

SERIALS

MAGAZINE



*DESTINED
FOR
DRESSES*

*What will happen
to Terry when he's
drafted to become
a cheerleader!
Part 2 of 3*

**SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
PO BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**



DESTINED FOR DRESSES

By
Dawn Bell
Sandy Thomas
Alice Trail
and others.

PART TWO

Based upon a character in
FATED FOR FEMININITY
Transvestia Revisited #1

Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

“DESTINED FOR DRESSES”

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in this book are entirely the products of the
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to any person or event in real life.**

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SANDY THOMAS

DAWN

ALICE TRAIL

JAN

QUOTE BOARD

**Crackerjack Girls...You're half way thought the
box when you find the surprise.**

Destined For Dresses

PART TWO

by Sandy Thomas and friends,

We left Terry being fitted with a new cheerleading outfit...this one with skirts. Miss Roberts, school nurse, was fitting him with other 'items' to make his experience easier.....

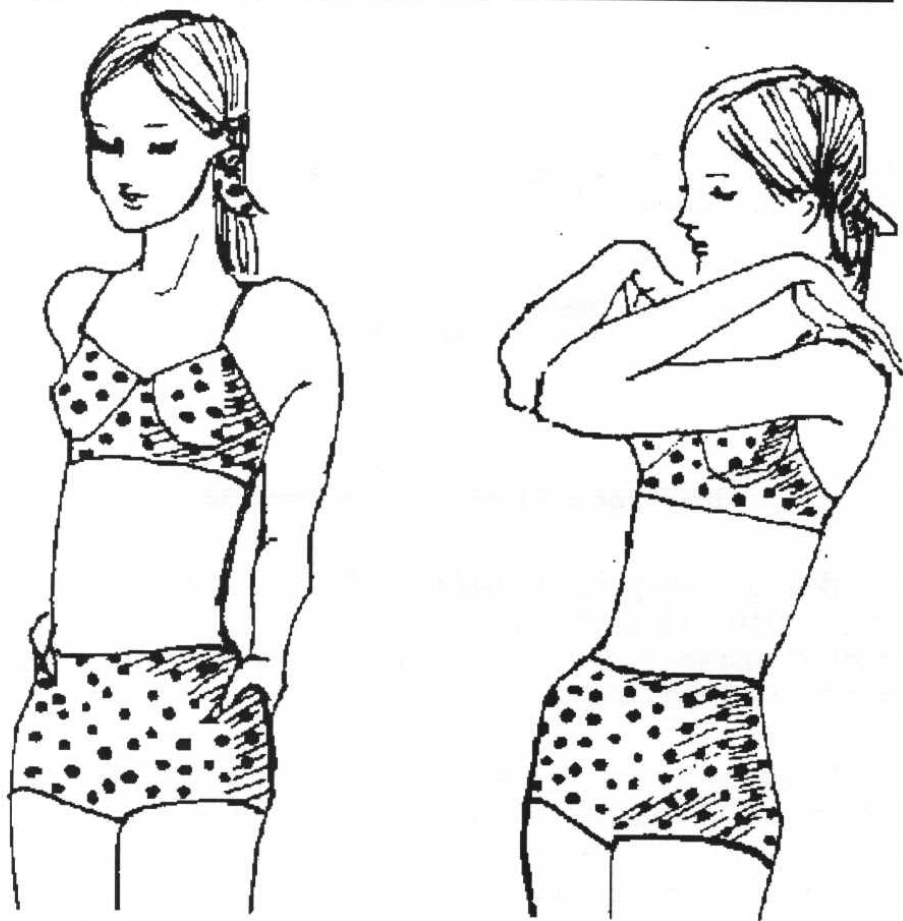
Miss Roberts continued, "Notice how the breast pads are designed to taper to the inside to create an illusion of cleavage. They will fit neatly in your bra to give you a nice figure."

Terry ran his hands over the twin prominences still in Miss Robert's hands. "They are so big," he moaned.

"You'll get used to them quickly. Now, instead of shaving, you may choose to use this depilatory cream called 'Fleece'. You can also use it on your face, arms, and legs as it will make them soft and smooth. Fleece is a revolutionary new product, and its use is much more comfortable and will last much longer than shaving. Okay?" She showed him the tube of "Fleece."

Terry again just nodded.

"Now," Miss Roberts said handing the forms to Terry, "Lean forward to insert your Pert-T Breasts into the cups of your bra that's right you're catching on very quickly. I'll fasten the clasp be-



The two points protruding from Terry's chest were most disturbing. He could never get used to this!

hind your back this time, but you must practice until you can do it for yourself.”

She made him snap and un-snap his brassiere several times until he could do it quickly.

He was amazed when he saw his image in the mirror. With his recently styled long hair and his feminine underwear, nothing masculine could be detected, not even by himself.

“Now, we are finally ready to fit your skirts,” Miss Roberts said. Producing a tape measure, she carefully measured his waist and instructed him to move around and get used to his “foundation gar-

ments" while she went to get his new cheerleading skirts.

Alone in the dressing room, Terry stood trying to get used to the new 'confined' feeling of the brassiere and Stroud. He pulled his shoulders back and was amazed at his own protruding bustline. He thought to himself, "Is this what girls feel like?"

Miss Roberts came back and a few minutes later, he found himself twisting, turning, and jumping about the dressing room in a short blue pleated skirt. The Abate cream had a numbing effect and Terry was surprised how easily he had gotten used to the tightness of the Shroud. After she was satisfied with the fit, Miss Roberts had him try on the white one and go through the same gyrations as before.

"I see you have recently shaved your legs, and now that you will be wearing skirts occasionally, you must remember to repeat the process or to use the Fleece cream before every football game and every date you have with a boy."

He wanted to tell her that he didn't plan on having any more dates with boys, but he was too humiliated to speak.

"I wish we had your sweater and blouse so I could see the total effect of your new uniform," she mused. "Oh, well, I guess we can make any last minute adjustments Friday when you get to school. Besides, you don't have on your makeup, and your hair isn't fixed right anyway."

Terry started to take off the brassiere but Miss Roberts insisted he wear it under his shirt to get "used to the feeling."



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Before they left the dressing room, Miss Roberts said, "Make sure you use the Fleece cream."

Did she know? Surely she'd know the ingredients of the cream. Oh, it removed hair. But it was a experimental formula: a depilatory cream, tretinoin (a vitamin A essence that make the skin absorb) and estrogen. That's why the hair didn't come back soon. Great for young girls with hormone surge hair growth but not for a young boy?

She also asked, "Are you taking any vitamins or other medication?"

"No, Miss Roberts," he answered.

"Then you should take these 'Enhance' vitamins," she said, producing a bottle of pills. "They will make a new person of you. I take them myself, and I swear by them. There are twenty four pills in this bottle. Take one every morning until they are gone. Then, stop taking them for five days. I'll give you a new supply at that time."

"What will all this cost?" Terry asked in a concerned voice.

"Don't worry about that, darling," replied Miss Roberts. "The least the school can do for such a noble volunteer is to pay for your clothes and medication. By the way, you may find that the pills make you a trifle sick in the mornings for a while. It's a minor side effect that the manufacturer is trying to eliminate. But don't worry, it won't last long."

That evening, Miss Roberts filled her husband in on the events of the afternoon. Mr. Arthur smiled at the thought of his school becoming more important in the sports conference, "Yes, Terry is very important. I almost didn't even have a cheerleading team. The school will rally. Have you heard any complaints from the staff about Terry's appearance."

"They think it's all a joke, I suspect," answered his wife.

"He'll thank us eventually," said the principal, "I noticed the peach fuzz on his chin beginning to darken, and soon, his voice would have begun to deepen. We just couldn't have a cheerleader who shaved and had a bass voice. Keep track of his progress, dear. I'm sure he will confide in you."

When Terry got home that evening, he found Irene busy preparing dinner. She asked what was in all the packages he brought in, and he told her the whole story of how he was now compelled to wear a cheerleader's skirt to school on Fridays and to the football games, like the girls.

"What's that under your shirt," Irene asked, her eyes resting on the twin points pressing outward from his shirt.

Terry turned red, looked down, and answered in a low embarrassed tone, "It's a bra."

"AND?" his sister questioned seeing the development.

"Ah, their those Pert-T falsies Miss Roberts gave me. She told me to wear them home because you and Mom would probably want to see me in this new stuff."

"That's a great idea," Irene beamed. "Why don't you go up and put everything on while I finish dinner? Mother will be home in half an hour or so."

Reluctantly, Terry gathered up the packages and went to his room to carry out his sister's request. To make room in his top drawer for his new panties, bras, and extra Shrouds, he removed some of his jockey shorts and packed them away with some things he seldom wore. He then removed his clothes from the parcels and dressed in his now familiar blouse and sweater, then added his new blue cheerleader skirt. As he studied his image in the mirror, he decided he should put on some

makeup and brush his hair into a ponytail to complete his feminine appearance.

He put on some blush and lipstick but didn't dare try anything around his eyes. After brushing his hair back and fastening it with one of his blue elastic ponytail bands, he declared himself dressed as well as he could manage and reluctantly went back downstairs.

Mrs. Hemm was helping Irene bring the food into the dining room when Terry made his entrance. Seeing her feminized son, she screamed, "Irene! How could you have done this to your brother? You've gone too far this time!"

"I had nothing to do with it, Mother," she defended herself. "Terry's boyfriend is coming to see him cheer at the game this week. Since he knows he is a cheerleader, Terry has to wear a skirt like the other girls. I'll admit I enjoy having a sister for a change, but he got into this one all by himself."

"I don't know," mused Mrs. Hemm. "This may be taking things a bit too far. Maybe I should have a conversation with that principal, what's his name Mr. Arthur."

