willing to be a woman for the summer?"

"It sounds good, but what about my job?" asked dad, looking for a way out of a mess he hadn't foreseen. He laughed nervously. "I can't just show up at work in a dress and heels, you know."

"The plant's about to be closed and you're going to be out of a job anyway," mom quickly replied. "Now if you are afraid to try living as a woman..."

"I'm not afraid!" dad said, becoming increasingly agitated. "But why argue about it? We'll never get a chance to try anyway."

"How about our vacation?" Lisa asked with a devilish grin. "I'd love to see you ladies at the beach!"

"Please, Mom. I'll do anything you want. I'll sleep in curlers, and wear heels day and night. I'd love to see what I'd look like in a girl's bathing suit too!" I was on the verge of tears feeling that

my one chance to live out this dream was being dashed before my eyes.

"It's up to your father," mom chuckled. "Are you brave enough to spend your vacation as a woman?"

"It's a deal," dad replied putting aside his fears and concerns. "But it's going to take a lot of planning."

"We'll straighten everything out well in advance, Barbara dear. Don't worry your pretty little head about it!"

I wasn't in the least bit worried about the upcoming vacation. It was all I could have hoped for, living as a girl, shopping, going on rides, and even sunbathing in a girl's bathing suit! My heart pounded and my head was filled with exciting thoughts of going out in a pretty dress, the picture of a lovely young woman having dinner with her family. I was going to wear shorts, denim skirts and jumpers, and scooter skirts to the amusement park, sleep in baby doll PJ's I was planning on buying, and enjoy the beach and lake while wearing the green and yellow bathing suit I'd seen in the Sears catalog. I'd prove that I could be every bit the girl my sister was and happily do anything a girl would do, wear anything they'd wear, and have the time of my life doing it too!

One day after school, Lisa and I were doing our weekly pedicures when I decided the pressure that had been building in me was too much. I just had to confide in someone. "I'm a little worried about the vacation."

"It was your idea to live as a girl," Lisa shrugged as she blew her nails dry. "You can't back out now. Who knows, you might even decide you'd rather be a girl!"

"If I told you a secret, would you promise not to tell anyone?" I asked as I carefully applied polish to my toes.

"I'd never tell anyone unless you say so. I promise!"

"Don't tell anyone, but I've wondered what it would be like to live as a girl always!"

"Wow! You really think you might want to stay a girl forever?" Lisa squealed.

"I suppose," I shrugged. "I really like wearing girl's clothes and doing girl type stuff like this. Would it make a difference to you if I was a girl instead of a guy?"

"I don't think so," Lisa smiled as I filed my fingernails, preparing to apply a coat of clear polish. "I sort of like having a sister to talk to. I couldn't really talk to you about boys and clothes and stuff like that before. That's all changed since you started dressing up. It'll be even easier to think of you as my sister after this vacation!"

"I wish I could see what it was really like to be a girl," I whispered as I slipped on a short nightgown. "I wish I could have breasts and a girl's figure and feel the kinds of things that a girl feels! Then I'd really know."

"You're talking about more than a vacation, aren't you?" Lisa asked sincerely, asking, "Do you really want to know what a girl experiences and feels like all month?"

"Sometimes I can't think of anything else!" I sighed.

Lisa sat silently thinking, then her face lit up. "I think there might be a way to help!" she exclaimed with a grin. "Birth control pills!"

"I don't think there's much chance of my getting pregnant, Lisa. Especially since I'm not ready to go all the way with a boy yet!"

"Not for pregnancy, dummy!" she whispered. "For the female hormones! They exaggerate a girl's monthly estrogen cycle."

"Who's going to prescribe female hormones for a seventeen year old boy without his parent's permission?"

"Probably no one, but a seventeen year old girl can get birth control pills at certain clinics. I know girls who've done it! I hear that those pills are loaded with female hormones. I could get them and give them to you. I bet you'd feel more feminine!"

"Wow! That would be great! But what if I decide I don't really want to be a girl?"

"Then stop taking them and your male hormones will take over again! I read that's why men who get sex changes have to take hormones all their lives! If they stop, their bodies won't make anything but male hormones!"

"Mom and dad will have to let me stay dressed as a girl if I keep taking them. It's perfect!"

