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FEMININE DESIRES for LULU.COM

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**A WOMAN'S ULTIMATE FANTASY,
two men at once...**

One cooking and the other cleaning.

FEMININE DESIRES

By Kelly Anne

With editorial support from

Kristi Love

I work as a free lance journalist selling stories to the highest bidder. I've done some really good work in the past exposing assorted frauds and get rich quick schemes so when I came upon this one I smelled a winner. It had all the elements of a great story; pie in the sky promises, sex, and even family values thrown in for good measure!

I have a home computer that I frequently use to browse the Internet in search of story ideas. Having just a slightly kinky streak, I also enjoy reading stories about women who dominate men. It was while looking over a few of these stories that I got the idea for my next hard-hitting investigative report.

I was chuckling over a story of a man whose wife changed him into a woman after she found out about an affair he had. Over a period of a year she changed him from a beer guzzling, skirt chasing bum into a lovely, refined woman. The best part of it was that although he seemed to know what was happening to him, he couldn't stop it!

The whole idea seemed so absurd, but the wife mentioned the name of the company where she got the necessary supplies to make the change complete. On the off chance that such a company existed, I did a search for "Under Control Inc."

I clicked on the address given and soon my screen changed to a blue background with the words "Under Control Inc., Products to Feminize and Control the Wayward Male" in bold pink letters across the center of the page. Once the page stopped loading, I clicked

on the button for a description of the firm's products and was amazed to see everything from a voice altering spray to pills that promised to change any man's body into a woman's in a year or less!

One thing that really caught my attention was the library of video and audio tapes that the company claimed to have dubbed with subliminal messages which would cause the user to want to be a woman. I had researched subliminal suggestion stories before and found them all to be utter nonsense, yet here were testimonials from women who used them on their husbands, brothers, lovers, and even sons with spectacular results. There were even a few before and after pictures with the faces blacked out which set off warning bells in my mind. If the results were so wonderful, why wouldn't they allow the faces to be shown? I smelled a rat and was determined to ferret it out. My only problem was the methods I'd use.

I couldn't order the products and try them on myself in case they really did work. I needed someone that I could watch closely for changes, someone who would be naive enough to try the gifts I'd provide without question. Suddenly my sister came to mind!

"What gives, Richie?" Peg asked suspiciously when I stopped by one day with my collection of gifts for her and my nephew, Johnny. "It's not Christmas, is it?"

"Geez, Peg," I responded in a hurt voice. "Can't I bring a present to my favorite sister and nephew without you being a pain in the butt about it?"

"Your only sister," Peg shot back, "And I don't think you've said more than three words to Johnny this year!"

"I'm trying to turn over a new leaf," I kept up my hurt little boy routine, "or would you prefer I kept ignoring you two?" I struck a nerve in Peg with that one. I could always tell Peg's feelings by the look on her face.

I made a big show out of handing Johnny several

video tapes on Astronomy, Nature, and Chess, a couple of computer games to let the user pit their chess skills against the computer, along with audio tapes for Peggy that promised nature sounds to help the listener sleep.

"I'm sorry, Richie. Thanks for the gifts," she said as she kissed my cheek. Johnny was so thrilled with his new presents that Peg had to stop him from running off without thanking me.

"Don't worry, Peg," I assured her, "I have a feeling that we're all going to be a lot closer from now on. Actually I have to admit that I really enjoyed picking up a few things for you and Johnny. I just hope you enjoy them."

"I'm sure we'll enjoy them, Richie," Peg replied, looking as though she was still wary. "I hope we'll be able to see more of each other. You're all we have now that mom and dad are gone."

There she goes, I thought, trying to make me feel guilty. "Hey, it's not my fault that my only nephew turned out to be a sissy," I answered with a shrug. "Otherwise, I would have spent a lot more time with him."

"Why must you always be so nasty, Richie? Johnny's not a sissy. He's just a sweet kid who prefers nonviolent stuff."

"Like I said, a sissy!" I sneered.

"Oh really, well let's look back at your childhood, brother dear," Peggy shot back. "John Wayne you weren't!"

"Like hell!" I shouted. "I was into football..."

"Yes, I do remember that," Peg interrupted, "An Asthma attack in the first day of practice!"

"But I went to every game and even got to help with the player's equipment!" I retorted.

"You were the team gopher, an errand boy!" Peggy countered. "Now you're an armchair quarterback, liv-

ing your fantasies through someone who does play!"

"That wouldn't be Johnny, that's for sure," I muttered angrily.

"Maybe if you took the time to get to know your nephew, you'd find similar interests," Peg offered. "You might realize that you're not that different from each other!"

"We'll never have anything in common, Peg," I sighed trying to extricate myself from an argument. I couldn't risk making Peggy mad and ruining my connection to my little Guinea pig. "But I will try my best to be there for him. He could use having a man around."

"You're right," Peg smiled, "Any idea where I can find one?"

"You're a laugh a minute, dear sister," I said swallowing my anger, "but I'd still like to drop by now and then, if you don't mind."

"Stop by any time you want, Richie. We'd love to see you more often."

"I think I'll take you up on that offer, Peg," I quickly agreed. "It will be kind of nice to see more of Johnny and you."

What a sweet deal, I thought to myself. I had a major story that publishers would beg for and my sister would have a daughter she could dress up in pretty clothes. Pretty much a win - win deal, I figured!

What would Peggy do if she only knew that the videotapes on chess and astronomy for Johnny had actual titles of "The Little Girl in Me", "Mommy, I want that Dress", and "Please, May I Wear Pretty Panties". The audio tapes for Peggy were titled, "Your Son's first Dress", "The Daughter You always Wanted", and "The Little Lady To Be".

These were supposed to be the start of a series of tapes that would make Johnny want to dress up and act like a little girl with the full support of his mother.

All I had to do was to get Johnny and Peggy to use them and watch for the changes promised in the brochure.

I was busy with another story and it was almost two months before I had a chance to check on Peggy and Johnny. Everything seemed normal, Peggy was watching television and Johnny was at the computer playing the chess game I'd given him. There was something out of place though, but I couldn't quite figure out what it was until I glanced at Johnny's nails.

"Peggy," I asked in mock concern, "Why is Johnny wearing nail polish?"

"You weren't supposed to notice that," Peg sighed, "I was doing my nails one night while Johnny was watching and I jokingly offered to put some on him. One thing led to another and he ended up having his nails done. He was so happy and he looked so cute that we sort of made it a Friday night ritual to do our nails together. I put clear polish on him hoping you wouldn't notice. I know what a jerk you are about that macho stuff!"

"I'm trying to work through that Peg, but for God's sake nail polish! Isn't he queer enough?" I was truly amazed that I kept a straight face.

"He's not queer, Richie!" Peggy insisted, "We're just having a little fun, that's all!"

"Right," I laughed as I held Johnny's hand up to examine his well-manicured nails. "Just having fun, putting nail polish on a little boy!"

"Mommy let me wear her lipstick yesterday, Uncle Richie," Johnny announced proudly. "She said I looked cute!"

I shot a glance at Peggy who seemed thoroughly confused. "Lipstick?" I asked, "Isn't he just a little young for makeup?"

"It was just a little lipstick, nothing major," Peg

replied with a bewildered look on her face. "It seemed like a fun thing to do and he really did look cute!"

I rubbed my hands through Johnny's hair. "Well I guess its okay if it's just a little game," I said with a smile. It was time to tone things down before I ended up spooking my sister and spoiling my story. "I gotta run. Be a good girl!"

I left her house wondering if Johnny's actions were a phase or if the tapes were the cause. I'd have to keep checking on this story. This could be the story that puts my name on everyone's tongue! As soon as I got home that evening, I pulled out the catalog from 'Under Control' and placed another order for more tapes for my favorite sister and nephew!

"Hi Peg," I said as I walked in a few weeks later, "how's everything?"

"I wish you'd call before you stop over, Richie," Peg said clearly concerned with my dropping in unannounced, "There are times when it's just not convenient to have company!"

I went into my hurt little brother act that I was so good at. "Sorry, I just thought Johnny might enjoy a few more tapes and I even got another one for you."

"Is Uncle Richie here?" I heard Johnny yell from another part of the house. "Did you bring me more tapes, Uncle Richie?"

"I sure did, Johnny," I called back. "I hope you liked the ones I gave you already!"

I could see a worried look on Peggy's face as Johnny's footsteps grew closer. What was it about them that seemed so strange?

I swallowed hard to keep from laughing when Johnny finally came into view wearing a pair of pink shorts with yellow flowers on them, a white girl's top with a tiny yellow bow at the neckline, white ankle socks with lace cuffs, and a pair of Peggy's heels. The dark red lipstick covering most of his mouth told of his

adventures into Peg's makeup table. I could feel the tension as Peggy waited for me to laugh, but I wasn't going to let her win and lose the chance for the story I was planning to write.

"You look very nice, Johnny," I smiled and handed him the tapes. "Those shorts are very pretty, but you'd better be careful in those shoes. They look a little big for you!"

"Thank you, Uncle Richie. Mom and I were playing dress up," he said with a smile as he took the tapes from me. Turning to his mom he called, "Come on mom, you promised to put makeup on me!"

"I'll be there in a little bit, sweetheart. Uncle Richie and I have to talk first." As Johnny clunked up the stairs in Peggy's heels, she turned to me and took a deep breath. "I suppose I should explain?"

"Your son is running around the house in little girl's clothes, wearing high heels, and wants you to put makeup on him?" I shrugged. "Seems pretty normal to me."

"I don't know what came over me, Richie. I really don't," she sobbed. "The other day a woman I work with asked if I knew anyone who could use some little girl's clothes. I told her that I'd be happy to take them. I said that I was sure I could find someone to use them. I don't know why I told her that. I honestly don't know anyone with a daughter who could use the clothes, but as she pulled out one outfit after another, I wanted those things even more. I kept picturing Johnny in those outfits. When I saw the beautiful pink party dress with the fancy petticoat, I couldn't wait to bring it home and have Johnny try it on!"