"Don't be too hasty, Mom," Irene countered. "What harm can be done by his wearing a skirt to school occasionally and for a few football games? The season will be over in six or eight weeks anyway."

Turning to Terry, Mrs. Hemm asked, "What do you think about this son?"

Terry was a mass of confusion. His mother was offering him a way out of this mess, but being in so deep with Kim and everyone at school, did he dare accept her help? He knew she would stand up to Mr. Arthur and demand he be allowed to quit the cheerleaders and return to dressing as a normal boy if he gave her the word. On the other hand, if he quit the cheerleaders, the squad would be disbanded, and everyone would be mad at him. He

would have gone through all this embarrassment and humiliation for nothing.

After considering his options for a few moments, he answered slowly and quietly. "I appreciate your concern and your offer of help Mother. I hate dressing like this, but I guess I had better go through with it. A lot of people are counting on me, and they would never forgive me if I let them down. Besides, like Irene says, the football season won't last much longer."

"Very well," she answered. "I'll go along with it for now, although against my better judgement."

Terry reached back with his hands to check his ponytail, a pose that emphasized the pert pointed mounds now expanding the front of his tight sweater. They were so realistic, she could almost see the dark impressions of their pert centers jutting outward. Seeing her son with such convincing looking breasts was very disconcerting.

After dinner, when Terry headed to his room to change back into his normal clothes, Irene asked, "Have you decided what to wear on your date?"

"No," he replied, "I'm still trying to think of some way out."

"Forget it. I have some dresses I think will look very nice on you," Irene offered, now sounding sincerely helpful. "Maybe you would like to wear one of them. Come on, let's go up to my room and try on some of them."

Terry resisted but his sister was persistent. "You have to face it. . .and you might as well be prepared."

Terry went to Irene's room and reluctantly tried on a navy blue and white print dress and matching navy heels. Even Irene was amazed at how well it fit, tailored to make the most of a young girl's curves.

"You have a nice figure. . .I mean, most boys would look silly in that," Irene admitted, adding, "But you. . ." She started but stopped.

Sure enough there were lots of dresses, skirts, and tops that looked just great on Terry. Irene even took this opportunity to do a little house cleaning and suggested they hang a lot of these items in Terry's closet so he could "decide what to wear" adding "You can use them anytime you want."

She insisted he practiced walking and sitting pretty while in some of the outfits and even dancing around in one print dress.

When he was undressing, Irene said, "Girl's clothes are different than boys. They are very delicate, and you must be careful when you're putting them on and taking them off. Come, I'll show you how to hand wash your delicates in the sink."

Finally, an emotionally and physically exhausted Terry lay his head on his pillow for the night wondering what he had gotten himself into. His Shroud was terribly uncomfortable, and he considered taking it off until he remembered Miss Robert's words of warning. Heeding her words, he left the Shroud in place, eventually got comfortable, and fell into a restless sleep.



"Terry trying to dance like a girl"

After his bath on Friday morning, Terry reluctantly used the Abate cream, replaced his Shroud, and stepped into a pair of white nylon bikini panties. He then struggled into his bra. In the end, he twisted it around to the side to enable him to fasten the back clasp. Once his Pert-T Breasts were in place, he quickly put on his uniform, brushed his hair into a neat ponytail, and made a valiant effort to apply his makeup. He was totally dejected by the thought of everyone seeing him in a dress. He wanted to die.

A look in his mirror told him that everything was girlish and feminine except his makeup, which needed a practiced touch. He knocked on Irene's door and asked her to add the finishing touches to his "look".

"You did a very good job of feminizing yourself, for a boy," Irene said teasingly. "All you need is a little more practice. There! Now you look fine. The boys won't be able to keep their eyes off you." Irene put his makeup, lipstick, a few tissues, his money, and keys into a white purse and said, "Remember to keep up with your purse because everything you have is in there. That short skirt doesn't have any pockets, you know."

Miss Roberts came by to give him a ride to school. She wanted to see how he looked and to give him some last minute pointers. When she saw him, she smiled. She was reminded of a very similar incident years before.

"You look very nice, Terry," she said. "If you weren't already known as a boy, no one at school would know the difference. However, that is not the case, so you will have to make a few special provisions. For example, you would be very embarrassed in the boy's rest room. To avoid that, you should use the rest room in the Infirmary."

As she finished giving him several helpful hints, they arrived at the school. Terry was very self conscious as he stepped out of the car and headed

toward the door. The wind whipped at his short skirt, reminding him of his new status.

The other students were surprised to see Terry dressed in a skirt like the other cheerleaders, and amazed at how much he looked like one of them. For the most part, they were so astonished that they made few direct comments to him about his appearance or his costume.

One of the few exceptions was when Larry, from the Pep Squad, said, "Wow! They've really made you go all the way in this cheerleader role, haven't they? I have to admit that when the girls first chose you to be a cheerleader, I was jealous because you would get to work so closely with those pretty girls. But now after seeing you today I'm I'm glad they didn't pick me. How can you stand the embarrassment of coming to school dressed like that?"

In sewing class, Miss Dickson smiled when she saw how Terry was dressed, but she, like his other teachers, made no comment. They had been forewarned by Mr. Arthur not to embarrass the boy and to limit the remarks of the other students as much as possible.

The football team had done nothing to increase school spirit, as it was winless in four games. Yet, the noon pep rally was attended by the largest crowd to date. In actuality, most of those in attendance wanted to watch the boy cheerleader perform in his short skirt.

They weren't sure why Terry was dressed as a girl. A stunt? A gimmick? A hoax. Whatever the reason, it was funny and a kick.

That night, the six Buster Cranford cheerleaders worked harder than ever in a sincere effort to spur their team to its first victory. As the sextet began to develop enthusiasm in the packed stands, Terry forgot the way he was dressed and worked



"Terry forgot all about his 'uniform' when the his football team began to win."

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as hard as the girls to get the fans behind the team. After the kickoff, which the Buster Cranford Beavers returned for a touchdown, the crowd settled down to watch the action on the field and forgot about Terry as well. The team responded to the unusual fervor from the stands and rode this emotion to their first victory ever.

Mr. Arthur made a special point of complimenting Terry as he stood talking with a very happy Kim at half time. As a non-athlete and kind of nerd, Kim was overly pleased to be seen talking with this very attractive cheerleader who would be his date the following evening.

The next morning, Betty came by to pick up Terry for their appointment at the beauty salon. Terry came out of the house wearing jeans and a plain shirt with his hair brushed out straight. He had neglected putting his hair up in curlers for the night because after all, he was going to the beauty salon the following morning.

"Why aren't you wearing a skirt and makeup?" Betty asked when she saw how he was dressed.

"Why would I do that?" Terry questioned.

"Think Terry. Dressed like that, you look like a boy. Once they've done your hair, what will you look like?"

"I see what you mean. I guess I had better go back and change. Will you turn back please?"

"It's too late now. We'll barely make it as it is. They're very busy on Saturdays, and if you're late, you may have to wait for hours."

As a result, an obviously male Terry walked into the salon.

Evelyn, the manager greeted them. "Ahhh Terry, you're back again. How nice. And Betty, always good to see one of our regulars. Terry, I've got you scheduled with Janice again, and Betty, Joanne as usual."

"Thanks Evelyn. Just so you know, Terry and I are going out tonight, and we'd like somewhat similar hairdo's." Betty began as Terry immediately felt an embarrassing situation about to happen. "We'd both like to wear our hair up, oh...I don't know, some kind of twist or just curls piled on top."

Evelyn seemed confused. "I'm sorry, did you say you'd BOTH like to wear your hair up?"

"Yes, oh, I see, you're puzzled. You see, Terry is going along dressed as a girl to a dance tonight. It's just for fun....you know. Or, don't you think he could pass for a girl?" Betty asked.

"Of course, easily!" Evelyn agreed, now understanding the strange request. "Making your hair look like a girl's won't be too hard Terry. Janice said she has seldom seen such beautiful hair on a boy. If we give her free reign to do it up, I guarantee you'll look fantastic!"

And so Janice was instructed with her challenge. And of course in no time all the stylists AND the customers were talking about how nice it was that some young men weren't too macho to find out how much effort it took to be an attractive woman. Of course, everyone had suggestions on what style would look best.

As he and Betty sat watching their stylists section and set their hair on large rollers, Terry was inundated by questions asking what he was wearing, what makeup, and what kind of lingerie? He desperately wanted to remove himself from this embarrassing situation, but that was impossible at this juncture. He diverted his mind by wondering how he could possibly handle this crazy relationship with Kim later that night. He wished he could have met Kim as a boy so he might have made at least one male friend.

Soon, he sat under the dryer beside Betty while both of their curler covered heads bathed in the warm drying air.

Another girl in a white uniform came up and grabbed Terry's hand motioning that he was to have a manicure. She quickly went to work and filed, pushed back cuticles, polished and then held out two different shade polishes for Terry to pick.

"Don't you have clear, or something?" Terry asked.

"Not for a big date," the girls joked. "I think, 'Sweet Red' for a sweet boy." She carefully added a base coat, two thin coats and a clear protection coat. They were shiny red making his hands look very girlish.

After a time, he was escorted back to the chair where Janice pulled out pins and released roller after roller as soft curls cascaded down his cheeks and neck. She worked like a sculptor as she carefully brushed and combed his hair up into a mass of hanging ringlets and curls at the back of his head. The hair was pinned up so high that only the longest curls tickled the tops of his ears. Betty's hair was also swept up into a classic curled chignon.

"I hope you like this style," Janice said as they were about to leave, "Anytime you want me to style your hair differently, just call and make an appointment. I love working with your hair, it's so pretty."

"Thanks Janice," Terry mumbled.

