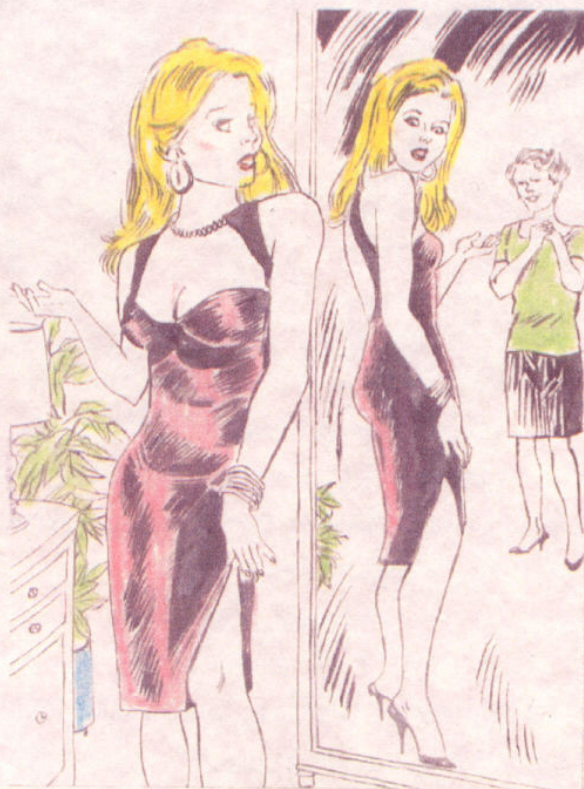


CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION

"DISCOVERING DRESSES"



**A MALE TEACHER LEARNS THAT THERE IS NO
SUBSTITUTION FOR EXPERIENCE...
HE FINDS OUT ABOUT WOMEN!**

VOLUME 65

Published By

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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

VOLUME 65

DISCOVERING DRESSES

By Stephanie Ann Bryant

Sandy Thomas

Illustrations by

Puyal

www.sthomas.com
sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

Published by
Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:

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"With a curvaceous figure that Venus would have envied, a tanned, unblemished oval face framed with lustrous thick brown hair, deep azure-blue eyes fringed with long black lashes, perfect teeth that vied for competition, and a small straight nose, Frank had a beauty that defied description."

DISCOVERING DRESSES

Stephanie Ann Bryant

“Have a great summer vacation,” I announced to my fifth grade class. I love teaching, but it was a long school year and I needed a summer break.

I was cleaning out my desk when the Doug Smith, a second grade teacher, walked in. “You going to the meeting?” he asked.

“What meeting?” I asked.

“In five minutes. Something big is going down,” he exclaimed.

Mr. White, the school principal, announced, “We have a problem.”

“All the students seem happy,” I said.

“The problem is the lack of women teachers working here. They want me to replace three of you with female teachers,” Mr. White announced. “The three teachers I am letting go are Mr. Nelson, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Sevem. I am very sorry. Jeff, can you stay behind?”

I needed this job! It took me two years after college to get this job. I couldn’t believe I just got fired. “I am sorry about this,” Mr. White said.

“I only wish there was a way I could stay,” I said.

“There is. The class action states that it would withdraw its complaint if one of our male teachers would act as a woman for the summer,” Mr. White said.

“That’s great! I’m hope you can find someone to do it,” I exclaimed.

"I'm glad you said that. The group chose you."

"Me? Why me? I wouldn't be a good-looking girl. I'm too tall."

"Not really. You don't have to do it, but if you don't, you three will be fired. You have till noon to decide," Mr. White concluded.

My mind was a whirlwind as I cleaned out my desk. How bad could it be? It was only for the summer. I finally decided I needed the job more than my dignity. I walked into Mr. White's office and announced, "I'll do it."

"That's great. Mrs. Betty Butts will be in charge of you this summer," Mr. White introduced me to a woman sitting to the side.

"Mrs. Butts," I grumbled.

Betty stood 5'6, weighed about one hundred twenty pounds, and had brown shoulder length hair. "Come with me," she smiled.

"To where?"

"You will see," she said as she escorted me to her car.

"Welcome to your new home for the next two and half months," she announced as she exited her car.

The house was huge! "You want me to live here? I have my own apartment," I said.

"Not anymore. I told your landlord to rent your apartment, and I sold your stuff. Let's get moving. We have a lot of work to do," she said.

"Wait a minute. What do you mean rented my apartment? I'm dressing as a female only for the summer. I need that apartment after the summer," I exclaimed. "And what about selling my clothes?"

“Those male clothes won’t fit you after the summer,” she stated with a little smirk. “I’ll show you to your room,” she led me upstairs.

My mouth hit the floor when I walked into the bedroom. The room had a queen size bed, a huge bay window with a bench to sit on while looking at the view, two dressers, a mirrored table, a huge walk-in closet, pink shaggy carpet, and white wallpaper with red roses.

“This room is huge!” I exclaimed.

“I am glad you like it. Take a bath, and use these items,” she handed me a shopping bag.

I retrieved the products from the bag as I filled the tub. One bottle was for my hair, another for my body. I felt strange as I applied the lotion over my body except my face as instructed, then waited for ten minutes before cleaning it off. After a couple of minutes, my entire body tingled, and after ten minutes, I jumped into the shower to rinse. The spray tingled as it washed over my body. “Aw!” I screamed.

“What’s the matter?”

“All the hair on my legs is gone,” I screamed.

“Of course it is, silly! Girls don’t have hairy legs. Finish rinsing, and jump into the tub.”

“Will it grow back?” I asked.

“Maybe,” she smirked as she left the room.

I took my bath after the shower washed all the cream, and my body hair, away. I used the special shampoo and body wash she gave me. I dried myself off and exited the bathroom after wrapping a towel about my waist, since she had removed my clothes.

“Took you long enough. Your first lesson is to wrap your towel around your breasts like a lady,” she instructed. “It’s time to get dressed.”

“I can dress myself,” I insisted.

“I have special products for you to wear. Don’t be shy. Remove your towel. It’s just us girls here,” she advised. “The first thing for you to wear is called a gaff to hide that defect between your legs.”

“Hey! That’s no defect, it’s my ‘pride and joy,’” I defended.

“You are not to take the gaff off. Understand?” she continued without giving my defense of my manhood a second thought.

She inserted my maleness in a bag of ice. “What’s the big idea?” I cried at the cold.

“Stand still! The cold will shrink your ‘pride and joy’ and help us get a better fit,” she grinned.

After five minutes, she pulled my shriveled maleness into the gaff and pulled it tight between my legs. She made adjustments, pulled a string, and it snapped in place. A jolt of pain ran through my body like someone gave me twenty shots all at once. “Take it off! It hurts!” I screamed.

“Don’t be a baby. You will get used to it. Remember to never take it off. Let’s finish getting dressed. Put these on,” she handed me a pair of white satin panties.

I slid the panties up my legs, and enjoyed the feel as it slipped over my body. “Now for a breast job until you get real ones,” she announced.

“Until I get my own?” I gasped.

“Don’t worry about it, honey,” she said as she applied lotion to my chest and attached two realistic breasts forms.

She pinched one of the nipples. “I felt that!” I exclaimed.

“These are the best breast forms on the market,” she handed me a white bra. I slipped the straps over my shoulder. “This is your first bra?” she asked.

“Of course it is!” I snapped.

She attached the hooks in the back, and then adjusted my breast forms so they sat in the cups. “Perfect, you will love having breasts. Wait until your boyfriend kisses them,” she cooed.

“Nobody is going to kiss my breasts, especially not another man! I’m doing this to keep my job,” I growled.

“Calm down. I was only joking. Take a seat,” she grinned. She put my feet in a bowl of soapy water. “Pay attention. I expect you to do this yourself,” she instructed as she began to clean my toenails.

After drying my feet, she began to paint my toenails red. “Why are you doing that?” I asked.

“Lesson two. A lady always matches the color of her toenails, fingernails, and her lipstick. It is summertime and you will be wearing lots of open toe shoes. People will see your feet,” she explained.

“What people?” I asked.

“You didn’t expect to stay inside all summer?” she asked as she finished my toenails. She finished by applying a clear polish to give them a glossy look.

“It’s time for your makeup. Pay attention, as I expect you to do this yourself,” she announced. She handed me a daytime moisturizer for my face. After ten minutes,

she started to apply foundations. "You need to use a darker shade since you still have whiskers, but you won't have to worry about that much longer," she explained as she applied the foundation.

She started to pluck my eyebrows. "That hurts," I cried.

"Don't be a baby. You will love how you look when I'm done," she said.

"Will they grow back?" I asked.

"Not if you take care of them," she said.

She applied an eyebrow pencil to my brows, brown eye shadow on my eyelids, and black mascara to my eyelashes. "Almost done. I knew you would make a beautiful girl," she said as I looked at her in shock.

She outlined my lips with a red pencil, and filled in with a ruby red lipstick. "All done," she finally exclaimed.

