

GIRLFRIENDS

TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY



**THE LIVES OF A BORED COUPLE ARE
CHANGED BECAUSE OF A HAIRDRESSER!**

GIRLFRIENDS SERIES—VOLUME ONE

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

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

VOLUME 1

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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Published by

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Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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QUOTE BOARD

He said: Two inches more, and I would be king.

She said: Two inches less, and you'd be queen!”

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

By YDNAS

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A BORING LIFE...

It was just another haircut; one of the countless ones in my thirty years. My days were very busy as a junior partner specializing in international cost accounting; maybe not the most exciting line of work in the world.

After a week of too many deadlines, too many meetings, too many tax forms, I was looking forward to having my hair cut by my wife's beautician, Phil Thompson. Phil owned a busy and trendy beauty shop in the old town area. While Phil mostly cut women's hair, he had a number of husbands and men that he cut. Frankly, I loved watching the women in the shop—it felt a bit like when I have to wait for my wife in a department store's lingerie shop.

I'd known Phil for years but he never failed to surprise me. Before that day, I'd always thought he was "one of the boys." He was small, thin and his long blonde hair pulled back into a perfect hip ponytail.

My wife and I sometimes joked about Phil and his social life. We assumed he stayed out late dancing to the Village People.

Despite his rather unconventional life, he always attended to business. At 28, he ran one of the cities most successful and trendy hair salons. I respected that.

Given our rather staid, middle class life (which included the sexual relationship with my wife), I caught myself wondering if this was as good as life gets.

Looking around me, everyone was having great sex but me. I lived vicariously through what I envisioned were other's sex lives and free existence. I asked Joy one night

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after sex, "Why don't you tell me when you have an orgasm?"

She joked, "I would but you're never there." Then seriously she went on to say that she had always been "quiet."

Back to my haircut... It was the end of the day and my haircut was Phil's last one. It didn't take long to cut my hair. When he was finished, he asked, "Hey, do you drink?"

"Like a fish," I said.

"Let's go get a drink down the street."

Just before we left, the phone rang and he had a most animated, but whispered, conversation with someone.

As walked down the street, Phil shook his head and said, "Married women!"

"What do you mean, Phil?" The way he said it confused me.

In the dark bar, we ordered a couple of Vodka with tonic and he moaned about the phone call.

"Married women! They drive me nuts!"

"Phil, as a married man, I can't agree with you more. What? They can never get their hair right, right?"

"No, I can handle the hair. It's just that they are all over me. And frankly, sometimes the temptation is just too much!"

"Don't they know?"

"Know what?"

I was embarrassed, I was speaking about what I assumed was his sex life. I stammered, "That you are a hair dresser."

Phil laughed. "David, for such a smart accountant who charges a zillion bucks an hour, you know nothing."

"Sorry...I just thought..."

"You thought I was different," he said. "And on that front, you are right. You know, I don't care who my clients sleep with. They can sleep with Water Buffalo...as long as it isn't my Buffalo."

I liked Phil, but he can also be abrasive and arrogant but very smart. Sometimes he just likes to push people's buttons.

Phil continued, "When I speak of married women, I'm talking about bored housewives that are dying for a close relationship with a man. And I'm not talking about the weekly ten minute bump they get from their husbands between innings."

"I guess there are some dissatisfied wives out there."

Phil chuckled, "David, you don't even have a clue. Almost every day, a married woman who thinks I'm a switch hitter approaches me. I've concluded that there isn't a married woman out there, who given the opportunity, would turn down a romp with person who she thinks would understand her needs."

"Hey, some women are happy," I stated. In fact, most of the married women I know are very happy."

"Like who?" Phil stared at me confidently. "I 'do' most of your wife's friends."

I was totally taken aback. I didn't expect to be challenged on that comment. I tried to avoid the question. "There might be a few wives out there that CAN be satisfied by their husbands."

"Who?" Phil wasn't going to let the question slide.

I was getting mad at being put on the spot. I didn't really want to give Phil the names of any of the married women that he might know. Besides, I didn't want to know IF they were the ones he was talking about. Common sense suggested that the safest thing to do was rely on what I knew for sure. I stated, "For one, my wife, Joy."

Joy and I have been married for eight years, but with no kids to show for the venture. Joy is not frigid, but she is rather conservative when it comes to sex. I initiate and it's pretty much straight intercourse. From the perspective of frequency, we will usually have sex once a week and that seemed to be enough for her. I knew that Joy was happy and would never stray.

In fact, she only had a few boyfriends before we were married and had always been the quintessence of an

accountant's wife. She never drinks too much or gets out of line. Her views are with the moral majority.

On the other hand, I knew she had her chances. She is strikingly beautiful, tall five foot, seven inches and a 36-21-35 figure that I kept in expensive but conservative outfits.

One of my unspoken complaints has always been that she won't wear clothes that show off her delectable figure. Of course, with Phil's help, her dark brown, shoulder length hair was always perfectly coiffed, which framed her high cheek-bones, porcelain skin and full lips.

"David," Phil shook his head in a condescending fashion, "do you really think for a moment that Joy doesn't have fantasies about other men?"

I took a big drink of Vodka. Not wanting to give any credence to Phil's offensive comment, I tried to remain composed. I confidently replied, "I know she has never cheated and would never cheat. She's a happily married woman."

"Well, David, if Joy hasn't shown any interest in other men, it's the men not her. Maybe she's never been presented with the right kind of man."

"I'm her right kind of man. . . " My response only served to heighten Phil's competitive nature.

"Look, you are an okay guy; but a typical guy. If you think I'm wrong about Joy, I'll prove it to you."

How?"

"A fair test. You can't purposefully intervene or interfere. You just give me a reasonable chance to prove my point without letting Joy know that's something's up. In a short time, if she and I aren't closer than the two of you, I'll admit I'm wrong."

"And if I'm right?"

"You'll never pay for another haircut in your life."

It sounded like a deal too good to be true. As I did the "cost accounting" on the bet, I couldn't see how I could lose. I had all the cards in my hands, right? Joy and I were happy and I doubted that an effeminate hairdresser would be of any interest to her.

I'm somewhat ashamed to admit it, but making Phil lose a bet was almost enough. He was so cocky, yet, I recognized that Phil was a shrewd man.

"What happens if you're right?" I asked. The accountant in me needed to weigh all the outcomes.

"Are you afraid that I might be right? A second ago, you knew you couldn't lose. I'll make it an easy wager. If I'm right, you agree not to interfere and let what ever happens, happen. Scared?"

"No," I said, less than enthusiastically, "but it's a bet."

A DIFFERENT LIGHT...

For some disturbing reason, I looked at Joy differently that night as she emerged from the shower. I wondered how she would react to another man coming on to her. Did she find other men attractive? Maybe she wasn't dead.

Could another man make her nipples erect in response to his interest.

That night I made love to my wife with a new commitment to pleasing her. I also wanted to reassure myself of my potency. But, Joy reacted as always, reserved and in control. I tried everything but she politely moaned and laid there, moving slowly, seemingly waiting for me to finish.

At the last moment, the image of another man on Joy made me climax. With her normal grace, Joy slipped out from under me and said, "That was great!" then rolled over to go to sleep.

Was this as good as it gets?" I asked myself. Joy was oblivious to my new concerns, remaining the perfect picture of a loving wife.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW...

Perhaps fortunately, I didn't have occasion to speak with Phil for a couple weeks. My odd thoughts about Joy began to take on the hazy quality of a wicked nightmare.

Just when my thoughts were back to normal, Joy came home from Phil's shop and announced, "Guess what! Phil gave us two tickets to the "Black and Gold" charity cocktail party. He's even arranged for a limo to pick us up!"

It was a typically staid affair, with all the reserved wives parading in their diamonds and designer duds. The husbands, with their fat wallets, sucked down fine whiskey while sharing off-color jokes about their bimbo secretaries. Was this all there was to success?

Joy was in her element. She was dressed impeccably in a black, backless number bearing some French designer's moniker. Actually, it was rather unusual for Joy, for it displayed her cleavage and a healthy dose of leg. Of course, Joy had a unique way of looking classy and not the least bit sensual.

After a couple of vodka and tonics, I was startled by a familiar voice behind me. I turned and saw a fashionable young woman in a short, tight dress and high heels. Her blonde hair was curled in a fancy manner and she was talking to a tall dark gentleman in a tux.

I stared at her for a minute wondering if she was a star or someone I might know from TV.

I was stuck by how put together she was. Perfect, but there was something...

The woman saw me looking and smiled. To my surprise, she excused herself from who she was talking to and headed my way. I was embarrassed; she obviously thought I was interested.

"Hi David," she said.

"Do I know you?" Then it stuck me. It was Phil! I gasped, "What are you doing?"

"David, I'm here because I care deeply about giving..."

"No," I said softly. "I mean like that!"

"Do you like my dress?" he smiled sweetly and did a girlish twirl.

"I thought you were a girl."

'Shhh! That's the idea," he said, laughing, "What do women know about hair and makeup?"

"From looking at you, I guess nothing."

About that minute, Joy came back from the ladies room. I said, "Honey, do you recognize...ah..."

"Phyllis," Phil said softly in a perfectly feminine sounding voice.

"Nice to meet you Phyllis," Joy said, not catching on.

"You know Phyllis," I whispered to Joy.

The light went on! Joy gushed, "Oh my gawd! You are beautiful! Do you do this often?"

"As often as I can," he said.

"Gawd, Phil," I stammered, "I guess you DO know a lot more about women than me."

"That's obvious," Joy laughed, checking his dress and hair out. "You have a great figure."

"I've been working on it for a while."

I suddenly remembered our wager and laughed inside. This is the guy that was going to use my wife? Maybe her lipstick but... I was suddenly very confident of Joy's fidelity.

Joy was amazed and said, "Come with me, we have to talk. With that, Joy took Phil's hand and the two made a beeline towards the ladies room.

Hand in hand, like two teenaged girls, they made their way girlishly through the crowd. It had all happened so fast, I didn't have a chance to think.

I quickly ordered another vodka and tonic. When they came back from the bathroom, it was like Joy had found a long lost sister. They were inseparable. Phil knew a lot of people to whom he introduced Joy. As the evening wore on, my stomach felt oddly queasy.

Phil was running around introducing Joy to men. This feeling was exacerbated every time I lost sight of the two of them.

To my frustration, Phil had succeeded in introducing her to every single man in the room. Worse yet, there were a couple men who the two kept coming back to for conversation.