When Betty saw him, she exclaimed, "We look like sisters! Even the same nail polish!"

When it was time to leave, Terry realized why Betty had said he should have worn a skirt. From the neck down, he was unmistakably a boy. Looking in the mirror, he saw his hair definitely belonged only on a girl's head. It was ultra feminine! For the first time in his life he actually wished he was wearing a skirt and makeup.

Betty smiled knowingly, enjoying his obvious embarrassment. That she had parked two full

blocks away was really no accident. She almost had to push him out into the bright sun of the street.

In a town of this size it's hard not to run into people you know, so Terry walked with his head down as much as possible; and his hands in his pockets. At least he didn't see the amused looks he was generating from the people who saw this boy with a girl's hairdo.

One older lady even said to her friend loud enough for Terry to hear, "Well, I declare! It seems this long hair fashion on boys has really gotten out of hand! What next? Ribbons?"

As his "luck" would have it, their walk took them past the dress shop owned by Mr. Arthur.

"Oh, wait!" exclaimed Betty as she grabbed Terry's hand and pulled him towards the dress shop door. "I've got to take a quick peek and see what's on sale."

"Betty, please? Can't we just go." Terry pleaded.

"Go wait by the car if you want," she said as she entered the store.

Terry knew the car was locked and it was parked right on the main street in front of the pool hall. He didn't want to stand around there, so he took the lesser of two evils and followed her into the store, hoping there weren't many customers inside.

To his dismay, there were quite a few, and to make matters worse, Mr. Arthur was there as well. As soon as he spotted Terry, a big smile crossed his face. He walked right over and extended his hand, "My, my, Terry, that's some hairdo. Looks fresh from the beauty salon, is it?"

Terry was speechless just long enough for Betty to answer for him. "Hi, Mr. Arthur. It sure is. Do you like it?"

"Why, yes. It's perfectly darling," he gushed. "And now, you're looking for something to wear on your date, right? Well, you should look around, pick something out...on me. After all, I guess I was

partially responsible for getting you into that Home Ec class. Betty why don't you help him?"

The next thing Terry knew, he was being dragged around the shop by Betty and an amused salesgirl. They entertained themselves by holding different dresses and skirts up to his body. This led to him trying things on!

Finally, he left the store with a cute blue dress with a skirt to mid thigh. This dress had not been his first choice, but he had avoided that micro mini Betty wanted him to buy. After that experience, the remaining walk to the car didn't matter anymore.

Mr. Arthur stopped him before he left the store and asked, "Do you have lingerie that matches that dress?"

Terry was really embarrassed and didn't know quite what to make of the question, so he answered as if in a daze. "I have some panties and bras Miss Roberts gave me, if that's what you mean?"

"That's certainly a start," Mr. Arthur beamed. "I'm sure you'll need a few slips, and several pairs of nylons and pantyhose. And shoes? Do you have shoes to match your new dress?"

"No I" he stammered.

When he and Betty finally left the store, his rapidly growing feminine wardrobe had been greatly enhanced.

When he got home, his sister raved over his hairdo and new dress. Betty left him in her capable hands to complete the transformation which would include removal of all body hair, makeup, lingerie and jewelry.

At 6:30, Terry stood before the mirror and gasped. The image couldn't be him! The wide made up eyes with long, curled lashes of a beautiful young woman stared out from the mirror. But it was a boy. His bright red nails, which were filed into ovals, matched his lipstick. The blush on his

cheeks gave him a pleasant warm look. His clip-on earrings, necklace, and bracelet also matched.

Underneath, Terry wore his Shroud, along with navy blue panties and padded bra to match his dress. He also wore nude pantyhose and the three inch pumps Mr. Arthur had given him. His short dress was a knockout! It had a semi-plunging neckline, very discreet, but definitely sexy. The dress hugged his slim body in a very feminine manner and was quite attractive.

When Kim knocked on the door, Terry's stomach was doing flip flops! His mother and sister watched discreetly from the kitchen as Terry went on his first ever 'date'. They were amazed that his first date was as a girl instead of with a girl!

When Terry opened the door, the look on Kim's face said it all. He groped for words, then saw Terry's enhanced figure. He finally said in awe, "Gee Terry...you look so different...uh, I mean, you're beautiful!"

"T h a n k s Kim," Terry smiled and quickly exited the house. He didn't want his sister to hear anymore of their conversation. She'd surely tease him later. As Terry walked



Terry sat passively being 'prepared for his date.'

down the sidewalk to the car he couldn't help but realize that his walk was mincing and girlish. The narrow skirt and high heels, along with the pressure of his Shroud, caused him to walk in this typically feminine manner. Kim rushed to open the back door of Russ's car.

As Terry, now knowledgeable in the art of entering a car in a short tight skirt, slipped into the back seat, Russ let out a long wolf whistle. Being a jock, he was quite forward with girls, to Betty's chagrin. "Wow! Looking good, Terry. Looking good! Hey Betty, where in the world have you been hiding this doll?" he asked without taking his eyes off the red faced Terry.

Betty just gave him an annoyed stare. Even she didn't expect Terry to look that good. She noticed the padded contour of Terry's chest---almost better than her own, a fact that Russ didn't miss. Her jealousy was starting to reverberate.

Terry felt simply grotesque. Mortified. He was just trying to be kind and now he was subjected to the verbal intimidation of Russ. He wiggled about nervously trying to get comfortable as Russ went on and pestered Betty about hiding her 'girlfriend'.

Terry tried to have a good time and get to know Kim better that night. He still had a strong desire to somehow get to know him as a boy, but how?

Kim performed all the socially accepted courtesies for Terry and was a perfect gentleman. Russ, on the other hand, virtually ignored Betty in favor of any girl he happened to see. Even though she was responsible for much that had happened to him over the past few weeks, Terry actually found himself feeling sorry for Betty.

The dance at Chevalier High was fancy. The basketball gym have been decorated in pinks and gold, the school colors. Terry stayed close to Kim, to Kim's delight. All the guys had to meet the 'new' girl but Terry only danced with a few.

It all seemed to unreal. He was the belle of the ball---'popular', a feeling he'd never known.

The constriction of his brassiere held his shoulders back enough that his natural looking proud bustline got a lot of stares. His waist held in snugly with a wide belt gave his hip curves a lovely outline.

It was then he felt it. A confusion. He sensed the allure of having a feminine figure, almost finding the uncomfortable posture and the feeling of helplessness a bit thrilling.

The date ended much the same as it had begun. Kim walked Terry to the door, and he was still shy but attempted a goodnight kiss which landed on Terry's cheek. Both the boys said they had a good time and they parted ways.

Terry tossed and turned that night in bed. His legs ached a bit from the high heels and dancing. He kept reviewing the events of that evening blushing at the thought of what he'd done. However, he came to realize that Kim was really a very nice guy. He was someone with the same views and interests as himself; someone that Terry, the boy, would like to have as a friend.

What an evening. Irene had tried to persuade him to sleep in one of her nightgowns, but he steadfastly refused. However, he finally agreed to let her roll his hair and to sleep in a hair net to protect his "beautiful curls", just to shut her up. Those uncomfortable rollers did little to help his relaxation. Still, by the time that he finally dozed off, Terry had made a firm decision. He had been embarrassed so much in the past week that once more would be of no consequence. He was going to tell Kim the truth and take a chance he wouldn't get mad. He was going to try to be 'honest'. At this point, what did he have to lose?

The next morning, Terry picked up the phone and dialed Kim's number. "Hi, Kim? This is Terry."

"Oh, hi Terry. I had a wonderful time last night."

"Listen, Kim, I was wondering if you and I could meet today, maybe after dinner. I want to talk to you about something." Terry asked still using his higher, softer voice.

"Sure, I'm not busy," replied a pleasantly surprised Kim. "Where and what time?"

"Do you know where the bandstand is in Central Park?"

"Sure, who doesn't?"

"How about meeting me at the bandstand at 7:00?"

"For sure. See you at 7:00." Kim said.

"Good, see you then. Bye Kim."

Terry put down the receiver and breathed a sigh of relief. There, it was set. After supper, he said he was going out to meet a friend, and he headed for the park for his rendezvous.

Kim was sitting waiting by himself at the bandstand when Terry arrived. He looked at Terry but didn't recognize him until Terry spoke, "Hi Kim...it's me."

There were a few seconds of stunned silence as Kim stared at the obviously male Terry.

"You're a boy!! NAW!" Kim gasped the took another look. "Are you crazy?"

Terry was hurt. He hadn't expected that kind of reaction. His hurt showed in his expression, but Kim, through his shock attacked. "Making fool out of me...in front of everyone. Did Betty and Russ put you up to this?"

"No, Betty had her usual persuasive part in it, but as far as I know, Russ thinks I'm a girl, unless Betty told him," Terry explained.

Kim was in shock. "I don't think so, he'd tell me. Gee, Terry, you make an absolute knockout of a girl!" Kim stated, now getting over his strange

initial reaction. "You had me completely fooled and frankly turned on."

"Thanks, I don't know if that should be a compliment for a boy."

"Oh, it's meant to be, but the school---I saw you in a skirt at the football game. What goes?" Kim asked.

Finally, Terry got a chance to explain how all this happened. He started right back from Mr. Arthur's original meeting with the potential "pep boy squad".

Kim was absolutely fascinated by Terry's story, and insisted on hearing all the details, including the beauty salon visits, dressing at home, everything! His sincerity once again impressed Terry.

Kim shook his head. "I've got to tell you. Having you as a date has done wonders for my popularity. Most of the guys used to treat me like a sissy or something."

Soon they were exchanging all sorts of personal secrets. Terry sharing his dilemma made Kim open up too.

