

TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

FASHION MODEL



Boys will be boys...
Except the ones who go to modeling school
To become girl models!

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FASHION MODELS

by ERNA (revised by Sandy Thomas)

How did it all begin? Somehow, it is fantastic. Oh, excuse me ... A word of explanation! I am a genetic male in my mid-twenties, but since I was seventeen years old, I have been a fashion model. I said a fashion model, by that, I mean a model for girl's clothes! Yes, that is what I am!

It began six years ago. My mother and her sister had an exclusive dress-making establishment featuring smart feminine clothes in silk and satin along with various fashion accessories. They drew, cut, and made the most fashionable gowns according to the special wishes of their customers.

Gradually, they had worked up a rather good business. They also exported a great deal and much was sold through mail orders. It soon appeared, however, that the mail order customers wanted to see photos of the feminine things the two sisters offered in their ads. My mother and aunt had to make an illustrated brochure with photos of dresses, skirts, blouses, as well as the underwear they created.

At first, they took pictures of feminine things lying spread out on tables, over the backs of chairs, and the like, but in this manner, the merchandise was not presented in a sufficiently attractive way so that they would sell. Something was lacking. That was a body in the clothes, something to fill them.

My aunt bought a couple of mannequins and dressed them in the feminine things, but they soon abandoned this practice. They were quick to realize that they needed a person of flesh and blood to best show their collection of feminine merchandise.

At that time, I was seventeen years old, and I don't mind admitting that since early childhood, I had not taken any special interest in ladies' dresses. Even though when I was a child, my mother managed the business alone, I had a good opportunity to gain an insight into the world of silk and lace my mother, along with two skilful dressmakers, were creating. But frankly, I just wasn't interested.

For me, I couldn't care less how a piece of fabric in the hands of these women was changed into a beautiful dress with ruffles and bows. My day-dreams dwelled on boy things---running, playing ball, you know. These feminine things were just a bore. . .and in my thoughts, I never even had the slightest thought of dressing myself in these smart frocks.

No, my boy dreams were wonderful. I was full of joy and in a strange extraordinarily happy mood. I loved my boyhood. I loved the idea of growing into a man---wearing pants, short hair, maybe having a beard. I loved sports, and all boy things like camping, hunting, fishing and generally anything to get dirty.

I knew, however, that my family had a dress shop and I had to help around it once in a while. I never told my friends. I understood that working in a dress shop was something you did not talk about with others unless you wanted to be ridiculed, or worse, looked upon as an odd fellow.

My mother knew how I felt about 'girly' things.

Therefore, my astonishment was great, when suddenly one day my aunt said to me, "Perhaps you might solve a problem for us." She said that they had inquired about the cost of a professional model for photography, but the price was far too high. When my aunt had joined the firm, they started making exclusive dresses and accessories in a smart new style. Therefore, they had to consider expenses very carefully. She asked if I knew any young girl at school that might consider helping them by acting as a fashion model for some of their clothes.

I said, "NO" and went about my business, thinking nothing about it.

The next day, she came and asked me if perhaps *I* would model a few things for them.

Her request struck me like a bolt from the blue, and I quivered with shame when my mother confirmed that she too considered *this* a way to solve their problem. They both asked me to help them. The model needed to be a young, slender person, so neither of them could fill the bill.

"You're kidding?" I asked, "There's no way I can wear girls clothes...I'm a boy."

"But, you can," they both declared.

"But how?" I exclaimed. "Everyone will see from the pictures that the model is just a boy dressed like

a girl. That would only hurt the business." Saying that, I knew that they would quit thinking about such a stupid idea.

Just the thought of it almost made me heave. It would be appalling to wear dresses. I just knew it from seeing girls prancing around in their silly outfits.

I just looked at them, looking at me. I knew they weren't just going to back down. Their business depended on the mail order promotion and I guess the food on my table came from their efforts. I hemmed, "I think I can find a girl at school for you. . .or how about Mary Lou Jones??? She's cute???"

My aunt said to my mother, "I think *he's* perfect."

"NO...No way! I can't...I won't!"

"Leave it to us!" my aunt declared. "Naturally, you will wear makeup and a fine wig. I promise you that nobody will be able to recognize you, not even your own mother. You know I was once a ladies' hairdresser and beautician in a very exclusive beauty parlor. What faces I have altered! People left the salon looking quite differently from when they came in. You must rely on me. With modern cosmetics, and some tricks I know, I can make your appearance so feminine that everyone who sees your photos will think you are a lovely girl."

Yes, she knew all about cosmetics and how they were used on girls, but I was a boy and intended on staying one.

My aunt always wore perfect makeup, and I was sure there was no beauty trick that she did not know. When she became a partner in my mother's firm, my mother was only a grey mouse compared to her

sister. But indeed, this had altered. At first, mother reluctantly agreed to use lipstick and nail lacquer. Later on, my aunt convinced her to wear full makeup every day. She let her sister experiment with her hairdo, and one day when I came home, mother had been changed from a brunette into a blonde like my aunt. Yes, she knew cosmetics, and she knew how to use them. . . on others as well as herself---but not on me!

“We can be glad of one thing,” my mother said. “That is the fact that you are not very tall. The dresses will fit you as far as the length is concerned.”

I turned eight shades of red. I yelled, “OK, I’m a little short. Big deal. Other short boys don’t have to wear dresses.”

My mother said seriously, “Son, we need your help. We have only a week or two to get every shot taken and no time to look for anyone. Please?”

I just stood there.

“Yes, your height will be fine,” my aunt continued her thoughts and added, “You will be able to wear the slim gowns also. Aren’t you willing to help your family? After all we’ve done for you.”

“BUT?”

Mother added, “You help us and I’ll buy you a car when you graduate. How about it?”

I wanted a car more than anything.

It was a tough trade. I agreed to wear dresses and to be expertly transformed into a model. They expected me to do it, but I didn’t have to like it.

“Okay,” I announced. But I know this isn’t going to work!”

That night, we started our fantastic experiment. First, I had to put on a tight panty girdle of short style. Both women agreed that in spite of my slim figure, I had to have a narrower waist or better, have it accentuated. After some consideration, they decided that I had to wear a corselette which mother laced in the back. A pair of nylons were put on my legs and fastened to the garters so the corselette would sit tight and smooth. They gave me a pair of silk panties, and I put them on cautiously in order not to tear the lace.

I looked at myself in the mirror, and I shivered. This was appalling. My legs had become girlish only because they were covered with long nylon stockings. The corselette was able to mold my young boyish figure into a feminine shape with curves even if no padding was used. Everything was so natural and as it should be. Yet, it was me. I was in "hell".....? Somehow I found myself in the feminine world. Hitherto, I had never even thought of this kind of gender adventure. Now, I was on the expedition.

"OK, let's see how this dress fits," my aunt said, taking me out of my dreams. Oh, no, I must still be dreaming! I was to try on and wear dresses like a stupid young girl?

I moaned.

"Quit moaning. Put your arms into this," my aunt said, and a slip of silk fabric was pulled down over my shoulders and body. The lace part over the bosom was formed precisely around the breast cups. It was a new and mysterious feeling. How weird girls clothes were, how feminine and delicate they can be made! Everything is formed and fitting; everything is adapted and harmonized to the dainty feminine form.

Some of the short dresses in the line were brought out. . .and a moment later, both women were helping me into a sweet satin dress. I stepped into this dress, and it was pulled up. The long zip at the back was closed by a quick pull, and the dress tightened around my body. I was in a dress! Strangely, I was part of it, and it was part of me. I was scared in a strange new way. This was quite a different feeling than I had ever experienced. The dress even rustled when I walked!

“Here is a pair of shoes. Let’s see if they fit you. . .and if you are able to walk in them,” my aunt said, sitting me down. She bent before me, lifted one of my nylon clad feet, and put it into a pointed pump shoe with a medium heel. Strange, how easily this was done, and how smooth my foot was when it slid into the shoe. Yes, it fit me precisely! After she put the other shoe on me, I got up and took some steps---actually staggering a little. I tried to walk naturally in the same way I always had, but my steps were stiff and hesitating.