The plan was to begin the next day when we planned on a shopping trip into town. Lisa checked and found a clinic where she could get the pills. All I had to do was to take them. My heart was pounding as I walked with Lisa to the clinic, then went to do some window-shopping.

Could I actually go through with something like this? Would my body change that much? How long might it take? I couldn't wait to wear a low cut top and see my own soft breasts peeking out of the cups of the bra! I'd surprise my parents by really turning into Lisa's twin sister!

Lisa was all smiles as she handed me the prescription. "What you have here are breasts, a cute butt, a prettier face, and the makings of my new twin sister! I got the strongest ones I could."

I was so excited my hands were trembling. Lisa asked, "I bet you can't wait to get started?" We filled it immediately and I took one and began my first monthly cycle.

The time until the vacation seemed to be years, even though it had only been weeks since Lisa and I graduated. I'd been taking my pills for nearly two months, but it was only recently that I'd noticed a difference in the way I felt, a difference I couldn't define but it was still there. I was so excited to see my breasts getting a little puffier and my buttocks and hips just a little rounder. No one noticed since I wore nothing but girl's clothes since school ended. I was so glad to be out of school. The showers after gym were a little embarrassing as my skin first and then my figure began to change!

Dad and I packed nothing but female clothes, figuring it was a do or die situation. No matter what happened, we'd experience it as women for there was not a single article of male clothing packed for the trip. It was to be Linda and Barbara now!

When we arrived at our vacation cottage, I was about to reach for the luggage when a young man stepped in front of me. "I'll get that for you, Miss," he said with a smile. "It looks kind of heavy."

I flashed the guy my best smile. "Thanks, it's probably my sister's makeup in that one!" I laughed nodding towards Lisa.

"Linda!" Lisa laughed. "Wait until I get you in the lake. I'm going to drown you!" Lisa pretended to chase me as our luggage was brought in. Then we flopped down on our bed and laughed at how the guy couldn't wait to help us poor girls.

"You were flirting with that guy, weren't you?" dad asked as he started to unpack. "You'd better be careful. I don't think you should be getting in too deep!"

"I hope you ladies can swim," mom stood at the doorway listening. "You are going to be having the same problems with men as Lisa and me! The two of you are "single" females for the entire vacation. I expect you to act like women--if guys show interest. That means I don't want to see you ladies avoiding dates. Girls hold hands with guys, give goodnight kisses and

more after dates! You're not about to get away with flitting about in pretty outfits and thinking that you are living like a woman. You're going to live a female's life as completely as possible!"

I turned to dad with a stunned look on my face, "Dating other guys? Kissing them?" I never thought much about guys when I decided to dress this way. Now what do I do?

"What other guys?" Lisa chimed in, her voice dripping with sweetness. "Do you see any guys around here, Mom?"

"Not a one. Do you see any, dear Barbara?" mom asked.

Dad blushed and shrugged, "No, I guess I don't."

"Why don't you girls get ready for the beach?" mom giggled. "Barbara and I are going into town to pick up some groceries...and maybe a couple real men!"

Lisa smiled at me and I understood that dad and I had just been caught in a trap. Mom had been very agreeable to our dressing in women's clothes and had even suggested the vacation as women knowing we would probably jump at the chance. Now here we were, hundreds of miles away from home and not only would we spend the vacation dressed as women, we were going to learn more about women than we'd ever cared to know!

"Do you really think a guy might be interested in me?" I asked Lisa as I pulled on my bathing suit after gluing on my breast forms. "I'd die if a guy asked me for a date!"

"So would I," griped Lisa, "but you heard mom. If a guy asks you out--you have to go out with him!"

"I know, I know," I finished adjusting my suit, then slipped into a white lace cover-up, "but I never expected it to be like this. I never expected to end up worried about boyfriends. I just wanted to be able to wear pretty things once in a while!"

Lisa adjusted the top of her bathing suit and smiled, "You said you wondered what it would be like to be a girl. You asked for the hormones. Now you're going to find out! If those pills work the way they should, you won't have much choice about being a girl!"

"Notice any changes yet?" I asked Lisa with a shy grin. "I've been having some curious new sensations?"

"You do look a little bit softer." she laughed. "And there was that flirtatious way you looked at that guy? Not boy like at all!"

I gently pulled down the top of my bathing suit and let Lisa take a look at my chest. "Those things look real!" she exclaimed reaching forward to examine my breast forms.