Kim explained that he had been Russ's buddy from grade school days. In Junior High, Russ grew into a big athletic type fellow, while Kim stayed rather small and delicate. He admitted to experiencing the same kind of frustrations as Terry in school and in his social life. He was especially interested in the Buster Cranford cheerleading squad. Finally Kim asked a question that Terry didn't really expect, "Tell me, Terry....did you like dressing up like that, I mean looking and acting so feminine and all?"

"NO. . . .well, in some ways I did," Terry tried to formulate an honest answer, "I guess it was kind of fun, but it was kind of weird feeling too. In Home Ec and gym everyone stares at me funny but when I was fully dressed as a girl, I almost felt well liked. I enjoyed myself last night except when Russ and

a couple boys looked at me lecherously. But boy, it's a lot of work!"

"Yeah, I bet," Kim chuckled, "I think Russ liked you better than Betty." After a pause, Kim continued but a bit hesitant, "He even told me he has the 'hots' for you."

"Yuck!" Terry gasp and made a face.

"Hey, remember I did too. You looked tantalizing."

The two boys laughed and giggled about the dance. Yes, they had fooled them all. Kim admitted that having Terry as a date was better than NO date.

"I know what you mean," said Terry. "I haven't been able to get a date for any dance this year. I ask but they just laugh."

"I wish you could be my date for the other dances this year. I bet my reputation would sizzle. How do you feel when you're wearing a dress? Would you do it again?" Kim asked thoughtfully.

"Very weird! Odd like I was a different person," Terry answered truthfully."

"Too bad I can't dress up and be your date," Kim said. "I wonder how I would feel completely dressed as a girl, you know, like you were last night."

"Would you like to find out?" Terry asked. "If so, we could go over to my house and put on some of my ah Irene's things."

"I couldn't!" Kim said with obvious fear. "I'd look stupid."

"Maybe, but come on," Terry insisted, "Let's go to my house. I'll show you what I was wearing underneath!"

That got Kim, a chance to see a pretty girl's undies. . .even if they were a boys.

With that, the two boy's headed for Terry's house to see Terry's scanties. When they arrived,

Mrs. Hemm was away. Terry introduced Kim to Irene and told her he was the boy he had gone out with the night before. "I want to show him what I was wearing."

Irene took Terry aside. "He saw that last night?" Irene questioned, then caught on. "Maybe your friend wants to try them on?"

"Oh no," Terry said, "but I would like to see what Kim would look like dressed as a girl. Would you help him like you helped me," he asked.

"Maybe, if he wants?" Irene asked.

"Let us go up and you come up in twenty minutes," he answered.

They were out of earshot from Kim so Irene said in a harsh voice, "Let me get this straight. You brought your friend home to dress him up as a girl, and you want me to help? What have you two got going anyway?"

"Nothing Irene," he said defensively. "It's just for fun. I just wanted to see how he would look dressed as a girl."

Seeing a chance to have more fun at her brother's expense in this situation, Irene hardened her expression and said, "I think I should tell Mother about this!"

"Please Irene," he begged. "It's not like that, I promise."

"Alright," she said, chocking back a large laugh. "I'll go along with your little game and keep your secret from Mother on one condition. You defied me last night by refusing to sleep in one of my nightgowns. If you will promise to sleep in a nightgown for as long as you are a cheerleader, I'll help you and your friend. If not, the cat is completely out of the bag! Do we have a deal?"

"But Irene" he started to protest.

"Do we have a deal?" she demanded.

He lowered his eyes in defeat. "I guess so. I don't have a choice, do I? You'd tell Mother either way just for spite, wouldn't you?"

She didn't answer his question but stated instead, "Okay, get Kim up to your room and get him into some undies and then bring him to my room. I'll see what I can find for him to wear."

Terry took Kim to his room and after some small talk, he pulled out the outfit he had worn the night before.

"I assumed that these were you sister's," Kim said picking up a pair of the panties.

"No," Terry said redfaced, "I have a lot of them." He opened a drawer and pulled out a Shroud.

"This was the tough part. . .makes you disappear!"

"NO!"

"Yea! I dare you to try it on."

After several dares, Kim removed his clothes, and Terry had him put on a Shroud. Kim's breath was taken away by the tightness of the garment. This was followed by the Pert-T breasts, a white bra, nylon panties, and not knowing what length dress Irene would choose, a short slip. Disregarding nylons because of Kim's hairy legs, Terry had him put on the red pumps he had worn on their date.

"This is weird," Kim gasp.

"Come into my sister's," Terry said, "She has a dress for you."

"You told her?" Kim was mortified.

"It's just for fun."

A few minutes later, he led his very red-faced friend into Irene's room for a dress and makeup.

"Go back into your room and get your white satin cheerleader blouse," Irene said to Terry. "It will look good under this red and white tunic dress. In the meantime, I'll start his makeup."

Unlike Terry, Kim seemed to be in shock, dazed by every step of his transformation. He was in astonishment as Irene applied the creams and

lotions to his face and brushed his rather curly hair. When she was finished and he was in the blouse and dress, he had never felt like this before in his life. He actually became aware of Terry's predicament---his dressing as a girl at school and at the ball games. How could they do this to Terry?

Kim had been wearing a dress for about ten minutes when they heard Mrs. Hemm come home, and he knew the time to take off his cherished clothes had come. He quickly undressed, put on his own clothes, and left the Hemm residence.

That the two boys would be good friends, was obvious from the start. They had a lot in common, as both of them were taking courses few boys had ever tried.

They shared their frustrations with the system and in fact, Kim said as he was leaving, "Say, Terry, why don't you come over to my house some night this week. We can talk more. My mother hates it that I don't have many friends."

"Sure, when?"

"How about Tuesday night?"

"Sorry, Cheerleader practice." Terry replied.

"Wednesday?"

"Yeah, that would be okay," Terry replied.

Kim told Terry his address and told him to be over anytime after 6:00.

"Great, see you then!" Terry replied as Kim headed toward home. Terry was very pleased with how things had gone, as he had made a friend instead of an enemy.

Kim was very nice, and he understood about Terry having to dress as a girl. Having a friend made it all seem a bit better. He still detested the feel of the soft garments on his skin, the hem of a skirt moving against his thighs, and the unpalatable odor of his makeup but having a friend was wonderful.

Wednesday evening Terry ate supper and told his mother he was going over to visit Kim. He had told her of his confession on Sunday, and she was proud of his actions. He had, however, left out the part about Kim's dressing up in her absence. Kim lived in another school district but only about eight blocks away so Terry took his bicycle.

When Terry rang the doorbell, A woman, obviously Kim's mother, answered. "Hello, you must be Terry?" she said smiling broadly, "Kim is waiting for you in the rec room downstairs. It's right this way." She indicated a stairway just off the main hall. "I'll bring you some refreshments in a little while."

Kim and Terry got along fabulously. Both loved to play ping pong and watching old movies. For the first time, each had a true friend and began spending as much time together as possible studying together and even helping one another with their sewing class assignments. It was too bad they weren't in the same school.

Things went well for Terry in school the next week. He was surprised that so few of his fellow schoolmates mentioned his costume at the game the week before. They almost acted as if they would jinx the team and stop their one game winning streak.

The Springdale game was away, so Terry had to wear his white skirt to school Friday and to the game. "We've got our work cut out for us today," said Betty. "You know, Springdale is supposed to be two touchdowns better than us, and we've got to work like everything to encourage our boys. We have to let them know we are behind them, and that we think they can win again."

A very large crowd of Cranford fans followed their team to Springdale as if they were expecting another miracle win. The six cheerleaders worked very hard, and the fans were yelling loudly in

support of their team. As a result, the team caught fire and won their second straight game.

Everyone, with the possible exception of Mrs. Hemm, was cheerful. Her son's dressing in skirts getting to be too much for her to bear. She had to do something to set this situation right whether Terry wanted her help or not. Her solution was to go to the school for a conference with Mr. Arthur about Terry and his activities.

"My son's involvement in this unusual endeavor of yours seems to be accepted by everyone. I get the feeling that no one is interested in his best interests except myself, and I am very interested," Mrs. Hemm said. "Tell me Mr. Arthur, are the other students accepting Terry's taking so many girl's classes and wearing his cheerleading skirts to class? I've been so worried that there might be trouble because he's such a sweet boy!"

"Well, Mrs. Hemm, you needn't worry. Terry's schedule is working well, and he's no longer a novelty. In fact, would you believe this? He's already one of the most popular kids in school. Practically all the students are behind him."

"Terry tells me everything is pleasant, but I'm afraid he would say anything to keep me from worrying."

"Here's the solution," Mr. Arthur said. "Terry is a very bright student, and he has made a tremendous sacrifice for the school. If not for him, the cheerleader squad would have disbanded. Do you think the players would feel the school and their fellow students were behind them if we didn't have a squad of cheerleaders? Absolutely not! Besides, we won the last two games, and those were the ones when Terry wore a skirt. The team feels he is a good luck charm, and that they would be jinxed if he wasn't there. I'll tell you what, if it will make you feel better, I promise to write a glowing letter of

recommendation, that should insure him of at least a partial scholarship, to any college he chooses upon his graduation."

Mrs. Hemm smiled with pride at this compliment to her son. She was even hesitant to bring up a subject that had been on her mind ever since her son had donned girl's attire. "Do you think having Terry dress so girlish every Friday is a good idea? Are you sure it won't it cause him harm?"

"Harm? Why, my dear Mrs. Hemm, what possible harm could there be? Terry isn't hurting anyone, is he? Of course not! If you're referring to a psychological fixation that could result, No, absolutely not! Terry has become a better student and is much more popular than before he became a cheerleader. I assure you, there is nothing to worry about."