“Do not despair, my boy,” my aunt said laughing. “You will learn. All girls go through the same experience when they get their first pair of high heels! Before you know it, you’ll forget you even have them on.”

“Fat chance!” I felt sick to my stomach.

That evening, I had my first experiences in the world of feminine behavior. The following evenings, they both worked hand in hand in order to make me a true model. I had to get accustomed to the corselette in order to pose fully relaxed and unrestrained. Therefore, a special corselette was made

for me, just to my own measurements. I practiced walking in high heels, until I could walk naturally in them. I also learned to pose much better. . .with the right balance to my body. I learned to pose on a chair or to stand in a doorway, smiling and happy. I was not happy about looking like a girl but I learned the positions of my body to expose the dresses in the most attractive way. They also taught me how to smooth a dress or gather it ... if a long gown ... when sitting down.

I sure looked silly.

My aunt said she would get a wig from one of her old connections within the trade of ladies' hairdressers.

When two weeks had passed, I was rather good at posing correctly, and I was now able to walk naturally in my high heels. My aunt announced that we should begin to take photographs the next night. My mother would be in charge of the photography, which would take place in different areas of the house.

The next evening, after supper, my aunt began the beauty treatment. My legs, as well as my arms had to be shaved of every dark masculine hair. "Later, we will bleach the hair on your arms in order to make them look authentic, but it is not necessary tonight," she said.

"Later?" I screamed. "This was only a one time thing."

"Ohh," she said matter-of-factly, "We'll need a few more later."

I was sitting in the dressing room of my aunt. Bottles and brushes, pots and tubs were sitting there. Mystical sticks in colored plastic cases were

shining in the strong side light from both sides of my aunt's large makeup mirror. It was here she made up her own face every morning, a ritual without which a day could not begin. She had taught my mother the same procedure, and now, it was me that was about to be treated by the cosmetics. The strong light almost hurt my eyes.

"You had better close your eyes," my aunt said, wrapping a scarf around my hair.

I closed my eyes. My nightmare was beginning to come true. My aunt started her magic procedure that every cosmetic minded woman knows. I had to go through it! It was most menacing! Cleansing, covering dark spots with a special stick, foundation cream, dark powder to suppress, and light powder to emphasize. She modulated the shape of my face with light powder and shadow.

My eyebrows were moderately plucked, colored, and shaped by brown sticks. My eye lids were covered with colored shadows, my lashes were impregnated with mascara, and black lines were drawn along the edge of my eye lids. A set of artificial eyelashes were trimmed and glued to my eye lids, just along the edges of my own lashes. Afterwards, the black lines were made broader. Next, came rouge on my cheekbones. . .and at long last, my lips were drawn up and filled out with a crimson lipstick.

At no moment during this treatment had I been allowed to see myself in the mirror. I could only follow the procedure in my thoughts, feeling the girlish cosmetics being put on my face.

Finally, my aunt said, "Please look in the mirror. Fantastic, don't you think?"

She laughed, but I only heard it as if from far away. I could only stare into the mirror. This was completely incredible! A young girl's face looked back at me. A young girl thoroughly made up, but looking nice and natural. The scarf was still wrapped around my hair. . .and that made my appearance still more feminine. Where was I? The boy? Was this really me? Another self?

I felt dizzy. I had not forgotten that day, two weeks ago, when I saw myself in the mirror wearing a dress, nylons, and high heels, but today, the feeling of perfection was new. A transformation had really taken place, not only in my appearance, but also in my rationality. I was precisely like a girl now?! It was so strange and mysterious to look at me and see a girl. Did all girls go around feeling so unearthly? How could it be? How could I feel so apprehensive, stimulated, and relaxed at the same time?

"We have not finished yet," I heard my aunt say, as if coming from far away. She was standing behind me with a long dark wig that I had never seen before. She combed my own hair back and placed the wig on my head. I had again closed my eyes. When I opened them, a new girl was looking at me from the mirror. Was it me again? Was there a second girl living in me? A second girl within? A new girl that now expressed herself? My eyes, (they were mine) saw a girl with long chestnut hair lying as a crown...no, a halo...around her head. Red reflections of light twinkled in the mirror.

"Astonishing, how easily we were able to create a perfect illusion," my aunt explained. "With cheeks a little more round, you would look like a real doll." She then filed my nails in a more pointed shape, and lacquered them in a color to match my lipstick.

I just sat there quietly. Strangely, when I talked the girl in the mirror talked. That was most shocking.

Next, I was dressed. First, I put on my special panty girdle, my now familiar corselette, panties, nylons, and a slip. This time, special padding was put into the cups of my corselette. A sweet dress of light blue satin was to be the first dress I would model for the fashion photographs. I posed as they directed, and my mother took a picture with her Polaroid camera. Fifteen seconds later, we all saw the result. I trembled all over! How was it possible? Was that me? Was she me? That feminine creature in the photo was my creation. There was my dream on a photograph, developed and fixed...and it was my own mother and aunt who had helped me to let this inner girl come to life.

More photos were taken in different poses and in different dresses. One of the best pictures was a simple cotton sheath dress with stripes. It was different because I looked so natural---in a dress a girl would wear anywhere.

All turned out to the entire satisfaction of the two women. Unfortunately, I had proven that I was able to act as a model.

Although my aunt was very content, she said that a few more ample curves in the right places would do wonders. . .and she hoped that I got some more fullness in my face, especially in the cheeks. "That would allow you to look a little more doll like, but that will come in time," she said.

In time? Did they take for granted that I would become a permanent photo model for their firm in the future, or what? No way!



"I looked so natural wearing a dress. How could a boy so easily be turned into a girl?"

The first series of photos were made, and their firm sent out its first catalog with a genuine model in the photographs. The catalog was well received, and many orders were made for the dresses I had worn.

For the next year, about a once a month, I would have to model for a new dress or seasonal line change. At first, I resisted, but soon found myself interested in the pictures and eventually the clothes. I was finding that I had a natural ability to draw and even a little fashion sense.

I found it hard to believe that the lingerie in my top drawer was actually my own. Mother and my aunt had also started me on a nightly beauty routine: cleansing, shaving my legs, putting lotion all over my body and even plucking my eyebrows. Hardly anything I would have been caught doing a year ago.

In the meantime, I passed my examinations at the college, and now, my intentions were to attend lectures and courses at the Academy of Fine Arts to learn drawing, and commercial art.

After I graduated from high school, I began Art School. I had to take a complete set of courses including model drawing and costume design. I was enjoying the clothing design courses the most. I found it was a distinct advantage for me to know how a dress was worn---and how one felt wearing it! Naturally, my academy friends did not know anything about my modeling in these things.

My two male friends, Pat and Mike certainly did not have the same practical insight into feminine interests as I and my ten female friends. I also began feeling a certain solidarity with these girlfriends.

We had something together that I could never share with my male friends. I no longer considered them 'silly girls'. In fact, I found their animated conversations about clothes interesting. "Yes, that leather mini-skirt is to 'die-for'."

At the annual Academy Fancy Dress Ball, it was the custom for the students from the classes in fashion design to appear in some of the gorgeous clothes they made themselves. One of the girls, Beth, joked and suggested that we three male students also show up in the dresses we designed. To her surprise, the idea was accepted with enthusiasm by our female classmates. It was therefore arranged that we three male students should come together to the home of one of our female classmates. Together, with some of the other girls, she would help us make the dresses and assure that they fit properly.

One of the girls said, "We should prove the old words that 'clothes make the man', or should we say 'the woman'!"

As a lark, it was with a real thrill that I adopted the idea, having a special advantage in playing such a role. When I finished making my dress, I informed the others that I would have one of my friends...a professional makeup artist...do my makeup. The other two boys were to be made up by one of the girls, Beth, who was considered to be very clever at such things. I much preferred that my aunt do the job, as I knew she could do it much better. I also knew this would allow me to wear my own wig.