"I thought they were bigger...."

Suddenly she pulled her hand back as if she'd been shocked. "Oh my Gawd!" she whispered, "They're real! My brother has boobs!"

I felt slightly insulted by her comment. It had taken me over two months of unfailingly taking birth control pills to develop the small breasts that I had--but I was proud of them! "A girl's gotta start somewhere you know," I pouted. "They're small, but they're growing, and most important, they're mine!"

"They're yours all right," she laughed nervously. "Wait until Mom and Aunt Barb see them. They'll have a bird!"

"I don't see why. They're only temporary," I shrugged. "They'll go away when I stop the hormones, right?"

"Sure! Otherwise why would those guys I told you about have to keep taking hormones?" Lisa agreed as she stared at my chest. "I remember mine that size. I wonder how big they'll get?"

"I never thought about that. It doesn't matter how big they get, right?. They make me feel so girlish!" I pulled my suit back up, slipped on a pair of sandals, and headed for the lake and the beginning of my vacation as a girl.

I was in heaven spending my days at the beach working on my tan and occasionally playing volleyball with a group of guys and girls we met. I was a little concerned when the group included the boy who was so helpful with our luggage when we arrived, but Lisa refused to let me quit, especially when she was introduced to the boy's best friend who was every bit as cute as he was!

Her ulterior motives for playing volleyball paid off when two days later the guys asked if she and I would go out with them that weekend. Before I could blink, Lisa had agreed and had decided for me. My life as a girl was moving forward and I would just have to keep up with it!

Mom was thrilled to hear that her new daughter was going on her first date and she insisted that I tell her everything I thought about the boy and the upcoming date. I did my best to act enthusiastic, but Lisa could tell that it was a bluff. I really wanted to see what it would be like to be a girl, but I was still afraid to really let myself go. She decided that it would be up to her to help me learn to enjoy being a girl, which was why she quickly agreed to the double date. Of course, the fact that her date was a real dream come true went a long way towards making the decision!

For three straight days, Lisa prepared me for our date. She asked me to remember the best dates I'd ever gone on and how the girls dressed and acted. That wasn't very hard since I hadn't dated much due to shyness, so she started me on dating lessons, insisting that I would have wear a nice outfit, fix my hair up, pay attention to the guy, and make the guy feel very special. At the end of the date I'd give the guy a kiss too, it wasn't anything

special, no tongue down the throat, just a girl's way of saying thanks.

We practiced doing my hair in different styles when we weren't at the beach or shopping at the outlet center nearby. We curled it, brushed it forward and back, parted it in the middle, the right and the left before deciding that it just wasn't long enough to do anything special with other than a gentle curl which gave me a very sweet, innocent type look.

Deciding to make the most of the look, I decided on a buckles pink and white striped sundress that fastened around my neck. The dress had a full skirt and high neck with a little keyhole opening in it, which gave me a young and innocent look with a little sexiness thrown in.

With just a little makeup I looked just like the type of girl I would have liked to date! I was as giddy as any other girl on her first date that weekend, and could have been ready hours earlier if I hadn't redone my makeup six times and tried on four other outfits to make sure I had chosen the right one.

I was about to glue on my breast forms, but a strange thought crossed my mind and I quickly put them back in my drawer and took out a strapless padded bra. As I fastened the bra, I giggled to myself thinking that if the guy did try to get fresh, I wanted to feel flesh before I slapped him silly!

It seemed strange to actually hope my date would try to feel me up, yet knew I'd have to protest and slap him to show him I wasn't that kind of girl! I stepped into a pair of low-heeled pink sandals and grabbed my purse just in time for Lisa to announce the arrival of our dates.

The night was certainly something to remember. It was so different to have someone make a fuss over me, to be concerned that I was having a good time, so different and so very nice!

Once in a while I would glance over at Lisa who would give him the thumbs up signal or a special smile that said she was happy to have me as her sister! As the evening progressed, I found myself becoming more and more relaxed and at ease with Jack. When he placed his arm around my waist as we walked, I never resisted. Instead I smiled and moved closer, enjoying a sense of calmness and security.