I was leaning in the corner, trying to keep an eye on the two of them. This was quite surprising since Joy usually never left my side. Rarely did she have conversations with men. Yet, on this evening, Joy's body language was very different. Phil, as a woman, seemed to know everyone...at least the men.

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As the event came to an end, Joy came looking for me. She said, "Honey, I don't feel like calling it a night yet. Phil's invited us to join him for drinks and dancing at a private nightclub. What do you say? It'll be fun."

"It's pretty late..."

"Com' on, we never stay out late. We are grownups, remember?"

I had no choice but to agree. I certainly couldn't beg off. I would be breaching the deal with Phil. Besides, I had no clue where this was going.

"That sounds great," I said enthusiastically.

I quickly downed another drink before we headed off in Phil's limo to a trendy club in Old Town.

If we hadn't been with Phil, we wouldn't had gotten in. It was the kind of place I didn't like. Dim lights, loud music and the smoky air further clouded my confusion. Phil had strategically sat next to Joy in the small booth, relegating me to the other side of the table. It was so loud; I couldn't make out much of their endless conversation.

They were pressed against one another, hip to hip as they giggled and laughed about something. I am not much of a dancer so when it came time for dancing, the two of them went out on the dance floor together.

I had another drink as I watched them dance. At first, it was fast dancing. I was amazed at how femininely Phil moved. His hips swayed to equal Joy's and he was totally at home in high heels.

I went to the bathroom and when I came back, a couple men had cut in and were dancing with them. When the music changed to a slow dance, both were suddenly in the men's arms with full bodily contact.

It was getting late but I just watched them dance. My senses may have been dulled, or my paranoia rampant, but I could swear that I saw Joy grind her belly into her partner's.

Maybe I was just feeling sorry for myself as I downed another drink. The terrible part was the expression on Joy's face. She was having a blast!

By midnight, the switching of partners and the line of guys cutting in had ended. From what I could see, they were only dancing with two guys now and they had danced their way to a most remote and dark corner of the dance floor.

Again, with the drinks and my bad surveillance position, my perceptions might not have been acute, but I'm pretty sure during a slow dance, I saw Phil being kissed. And I think I also saw Joy's bottom being fondled. I watched her partner's hands as they guided her hips as they danced.

I found it strange, but as I kept watching the more provoked I felt. I didn't like the way this man danced with her.

But I sat (or nearly fell) down there and drank and drank. When Phil and Joy did sit, their guys were right back competing for the next slow song. Joy asked me if it would be all right for her to dance a while since it was late and I told her, "of course."

Joy and Phil were a little drunk now. Joy was beginning to slur her words. The next time the guy asked her to dance, she took his hand and drunkenly pulled him out on the dance floor. She put her arms around his back as he put his hands on her hips. As the music played I could see her hips pushing into his. His hands slowly moved over her ass cheeks and seemed to move in a slow circular motion on her soft bottom.

I thought Joy would take offense to his advances but I guess she was drunk and having a good time. I wasn't sure I could stand up to stop them.

I had never thought about my wife being with another man but seeing her dance like that disturbed me.

Between the other dancers, I could see this guy's hands still fondling her. I thought I saw a look of shock on her face once but she quickly leaned into him and went back to dancing.

The song ended and after they both regained their composure, Joy and Phil were escorted back to our table. Joy introduced me as "David" to the guys. Not "my husband David," just "David."

I could tell this guy liked what he saw. He gave Joy a friendly hug goodnight and me a firm handshake.

All agreed that it was time to go.

As I staggered to the door, Phil said something about a coffee at an after hours spot and for an instant, my heart stopped. But, for some reason, Joy declined.

We all walked out to wait in the valet line for our limo to pull up. Phil said, "Oh, the traffic is bad, I better use the ladies room here. Joy, do you want to join me?"

I watched Joy and Phil in their little skirts walk back into the club. I must have waited about five minutes and when I saw our limo getting close, I went back inside the club to warn them.

From across the club, I could see them near the ladies room talking to the two guys with whom they'd been dancing. I started to go get them but I saw the men kiss them goodnight...not very long though.

I could see Phil give the men his card and take Joy's hand to leave. I went back outside.

Joy never stopped talking on the drive home. It was mostly about how fun the evening was and about how beautiful Phil was as a girl.

WHAT'S WITH THE DRESS...

A couple days later, after my haircut, Phil and I went out for drinks. I hoped that he would simply take pleasure in the fact that he had got my wife groped and call off the "wager". I had to laugh that I had thought that he meant he was going to do the groping.

He laughed, "How are you feeling after all that booze."

"I'm fine now," I said. "So what's with the dress?"

"I have more fun as a girl," he said. "I've been dressing up as a girl since high school. Guess that's what got me into the hair biz."

"I don't think I would have ever known."

"That's the idea," he said. "And in case you didn't notice the men panting, neither did any of the guys. Between Joy and I, we sure had the men going."

"You could use a bit more on top," I joked. "I don't know why you wear a bra; you've got nothing to put in it.

Phil laughed, "You wear briefs, don't you?"

There was that sinking feeling in my stomach again. I could actually feel my manhood twinge and shrink.

He said, "Remember those two guys we danced with? They called me. They want to take Joy and I dancing again."

"Joy was just being nice. I doubt if she'd go dancing with you."

"I'll tell you what. Let me just ask Joy to go once. If she turns me down, you win."

"Okay. It's a deal." I reluctantly agreed, believing that Joy would never go.

Phil was smirking like a cat with canary feathers hanging out of its mouth. I asked, "What are you smiling about!"

"Well, David, I forgot to share one little fact before you agreed. I already asked and Joy already accepted. We're going out tonight."

I felt as if I was going to implode. That morning, Joy said that she was going to have a girl's night out with a friend. Obviously that friend was Phil!

We had occasionally had "night's out" with friends but I never dreamed that Joy might use this excuse to fool around on me.

"Tell you what," Phil continued, "After Joy leaves tonight, come to the shop and I'll have Jimmy fix you up with a disguise. You can come to the club and watch your wife at work."

Suddenly my marriage, so filled with trust, was lowered to this. I lowered my head and nodded.

GIRL'S NIGHT OUT...

When I got home that evening, Joy was busily getting ready to go out. But, she didn't act or dress any differently than on other occasions.

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On the way out the door, Joy gave me a kiss and said, "We are going to dinner and a long movie, so I'll probably be late...don't wait up."

I had trouble believing this was happening. I wanted to trust Joy's honesty. Yet, my mind began to wander. A combination of jealousy and uncertainty gnawed at my brain. My stomach became unsettled in the same fashion as the night before when I saw Joy kiss that man goodnight. I wanted to confirm Joy's fidelity.

So, in a very immature manner, I called the telephone number Phil gave me. "Jimmy, it's David..."

"Meet me at the shop," he said.

Embarrassed, I set down the receiver without saying another word.

LOOKING...

As I drove around in our mini van, I thought of how absurd this was. Here I was, a professional businessman, wearing a funny wig, beard and padded coat. Even my own mother wouldn't give me a second look.

It was crazy. I'd thought I'd just drive by the nightclub and not go in but I parked down the street.

I looked over at the door of the bar. It was early and there was no line. Seeing a few people come and go, I felt a surge of excitement.

I imagined another man making a pass at Joy. His hand moving over her dress, feeling her panties underneath.

I felt breathless. I got out of the car to walk around a bit but before I knew it, I was taking a seat at the far end of the bar, ordering a drink and had begun sipping it.

As I tried to relax, I looked at the people coming in. Lots of younger ones, some older. There were two guys, 30ish, chatting up a woman across the bar. She was very cute and the guys horny. I felt a little tingling between my legs. My imagination was running wild.

The bar looked at the dance floor and was near the booths where Phil was sure they would sit. About ten, they arrived.

I wanted to hide but realized I already was. They came in from what I assumed was from dinner. I wanted to walk up and yell at Joy but my curiosity got the best of me. I stared at Phil who was wearing a little black dress, his blonde hair flowing around his shoulders.

I had to know what was going to happen. I would alternate between the terror of witnessing my wife leaving with one of those men for a quickie in the car, with fantasies of Joy resolutely turning down any man's advances, saying, "No, I'm a happily married woman!"

Looking like a typical double date, I tried not to stare at them. They were in a dark corner and I couldn't see what was going on under the table. They danced almost every number and to my surprise, about eleven, they all prepared to leave.

I was tempted to walk over and take back my wife but I felt so silly. My heart felt like it was going to burst through my chest when I imagined that man making love to my wife.

I thought of the old joke about what was written on the wall of the ladies room: "My husband follows me everywhere."

Written just below it was: "I do not."

Not having any idea where they were going, I left quickly after them and rushed home, trying my best to get the beard and make-up off completely.

I climbed into bed, hoping Joy would arrive soon. I pretended I was asleep.

I awoke with the sound of a car door. I looked at the clock; it was almost one, thirty in the morning! The upset of Joy cheating on me had me so upset, I couldn't talk.

Joy slipped into the dark bedroom without turning on the light. Apparently, she thought I was still asleep and was trying to be quiet. She seemed somewhat unsteady on her heels, perhaps the result of too much alcohol.

Unfortunately, it was too dark to make out anything more than her silhouette as Joy discarded her clothing into the hamper. Nude, she made her way to the bathroom and closed the door.

I was a bit surprised to hear the shower since Joy normally showered in the morning. I was so angry but fell asleep before she came back to bed.

The next morning, we woke up at the same time. It took me a few seconds to remember that today was different. I was angry but in Auditing school they teach one how to keep "face."

"What time did you get home?"

"I don't know but it was after twelve," she said.

"Have a good time?"

"Great."

She was suddenly a woman of few words. I asked, "What did you do?"

"Things got a bit mixed up. Phil was late..."

"PHIL?" I thought you were going with a girlfriend?"

"Silly," she laughed, "Phyllis is my girlfriend! Heck, he's almost more girl than me!"

"So where did you go?"

"We had a quick dinner and went to that club we were at the other night. In line, we ran into those guys Phil and I danced with—we all danced for while before Phil and I went to catch that late movie."

"You met guys?"

"The same ones you watched me dance with last week. I wish you'd learn to dance. It's such fun and good exercise."

Suddenly I was confused again. What seemed so sinister was simply what Joy had said, a "girl's night out."

I said, "I don't know if I like you meeting guys to go dancing."

"You met them the other night," she said, seeing that I was jealous. "Would you rather me just dance with anyone? Or are you telling me to stop dancing...you know how I love it?"

"Maybe I should learn to dance," I said.

"That would be great."

Realizing I had put myself through a lot of hell for nothing, my feelings alternated between abject happiness

that she was still all mine and a suspicion that I still didn't know all.