The ball was a complete success! My dress was a dream in red satin. If not for my lovely dress, my fellow classmates would not have recognize me when I arrived! In a pause of the fancy ball, two of the girls came to me, knowing that it had to be me as there

was only one girl with that designed dress present. They were delighted to see how well I had done my transformation...and soon, all the other girls gathered around me. The two other male students were also very well made up, but my professional and my natural wig tipped the scale. Pat was definitely "second place." He looked wonderful in his lace gown that could have been worn by a bride at a wedding. I was surprised how well he walked in the 4 inch high heels---even I wasn't that venturesome. Beth had helped him with his makeup.

I had a wonderful new feeling. Being together with my fellow female students, all dressed up in gorgeous clothes, with makeup, shiny stockings, and high heeled shoes was quite a new experience for me. Being one of them gave me a wonderful feeling. I was able to fully identify myself with them. When I looked at their stockings and shoes, I thought of my own and experienced a wonderful relaxed feeling. I was just like the other girls. I was dressed like them, made up like them, and had long hair caressing my neck and cheeks just like them. In a mystic way, I felt their femininity stretched out to me, filling me from the skin out. Being one of them was so wonderful!

I heard later that after the ball, Beth and Katherine talked Pat into changing into a mini-skirt and blouse and going to a disco with them. They said Pat looked breathtaking in Beth's flowered cotton print dress. At class the next week, I was surprised when I began to see some 'sparks' of attraction between them. Perhaps the hours of sewing and being close had started something.

One day about a week later, Pat phoned me and asked if I would come over to his apartment to see the dress he was designing for the final grade in dress design.

When I got there, the first thing I noticed was his toes and finger nails. He told me that Beth had painted them a bright red to keep him from catching his hangnails on the delicate fabric. "I keep it on every minute that I'm not at school," he said matter-of-factly.

So we went into his living room and talked about school. It was funny to see my friend with painted fingers. She had also filed them so that they looked like girl's hands. Pat said, "We sure had fun at the party. Beth loves to try her dress designs on me. I'll humor her until she tires of it."

We played for an hour or so and just as I was leaving his apartment, Beth came over and said that she was going to curl Pat's hair later in the evening. Now, Pat's hair was rather long and probably could use a haircut, so I left.

The next day at school, I didn't even recognize Pat. His hair had been lightened and given a curly permanent. It had been cut in a very girlish fashion. Pat was really embarrassed about it. I took a good look at him. With his longish hair and pointed finger nails, he was beginning to look like a girl all the time. I couldn't figure out why Beth would do this to him.

The next weekend was the end of school. Pat called and asked if I could come over. When I got there, I couldn't believe my eyes. Besides the finger and toe nail polish, he wore a bra under his shirt.

"Can you tell?" he quietly asked.

"Why?" was all that I could stutter.

"Beth said that my breasts were getting too fatty and wearing a training bra would help them," he replied. Now, I had noticed Pat's fatty chest before, but lots of young boys don't lose their baby fat until well into their teens.

"It really makes them stick out, Pat." I commented.

"Oh, she didn't think so. She has thrown out all of my underwear and bought me all bra and panty combinations," he continued. He showed me a drawer full of frilly girl's underwear.

"You're wearing panties, also?" I asked.

"Yes. Want to see?" he answered dropping his pants.

I must say that as Pat undressed, I was really surprised at how well he filled out the small cups of the training bra. They bugged outward---a small but obvious swelling which rested comfortably in his "A" training bra. Each cup was full and his tumescent nipples could be seen through the cups. Just enough was pushed above the bra to make the beginnings of a nice cleavage.

He said, "Beth says that the 'training' sized cups are perfect. I know that they don't bounce much with this bra on, but they do seem more pointed. What do you think? Is it really noticeable?"

I told him that I couldn't believe what Beth was suggesting. He interrupted by saying, "Let me show you the panties."

He took off his pants and sure enough there were yellow panties that perfectly matched the bra. They were bikini type pulled high on his hips. "Well?" he asked.

"I didn't know you had such a shape, Pat," I replied. His hips were very wide for a boy and the waist was quite small. The panties were very tight and his maleness could barely be distinguished.


"How long are you going to have to wear the training bra?" I asked. "Beth says just through the summer. She likes me this way, but I'm afraid that

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Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



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all the guys will notice it and long fingernails." he replied.

I then noticed that he had shaved his legs. "Pat," I said, "I know we dressed up for that Ball but don't you think all this is too much?" He appreciated my concern.

He confessed, "Beth is moving in with me next week. My apartment is so big and she's here almost all the time anyway. I think I'll just go along with her for a while. We did have fun together at the Ball. Maybe we could all dress up again sometime?"

How could I be too critical about Pat and what Beth was doing to him. I was still modeling for my mother and aunt. The photos were getting better all the time and the business was growing.

My aunt said that I needed more curves and chubby cheeks. Therefore, I began a fattening diet. She mandated, "Under no condition should your stomach or waist become bigger." This necessitated that the waist slimmer and/or a long line bra become permanent components of my clothes, even under my masculine attire. I had been laughing at Pat wearing a training bra and now I also was being figure trained.

Little by little, I gained weight, and the fat settled into the right places. I wasn't to lift anything or work out so that my body remained soft and rounded.

I wore a lot of heavy sweaters and big shirts but Beth noticed right away. I had to admit what I was doing for my mother. Beth immediately told Pat and he thought it was great. They both thought that being 'mod' meant dressing a little funny. Heck,

most of the boys thought it was ok now to wear flowered shirts.

Beth bought Pat all new brightly colored clothes, but they must have been girl's clothes because they flattered his figure and some of the pants zipped up the side. Apparently, he now had to sleep in night gowns. I found out because one night I dropped over and Beth let me in. There was Pat, polishing his toe nails, wearing a pink nightgown. His long hair was up in pink curlers.

When he saw me, he turned the shade of the nightgown. "Beth, how could you?" he cried.

I told him that it was alright. Beth said, "Patti, go get him a coke and you two can go to your room and talk."

Pat obeyed and we went to his room. He was wearing a bigger bra and it pushed out the front of his gown and even jiggled when he walked.

When we walked into his room, I noticed a few skirts and blouses on the bed. "Are those yours?" I asked. He looked down and nodded yes. "Beth and I go out sometimes," he admitted. "It's just easier---sometimes people think I'm a girl anyway."

He then asked me if I wanted to come to dinner the next night. He would dress in his best dress so that I could see for myself.

I agreed.

The next night, I went over for dinner and Pat had on a simple dress with a wide belt around his waist. It had a tight skirt. He wore nylons and 3 inch high heeled shoes. His hair was done up and he had makeup on. He looked just like a young college coed. I could tell that he liked it and his breasts pushed

out the front so that the dress fit him perfectly. What could I say---I too was wearing girl's lingerie under my jeans.

I notice Beth treated Pat like a girl, calling him 'Patti'. I asked, "You keep referring to Pat as 'she'. Don't you think that's wrong?"

"Of course not, Bob. Look at him. Does he look like a boy?" she asked. I had to reply that Pat obviously looked very feminine.

"So?...Is Patti a girl or a boy?" she pressed.

"Uh...I guess that he looks like a girl," I answered.

"And how does one refer to a girl?" Beth pressed.

"As 'she'," I replied.

"Correct," she stated, "Therefore, is Patti a 'she' or a 'he'?"

"A...a 'she'?" I stammered.

"Again, correct," she replied. "Now, isn't 'she' cute?"

We had a nice meal served by Pat. It was obvious by the wiggle in his walk that the tight skirt was restricting his movements. That, plus the three inch heels he was wearing produced a natural feminine wiggle to his walk. Beth seemed to love watching her creation.

"Isn't it wonderful," Beth said, "Pat made that dress himself. Doesn't it fit him well?"

I nodded.



Pat and Beth

"In some ways Pat looked more feminine than his girlfriend Beth. She seemed to be encouraging his to become more feminine."

Later, I took Pat aside and asked him, "It seems like Beth wants a girlfriend more than you want to be a girl?"

He look shyly down in embarrassment, saying, "Oh, I like being a girl...it's just I don't know if I should go any further. She's got these ideas."

This was just the beginning of the Beatles craze, and my aunt suggested that I let my rather long hair grow even longer like a lot of the men and boys of that time. Besides, I was an art student, and we were known to have strange ideas. As my hair grew longer, my aunt took care of it in every way. She was a master in getting long haired coiffures looking as if you had short hair. Little by little, I got accustomed to my long hair.