She placed my hands in a dish of soapy water. "You have dirty fingernails. In a couple of weeks, you would freak out if your nails look like they do now," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You will see," she casually stated as she filed my nails in a nice oval shape. I didn't have very long nails, but Mrs. Butts made them appear longer by cutting back my cuticles, and finished by coating them with clear nail polish.

"I thought you were going to match my toenails, lip, and fingernails?" I questioned.

"I will, but this will help your nails grow and become stronger," she said as she applied dark red polish. She finished with a clear coat to make them shine.



"There is no way I can pass as a woman," Jeff nervously growled.

"Don't be so sure, dearie," Mrs. Butts answered. "You would be surprised what be done with a little padding and makeup."

"This is a garter belt. The rose goes in the front," she handed me the garment. I slid it up my legs. "These are called thigh high nylons. They attach to the garters. You gather them in a ball, and then slowly roll them up your legs. Be careful, they are very delicate," she instructed as she handed me the black thigh highs. I was very careful not to ruin them.

She handed me a black skirt that went down to just above my knees. "Man, this is tight," I said.

"It's supposed to be. It's called a hobble skirt. It will help you walk like a lady," she said as she handed me a black slip with ruffles at the top. I lowered it over my head and let the soft garment slide down my body. "I see you like its feel," she commented.

"No, I don't!" I exclaimed, not wanting her to know my true feelings.

She handed me a black dress with a high neck and long sleeves. It zipped up the back and fell to my knees. "Here are your shoes," she handed me a pair of three-inch high heels.

"I can't walk in those!" I stated.

"You will learn," she smiled. I slipped them on my feet, and almost fell over. After a couple of minutes, I got used to them.

"Let's see what I can do with your hair for now. In a few weeks it will be longer," she said.

She retrieved hair spray, scissors, and a hairbrush, and went to work. She finished in a half an hour. She placed a gold necklace about my neck and two gold hoop clip-on earrings on my ears.

"Take a look, dear. What you think?" she asked as she led me to a full-length mirror.

"I don't believe," I gasped. My hair had body. The front had bangs and little curls crowned the top. "I look like a woman."

"Not yet, honey, but you show potential. Wait till I'm done with you. You will have the men drooling. I'm hungry, so let's eat," she said as she left the room.

Why does Mrs. Butts keep talking about men? I followed her down the stairs, but I couldn't walk very fast because of my hobble skirt.

"Have a seat," she instructed.

"What's for dinner?" I asked.

"Salad. We girls have to watch our weight. I want you to take some vitamins," she handed me four pills.

"What are these for?"

"They will help you enjoy your summer," she teased. "Tomorrow we hit the ground running with your training."

"Training?" I asked.

"Training to help you become as realistic as possible. I don't want to stay inside all summer. It will be fun," she explained.

"I'm going to bed. For some reason I'm really tired," I yawned.

"Good idea. You had a long day."

I took a bath after I removed my clothes. It felt strange to take a bath having women's breasts, but the glue held them firmly on my chest.

Mrs. Butts was in my bedroom when I finished my bath. "I am glad you are here," I sighed.

“Of course. I’m here to help you every step of the way to your new life,” she said.

“I can’t take my breasts off,” I explained.

“Of course not, silly. They will come off when the time is right. Now, put this on and hop into to bed,” she handed me a pink lace panel gown with side swept floral lace and thigh high slit. It had slim straps that draped over my shoulders. The gown flowed over my body down to my ankles.

I donned the gown and let it slide down my body. It barely covered my breasts. “Wow, any man would love to come to bed to that,” she smiled.

I gave her a confused look as I climbed into bed. “I’m going to play some relaxing tapes to help you sleep. I will see you in the morning,” she said as she turned on a tape machine and turned off my lights.

Unknown to me, the tapes had subliminal messages saying, ‘I love being a girl’, ‘I love to wear pretty things’, and ‘I love men’. I fell asleep right away. I felt very comfortable in my new surroundings.

“Time to wake-up,” she tapped me on my shoulder.

“That hurt. What time is it?” I asked.

“Nine o’clock. We have a lot of work to do today,” she answered.

“What kind of work?”

“Today you start your training. The first thing you will do is go for a jog. Put these ones,” she handed me a gray sports bra and pair of gray tight fitting shorts. I also put on a pair of white tennis shoes and anklets socks. “There is a path around the house that I want you to follow,” she instructed.

It took me an hour to finish the jog. "Eat some breakfast and take your vitamins," she instructed as she handed me three purple pills.

"What are we doing today?" I asked.

"Work on your female side. I want you to take a bath and change into an everyday outfit," she said.

"What is an everyday outfit?"

"An outfit that you would wear around the house. Get moving, we don't have all day," she said.

I made sure to use the special shampoo and bath oils for my body. I was tired after my jog and decided lie in the tub to relax. I washed my body and stopped when I hit my breasts. Under my breast forms, my real breasts seemed a little larger. This concerned me and I decided to mention it to Betty.

I first put on my white satin bra, and then my matching high cut panties. I put on my black garter belt and black thigh highs, and attached them to my garters, smoothing them to remove any wrinkles.

I sat at my vanity table to apply my makeup. I coated a light brown eye shadow to my eyelids, and black mascara to my eyelashes after I applied liquid foundation. I outlined my lips a light red lipstick, and then filled in with a darker shade. I finished by blending blush to my cheeks.

"What to wear? What to wear?" I contemplated as I looked in my closet. I selected a black slinky textured print knit dress with little white flowers. The dress had a gently flared skirt and a wrap front bodice. It fell to my knees.

I spied some boxes on the top shelf in my closet. Inside I found a lovely blonde wig with long loose curls

that cascaded from a sleek crown. Wispy bangs would frame my face. It was perfect, as I placed it on my head using the procedure Betty used yesterday. I clipped gold hoop earring to my ears, placed a gold necklace about my neck, and stepped into three-inch high heels.

I made one last look in the mirror and headed downstairs. “Very interesting, my dear,” she said as I walked into the room.

“You don’t like it?” I asked as I performed a spin.

“I gave you an option to wear whatever you wanted, and you decided to wear a dress. You could have worn pants,” she said.

“I liked this outfit better,” I said with a little smile.

“I see,” she smiled. “You need to work on your walking, talking, and overall mannerisms.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You will. Your walk is the first thing to work on.”

“What is wrong with my walk?”

“You walk like a man,” she giggled.

“I am a man!” I explained

“Not for the next few months. Let’s get started. Are you wearing a hobble skirt?” she asked.

“Of course not. I could barely walk yesterday,” I said.

“That will make these exercises a little harder on you. You need good posture, so stand up straight. Your steps should be no longer than the length of your foot. Make sure that your heel touches the floor first, and keep your feet close to the ground. Keep your toes pointed straight ahead and place your feet directly to the side of an imaginary line running down the center of your path. Make sure to never step on that line. Also

swing your hips a little; men love that. Walk back and forth one hundred times. Do it right or do it again," she instructed.

"I don't want men looking at me," I said.

"Every girl wants men to look at her, now get walking."

I started walking back and forth. Mrs. Betty kept giving instructions such as, 'you are going to fast', and 'swing your hips more'. It took me an hour to finish.

I was so tired that I fell onto the couch, which made Mrs. Butts very angry. I knew that I had done something wrong. "This isn't the way a girl sits?" I snickered.

"You think this is funny? I can call Doug Smith right now and call this whole thing off. Do you want that? What are you going to tell your fellow teachers when they lose their jobs?" she asked.

"I'm sorry. I don't want anyone to get fired. I'll do what you say. Don't call Mr. Smith," I apologized.

"Okay, I forgive you. Let me tell you how to sit and stand as a lady. You will become a lady if it's the last thing I do. When you walk up to a chair you turn around making sure that your legs brush against the chair. Then you slide your back foot under the chair about two to three inches, and then you lower yourself, making sure you tuck your skirt or dress under you. You then cross your ankles. You don't want anyone to look up your dress or do you? To stand up, you slide one foot back and under the chair. You must keep your body erect. You lift very gracefully in one smooth motion using the muscles in your back leg. Now do it one hundred times," she said.

I didn't want her mad at me, so I made sure to concentrate. Mrs. Betty seemed happy with my effort.

"That was very good. Let's eat lunch. You go first," she instructed. I made sure to swing my hips and walk as much like a girl as possible.

For lunch she and I split a sandwich. "This is it?" I asked.

"Yes, we girls must watch our weight. After lunch you will work on your voice," she said.

"My voice?"

"You need to learn to talk like a girl. A girl doesn't have your deep voice. You do the dishes, since I made lunch," she said as she went into the living room.

I cleared the table after donning an apron to protect my dress. I knew if Mrs. Butts saw the apron, she would say something like 'it looks like you are enjoying this'. I didn't want to hear that so I made sure she didn't see it.