"You want him to wear a little girl's party dress?" I asked trying to conceal my excitement. This was almost too good to believe. I was definitely going to be rich! "Isn't that a bit much? I mean the nail polish was one thing and his shorts and top are a bit hard to take, but a frilly dress?"

Peg's eyes seemed to gloss over as if she were going into some sort of a trance. "No, not really," she answered almost robotically, "he looks so darling in it and he just adores the way the petticoat fluffs out the skirt!"

"But a dress and a petticoat, Peg..." I asked, wondering if I was pushing my luck. What if she suddenly realizes what she's doing?

"Please don't laugh at him, Richie. It's just a phase and I don't want to see him hurt by your macho nonsense," Peggy pleaded. Suddenly she broke into a big smile, "Come on, I can't wait to show you what an absolute doll your nephew looks like!" She grabbed my hand and practically pulled me out of my chair.

"Johnny is really happy to have you stop over like you've done," she told me as we went to Johnny's room where she quickly began to help him out of the shorts and top he wore. "We both love the tapes you bought for us too. They're so good we just can't seem to listen to them often enough!"

"Enjoy them!" I said with a smile. "You seem much more relaxed lately, so they must be doing some good!"

"You're right, I feel more relaxed and comfortable every day! Even Johnny seems to feel different!" Peg chattered on happily as she helped Johnny out of the shorts and left him standing in a pair of little girl's panties while she got something from his closet.

"Hold your arms up, sweetie," she said as she slipped a three tiered nylon and lace petticoat over his outstretched arms and pulled it down on him. "Good girl," she exclaimed as she helped him into a pink dress with sheer, puffy sleeves, a full skirt, and a wide satin sash. "She look so pretty, doesn't she, Richie?"

"She?" I did my best to sound stunned at hearing her refer to her son as a "she". "Since when is he a she?"

"It's a little game we play," Peg responded as if nothing were out of place. "When he gets all prettied

up, we pretend he's really a little girl named Kelly! Isn't that a pretty name?"

"Oh it's wonderful," I mocked. "My nephew likes to wear pretty dresses and be called Kelly!"

"Well he certainly can't be Johnny in this outfit now can he?" Peg asked with a blank expression as she tied the sash in the back of Johnny's dress.

I was too stunned to answer as Peggy brushed his long hair into a style befitting the outfit he wore, then helped buckle a pair of Mary Jane's on his dainty little feet before she clipped a wide pink bow into his hair. My straight-laced sister was dressing her little boy up in a party dress, calling him "she" and they were both having a great time.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I chided. "Think about what you're doing to that poor boy. Don't you understand that you're screwing up his little mind? How's he supposed to know whether he's a boy or girl if you do this sort of thing to him?"

"Who are you to tell me I'm messing up his mind anyway!" she shot back with the nastiest look in her eyes that I could ever remember seeing. "You've always called him a sissy, a little swish, and queer."

"Hey, it was just a joke, okay? You don't really believe I meant it do you?"

"Every word of it, Richie," Peg practically spat the words at me. "I don't see why it should bother you if I feel like making my son into a pretty little girl!" She didn't appear to be at all concerned about my seeing him dressed this way. She was actually proud of how pretty the little sissy looked!

"You were right, Peg. She's the prettiest little girl I've ever seen." I wanted to keep the charade going as long as possible. My story depended on it and my sissy little nephew deserved it! I only wished I could tell her the truth about how her precious little boy was being changed into a girl, all thanks to his wonderful Uncle

Richie!

Weeks later, I brought over another couple of tapes. I was walking up towards the house when the door opened and Johnny greeted me wearing a little girl's dress, white anklets, and Mary Jane's. His formerly long, straight hair was a mass of curls reminiscent of Shirley Temple.

"Hi, Uncle Richie! Did you bring me any more presents?" he asked as he took my hand and led me into the living room where Peggy sat at a small table set with toy dishes. "We're playing house and I'm the Mommy. Want to be my little boy?"

"No thanks, Johnny," I said as I handed him the "Becoming a Majorette" tape I'd just received from 'Under Control'. "Nice outfit, Peg," I nodded to Johnny. "Playing house now is he?" I snickered.

"I'm glad you like her dress, Richie. It's one of her favorite after school outfits!"

There she goes again, I thought. Johnny's becoming more and more of a girl in her mind! This was almost too easy; the story was writing itself!

"Your friend at work had some outfits she was getting rid of?"

"No, I bought Kelly a few things to wear when she wants to play dress up or house," Peg replied as if it were an every day thing to buy girl's clothes for a little boy. "How do you like the way I did her hair? Isn't it pretty?"

"I don't know how to break this to you, Peggy, but underneath that dress and curly hair is a little boy!"

"Not today," Peggy giggled. "Underneath that dress in a pretty little slip and a pair of ruffled, nylon panties, is my daughter, Kelly!"

"Want to see my pretty panties, Uncle Richie?" Johnny asked as he reached to lift his dress. "They're really pretty!"

"Some other time, Johnny," I said before he could



*"I simply love the tapes you gave me, Uncle
Richie," my sissy nephew giggled.
It was disgusting.*

raise the dress. "So you like wearing girl's clothes now? What do the boys at school think about that?"

"Oh they don't know," he replied with a grin. "Mom says it's our little secret!"

I gestured to the kitchen. "Uh Peg, how about we talk over a cup of coffee?" I wanted to rub Johnny's behavior in her face to see what she'd do. If I was right, things had gone so far that she wouldn't care!

"Isn't she darling, Richie?" Peg gushed as she poured the coffee. "She's so pretty and such a sweet little girl!"

"She's a boy, Peg!" I countered. "She's a boy all dressed up in clothes you bought for him to wear! What were you thinking?"

"That he seemed so cute and sweet and happy," Peg responded quietly. "Every time I look at him, I find myself imagining what he'd look like as a girl. When I see a pretty little dress, I think of him. I don't know how it got started, but Kelly seems to enjoy it and I have a daughter whenever I want one!"

"Seems kind of strange though," I pressed. "A boy wearing a dress and girl's underwear. What if someone sees him like that?"

"Oh, but they have!" Peg exclaimed happily. "We just got back from a shopping trip and all the salesgirls thought he was just adorable! They couldn't tell, Richie! They thought he was really a little girl! Isn't that wonderful?"

"Pathetic is more like it, Peg. It's sick to turn a little boy into a girl!"

"Well I don't care!" Peg said defiantly, "She's so pretty and makes such a sweet little girl that we're going to keep it up!"

My plan had succeeded beyond my wildest imaginings! My sister was turning her son into a little girl and she didn't know why! All she knew or cared about was making him as pretty as possible! I definitely had

it made!

The new tapes I bought were obviously put to good use. Soon Johnny was marching in parades in a short, pink majorette dress with his proud Uncle Richie snapping roll after roll of film hoping to be able to use before and after pictures in my article.

Of course, once a single tape was watched, it planted a subliminal desire to more effectively hook the person viewing or listening and reinforcing past lessons while introducing new ones. Even if Peg knew that she was listening to "Pretty Dresses, Pretty Boys" and "Barbies for Boys", or that the computer programs Johnny watched were constantly reinforcing a desire to be a girl, I doubt she could have done anything about it. They were hooked but good.

Peggy actually enrolled Johnny in a private school as a girl for the next school year. He was really looking forward to wearing dresses to school. Johnny was going to become a sweet little girl and that was just fine with him.

Peggy was so thrilled that Johnny and I were getting along so well that when she and Johnny, now known as Kelly Marie, moved to a beautiful new home, she actually invited me to stay with them for a month or so. Never being one to pass up a chance to freeload at Peggy's expense, I quickly accepted and moved in. I had a master bedroom suite complete with private bath, my own television complete with satellite hookup, access to a PC to prepare my articles on, and best of all complete access to watch Johnny develop into a little girl!

It was over six months since I originally started Johnny and my sister on the program which I had thought was a scam, but had turned into a dream come true for all three of us. Johnny now attended a private girl's school as Kelly Marie and marched in parades as a majorette. Peggy has the daughter she never realized she wanted, and I was living in luxury and

preparing to write the story of how Johnny became Kelly Marie.

I sat in front of the PC for hours typing and listening to some of the best Jazz music ever recorded. I was laying out the details of how a little boy who had no previous interests in girl's things could be convinced that he wanted to wear girl's clothes and be a girl. This was great, if Peg relented, the story was about fraud, and otherwise it was one hell of an eye opener! Imagine the shock and outrage men would feel once they learn that they could be brainwashed so thoroughly and effectively that before they knew what hit them, they'd be attaching a pair of nylons to their garter belts before preparing dinner for their wives, or worse yet their husbands!

I could picture the warnings as advertisements for Under Control Inc's product line: "Ladies, you say that your husband doesn't understand you? He would if he's a woman too! Your husband refuses to help with the housework? That will change when he changes into a housewife himself! Does your husband complain that you spend too much money on clothes? He won't mind at all when he sees how pretty he looks in your new dress! Does your boyfriend constantly look at and compare you to other girls? He'll soon understand when his boyfriend starts comparing other women's breasts to his!"

I'd been sponging off Peggy for almost a month and the article was nearly done. I had everything beauti-

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fully laid out and documented and began to find myself with free time. Looking around, I thought it strange that I noticed the spare room I was working in looked sort of dusty and in need of tidying up. Being a slob was my major personality trait, but this room was a mess and something had to be done about it. So I cranked up the volume on the Jazz CD's I had found in Peggy's collection, and set about making my work area neat and tidy again!