Pat's hair was already quite long and pretty soon I too was having to curl my hair nightly, just like I'd seen him.

I guess I was getting into the modeling. I liked seeing the pictures. Familiarity was not breeding contempt. It was breeding pride in my ability as a model and my ability to imitate a female.

One of Beth's friends was a photographer in the advertising field who made hosiery photos for advertisements of big manufacturers. Beth told me that he preferred to use male models for the ladies stockings and that he was presently looking for a male model with the right legs. Beth had only seen me as a girl at the fancy ball, but she found my legs to be so nice that she was sure the photographer could use me. That way I could earn some money to help out with my expenses. She said that the job paid very well.

The photographer needed a model, as his former model ... a female impersonator ... had gone on an extended tour. He liked my legs and offered me the position as his model for ladies' hosiery.

Three days later, I had my first outside modeling assignment. The day before, I carefully treated my legs with depilatories, and they were now smooth and fine. For the photography session, I wore a special strong panty girdle, a black garter belt, and lacy black panties.

Before I was to put on the stockings, his young female assistant lacquered my toe nails a deep red color. For some reason, I had never tried that before. I noticed that the girl had the same color on her toes. When the lacquer was dry, she cautiously pulled a pair of very sheer smoke colored nylons onto my legs. I did not understand how this thin cobweb could ever be seen on the photographic plate, but that was up to the photographer, not me.

Before the shooting started, I put on a silky blouse with billowing sleeves and a pair of black three inch pumps. My first pose was to lie on a bed and put my legs up on the wall. The assistant arranged my legs so they crossed in a special way. The spot lights were turned on, and they molded my legs in quite a new way. I had to relax all my muscles while the camera clicked away.

Next, they took pictures of patterned stockings, a new style that was being created. After that, my legs went into black lace stockings, and now, I had to wear four inch heels. Many different poses were tried, including me lying on my back with my legs raised, and without any support. This was very exhausting, and I was thankful for my rest period when there was an intermission.

A week later, I saw the results. I had trouble believing that the beautiful sexy legs in the photographs were mine. The photographer swore that they were indeed mine. He was very satisfied with the results so far and suggested that we take some full length pictures with me completely dressed and made up as a woman. He knew from my friend that I had worn my lovely gown to the Fashion Ball. He asked me to bring some clothes and my wig to the next session, and his assistant would help me with makeup.

The next week, when I was scheduled to be a hosiery model, I brought along my feminine clothes and dressed in his studio. His young assistant made me up with special care using special cosmetics for color photography. The photographer had a special dress for me to wear. When I had it on, he had me lie on the floor, and the hem of the dress was arranged in a way that it ended above the top of my stockings. . .all in a rather careless manner. He also took a few pictures of me standing in the classic pose, with my dress pulled up while fastening the top of a stocking to a garter.

A month later, hosiery advertisements showing my legs were published in many different women's magazines!

My mother and aunt were making a new catalog, and this time, the model was to be a typical, sweet, next door type girl. The dresses were from a new collection of teenage design. There were short dresses and miniskirts which fashion was just beginning to make popular. Our firm realized the importance of being among the first out with this new style, and everyone agreed that these dresses should be as

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

Room for a Change #2

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

Model Husband #3

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

Substitute Daughter #4

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

Pat Goes Coed #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for 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's 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 crossdressing 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 Curis #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?

feminine as possible. As a result, most of our styles had ruffles and bows and were very sexy and girlish.

My long hair was, by nature, rather dark brown, so a ponytail of the same color was attached to my hair. I was made up to have big surprised eyes and a real peachy complexion. I wore long white pantyhose in most of the photos. By and large, my shoes were black patent leather, with straps and low heels. The dresses were mostly silk, satin, and nylon. My many poses were varied...sitting, standing, and lying. When I modeled a pinafore dress and tunic, two long plaits were attached to my hair.

“Oh, how sweet and lovely,” my aunt said.

After that photo session, there was a pause for several months. During this time, I underwent a new transformation. For the photos in the next catalog, I was to look different. Both my mother and aunt decided that I should become a blonde. . .like themselves! This transformation took place in our bathroom, where my aunt professionally bleached my hair, just as she had once bleached my mother’s hair. After drying and a home perm, a small hairpiece in my new color was pinned to my hair to give it more style.

Naturally, this was only for home use. At the art school, I appeared only with my own now blonde hair. Several of the girls and a few of the other boys were bleached too. Such a thing was not uncommon among young students at the art academy.

When Beth saw me as a blonde she ran home and had Pat lighten his hair also.

My mother, my aunt, and I had spoken about pierced ears. Now, the fashion for young girls and ladies to wear earrings in pierced ears was returning.

Both of them had recently had their ears pierced...and now, they wanted me to have mine pierced as well for the next photographs. I was interested in making the photos as authentic as possible, so naturally, I agreed.

My aunt took care of this small operation. She had a special tong for this purpose from the time she was a beauty expert. After carefully measuring where the holes should be, she quickly perforated my earlobes. Not a drop of blood was spilled, and soon, two small golden earrings were inserted in the holes. There I was with golden rings in my pierced ears. From that day on, earrings danced against my cheeks as I walked...never to lose one again.

When my earlobes were healed two weeks later, the new photos were taken. This time...proudly...I posed with earrings in all of the photos. When Beth saw them she asked if my aunt could pierce Pat's ears also. I asked my aunt and she agreed.

The next day, I was somewhat surprised to see Pat and Beth at my door. He was wearing a red miniskirt and translucent striped blouse through which one could see his bra and slip. His feet were in red high heels and nude colored nylons adorned his legs. His blond hair was curled in a very feminine style which emphasized his delicate facial features. He wore a moderate amount of makeup with some eyeliner and a coral lipstick.

"We're here to have Pat's ears done," Beth announced. "Your aunt said to come today."

My aunt was as surprised as I was that Pat was fully dressed as a girl. She said as she prepared the pierce, "You look like two girls out on the town. You sure don't look like the Pat I knew a few months ago."

That was true. Pat had lost a lot of weight but in only the right places. The figure training had really worked. He had a tiny waist but full girlish hips. I had notice that my figure training was also working. My shape, because of the gentle molding of the slimmer, had slenderized my waist and my weight gain diet had put weight on my hips and chest.

Feminine lingerie had become part of our everyday wear. I couldn't help thinking that while the "other guys" were playing baseball or cruising around drinking beer looking for girls, Pat and I were exploring frosted lipsticks, aquamarine eye shadow and red blushes.

I guess we were beginning to look a little weird. Our long hair and long fingernails were obvious. We wore the bras and corselettes under our boy clothes. It seemed like the garment was stretching or I was getting smaller because I was no longer uncomfortable.

While my aunt pierced Pat's ears, Beth told her how Pat and she were beginning to out as girls. At first just shopping for some fabric. The clerks had always stared at Pat, a boy, buying dress fabric. No one glared when he was in a dress. My aunt told her that she thought it was wonderful that they could share interests.

Under the leadership of Beth encouragement, Pat's femininity blossomed. His skin seemed whiter, his lips a vivid red, his big blue eyes and arched eyebrows---everything said, "young ultra-feminine girl." Boy's clothes couldn't hide his curves any more: the rounded bustline from the training bra, the deep inward curve of his waist and the outward flare of his full thighs, hips and derriere.



*“Pat and Beth came over to have Pat’s ears pierced.
They had begun going out as girls.”*

I asked Pat if he was having any trouble with Beth in bed...as a man?

“Oh, we have that worked out,” he said confidently.

One day, the hosiery photographer asked me if I would be interested in a trip to Paris. Naturally, I was quite interested.

"Not as a tourist," he said. "As a model."

I could only stare at him.

"My colleagues at several of the big French fashion magazines not only use girls, but also men as models, when showing women's clothes," he said.

I tried to swallow several times. He only knew me as his stocking model and had never seen any of the photos I made for my mother and aunt. I wondered if he had seen the catalog and recognized me.