"That was a pretty apron you wore," she grinned. "Now for your voice lesson. I want you to speak into this tape recorder, 'I am a pretty girl' one hundred times. If I don't like your voice at any time, you will start again from the beginning. Concentrate on raising your pitch. For a while, you will have to concentrate. You can do it, and you will love the results. Men love a sexy voice," she said.

It took me an hour to finish, after starting over a couple of times. My voice was killing me by the time I was finished. "Very good. I will be watching you, and I expect perfection. If you make a mistake in your walking, talking, and sitting, you will repeat these exercises. Have a seat, and read this Cosmo," she said.

I sat and began to read the magazine. I was really tired and beginning to dose off. "Why don't you take a bath and get dressed for dinner? Wear something fancy," she said.

I felt so relaxed as I lay in the tub. My legs felt so good buoyed by the water. After half an hour, I got out of the tub and started to get dressed. I put on my black bra and panties, followed by my black garter belt, finishing by attaching my black thigh highs to my garters.

I applied liquid foundation to my face, light brown eye shadow on my eyelids, black mascara to my eyelashes, and finished with red lipstick.

I stepped into my black ottoman ribbed dress with a square neckline and cap sleeves. It hung to about four inches above my knees. I stepped into a pair of black three-inch heels. I clipped gold earrings to my ears, and a laid a gold necklace around my neck.

I ran my hand through my hair and noticed that it was growing really fast, but it was still too short for a feminine hairstyle. I found a wig I wanted to wear, fit it on my head, and puttered with the curls until the style seemed natural. I made one last look in the mirror and headed downstairs.

“You look really nice. Have a seat and let’s eat,” Mrs. Butts complimented.

We had roast beef and a glass of milk. Mrs. Butts made sure I took my vitamins. I was told to do the dishes, so I put on the apron I wore at lunch to protect my dress. It took twenty minutes to finish the dishes, after which I headed into the living room to talk to Betty.

“Mrs. Butts, I have some questions,” I stated.

“Go ahead, sweetie,” she said.

“The first thing is my hair. It seems to be growing really fast,” I said.

“That is very good. I will look at it tomorrow. It may be long enough for us to do something fancy with it. Any other questions?” she said.

“Yes, my breasts seem to be growing,” I said.

“That is very good. It’s getting late. Why don’t you get ready for bed,” she said.

“I think you will enjoy wearing this tonight,” she said as she handed me a white knit sleep chemise made of cotton with beautiful Venice lace trim and lattice edging at the hem. It fell to five inches above my knees, and it was cut really low to show off my breasts.

“That looks really good on you. Any man would die to come to bed to that,” she said as she left my room and turned on my relaxation tapes. I was a little concerned that she kept talking about men. I didn’t want to go out with any man.

“Good morning. How did you sleep?” she asked.

“Fine, I guess. My stomach hurts,” I answered.

“That is good. Time for your jog,” she said.

It took an hour to finish my jog. When I was done, my stomach was killing me. I could barely stand. “Mrs. Butts, I’m in a lot of pain. Can I go back to bed?” I asked.

“Don’t be a baby. Take your bath and get dressed,” she said.

I headed upstairs, put special oils in the tub, and slipped into the soothing warm water. I didn’t want to get out.

“Jeff, you must get moving. You can’t stay in there all day,” she said.



I pinned the wig over my growing hair and examined my reflection. Was the woman in the mirror really I? My confidence in my masculinity was fading with each passing day.

"I'm coming." Why is she so mean today? I'm in a lot of pain.

As I walked into my room, Mrs. Butts greeted me with, "Get dressed."

It took a little longer than usual to don my bra and panties. "Here is something for your pain. Put it on," she handed me a tampon.

"You think this is a joke? I am in a lot of pain," I protested.

"I experienced the same thing when I went through my first period," she said.

"Period? What are you talking about?"

"I put you on a twenty-eight day cycle. You will have low estrogen days the first five days of your cycle. That will be your period, which is what you are experiencing now. It will gradually increase to day fourteen, which will be your most fertile day. Be careful on those days. You don't want to get pregnant. Then we will increase the progesterone for the rest of your cycle. Now put on your tampon. I will see you downstairs when you are done getting dressed," she said as she left the room.

I had a shocked look as she left the room. What is this mad woman doing to me? I finished getting dressed after putting the tampon in its place.

I changed into a purple lace-trimmed dress with a heart shape neckline and padded shoulders. It fell to my ankles, and fit tightly about my waist. I slipped on my white double vamp mule three-inch heels with open backs. I put on my blonde wig so the curls flowed down the sides and rested on my shoulders. I put my gold necklace around my neck and put my gold clip on earrings on my ears. I made one final check in the mirror and headed downstairs.

“You look nice,” she said as I sat at the table to eat my breakfast.

Mrs. Butts made sure I take my vitamins. “We are going to take it easy today since you are feeling a little ill. Come with me,” she said.

We walked to the end of the house and entered a room that looked like a beauty shop with three hair driers, three chairs, and funny looking machine next to a dentist like chair. “What are we doing here?” I asked.

“You said you were sick. I thought you could use a day of beauty,” she led me to the dentist like chair. “Put this one. I don’t want to ruin your pretty dress.” She handed me a pink smock.

She began by washing my face. She had me put small eyeglasses on. “Sit still, this will hurt a little,” she said as she lowered a needle to my face.

A jolt of pain ran through my body. “Ouch! That hurts. What are you doing?” I asked.

“Don’t be a baby. You will love the way your makeup looks when I am done,” she said as she lowered the needle again.

What did she mean by ‘I will love the way my makeup looks when she is done’? Suddenly I experienced pain like I have never felt before. She took almost two hours to finish.

“Take a look at the new you,” she held up a mirror.

“What did you do to me? What happened to my facial hair? You thinned my eyebrows out. Will they ever grow back?”

“Probably not, now let’s work on your hair. It’s long enough to start working with, but I want to do one more thing first,” she held a little gun to my ear.

Suddenly a jolt of pain ran through my body. She did the same thing three times to each ear. "What did you do?" I cried.

"Stop complaining. I just pierced your ears. Pierced earrings are so prettier than clip-ons. Now, come with me," she led me to one of the chairs. I was in a state of shock. What was this woman doing to me? I needed to run, but from some reason, I liked the smoothness of my face.

"Have a seat. I am going to do wonders with your hair. You will love it," she beamed as she started to wash my hair.

When she finished washing and conditioning my hair, she began to cut my hair. I thought that she had finally come to her senses, and relaxed. She ran a strong smelling solution through my hair, and then started to wrap my hair around small rods. It took her half an hour to finish. I felt like I had a brick on my head.

"It's is time to put you under the hair drier," she said as she led me to one of the dryers.

She turned the drier on, and I sat under it for about thirty minutes. "Wake-up, honey, let's see what we have," she tapped the side of the drier.

"I don't want you to blow dry your hair for the next three weeks. When you are done with your bath at night, you need to set your hair in rollers. Let me show you how to do it," she said as she began to remove the rods from my hair. "As you can see, I used many different size rollers. She than rolled my hair on the rollers. When she was done, she tied a pink hairnet over my rollers, and led me back to the hair dryers.

She put my hands in a dish of soapy water and began to clean my nails including removing my old polish.

After she was done she applied glue to my fingernails. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"Don't worry your pretty head," she said as she applied ten acrylic nails to my fingers. She filed them into nice oval shapes. She painted them a dark red, and then coated a clear over polish to give them a glossy shine. "What do you think?" she asked.

"I guess I like them," I stammered.

"It looks like your hair is dry," she smiled, acknowledging my reluctant acceptance of my new fingernails.

She removed the rollers, and then combed my hair. "You will love it. You are very lucky. Your hair takes to a perm beautifully," she said. That comment really worried me.

It took her twenty minutes to finish. "Take a look," she offered as she led me to a mirror.

"Oh my! What did you do to my hair," I said as I ran my hand through my curly blonde hair. I must have had a million curls. She parted my hair down the middle so my now curly hair rested on my shoulders.

"You don't like it?" she asked.

"It is so girly," I said.

"It is supposed to be. Look at the time. I am starved. Let's eat dinner. You don't have to change. You look wonderful for dinner," she said as we headed back towards the kitchen, my wig remaining behind.

We had small salads for dinner. As I ate, I couldn't stop running my hands through my hair. It felt so smooth and curly. For some reason, I loved my new haircut. My thoughts were wrong, but I couldn't help myself.

After dinner, we had a talk. "I have a surprise for you tomorrow. You will love it. When you take your bath tonight, don't wash your hair. You can't wash it for a couple of days. You will ruin your new hairdo. I will tell you when you can wash it again. Here are some hairnets to protect your hair. Now head upstairs and take your bath," she said.

I had a lot on my mind as I took my bath. I had so many thoughts running through my head. For some reason I loved wearing women's clothes, and I loved my new haircut. What was wrong with me? Why did I think like this?

I changed into my pink satin charmeuse chemise with under-wired cups to enhance my breasts. It was really short, coming to about ten inches above my knees.