What was worse was that my mistrust was so intense that it felt addictive, and not easily released.

The next week, Joy said she was going for another "girl's night out." Of course, I had to agree. This time she dressed in a more provocative manner: a black silk slip dress, no bra (something I had never seen Joy do before) and I think she was wearing black thong panties so there was no panty line.

Joy invented no excuse this time; rather she simply kissed me on the cheek and told me not to wait up.

After she left, I drank three beers and with absolutely no sense of personal dignity, I followed them again.

Again, they met men and danced then left...

I heard Joy come in late as usual. Only this time she undressed and climbed into bed naked, without taking a shower or putting on a nightgown. I could smell alcohol on her breath and a man's cologne on her neck.

"You awake?"

"Yeah."

She rolled over towards me, and kissed me, deeply thrusting her tongue in my mouth. Her lips were loose and her tongue entered me freely. Joy had never kissed me in such a wanton fashion before. The taste of alcohol was unmistakable, but mixed in were flavors with which I was unfamiliar.

"I love you," she slurred. Before I could fully assess the situation, Joy grabbed the back of my hair with both hands and forcefully guided my head underneath the sheets to her nipples, which were more erect and harder than I had ever felt.

"This 'girl's night out' thing was not so bad for me either!" I thought as we made love with some kind of new gusto. Joy even made noise!

THE BIG SIS PROGRAM...

The next morning, she made me breakfast and told me about what I'd already seen; just an innocent night of some dancing. I loved seeing her come home so passionate, whatever the reason.

"I can't believe how girlish Phil is," I said.

She said, "And Phil wants to me to help him become even more feminine. He's enrolled in this program called 'Endowed with Beauty'. Phil wants me to be his 'big sis.'"

She handed me a book. "Guide to 'Endowed with Beauty.'" She had me read the part about the "big sis" part of the program. It said:

"What is the Big Sis Program?"

The Big Sis Program encourages one to one relationships between a "Little Sis" and a caring genetic woman.

A Big Sis must be a woman who wants to be a real friend to a Little Sis. She may be married or single. She must be emotionally and mentally mature, and attend training sessions. One must be willing to commit at least one year to your Little Sis.

Once a Big Sis been trained and accepted into the program, the Big Sis and Little Sis will spend some time together and get to know one another. The relationship will last a minimum of one year, though most go on much longer. Ideally, this friendship will last a lifetime.

A Big Sis spends at least one night per week with her Little Sis, taking him to out to do things of interest to women.

"Where is this going to take Phil?" I asked.

"We don't know. It's a threshold program," Joy stated. "Little things happen and then there's no going back. It's a program that's been very successful in helping guys like Phil find out where they are going."

"Like what?"

"There are a bunch of little steps. Like that night we went dancing, one of the guys kissed him on the lips." She opened the book to a chapter and read, "Once a Little Sis has been kissed by a male, all male underwear must be removed from his wardrobe."

"Phil's wearing panties?"

"Since that kiss—all the time," she said. "I guess a lot of the Little Sis's confusion is when they are constantly going back and forth between male and female."

"So what is it you have to do?"

"Since he's been kissed by the same guy three times now, the book says he has to have a complete woman's wardrobe. That's where I come in. Phil has a lot of eveningwear but doesn't have a 'wardrobe' for feminine living. He needs shorts, casual wear, accessories, everything a girl has at his fingertips. My job is to give him a womanly perspective yet bolster his self confidence and emphasis his femininity. Do you mind if I do it?"

What could I say?

I looked at the wardrobe requirements:

BIG SIS/little sis general rules for wardrobe:

- All dress should reflect modesty, cleanliness, and neatness.
- A complete casual wardrobe is required and must be worn at all times with the Big Sis.
- Must have casual resort wear and padded bras to go with halter tops, halter dresses, casual blouses, strapless tops, strapless dresses and mini dresses.
- Some dresses must be knee length or longer
- Slacks and shorts are required along with the gaff necessary to wear pants that are skin tight or spandex.
- Male cut jeans and slacks are acceptable for daytime activities. (see threshold twelve, wearing girl's clothes full time.) Sandals, flats, and tennis shoes are also recommended.
- A wardrobe is needed for every occasion, nice dresses, work skirts, and even pants that a Big Sis would wear to a wedding, church, or a similar special event. Semi-formal and formal dresses are also needed. Part of the tasks is to get invited and attend parties, heels and hose are appropriate but not required for many gatherings. Again, the Little Sis should have everything to feel comfortable.

"Once a girl has the clothes, she can go anywhere." Joy laughed, "Guess they don't want the Little Sis's running around 24 hours a day in miniskirts and white GoGo boots that zip up the back."

"One night a week, okay? It's okay that you help Phil but remember you are married to me!"

"And always will be, you big stud," she smiled. "You'd better be waiting for me AWAKE when I'm out helping Phil."

I felt better now. I was worried that Joy would react badly at my suggestion to limit her nights out with Phil but her rational acceptance of my recommendation encouraged me. But she had indeed convinced me that their "girl's nights out" were a harmless pastime.

Under Phil constant attention, Joy's hair never looked better. Each night she hummed to herself as she brushed her beautiful hair until it shone like wavy silk. Phil had let his grow out and I hadn't noticed it at first but they soon had the same haircut and style. Part of the Big Sis program. His hair was looking very girlish even when he was at work.

"How can Phil can get away with that hair and his long nails at work?" I asked Joy.

"I think he looks wonderful. Some people think we are really sisters." Joy was enjoying this.

I had determined that she could have one "girl's night out" a week. But then she had a weekly appointment to get her hair done with Phil, shopping when the new styles came out and other "special" reasons to get together.

Joy had some training as a Big Sis and had learned how to make certain Phil was very passable in posture, speech, gestures, and mannerisms were concerned."

Other than at my haircuts, I didn't see Phil in male clothes. On girl's night out, I was used to Phil picking up Joy wearing a cute leather mini-skirt, sexy blouse and 4-inch high-heeled pumps. His bosom was padded to a full "B" cup. Joy, equally clad, made the two "hot looking chicks".



Phil was so into being a female... what guy could get excited over the perfect pair of high heels?

Phil would spend a few minutes with jelly and a sweet scented hair spray to get Joy's hair big and perfect. Like twin sisters, their make-up was slightly overdone for nighttime, with glistening red lips that begged to be kissed.

All in all, I was feeling a little left out of a part of my wife's life. I could never understand women and this wasn't helping.

ONE NIGHT A WEEK...

The months went by quickly. True to our discussion Joy and Phil limited their night's out to one day a week.

Phil gave Joy many cute little dresses from his shop's boutique and she wore them on their night's out. They were very sexy and low cut but I didn't really care. In fact, I always commented on how provocative she looked when she wore dresses Phil had given to her.

Still, seeing my wife's newfound bond with Phil made me feel a little left out. I knew the hushed conversations Joy had with Phil were not for my ears. I decided not to make a big deal since Joy always came home from their outings "ready" for me. Our sex life had never been better.

After a shopping trip with Phil, she'd model for me the silken shimmer of new panties and lacy brassieres. Their downtown shopping trips were on Mondays when Phil's shop was closed. At first, I assumed that Phil was going along dressed as a guy but Joy had insisted that he always wear a dress. She said, "Half the fun is trying things on."

I was usually at work when they left for shopping but was home when they returned. Seeing the two in their little short skirts and sweaters was puzzling. I guess if a boy could look that good in a tight sweater, he should wear women's clothes.

Their early shopping trips were spent on replacing Joy's conservative lingerie and wardrobe and making sure that Phil would have everything he'd ever need...a complete girl's wardrobe. That was something that was constantly changing and would never be finished.

I was enjoying seeing what they bought. The clothes were not gray...they were pastel pinks, snow whites, ebony black and every color in-between. Phil's bought bras with padded cups and sports bras to wear to work.

Every week there were new, beautiful clothes: with beautiful ultra short skirts, tight, conservative knee-length skirts, flirty full skirts.

Some times they gave me a fashion show as the two thrashed out what styles looked best and what to wear with what.

Phil's eyes sparkled as he tried on each new outfit. His full, pink lips were smiling, his perfectly manicured and painted pink fingers picked at non-existent wrinkles. His skin was made up with a peaches and cream complexion. All his movements were extremely feminine and he sighed with delight over the fit of a dress like as a woman.

I would say, "I like the more classic fashions."

Phil spat, "Do you want Joy to look like a school librarian? She's a woman."

"I know that," I defended. "That's more than I can say about some in this room."

When I asked Joy what they did on their Monday shopping trips, she said, "First we go get Phil his hormones shot then..."

I interrupted, "Hormone shot?"

"Female hormones. Three weeks a month he gets an estrogen injection and the fourth week progesterone. He's getting a nice set of titties."

"Those are his? I thought they were padding."

"It was but I encouraged Phil to go on a bone-breaking cycle of hormones. Remember our discussion? With breasts, there's less of a potential problem."

"Problem with men, you mean?"

"Yeah," she said. "You be nice to him if he's a little bitchy sometimes..."

The result of their shopping; Joy had a scrumptious, new wardrobe. Unlike her old conservative, secretary type wardrobe, her well-filled drawers now had an abundant variety of the most sexy and feminine girlish essence from which to choose. She mostly wore black lace bikini-type panties and matching low-cut brassieres.

BIG QUESTION....

Several months passed with Joy spending one night a week with Phil. One Thursday, I came home from work as usual. Joy met me at the door with a big vodka on the rocks.

"What's the occasion," I asked.

"Drink this first," she said. "I have a favor to ask."

I looked at her, but not understanding, I took a swig anyway. "So what's up?"

"I love you and you love me, right?"

"Yeah," I said.

"I have a little favor to ask you." She cuddled up to me with a mischievous look in her eyes.

"Just tell me," I said. "Did you wreck the car?"

"Heavens no," she said, "but I did accepted a date with this guy who Phil introduced me to."

I was taken aback. My heart was racing. I didn't know what to say.

She continued, "Don't get mad until you hear the details. Phil introduced me to Sergio Bastista, THE Sergio Bastista! We got to talking and he asked me to go to the International Music Awards next week as his date. Since Phil was going with Sergio's music conductor, I got to thinking that you might let me go. Its kind of exciting to get invited to something I've only seen on TV."

I was about to blow up when she looked down shyly and said, "I'd never go without your approval..."

I asked, "Does this guy know you are married?"

"No, that's part of the fun." A sad look came to her eyes and she said softly, "If you want, I can call it off but it's a once in a lifetime opportunity."