The conversation turned to school and the sports teams, and in a short time, a much happier Mrs. Hemm left the office of a very relieved Mr. Arthur. It wasn't until she was home when she realized that all was not okay. It wasn't normal for her son to dress like this---no matter what the smooth talking Mr. Arthur says.

Mr. Arthur sat in his office thinking of Mrs. Hemm. She was very attractive and to his surprise, very well built---almost a D cup. Full, pendulous breasts probably ran in the Hemm family since Terry's sister also was a full C-cup.

As time passed, Terry's life settled into a routine. He took gym with the girls, continued to make progress in his sewing class, and wore his cheerleader outfit to school and to the games on Fridays. He had a standing appointment with Janice at the beauty salon to wash and set his hair on Thursday afternoons after school. Not wanting to repeat the embarrassments of that first Saturday at the salon with Betty, he always went home and put on a dress, or skirt and blouse, and makeup.



"Terry used the 'Fleese' cream nightly on his legs and chest. Yes, they were softer."

After the game on Friday night, he had all weekend to try and comb his ever lengthening hair back into an acceptable boy's style, but that was becoming harder and harder each week. The other students apparently accepted this routine, and he hardly ever heard any contemptuous or ridiculing remarks. In fact, some new girl students had been transferred in to try and make the gender ratio represent the local population and they probably didn't know Terry the cheerleader and Terry the boy were the same person.

The football season finally ended with the first annual football luncheon banquet followed that evening with a dance. At the banquet, the cheerleaders and the pep squad wore their uniforms, and the football players wore their home jerseys over their shirts.

In his speech, the coach praised the efforts of both spirit squads and gave them full credit for getting the student body behind the team. He said this support enabled the team to turn their season around and end the season with four wins and six losses. No mention; however, was made of Terry's unusual role in this endeavor.

"I'm really looking forward to getting out of these skirts and back into boy's clothes on a full time basis," Terry said to Betty after the banquet.

"What do you mean," Betty asked innocently.

"I mean this cheerleader business is over, and I don't have to wear a skirt to school anymore," he said. "What did you think I meant?"

"I have no idea," she said, still playing innocent. "The basketball season starts next week."

"So?" he replied in an indignant tone.

"We have to cheer for them too, Miss Smarty," Betty said, no longer able to suppress a wide grin.

"B...but that that means" he stammered.

"That's right," she laughed. "The basketball team plays on Tuesdays and Fridays, so we get to wear our uniforms twice a week now."

"It's getting too cold to wear a short skirt," he protested.

"We wear pantyhose!" she shot back.

THE DANCE

Mr. Arthur had arranged everything for the Cheerleaders. They were all to wear a beautiful evening dresses in the school colors to the dance that night.

"Not me too," Terry complained.

"They came as a set, I did try to order pants but they didn't have them available. See, the letters spell our school's name. Hey, it isn't like you've never been in a dress."

Terry whined enough that Mr. Arthur finally had to agree to pick him up and escort him.

When Terry finally stepped down to the dance floor, he was besieged, and yielding to the propriety of the occasion, he chose Mr. Arthur as his first dance partner whose face was beet red in admiration as he gazed at his lovely partner.

Terry was wearing a gorgeous dress of white tulle over an under dress of soft white satin. Little satin ribbons in the school's colors accented the bodice. He wore white satin high heeled slippers and flesh colored nylons held up by a 'school colored' garter belt which showed themselves with the swirling of his 'cheer' length skirt as he twirled in his partner's arms.

His hair, now well down around his shoulders was waved and curled bewitchingly and adorned with a gardenia over one ear. His matching necklace and earrings were a last minute addition to the outfits---gifts from Mr. Arthur to the cheerleaders. The dress was obviously the finest of all the cheerleaders.

Terry whispered, "Thank you," but was unsure why he had to wear them too.

"Did you like the bra, panties and garter belt," Mr. Arthur asked, adding, "I mean the lace is in the school colors! It just wouldn't look right without them."

Terry looked up and blushed causing a visible tremor to run through the old prof.

Then Terry leaned into the gentleman and whispered, "If you keep buying me these things, I'll never grow up to be a man."

Mr. Arthur was succeeded by Betty and then one boy after another. There were only a few girls to many boys. You know boys---anything in a skirt. After the sixth dance, his prominent padded bosom was heaving tantalizingly, and he begged for a rest.

His last partner, Sam, a timid but good looking boy who had just transferred to Buster Cranford from out of state, looked disappointed. He had heard the rumors that Terry was a boy but he couldn't believe it. It had to be some kind of a 'newcomer' joke on him.

When Sam followed Terry off the dance floor and saw his full hips slinkily encased in the alluring short skirt, he was sure Terry was a girl.

After a rest, he was again claimed by Mr. Arthur, and as they whirled off, he looked back at Sam who he'd just left and saw the young man's eyes following his every move. He smiled temperately at him and thrilled at the sense of power his smile had already developed, as he saw the boy in ecstasy. Very strange.

The night went on and was getting late. Mr. Arthur lost track of Terry and assumed he was in the ladies room or something. He walked out to do his chaperone duties and checked the hallways where students always prowled out to smoke and sometimes neck. No one was there and he returned to the dance but not before checking the coat closet.

"What the...."

"I'm sorry Mr. Arthur," Sam stammered, "We were just talking."

"Talking? It doesn't look like talking." Mr. Arthur had caught Sam pressing Terry tightly against the hanging coats. He didn't see a kiss but he was sure it was either about to happen or had already happened.

"It's almost midnight kids...let's wrap it up," Mr. Arthur said trying to keep his composure.

Terry waited for his ride home. It was a cool evening and Terry became chilled in the inadequate shield of his sheer evening dress and wispy dainty undies. Tonight he certainly did not look or feel like a boy. He remembered getting dressed earlier and having second thoughts about going to the dance in a cheerleader dress but Mr. Arthur insisted. He looked down at his smooth silvery legs barely covered by his short shimmering skirt. He pressed his knees together hearing the nylon sizzle. It only served to remind him that his appearance was anything but manly.

Mr. Arthur opened the car door for him like a gentleman as he seated himself comfortably. When they were both in the car, Mr. Arthur draped his heavy wool suit jacket carefully across Terry's shoulders. His hands seemed to linger, almost affectionately. "I'm so glad you decided to come with me tonight... I mean to the dance." Mr. Arthur said softly, adding, "I know it must be embarrassing being around the other boys dressed like that."

Terry had gotten warm during one the last dances and had pinned his hair up. He now unhooked it, letting it fall about his shoulders and around his face. They rode home quietly.

Almost home, Mr. Arthur asked, "Did you have fun?"

"It was okay."

"Some of the new students don't believe you are a boy. You sure had the them 'going'. I was almost jealous," Mr. Arthur admitted.

"Jealous?"

Mr. Arthur blushed a bit. "You know. You came with me, then seeing you dancing in the arms of all those young studs. Their arms around you---feeling your dress and holding you close. Then that Sam..."

Terry felt a shutter of humiliation, he was conscious of his scrutiny. Terry reddened, "I-----I-----"

guess I was caught off guard. I can't imagine what came over Sam. He said he wanted to talk to me 'privately'."

"Of course, but you have to realize-----Well" Mr. Arthur licked his lips. "You are-----well-----tantalizing. Did he kiss you."

Terry tried to detect the tone of his attitude. A deep sense of shame overcame Terry. His head lowered and he admitted, "He tried."

"On the lips?"

Terry's fluttered in his own dishonor, "But it----I mean, Sam thought I was really a girl."

"And you?" Mr. Arthur investigated as he brought the car to a stop at the side of the road. His question was perceptive. "What were you thinking? Did you tell him you were as much a boy as he is."

Mr. Arthur had to smile at this as he glanced at the demure figure, so girlishly pretty, sitting on the seat beside him. "I guess....," Terry said, "I got confused----it all happened so fast. I'll never do it again."

"It's okay, dear," Mr. Arthur stated, "I see a beautiful feminine form beside me, your skin is snow white and wonderful to touch. Your voice is high, and your complete lack of beard shows that you don't have much in the way of maleness. You were maybe the prettiest girl there tonight. Hasn't any of this ever occurred to you?"

It had occurred to Terry. "Everyone treats me like a girl," he said as an excuse.

"My dear," Mr. Arthur consoled. "That's because you react so much like a girl. You mustn't feel badly about it. It's something you can't help."

Mr. Arthur knew he'd contributed to the poor boy's quandary. From the very beginning he'd picked out outfits, dresses, lingerie, high heels, everything designed to emphasize the lush femininity of the wearer and reveal delightful charms to the utmost. He noted how wonderfully Terry's

figure had adapted to the clothes, accenting his roundness and lovely legs.

"Besides, just because you are not molded in the conventional pattern is no disgrace." He put his arm on the boy's shoulder, "So relax, my Dear! Don't be so uptight. Enjoy yourself."

He shifted his arm comfortingly around Terry's shoulders, and a strange shivery thrill went through the boy at the older man's touch. His thick silky lashes lifted above his limpid eyes, then dropped gently to rest against the curve of his soft cheeks. His full red lips trembled, and almost involuntarily he swayed toward Mr. Arthur. The man pulled him close, and pressed his lips hotly against the boy's cheek. They lay strained there for a full ten seconds. Then Mr. Arthur murmured hoarsely, "My darling, what a pleasure you'll be to the boys."

Terry could feel the rumble of his voice deep in the man's chest where he rested his head. Realizing what had happened, he drew himself out of the arms that held him and brushed his cheek with the back of his hand. What kind of a boy was he? He'd been kissed twice that night. What was happening to him?

Mr. Arthur sat observing him, a little amused by the reaction. He gently caressed Terry's shoulder.

"Don't!" the boy said abruptly.