Betty walked in. "Let me help you with your hairnet," she suggested as she tied the hairnet to my head. "Get a good night sleep, as you are going to have so much fun tomorrow." She turned on my relaxation tapes and turned off my lights. What did she mean by fun? I was very worried as I fell asleep.

"Good morning, honey. Are you ready to have fun today?" she asked as she woke me up.

"What kind of fun?" I asked as I rolled out of bed.

"You will see. Now do your jog," she said. I had lots of thoughts racing through my head during my jog. What kind of fun did Mrs. Betty have in mind?

After my bath, I walked into my room where Betty was holding up a bikini. "I am afraid to ask who that is for," I said.

"You will look great in it. Hurry and put it on, and then meet me downstairs," she said as she handed me a light blue sun goddess suit with a tie-on peek a boo sunburst and a full coverage scoop bottom.

After putting it on, I examined myself in the mirror, and was amazed at what I saw. My hips hugged and filled out the bottom. I noticed that my hips and butt seemed a little larger. My breasts peeked through the little hole in the top half of the bikini. My blonde curly hair flowed about my face. I put light red lipstick, and headed downstairs.

"Wow! You look great. Hurry and eat," she said.

"What's the hurry?" I asked.

"You do want a nice golden tan, don't you? The best time is between eleven and three. If we hurry, we can get the best spot at the water park," she said.

"Water Park? What water park?" I asked.

"You will see. Now eat."

After I finished eating, Mrs. Butts handed me a beach bag and some brown two-inch sandals. It took us twenty minutes to get to the water park. "This may not be a good idea. This place is packed," I cringed.

"Don't be shy. There are a lot of good-looking men here. Get moving," she said as she exited the car.

We headed to the wave pool to work on our tans. I put some sun tan lotion on Betty, and then she did the same to me. I looked in my beach bag and found a romance novel. "What is this for?" I asked.

"For you to read. You will enjoy it," she said. I spread my towel and lay on my stomach to tan my back. I started to read my book, but it wasn't very interesting so I decided to take a nap.

"You are getting a little red, sweetheart."

"Thank you, Betty," I said as I turned over to see a man standing in front of me.

He was about six feet tall and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. He had brown hair and very dark green eyes. "Do I look like a Betty?" he asked.

"Betty is my friend. I wonder where she went?"

"My name is Adam. What is your name, honey?" he asked.

I thought for a moment, then answered, "Stephanie. It's nice to met you."

"It's getting really hot. Do you want to take a ride on the lazy river?" he asked.

Before I could answer, I felt Betty standing behind me. "That's a great idea. Hello, my name is Betty, and my niece would love to go with you. Have fun, honey," she said.

Before I could say anything, Adam grabbed my hand and led me to the ticket counter. "One raft or two," the lifeguard asked.

"One," Adam answered.

"Is that a good idea?" I asked.

"Don't worry, honey, I'll keep you dry," he said as he helped me into the raft. I sat on his lap, and we were off.

I had to put my arm around Adam's neck to keep from falling off. I noticed that he had a very strong neck. "What do you do for a living, Stephanie?" he asked.

"I'm a school teacher. And you?" I asked.

"I own a construction company. You are very beautiful," he said.

"You are too kind," I gave him a little kiss on the cheek. Why did I do that? I rested my head on his shoulder and he began to massage my back. I really enjoyed being close to him. I felt safe in his arms. What was happening to me? I don't like men. I'm a man myself.

We stayed on the river for about an hour. "I getting hungry, Adam" I mewed.

"You must have read my mind. Let's get something to eat. My treat," he said. We exited the ride and headed to the snack bar.

"Did you two have fun?" Betty asked, who was standing behind us in line.

"We had a great time," Adam said as he gave me a kiss on the cheek. We bought our lunch. Adam had a hamburger and Mrs. Betty and I had small salads.

"Look at the time. I need to leave. I'm sorry, beautiful," he said.

"That's okay. I had fun today," I said.

"Hey, Adam, Stephanie and I are going dancing at the Brown Horseshoe tomorrow night. Why don't you join us?" she suggested.

"That sounds like fun. I'll be there at eight. Save me a dance, beautiful," he gave me a kiss on the cheek and then left.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Playing cupid. I saw the way you look at him. Admit that you like him," she said.

"How can I like him? I'm a man just like him. I can't like him," I said.

“Don’t be silly. You are a beautiful woman. Men are going to fall all over you. You better get used to it. Adam seems like a really nice guy. If you don’t want him...” she giggled.

“Keep your hands off my man,” I warned. I was shocked by what I said. Why did I say that?

“I knew it. Stephanie has a boyfriend. I love the name Stephanie. It suits you well. We need to be going,” she said as she got up and headed to our towel.

After returning to the house, I went upstairs to take my bath. I noticed my tan lines when I removed my bikini. How was I going to explain them?

After I finished my bath, I entered my room to dress for dinner. I slipped my black high cut panties over my expanding hips and a matching black bra over my breasts. I snapped on my garter belt and rolled my black thigh-highs up my legs and attached them to my garter belt.

I sat at my vanity table and did my makeup. I used a light shade of foundation on my face, applied light brown eye shadow to my eyelashes, and outlined my lips and filled them in with a dark red.

I slipped on my black sleeveless velvet dress that hugged my curves. It fell to about two inches above my knees. I slipped on my three-inch heels and put my gold hoop earring in my ears. I let my blonde curly hair rest on my shoulder, and after I made one final look in the mirror, I headed downstairs.

“Wow, I know who that dress is for,” she gushed as I entered the room.

“Who?” I asked.

“Adam, of course. You want to dress sexy for Adam,” she said.

“That’s crazy. Adam isn’t even coming over tonight,” I said.

“He won’t be here in person, but he will be here in your mind. Let’s eat,” she said.

We had a light dinner, and after I did the dishes we headed into the living room. “Mrs. Butts, why did you call me your niece today?” I asked.

“It would be easy to explain why you are staying with me,” she said.

“Did you make up the dance tomorrow night?” I asked.

“No! I planned to take you out dancing on Friday. Inviting Adam was an added bonus. Don’t worry about it. We will work on your dancing tomorrow. You will be an expert by the time of the dance. Go upstairs and find something sexy to wear to bed,” she said.

I put on my pink peek-a-boo baby doll with soft ruffles, flirty lace edging, and a split panty. I slipped into bed. And dreamt about Adam, and I didn’t want to stop.

The tapes are working really fast. Jeff was beginning to think like a girl. It’s only been a couple of weeks. What will be like at the end of the summer?

“Good morning, honey,” Betty greeted as she tapped me on my shoulder.

“Good morning,” I said as I rolled out of bed.

“I have good news. You don’t have to jog. We are going to work on your dancing all day,” she said.

“Great!” I said as I headed to take my bath. I felt very excited. What will dancing with Adam feel like?

After I was done, I changed into my black bra and panties, and then I slipped into my white blouse and black mini skirt that hung to about three inches above my knees.

I applied liquid foundation to my face and red lipstick on my lips. I slipped on my black three-inch stiletto heels with an instep strap. I allowed my hair to flow over my shoulders, and headed downstairs.

“Time to eat. This is going to be a very busy day,” she said.

“Must I go dancing tonight?” I asked.

“Yes! You want to see Adam, don’t you? Come with me and I will teach you a few tricks,” she said as we headed to the living room.

“This is how what we are going to do. I will be Adam. Now dance with me,” she said.

“This is silly! I don’t want to dance with you, and I don’t want to go dancing tonight. You can’t make me,” I stomped my foot.

“Oh yes you will, or I’ll tell Mr. White to call this whole thing off. Do you want me to do that? Do you want to disappoint your fellow teachers by getting them fired?” she said.

“No! I don’t want that to happen. I will dance with you,” I quickly agreed, as I walked towards her.

She put her hands around my waist and pulled me toward her. “You put your hands around my neck,” she said.

“I feel so silly,” I cringed as I put my arms around her neck.

“Don’t be. Imagine that I’m Adam. Relax,” she started to sway back and forth and move her hands up and down my back.

I laughed, “That tickles.”

“Don’t laugh. You would hurt Adam’s feeling,” she said.

She continued to massage my back, and I rested my head on her shoulder. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that,” I stammered as I removed my head from her shoulder.

“Don’t be, dear. That was sweet of you,” she said. We danced for a about an hour before sitting on the couch.

Betty began to rub my thigh. “What’s that for?” I stammered.

“I’m making a move on you. You must be ready for tonight,” she said.

“What are you talking about?”

“I am talking about Adam. I see the way he looks at you. He will probably want to do things to you. You must be ready,” she said.

“I don’t want to do anything with him. This is going to far!” I said.

“You don’t have to go all the way with him, but you should kiss him. I saw yesterday that you like to do that,” she smirked. “Now let’s eat lunch.”

After lunch, we sat on the couch and began to read magazines. Betty made me read the romance novel that I started at the water park. I became so absorbed in the novel that I lost track of time. “Look at the time,” Mrs. Butts said. “Go upstairs and get ready, while I straighten up down here.” It was 4 PM.