He then told me that the fashion magazine, "La Mode Moderne", often used men as models for women's clothes. They were always in need of these models. The small differences in the proportions of the male body, from the female body, were often an advantage photographically when presenting the dresses. Many of the modern suits and dresses absolutely looked better on men who were made up completely as girls. He said that several of the female impersonators at the big cabarets and night clubs had extra jobs at French fashion magazines as girl models. He could almost guarantee that I would get a good job at once, and that these jobs paid very well.

He procured an invitation for me from the above mentioned magazine in Paris. The magazine would pay for the journey and my stay in Paris until the results of my photo tests could be evaluated. If I was a success, a contract could be signed immediately.

This was a big decision for me to make, and I had to talk everything over with my mother and aunt.

Both of them thought, however, that I should take the trip to Paris. Yes, my aunt was quite excited. This trip should be a wonderful time for me and would be a great help for me later in my work with fashion design.

A windy day in the Fall, I boarded a plane with two big suitcases...and went to Paris. In my hotel, a letter was waiting for me from the magazine. It welcomed me to France and asked me to come to a conference at ten A.M. the next morning.

Trembling, I showed up at the editorial office of the big magazine and was received by the chief editor...a nice lady in her early fifties with ash blonde hair and perfect makeup. Each member of the staff had his or her own office along a corridor in which smart young girls were coming and going. The chief asked me to come into her office and sit down.

"I know your work from your photographer friend," she said. "I find the photos good, and I believe you have a great future in this business. You are very convincing in the sample pictures your friend sent. We would like to have you in the house under contract, so that you would be available as a model for the big dress manufacturers Spring and Fall lines. These sessions take from one to two months, so you will be required to stay in Paris from four to eight months a year with short intermissions. During these intervals, you will be free to go home and see to your business there. I know that you have studied fashion design at the Art Academy, and that will be a huge advantage for you, and for us too, I think."

There was not much for me to say. The lady was very friendly and sweet, but she was firm in her

opinions. She was a born leader for such a fashion magazine.

“In order for you to look as feminine and as nice as possible, we recommend that you visit a special doctor who advises and helps our models. She ... yes, she is a female doctor ... also has patients who are female impersonators in the cabarets. She advises our models about treatments and operations they might undergo to make their appearance as perfectly feminine as possible. I ask that you visit this doctor for her advice. I want to make sure that you don't misunderstand me, Dear. You are beautiful in your photos, but I think you should be glad to visit the doctor. None of us are perfect, you know!” she laughed.

I went to the doctor the following day, bringing along some of my photos. She studied them with the eyes of a connoisseur. Then, she asked me to undress, so she could examine my figure. She was content. “You have the figure of a young girl! A young girl of today, except for the bust. I suggest a minor breast operation that will give you adequate breasts. At the same time, you should begin hormone treatments that will give you the a bit more roundness in your thighs, your hips, and your face.”

I was not quite prepared for such suggestions, but on the other hand, I was interested in the modeling job.

She continued. “You have a good base for such treatment, and I will be able to feminize you to the fullest degree. You know that I have patients who are female impersonators in the night clubs. They have succeeded because of their completely feminine bodies. I further suggest that you have a nose operation to make it smaller and give it an upward turn.

This is an operation we give most of the female impersonators under my care. All of these treatments are paid for by the magazine, so you don't have to concern yourself with the cost.

This was a big step. I called my mother and was a little surprised that she suggested I do whatever was necessary to take advantage of this modeling opportunity. In the end, I was persuaded to undergo all of the feminizing treatments the doctor recommended. These changes would be much more permanent than anything I had hitherto undergone.

She said, "If you're going to be feminized, you might as well have experts do it. I guess my son is going to have tits." Then she added, "No dull boy's stuff for you...only girl's clothes."

Three days later, I was scheduled for the breast operation which would keep me in a special clinic for a few days. All wounds would be healed within three weeks. The nose operation would take place a week after the breast operation, and within a month, everything should be okay. The hormone treatment was started at once and was expected to last indefinitely under the control of the doctor.

The day after my visit with the doctor, I signed a contract with the magazine. The chief editor introduced me to one of the male models of the magazine. He was a well known model of feminine teenage clothes. His, or I probably should say her, name was "Femia". I had the opportunity to be present at a photo session with him as the model. It was fantastic! To believe that this girl was a young man creating the illusion of a young girl, was impossible.

He wore a mini dress, white pantyhose, and smart sporty shoes. His long blonde hair was gathered and

combed forward over one of his shoulders. Pictures were taken, first with him alone, and then with two other teenage girls, who were really girls. It was impossible to see any difference, except that Femia, in a way, showed the clothes better.

The three girls took different poses. One would sit in an arm chair, one on the floor among a lot of records, and the other stood with a record in her hands. They all took turns at these roles, until there was a pause in the session. Femia had to alter his makeup. He was now wearing a very short cocktail dress that was very decollete, fine shining silver stockings, and very high heels.

"Here you see one of our results," the chief editor told me. "Femia is now twenty five years old, but he is still able to create the perfect illusion of a teenage girl. Our doctor has helped with his figure. He is now always dressed as a girl, and lives fulltime as a woman. As you know from your contract, we prefer our models ... our male models ... change over and live fulltime as women. It is best for us and our girls as well. This way, there will be no sensation about wearing women's clothes, and the model himself learns and gets accustomed to his role as a girl. He avoids sensation and trouble, and he identifies himself completely with the role of being a girl."

"The magazine will help you in every way possible, so that you will be able to live as a girl without difficulties from the surroundings. We find apartments for you, provide for permission to take employment, and even secure identification papers. You know that fashion is very important in this country. Our models work in the service of fashion, and therefore, we are given the greatest protection by the authorities.

Now Femia was again ready for photography. His blonde hair was gathered in a long ponytail with a big red bow.

"Yes, it is his own hair," declared the lady. "It has not been cut for four years. You also have nice hair, and I think our hairdressers will be able to do a lot with it."

Femia wore silver shoes with high heels, and he looked fantastic standing there coquettishly turning with a glass of wine in his hand.

"These are photos for the New Year," she said. "I guarantee that you will be just as charming as Femia. For now, we shall get on with the operations. We will begin with you in about six weeks or so."

The operations were successful. My bust turned out to be size thirty six with B cups. The doctor advised that I could have them enlarged easily later since breast size went up and down with fashion. My new nose caused such a change in my face, that I found it difficult to recognize myself in the mirror. How feminine it looked!

I realized then that I was going to have to live as a girl for a long time. The breasts perhaps could be removed later but the nose and hormone effects were there for my life. The female hormones piercing my body cells would change them. They would halt the metamorphose of my body toward manhood and direct them towards that of a female.

When the photo sessions began, all my wounds were healed. Days of hard work followed, but how thrilling they were! First, they had to find a style and a name for me. My professional name became "Bunny", and for the time being, I would model the new evening dresses, both long and short. I mostly