It was an odd but enjoyable feeling, I thought, as I smiled at Jack. Certainly a feeling I could quickly get used to! As the evening drew to an end, I felt strangely afraid. I'd had a wonderful time with Jack, but I'd fooled him into believing that I was a girl and soon I'd have to pay up in girl's currency - with a kiss. Jack would certainly expect one, and he deserved one. It would only be a quick peck on the cheek, but how in the world was I going to bring myself to do it?

As we left the movie, Tom, Lisa's date suggested that perhaps we'd enjoy watching the sunset over the lake. There was a perfect spot for doing so, he explained, unless of course we were in a hurry to get home.

Thinking I was prolonging the inevitable time when I would have to give my date a kiss, I saw a surprised smile on Lisa's face when I said that I thought it would really nice to see such a pretty site. I smiled back at her wondering what was strange about wanting to see a pretty sunset. Weren't girls supposed to enjoy such things?

It must have been a good thing to say judging from Jack's reaction, as he put his arm around me and eased me a little closer. Seeking the secure peaceful feeling I had as we walked together, I slid closer to Jack and was rewarded with a kiss on the head!

When we got to the destination, my pulse raced as I looked around and saw several other cars in the area whose occupants were engaged in groping, kissing, and petting! I realized too late why Lisa had been surprised at my agreement. This was a prime

make out spot for local kids and I'd given our dates the impression that we wanted to make out with them!

Now Lisa was busily cuddling up to her date as the sun began to set behind the lake, and I could feel the gentle but persistent pressure Jack was exerting to bring me closer. I suddenly realized that I was actually getting excited over what was to happen and let myself be pulled closer until I was securely in Jack's embrace where I watched the sun go down.

"Isn't that a beautiful sunset?" Jack asked as the sky was colored with shades of red and yellow. "This is the best place for sunsets!"

I had never been much of a fan of sunsets before but this one was just so beautiful! I turned to tell Jack how much I agreed and was met with a wide smile and eyes that were as blue as the sky.

I understood what he was thinking, and found myself craving the attention he was offering. I smiled and once again I was being pulled closer, closer to that smile, those gorgeous blue eyes and that wonderful feeling of security! I didn't want to resist, I wanted to feel his arms around me, his chest against my breasts, and his lips against mine, so I simply closed his eyes and put my arms around his neck as his lips met mine. I was totally relaxed and enjoying myself after only a few minutes of kissing. I loved the feeling of being held tightly and of being kissed, of being a girl, Jack's girl!

Remembering stories of what girl's did that had really turned my friends on, I began to experiment on Jack, nibbling on his ear, gently rubbing his chest, even allowing Jack to probe my mouth with his tongue! Suppressing a giggle, I quickly found that I was having the same effect on Jack that those actions had on me. Jack's breathing suddenly became heavier, his hugs more intense, his kisses much more passionate, and he was begging me to keep it up!



I felt Lisa's watching. I didn't know what to do or how to react. I knew it was wrong but Jack's caresses were mesmerizing. Suddenly, he drew my skirt higher...

At the end of the evening, Jack walked me to the door where we spent several more minutes embracing and kissing before Lisa and her date finished their good-byes in the car. I gave Jack one last kiss before wishing him goodnight and promising to see him the next day at the beach, still wondering if I should have gotten so deeply into acting as a girl, yet feeling glad that I did.

"I couldn't believe the way you and Jack went at it!" Lisa giggled as she stepped out of her dress and prepared for bed. "What were you thinking when he kissed you?"

"I was scared to death!" I sighed nervously as I undid my dress. "I can't believe I was so dumb to think that they really wanted to show us a beautiful sunset! Next thing I knew, I had some guy trying to stick his tongue down my throat!"

"Oh my," Lisa laughed, "I thought that you knew what you were doing. I was giving you credit for being so brave when you were being stupid!"

"Hey, don't I get any credit for letting him kiss me?" I asked, feigning being offended as I took off my slip and pantyhose, and pulled on a pair of frilly rumba style panties that went with my baby doll pajamas. "That wasn't easy you know!"

"Hard work?" howled Lisa. "What was so hard about nibbling on his earlobe? I dare you to look me in the eye and tell me you weren't having fun!"

I slid my thigh length nightgown over my head. "I was having so much fun I didn't want to stop!" I whispered softly to avoid being overheard. "It was heavenly the way he held me so close and told me how pretty I was! Must be the hormones?"