I was proud of the way the room now looked, but suddenly the rest of the house seemed drab and in need of work. So with the music blaring away, I spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning, dusting and running the sweeper. After everything was done, I felt hot and tired and in need of a bath. That was unusual since I always took showers. Today though, I just had to have a nice hot, relaxing bath!

Peggy was thrilled with the way the house looked when she came home, and jokingly told me that I was welcome to clean anytime I felt like it! "Well someone has to keep this place clean. How can you live like this?"

"It's not that bad, Richie, just a little dusty. I'm not about to stop you if you feel like cleaning it up though!"

"I might just do that!"

Where did that come from, I wondered? I was never known as a neatnick, more like 'a place for everything and everything all over the place.' Now I couldn't stand it if the house hadn't been dusted in two days!

I was typing away bright and early the next morning trying to put my experiences with Peggy and Kelly (where did that come from, the little sissy's name was Johnny!) into words that seemed to elude me. Thinking that a break from the computer would revive me, I got out the NFL highlights video Peg had bought for me. I popped it into the VCR and sat back to enjoy myself. Feeling a bit tense, I went into the kitchen and reached for the coffeepot, but when I left I was carry-

ing a cup of tea, which I thought would be more soothing! I hadn't bothered with tea since I was a kid, but somehow the highlights video seemed so much more interesting now that I was thoroughly relaxed!

I must have dozed off because when I woke up the tape was over and Kelly (there goes that name again!) was just coming home from school. I felt a twinge of guilt when I looked at the pretty girl with long blond hair dressed in one of her cutest school dresses. Maybe I was wrong to do this to my nephew, but she seemed happy and soon I'd be rich. I decided to take her shopping that weekend to make it up to her. After all, it was nearly two weeks now since her mom had bought her a new dress or Barbie doll for her collection.

Another month went by and I didn't add more than three sentences to my article. Every time I got started, something more important came up and the article got pushed to the side. I was about to get started on it today when I suddenly realized that my favorite soap opera was coming on in an hour and I hadn't started dinner! I raced around throwing together a roast, potatoes, and a vegetable just in time for the start of my soap opera. I hoped Peggy would appreciate dinner. I always felt so good when she complimented me on how nice the house looked, or what a pretty place setting I had made, or how good dinner was!

Time flew by and I nearly forgot about the article. There was just so much else that needed done around the house. Meals had to be prepared, beds needed to be made, and of course there was so much laundry to do, but that was my favorite. I just loved doing laundry; it made me proud to see Kelly and Peggy as they left for school and work wearing clean freshly pressed outfits.

One afternoon while I was trying to do laundry and make dinner at the same time, I accidentally tipped over the bowl of beets I was preparing. My apron

wasn't enough to protect my shirt and slacks from being splashed. I ran to the laundry room and stripped off my outer clothes only to find that I was thoroughly soaked from the skin out! I looked around for something to wear, but all I found were Peggy's clothes.

The idea of running around the house stark naked seemed repulsive to me, so without a thought, I slipped on one of Peggy's robes that I had just washed and placed in a pile of clothes to be put away. For one brief moment, I suddenly realized that something was wrong. I couldn't really be wearing only a woman's frilly robe. I had to do something, but what?

I reached to pick up the pants and shirt I had worn, but something held me back. Instead I slipped on a pair of Peggy's panties and felt that now everything was wonderful! The panties felt great, so smooth and light, a true pleasure to wear. I envied my sister and Kelly for being able to wear such wonderful clothing!

Feeling so much better, I finished putting the clothes away and started dinner. I decided to skip the soap opera for today and enjoy a new Jazz CD that I had found. Imagine my silly sister thinking she could hide it from me, a lover of fine music. These CD's were some of the finest music I'd ever heard, and I usually played them three or four times each. I relaxed and floated on a cloud every time I listened to one of them.

I closed the door to my room to prevent distractions, loaded all three CD's I found into the player, put the headphones on, and curled up on my bed to enjoy an afternoon of music. I didn't bother taking off the robe and panties. It wasn't important to change now. What was important was that I relax and enjoy this lovely music!

Two weeks later, I was once again cleaning house in a robe and panties. I was on my third repeat of the CD's when I glanced at my bare legs, ran my hands over them, and frowned. So rough and hairy, I thought

to myself, I really should do something about them.

Hoping Peggy wouldn't mind, I slipped into her bathroom and borrowed her shaving cream and razor, and set about making my legs look smooth and pretty. When I was all done, I was shocked to realize that not only were my legs hairless, but so were my underarms as well! What had I done to myself, I wondered? I shouldn't be shaving like a woman, and I certainly shouldn't be wearing this robe and these panties! I had to get changed before Peggy saw me like this and thought I liked it!

As I was pulling out my underwear and slacks, I noticed that I had forgotten to shut the CD player off before I shaved. I was about to turn it off when I noticed it was on my favorite song. I slipped the headphones on for just a minute or two to hear the song. When the song was over, I unplugged the headphones so I could listen while I pulled on my slacks. I'd just keep the underwear on a bit longer, I thought to myself. There was no rush to change them.

Peggy and Kelly arrived home at the same time. As usual, they were very happy to see the house neat and clean and a delicious dinner on the table. I took only small bites as we chatted, I just didn't have the appetite I once had, and it was starting to become apparent in the fit of my clothes. I had to add holes to my belt to keep my pants up, yet they seemed tighter in the backside and hips.

When I mentioned it to Peggy, she smiled and said she had some herbal extract that would help my appetite. Last summer I felt run down, but after I started taking the supplements Peggy gave me, I felt more alive and filled with energy than ever before. So I figured her knowledge of herbs and stuff was right on the money and couldn't wait to start the new ones.

"I'll get some more for you," she volunteered. "It takes a little while, but I'm sure you'll love the effect they'll have on you!"

"Thanks, Peg," I smiled at what had to be the nicest, sweetest sister a guy could ask for, "I really appreciate what you're doing for me!"

"It's my pleasure, Richie," she smiled. "I'm only doing what I'm sure you'd do for me or Kelly if we needed help."

Later that evening, I watched with uncommon interest as Peggy did Kelly's nails. There was something about the way Peggy filed Kelly's nails into graceful ovals and then lovingly spread polish over them that held my attention, but I couldn't figure out why. I looked at my own hands and noticed that the nails were longer than I remembered them to be, yet I couldn't remember deciding to let them grow.

"I could really use a manicure myself," I heard the words and I knew it was my voice, but a manicure, me? "My nails look simply atrocious!" I couldn't shut up. No matter how much I tried, stupid things just kept gushing out!

Peggy smiled at me as she took my hand in hers and began to work on the nails. I had a vision of Johnny sitting at his computer, his clear nail polish reflecting the light from his fingers, and thinking that this was how it started with her...I mean him!

"I changed my mind, Peg," I told her as she reached for my hand. "I must not be feeling well. I think I'll just go to bed now!" I called back as I practically ran from the room.

"Suit yourself, Richie. Let me know if you want me to do them for you!"

I hurried back to my room, put on a CD, and examined my nails. Sure they were rough and uneven, but they were supposed to look like that. I was a guy! Yet as I examined them, I still felt a twinge of regret. Maybe I should let her do them. What harm could there be?

Before I knew what happened or why, I was in the

living room admiring my long tapered nails glistening with clear polish. "Nothing wrong with having nice nails," I thought to myself. "It is so sweet of Peggy to show me step by step how to keep them looking nice!"

A voice cried out in horror somewhere deep inside of me, but I was too busy looking at my nails to hear what it was saying! From then on, I spent an hour twice a week keeping them buffed and smooth so I wouldn't accidentally put a snag into any of Peggy's pretty outfits when I folded the laundry.

"How's your top secret article coming along, Richie?" Peg asked one afternoon at dinner. "Almost done yet?"

"To tell you the truth, Peg, I haven't really had much chance to work lately," I sighed heavily. After breakfast I have to straighten up the kitchen, do dishes, and shop. My afternoons are usually spent doing my nails or laundry before my soaps come on."

"Your soaps?" Peg laughed, "Since when did you become hooked on Soap Operas?"

"I'm not sure, but there are some really interesting stories on those shows," I shrugged as I filed my nails. "I hate to miss an episode."

"What about during the evenings? You spend a lot of time alone in your room. Maybe you could do some work then?"

"I suppose so, but after I finish cleaning up the dinner dishes, I like to relax in a hot bubble bath. It's so soothing after a hard day."

"Well maybe you could do a favor for Kelly and me if you don't mind?"

"Sure Peg, you know I'd do anything for you and Kelly. What do you need?"

"I sort of hate to ask this of you, but it is really a big deal to Kelly."

"Hey, no problem," I smiled, "Just name it and it's yours!"

"Okay, but I'll understand if you..."

"Would you just ask me, for heavens sake!"

"There's a Halloween party coming up at work and Kelly wants the three of us to wear similar costumes."

"I suppose I could go along with that. What are we going to be, the Three stooges, Three little pigs..."

"Dance hall girls!" Peg said slowly. "Kelly thought it would be so cute."

"You've got to be kidding!" I shouted. "I'm not getting dressed up like a woman. I'm not your sissy little son you're dealing with!"

I huffed all the way back to my room. The nerve of my sister! Imagine that I'd dress like a woman, even if it were Halloween! I was all man and that was that, I insisted to myself as I sat filing my nails. No chances that I'd ever end up like Kelly...I mean John! I put on a soothing set of CD's to calm me down.

"Peggy," I said contritely as I stood before her in the living room not an hour later, "I'm sorry for blowing up like that. I'll go with you if you still want me."

"You won't mind wearing a dress?" It seemed like Peggy was holding back a grin.

"I suppose not," I answered with my eyes downcast, "What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing much, just pretend you're having a good time," Peg shrugged. "That won't be too hard will it?"