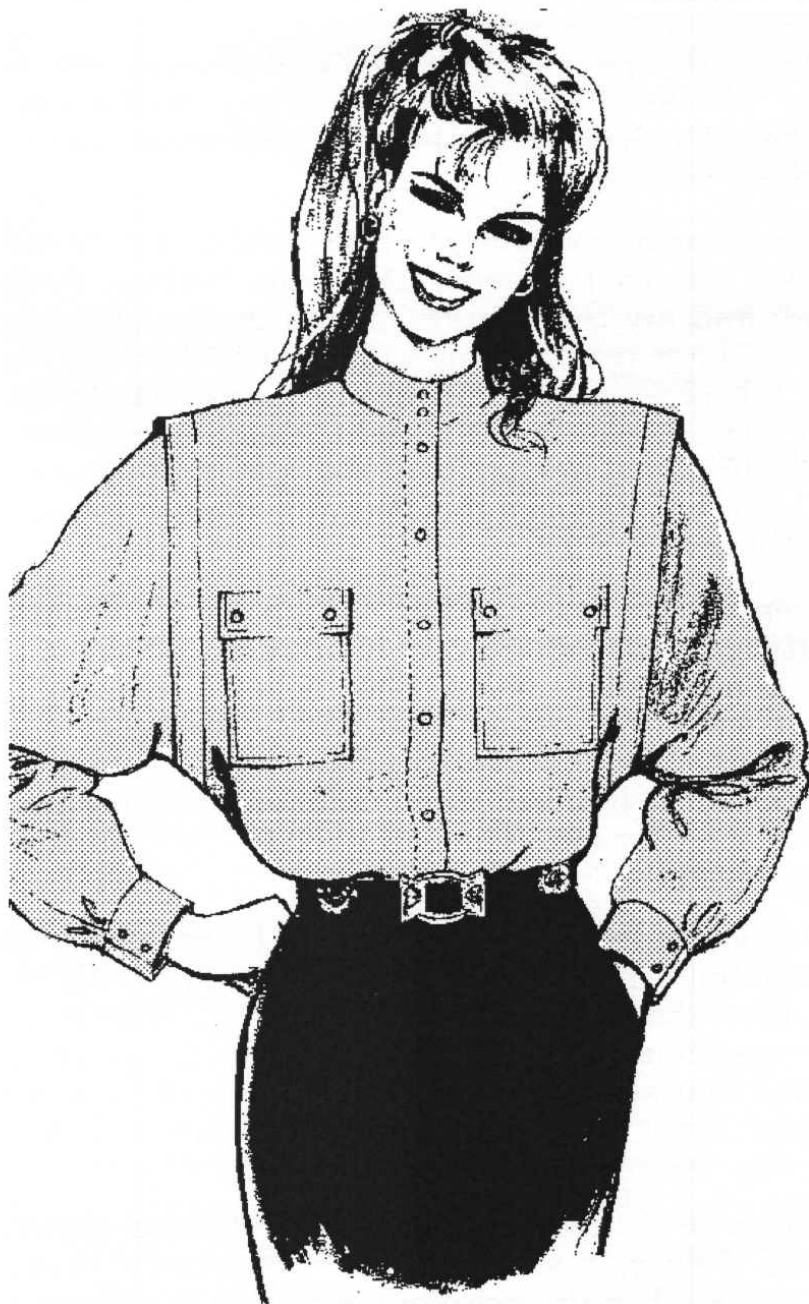
used my own hair, which was cut and set in a modern style. The hairdressers agreed that I should continue as a blonde, so my hair was bleached for my modeling sessions.

The hormone treatment progressed and gave me just the curves I needed. My hips became more round, and my thighs developed a really feminine shape. The magazine wanted me to enroll in a modeling school so I could model in the fashion shows. In the school, I learned the right technique of showing clothes, how to show a dress in movement, and how to pose. I received this training along with real, young female models.

I rented my own small flat, equipped with modern furniture and decorated very femininely. In the studios, I met other males who modeled girl's and women's clothes, just as I did. As I became friends with them, they helped me in many ways so that my change over to living day and night as a girl, became less difficult for me. They all lived fulltime as girls and enjoyed the lifestyle.

One of the fellows was married. I was surprised to learn that this lucky model lived together with his wife, even though he now lived as a girl. They were like two feminine friends to the world. Here, I learned that sex and gender, sex and clothes, make up and appearance, are different things. I was happy to see my own opinion affirmed this way.

The wife of the male model was a beauty expert herself. To her, it was an aesthetic enjoyment to see how modern beauty technique was able to change a masculine person into a feminine illusion.



*"After the hormones, operations and training,
I knew that being a boy again was going to be
difficult if not impossible.
Did I care?"*

Several of the female models 'dated' some of the male models. In fact, several others plan to get married but then live together as sisters.

Several weeks later, my editor told me we had a court appearance to legally change my sex. I wasn't sure I wanted to legally change my sex.

She insisted, "You'll look silly showing identification that says you're a male. Think about it, we're feminizing you and you'll probably be wearing dresses for the rest of your life."

They arranged the paperwork and I only had to have one court appearance. The judge stamped the paper and said, "Good luck with your modeling career. You look lovely!"

A week later my passport and other papers came back. I just sat gawking at them for the longest time. Everything had my picture and the classification *female/femme*.

I loved being around the fashion industry. All my life was now one great aesthetic enjoyment. Life was wonderful for me, not only to be dressed in fine light clothes, but also to feel that I was living in a world of beauty and art. This was in a world where I was accepted as one of the feminine creatures who were important parts of the fashion enterprise. I found myself feeling like an artist. Feminizing myself gave me the same personal contentment of an artist who had succeeded in creating a masterpiece. I had created a beautiful feminine simulation from the remains of a lackluster boy.

Both my mother and my aunt visited me, and they were astonished to see how I had progressed and how feminine I now appeared. They fully accepted that I now lived fulltime as a woman, and they expected

that I would continue to do so in the future. They were proud of me.

Mother loved coming to Paris and stole many designs which was making their business flourish.

When I finished the season's modeling, I was offered a chance to go on a fashion trip to the large cities of France. The trip was to last for three weeks. We stayed in the finest hotels as though we were film stars. My colleagues, the female models, treated me as one of their own sex.

I traveled home often between seasons and at least once every two months. When I am home with my mother and aunt, I am in charge of directing the drafting room, creating new clothes and styles. As a creator of women's clothes, I have to understand the psyche of women, and this has been a natural consequence of my living as a girl.

I got the news that Beth and Pat were getting married. I of course, made a special trip home for the event. I went to their apartment and met Brian, Pat's best man. Pat had been spending a lot of his time dressed like a girl for modeling but for the wedding he was going to dress like a man.

Brian said to me, "I guess it's my job to have a bachelor party for Pat. He'd love for you to be there...." He swallowed and explained, "The guys know you and Pat model as girls but do you think you could come dressed as a boys?"

That night Brian and a few of Pat's friends from high school came by and picked us up. Pat and I did

our best to look like 'one of the guys' but that was becoming more difficult as time went by.

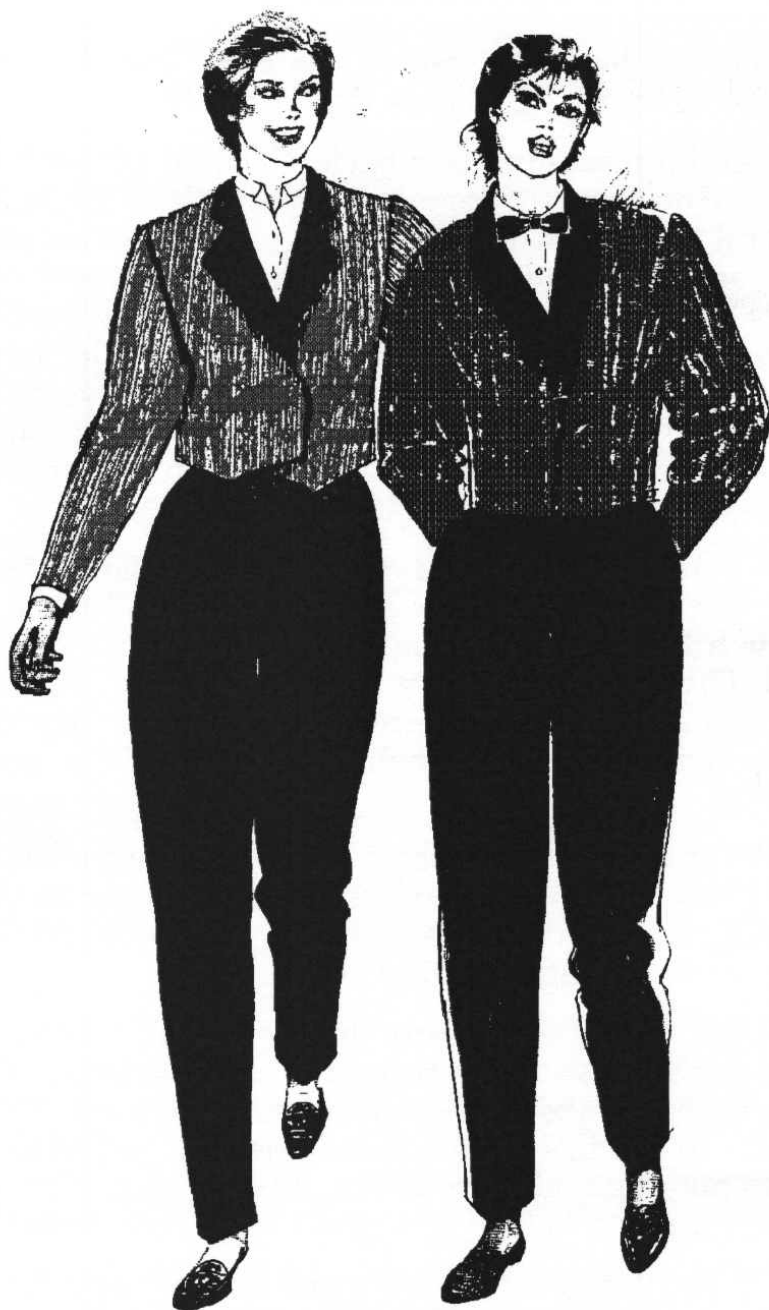
I had pinned my hair back; Pat had greased his back. However, the female hormones had taken full control and my body was rounded. My nipples were very sensitive and a new soft layer of fat added new curves where only females have curves. I did my best to look like a boy but since everyone at the party knew I did 'female' modeling, I didn't have to be perfect. I had taken to wearing a sport minimizer bra when dressed as a boy, it held me in, but created a push up effect making cleavage.