"You might as well get used to it," he said, rubbing his fingers up Terry's shoulder to his neck causing him chills. "It's a little strange at first but I know you'll learn to love the attention."

Terry came into the house as quietly as he could, hopeful that his mother and sister were asleep. But Irene and his mother were awake, sitting at the table lingering over a cup of tea. They had waited up for him.

Irene looked up as he entered the room, and sang out, "Here he comes...Miss Amer.... We thought you might keep us up all night!"

"Well, honey, how was it?"

"Just FINE? Com' on, tell us all about it. We've been waiting up for you," his mother pleaded. "Was it okay? Did you dance a lot?"

Terry blushed, then nodded. Irene plied him with questions, many of them very intimate, making him blush further. She grilled him about who he danced with..., "The boys? or girls?"

Terry flushed a deep red giving away the answer.

"Did any of them try to put the 'make' on you?" Irene giggled.

"IRENE!!" scolded her mother. "That's your brother you're talking to."

"Yes, I know," she said impudently. "But, he should have some fun. At his age, boys will chase anything in a skirt. I bet you had the guys standing in line?"

Terry blushed as his mother asked, "Didn't you dance with any girls?" His mother was beginning to catch on to the fact that all this wasn't all harmless. She looked at her son in the tight fitting gown with the prominent bosom, his girlish hips and thighs outlined by satin clinging to every movement.

Yes, his mother just became aware of what was happening to her son. Lately, he had been wearing more padded bras under the tight sweaters and blouses of his cheerleader outfits; a few sweaters were low cut and revealing. Yes, she had noticed men giving him the most fascinating stares but she didn't know why. Until now.

"Oh, honey, what have we done to you," his mother questioned while taking him in her arms. "We have to get you out of these clothes....before it's too late."

Irene interrupted, "After going through all this trouble and having been a sissy. You don't imagine that he can suddenly change back into a boy and expect his life to be as it was before, do you? No, mom, Terry's stuck this way until the season's over."

"Darling, we'll think of something," his mother said. "Mr. Arthur will find a solution. Of course, in the meantime, you will have to continue, but I'm sure it won't be for much longer."

Terry agreed, in a sense because he felt that he **SHOULD** protest. His mother humored him by saying that she would see what could be done as soon as possible.

That night, he very inexpertly pulled off his humiliating feminine clothes.

He hung them in his closet carefully as to not wrinkle them. He had learned it was easier to hang them carefully than to iron them later. He then spent a few minutes seeking out and removing a few more bobby pins which had held his hairdo up. He decided to take a cold shower, the colder the better---no a hot bath. Anything to wash away this hot shameless feeling he had. The desire to run after Mr. Arthur, the strong father image---to cling to him, and to feel his strong confident figure pressed against him. He let the water run in the tub and slipped in, adding a little perfumed oil.

Out of habit, he found himself putting just a few rollers in his hair before climbing into his pajamas. He lay on his bed, his arms crossed on his chest, staring out the window into the darkness with wide confused eyes. His thoughts were so primitive, so---so physical, they were revolting!

The frenzy of the day had left him tired and drained, yet what right did he have to have such feelings? If this sensation, this hungry gnawing feeling, meant what he thought it did.

He had decided to steer clear of the boys when dressed in skirts lest something degrading and disgraceful should happen.

Feeling more out of control in his life than ever---more like---like---like a passive female. The perfumed scent on his hair and pillow were humbling. His self-confidence was at a new all time low..

The next morning when getting dressed, he noticed a soreness, actually a puffiness in his chest area. Further examination revealed a swelling he had not known existed. He had been feeling kind of weak and listless lately, and now this. As he lay in bed, he decided to pay a visit to Miss Roberts.

Miss Roberts kneaded and prodded his sensitive chest area. "I believe you are having an allergic reaction to the synthetic material of your Pert-T breasts," she said. "Here is a cream to massage into the swelled area. That should clear up your problem. If not, let me know."

Leaving her office, he said, "Thank you, Miss Roberts."

Cheering for the basketball team and wearing his short cheerleader skirt to school two days a week was especially troubling to Terry. He was trapped between genders and as a result, lived in a state of constant emotional and physical turmoil. For instance, he needed to let his nails grow for his feminine character and have them short for his male character; and he needed his hair styled for his cheerleading and straight for his male character.

These problems were driving him crazy. The only time he could really be himself was when he was with Kim. He and his friend would talk for hours about school, their sewing projects, and Terry's dressing as a girl. Many times, they would model their creations for each other in the privacy

of their homes. Kim was especially embarrassed by these dress up sessions but didn't discourage them.

Kim's mother noticed these feminine activities of her son and his new friend, but since he didn't have many friends, she chose not to make it into a big deal.

"Things have changed," she thought. "Men wear bright pastel colors, necklaces, and earrings now days. After all, they're both taking Home Ec and sewing girl's clothes. Maybe it was time for society to put 'girl's things' on the same level as 'boy things'." She also noticed Kim was wearing his "sewing projects" with Terry around the house more than necessary, but she ignored that as well. He had even made a dress and a blouse for her.

Finally, one Friday morning, after three weeks of wearing his cheerleader outfits to school twice a week, Terry went to Miss Roberts in tears. If he thought that the once a week hair setting, makeup and skirts for football were uncomfortable, than the switching back and forth for the twice a week basketball games were unthinkable.

"I believe you know what you must do to end this turmoil within yourself," she said after hearing his tale of woe. "You just want me to confirm your suspicions and condone your actions. Am I right?"

He looked down at his smooth nylon covered legs and fingered the hem of his pleated white skirt. "You mean you'll let me quit the cheerleaders?" he asked hopefully.

"Heavens no!" she shot back with a bit of irritation in her voice. "A commitment is a commitment. The team is counting on you. I know by the description of your dilemma that you think the only way to remove this stress from your mind is for you to dress full time as a boy. I know full well that this switching back and forth is a lot of trouble. Any other ideas?"

"No," he said shyly, "but there must be some other way. I can't keep having my hair done as a girl, besides I don't have any winter dresses or skirts. Other than my cheerleader uniforms, my only girl's clothes are for warm weather, or for fall. Mother can't afford to buy me a whole wardrobe of winter clothes. She has a hard time keeping food on the table as it is."

Miss Roberts nodded considering his statement before saying, "If you had a winter wardrobe of girl's clothes, you could wear them to have you hair done. Is that what you are saying?"

"No. . . Yes, I guess so until the basketball season is over. But the salon is closing earlier during the winter. I don't have time to hurry home, change and then make the last appointment. . ."

She picked up her phone, called the principal's office, and asked Mr. Arthur to come to the infirmary.

Terry took a big breath---finally something was going to be decided. Maybe they would let him go back to the pants outfits?

When Miss Roberts had fully apprised Mr. Arthur of Terry's predicament, he said, "I think I have the solution for you Terry. You see, Saturday is our busiest day at the Boutique, and we need an additional clerk. If you accept the job, you could earn the money to pay for your new clothes and even get them at an employee's discount. How about it?"

Terry slumped into his chair.

Terry's principal could talk him into almost anything. After a long thoughtful discussion, it was decided, "You will wear the cheerleading outfits on Tuesday and Friday. If you have to make hair appointments, you can wear your dresses those days too. I really don't think anyone will say a thing. As for the job, it pays very well and I'll give you an advance for clothes."

"But my mother," Terry moaned.



*Terry soaked in the tube. Thoughts of what
he had become flowed through his mind.
It was strangely pleasant.*

Mr. Arthur smiled broadly and said, "I'll call her Terry. Be at the store at 8:00 tomorrow morning, and we'll select something nice for you to wear before we open at nine."

"I'll be there as well," said Miss Roberts. "I think it's time you increased the size of your Pert-T Breasts to a B cup. You are buying new clothes, and you will want your new clothes to fit your new larger 'natural' contours."

For some strange reason, Terry's mind was more at ease than it had been in weeks as he left the infirmary. But why? He had just committed to dressing mostly as a girl for the next four months! What would his mother say?

He heard his mother talking to Mr. Arthur for a long time before she came into his room and said, "So you have a job."

Terry arrived at the boutique dressed as a boy. Only, underneath his pants, he wore his usual Shroud and panties. In a bag, he brought a white nylon slip, pantyhose, and a comfortable pair of black pumps with two inch heels.

As the first order of business, he was fitted with his larger Pert-T Breasts, and Miss Roberts gave him several new bras to fit the larger inserts. Since time was short, he only had time to choose one outfit before the store opened. His choice was a soft pale yellow blouse, a straight black above the knee length skirt and black pumps.

When he was dressed, Mr. Arthur gave him a name tag with the name TERRY ANN, and said, "Terry Ann was an old employee. We have to order you one but this one might save you from possible embarrassment. I sort of like it."

Realizing his principal was probably right about the spelling, Terry responded, "Thank you, Mr. Arthur." Then to himself, "Why does he have to be so logical and so right all the time? Ann was also very close to his real middle name, Anthony."

Surprisingly as Terry began wearing dresses and skirts to school nearly every day, the other students accepted his change of costume as a matter of course. He was no longer a novelty, and no one was surprised by what he wore.

A sissy was a sissy, and there weren't really degrees of such. So, his new manner of dress generated only a few mild snickers and double takes. He did find that many of the girls came over to compliment him on his hairdo or some nice dress he wore, but that was about the extent of the notice he received.

The added exposure made him even became more accomplished at shaving his legs, putting on his makeup, styling his hair and other girlish chores.

Terry quickly grew accustomed to doing all the things necessary to portray a girl. He kept his arms, legs, and face smooth and soft by using the Fleece cream and a razor. Fastening his bra behind him, putting on his makeup, painting his nails, and rolling and styling his lengthening hair changed from difficult tasks to no more than routine activities. Walking in high heels, sitting with his knees together, and keeping his short skirts modestly positioned became habit and subconscious acts.