“Now? What time are we leaving?” I asked.

“About seven, but you have a lot to do. I want you to look extra pretty tonight,” she said.

“I want to look pretty, but I can get dressed in an hour and half. I don’t need three hours.”

“Oh, but you do. Now get moving,” she said.

I made sure to put my bath lotions and perfume in the tub. I lay back and relaxed, then began to wash my body. When I touched my breasts, I noticed that what appeared to be real breast have grown larger. I needed to talk with Mrs. Butts. I made sure that my body was silky smooth and hairless.

After a thirty-minute bath, I headed to my room. I had just slipped into my white panties when Mrs. Betty walked in. “You won’t need a bra tonight,” she announced.

I put my robe on and began to do my nails, starting with my toenails. It took me ten minutes to remove the old polish. I finished them with a coat of ruby red polish. I gave my fingernails a good scrub, filed them to nice ovals, and finished with ruby red polish. After twenty minutes, I added a clear coat of polish to give them a glossy shine.

I wrapped my white garter belt about my hips, slipped on white thigh high nylons, and attached them to my garter belt. “I have your clothes to wear tonight,” Betty announced.

“What type of clothes?” I asked.

“You will see,” she said as she wrapped me in a white strapless shimmering lace corset that tied in the back.

“That hurts,” I said as Betty tugged at the stings in the back.

“Don’t be a baby. Take a deep breath,” she said as she pulled the straps tighter.

“I can’t breathe.”

“You will get used to it. You will love the way your dress looks on you. Put on your hobble skirt,” she handed me the garment.

“Why do I need that? I can walk like a girl.”

“To make sure you don’t run away tonight,” she said. The skirt fell to my knees, and it was tighter than the previous one.

I sat at my vanity table to apply my makeup. I coated light brown eye shadow to my eyelids, and mascara to my eyelashes. I finished with dark red lipstick and blush to my cheeks.

I stepped into a gorgeous white pearl choker collar stretch satin Jacquard dress with a strapless sweetheart bodice. The pearled choker collar descends to sculpted straps in the back. It zipped up my back and had a slit up the side.

I stepped into white four-inch double vamp mule shoes, inserted gold stud earrings in the top holes, and then I gold hoop earrings in the bottom holes. I attached a gold bracelet on my wrists. I let my curly blonde hair cascade from my crown with wispy bangs to frame my face. I dabbed perfume on my wrists and breasts and headed downstairs.

“Wow! You look great. Here is your purse. Are you ready to have some fun?” she asked.

“I guess so,” I whispered, as I followed Betty to her car and a night of dancing.

It took us ten minutes to get to the dance hall. I felt out of place when we walked in. All the other people

were dressed in blue jeans and T-shirts. "Mrs. Butts, why did we dress up?" I asked.

"Don't you want to look pretty for your boyfriend?"

"Adam is not my boyfriend! He is just a friend," I said as we walked into the hall.

Country music was playing and everyone was dancing. We found a table, and ordered drinks. "There are a lot of cute guys tonight," she commented.

"I didn't notice," I said.

A man walked up to our table. "Would one of you two ladies like to dance," the young man said.

"No thank you," I said.

"I would love to," Betty stood up, and I sat and watched them head to the dance floor.

I was enjoying my drink when a familiar voice said, "I've been looking all over for you."

"We just got here," I explained to Adam.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked.

"I would love to," I took his hand.

Adam took my hand and led me to the dance floor, and pulled me towards him. I placed my hands around his neck and we began to dance. I felt very relaxed after a couple of minutes, and I laid my head on his shoulders, while he massaged my back.

After a couple of minutes, I felt a little lump against my leg. I looked into his eyes and smiled, and he returned my smile. I was having so much fun. "Do you want something to drink? We have been dancing for half an hour," he asked.

“That would be great,” I said as we walked back to my table.

“I am so lucky to be with such a beautiful woman,” he complimented me.

“Adam, you are embarrassing me,” I said.

“Don’t be embarrassed. It’s the truth. I am falling for you,” he said as he put his hand on my thigh.

I was shocked. “Please excuse me for a minute. I need to use the ladies room,” I stood up.

I spotted Betty. “We need to talk,” I tapped her on the shoulder.

“Not now, I am busy,” she said.

“It’s really important.”

“Excuse me, Jake,” she said.

As we walked to the ladies room, she whispered, “This better be important.”

“Adam said that he cares for me. What should I do?” I asked.

“I am so happy for you. What did you say?” she asked.

“I told him I had to use the ladies room,” I said.

“You said what? Are you crazy? A man tells you that he cares for you and you go to the ladies room? It looks like I have a lot more to teach you. Go back to the table and talk to that man,” she said as she stormed out of the ladies room. What is her problem? For some reason, I hoped that Adam was still there.

I was in luck. He was sitting at the table. “Come dance with me, big boy,” I said as I grabbed his hands and led him to the dance floor. I grabbed his neck and pulled him towards me, and he put his arms around my

waist. "I'm sorry for the way I reacted. You took me by surprise," I said.

"I was telling you the truth. I like you," he began to massage my back. I lay my head on his shoulder. For some reason, I began to cry. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm just so happy. Adam, I like you too," I said as we danced. We danced for about an hour.

"Look at the time. I am so sorry, but I need to go. I've got to get up early tomorrow," he said.

"Before you go, I want to give you my phone number," I said as I gave him a big kiss on his lips.

"Thank you. I had a great time tonight. I will call you," he said as he left.

I returned to my table to wait for Betty. "Where did Adam go?" she asked as she sat next to me.

"He has to get up early," I said.

"Let's go home. I'm tired," she said.

After my bath, I slipped into my white embroidered cup babydoll with satin bows and hem trim. It had a sheer string side bikini. I wanted to wear something extra sexy tonight. I was in love, and so happy as I fell asleep.

"Wake up, honey. How did you sleep?" she asked.

"Wonderful. Did anyone called?" I answered.

"You mean did Adam called," she corrected.

"Well did he?" I asked.

"No, he didn't. Now take your jog," she said.

Why didn't he call? "Did he call?" I asked as I returned from my jog.

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“I have real breasts!” I cried as I held my breast pads while my own growing breasts bobbed on my chest. “Where did those come from?”

“Mother Nature will have her way,” Mrs. Butts replied, “especially when helped by hormones.”

“Not yet. Don’t worry, he will call,” she answered.

I was on pins and needles all day waiting for Adam to call, but he never did. “Why didn’t he call?” I moaned at dinner.

“I don’t know, honey. He was probably too busy today. He will call,” she suggested.

A week passed since the dance and I still hadn’t heard from Adam. I got so mad. I knew I should be happy since I was a guy wearing skirts, and he was another man.

I was taking my bath and noticed that my real breasts seemed larger. “Betty, I need to talk to you.”

“What is it?”

“My breasts seem to be growing,” I said.

“Let me see,” she touched my breasts. “It looks like you don’t need those breast forms,” she said as she applied solution on my chest. Suddenly my breast forms fell off.

“What did you do to me? I have real breasts!” I said.

“Calm down. They look wonderful. You are only a small B-cup, but they will continue to grow. Adam is going to love them,” she said.

“I’m a man! I’m not supposed to have breasts! Make them go away!” I cried.

“They won’t go away. You are hardly a man any longer. You are a woman and women have breasts,” she explained.

“I don’t believe you did this to me,” a flicker of smile crossed my face.

“You had better get used to them. You are a woman. Jeff is gone. Now finish your bath,” she said.

I couldn't help staring at my new breasts. They looked so pretty. Adam would surely love them. I sat in the tub and began to cry. "Honey, someone is on the phone for you," Betty handed me the phone.

"Hello," I said.

"I missed you so much. I'm sorry I didn't call you earlier, but I was called out of town. I heard that your birthday is on the second of July, and I want to take the most beautiful girl in the world out on her birthday," he said.

"How did you know when my birthday was?"

"A little birdie told me. I'll see you on Friday. Good-bye," he said.

"Betty, I need you," I said.

"What now? I am not your servant," she walked into my room.

"I wanted to thank you," I said.

"For what?"

"For telling Adam about my birthday."

"You are so welcome," she gave me a hug.

The next few days flew by. It was the Thursday before my birthday and my big date. "Can we go shopping today?" I asked as I rolled out of bed.

"I would love to," she agreed.

I dressed in my black mini skirt and white blouse. I put on my one-inch heels since I was I going to do a lot of walking today. I just had to find the right dress for Adam. I wanted to look extra sexy. I wanted to be with him so much.

"May I asked you a question," I said.

"Yes," she said.

"I like Adam," I said.

"What's wrong with that?" she asked.

"I have only been out with him twice. Is that too soon to like a man as I do?" I said.

"It must have been love at first sight. I am so jealous. You are so lucky," she said.

"Should I feel this way towards a man?" I said.