My mind was racing. I kept thinking about my fear that some man would steal her away and here she was, asking for my approval to go on a date with some rich and famous guy.

"He's going to want more than a kiss at the end of the night," I suggested.

Seeing that I was thinking about it, she sparked up. "Well, I'm no cheap slut!" she joked. "Remember my cardinal rule? No sex on the first date?"

I remembered that WE didn't have sex for months. Even Sergio couldn't break her carnal rules, right? I remembered the many cold showers.

"Okay. If this means so much to you..."

After it sunk in, I began to wonder if I'd done the right thing. The night of the date, I came home early from work to find Joy getting dressed. She had already showered.

She gave me a kiss and I sat on the bed and watched her primp and proceeded to dress.

She put on black lace panties with a matching bra. I about died when she opened something I'd never seen her wear. There was a matching, black garter belt with an intricate clockwork lace design.

The stockings were special. Joy's smooth, long legs were encased in gossamer thin silk stockings with perfectly straight, classic seams running up the backs of the leg.

"You never wear things like that with me," I stated.

"You never take me to the Music Awards," she giggled as she slipped into a new, stunning black velvet evening gown that clung to her every curve. On her feet, she wore black evening slippers with four-inch heels that had a thin crossing strap across the instep. Her red enameled toenails peeked through the transparent silk of her stockings.

"What did that dress cost?" I asked.

"It's Phil's." The dress was an off-the-shoulder design with short, cap sleeves. It was very basic and elegant without excess embellishments. This just added to her classic natural beauty.

I don't think she ever looked this good even on our dates. I felt a pang of jealousy and at the same time arousal.

For the first time in our marriage, she had a date...some rich and famous guy who hung out at the trendy clubs. And I wasn't to be jealous? She chatted, "Sergio" was gorgeous with a smooth, olive complexion and long, dark hair worn slicked back. I didn't know the group but he was a famous musician and actor.

The funny part was that I was going along with her little venture. She kept asking, "Are you sure this is okay? I can still call Phil and cancel."

"No, you go. I have some audit reports to look over."

"It's the music awards," she said, "We might be out late?"

"I'll watch for you on TV," I said.

Mystified with my feelings, I watched my wife girlishly primp and pick at her dress. The sexy, little black dress was made of a clingy fabric that accented her hourglass figure and pert breasts.

She kept looking at herself in the mirror like something was wrong but she looked hot and I knew that she would command Sergio's attention.

She noticed me looking like an unwanted puppy. "Please don't make me feel guilty," she said. "You said I could do this."

"Joy, I'm sorry. You're right. Go have the time of your life."

"I'll tell you all about it when you come home. I wish you were going," she said as she primped in the mirror. "But this is a once in a life time chance..."

"It's okay," I interrupted. "When is Phil coming over to do your hair?"

"Any minute."

I was excited for her. Going to the music awards with a musician would be like me getting the chance to go to a swimsuit edition shoot with one of the models as my date.

When Phil arrived, I was impressed. No one could ever tell he was a guy. His dress fit perfectly, showing off his feminized figure to precision.

Phil said, "I hope you don't mind, I'm having the guys pick us up here."

"Who am I supposed to be," I asked.

Phil laughed, "You are Joy's brother."

I was a little cautious, but Joy thought that would work. She had already remembered to slip off her wedding ring.

Phil made quick work of Joy's hair and makeup. He gushed, "Imagine my dear, in a short time, you are going to be on the arm of the famous Sergio! Make him beg!"

Phil had outdone himself. Joy's makeup was perfect for her complexion. Her radiant skin looked as smooth as porcelain under the subtle cosmetics. Her eyes were sensually made up with warm shades of brown and pink eye shadow and her curled eyelashes appeared much longer than usual.

Red lipstick highlighted the perfectly outlined mouth of this "dream date." From the front a wispy spiral tendril graced each cheek tumbling to below her chin. The rest of her hair was combed sleekly back and up where it was arranged at the crown of her head in a fountain of precise, long ringlets encircled at the base by a thick braid. Phil did this in minutes.

With Phil's help, Joy picked out a pearl necklace and pearl cluster earrings.

Phil asked me, "So what do you think of the little woman now?"

"Oh Joy! You're beautiful!" I exclaimed feeling more than a little nervousness. "You both are gorgeous! Maybe I shouldn't let you two out of the house?"

Phil laughed, "What? Afraid I'll get pregnant?"

"I'm certain the men will try," I moaned.

The two of them did a slow walk across the room and performed a perfect imitation of a high fashion runway models.

I noticed that Phil had a very nice figure. I wondered how much was actually his and what was enhanced with padding.

"I love this dress!" Joy said.

"Not many women have the figure for a dress like that," Phil said. "It's yours."

Joy was bubbling with adolescent excitement as they waited for the men to pick them up. I hadn't seen her quite so cheerful in years.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

DING DONG...

The men arrived in all their opulent glory. The black limo was a block long; both were wearing black tuxedos with expensive crisp, white shirts.

I was introduced to Sergio and Phil's date. Sergio was a distinguished, black haired man in his mid-thirties. He was tanned and appeared to keep himself in good shape. His charisma made me feel self-conscious and uncomfortable but he was delightfully witty and engaging. In a very European manner, Sergio was very smooth and seemed to devour Joy with his eyes.

I winked at Joy as they left, and she winked back saying, "I may be home late but I will be home."

I could tell that she hated leaving me behind but this was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

She didn't look back again. I watched in silence. The lingering smell of her perfume was in the air. I was left to myself to imagine once again what I had imagined her doing many times before.

I watched the awards show but didn't see Joy.

I couldn't sleep. When I heard the limo drive up about two am, I rushed to the window. The room was dark so I knew they couldn't see me. The car sat there for about ten minutes, nothing happening. The limo's blacked out windows only fueled my imagination. Just when I thought they'd be there all night, the chaffer ran around and opened the door.

Hand in hand they walked to the door. I could see them clearly because of the porch light.

Sergio leaned forward to kiss Joy good night. It was light and faint on the lips. The window was open a bit so I could hear him say rather formally, "Thank you for a lovely evening."

I must have breathed a sigh of relief at that moment but before I could inhale again, Joy leaned forward and began to kiss him hard on his full lips.

I gasped as I saw him respond eagerly. I could see the passion unleashing between them. They kissed for what seemed like an hour but might have been seconds.

"Can I come in?" I heard him ask.

"My brother is home," she said.

He lightly fondled her breast through her dress as he whispered something in a very low voice. I couldn't hear but I saw a smile come to her lips. "Maybe next time," she said as he gently pinned her against our front door for a final kiss.

Before I could think, he abruptly pulled away. And said, "Joy, I am very attracted to you."

I could hear myself gasping for air. I felt a pain in my stomach and my hands began to shake.

Sergio was so manly, so handsome, so rich and famous. Me, I was hiding, watching them in the soft glow of the porch-light.

His muscular, brown fingers gently caressed her breast again and she took his hand and squeezed it. They kissed again and he was gone.

"Did I wake you," she whispered when I appeared to awaken and sit up."

"What time is it?"

"Late," she said.

"Want to tell me about it?"

"Sure," she said. "Let me get ready for bed."

When she finally climbed into bed in her little nightgown, I was dying to know what happened.

She turned of the light off and said, "Oh honey, the evening was exquisite. Sergio proved to be a charming, cultured and artistic gentleman. After the show we had a romantic dinner at a quaint Italian restaurant then went dancing at a local nightclub. We stopped for espresso on the way home."

Her conversation was very natural as she talked about her date's fascinating stories of his music and his business. "You would really like him," she added.

"Was Phil and his date in the limo?"

"No, Phil had to open the shop early. They left right after dinner."

"Thank you for letting me go," she said as she moved over towards me and squeezed my bottom. It was late and she never wanted to do anything this late but her sexy satin nightgown was a sure turn on. She lowered the straps of her nightie to give me a tease of her naked breasts. Breasts that had been held by another man only minutes ago.

My touch gave her goose bumps and her nipples sprung to life. Her complexion glowed without make-up. I kissed her gently, her red lips tasting salty. I couldn't help getting stirred up. I felt Joy and she was so ready for me.

From the level of passion between us that night, I had nothing to be jealous of.

THE NEXT MORNING...

The next morning as she cooked me breakfast and told me all the details. About all the stars she met, what they ate, gossip, etc.

"Oh! I almost forgot!" she said as she showed me a little gold anklet on her right ankle.

"Sergio gave you that?" I replied with a somewhat exasperated tone of voice. Joy caught the tone of my voice. I added, "You really enjoyed yourself last night, didn't you?"

"Sure, I mean it was really special and amazingly fun. Phil is the kind of girlfriend I've never had."

"That's for sure!" I laughed. "Phil makes such a natural girl. . .nobody would ever guess that he's a boy."

Joy nodded. "He still has a lot to learn."

"But you can't keep running around town with a guy in dresses—lots of things could happen. . .what if he got caught? That could lead to a big problem, right?"

Joy saw what I was getting at. She had similar thoughts at first but realized she had forgotten all about them. "Yeah. I guess I got a little carried away. I just think of Phil as a girlfriend."

"I just think that we need to keep this relationship under control, okay?"

"I guess," she said sadly.

"I understand that you like to pretty it up with Phil but I think we should both decide when AND with who."

Joy was embarrassed. She was about to 'renounce Phil' when I added, "I know you need a girlfriend to share some time with, even go dancing but I don't think you should spend every spare minute with Phil."

"You're right," she said. "It's just been a fun leisure activity. I'll let you decide when and where."

"Thanks, I appreciate that. I would suggest that since you've spent three nights out with Phil this week, we cool it down for a while. Okay?"

Joy looked at me and put on an expression of surprise, "You mean I can't go out with Tom Cruise tomorrow night?"

"I guess if he asked..." We both laughed.

SURPRISE...

A month or two later, I decided I would go downtown for lunch and surprise the "girls." I knew from the credit cards what restaurant Joy and Phil preferred.

I arrived early and sat at the bar and waited. About noon, I first saw Phil then Joy. It was a bit dark in the bar so I had to stare to make sure I was seeing correctly. Phil was wearing pants—expensive, white linen pants—pleated and full at the hips, tapering to just above the ankle there they ended in a narrow cuff. A raspberry angora sweater with full, bloused sleeves rounded out the stylish outfit.

I blinked again. . .my wife was wearing an identical outfit. Both Phil and Joy were batting their eyelashes and swinging their hips as they walked towards the hostess, their feet squeezed into matching, sassy four inch high slides.

"Oh my!" I gasped. "They do look like sisters!"