Terry's worst trials came at home where Irene refused to stop harassing him about his girlish role. One night after he rolled his hair and covered his head with a net, he passed by her room, and she giggled, "I never thought I'd see my brother going to bed in a nightgown with his hair in curlers? Oh, my, I really do have a new sister!"

Luckily, Mrs. Hemm saw what was going on and scolded Irene for teasing her brother. Her mind was not completely at ease with her son's wearing dresses, especially now that he was to wear almost full time.

That night, Terry tossed uncomfortably in bed. His sister's comments kept ringing in his ears... "My brother is really becoming a sweet girl..."

Other than his sister's taunting, Terry's most trying moments came from persistent calls from Russ, Betty's boyfriend, asking for dates. He had seen how Betty had to constantly fight Russ off and evade his roving hands on their double date, and he refused to put himself in that same situation. "Why," he thought, "Russ didn't even open the car door for Betty."

When Terry called Kim to tell him of his latest step into the feminine world, Kim was overwhelmed! "Y...y...you mean you are working like a girl too? You might as well dress all the time?" Kim commented with sarcasm.

Could Kim tell his friend of his growing unhappiness at his school where everyone thought he was a sissy. He hated the teasing and having to take girl's classes. Why him? he asked over and over. He wished that he could go to Cranford High--- maybe he wouldn't get taunted as much. After all, they had Terry to tease, running around in skirts.

He couldn't tell his mother about his unhappiness because he was afraid he would burst into tears and worry her. He did, however, cry himself to sleep that night.

Terry was becoming more feminine daily, and gradually, the students at Cranford High accepted the fact that he would come to school dressed and made up as a very attractive girl. They unconsciously even began to accept him for what he appeared to be rather than what he really was. For instance, the boys became very shy and flustered around him, and the girls talked about their boy-friends, both real and imagined, in his presence.

With his peers acceptance, Terry was able to relax and become quite happy, or at least content, in his role. Unlike in his gloomy and friendless life as a boy, he accumulated a host of friendly acquaintances. He was quick to smile, and he presented a pretty picture as his red, lipstick covered mouth framed his white teeth.

Because of the seasonal shopping, Terry had to work every day during his Christmas vacation. He earned a lot of money to help pay for his previously purchased wardrobe, as well as some presents for his mother, Irene, and Kim. His wardrobe, chosen with the help of his mother was fashionable and

suitable for a teenaged girl. His drawers and closets held nylon stockings, tight fitting high heeled shoes, belted dresses, soft sweaters and more.

The following day, Terry didn't have to work all day at the shop so he decided to stop over at Kim's to show him his Christmas gifts. He was wearing a red dress with a seasonal white fake-fur collar and he received quite a shock when he rang the bell. He didn't know his friend had omitted telling his mother about his weekend dressing as a girl.

What she saw was not the awkward and effeminate teenaged boy she was used to. Terry's blonde hair was in an immaculate chignon, his dress fashionable showing off an attractive curved figure and ample cleavage from the bodice. She also noticed that Terry sported a bustline that would make any girl jealous.

Needless to say, Kim's mother was astonished by this latest revelation of Terry's immersion into femininity, but after the boys' floundering attempts at an explanation, she wisely decided to wait until they were alone to discuss this strange situation with her son. She changed the subject as soon as possible, and shortly left the boys alone.

"Wow!" was all Kim could say. "Are those all presents from your family?"

"Yes, my sister, but that's not all." Terry lifted his skirt to show Kim his stockings. They were attached to a black lace garter belt. His smooth thighs caused Kim to gasp. Terry's hips looked rounded and shapely.

When Terry was leaving Kim's mother said, "That dress is a bit old for you. Who bought it?"

"My mother."

Kim's mother's shook her head. She commented, "I think it's too old for you. That should be worn by a woman in her twenties."

That afternoon, Terry and Kim went shopping at a mall in a nearby town. Terry bought three

dresses while Kim watched. One was a silk day dress, blue with little white dots. It had a wide elastic belt the emphasized Terry's tiny waist.

Kim was bewildered by his friends attitude. It seemed like Terry tried on almost every dress in his size, twirling about the shop admiring himself in every mirror. Kim stared into the glass in search of 'Terry, the boy'. Finding little, he shook his head.

Kim was a little embarrassed standing all alone in the teen girl's section. He shook his head when he saw Terry appear from the dressing room swinging door in a little red spandex dress. It was very tight and very short. Kim could see the outline of his buddy's bra straps.

"Too much?" Terry flushed, a bit embarrassed by his own exposure.

"It's ashamed to buy it," Kim joked, "There's hardly any fabric...you could make it yourself in minutes."

"Maybe," Terry mused running his fingers over the fabric at the hip. "With the right shoes. . . ." That's when he saw his friend eyeballing him with disbelief.

The low cut of the dress emphasized the fact that Terry's body had changed and it did nothing to hide his cleavage and budding bust. Terry stood erect, bosom up, his hands on his hips.

The dress suited a young girl's fancy marvelously, and on Terry it added a dimension of provocative sensuality, and even sexuality but within the bounds of the respectable.

But Terry knew he shouldn't be wearing such things---even if they did fit. "I guess I'm getting carried away," Terry groaned.

Kim nodded. "You are becoming quite the swish."

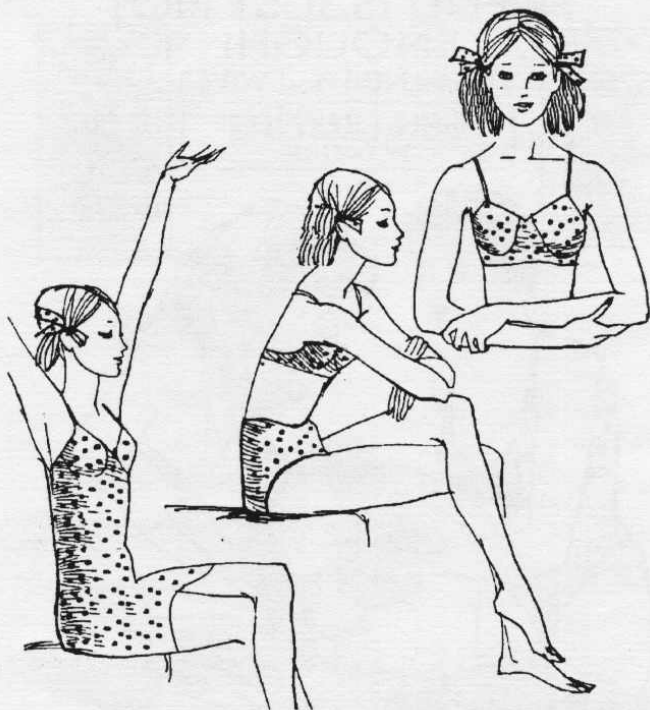
Terry without a word went back into the dressing room. Kim could hear the muted rustle of Terry pulling the dress fabric over his head.

Released by the humiliating girlish garment, Terry sighed as the dress fell to the carpeted floor. His eyes half closed, he adjusted the straps of his brassiere and then pulled at the waist-band of his matching panties.

On the way home, Kim said softly, "I didn't mean anything. Don't be ashamed around me. . .I'm your friend, remember?"

Christmas passed, and Terry, once again, found himself back at school in his girlish role. His fellow students acted as if he had always been a girl and made no contemptuous remarks, at least not in his presence. They still weren't sure about Terry and basically shyed away from any friendship.

Even when Janice lightened his hair with honey blonde streaks, no one said a thing. Janice said



"Terry was accustomed now to bra and panties. His posture and manner had become very feminine."

that highlighting wouldn't be noticed and that it added a glow to his hair.

Even Irene tired of badgering him and, for the most part, left him alone.

Since Terry had his hair highlighted on Monday, cheerleading on Tuesday and Friday, hair *curled* on Thursday, and work on Saturday, he wasn't spending much time as a boy. It was becoming more and more difficult for him to look boyish. When he started wearing slacks bought at the shop. It was quickly decided by all that Terry might as well wear his new 'wardrobe' all the time.

Terry's most significant difficulty was the persistence of Russ. The young man just would not

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take no to mean NO. After tiring of Terry's excuses and refusals to date him over the phone, Russ decided to visit the Hemm house and make Terry accept or decline face to face.

He found Terry doing homework dressed in a long denim skirt with a deep, back walking slit, a loose fitting sweater, very little makeup other than lipstick and with his hair brushed back into a neat ponytail. After they made small talk, Terry invited Russ into the den where they could talk.

"You're always busy when I call for a date Terry," Russ said confidently. "This time I plan to ask in plenty of time before you've made other plans."

"For what," Terry asked.

"The Chevalier High Sweetheart Dance on Valentine's Day," he beamed. "Will you go with me?"

Terry retreated to his resolve not to let Russ take him out on a date, especially not to a Sweetheart Ball! He had to come up with a believable excuse, and fast!!! The best he could do was, "I...I would like to go with you Russ, b...but I...I already have a date for the dance. You see, I promised to go with Kim."

"Kim again?" Russ spat. "What does a stone fox like you see in a little guy like Kim anyway?"

"Kim is nice and he's a gentleman, unlike some people I know!" Terry answered sharply.

"I know he's a nice guy! I shouldn't have said that, and I apologize," Russ responded. "But, I'm a nice guy too."

"No you're not!" Terry answered, finally realizing he would have to hurt the hulking Russ's feelings to stop this relentless campaign for a date. "On our double date with you and Betty, you showed her no respect. You were all over her with your hands, and you made advances toward other girls. When I go out, I want to be treated like I'm important to my escort, not like a potential notch on his bed post! Because of your huge ego, you can't think

of anyone but yourself. I didn't want to tell you this, but you left me no choice. Now, will you please leave, and stop bothering me?"