We all piled into the car, I was seated in front between two of the guys from the football team. I knew all these guys from high school, but not real well. They, of course, knew me and my story. I looked at them. I was so different from them. My soft un-brawny arms contrasted to their virile stout frames.

Pat was in the back seat wearing a suit coat, tie and black pants. I was dressed about the same. We looked effeminate next to these 'boys'. I could tell Pat was also wearing a minimizer bra.

After dinner and many drinks, we all went over to Hank's house to continue the celebration. I was feeling the drinks, and I wasn't keeping up with them at all. At Hank's house, there was the traditional X video playing and more booze. I had never been to a bachelor party before now and I felt uncomfortable.

On the video, some young girl dressed as a cheerleader was taking on what appeared to be the entire football team in a variety of positions. I don't know why, but I felt uncomfortable as the macho guys



"We looked as boyish as we could but our soft rounded hips and walk wasn't very manlike even though we were wearing pants. I put my hand on his shoulder and whispered, 'Watch that wiggle!'"

hooted and cheered each guy on, the girl appeared to also enjoy being the "center" of attention.

Hank collected twenty dollars from each guy (except Pat). I assumed that it was for the beer and stuff. About ten o'clock, two guys ran for the door,

"Who's the groom," I heard asked said in a sexy voice.

Everyone pointed at Pat. He was beet red as she slipped a cassette into her boom box tape player and began to dance and strip. She looked at Pat in a funny way, sensing something was wrong. She swung her hips and walked towards him, dancing to the beat of a disco song. The guys were all hooting and yelling for her to take it all off. By now we'd all had too much to drink.

She came over and sat on his lap. She was actually a bigger person than he. She ran her hands through his long hair pulled it back into a ponytail. Suddenly, her fingers became aware of Pat's bra straps. A worried look came over her face.

She quickly stood up and said, "I don't know what you guys are trying to pull! This is a girl...and I don't DO girls!" She grabbed her stuff and stormed out of the house.

I looked at Brian and he looked as embarrassed as Pat.

They were all disappointed and felt badly that they had blown good money and didn't even have fun.

One of the guys asked Pat, "Why are you wearing a bra? I thought you only dressed up like a girl for that modeling stuff."

Pat looked dizzy...we'd all had too much to drink. He stood up and unbuttoned his shirt. "This is why," he said drunkenly. He unhooked the front clasp of his bra and gave freedom to his breasts.

I gasped---the guys gasped. "WOW", Hank said, "I think they are real pretty. Could I touch them? Please?"

His fingers carefully went to probe them almost like they might have been hot. He looked at Pat, "They're soft like a girls...Hey? I have an idea. You two come with me."

Pat and I followed him into his sister's room. She was away at College. He said, "Here, put on anything you want, all the guys have heard about your modeling and have always wanted to see you two dressed up as a girls. Also, you can wear anything of my mothers in there." He pointed to the room down the hall.

Pat looked at me and I at him. It only took us 30 minutes, we wanted to really do a number.

I guess I'd drank too much. I don't know why I was going to do this. I opened some drawers and found a slip and several bras which were too small. I went down the hall and found his mother's to be just my size. I found a full slip and sheer beige nylons. I could hear the boys in the other room becoming more bold as they watched the X video.

I looked into Hank's mothers closet and I had my choice of many dresses. I tried on several and settled on a blue knit dress that had a V neckline and a skirt that was just below the knee.

Pat had also found some sexy stuff and a short, red mini-dress. We quickly threw on some makeup.

When we walked into the room, the room went silent, only the ravished moans of the girl on TV finishing up.

“WOW! Brian, you were right, ‘Patti’ is beautiful,” said one of the guys. “And so is his friend.”

“What a shape,” said another.

We danced around and one of the guys pulled me down on his lap. He sighed, “You even feel like a girl.”

I stood up quickly like I’d sat on a pin.

Pat, to my surprise, stripped down to a bikini. Pat looked every bit a lovely girl, with full breasts, hips, waist and thighs. His bikini top moved with a symphony of soft responsive feminine flesh rolling around in the brief garment. With a pink manicured hand propped on his hip, he batted his long sweeping eyelashes and said to Brian, “Well? What do you think the guys in gym class would say now?”

Brian just laughed. He knew what they would do.

Hank asked me later in a whisper, “I’d like to see you sometime before you leave town. Maybe dinner?”

I was fully aware of what I represented to men now.

Why wasn’t I surprised when Pat told me later, that he would never again wear boy’s clothes after the wedding. Beth made him promise that he wouldn’t dress as a boy ever again. Like some of the ‘female’ models that dated the ‘male’ models in Paris,

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

Beth had found that she loved the *feminine* Pat. She seemed to have a control over Pat.

The boy clothes at the wedding were only for their parents sake. Beth's parents, who were paying for the wedding, and Pat's, who were seeing their only son get married.

Just before the wedding I went to the back of the church where Pat, Brian, Hank and two other guys were waiting for the ceremony to begin.

Brian was teasing Pat. "You should be the one in the wedding dress," he teased. "Pull your hair back," he added, "this is your last time to act like a man."

A flush came to Pat's face and he pulled his hair from around his ears. In each was a small gold ball earring. It was obvious that they were pierced ears. Pat looked down as he saw the other men's astonishment.

"Aren't the holes permanent?" Hank asked.

"Well, they will be soon," Brian answered for Pat.

"Then how will Pat be able to look like a man again? I mean with the girlish holes in his ears?" Hank asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that little problem," Brian answered. "Everyone will know about 'Patti's' little problem long before that."

"Problem? What problem?" Hank asked.

"Why, the fact that Beth is turning Pat into a girl, of course," Brian stated.

"Turning him into a girl?" Hank stammered.

"Why yes, Hank. You surely have noticed Pat's breast growth. This is the last time we'll be seeing Pat as a boy," Brian answered. This upset Pat.

The wedding was beautiful. The groom had tears in his eyes when he started down the aisle. That was mean of Brian to tease Pat just before he got married. I wondered why he would consider him his best friend?

I watched Pat's proud parents and wondered what they would say if they knew that this was their son's last day in the male world. They were truly 'gaining a daughter' and 'losing a son.'

Beth's father gave her away. He looked proud but I had to wonder if he would have rather had the virile Brian as a son-in-law rather than the slight Patrick. Little did they know that the next time they saw him, he would have surrendered his maleness to their daughter. Would this kind of happiness be what they wanted for their daughter?

The next morning they invited me over. Both he and Beth were dressed alike, both wearing dresses of a summer flowery style, in a very light-weight cotton with full skirts, drawn tight to the waist and close fitting over the hips. The top of their dresses could best be described as form fitting and were held with very narrow shoulder straps. The outline of their panties and brassieres could be seen through the light colored dresses.