"I guess not," I answered as my heart began to race. "Maybe I'll even have fun!"

Later that night as I lay in a tub full of hot, bubbly water, my thoughts drifted to the party. What would it be like to wear the soft silky clothes that Peggy and Kelly wore every day? Would stockings look as good on me as they did on Peggy? I had a fleeting thought that I shouldn't care about how those things might feel, but it vanished into some far corner of my mind. I felt good that Kelly had thought of me. All of my objections melted away into thin air. I was going to be

a dance hall girl for Halloween.

It was still weeks before the big event and I just finished a soothing bubble bath while listening to my favorite CD's. I recently began to blot myself dry after a bath instead of rubbing with a towel until I was dry. This new way of drying off felt so much nicer. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it sooner, even though I couldn't remember why I thought of it now.

I was putting on my underwear and robe when a thought came to me. I hurried to catch Peggy before she went to bed. Maybe she had some suggestions for me!

"Peggy, I just thought of something," I exclaimed. "I don't know anything about being a woman and the party's coming up soon. What should I do?"

Peggy saw the look of concern on my face. "You're right, Richie," she agreed. "Maybe you should get some practice before the party? I'd be glad to help if you want me to."

"Oh thank you, Peggy," I kissed her on the cheek and hugged her tight, "I could really use all the help I can get. When do you want to get started?"

"How about tonight, Richie," she asked with a smile. "Want to see what it's like to sleep in a sexy nightgown?"

"No....!" I started to say, before something made me stop. "Okay, but can I wear panties too?" I asked in a small voice.

Why was I acting like a helpless schoolgirl begging her mother for help getting ready for a date? Why do I want her to help me look like a woman? I felt so confused, but I knew that Peggy would make things better. I took the satin nightgown with the spaghetti straps along with the white nylon panties and went off to change for bed.

The next afternoon when she came home, Peggy moved at full speed by selecting a few things from her

closet and asking me to try them on for size. "Are you sure this is okay, Richie?" she asked rummaging through her closet. "I mean if you feel funny about wearing my stuff, just say so and we'll call the whole thing off"

"Now that you mention it...." I began. "No, it's fine. I don't mind at all!" I changed my mind in mid-sentence!

"What was that?" Peg asked. "I didn't understand what you..."

"Neither do I!" I said in disbelief, "I was sure I was going to say to forget it."

"You want me to forget it then?" she asked reaching for the dress.

I quickly grabbed the dress and clutched it tight. "No, I said it's okay!"

"But I thought..."

"I'm kind of confused right now," I muttered, "but I guess it is important that I get used to this stuff."

"Great, I can't wait to show off my pretty sister, Carolyn, at the party!"

"Now hold on! You don't have a sister and my name is not Carolyn!"

"You're right, Richie. I made a mistake. I just didn't think you'd want all my friends at work to think you liked dressing up as a woman, that's all. I'll straighten everything out tomorrow."

"I guess you're right," I gave in again! Why was I doing this? Why couldn't I stand up for myself and tell her what a stupid idea this really was!

"Peg, I think this idea is really...wonderful and I'm so happy you're helping me!" I blinked as I heard my voice. That wasn't what I wanted to say at all!

"That's okay, Richie. It gives me a chance to see what having a sister would have been like. I think you're going to have fun with it too!"

"I can't wear these!" I suddenly protested as she

handed me a pair of her pantyhose. Just looking at the pantyhose made me want to puke. There was no chance in the world I'd actually wear them.

"Why not?" Peg asked with a funny look on her face, "Afraid you might like them?"

"No, of course I'm not afraid I might like them!" I shouted in defiance. Then just as suddenly as my revulsion came, it left me. "I'd rather wear a garter belt and nylons!"

"That a girl, Carrie. You'll love the way nylons feel. They're so much sexier than pantyhose!"

I had a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach as I began to strip in front of Peg. Yet I couldn't fight the excitement building as I reached for the silky panties she held out to me.

"These feel so nice," I shuddered as I gently tugged the panties over my hips. "You're so lucky to be able to wear such nice things, Peggy."

"I wouldn't mind if you wanted to, Carrie," Peg said in a quiet tone.

"If I wanted to what?" I suddenly noticed Peg staring at my pantied bottom.

"Oh no you don't...not me...not like...." I shook as I realized what she had in mind. She obviously meant for me to wear her clothes, to dress up like a woman! I found myself thinking how very sweet of her. "We'd be sort of like sisters?"

"I promise no one would ever know. Just two sisters!"

"I couldn't!" I tried to shake the strange thought from my mind. "It wouldn't be right. It would be...the most wonderful thing to be your sister, Peg!" I said in disbelief as I gave her a hug.

"Think it over okay, Carrie," Peggy asked as she helped me on with a bra. "What's the harm?"

"But that would make me..."

"My kid sister, Kelly's favorite Aunt Carrie. Oh

please say you will," she pleaded as she finished padding my bra and fastening my garter belt.

"I'd feel...so good if I could wear these more often," I told her as I threaded the garter straps down through my panties, then attached a pair of sheer nylons to my garters.

"You could if you were my sister," Peggy teased as she handed me another stocking. "Silky panties and sexy nylons could all be yours."

"But I'm a guy for heaven's sakes, Peg!"

"Of course you are, Carrie. So why are you wearing these clothes?"

"I'm just doing you a favor, remember?" I sighed as I smoothed the wrinkles from a pink full slip I finished sliding over my hips. "I can't dress like this all the time. It wouldn't be right!" As I talked, I glanced into the mirror and admired how nicely the tops of my breasts peeked from within their lacy confines.

"Breasts! I've got breasts!" I shouted in horror. "Where did they come from?"

I suddenly felt a warm, wonderful feeling coming over me as I reached into my bra to make certain I wasn't dreaming. "Feels good, doesn't it?" Peggy giggled as she watched the look on my face.

"Uh yeah, it does sort of..." I blushed. "Where did they come from though?"

"I couldn't guess. Maybe you should see a doctor." Even as she said it, I knew I wouldn't see a doctor. I wanted to keep these beauties. I just adored the wonderfully snug feeling of my breasts nestled securely in a pretty bra.

"I sort of like them though!" I was terrified that Peggy would laugh at me as soon as the words were out of my mouth. Why would a guy like having breasts?

"Frankly, I think you look pretty good with them," Peg responded as she adjusted the straps to give me maximum support. "With just a little work, you'll

make one great looking dance hall girl. Your breasts will give you just the right cleavage to look sexy in a padded bra!"

Sexy! Just hearing that word sent a cold chill up my spine. I tried to pull the straps off my shoulders, to free myself of the feminine lingerie that held me captive and made me feel sexy. All I could do was run my fingers up and down the satiny straps of the slip and bra, relishing the wonderful feeling I was experiencing.

"Oh, Peggy, I really want to look pretty and sexy for the party. I want to be the best looking woman there, but I just can't imagine why," I sobbed. "What's happening to me? I have breasts and I just love the pretty clothes you've lent me."

"Calm down, Carrie," Peggy held me tight. "Everything's going to be fine. After the party, you can return to being Richie. This will all be our family secret. For now though, you're my little sister, Carolyn, and I'm helping you to look the part."

Peggy helped me pull a short red dress over my head and zip it up the back. The low cut neckline emphasized my breasts very nicely. My legs looked fabulous with the addition of a pair of red pumps. I couldn't believe how great I looked and felt, but I knew it was something I wanted to experience again and again.

That night, Peggy again loaned me her nightgown and a pair of panties and told me to help myself to her clothes for practice during the day, promising to help me with my makeup when she came home from work.

"If you want, I'll trim your hair and set it for you. I'm sure it will turn out well!" she offered. "It's pretty



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shaggy looking right now, but it has potential."

Glancing at my hair, she offered to trim it a bit and roll it up in curlers to see if I liked the way that I looked. I was amazed that I had hair long enough to bother curling, but vaguely remembered deciding to let it grow some months ago. Maybe that was why I wore it back in a guy's version of a ponytail.

"Isn't that taking things a little too far? No, on second thought, it's sweet of you to offer." I fluffed out my hair after answering my own question.

"I'd love to help, Carrie," Peggy smiled as she reached for her curler kit. "This way we'll know if you're going to need a wig or not. You always did have such pretty hair. I was so jealous of you!"

"Really," I was astonished to hear that Peggy had been jealous of me. I thought she despised and hated me. "Why would you have been jealous of me?"

"Your pretty hair, your beautiful lashes, your peaches and cream complexion!" Peggy chatted on and on as she trimmed my hair and rolled it onto curlers. "You had features a girl could kill for and you didn't need them! Frankly you were way too pretty to be a boy. Didn't you ever notice that?"

"Well no, at least not until I came to stay here," I admitted somewhat embarrassed by my feelings. "I never thought about it until you mentioned Halloween, but now I sort of want to take a shot at looking pretty."

The words seemed to tumble from my mouth before I could stop them! I was sitting in a dress and lingerie, letting my sister do my hair, and telling her that I wanted to look pretty. I don't know why I told her that, but I suddenly felt as if a tremendous weight was lifted from my chest. Suddenly I felt happy, calm, and peaceful.

"Are you serious," Peg asked gently prodding me to continue. "Do you really want to see what it's like to

make use of your pretty features? I'd be happy to help if you are really serious. Just look at how happy Kelly is now that she can wear pretty clothes whenever she wants!

I remember thinking that I should straighten her out, but I ended up pleading with her to make me look pretty, at least for the party. I went to bed that night in her nightgown, panties, and curlers and had some trouble drifting off to sleep. Luckily for me though, Peggy had a nature sounds tape I could use to relax. I soon drifted off to a very sound sleep with some strange dreams.