I started to pay my check and surprise them but suddenly stopped. I could see through the smoked, dark window that divided the restaurant from the bar. It took a second but suddenly it registered when two tall business men in dark suits stood up to allow the "girls" to scoot into their booth.

I sat back down and ordered another drink. It was dark in the bar so they couldn't see me.

I scanned their table. The most interesting thing I'd seen was in my wife's daring demeanor. Her clothes, figure and the brazenly strut in such high, spiked heels.

They were like rich young ladies, shopping the world for clothes. Phil was. . . well, so into being a woman. I stared at the men. Then I realized that one was Sergio and the other, his music conductor friend.

I watched as they ate and I left before their check came. I got my car and parked it down the street so I could see if they all left together.

When the limo pulled up, I waited for Phil and Joy to get in but they didn't. I saw them kiss the men goodbye and they headed down the road towards Victoria's Secret.

It had just been lunch. But was this the first, second, tenth or what?

It wasn't long before I found out. When Joy and Phil came home, I was waiting. It was early for me to be home so they were startled.

Joy gave me a big kiss and started to show me what she had bought. She said, "I guess you got my message. I'm glad you weren't mad."

"What message."

"I left you a message at work about Sergio being in town and wanting to have lunch with us. You were invited but you didn't show."

I gasped, and stammered, "Oh yeah, that. I was really busy with an IRS agent. How is Sergio?"

"Great."

Phil giggled, "I think he has a crush on Joy. Not many of the girls he dates just disappear. Most hound him to death."

"Probably most aren't married," I stated, noting that he was now wearing a trendy little shift dress.

That Saturday, I went for a haircut. I thought about what he looked like in a dress compared to his normal work clothes. The changeover from Phil to Phyllis was remarkable. I whispered, "You look better in a dress."

"I think so too," he laughed. I was stunned that he was so proud of his sissy ways. Of course, he goes to the Awards show while I eat TV dinners.

Phil was beaming with his sense of triumph. He crowed, "So, did Joy tell you that Sergio asked her out again?"

"Yes. She didn't think she should go. I agreed and WE had a most enjoyable night. She made music with ME all night."

"I must say, you handled seeing her with Sergio like a man," Phil replied as he shook his head condescendingly. "I saw you hiding in the bar--spying on us at lunch."

"You saw me? Did you tell Joy?"

"I can keep a secret. I won't tell her your secrets and you don't ask me about hers, right?"

"Okay," I said, catching my breath. "Is he going to ask her out again?" I asked.

"I'm afraid it's worse," Phil smiled. "Sergio called me this morning. He likes Joy and 'challenges.' At this very minute, a zillion yellow roses are being delivered to your house. The card is going to ask her to dinner and a play again."

I smirked. "Joy would never think about going."

"We'll see."

The rest of the haircut proceeded without mention of Joy or Sergio. I did catch myself noticing Phil's cologne, or should I say perfume. Joy wore the same fragrance. I also began to imagine what Phil looked would like in the nude. He appeared to have small breasts and fleshy hips hidden beneath the layers of trendy clothes.

I tried to remember what he looked like in a dress...kind of strange for a married, hetero guy.

When I got home the flowers were in a vase. Must have been five dozen. Joy proudly announced they were from Sergio. "I guess he likes me."

"What man wouldn't!" I said. "Was there a card?"

She looked embarrassed as she handed me the card. It said, "I would like another magic moment with you. I would

like to whisk you away on my magic carpet to my magic kingdom in France. I have several weeks of concerts and then.... I'll call you. Love, Sergio"

"What's that mean," I asked innocently.

"Nothing...he's just got a jet and a villa in the south of France."

"The guy just won't quit," I stated. Then I laughed, "SO? Are you going?"

"Don't be silly," Joy said. "I don't think I'd get away with just kissing him good night."

I said, "Wow! The south of France! I wish WE could afford to on a vacation like that!"

ROUTINE...

For the next few days, nothing more was said. Life fell back into a routine Joy appeared uninterested in the house. When the phone rang, I could see her eyes shine. Sergio usually called when I was at work.

THE DEAL...

That night we made passionate love. As I lay there nearly out of breath, I asked, "Joy, do you ever pretend I'm someone else making love to you?"

"Do you?" she responded and put her arm around me.

"Sure," I said honestly.

"Me too. I like it because it's naughty," Joy said.

I asked, "Ever think you'd want to do it for real? Like with Sergio?"

"What? Get laid by another man? What do you want to do, watch?"

"In my fantasy, that might be pretty exciting. In real life I don't know if I could handle it."

"I don't think I could ever make love to another man. How would you feel about me after he was done with me?"

"Probably really hot for you, but you're right. You never know."

"You might think I was tainted and dirty and never want to touch me again."

"Not a big chance of that!" I said. "I saw you kissing Sergio goodnight the night of the Awards."

"I thought you might be watching," she said. "How did it make you feel?"

"It was a turn on in some ways," I admitted. "It would have been thrilling if I wasn't so afraid I might lose you."

"Not a chance of that!" she said kissing my neck. "But if I'd known you were watching, I would have put on more of a show."

"I've seen you kissing other guys," I said, caressing her breasts. "I saw you kissing that guy you danced with..."

She was embarrassed. "That was for Phil," she said. "Phil is trying to learn how a girl reacts to men socially."

"You are teaching him?"

"Yeah," she admitted. "He needs a woman to show him the ropes..."

"Thick, long hard ropes, eh?"

"I wish I'd known you were watching," Joy said. "It would be a turn on for me too."

"Maybe sometime you and Phil could go out and I'll follow you."

"OK lover boy. If you're serious, let me go out with Sergio again," Joy asked.

"On a date, right?" I answered without hesitation.

"Yeah but a real second date!" Joy exclaimed, looking at my expression to see if I was kidding.

"Okay."

Still unsure, she asked outright, "Are you kidding?"

"I'm not saying that you sleep with him but just go out and treat it like any second date. You never slept with anyone on the second date before we were married, right?"

"That was when I was saving myself," Joy joked but wanted more details. She teased, "If you are serious, how far can I go?"

"How far would you like to go?"

"This is your idea, you tell me. Is kissing allowed?"

"You kissed him on the first date. I guess a little petting is usually okay on a second date," I laughed, feeling a funny sensation in my gut.

Joy thought for a few seconds and then asked, "Seriously, what should I do if he tries to feel me up?"

I laughed, "From what I saw from the window...he probably will. If you feel like it, let him. Heck, have a nice time."

"If I kiss him and he gets a feel, you know what is next. What should I do then?"

I thought for a minute. "Knowing you and what a few drinks might do...he gets you half drunk and...?"

"Half drunk?" she laughed, "Sergio's not going to run out of money."

"Okay, really drunk!" I stated. "That Sergio's a pretty handsome guy. I don't know. He might be between your legs before you have a chance to think."

"Maybe I shouldn't go?"

"Or we both have to plan the evening better to prevent that from happening," I said cautiously. "Any ideas?"

"What if we double dated?" she exclaimed. "You could be Phil's date and be right across the table and you get to watch it all!"

"After all," I said, "He's not going to get too forceful with 'your brother' there!"

Joy smiled. "Really?" she asked mischievously, her hand moving to my now alert maleness. Joy was not sure if I was teasing but said, "If you are serious, I don't want made to feel guilty if anything goes wrong or I go too far, okay?"

I said, "Okay, let's break out of our mold and go out and have some fun."

Joy joked, "Okay, but if you get home before I do, leave the porch light on!"

"I think I'd better put a brighter bulb in that light," I said.

Joy was intrigued by my attitude and we were both very turned on by what we both called "dangerous naughtiness."

I was a little worried. What if she wanted to go out with him again? Seemed only natural that if a gal and guy get along and have a bonding, both would want to go out again.

Joy stated, "I don't want you getting jealous and doing anything crazy."

I was so excited by naughty thoughts that I promised, "no matter what, I'll stay out of it."

24 HOURS...

For the next 24 hours, Joy's date was all we talked about. Joy kept checking to see if I was serious by saying things like, "If you boys expect to score with us girls, you'd better take us to a nice restaurant."

"I'm sure we will," I answered joking back but added, "Remember, if you don't like him, don't even let him kiss you."

It was all so thrilling and naughty. It was the unsatisfied excitement that was driving us both.

THE SECOND DATE...

As their Saturday night date approached, I was torn between conflicting emotions of anticipation and dread. I convinced myself that it wasn't any different that when Joy went to the Award show.

Joy started getting ready for her date early. Her legs were shaved smooth and as she stepped out of the bath, my eyes watched her dry and perfume herself. Before stepping into a pair of black, satin panties, she asked me, "Do you think Sergio will try to get into these?"

"Hey," I laughed and joked, "Phil's only guy allowed to wear your panties around here."

Joy smiled, "My guess is that they wouldn't fit Sergio anyway."

"Are you sure this is going to be fun?" I moaned.

"It's for kicks," Joy said as she slipped the matching bra over her shoulders. "Besides, Sergio lives out of town so he won't be hanging around and getting serious."

About four in the afternoon, Phil came over to help Joy with her hair and outfit. I noticed the time and said, "We'd better start getting ready. Sergio's private jet lands in just over an hour. He'll be here by six."

Phil said to Joy, "This is going to be such fun. Thanks for the loan of your husband.

I sighed, "This whole idea is so weird."

"What? The idea that Joy likes to go out with rich and famous men?" Phil asked flatly.

"I guess," I answered. I was taken back by Phil's rather abrupt tone.

"I don't think there's many women alive who don't have some interest in other men. It's a great boost to ones ego when a powerful, rich guy shows interest. It's an even greater boost when he let's you know that he finds you attractive enough that he wants to get into your pants. OR so I've heard."

"I guess it is sort of cool to have a big star in our house. Besides," I said, "how could I deny her a fancy night out...Sergio is an attractive guy. I would bet a lot of women wouldn't mind a little spit swapping with him."

Together Phil and Joy picked out their outfits for the evening. They chose a sexy black sheer dresses with (almost) knee length pleated skirts worn over their favorite lacy black bras. Joy wore a garter belt and panty set that I had bought her for her birthday.

Phil helped her with her hair and makeup. The sexual tension was incredible. We both felt ourselves shaking from nervousness and anticipation. "I feel like a high school girl about to go on her first date," Joy admitted.

"I can't believe how excited I am too," I agreed. "I never would have thought that the idea double dating with my wife would be such a turn on. I couldn't do this," I told Phil, "if you didn't look so feminine."

"I have your wife to thank for that," he said. "I think she wants me to be a girl more than I do."

Joy and Phil were soon ready to go. Phil called the airport and found out that Sergio was on his way.