"Nonsense, You fall in love with the person not his or her gender. Now, let's find that prefect dress," she said.

When we hit the first store, I spotted the dress I wanted. "Mrs. Betty, this is it. I must have it," I said.

"It is very beautiful, dear, but let's look around a little," she said.

"Why? I found the dress that I want," I asked.

"You may find one you like better. Let's look around."

"Okay, but I will be really mad if this dress is gone," I sniffed.

"It won't be," she said.

We looked at many dresses, but I knew the dress I wanted, so my heart wasn't in it. "Betty, can I please try on the dress I want?" I asked.

"Okay, go ahead," she agreed. Just I ran to the rack were the dress was hanging. It was still there. It was beautiful evening draped dress with a spaghetti strap neckline that led to a dramatic crisscross low drape back and it had a side slit.

"Can I try it on?" I asked.

“Go ahead, honey,” she directed me to the dressing rooms.

I went to the dressing room to try on my dress. Yes, this was the prefect dress. Adam was going to love me in it. It was low cut to show off my breasts. “I love it. I will take it,” I said as I exited the dressing room.

“Its beautiful. You were right, it is the perfect dress,” she agreed.

After displaying it for a few more minutes, I returned to the dressing room and changed back into my old clothes. We did some window-shopping, but didn’t find anything we liked. After an hour of looking around, we decided to eat.

“Two small salads,” Betty ordered at the restaurant. “About tonight, my dear, I know you like Adam a lot, but you need to be careful,” she said.

“About what?” I asked.

“You remember your little birth defect between your legs? He may not take kindly to that,” she said.

“Adam cares for me. He will accept me,” I said.

“What do you mean, dear?”

“I have a secret. I want to become a full time woman. I don’t want to return to being Jeff,” I confessed.

“I must confess something,” Betty stammered. “The tapes you listen to at night have subliminal messages to make you think that you are a woman. I am sorry I tricked you. I wanted to get back at your school.”

“You tricked me! I don’t believe that you did this to me. I went along with your dress-up game,” I said.

“Not completely. You fought a little. The tapes helped you accept the new you. Look on the bright side. You seem very happy being a woman,” she said.

“I can’t be too mad at you,” I said as I began to cry.

“I had so much fun these past months,” she grabbed my hands.

“What am I going to do?” I asked.

“About what, dear?” she asked.

“Everything. What will Mr. Smith think? What about Adam? He will dump me when I tell him the truth.”

“Don’t worry about Mr. Smith. Adam seems to really like you. What about the truth?” she asked.

“It is a lot to take. What if he hurts me?” I asked.

“Nonsense! Adam isn’t the type. Tell him tonight. Tell him in a public place,” she suggested.

“That’s a good idea. Thanks for being so understanding,” I said.

“That is what Aunts are for,” she gushed.

“Aunt? Are you keeping another secret from me?” I asked.

“No. We aren’t related, but I have no family and would love to have you become my niece. No one needs to know the truth,” she said.

“I would love that,” I said.

It ended up being a great day. After lunch, we headed home. She and I spent the rest of the evening lying about the house. That night I slept without my tapes. I was so happy when I fell asleep.

“Good morning, birthday girl,” she woke me.

“Good morning, Mrs....no, I mean, Aunt Betty,” I said.

“Thanks for calling me Aunt Betty. Get dressed for your jog. I will have your birthday breakfast waiting for you,” she said.

During my jog, I thought of ways to tell Adam the truth. I couldn’t come up with a good way so I decided to just tell him and hope for the best.

“Eat up,” Betty said, as she gave me French toast and eggs. I also took my vitamins. “Honey, there is some more things I must tell you. I have been giving you female hormones. That is why your breasts and hips have grown,” she confessed.

“I’m not an idiot. I assumed something was up when my body began to change. Thank you for telling me the truth. I love my new body. Am I finished developing?” I asked.

“A little more in your breasts. I know a doctor in town I want you to see. It doesn’t have to be today. I can make an appointment for you,” she offered.

“That would be great! Maybe I could asked him about removing my birth defect between my legs,” I said as I finished breakfast.

After breakfast, I sat in the parlor reading my woman’s magazines. About four o’clock I headed upstairs to get ready for my date. I filled my tub with my special lotions and sweet smelling perfume. I love taking baths. I removed all hair from my body, and then I lay back and relaxed a little. Tonight was going to be a big night. What is Adam going to think when I tell him the truth?

My dress didn’t need a bra so I put on my black high cut panties, checked my toenails, and added a little

polish to them. I decided not to wear nylons tonight, so I put on my robe and went to my vanity.

I sat and began my makeup. I removed some sparse eyebrows, making them in two nice arches. I filled in my eyebrows with a eyebrow pencil, added light brown eye shadow to my eyelashes, and dabbed black mascara on my eyelashes to make them extra curly. I outlined my lips with a red pencil and filled them in with a dark red lipstick. I added blush to my cheeks and blended it in.

I carefully stepped into my new dress. I attached two diamond stud earrings in the top holes and gold hoop earrings in my bottom holes. I slipped into my black 4" sandals with crisscross spaghetti straps.

I did my hair in a glamorous curl by applying frizz-tamer and curl enhancer to my damp locks, than I scrunch-dried with a diffuser. I kept the top smooth for exciting contrast. I loved my look. My curly blonde hair flowed from both sides of my head down to my shoulders with a part in the middle.

I was taking one last look in the mirror when Betty entered. "I forgot to give my niece her birthday present," she said.

"You didn't have to, Aunt Betty. You have given me so much," I cried.

"Nonsense! Here, I hope you like it," she handed me a long box.

"It's beautiful, I love it," I said as I retrieved the gold locket.

"Let me put it on you," she attached it about my neck.

"I love it!" I screeched, and then gave her a hug.

Just then the doorbell rang. "Your date is here, honey," she said.

"I am so scared," I said.

"There is nothing to be scared of. Be proud of who you are. You do like being a woman, don't you?" she asked.

"More than anything," I gushed.

"Then tell him that. You can do it," and we hugged again.

I descended the stairs to meet Adam. I was so nervous. "Hello, Adam," I said as I opened the door.

"Happy birthday. You look great," he greeted me, as he gave me a kiss on the lips.

"You are in a good mood," I giggled.

"Why wouldn't I be? I am about to go out with the most beautiful girl in the world. Look at the time. We need to leave," he said.

"What's the hurry?"

"You will see," he took my hand and led me to his car.

It took about twenty minutes to get to our destination. "We have arrived," he announced, and then he helped me out of the car.

"What is this place?" I asked.

"A seafood restaurant with something extra. Let's hurry, we have reservations," he smiled as he led me to the front door.

"Your usual table, Mr. Hall?" the waiter said.

"Yes, George, thank you," he said.

The waiter led us to a table by a window. The table had balloons and a little cake on it. "What is this?" I asked.

"Part of your birthday present. Would you like to dance?"

"I would love to," I gushed as I took his hand.

He led us to the dance floor, wrapped his hand about my waist, and pulled me towards me. I wrapped my arms about his neck and laid my head on his shoulders.

"What's wrong, honey?" he asked.

"Why would there is something wrong?" I asked.

"You seem like you are carrying the whole world on your shoulders," he said.

"I have a lot on my mind. I need to tell you something, but I am not sure how," I said.

"Don't be afraid. I won't bite," he said.

"I'm not who you think I am," I said.

"Who are you?" he asked. He was getting a little angry, so I remembered what Aunt Betty told me. I love being a woman and if Adam can't accept that, than it is his loss. "I am waiting," he said.

"I was not born a girl," I said.

"What?"

"Don't be mad. I care for you so much! That is why I am telling you. Can we sit down?"

"Definitely!" he led us back to our table.

"You remember how I told you that I was a school teacher? Well our school doesn't have many female teachers, and a women's group threatened to fire half of our teachers. I was one of the teachers to be fired. Our principle was able to work out a deal with the head of the group. If one of the male teaches lived as a women for the summer than they will back off," I said.

"So in a month my dream girl will be gone?" he groaned as he began to cry.



I once was a decent billiards player, but now I was terrible. Did this tight skirt and these high heels cramp my style, or did I lose my touch while becoming feminine?

“No, honey, let me finish.” I began to massage his leg. “I am not going back to my former self. I am seeing a doctor to about becoming a woman. I love being a girl, and I love being your girl,” I said.

“You know I like you, but this is a lot to swallow. I need time. Good-bye.” He stood up and left. I sat for a couple of minutes, and then went to call a cab.

I went to the bar to find a phone. “Can I use your phone?” I asked the bartender.

“Sure, honey,” he handed me a phone.

I started to dial when I felt two hands over my eyes. “What?” I gasped.

“Play a game of pool with me,” a man asked.

“I am not really in the mood,” I said as he removed his hands off my eyes. It was Adam.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“I changed my mind!” I said.

“Let’s do it,” he led me to the back room.

“This place is amazing. It has a dance floor, pool hall, and a restaurant,” I said.