I was a dance hall girl in a fancy green dress, silky stockings, heels, and petticoats that matched my dress. My red hair was a mass of curls cascading past my shoulders with a green satin ribbon tied in a bow holding it in place. In my dream, I was pretty, well built, and desired by the men who came to see me dance. Night after night, I would lace myself into a corset that emphasized my tiny waist and magnificent breasts, roll on silk stockings that attached to garters on my corset, slide gorgeous, ruffled petticoats over my head, then slip into a dress that matched the color of my petticoats. I would carefully apply my makeup and lipstick to tantalize the men I would be dancing for. I would curl my shoulder length red hair, slip my feet into a pair of heels given to me by an admirer from the East, and make my appearance on stage in front of a saloon filled with men who lusted after me!

There were times as I was getting ready that I would remember why I had come to that town. A woman back east who promised to marry me had left me for another man and I couldn't face the shame of staying where I was. Women were suppose to be weak and dependent on men, but this one made a fool of me. I wanted to go west where no one knew my shame, where I could do as I wanted, and hopefully forget that woman.

It was a mistake from the beginning. I had no skills and couldn't seem to get the hang of being a cowboy. Just when life seemed bleakest, a woman who owned a saloon took pity on me and took me under her wing. She introduced me to the world of silk and lace that I quickly came to love. I learned to sing and dance and please men in ways I never dreamed possible. Now men would do anything I asked of them, anything to please me and win my favors. I was in control! I no longer depended on anyone!

When I woke up, my heart was pounding and my hands were massaging my breasts, causing a feeling of pleasure I had never before experienced. I jumped out of bed overcome with guilt and determined to get out of Peggy's home before it was too late, before this whole silly idea of being a woman went too far!

"Sleep well?" Peggy called out as she sat down for breakfast. "You look very nice in that outfit!"

"Your tape was a big help, I don't know how I could have gotten to sleep without it," I smiled as I poured her coffee. "The nightgown was wonderful, so soft and comfortable!"

Peggy smiled, "And the panties?"

I blushed a deep red, "Heavenly, simply heavenly!" I replied.

"You look very pretty, Uncle Richie," Kelly said as she sat down. "Is Uncle Richie going to be a girl now too, Mommy?"

Peggy tried to hush Kelly up, but I just smiled. "That's very sweet of you, Kelly. Your Mommy loaned me this nightgown to see if I'd like it. I'm going to learn to be a lady for Halloween, so maybe you should call me Aunt Carrie for a while.

Kelly rushed over, threw her arms around me, and kissed me on the cheek. "I'm sure you'll like it, Aunt Carrie. It's so much nicer than being a dumb old boy!"

"I'm beginning to think so myself, Kelly. Your

mom's clothes feel so nice and soft. I sort of like looking like a pretty lady too!"

After breakfast, Peggy took out my curlers and brushed me out. I was left with shoulder length curls and an expression of utter shock. As I stared into the mirror at my reflection, I felt sick all over. What had I let happen? I was becoming some sort of queer. A man who looked like a woman! I had to stop this nonsense, even if it meant hurting Peggy's feelings.

"Well do you like it?" Peg asked sweetly. "A perm would really help, but your hair really takes a curl well."

"Oh please say this isn't me!" I cried out in shame. "How could I have let you do this to me?"

"But Carrie you asked me to do your hair. Remember last night when you tried on my dress?"

"I can't, Peg, I just can't...."

"Can't what, Carrie," Peg asked with a smile. "What's wrong?"

It happened to me again as I stared at my curly hair in the mirror. I suddenly went from being disgusted with myself to finding myself giddy over how nice I looked. "I can't believe I look this good!" I said breathlessly. "You're a miracle worker, Peg! I just love the way my hair bounces as I move my head. It's wonderful!"

"Come with me," Peggy told me as she left the room, "I have an outfit all ready for you to wear today."

She could have led me over a cliff right then and I would have happily followed, that's how totally trusting of her I had become. Maybe I would have been better if she had taken me over a cliff instead of to her bedroom where I began my transformation into her sister, Carolyn. Maybe, but at that moment, I was truly convinced that I should at the very least try to become Carolyn.

"Try these pantyhose on, Carrie. They're more



"I can't get this blouse off," I moaned, "I don't want to wear these frilly clothes like a stupid girl!"

practical for everyday wear than nylons!"

"Wow," Peggy whistled as a voice in my head directed me through every step of putting them on. "You did that like a natural! Are you sure you never dressed up before?"

"Never," I swore, amazed at my own dexterity. "I guess they're just like long underwear and I have worn them before."

Peggy just smiled and handed me a bra and two more pairs of pantyhose, "They're for the extra padding," she said as I fastened the bra. "Put them into the cups and you'll have a much better fit, otherwise the cups will be too baggy for you."

I followed Peg's advice with the bra before slipping a white full slip with an abundance of lace trim over my head. I involuntarily shivered as the cool nylon brushed against my bare skin before settling just above my nylon covered knees.

"I thought we'd start out simple," Peg said as she helped me step into a gray skirt. "Wouldn't want to spook you before the big party would we?"

"N...no, simple is good," I managed to stammer as I ran my hands down the length of the slip, captivated by the silky feeling, "For now."

"This blouse is so pretty, Peggy. I really appreciate your letting me wear it!" I said as I was helped into a silky white blouse that buttoned up the back. "It's almost like I'm trapped in here with those buttons in the back," I giggled. "But it's such a nice trap!"

"These heels match my skirt perfectly!" Amazing, I had been wearing it no more than five minutes, but I was starting to think of it as my skirt. "These earrings are so pretty too, Peg. I just love the way I look!" Why didn't it occur to me that Peggy had pierced ears since she was a little girl, but had just given me a pair of clip-on earrings?

"Could you teach me how to put on makeup, Peg?"

I pleaded anxiously. "I really think it's something I should be able to do, for the party I mean?"

"No time now, little sister," she told me as she hurriedly dressed for work without even asking me to leave the room. "Can you wait till I get home tonight?"

"I guess so," I replied dejectedly, "Hurry home, okay?"

"I promise," Peggy laughed as she kissed my cheek. "Now be a good girl and let me finish getting ready, please."

"All right, I have dishes to do anyway, but don't forget your promise!" I told her as I left her room. "I want you to make me look really pretty!"

"Oh, don't worry," Peggy laughed, "When I'm done, you won't remember that you're a guy!"

Hours later, I was busy cleaning the kitchen when it hit me. I was cleaning my sister's house while wearing women's clothing and lingerie. I had begged my sister to put makeup on me and make me look pretty. Was I losing my mind?

Running as fast as I could in heels, I ran to my room and quickly unzipped and stepped out of my skirt. I tried to reach the buttons on the back of my blouse, but it was useless. I was stuck fast in the blouse until someone helped me unbutton it. To make matters even worse, if I couldn't get out of the blouse, I couldn't get out of the slip I wore either and it made me feel worse than the skirt had.

I looked down at my smooth, nylon-clad legs emerging from the lace trim of the slip, and fell onto the bed sobbing. What happened to me? Why was I doing this? This was all supposed to happen to that little swish nephew of mine, not me. I was a man, and men did not wear skirts, silky blouses, slips, and nylons, let alone have breasts like mine! If I didn't do something quickly, I was going to end up looking like that sissy Kelly, I mean, oh God, now I've forgotten her real

name! At least I knew that I was still Carolyn, I mean Richie, Peggy's younger sister, I mean brother!

I lay face down on my pillow and began to cry as I never cried before. I never wanted to be a woman, I really didn't, I was sure of that, at least I thought I was. I unconsciously ran my fingers through my curly hair and noticed that it made me feel better. I tried it again and again finding that I felt better each time. I felt happy and content when my other hand brushed against my slip. Something was telling me that this was right even as I told myself it wasn't. Feeling low and confused, I turned on my CD player and laid back to listen to some Jazz.

An hour later, I was putting my skirt and heels back on to finish the housework. I would worry later; right now the house needed cleaning. I managed to finish my cleaning with plenty of time to spare. Instead of settling down to my favorite soap opera, I went straight to Peggy's room to do some experimenting with my hair and clothes. I brushed my hair into several styles and included ribbons and hair clips into many of the styles, pleased at finding another skill I didn't know I had!

While I was tying a ribbon into my hair, I suddenly found that I could reach the top buttons of my blouse and with a little fumbling I could even undo them. I was excited to make this last discovery. At last I was no longer imprisoned in this blouse. I was finally free to try on other outfits, once I got out of this blouse!

I browsed though Peggy's closet, feeling a sense of exhilaration at having all of these pretty clothes available to me. There were outfits for work, outfits for casual wear, and best of all, outfits for really dressy occasions!

It was the dressy outfits that I totally fell in love with, especially a pink dress with a pleated skirt and sheer sleeves. I could just picture myself dancing with a handsome man; the pink dress swirling about my



My body and mind was changing. A chill ran through my sensitive, growing breasts. In my new bra, I sighed, "It's so different being a woman,"

nylon clad legs and a cool breeze blowing through the sheer sleeves. My date would note my being chilled and hold me tight while pulling me closer. I would look into his sensuous blue eyes and our lips would meet for a passionate kiss. I was the envy of every woman there because he was my guy.

I unzipped the dress and eased it over my head to keep from messing up my hair. Then slowly, I worked it down over my broad hips. I carefully zipped it back up again and was delighted to see how it hugged the curves of my breasts, waist, and hips before it swung freely just above my knees. It was a shame, I thought, that I couldn't wear a dress like this to the Halloween party. Perhaps Peggy could help me find a chance to wear it somewhere else. Maybe she knew where there was a cute guy that was just waiting to hold and kiss me while I wore it!

I found a pair of shoes in the back of the closet that matched the dress perfectly and quickly slipped them on. The heels were higher than the ones I'd been wearing. With a little practice, I found that if I imitated the way I had seen women walk, I could walk longer and longer distances without problems and with a definite feminine sway to my hips, which I loved.