"Do I look alright?" Joy asked Phil, as we heard the limo pull up.

"Baby, you look fabulous," Phil laughed. If I wasn't in this dress, I'd be tempted to say the hell with Sergio and I'd take you out myself."

"ME too!" I said.

"Hey, you two...get with the program," she said with a blushing grin. "Phil, you start thinking like a girl and David, not like some jealous husband."

I couldn't believe these remarks were coming from my loving wife of ten years. She was so beautiful. Nothing about her usual demeanor gave any indication that she had such a naughty, sexual side to her personality. Joy had always been so cool and collected. In fact, when we were first married, I thought I had to teach her a bit about sex.

HE'S HERE...

The doorbell sounded Sergio's arrival. He was more charming than ever, although he clearly had not left his ego at home. Again, I played the part of the brother.

Visions of Joy being escorted and courted by a man of his stature and status filled my thoughts.

When he gave her a "hello" kiss, I was overcome by serious second thoughts. How crazy could a man be to deliver his cute sexy wife to another man so that she could be his sexy date for the evening? And at the same time be dating a guy in a dress...

This sort of turn of events hadn't ever entered my imagination before yet I was puzzled as to why it held such a strong erotic attraction.

"I have some great tickets to a play. Would you like a drink here or should we leave for the restaurant?" Sergio asked.

"What would YOU like Sergio?" Joy countered passively.

"Curtain time is 8:00 so if we don't want to rush dinner too much we better get over to the restaurant. We can have a drink or two while we wait for our meal."

When Joy took his arm as we left the house and got into the limo. Sergio was taken by Joy's loveliness "You sure look nice tonight."

"It's a new dress from Neiman's. I didn't think it was too short...do you?"

"No, darling. I think you should show off those legs."

Over dinner the conversation began quite innocently and the subjects were pretty mundane. Somehow things got back to the new dress and Joy disclosed that "everything" was new. She said, "I wanted to look special."

Lingerie worked its way into the dialogue and both of them sensed the electricity that began to fill the air. Joy did nothing to turn the conversation more formal.

When Sergio reached over and touched Joy hand, she didn't pull away—in fact she massaged Sergio's thick fingers. He whispered, "That boyfriend you told me about is a lucky guy."

"You're the lucky guy tonight..." she said softly.

I could tell that Sergio began to think that maybe the evening would end better than he had originally hoped. He tried to contain himself.

After dinner the limo took us to the theater for third row center seats.

The play was very funny but long. We all laughed a lot but I couldn't get my mind off the events that were still to come. It appeared that Sergio decided to test the waters as much as he could in a crowded theater. He first put his arm around Joy's neck and let his hand fall on her breast. No objection! He massaged her breast gently. Again no objection! Then he placed a hand on Joy's knee. No objection! He moved it higher under her skirt. Joy placed her hand on his and pressed it against her. He didn't know whether that was to stop him or encourage him. He decided to stop. Someone might notice. I was sure that Sergio took this as a good sign of things to come.

The play wasn't over till almost midnight and Sergio had an early morning meeting so we were home by one.

After he left, the three of us sat around and joked about the evening. I said, "Sergio only got to second base!"

"You sound disappointed," Joy asked.

"I really expected him to make the big move on you?"

"Okay, I'll tell you this once. He's so handsome and quite the lady's man...but more so, he's a gentleman."

I was impatient; "I can't believe that he didn't invite you back to his room after the play?"

Joy blushed, "Sergio wanted me so bad but I told him I had a boyfriend and I wasn't easy. I loved teasing him," then she blushed, "It was like the first time I ever felt a stiff young thing against me. I did let Sergio's hands wander a bit."

I was excited. My wife had a hot date. Just talking about it was thrilling. "Why don't you hurry and get in bed."

LIFE GOES BACK TO NORMAL....

I still had Phil cut my hair. As the months had gone by, Phil's body had softened, and rounded out. As a man, Phil was starting to look more female than male. I found myself enjoying looking at him in a tight dress. Sometimes they'd be trying on new lingerie and I was sure that Joy caught me with a lump in my pants.

I didn't realize it at the time but I was seeing my wife's dressing style go from housewife to hot babe.

At his shop, Phil wore his hair brushed back in a ponytail, like before but he was dressed 'unisex'. I knew that some kind of a threshold had been met in the 'Endowed with Beauty' program. Try as he might to look like a boy, I knew those were ladies black flats, black stretch pants, a white cotton blouse with a big collar and he wore clear polish on long manicured nails. Even his lips shined from lips gloss.

When we walked down the street for a drink after my cut, a man bumped into him and said, "Excuse me miss."

"Does that happen often?" I asked.

"Why do you think I'm wearing women's clothes all the time."

His hair was soft and shiny, his big eyes made bigger by thin, highly arched eyebrows. The delicate arch of his plucked and lightly penciled brows accented his refined

features. In each ear was a shimmering diamond stud earring.

He said, "Joy thinks I should be a girl all the time."

"Why not?"

"I'd have to do something in the Endowed with Beauty program that I'm not ready to do."

"What's that?"

"Give myself to a man."

The conversation went to Sergio. "I wish he'd quit calling," I said. "And sending flowers. It looks like someone died around our house. He wants to take her to his villa in France on his private jet."

"All Joy has to do is tell him not to call anymore."

"It's fun for her," I said.

"And you too?"

"Our fantasy sex life has never been better. We are so honest and close now..."

Phil said, "So she's admitted it. She'd really love to go."

"She told you that?"

"I know that she loves you but I think the idea of a fabulous vacation with Sergio fascinates her. Sergio thinks we are dating, I bet we could get invited too!"

"Are you crazy?" I said. "We are married!"

"SO? What the heck. If either of you have misgivings later, don't do it again."

After regaining some composure, I said, "Do you really think that Joy is going to give up everything we have for a couple days in the south of France?"

Phil laughed, "It's for two weeks...and I hope so. I'd do anything to go."

"You sleep with him," I laughed, adding, "You know what's the weirdest part of it all?" I said.

"What," Phil asked very apprehensively.

"I'm not really that jealous. I mean, I like the guy. Who wouldn't? And what woman wouldn't like being on the arm of some hunky international star?"

"Does that mean you'd let her go?" Phil asked still skeptical about my admission.

"I couldn't stop her if she really wanted to go."

TELL A HAIRDRESSER...

When I came home that day, Joy met me at the door with a glass of wine. "What's the occasion?" I asked.

"It's a fine wine from the south of France," she said. "Sergio called today."

"So?"

"Phil had told him that you were dating her and he invited all of us to come to his Villa on his private jet. In France!"

"What are you saying?"

"I don't know..." she blushed. "I just wish there was some way we could go."

"Okay, let me get this straight...you, a married woman, is going to be Sergio's girlfriend. Your husband, me, is going to be your brother, who's dating a Phil, a girl who's really a guy. And this really smart guy is going to go for this. AND that's not the biggest problem. I assume you'd have to sleep with him..."

"I know it's crazy," she said, "But it's a private jet, a villa, wine, song..."

"You want to go, don't you?"

"Not for the sex," she stated.

"But he's inviting you for SEX."

"I know it's crazy...but I'd do that for us...if you'd let me...and we have to make it fun for you too."

"How?"

ON THE PLANE...

Traveling in a private jet was no big deal to Sergio but we were impressed. The jet looked small but was efficient on the inside. Leather captain's seats, even an office nook that was converted into a sleeping area for long trips. And this was going to be a long trip.

Champagne was served and we took off. No one to yell at you to stow your hand carry-ons, no plastic glasses...yes, the best of everything. The stewardess served us lunch and went to her quarters to return only when called.

The champagne helped take the edge off my anxiety. I wanted to call the whole thing off. Joy and Phil were

dressed alike, both wearing black mini-skirts with a dark red tops & sexy four inch black pumps. Joy was wearing black lace panties & bra with sheer black stockings underneath. I knew that I probably wouldn't be seeing those panties for a couple weeks.

Both "gals" were expertly made-up and their hair beautifully done.

My emotions were on the verge of getting to me, caused by the duality of being both afraid and excited. I felt like crying or fighting as I realized I was about to lose: my wife's faithfulness, my wife's body and my dignity. Sergio touched my wife without thought as I began to feel uncontrollable jealousy. Yet I sat there, trying to not be too interested in their teasing caresses.

If I had known ahead of time how this felt, I would've called the whole thing off.

Instead, I had another glass of champagne...and another. Phil just smiled coyly, his smooth legs crossed girlishly.

"So this is how the other half live?" I said.

Sergio laughed, "Not half; one thousandth of one tenth percent...I've been very lucky."

"It's a once in a lifetime trip for us," Joy answered. This did a little to put me at ease.

We all sipped on drinks and made casual conversation. I gradually felt the drinks and started having a good time, laughing and listening to Sergio telling funny stories.

Phil suggested we all play cards. We split up into pairs to play hearts.

Phil was my partner. Things went well for about an hour until Sergio said, "I'm getting tired of playing hearts. Let's play strip poker!"

"OH NO!" I protested immediately though it was clear from the very second I said it that I was a minority of one.

The cards were dealt. The thought of playing caused Joy to move close to Sergio. I was shocked to see her miniskirt hiked up and Sergio's hand lay on her lower thigh, his long, thick fingers between her crossed legs.

"Oh that tickles," Joy said as he caressed her thigh.

I didn't feel very comfortable as we started playing. Right away, Phil lost a shoe and Sergio his shirt. He was very athletic, his dark hard body was very attractive and sexy.

With only a few more hands Joy had lost her top and was sitting in her bra next to the shirtless Sergio.

Joy's eyes caught my crotch immediately and noticed that I was enjoying what I was seeing.

I was playing well. I realized that when I won Sergio's pants, I should have been focused on losing not winning!

We all noticed that not only was Sergio muscular in the shoulders, he was big everywhere! His white boxer shorts did nothing to hide his maleness from everyone in the cabin.

They just laughed at his bad luck in loosing his clothes so fast.

Joy now lost her other shoe, stockings and half-slip. Sitting in only her bra and panties, I began to lose. I lost every hand until I had nothing on but underwear with a big lump.

When I saw that Joy's hand was fondling Sergio's muscular arm, I was afraid I might lose it.

Sergio reciprocated by teasing Joy's breasts gently through her bra. She moved closer to give him easy access.

Before the next hand, Sergio laid down his cards and said to Joy, "Are you a member of the Platinum Mile High Club?"

I was even more shocked when she giggled, "No! How do you join?"