“I just want to play a game with you. I don’t want to talk. I’m still not sure about my feelings. You can break,” he said.

I am an awful pool player. My break was sad. I didn’t even knock any balls in. Adam on the other hand was really good. He dropped three. It was my turn and I didn’t get any in. Adam was about to shoot when two men walked up. “Who is the hot babe, Adam?” one asked.

“A friend,” he said.

“So, babe, do you want to go someplace quiet with me,” one of the men asked, as he wrapped his arms about my shoulders.

“No thank you, I was just leaving. I had a lovely time, Adam,” I said as I took off.

“You’re home early,” Betty greeted as I walked through the door.

“This night was a disaster. I told him about me,” I cried.

“What happen?”

“I told him the truth about the school needing women teachers and how if one of us lived as a women, the problem would disappear. He told me he had to think about it. He invited me to play pool, and two guys hit on me. He did nothing. It is over, Aunt Betty. I cared for him so much,” I said as I began crying.

“I know that you feel badly, but you will get over him. You are a beautiful girl, and there are lots of men who would love to date you,” she held me in her arms.

“I don’t want another man. I want Adam,” I cried even harder.

I fell asleep on the couch. At three in the morning, I woke up and went to my own bed. I changed from my dress and put on a blue cotton gauze gown that fell to my ankles. It had a sweetheart neckline, a gently shirred bodice, and a ruffled shirttail hem. I fell into bed and started to cry some more. I was so sad. It took me an hour to fall back asleep.

“Wake-up, sleep head,” Betty said.

“I don’t want to get out of bed. I’m so blue,” I groaned.

"I know you are sad, but you have your doctor appointment today," she said.

"Do I have to go today?" I asked.

"Yes, you do. Dr. Ryan is doing me a favor, so get dressed," she said.

I wore my black stretch twill shorts with back cargo pockets and a smooth front, and my black and white halter-top that gathered at the bustline. I slipped on my gold three-inch sandals, applied lipstick to my lips, and headed downstairs.

"It is nice to see you, Betty," Dr. Ryan greeted as we walked in.

"Nice to see you too," she said.

"This pretty thing must be your niece."

"Nice to met you, Dr. Ryan," I said.

"Let's get started," Dr. Ryan led me into his office.

"You need to take this test first," he handed me about twenty pages of forms. Most of the questions concerned my feelings on why I wanted to be a girl and how I felt when I was dressed up. It took me an hour to finish.

"Get undressed and I will be with you in a minute," Dr. Ryan said.

I changed into a paper gown, and sat on the table. "Lay down and let me take a look at you." He checked my breasts, than he took off my gaff and checked my maleness. "Yes, just what I thought," Dr. Ryan finally said.

"What?" I asked.

"It looks like you on the right track to womanhood. I checked your genitals, and you will never be able to have children or perform as a man," he informed me.

"So I can have the surgery?" I said.

"Not right now. You must live as a woman for a year. You have only been living as a woman for a few months. Here is your prescription for a more powerful hormone. They will round your hips and soften your skin. Take three a day. I want to see you every month for a checkup. You may get dressed."

We went directly to the drugstore to pick up my prescription, and then headed home. My stomach hurt the first two days after starting the new hormones, but it passed. I didn't do anything for the next two weeks. I just sat around the house missing Adam.

"Wake-up, honey I am getting you out of the house," she woke me up.

"I don't want to leave the house. I just want to stay in bed all day," I said.

"Nonsense! You are coming with me. You have two weeks left before summer is over. You will like the place I chose. Now get out of bed," she said.

"Okay, I am getting up," I said as I rolled out of bed and headed for my bath.

After I got in the tub, I didn't want to get out. I was so blue. I missed Adam so much. I didn't regret telling him the truth. It was the right thing to do. I just wished it had turned out better.

"So where are we going?" I asked.

"To the water park. We had so much fun the last time," she said.

I began to cry. "Don't make me go to the water park. It reminds me of Adam," I said.

"Enough is enough. All you done for the past two weeks is sit around the house and cry. It is not healthy.

Now here is your bikini. Put it on and meet me downstairs,” she handed me a blue and yellow tattoo bikini with a triangle bra top that tied around the back. The bottom was Brazilian style high cut on my hips.

I slipped it on and looked at my reflection. The top barely covered my breasts. I had to smile, the first time in weeks. Maybe Aunt Betty was right. I did need to get out of this house I let my long curly blonde hair rest on my shoulders, and went downstairs.

“Wow! You look great. The men at the water park will go crazy when they see you,” she said.

“You are too nice,” I blushed.

“I’m just telling the truth. Grab some toast and let’s go,” she said.

It took us fifteen minutes to drive to the water park. “Are you ready to have some fun?” she said.

“You bet,” I said as we exited the car.

The park wasn’t too busy, since it was the middle of the week. It was near the end of the summer, and people were getting ready for school.

Betty and I found a nice place to sit by the wave pool. “I want to go on the water slides today. I didn’t get to go on them last time,” I decided as I applied suntan lotion.

“That will be fun,” she agreed.

I began reading one of my magazines. I wasn’t too interesting, so I decided to lie on my stomach and work on my tan. “You are getting a little red,” a man touched my shoulder.

“What is the big idea?” I asked as I turned over to confront the guy. It was Adam!

“Small world, isn’t it?” he said.

"Very small," I gasped.

"I have been a miserable two weeks. I miss you so much," he said.

"I thought you didn't want to see me again. You didn't say anything to that creep who hit on me at the pool hall."

"Sorry about that. You dropped quite a bombshell," he said.

"You really missed me?" I asked, already forgiving him.

"Terribly! I love you very much. I don't care about your past. I just care about our future, that is if there is a future for us." I began to cry. "What did I say now?" he asked.

"Nothing! I'm just so happy. I've been waiting for two weeks for you to say that. I want you too," I said as I grabbed him by the neck, pulled him towards me, and gave him a big kiss.

We stopped kissing after a couple of minutes. "We have a lot to make up for. Want to go on the lazy river?" he asked.

"You bet!" I agreed.

He took my hand and we headed towards the river. "One raft or two?" the lifeguard asked.

"One," I said.

Adam got in first and I sat on his lap. I had a big smile on my face. I was so happy being in his arms again. "I love your smile," he said.

"I just love being in your arms," I gave him a kiss on his cheek.

We went around about ten times. I didn't want to get out. "Let's get something to eat," he suggested.

"I don't want to leave your arms," I said.

"I am not going anywhere. I am just hungry," he said.

"Okay, let's get something to eat," I agreed.

"Aunt Betty, look who I found," I said as we walked to the snack bar.

"Adam, it is nice to see you again. My niece missed you," she said.

"I missed your niece. I love her so much," Adam said. Betty began to cry. "What is the deal with you two?" he asked.

"Oh, honey, don't worry about it. We just cry when we are happy," she said.

For lunch Betty and I spilt a hotdog and Adam had a hamburger. "I want to go on the slides," I said.

"Let's do it," he said.

The first slide was curvy. I went first and Adam followed. "That was great!" I shrieked as I got out of the water.

"Let's do the big one," he suggested.

"It is a little high," I cringed.

"Trust me?" he asked.

"I do!"

"I promise you will love it. Let's go," he said as we headed to the five-story slide with a straight drop. I went first, followed by Adam. "Man, what a rush!" I shouted, as I gave Adam a kiss as he got out of the catch pool.

"I told you. Look at the time! I need to go," he said.

"So soon?" I said.

"I'm sorry, but I need to get back to work. Tomorrow I want to celebrate your birthday the right way," he said.

"My birthday was two weeks ago."

"I know, but it didn't go as I planned, so let's try again. How about it?" he asked.

"I can't wait," I gave him a kiss good-bye.

I headed back to my towel where Betty was waiting for me with a big smile. "Someone is in a better mood," she said.

"I can't stop smiling. I am so much in love. I am so happy. Thank you for bringing me here. You are the best," I said as I gave her a big hug.

"You are so welcome, honey," she said.

We stayed at the park for another hour before we went home. I just couldn't stop smiling for the rest of the night. I was so happy when I fell asleep.

I was returning from my jog when I saw Betty at the breakfast table. "You are up early. I didn't have to wake you," she said.

"I am just so excited. Tonight I am going out with Adam. I am so happy," I said.

"We need to talk. Have a seat," she said.

"What's up?" I asked.

"It is time for you to learn how to please a man."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Do you want to make Adam happy?" she asked.

"Of course."

"I'm going to teach you how. You don't have the proper equipment yet, so you must do other things," she said.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well you could do things to his maleness. You could kiss it and even take it in your mouth," she said.

"Aunt Betty, how could you say such things? I could never do that," I said.

"Don't knock it until you try it. You may like it as much as he does," she smiled.

I loved Adam, but could I really do what Betty suggested? I sat around the house watching the clock for the rest of the day until it was time to get ready.