I carefully made my way downstairs, feeling as if I was a beautiful movie star descending a staircase in a romantic movie, my lover breathless at the sight of feminine beauty moving closer to him. Unfortunately there was no one waiting for me when I reached the bottom, just an empty house and some things I had to take care of before the party. I pulled my briefcase out of the back of the closet, dialed in the combination, and quickly opened it. I smiled as I removed my copy of the "Under Control" catalogue, thankful that I never found the chance to get rid of it.

Peggy had mentioned my voice last night, worried that it might be a problem at the party. I turned to the



*I couldn't believe I was the girlish image
I saw in my mirror. ME! I was carrying a purse
and wearing high heels!*

index and seconds later I was writing down the order number for a gargle designed to tighten the larynx and raise a man's voice to the pitch of a woman. If I followed the directions exactly, I should have a pleasantly female voice by the time of the party!

Now it was time to take care of my every day needs, breast cream to enhance my development, a device to hold my male genitals out of the way and another that would give me a female genital appearance! I also ordered several videos on makeup, hairstyling, and nails, along with an audiotape on developing a feminine voice just to make sure I knew the essentials. I was determined to be the prettiest girl at the party! My hands were shaking with excitement and my heart was pounding as I placed an express order. With any luck, I'd have everything in a matter of days.

"I see you've been doing a little modeling," Peg smiled as she walked in the door from work. "That dress looks better on you than it does on me. Would you like to keep it?"

"Could I, Peggy? Oh it would be so wonderful! My first dress and it was one of yours! I promise I'll take good care of it!"

The rest of the afternoon found me feeling happier than ever before. It was a real treat to see my long shiny nails as I went about my daily chores of laundry and dinner. I easily grew to love the new way I had to walk and balance while wearing heels. I took every occasion to sit down to relish the feel of tucking my dress under me.

"You look prettier every day, Carrie," Peggy commented one afternoon. "You're going to be a big hit at the party!"

My ego must have grown a hundred times normal at hearing that. "I hope so, Peggy. I'm working really hard to look nice for you!"

"I have a present for you," she said with a smile. "I hope you enjoy them."

"For me, Peggy! My very own bras and panties! I love you so much!" I exclaimed in glee as I kissed her.

"The bras are only a thirty two, but I think they'll fit."

"Thirty twos?" I pouted. "After all that work!"

"What work, Carrie? I thought you said you didn't know how you managed to grow breasts?"

"Well," I smiled mischievously, "I don't know how they got here, but I've been working real hard to make them grow. I use a special cream that's supposed to make them develop two inches and a full cup size. I guess it just takes time."

"Aren't you afraid they'll be permanent?"

I gave her a devilish grin. "I certainly hope so!"

"Carolyn Marie, are you saying that you want to look like a woman?"

"I want to be the kind of woman that men lust after and make fools of themselves for, but I just don't know why!" I blurted out. "Can you help me become a woman like that?"

"You certainly have the makings of that kind of woman, Carrie. You've got pretty eyes, gorgeous hair that begs to have a man run his fingers through, and if that's not enough your lips cry out to be kissed!"

Later in my room, I cupped my breasts and gently nestled them in my new bra before fastening the hooks and adjusting the straps. Once done, I was so happy to feel the gentle support and the smoothness of the satin as it rubbed against my flesh. Why years ago, did women want to burn such wonderful garments, I wondered as I stepped into my dress again.

"You look so much better with your own size bra, Carrie," complimented Peggy. "It really makes that dress hang so much better on you!"



I extended my hand in a feminine manner of greeting, and giggled, "I'm pleased to meet you, Pete."

"Thanks, Peggy, I can't tell you how wonderful it is to know that I'm wearing my very own bra! It gives me goose bumps just thinking about it!"

"How does it feel to have boobies, Uncle Richie? Do they feel funny?" Kelly asked as if I was some sort of show and tell exhibit at school.

"Kelly!" scolded Peg, "it's Aunt Carrie, remember? And that's not a very nice question to ask her. You're embarrassing her!"

"It's okay, Peggy," I smiled and took Kelly's hand in mine, "she's just wondering what it's going to be like when she grows up, that's all."

"It's feels very nice to have boobies, Kelly," I told her. "It's part of growing up and becoming a woman. You'll understand better in a few years."

I wanted to tell her about the wonderfully exciting feeling I got when I lay in bed at night and gently squeezed my breasts, or the bolts of electricity that shot through my body when I rubbed my nipples between my fingers. I wanted to tell her about how nice it felt to have my breasts held tightly in a soft, silky bra, but she'd have to wait to understand and experience those feelings herself.

Several days later, I was doing my nails while listening to my CD player when suddenly I felt an overwhelming urge to put on something pretty and go for a little trip into town. The feeling terrified, but excited me. Was I really good enough to make people

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

think I was a woman? I'd been dressing day and night for nearly three weeks, but it wasn't enough. The more I thought about it, the more excited I became and within minutes I was in Peggy's room picking out something pretty to wear.

I opted for a cute sailor style outfit in green and white instead of my usual casual skirt or dress. I wanted to feel extra feminine, so I chose one of Peggy's very lacy, full slips to wear along with a panty girdle and nylons. I slipped my arms into a white satin, half-cup bra designed to push my breasts up and out. I tugged the girdle into place over my hips, making sure everything was tucked away safely.

I then slid the slip over my head, enjoying the silky feeling as it flowed over my breasts and hips before settling just above my knees. I loved the gorgeous lace trim at my bodice and hem. I sat on my bed and with the lace hem of my slip pulled up, I slowly rolled on a pair of ultra sheer nylons. I didn't want to rush and risk putting a run in them. The feeling of the silky nylon against my legs was just too good to hurry!

Once I had my nylons on, I slipped the frilly blouse over my head and gently guided it over my breasts and hips before buttoning the tiny front buttons. A light green, pleated skirt followed the blouse. A pair of matching green pumps and a matching green jacket finished off my outfit while heated curlers and makeup completed my look. I clipped on a pair of matching button earrings and admired the woman staring back from the mirror. I blew her a kiss, grabbed a clutch purse I borrowed from Peg, and set off to have lunch with her and do a little shopping!

At Peggy's office, I was greeted nicely by a receptionist in her early twenties who gave my outfit and me a once over. I didn't have any problem with that; it's just what women do to each other when they meet. I was certainly looking over her hair, makeup, and

dress as carefully as she was mine! I noticed several men sneaking a quick glance at my legs while I waited and it made me feel just a little self-conscious. I knew I had no business sitting in a public place all dolled up in my sister's dress and lingerie, but here I was, far from the safety of Peggy's home pretending to be a woman and apparently fooling everyone! The mix of danger of discovery and excitement of passing myself off as a woman was so intoxicating that as soon as Peggy arrived, I quickly asked to use the rest room!

"I couldn't believe it when the receptionist said my sister was waiting for me!" Peggy whispered as we walked to the rest room. "For a second I forgot all about Carrie!"

"You forgot your baby sister?" I pouted, my arms folded across my chest. "That's terrible!"

"I'm sorry, Carrie," Peg said with a hug. "It's just that you haven't been my little sister for that long. I am glad you're here now though!"

Peggy made me feel so much better when she told me how happy she was that I was her sister. Nothing seemed so important to me than Peggy's approval.

"That dress looks perfect on you, Carrie!" Peggy smiled. "Let me make up for not remembering you by introducing you to some people I work with."

"That would be fantastic, Peg!" Imagine, being introduced as a woman to people my sister worked with! That nearly made my status as Carrie official! "Any cute guys in there?" I asked only half kidding. I looked at men differently ever since my dream about being a dance hall girl.

"Certainly there are cute guys," Peg smiled. "You didn't think I wanted you to meet the girls did you?"

We quickly ducked into the restroom where I touched up my hair and makeup before leaving with Peggy. My knees were starting to shake as Peggy took me over to a desk occupied by an attractive man in his

late twenties. A little older than me, I thought as we approached, older but cute and definitely well put together!

"Pete, I'd like you to meet my baby sister, Carolyn," Peggy said with a note of pride in her voice. "She was sweet enough to meet me for lunch today!"

I smiled and extended my hand in a very feminine gesture for Pete to hold. I lost track of what he was saying for a moment as I tried to figure out where I'd learned to extend my hand like that. Pete's firm grip and bright smile were all I needed to quit worrying about what I learned and worry more about the funny feelings I was experiencing while this man held my hand.

"Your sister mentioned that you were coming to the party. I'm looking forward to seeing you there," I heard Pete say through my personal fog.

I flashed Pete a great big smile. "I'll save you a dance if you'd like." Damn, the way I felt now I'd save anything for this guy. He was so cute!

"Great!" Pete exclaimed. "What will you be wearing so I'll know who you are?"

This guy was obviously coming on to me and I found myself loving the attention. "That's a surprise," I replied with a coy smile. "Why not tell me what you'll be wearing so I'll be able to find you?"

"Sounds reasonable," Pete replied. "I'll be a cowboy, and I'll be wearing a tan shirt and two six guns."

"A cowboy!" I giggled. "What a wonderful costume! I'll be certain to look for you Pete. I have a feeling you're going to like my costume!"

"I'm sure I will, Carolyn," he said as he gave me a look that nearly made me collapse into his arms.

"And please call me Carrie!" I called as Peggy dragged me off to meet more of her friends. I was surprised at how easily I reacted to Pete's advances, but I made a mental note to look him up later that

night. He was such a doll!

"You seem to have made quite an impression on Pete," Peggy chided playfully. "Since when did you take such an interest in men?"

"When they're as good looking and as sweet as that one!" I laughed glancing back to catch Pete staring at us. I smiled and waved at him, which brought a smile to his face and a warm, moist feeling to my groin!