"Excuse us," Sergio said politely. "I have left word that we are not to be disturbed in here. "So if you two are inclined to 'join' the club, feel free!"

With that he took a bottle of champagne, Joy's hand and they went to the sleeping cabin.

I started to get up but Phil grabbed my hand. "It's better to get this over with," Phil said they disappeared into the small nook.

I was nearly in tears as I heard Joy giggle and whispers coming from the nook. "I can't do this," I moaned.

"Just sit still," Phil said massaging my hand. "In a couple minutes the worse will be over."

The lump in my pants revealed my confusion.

Phil said, "Joy knew this would be hard on you. She asked me to help you." With that, he climbed up on my lap, probably so I couldn't get up.

"Come on David," Phil said with a smile. "You and I should get to know each other better or this is going to be a most frustrating trip."

"What's that mean?"

"Joy told me to take care of you but you don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

"This is horrible," I moaned as I heard Joy whimper from through the thin walls.

"Just another minute," Phil said, stroking my hair like Joy did before I went to sleep.

I looked back at the nook and we both listened for the sounds. I was hearing little giggles and sounds I'd never heard from Joy.

Phil seemed to know all. He said, "It won't be long now. Just sit tight..."

"It's not too late," I whimpered.

"Oh, oh OOOHHH!!" we heard Joy cry out.

Phil relaxed and smiled, "It is now. Sergio's in her; you'd need a water hose to separate them now."

"Oh Gawd," I sighed quietly as we heard a rhythm of thumping sounds beginning to come from the nook.

"Oooh," Phil cooed. "He's giving it to her pretty good. "It looks like everyone's having fun but us."

From the grunts and groans, things were getting hot in the nook and so was I!

I heard my wife moaning and groaning. That turned me on more than anything I'd ever imagined. "Okay, young lady," I said. "What does Joy expect you to do for me?"

"You could pretend that I am her? Phil said, "I think I'd like that."

"Why haven't you had a lot of men?"

He said shyly. "I was waiting for my breasts to come in. Joy says I'm ready now."

I jumped when I heard a little scream come from the nook.

"That was one for Joy," Phil giggled then dropped the straps on his bra and let me see his pert, soft mounds of flesh. His nipples were dark pink and about the size of silver dollars.

Sitting on my lap had to be uncomfortable for Phil but I didn't want him to move. A steady beat was coming from the nook and I knew it was too late to stop anything yet I was so nervous I started to hyperventilate.

"Easy," Phil said as he moved his bottom so my rod was squeezed between his legs. I was so afraid of what was going to happen next, but I tried to imagine what Joy looked like right now. Was she on her back or all fours? Top or bottom?

"Do you think they are almost finished?" I asked rhetorically.

"Oh no," Phil stated. "He's not going to let her off the hook that easy. Not the first time."

Sergio was obviously playing her like one of his fine musical instruments. We would hear what sounded like Joy having a orgasm but the thumping would plateau, then slow to nearly a stop and then begin to build again.

I asked Phil, several times, "Think that's it?"

"Just relax. The first time will be over soon enough."

His words rang in my ears. "The first time..." It was one thing to listen to your wife having sex with another man. It was quite another to realize that this was just the first of the many times they'd probably do it over the next two weeks. Somehow, I expected IT would only happen maybe "twice a week"...like our normal weeks?

It was about this time, the banging increased again and Joy sounded as if she were being hurt. I looked at Phil with fear in my eyes.

"She's okay," he said calmly, tightening his legs about my maleness. But my mind was racing...was Joy bucking back to meet his thrusts? Distress grew inside me as it was obvious what was about to happen.

Phil stated, "Shhh! It's almost over now..."

The sound coming from the nook was telling the whole story. Knowing that Joy was locked in passion with another man was so exciting that it began to hurt. We heard some grunts from Sergio and he lets out a series of small groans. Joy squealed loudly.

Phil rubbed my head and said, "I think that was it," like I couldn't tell that Sergio had just unloaded streams of his viscous milky fluids deep into my wife.

My mind was racing and all my thoughts were jumbled. I somehow thought that the Calvary would ride in at the last second and save the day. But they didn't. The nook was silent. Probably, Joy's breasts were gently heaving in the aftermath of who knows how many orgasms.

Phil whispered softly, "See. That wasn't so bad, was it?" I lost it.

Phil and I sat there together for a few moments before Phil went to clean up my mess. I helped Phil back into his dress as I endeavored to stand on my wobbly legs.

Phil sat smugly, and then he spoke. "You handled that well. Two weeks to go!"

I was dressed and was nearly asleep when Joy came out of the nook. She looked beat. Sergio was sleeping.

"Well?" I asked.

Joy stepped into her high heels and sat down. "What do you want to know? Do I have any brains left? Do I now know why they call him a 'star'?"

"You seem to be full of yourself," I commented.

"No, I'm full of Sergio," she retorted. To emphasize her point, she rubbed her hand over her belly. She added, "Remember our deal? You aren't to ask questions, brother, dear."

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE...

Our bedroom had been prepared by the staff as a "love nest". I was sure that Sergio's master bedroom was more than equal. There were creams and lotions, a bottle of champagne on ice and some sexy music in the background.

I had to laugh. Joy and I were finally taking that long awaited European vacation we had been planning for years but never had the time.

But this wasn't how I'd seen it working. I looked at Phil. He was a striking beauty whose curves could turn heads. He had a stunning figure that caused looks from men no matter where we were. Just on little problem...

AT THE VILLA...

The Villa was on the beach in the south of France with secluded beaches and all that any sun worshiper could want...it was truly heaven.

It was hot and humid. The first day, Sergio and Joy spent most of the day in bed. "Jet lag," she giggled.

When they weren't doing bed stuff, they sat around the pool with Phil and I talking dirty and sipping champagne.

From the time I got off the plane, I'd been mostly in a stupor. My eyes followed Joy's little black bikini-clad bottom as she went to sit on the side of the pool. I could swear there was slightly more sway in her step than normal. Was she sore?

Sergio swam across the pool several times then came up and pulled her into the pool. The sunlight shimmered on their wet bodies and he threw her up in the air like a kid. His broad, muscular shoulders were broad and I could see the definition in his abdominal muscles.

As the two frolicked in the water, Phil and I checked out Sergio. When he got out of the pool in he little Speedo bikini, I knew exactly where Phil was looking.

"Oh my," he moaned as he removed his sunglasses casually and tossed his long hair back, pulling it up into a ponytail and thrusting his breasts out as he did so. He walked to the edge of the pool, arched his back and tugged on his bottom so that his bottom's cheeks were more pronounced. I had to admit that he had the figure of an 18-year-old girl...and maybe a better bottom than Joy.

We'd sit out and talk for a while then Sergio would start getting playful again and obviously wanted sex one more time that day.

As they walked back to Sergio's wing of the Villa, Phil whispered, "Are you okay? You have to stop drinking."

"You are right," I said and put down the glass. "It's just so frustrating."

"I thought that was half the fun," he whispered in my ear. I realized that Phil knew more about myself than I did. He could really push my buttons. "Try to stay sober and enjoy the moments. This could be the most exciting weeks of your lives."

"He's going to wear her out," I said passionately.

Phil smiled, "I bet she's a lot looser by the time we go home. I think it's time you loosened up too."

"She's all I have," I said. "You can go out flashing strangers in bars and dancing seductively with some admirer. Me, I'm a stick in the mud."

"Let's loosen that stick. Tonight, I'm teaching you to dance."

"I don't dance."

"You will tonight."

We decided to spend the entire day at the pool. It was fun to see Phil flirt with the young staff who brought us drinks, lunch and anything we wanted. I stopped drinking. Phil was right, what was I drinking to escape? What was done was done.

I enjoyed watching Phil strut around the pool area wearing a girl's bright red swimsuit. It was cut very high in the leg openings and almost had the appearance of a thong from behind.

When we were alone, I whispered, "Where do you put it?"

He laughed, "I have Joy to thank for that! The female hormones she has me on has made all sensitivity move to my chest and bottom. My grapes have become raisins..."

His light hair was loose about his face with a braid in back. I asked, "So you've never done IT with a guy."

"No," he said. "You might wonder what my problem is. I have a nice set of tits and every hunk in sight would like to eliminate my brains. On one level, it sounds wonderful. But it's not that easy. Despite the fantasy, it's hard to know for sure what being a woman would be like in real life."

I joked. "Seems like you go to bars and flirt with the guys a lot and there are plenty of guys who'd want to pick you up."

"That would be a rewarding life!" Phil moaned sarcastically. "Get picked up, pump, pump, squirt and they fall asleep?"

"So where are you headed?"

"The Endowed with Beauty program is very strict," he said. "The minute even one sperm is in me, my days as a guy are over."

"Really?"

"It's conditioned in that it's for the best. Each threshold is important to the next step of development. There isn't any room for going backwards. That's why the program is so successful."

About an hour later, Joy and Sergio reappeared. Joy arrived back first and I again paid close attention to the way she walked. She and Phil were across the pool giggling and Sergio arrived and sat next to me.

"I love this place," he stated. "It is where the world stands still and I can just be myself with special friends."

"You must bring a lot of people here?" I asked.

"Actually, never," he said. "In this village, I'm not a star, just a resident. This not a place for the star struck. Like you," he went on. "I'm not even sure you like me."

"You're okay."

"See, that's why I brought you all here. Joy, for one, couldn't get me off the phone fast enough. It took me weeks to get her to commit to a second date."

I leaned back and took a deep breath, "There's a boyfriend, you know?"

"I'm trying to make her forget him," he said. "Joy told me that this guy knows she's with me. That's really weird eh? I'd be calling for a duel!"

I looked at him with intense curiosity. If Joy was really my sister, I'd like this guy...

When the "girls" realized that all women went topless in France, Phil changed into a white bikini that he had bought last summer but was unable to wear because his breasts were only nipples.

That night we had dinner, (I had only two glasses of wine) and danced at the village nightclub then back to the Villa.

On the way back to the villa, Joy and I were alone for a few minutes. "So after Sergio goes to sleep..." I joked.

"Phil owes me," said Joy. She opened her purse, and put a couple of square foil packets in my pocket. My heart skipped a beat. "Be gentle," she said, and kissed me lightly like a sister.

"What are suggesting I do?"

"Nothing that Sergio hasn't already done to me."

"He's...?" I was suddenly quite nervous, but it was nervous excitement. "Love you", I said with a grin.

"Love you too," I heard in reply.

Joy walked up to Sergio, a sexy swing to her walk. She looked totally debauched. If sex were addictive, she would have been hooked by now.