He showed me his 'real' wedding ring----a very large diamond set on a thin gold band.

The look on Beth's face showed she was delighted with her feminine new husband. Beth announced to me, "Now that we're married, Pat's going to live like a girl, just like you."

I looked at Pat as he adjusted his skirt, smoothing the front and fluffing his long blonde hair.

I said to him, "Pat, do you think you'll like being a girl all the time?"

Beth interrupted, "He's always been so effeminate anyway, he might as well become 'my wife'."

I could see Pat's anxiety, his heart beating firmly beneath his full bra. Beth was relentless, "Pat, we'll have such fun doing all the girl-girl things. In a few years you'll forget you were ever a boy."

Beth went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. Pat looked exhausted, his eyes glassy. I whispered, "What's wrong?"

"I had no idea it would be like this, I'll tell you later."

There was a knock at the door. It was Goodwill. Pat pointed to the many bags and boxes of clothes in the corner. A look of concern broke through his anxious disposition. He whispered to me as two men carted off the rejected treasure, "That's everything masculine I own. . .or owned."

Later, when we were alone again he conceded, "I don't know...I had no idea getting married was like this. Beth thinks she owns me now. She's so bossy."

"Well, she considers you her 'wife'."

"I know," Pat said, "Being a wife and still a boy is confusing. I did vow to have her as my partner 'forever'...that's a long time. Getting married and my wedding night has me a little confused. She expects me to perform as a girl. I'm realizing that it's no longer a game."

"Maybe you'll get used to it?"

"I guess...but I've never felt so much like a girl. She looks at me with such adoration. I'm so lucky, I guess."

Pat looked totally feminine in his rose covered cotton sundress. From its shoulder-baring cut away top to his tiny waist and dramatic whirl of full skirt, this dress was made for the female form and Pat sexily filled every curve.

They went on their honeymoon, two weeks to Cancun, Mexico. Pat called me the minute they returned and asked me to come over to see their honeymoon pictures and go to dinner.

When Pat answered the door, I could see a difference in him...he glowed, not just from the rosy tan and sun streaked hair, something deeper. A homey, contented look was on his face. A happiness...it was obvious that he had become comfortable in his new role as a wife.

Pat asked, "What do you think of my new outfit?" It was a girlish cut filmy chiffon blouse, his breasts strained proudly at the low-cut neckline. The snug fitting challis leather skirt and matching shoes looked both innocent and wild. His opaque hose matched the tone in his blouse, creating a voguish



Beth and Pat

"It must have been humiliating for Pat's father to realize that his son was more feminine than his daughter-in-law."

impression from top to toe. There was a penetrating, more experienced, confident look in his eyes.

Pat and I went into their bedroom. In "their room" was a king size bed and on it, a shorty pink nightgown with a lace trimmed "V" neck was laid out. Pat blushed when he saw me staring at him. They had a huge walk-in closet, with Pat's dresses, skirts and blouses on one side, Beth's on the other.

In Pat's closet hung a new wardrobe, a wedding gift from Beth's mother: Animal print dresses, paisley scarfs, bright blazers, sequined evening dresses, ski pants, cashmere sweaters, even a feminine cut tuxedo. "Here," Pat said, "Try this on."

It was a black lambskin suede dress studded with jet black beading accenting the deep V back. I slipped it on. The feeling of something so luxurious and expensive took my breath away. It fit perfectly except the bodice was a bit loose.

Pat giggled and said, "You're chest line needs an inch or two but other than that it fits you perfectly." I hadn't really noticed it but Pat was 'more developed' than I.

Pat's drawers were filled with absolutely dazzling lingerie covered with satin and lace. He reached in and pulled out a "V" neck sheer bra in black and said, "I'm almost a 'C' cup now. My doctor says that if Beth and I have a child, he can give me medicine to make my breasts functional for nursing."

I asked, "You're on hormones aren't you?"

"For a long time now," he admitted, "Ever since Beth moved in. The day of our wedding, Beth took me to the doctor and had hormone implants inserted under my skin. They are much stronger and have

made it impossible for me to perform as a 'husband'. I guess that was why I was so depressed the day after our wedding."

"That was Beth's idea?" I asked.

"She wants me to be a girl---act like one, look like one and perform like one." Pat blushed.

Beth came home and we all sat on the couch and flipped through the photo album looking at pictures of their honeymoon.. Each day of their honeymoon was documented with many pictures with the new 35mm camera they had gotten as a wedding gift.

Pat couldn't seem to get enough of the tropical sparse clothing. Pat was always wearing low necked dresses with short skirts, long black coral earrings hung from his lobes.

The pictures reflected a new glow to Pat's blushed cheeks and blue sparkling eyes. On the airplane, Pat was wearing an electric blue, short dress that captured and reflected every ray of the tropical sun. It was a stretch dress that hugged every feminine curve.

There was a picture of their picnic at a deserted beach. Pat commented, "Sand was everywhere! I swear, I still find some in the bed."

There were pictures of Pat on the beach, by lush waterfalls and the ones in the fern forest were haunting. Not just the cute pictures of the breeze lifting his skirt or toying with his tumbling curls, there was a glow that made his femininity as dazzling as the colorful flowers that made up the background.

Beth went to get the car---she was taking us to dinner. I said to Pat, "I'm so happy for you and Beth."

"I can't believe I'm really married and living as a girl," Pat exclaimed. "I feel so different."

"You sure look different!" I said.

"I know," he said deep in thought. "This week we are taking our parents to dinner. I don't know what they are going to say. Beth's father is going to have a fit."

I tried to see the old Pat with his boyish enthusiasm and zest. The boy was gone, in its place a vulnerability, sweetness and an eagerness to please. His voluptuous body was in such contrast to Beth's feminine but athletic build and lean strong body. A radiant smile played on his lips as he added, "He lost a daughter and gained one too."

I had to go back to Paris. I was going to miss having my "buddy" around, but he now had a spouse to take care of.

Epilogue

My work in Paris is wonderful, and I have a long term contract with the magazine. My model name is well known in the trade, but only a very few know that I was born a boy, a boy who likes to create women's clothes and who loves to wear them. After my contract, I have the right, within certain limits, to model for others.

Pat sent me some pictures of himself and I showed them to the magazine. They're interested.

True to Pat's word, they told their parents. Apparently there was a lot of name calling but when it became apparent that Beth and 'Patti' were going to

stay together no matter what their parents said, things calmed down. "Gaining two daughters" was the only amiable solution.

After seeing their children so happy for several months, both sets of parents began to mellow. Beth's parents actually gave Pat a dress for his birthday and Pat's mother gave him his grandmother's necklace. Later, he wrote that she took him shopping for lingerie.

The only thorn in an otherwise lovely flower patch was Pat's father. He was beginning to 'come around' when he happened to look into his son's open purse. Inside were several items that caused blood to pound at his temples. They were pink and marked, "For Those Sensitive Days"---LIGHT DAYS SHIELDS. He gave Pat a brutal and unfriendly stare.

Pat confidently smiled back with both hands on his hips and said, "All girls wear them a few days a month."

His father's eyes rolled back as he watched his son pick up his purse and walk away with his mother to go shopping. Watching his son's feminine hips roll with each step caused an icy shame to twist around his heart.

His father remained civil to him but it seemed like every time his father was getting desensitized to his son's feminization, something embarrassing would happen. Perhaps I can get Pat to tell more of this story sometime.

Write to Sandy Thomas if you'd like to hear more:

**SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309,
Capistrano Beach, CA
92624-0309**

As for me? When you are looking through the big fashion magazines with lovely evening gowns, sporty dresses, and fine lace underwear shown by beautiful models...maybe, just maybe, I'm the model in the dress you are admiring. Probably, you have seen my face without knowing anything of my story. Now that you do, you will probably enjoy my modeling pictures even more.

As for me, I am very happy and comfortable in my feminine life and fully expect to continue it this way. Actually, it would be very difficult for me to come forth as a male again. Perhaps one day many years from now, you will see an ad showing a little old lady in a lace cap, in her rocking chair. Behind that toothless smile will be little old "Bunny".

The End

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