As the very deflated Russ headed for the door, he started to speak a couple of times, but he couldn't find the words. No girl had ever talked to him this way. Terry was different than any girl he had ever known, and if anything, he was even more intrigued by her now. "Maybe she'll save a dance for me at the Ball," he thought as he walked out to his car.

"What was that all about?" Mrs. Hemm asked as she and Irene came into the den and found Terry sitting with his head down and his hands folded in the lap of his skirt.

"That was Russ, Betty's friend," he answered, not bothering to raise his eyes. "He came over to ask me to go to the Valentine Sweetheart Dance over at Chevalier High."

"He's a real hunk!" Irene exclaimed. "What did you say?"

"I said no, of course! I can't go out with someone like him," Terry responded dejectedly, "especially not to a formal dance. He's far too aggressive. He might find out find out oh, you know!"

Although Irene was enjoying her brother's quandary, Mrs. Hemm felt sorry for her son, and her doubts about his dressing as a girl rose to the surface. She sat beside him, put her arm around his shoulder, and asked, "If you told him no, why are you so down?"

Terry shifted nervously, continued to look down at his red fingernails, and said, "To get out of going with him, I told Russ that I had already agreed to go with Kim. Now, I'll have to go or he'll know I was lying. I don't even know if Kim will want to take me now that he knows I'm a boy. Oh, how do I get into these embarrassing situations?"

Kim was elated when he heard the news. He had thought of not going to the dance because he didn't have a girlfriend, but now, he would enter the gym with the stunning Terry on his arm.

No one at Chevalier knew Terry was a boy, and the students who thought he was too nerdy to date would have to change their minds when they saw him with one of the pretty Cranford cheerleaders. This was his lucky day!

The next day in school, Miss Roberts saw sadness on the face of the usually happy Terry and asked him to come into her office to tell her what was wrong.

Terry was wearing his cheerleader uniform with the white skirt because the basketball team was playing on the road that day. He sat looking into his lap and fingering the hem of his short skirt as he related the events of his confrontation with Russ and his commitment to attend the dance with Kim. "To make matters worse," he said, "I don't know how to dance very well as a boy, much less as a girl."

"That's no problem, dear," she answered. "Mr. Arthur is a wonderful dancer, and he's familiar with all the modern dances. If you'll come over to our house on Wednesday evenings when you don't have to cheer and on Sunday afternoons, he will be more than happy to teach you. Also, knowing that you are going to the dance this far in advance gives us plenty of time to select your gown before the other girls pick them over. We'll have plenty of time to make our other preparations as well. I look forward to helping you almost as much as if this were my own Sweetheart Ball. Now, how is that problem with your breasts? Has it cleared up?"

"No, Miss Roberts, they're still getting larger. If anything, they're growing faster than ever, and they hurt."

"Let me see."

He removed his sweater and blouse, and stood before the nurse in his bra hesitating before removing it too.

"No wonder they hurt," she said immediately. "You're right about the continued growth, and that's the problem. There isn't room in your bra cups for the Pert-T Breasts and your own. Leave off the falsies, go back to your A cups, and I'm sure you'll be more comfortable."

"But will they keep growing?" he asked in alarm.

"Maybe a little," she answered, "but we have plenty of time to worry about that when the time comes for you to change back into a boy. For now, just enjoy the fringe benefits of your good fortune."

Miss Roberts' words made sense and made Terry feel better. At least, he would know how to dance like a girl in time for the Ball.

Miss Roberts made some measurements. Terry had rounded out about two inches at the hips and also the bust. His waist was two inches smaller.

Terry had lost his boyish thinness. His thighs and bottom looked more like a young woman's especially in a tight skirt. Low cut dresses emphasized Terry's unusual chest development.

After school on Thursday, Miss Roberts offered Terry a ride to the beauty salon for his weekly appointment with Janice. "Now is the time to start making preparations for the dance," she said when they were underway. "One can never start too soon for such an important event. First of all, I think we should lighten your hair a couple of shades more to a golden blonde, add bangs, and style it to frame your face. We should also pierce your ears today."

"But Miss Roberts, I can't have my ears pierced," he said in a panic.

"I don't see why not," she responded calmly. "A lot of men wear ear decorations in one ear. When you go back to wearing boy's clothes, you can simply let one of the holes close up. You see, I have

oodles of lovely pendant earrings you can choose from to wear to the dance, but you'll have to have pierced ears to wear them. If you have it done now, the holes will have plenty of time to heal before the ball."

"I don't think I'd like that," Terry said firmly.

Janice was in full agreement with Miss Roberts' suggestions, and Terry went home with his hair styled in a mass of curls with wispy bangs caressing his forehead. Janice pulled so many blonde streaks through his hair it appeared several shades lighter.

The following Saturday, while he was working at the boutique, Mr. Arthur and Miss Roberts joyfully helped Terry try on the most beautiful evening gowns in the store. Finally, just before closing time, the "perfect" dress, along with bra, panties, garter belt, shoes, and a full array of accessories, was chosen. It was white satin tulle over an under dress of soft white satin, and had a long straight skirt with a high cut walking slit that revealed a lot of thigh when he walked or sat. When the last customer was gone, Terry put on the dress, and the white satin three inch slippers and walked around to check the fit and to "get the feel" of this gorgeous dress. As he twirled in response to his tutor's commands, an ample expanse of his flesh colored nylons could be seen.

In the weeks before the ball, Miss Roberts and Mr. Arthur put Terry through an intense program designed to make him appear to be a very beautiful teenage debutante. He became a graceful dancer and, as a result, gained significant self confidence in his dancing as well as his daily activities. His physical image, through refinements in his makeup, also became more glamorous. His lipstick and nail polish became brighter reds, and his eyeshadow a more radiant blue.



*"The tape didn't lie. Terry's figure had changed.
His hips had gained two inches and . . ."*

During this time, Terry was very busy and only had time to visit Kim's house twice. Both times, he found his friend dressed as a girl in clothes he made in sewing class. Kim tried to pass it off as coincidence because he was working on his sewing projects at home. He also quickly changed the subject saying how beautiful Terry was becoming and how jealous the other guys would be when they saw his gorgeous date. This made Terry wonder about Kim, but he was too preoccupied with his own preparations for the dance to give Kim's aspirations much thought.

The night of the dance finally arrived, and Terry dressed in his sexy new bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, heels, and lovely gown. His hair, now down to his shoulders, was waved and curled bewitchingly and was adorned with a gardenia over his left ear. His matching diamond necklace and pendant earrings were borrowed from Miss Roberts and greatly enhanced his beauty. His makeup was perfect, and his vivid red lipstick exactly matched his nail polish.

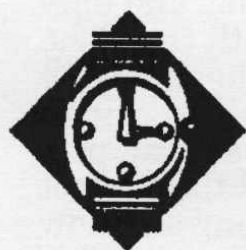
Mrs. Hemm looked at her son in the tight fitting gown. His prominent bosom, girlish hips, and trim thighs were concealed or put on display seductively with his every movement. As she studied his form, she became aware of what was happening to her son. She knew he would be on the receiving end of many fascinating stares from the other boys. "Oh, honey, what have we done to you," she questioned taking him in her arms. "We have to get you out of these clothes very soon before it's too late."

THE END OF PART TWO

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IN THE PINK

Part 58

"The formal rental shops always makes mistakes but at the William's wedding it was a wopper.

One too many bridesmaid dresses and one too few tuxedos.

Thank goodness that 'odd' Adam's boy was in the wedding.

**Published by
SANDY THOMAS**



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SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this?

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money!

Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet... can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

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This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

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AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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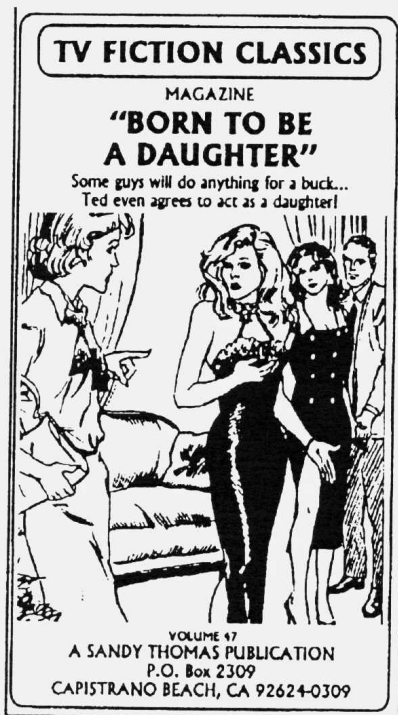
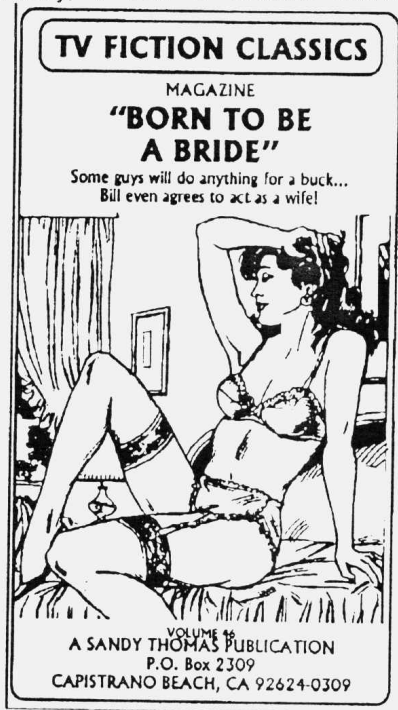
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