I put lots of scented oils in my bath, and removed undesirable hair from all parts of my body. After my bath, I began to get dressed, starting with changing the color of my toenails.

My dress wouldn't need a bra and I wouldn't wear pantyhose or thigh highs. I slipped on my robe and went to do my makeup.

I plucked my eyebrows making them into nice arches. I needed to talk to Betty about getting my eyebrows permanently thinned so I wouldn't have to pluck them every two weeks. I applied liquid foundation, filled in my eyebrows with a pencil, applied light brown eye shadow to my eyelids, outlined my eyelashes with liquid eyeliner, and coated mascara to my eyelashes. I ruby red lipstick, and finished by blending blush to my cheeks.

I put on my shimmering black figure hugging dress with satin piping, a surplice bodice, and a multi strap crisscross back detail. It was cut low across my breasts, and fell to my three-inch high sandals.



I preened before the full-length mirror letting my dress part to expose my nylon covered legs. I had become so womanly over the past few months. How could I ever return to being Jeff when the summer ended?

I attached diamond stud earrings to my top holes and gold hoop earrings to my bottom holes, and finished by spraying perfume on my wrists and behind my ears. I parted my hair down the middle and let my curly blonde hair flow from my head and rest on my shoulders.

I went downstairs to wait for Adam, and didn't have to wait to long. "Wow you look great," he complimented. I gave him a big kiss as thanks.

It took twenty minutes to arrive at our destination, a fancy restaurant. "Your usual table, Adam?" the waiter greeted.

"That will be fine," he replied as the waiter led us to a table by a window.

We ordered drinks, and after a few minutes, we ordered our food. "Would you like to dance, my love?" he asked.

"You don't have to ask," I answered as I stood.

He took my hand and led me to the dance floor. He pulled me toward him, and I placed my arms over his shoulders. "I love dancing with you," he said as he started to lead me about the dance floor. I laid my head on his shoulders.

After a couple of minutes, I felt his maleness rub against my thigh. I had to smile. I loved making him happy. We had danced for thirty minutes when our food has arrived. I had a small chicken and Adam had a steak. "Stephanie, I got a question," he said.

"Go ahead," I said.

The lights went low and a spotlight settled on me. The band began to play a romantic song. "Stephanie, I love you and I can't imagine my life without you. Will you do me the honor of being my wife?" he asked.

I began to cry. "Yes! Yes! Yes! I will marry you. I love you so much," I cried. I wrapped my arms over his shoulders and gave him a big kiss.

The other patrons stood up and gave us a round of applause. Adam picked me up and carried me to the dance floor, and we began to dance. "I love you, Stephanie," he said as he kissed me.

"I love you to. You have made me so happy," I said as I gave him a kiss on the neck. "Let's go someplace quiet, and I will show you how much I love you."

Adam paid the waiter and we left. "Where should we go?" he asked.

"Betty should be asleep by now. How about my place?" I asked.

"That would be great. It is a lot closer than my place," he agreed. As we drove home, I couldn't help but stare at the ring on my finger. I was so happy.

"Make yourself comfortable. I want to change into something more comfortable," I said as I headed upstairs.

I made a quick stop at Betty's room. "You won't believe what happen. " I said after I woke her up.

"What?"

"Adam asked me to marry him. I'm so happy!" I showed her the ring.

"It's beautiful. I'm very happy for you," she said.

I went to my room and changed into a pink lace up plunge teddy that shimmered in satin and lace. It tied up the front and was cut high on my thighs. I put on my three-inch high slippers and returned downstairs.

"Doing okay?" I asked as I entered the room.

“Yes, fine,” he said.

I sat on the couch next to him. He put his arms over my shoulders, and I rested my head on his chest. “You know we have to wait a year before we can get married,” I said.

“I can wait.”

“I love you so much,” I said as I began to kiss his neck.

He laid me on my back, and untied my teddy. My breasts popped out, and he began to kiss them, after which, he began to kiss my stomach. I was on cloud nine.

“That feels so good,” I said.

He returned to my breasts and kissed them until there was a hickey on each one. He kissed my neck, and then moved to my lips. “That was great, honey. Now it is your turn,” I said as I started to remove his shirt.

Adam rolled over and lay on his back. I began by kissing his chest, and then migrated south. I removed his pants and his maleness popped out to me. I kissed its tip, and after a minute, I wrapped my mouth over it and began to suck.

“Oh baby, that feels so good,” he said.

I sucked till it went limp. I kissed his chest and after a couple of minutes I migrated to his neck to give him a big hickey, finishing with a big kiss on his lips.

“That was wonderful,” he wrapped his arms about me, and we fell asleep in each other’s arms. It was a great night.

“Betty, it is nice to see you this morning,” I said as I woke and saw her eating breakfast.

“You must had one great night,” she said.



Mrs. Butts had succeeded. I had become the woman she predicted, and now I was satisfying my man. Adam caressed my breasts and I felt his growing manhood against my crotch. I leaned in and gave him a huge kiss as a prelude to a scorching night.

"It was the best. Where is Adam?" I asked.

"He left early for work, honey. He will return for dinner," she said.

"So you saw us," I said.

"Don't be embarrassed, dear. I am so happy for you. I have news for you. I just got off the phone with Mr. Smith and he wants to see us," she said.

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

"Hold your head high and tell him the truth. Look at how it turned out with Adam. Go upstairs, take a bath, and get dressed," she said.

After my bath, I changed into my white bra and panties, slipped on a pair of nude pantyhose, and finished my makeup. I put on a white blouse, and a white mini skirt that fell to about three inches above my knees. I donned a white jacket with a high collar and a full front zipper. It was cut tight about my waist and flared at my hips.

I put on my gold three-inch high heels, my gold hoop earrings in the bottom holes, my locket about my neck, and two gold bracelets on my wrists. I gave myself on final look, before heading downstairs.

"Are you ready, my dear?" she asked.

"Let's do this," I said.

We got in the car and headed to the school. I was so nervous. What would Mr. Smith think? I didn't want to lose my job. I kept looking at my engagement ring, and knew that Adam was with me. I loved him so much.

We walked to Mr. Smith's office. "Mrs. Butts, it is so nice to see you again," he greeted.

"Thank you, it is nice to see you again," she replied.

"Did Jeff pass the test? Will your group drop your complaint against this school?" he asked.

"Why don't you ask her yourself?" she asked as I stepped forward.

"It is nice to see you again, Mr. Smith," I said.

"Who is this?"

"You don't recognize one of your own teachers. This is Jeff. I'm sorry, I mean, Stephanie," she said.

"I am going to sue you," Smith gasped. "He was only supposed to dress as a woman for three months. He wasn't supposed to become a real woman."

"Don't yell at her," I stepped forward. She gave me the choice to change back to being Jeff. I didn't want to."

"Y...You what?" he asked.

"You heard me. I love being a woman," I replied.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Butts. I didn't know," Mr. Smith said.

"That's okay. My group has decided to drop our grievance if you agree to one thing," she said.

"What?" Smith asked.

"Stephanie has to keep her job," she answered.

"I see no problem with that. Jeff was a great teacher and I am sure Stephanie will be one too. She is the same person. So, Ms. Sevem welcome aboard," Smith greeted.

"Thank you, but it won't be Ms Sevem in a year. I will be Mrs. Hall. I'm engaged," I said.

"You had one interesting summer!" Smith said.

"The best!" I replied.

"School starts in two weeks. I will see you then," Smith said.

"That wasn't too bad," Betty said as we returned to the car.

"How can I ever thank you?" I said.

"Let me be your maid of honor," she said.

"You got it," I said as we headed home.

Adam came over for dinner. "Honey, you won't believe my day," I said.

"I hope it is good news," he said.

"The best. I can keep my job," I said.

"You know that you don't have to work. My construction company makes a lot of money," he said.

"I love teaching. I don't want to give it up," I said.

"Do whatever you want," he gave me a big kiss.

The next two weeks were really crazy. I bought lots of new outfits for school. My fellow teachers were so happy for me, and very accepting.

The first day of school finally arrived. "Hello, class, my name is Ms. Sevem. I will be your teacher. Who wants to tell me about their summer vacation?" I asked with a little smile on my face, knowing that none of them could top my summer.

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Epilogue

I had my surgery a week after school let out. I was in pain for two weeks. Adam was great, by my side the whole time.

A month later, he and I were married. It was a beautiful ceremony at Betty's house. I wore a beautiful white gown.

We went to Florida for our honeymoon. I wore a white satin and lace teddy cut high on our first night together as man and wife. It was lavish with ribbon and rose detail. Making love to Adam was wonderful!

Three years later, Adam and I moved into a new house with five bedrooms and a huge pool in the backyard. We needed the room since Adam and I adopted two sets of twins. After we got the children, I quit my job to become a full time Mom. I am so happy with my life. Betty is still a big part of my life. She comes over a lot to help me with the kids. I can never repay her for what she did for me. Life is good.

The End

I hoped you enjoy my story as much as I enjoyed writing it.



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