"I sometimes think that doing my hair, fixing my makeup, and wearing dresses so tight and short that you're afraid to sneeze in can be a real pain," mused Lisa. "But when I see the way a guy's eyes light up when he looks at me and when he tells me how pretty I look, I know it was worth it! You're going to find

that out too 'cause I'm going to make you into such a sexy looking girl that you'll never want to be a boy again!"

"After this evening with Jack," I sighed happily as I opened my purse and took out the birth control pills, "I don't think you'll have to try very hard to convince me to stay as a girl. I wouldn't mind you making me look more sexy though!"

"Just try to stop me!" laughed Lisa as she swatted me with a pillow. "When I'm done with you, no one will ever imagine you were ever a boy!"

I drifted off to sleep wondering what the future would be like. Would there be enough hormones in the birth control pills? What would I look like with bigger breasts? How was I going to explain changing into a girl to my parents? "Somehow I'll manage," I thought to myself as I ran my hands over my nylon nightgown and across the ruffles of my panties. Becoming a pretty, sexy girl was all that mattered now. Lisa promised to make me into one and I couldn't wait to make the trip!

Jack and I quickly became known as an 'item' among the beach crowd. Several of the guys wanted to have a chance with me, but the signals were very clear, I was Jack's girl. Everyone thought we made a great couple as we walked hand in hand along the beach.

I noticed some changes in my thinking since I began taking hormones. More and more I wanted to be alone with Jack to talk and kiss or just to put my head in his lap and stare up at the clouds. From time to time, we'd play a little game where Jack would lean over and steal a kiss or I would pull his head close and kiss him. The game made me feel closer to Jack, and gave me that strange yet delightful feeling of closeness that I craved.

I soon spent less time on the beach, needing the time to prepare for the several nights a week when Jack and I went off on our own for a movie, miniature golf, or whatever we could think

of. But we often ended up in the same spot to watch the sunset where I had fallen head over heels in love with him!

I would spend hours primping for our dates, my makeup had to be just so and my hair perfect. Jack seemed to like me with a ponytail, which he would playfully tug on for a kiss. So whenever we were going to the beach, I made sure to do my hair in a ponytail for him held high with a lace ribbon.

Sometimes just to tease Jack, I'd wear a ponytail when I knew we wouldn't be able to neck, gathering it back with a scarf that matched the dress and shoes I was wearing.

Jack was forever complimenting me on my outfit and lately even my family was coming to me for suggestions on outfits, telling me what great taste I had. Mom told me that it was a shame that all that knowledge was wasted on a boy. Women would pay highly for such fashion sense, but not from a seventeen-year-old boy. If it were Lisa with such talent, she could become a fashion designer, a field that boys avoided like the plague!

I understood completely. If I were a girl, my ability to combine different articles of clothing and put them together into a pretty outfit would be considered a definite asset and a potential career path. As a boy, I would be laughed at for the same talent. It was just my luck to have a talent that I could never use, or could I?

One day, about halfway through our planned stay at the lake, I came home from a hard day of volleyball and working on my tan to find mom screaming at Lisa. She was saying some awful things about Lisa being a tramp and waving something around in her hand. I tried to mind my own business and walk by, but when I got close to them, I could see a pink rectangular box in mom's hand. I thought I had them hidden under a pile of panties and bras in the back of one of my drawers. How could mom have found them?



"This is what's wrong! Your son has grown breasts!" mother gasped putting her hand under one sensitive mound.



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"What are you doing with these?" mom screamed as she waved the box in front of Lisa. "I thought we talked about this sort of thing and had an agreement! How could you let me down like this?"

I could see the look of agony on Lisa's face. She was protecting me at the loss of her own reputation in mom's eyes. She was motioning with her eyes for me to keep on walking, but I couldn't. Without her help, I'd be stuck wearing my breast forms instead of a padded bra and my very own breasts. I had to help.

"They're not Lisa's, Mom," I said as I took the box from her and put them into my purse. "She kept her word about not fooling around."

Mom stood stunned, staring at her empty hand. "Yours? What would you need birth control pills for?" she asked, obviously confused.

I took a deep breath, set my beach bag down, then holding my arms out to the side. I slowly turned around. "For this," I said as calmly as possible, using my hands to emphasize my rounded butt, hips, and curves. "I took them so I would look like this!"

"Your swimsuit takes care of that, your swimsuit and these," she said as she reached inside my top to pull out my breast forms.