"I'm glad I decided to wear a girdle at the last minute, Peg," I whispered as we walked away. "It would have been so embarrassing to have the front of my dress turn into a tent back there"

"You've certainly changed, Carrie. I remember the way you carried on over Kelly's wearing dresses"

"I have, haven't I?" I remarked as I ran my hand along my skirt and tasted my lipstick. "I don't understand how though, but I suppose it's for the best," I sighed. "It's just that I feel so confused at times. One minute I'm wondering what possessed me to show up at your office in your clothes, and the next minute I'm shamelessly flirting with a man and getting sexually excited over him!"

"Would you rather go home and put some of your old clothes on? I'll understand if you do."

"I'm fine, Peg. Let's meet more of your friends!" I fluffed my hair a little, tucked my clutch bag under my arm and with a big smile went to meet Peg's friends!

Lunch was superb and of course so were the lustful glances of the men as we walked past. I could see by their faces that they were having fantasies of what they'd do with two lovely women. I wondered what they'd think, if they knew I was thinking the same thoughts about them!

"What about the third guy from the left over there?" I whispered to Peg as a group of businessmen walked in. "Nice teeth, long legs."

"He certainly has potential," Peggy laughed, "but who cares about how long his legs are?"

"I figure that if they've got long legs they'll be better able to wrap them around me and hold me tight!" I giggled like a schoolgirl. "What do you look for?"

"Big feet," Peg smiled slyly, "the bigger the better!"

"Big feet? Why in the world would you care how big their feet are..." I suddenly stopped short remembering an old joke. "Oh my God, you little devil you! Big feet, big..."

We broke into a fit of laughter that brought a few strange stares, none of which were from men I might add. When the men stared, they were lustful, wanting looks.

"Carrie, promise me you'll stay this way forever," Peg suddenly blurted out. "Now that I've the sister I've always wanted, I couldn't bear to lose her!"

I reached for her hand. "I don't know how this happened, Peg, but I'm just sorry we couldn't have grown up as sisters. I could never give this up!"

Peggy looked at me for a moment as if she had something to say then smiled, "Thanks, Carrie, you're wonderful!"

All too soon our guy watching and girl talk had to end. Peg had to get back to work and I couldn't go with her. What a shame, I thought, I'd love to spend more time getting to know Pete. At least there'd be the party, I thought to myself, cowboy and dance hall girl, a match made in heaven

I was on a cloud as I shopped that afternoon. I had made up my mind that I was going to be a woman and that I was going to enjoy all of the pleasures of being a woman, pretty clothes and good looking men being but a few. I'd pick up some pretty clothes now, then enjoy the attention of a great looking man later!

The day before the party found me a bundle of



"I hope Pete likes what he sees," I sighed as I dropped my party gown over my head, being careful not to muss my new hairdo, and allowed it to slither down my body..

nerves, so I put my headphones on and spent some time listening to my nature sounds tapes. I loved those tapes, I always felt so much better and more relaxed after listening to them.

Next I filled the tub with hot water, added scented bath oil, and soak for an hour, relishing the soft, silky feeling of my skin. I've come to cherish the silky smooth softness of my skin these past months. It's such a turn on for me to run my hand over my legs and realize how far I've come in such a short time. Just a few short months ago I had ugly coarse hair sprouting from my legs and underarms, today they're both clean-shaven and silky smooth to the touch!

Peggy suggested that I try electrolysis for my face, even though I've never had to shave more than twice a week. She thinks it would be a big plus not to have to worry about a five o'clock shadow clashing with my evening gown. She's been so amazingly right about things that I've made an appointment for next Tuesday to start my treatments. I can hardly wait until the only places I put shaving cream on are my legs and underarms!

After more than two hours of listening to jazz, nature sounds, and the most delightful bath I've ever had, I slipped a flimsy white peignoir and negligee Peggy had lent me over a pair of white lace panties I picked up at the mall. I slipped into a pair of satin slippers that match the negligee and prepared dinner.

"I have a surprise for you, Carrie. I brought our costumes home to try on. I hope you're ready! Peggy announced at dinner that evening.

"Ready," I pouted shamelessly hoping to drum up a little sympathy for my cause. "I spent hours pampering myself and getting all ready this afternoon. What else do I have to do?"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a grin on Kelly's face. Something was up and it had to do with me. "Okay, young lady," I shouted as I reached over to



***Peggy took a photograph
of her daughter, Kelly
and me as we left
for the party.***

tickle her. "What's going on? Tell me or I'll tickle you all night!"

"Please stop, Aunt Carrie," Kelly laughed as she rolled on the floor, her school skirt lifting to show her pretty white slip and panties. "Make her stop, Mommy!"

"That's enough, girls," Peggy finally called, bringing a halt to our fun. "Kelly, let's help Aunt Carrie clean up the dishes and I'll tell her our surprise!"

As we put away the last of the dishes, Peggy reached over and took a lock of my curly, light brown hair between her fingers. "We have three dresses, Carrie, Canary Yellow, Cobalt Blue, and Emerald Green. Kelly and I made our choices first, she took yellow

while I took the blue one leaving you with the green dress."

Oh god, I thought to myself, just like in my dream. I'll be wearing a green dress!

"We also decided that we should have a blonde, a brunette, and a red head, Kelly is too young to change, so she stays as the brunette. I already have blonde hair, so that leaves you to be the red head!"

"Is something wrong, Aunt Carrie?" Kelly asked, her voice tinged with concern as I broke into tears.

"Why are you crying?"

"Nothings wrong, Kelly," I sobbed as I dabbed at my tears with a tissue. "I'm crying because your mom is making me the happiest lady in the whole world! I'm going to wear a dress I dreamed about and have the same color hair as I did in my dream. What more could any woman ask for?"

"A perm?" suggested Peggy as she produced a home permanent kit.

Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks as I quickly changed into one of my old shirts to avoid getting Peggy's negligee stained from the hair dye. I left a few buttons open at the top to show a bit of cleavage, then admired myself in the mirror. The shirt was big on me, but my breasts caused it to tent out creating the sexy look so often seen in movies of a woman wearing her lover's shirt that just barely covers her pantied bottom. Just past the tail of my shirt, a pair of smooth, shapely legs ended in a pair of heels I put on to enhance the sexy look. I was every last inch a hot, sexy lady and I loved it!

It took several long hours of Peggy snipping off the ends to even out my style before she applied the dye then worked it into every single strand of hair. My heart was racing like an Indy 500 car as I sat waiting for the required time to pass before I could have the excess dye rinsed out and move on to the perm. When it was finally time to rinse my hair, I thought it was bordering on mental cruelty that Peggy refused to let me see what it looked like before applying perm solution and rolling in curlers. I had to spend an additional hour under a dryer before I could see the final effect. After the hour was up, I wanted her to rush and get the curlers out, but first she insisted we try on our dresses. There was no way I could argue with that, so the three of us went to Peg's room to get ready!

When I removed my shirt, Peggy gasped as she looked at my smooth crotch under the panties I wore.

"Richie, what happened to...did you get it...?"

I pulled my panties down to show her a little item I picked up from Under Control called a "FemFooler". "The company claims that I could wear a bikini with this on and no one would notice!"

"I'm amazed that you can get things like that," Peg said innocently. "Is that how you got your breasts to grow too?"

"Yep, and it's how I'm able to sound like a woman too," I told her proudly. "They sell a special gargle that will actually make a man sound just like a woman."

"I have to admit that it's done wonders for you, Carrie. I would never have known if you hadn't showed me how you could look that way. I thought you were just talking in a higher pitched voice."

"Thanks, Peg, this is my normal voice now. I can't seem to make it any lower. I hope it sounds okay,"

Peg smiled, "Pete seemed to enjoy it. After you left that day, he said you sounded like an angel!"

I would have cried my eyes out with that news, but Peg warned me that I'd screw up my mascara and eyeliner. Imagine, Pete thought I sounded like an angel!

The dresses were even more beautiful than I had imagined, satin with black lace trim around the neckline and at the hem of the ruffled skirt to draw a man's attention towards breasts and legs. They were low cut and meant to emphasize a woman's physical charms! The skirts of the dresses ended just past the knees and were very full to allow a tempting glimpse of the petticoats worn beneath and tempt the poor men with thoughts of what else they might get to see.

As I reached for the frothy nylon petticoat that went with my dress, Peggy quickly snatched it away substituting a lacy black corset in its place. As I quickly unbuttoned my shirt and removed my bra, I could feel Kelly staring at me. Turning around, I saw

her eyes grow wide as she stared at my breasts. Kelly had never seen me without a top on before, so I imagine it came as a shock to see that her favorite uncle now had breasts just like her mom's. I had developed to a 36C after weeks on breast growth cream from Under Control!

"Uncle Richie," she exclaimed as she continued to stare at my breasts. "You're boobies are just like Mommy's now. You really are a girl!"

"Not yet, Kelly," I replied with a wink to Peggy, "Soon though, soon."

Peggy and I giggled, laughed, and moaned as we laced each other into our corsets, but we both knew we'd have to suffer a little to look our best for the party. Our dresses were meant to display an hourglass figure and this was the only way we could have one!

Once we were as tightly laced as we could stand, we took a last deep breath and rolled the sheerest nylons we could find up our legs and attached them to our garters. Kelly was delighted when Peggy handed her a petite sized panty girdle and nylons to wear. Now she could dress just like the big girls did!

I began to tremble as I lifted my petticoat and placed my head into it. Struggling to remain calm. I shuddered uncontrollably as I lifted my arms and allowed the petticoat to slide over me. When I put on my dress, I couldn't stop crying long enough to ask Peggy to help button me up. Luckily, she seemed to sense that I needed her help and without a word fastened the buttons that would hold me fast in the dress. It wasn't long ago, I thought to myself, that I was terrified of being buttoned into a blouse, fearful that I could never get out of it. Today, as Peggy finished the last tiny button, I knew in my heart that I never wanted to take the dress off again.