I could only imagine that this cultured European had manipulated her into every position imaginable...and it was only the first day.

THE LOVE NEST...

When I came out of the bathroom, I knew I was in trouble. Phil was lounging on the bed with his arms folded across his chest. He was wearing a skimpy, black nightgown. There were candles flickering and there was champagne in an ice bucket.

"Whose idea was this?" I asked.

"Joy's," he said softly. "And mine too. We figured you have had a pretty lousy day."

Wordlessly, I moved to Phil, kissing him deeply. I whispered into his ear, "Let's make you a woman."

He gasped as I helped pull his nightgown over his head. In only panties, he went to his purse and got something. Before long we were kissing and fondling. I sensuously touched his breasts; his nipples were completely erect.

"I feel so sexy with tits," he said shyly.

"They look so good on you too!" I smiled. I took both breasts in my hands, and fondled them. "They belong on a woman..." I said as I suckled on the pink.

"Oooohh," he moaned as little jolts of pleasure came with each stroke of my tongue. "So make me one."

NUMBERED IN MINUTES...

I broke our kiss and guided him to a kneeling position. The heat radiating from his sun-tanned skin was amazing. I grew bolder and reached down and pulled down the side of his panties.

I said, "Since we've been here, I've wanted to make love to you in the worst way."

Phil laughed, "Let's hope you don't succeed."

His sensuality sapped my will to resist. Phil lay on the bed, with a look that made me want to do the unthinkable. I slid his smooth legs apart. He closed his eyes as I pressed my manhood against his opening, steadily increasing the pressure until something incredible happened. His body yielded to the mine, giving way to my intrusion.

As it did, I felt a surge through my nerve endings that I never knew I had. Electricity shot through my membranes and a new surge consumed me.

I was in Phil, stretching him beyond comprehension. He was impaled and making little girlish squeals. His time being male were numbered now in minutes. The mere thought alone caused my breathing to grow shallow and rapid. Before I even pumped once, I nearly convulsed in orgasm.

I stopped to get my breath and said, "How's it feel to be one of the girls?" He seemed like he wanted to get away but the sheer mass of my muscle inside of him, held him in place.

He was squealing girlishly as I started slowly manipulating into his innermost depths. Each exploratory thrust triggered unknown sensations in my brain. My pace was deliberate as I nearly climaxed as Phil raised his fleshy hips as if to encourage me to go. I gritted my teeth and gave a few good strokes getting whimpers of ecstasy as a reward.

I thought of Joy and what Sergio was probably doing to her. Phil was startled when I pulled out but it was only to flip him over on his back. I took a firm grip on his smooth legs and hips and I was back.

My thrusts probed even deeper and probably jostled his internal organs. His breasts shook with each plunge. I began pumping with wild abandon! As my strokes intensified, I'd almost completely withdraw before slamming back. Phil pushed his hips back to meet my invading piston.

Frantically, I boned him until I shuddered in my most intense orgasm ever.

I nearly lapsed into unconsciousness as I exploded, flooding Phil's belly.

Phil gasped, "Do you know what you've done?"

"Sure do, young lady!"

The next morning, we woke up late. I was suddenly aware of Phil sleeping next to me in pink baby doll pajamas. He had his legs wrapped around one of the pillows, the beautiful silky nylon nightgown caressing his body.

I tried to see "boy" but couldn't. His feminine impression was so strong that I almost wondered if he'd magically turned into a female.

The next day Phil and I decided to take a break from the sun and roam through the Village. By now I'd lost count of Joy's bondings with Sergio so I relaxed some.

I found myself holding Phil's hand as we shopped and was generally protective like when with my wife.

The next day, Sergio invited me to play tennis. The "gals" could sit out by the pool while the "boys" had a macho battle on the tennis court.

As I put on my tennis whites, Phil changed into a swimsuit. He instinctively reached for a one-piece but for some reason, he slipped on a skimpiest blue and white bikini. His large nipples became erect and very noticeable as was a purple "hickie" on his neck. I hoped Joy wouldn't notice it.

THE WEEKS FLEW...

Through the week Sergio and I would hang out together during the day while Joy and Phil would get sunning time in.

Sergio and I played golf, went to soccer games and "pal a rounded". When I wasn't thinking of what he was doing to my wife several times a day, I was having a great time.

What was nice was the respect he had for Joy. He never made any off color remarks, in fact seemed to really like her. Of course, he thought I was her brother.

It was odd that I could like Sergio. More than famous and rich, he was a nice guy. He didn't know that Joy was my wife. Many nights we all went dancing in the trendy private nightclubs and danced well into the night.

I knew that we'd never have an opportunity to party like this again so I might as well enjoy it.

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THE LAST NIGHT...

On the last night, Phil and I went to dinner by ourselves. We agreed to meet up with Sergio after dinner in a club because Joy and he wanted to have their last dinner in private.

Phil came out of our bathroom wearing his tight fit tropical print dress and woven sandals. I knew he was wearing the sexiest panties and little bra. He looked delicious! As soon as I saw what he was wearing I was actually sad that it was all ending.

You can't spend two wonderful weeks in paradise with someone without developing a deep bond. If only one sperm would have made him a woman, the billions I gave him were overkill.

His attitude towards me had changed. His aggressive, competitive nature was now submissively feminine. "Anything you say, dear," he said to my suggestions.

Phil and I had had a wonderful dinner along with a nice bottle of French wine before going to meet Sergio at a nightclub.

Phil and I were both feeling good as we made our way across the village to the restaurant where Sergio and Joy were waiting for us. I held Phil's dainty hand and we chatted about life.

"I'll never be the same," Phil said.

Around us, the villagers seemed to be winding down a day's work, lulling along the beach or wandering home. The orange-red ball of fire was just dropping beneath the ocean.

"I think I'm in love," I said.

"With?"

"Everything!" I said. "I love everything!" I scanned the array of colors along the horizon for a certain red glow of the setting sun. Phil's pale white skin was now a finely tanned cinnamon tone, as was mine.

During this trip, everything seemed brighter, tastier, with more passion. Bright orange bougainvillea petals caught my eye. The birds...I never saw birds at home.

What had started as hell had turned into a two-week tour of heaven. Like riding a bike or the smell of my mother's favorite perfume, I would always remember this week.

Sergio and Joy had just finished a sumptuous dinner of Coquille St. Jacques, langoustines and chocolate mousse at La La Vie. A place I concluded had the best food in the world.

We helped them finish the Bordeaux bottle and shared a piece of mousse.

Sergio brought me back to reality. One of entertainers walked up and handed Sergio his guitar.

In a voice as charismatic as the smell of ground coffee, he sang a love song to Joy. She was in tears by the time he finished.

I raised glass and toasted to Sergio; the "world's greatest host." And I meant it.

I had planned to spend the evening with Phil looking over the regal blue waters. It was such a picture-perfect evening.

That was when Sergio in a rich voice turned to Joy and asked, "Will you marry me?"

It was such a complete surprise to all of us. The room was silent as Sergio fished out a small box from his pocket and opened it. It was the biggest diamond I'd ever seen.

Joy's fingers instinctively went to the ring. "Are you kidding?" she gasped.

He took the ring and slipped it on her finger, saying, "You don't have to tell me now. Just wear the ring and see how it feels."

Joy looked at me to see if I was going to do something rash but I sat tight. Phil's fingers had found a sensitive spot of mine under the table.

Sergio was glowing. "To the decision!" he toasted.

We all raised our glasses.

On the way back to the Villa, the girls walked ahead and Sergio chatted. He said, "You know, I really like you. From our conversations, I know you are a good accountant. If I

can get Joy to say 'yes,' I'd love you to come and live here with us. I have plenty of room and frankly need the financial help."

"I don't know," I stammered.

"Don't want to leave Phyllis eh?" he laughed. "Okay, she can be in charge of all the makeup and wardrobe for my shows. We can all live together and travel the world. This week has been the best of my life. I am so tired of being surrounded by phonies."

We all retired early that night. I told Phil of Sergio's offer.

He laughed, "What are you thinking? A quickie divorce and you are going to marry me?"

"I don't know what I'm thinking...only what I'm feeling."

HOW WE ALL HAD CHANGED....

The day we were leaving, Phil was getting ready in front of the mirror thinking about what had happened to him. Phil was wearing a summer weight navy blue dress that conservatively swung at knee length. Sheer nude nylons and navy sandals completed the outfit. His hair had been put up into a French twist and its golden color sparkled in the sun. His open-toed sandals accented the girlish look of his slim calves and ankles. He said, "I wonder if I'm going to like working as a girl...I sure like everything else. What are my employees going to call me?"

"Boss!" I laughed. "Boss lady."

The speculation brought a smile to his face. It would be so different going to work in skirts and blouses, nylons, panties and bras—but those eight-hour days on high heels!

Holding up a mirror, Phil checked the back of his head and the long golden braid that tickled the middle of his back. What I was about to do again still felt traitorous and naughty.

I couldn't help but wonder if one day Phil would just forget he was ever a boy? Perhaps he should have been worrying about that but with each step of his feminization, it seemed less important. Phil submissively accepted his

apprehensions and focused on the little feminine tasks ahead!

(It happens that he had nothing to worry about. It seemed that there are two very fast methods of communications: telephone and tele-a-hairdresser. Phil's trusted friend Jimmy had told a few close friends and they told a few and pretty much everyone already knew...even Phil's clients.)

BACK AT HOME...WHAT DID I LEARN...

As quickly as the vacation started, it was over.

If there is anything I've learned, it's that some fantasies are clearly just fantasy—never intended to be acted on.

For others, it's the very idea of crossing that chasm to "real life" that is the thrill. But it's damn hard to know just which fantasies we might, in a fit of daring and exploration, make real someday, and which should be left alone.

What happens if we really do go for it in life? Can it really happen "just once" and everything just goes back to normal afterward. Will our experience totally ruin us, or will it be our little treasure, something that makes our life better than ever?

Epilogue:

Now, it's almost a year later. Lot's of things have changed in all our lives. If you want more details, I'd be happy to supply them...in another book.

One thing for sure, life is no longer boring and our sex life is better than ever.

It's amazing what can happen when you allow yourself to explore other ideas, and face your turn-ons. Who knows? Your overwhelming fantasy could become real.

THE END

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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, Randy 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

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

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**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
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**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . . She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK

BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

**I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

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A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

TV CONTEST VIDEOS

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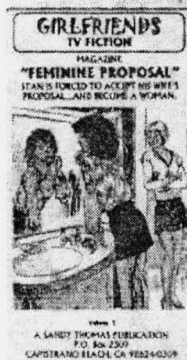
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