Her face suddenly changed into a look of shock and confusion as her hand cradled one of my breasts. "Ron!" she screamed using dad's real name for the first time in months. "Come in here, hurry!"

Dad walked into the room confused at the use of his name. "What's wrong?"

Mom slowly pulled down the top of my swimsuit until I was standing with it at my waist; my breast's visible for all to see. "This is what's wrong," she said pointing to my chest.

"How'd you get them to look so real?" dad asked in amazement. "If mine looked like that, I'd wear lower cut dresses."

"They are real! Yours would be too if you were taking these!" explained mom as she handed him the birth control pills. "Your son has been turning himself into a real girl!"

I was allowed to change. When I came back in a pretty white sundress and my padded bra, my family started the inquisition. Dad was shocked and mom was in tears as I told the whole story of how I talked Lisa into getting the pills so I could look and feel more like a girl. They asked so many questions and I answered all of them truthfully, sure that once I made them understand all would be back to normal.

"Don't you realize what you're doing to yourself?" dad asked. "Hormones aren't for fun, they could be dangerous."

"How are you going to explain them when we return home?" mom asked pointing to my breasts, "not to mention the other curves you've developed lately."

"I'll stop taking them before we go back and there won't be anything to explain," I replied smugly. "It's only a temporary change, right Lisa?"

Lisa explained her whole theory about the temporary effects of the pills and what she based it on. I was sure my parents would understand. It all seemed so very simple.

"So now you're a doctor?" mom shot a scathing look at Lisa. "Well, my dear young doctor, permit me to enlighten you. The effects of hormones are entirely reversible to a point, a point your sister seems to have passed a cup size or two ago! She may not get any bigger if she stops taking them now, but without surgery, she won't be getting any smaller either!"

I looked at dad who nodded his head in agreement. "I hope you like having breasts. It looks like you're stuck with them now!"

Mom shook her hand in amazement. "I'll make an appointment with a gynecologist I know. Maybe she can offer some help. I can't believe you did this to yourself. I hope it was worth it!"

I was ready to apologize for making such a mess of things, but when I opened my mouth I found myself saying that yes it had been worth it. I loved having breasts and a girl's figure. I loved dressing up in pretty clothes and silky lingerie with lots of lace. I loved being treated as a girl. The way Jack held me and kissed me was simply wonderful and I didn't want to be a boy again!

My parents were astonished to say the least. I kept the appointment with the gynecologist and after some testing, mom and dad got the bad news. My male hormone level had never been very high, actually it was just slightly above the level for a girl. If I hadn't taken the birth control pills, I would have been considered a late, very late, bloomer for a boy.

Instead, the female hormones had signaled my body that I was ready to start puberty, so it began producing more hormones, female hormones! Instead of becoming a man, I was well on my way to becoming a teenage girl!

The doctor said that I could look like an effeminate boy if given massive doses of male hormones and surgery. On the other hand, I'd probably develop into the equivalent of a sixteen-year-old girl in about another month with just a slight extra push from female hormones. From then on, I'd develop as normally as any other girl going through puberty, including my mental state, meaning there was every chance I'd be a boy crazy teenager!



Unable to hide my figure, I would return to school as a teenage coed. Dad became a successful designer of women's fashions--fashions that looked fabulous on all of us

Mom and I talked about the doctor's diagnosis and what it meant. We came to a decision that everyone thought was best. We wouldn't return to our old house after the summer ends. We're moving to a different state where mom will open a store selling ladies clothes and accessories, including fashion consulting. Lisa is going to college, while dad decided not to join us. Aunt Barb will be coming along however, so that's okay.

The family decided that I had no business running around and acting like a mature young woman while having the mind and body of a sixteen-year-old girl. So despite my objections, I'll be returning to school next fall as a high school junior. It won't be all that bad since this time I'll be wearing dresses and nylons and there are a lot of cute guys there. I'm going back to school as Linda Jean Jackson, a sixteen year old girl.

I can't wait until I go to the prom on the arm of a handsome boy! When I graduate, I think I'll continue to follow in dad's footsteps and work as a fashion consultant. After all, he has never led me wrong before!

The End



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Looking around my Prom, I wondered if any of the other girls were actually boys? Guess that's another story? My date simply adored being seen with me and that's what counts...right?

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