After doing my makeup, Peggy carefully removed my curlers and brushed out my hair before allowing me to look into a full-length mirror. Up until then I

had seen bits and pieces of my outfit, my dress from the chest down, my nylon clad legs, and even my pretty face as Peggy did my makeup. Now I saw the whole picture, a beautiful woman with dark red, silky curls, and long sexy legs wearing a beautiful, enticing dress. With Peggy and Kelly beside me, I saw the ladies who would win the costume contest the next night, but most importantly I saw the woman I wanted to become!

The three of us had a wonderful time dancing around the rooms and pretending that we really were dance hall girls, our skirts occasionally rising to show off our pretty petticoats! Peggy put on some music and we each took turns pretending that we were on stage dancing and performing. I imagined myself in a room filled with men who wanted me as they wanted nothing else in this world! They couldn't take their eyes off of me and applauded wildly as I held my skirts and flashed a little thigh. If only it were real!

It was sad to have to take my dress off at the end of the evening. As I hung it in my closet, my heart raced anticipating the next evening when I would be wearing it for hours in front of people who would think I was a beautiful lady.

It was impossible to concentrate on anything the day of the party. I must have shaved every inch of my legs six or seven times to make sure they were perfect and I gargled three times with my voice spray, even though I knew my voice was already perfect! By the time Peggy got home, I was a nervous wreck. Thank heavens she brought dinner since I had forgotten all about it! How could I remember dinner when I spent the afternoon redoing my nails to get just the right color?

"Looks like someone couldn't wait," Peg laughed as she saw the corset and nylons I wore under my robe. "I'm surprised to see that you're not totally dressed by now!"

"I didn't want to take a chance on messing up my dress," I told her, feeling a bit sad over her comment. "Do I look that silly?"

"You look lovely, Carrie. It's going to be a wonderful evening and I'll bet Pete won't leave your side!"

"Oh I hope so," I giggled and clapped my hands. "I do so want to make a good impression on him tonight!"

"You did that when you met him, little sister. You're all he talks about when he sees me!"

I was so happy that I started to jump up and down and clap my hands! "Please don't tease me, Peggy," I pleaded. "He's so good looking and seems so sweet. Does he ask about me a lot?"

"Take my word for it, Carrie. I've known Pete for several years, but I've never seen him this taken with a woman before, and there have been a few women in his life!"

Once again I had the familiar warm feeling in my groin and the churning in my stomach. To hell with logic, I was a woman in love and I couldn't wait to see the object of my affection and desire! Imagine that Pete who had been with many real women wanted me and I wanted him! I was determined to make him forget any other woman he'd ever known. I would be the only woman he'd ever need!

Once we got to the party, Peg gave me a few quick introductions then kindly stepped out of my way when I spotted Pete across the room talking to some other guys. The poor boy never had a chance as I slithered up to him, gave him a "come hither" smile, and said, "Hey cowboy, buy me a drink?"

"Carrie, you look gorgeous!" Pete exclaimed joyfully as he examined me from head to toe. "A gorgeous, red hair, dance hall girl, what more could a cowboy ask for after a day on the trail?"

"Thanks Pete, " I said in my best little girl voice, "Does the big old cowboy like little ol' me?"

Pete gingerly reached down and took my hand in his, making my knees tremble and my groin throb in excitement. He looked into my eyes and pulled me close. "Would you scream for help if I tried to kiss you, ma'am?" he asked in a drawl.

"That all depends, cowboy," I smiled back sweetly, "do you think you'll need help?"

Pete grinned and slowly led me to an isolated corner of the room where he pulled me close, held me tight, and kissed me. After he finished, I was the one who needed help. This was definitely a dangerous man. He was a man who knew how to make a woman feel special, to feel cared for, and most of all he knew how to make a woman feel glad to be a woman! Men like that are dangerous to have walking around among unsuspecting females. It was my obligation to take this one out of circulation!

Pete was dangerous to have walking around amongst unsuspecting females. It was my obligation to take him out of circulation.

"Well, do I need help?" Pete asked slyly. What answer could I possibly have given him? I smiled and moved closer for another kiss.

After we kissed, Pete had a strange look in his eyes. "Carrie, I hope you don't think I'm being too quick, but I'd really love to get to know you better."

I should have run away, made Peggy take me home and get out of the silly outfit I was wearing, but I couldn't move. It was as if Pete's eyes could hold me there and command me to do whatever he pleased.

"I'd like that very much, Pete." My voice was soft and sexy. I was responding to this man, as would any woman falling head over heels in love. There was no need to say more, our lips met again in a passion filled kiss.

"Would you two kids like to join the party or do you plan on staying in the corner and necking all evening?" I heard my sister ask behind me.

Pete quickly broke off our kiss and smiled at Peggy like a teenager caught in Lover's Lane. "Hi Peg," he said sheepishly, "Carrie and I were just chatting and getting to know each other."

"Right," Peg shot back, "Wasn't it sort of hard for her to chat with your tongue down her throat?"

"That's not nice, Peggy!" I turned to face my accuser, attacking like a Lioness on a kill. "Pete's just happy to see me. There's no need for you to get all worked up."

Peg's face fell like a deflated balloon. "I'm sorry, Carrie. I'm just looking out for my kid sister. You're not used to guys like Pete."

"I think I love your sister, Peg," Pete said from behind me. "If you don't mind, I'd like to take the time to find out if she feels the same way about me."

I smiled at Peg, "Thanks, Peg, but I'm a big girl now." I stepped back into Pete's arms then stared up into the most beautiful brown eyes I'd ever seen. "I need to know if what I'm feeling for Pete will last."

Peg broke into a smile. "My kid sister's growing up," she shrugged. "I can't hold you back any more." Glaring at Pete she snarled, "We've always been friends, Pete, but if you break her heart, I'll make you sorry in a way you can't begin to imagine!"

Pete pulled me close, causing my heart to skip a beat. "I never believed in love at first sight, Peggy, you know that, but your sister here is something special. I'd never do anything to hurt her."

"Good luck," Peg winked at me as she turned to walk away. "Mingle!" she admonished.

Pete and I were inseparable after that party. We took our time and our love for each other grew until we set the date to marry a year after I made the final



Pete pulled me close, causing my heart to skip a beat. "I never believed in love at first sight," I kept telling my body...

adjustments necessary to be his wife.

Peggy and I had just returned from the wedding of a woman who had worked for her. I was her Maid of Honor and Kelly Marie was the prettiest Flower girl anyone could remember seeing. Peg and I were enjoying a cup of coffee, talking about the wedding, and planning for my pending marriage to Pete. It was then that Peg admitted that she was the cause of my feminization.

"But how could that be, Peg?" I asked in astonishment. "I remember watching you grow up and feeling envious that you were becoming a woman!"

"Of course you do. You are supposed to feel that way. It was all programmed into the Football videos you watched and the CD's that you loved to listen to!"

"Oh, my God!" I gasped realizing that it had all been an elaborate trap on Peggy's part. "I'm now a woman forever because of you?"

"I found out what you did to my son," she sneered. "I was furious, so furious in fact that I was all set to turn you into some street walking bimbo who only lived to satisfy men. The only thing that saved you was that you became the sweetest person in the world, always there to help Kelly and me when we needed it. Also I realized that for the first time in his life Johnny was truly happy. I guess he was never really cut out to be a boy after all."

"Forgive me, Peg," I sobbed. "It was a nasty thing to do and I am sorry for it."

"It was, but I forgave you long ago when I realized how happy my son was as a girl and what a change it made in his life. Now I wish nothing but happiness for you and your future husband."

"Thanks, Peg," I cried softly. "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have found true happiness."

"It's almost a shame that you couldn't have found it as a man," Peg sighed. "I suppose some men will

always be too stupid to understand though."

"Sort of like your old boss, George," I added. "Now there was a real pain!"

"Tell me about it. He must have hit on every woman in the office! He was just so crude and obnoxious, he made women's skin crawl. He must have been in a lot of trouble to quit as suddenly as he did and to not even show up for his sister's wedding tonight!" Peg just shook her head in wonderment, "What a bum!"

"Did you know that he once threatened to fire you if I didn't go to bed with him?"

"Why that lousy scum bag!" Peg exclaimed. "How did you manage to get out to that one?"

I smiled and shrugged my shoulders. "Let's just say I managed to get him 'Under Control'!"

Peg's eyes widened, her mouth opened and shut several times before she spoke. "You mean that you..."

"George was at the wedding this afternoon, Peg," I grinned. "He even came to the reception."

"I wish you would have pointed him out," laughed Peggy. "I would have loved to have seen him!"

"See him," I laughed hysterically. "He worked for you for over a year. You used to go to lunch together all the time. You even gave him a good luck kiss on his cheek in the receiving line at the church!"

Peg appeared to be confused for several minutes, but I could see her putting all the clues I had given her together and suddenly the astonished look was back.

"Worked for me, went to lunch with me, gave him a good luck kiss," she said with a look of disbelief. "Then George is actually..."

"You got it! George was an only child. The woman you knew as Cindy was George!"

It was several minutes before Peg could stop laughing. "How fitting, to go from a powerful manager of a department to a secretary and now a wife!"

"She had it rough too," I added. "She was so pretty that men just couldn't resist hitting on her. Not to mention that as George she had ordered the dress code that required her to wear nothing but dresses to work when she became Cindy!"

"Too bad you didn't get to him sooner," Peg laughed. "Cindy was wonderful, pretty, sweet, caring. Everything George could never have been.

"That's why I think I was so lucky to find such a sweet, understanding guy like Pete," I said dreamily, "And don't you even think about videos or CD's for a wedding gift!"

The End

If you like this story, write to me:

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