

# GIRLFRIENDS

## TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

### FEMININE PROPOSAL II



Mike was pissed, Cindy was excited, Vic was smug, and I was terrified! And this is just the start of my weekend as another guy's girl!

**VOLUME THREE**

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# **Feminine Proposal II**

**Book #2**

***By Brenda Anne R.***

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*“Feminine Proposal II”*

*Book #2*

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**“Are we teaching reality or fantasy to our youth?”**

# Feminine Proposal II

Book #2

*By Brenda Ann R.*

## *Chapter 10*

I spent the rest of the day fruitlessly trying to find a job, any job as long as it would pay the bills. As the day passed, frustration and hopelessness replaced anger and fear. Instead of heading straight home, I went to a bar and tipped a few brews.

Dejected, I returned home late, much later than I normally stay out. It was midnight, but Cindy was not there. I wondered where she was, but I was too tired and drunk to care, so I fell asleep on top of the bed while fully clothed.

I don't know when Cindy returned, although I vaguely recall a car stopping outside, and two voices, one Cindy's pointing out that I must be home since our car was parked out front. A few minutes passed before a key turned in the front door, but I dropped into a listless stupor as the car retreated down the driveway.

I was about to step into the shower when I noticed dark tanning around my obvious bikini lines. I was now wearing a totally feminine tattoo that wouldn't wash off.

I was drying myself when Cindy popped her head into the bathroom. "Where did you go yesterday?" she quietly asked.

"I should ask you the same question," I grumbled. "You were out really late."

"I went looking for you, of course," she answered, "Now your turn," concern written all over her face.

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“Looking for a job, thinking, then finally to a bar for a few drinks,” I whispered, somewhat ashamed that I had left in such a huff. “You came home late with somebody. I heard you and another.”

“Vic,” Cindy answered. “You took our car. I was worried, and Vic offered to help look for you.”

“Why should he help look for me?” I growled, the very mention of his name making my hair stand on end. “He has our house if I don’t do his weird weekend.”

“Because I asked him,” Cindy said. “He has invested a lot in this weekend, and I don’t want to lose our house.”

“Yeah, sure. I bet he didn’t help because of any investment,” I growled.

“I won’t ask what that means,” Cindy grumbled. “So did you find a job?”

“No,” I moaned, my head aching, “and I don’t want to lose this house either.”

“Does that mean that you will do the weekend?” she asked hopefully.

“Yeah,” I weakly agreed, “I’m not of much use doing anything else. Nobody is willing to offer me a job, even when I nearly pleaded.”

“Great!” Cindy lost all concern, and a big smile crossed her lips. “Let’s get you back into your ‘Lisa’ mode again. We don’t have but a couple of days to finish your preparations.”

Two hours later, ‘Lisa’ emerged from our bedroom followed closely by Cindy. It didn’t take her any effort to affect my transformation from Stanley to Lisa. Was I that much of a wimp? Is that why nobody would hire me? Was I that obvious?

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For some reason, my spirits lifted as I submerged myself once again in my 'Lisa' role. Was I happier as a woman? "I cannot believe that I spent two hours with my parents as a girl wearing a splashy bikini, and neither of them realized that I was their son."

"It doesn't surprise me, Lisa," Cindy answered. "There's not a thing about you that remotely resembles masculinity. You are far more suited at being a girl than you ever were a guy." I raised my eyebrows at her suggestion.

"The looks your father gave you when he thought no one was watching were like, 'why weren't there chicks like this when I was in my twenties'? Did you see the look your mother gave him? It was like 'you're on the couch tonight, buster if you look at her like that one more time'.

The telephone rang to interrupt our girlish laughter. "Hi," Cindy answered cheerfully. "Yes, she is here. Just a minute, I'll get her." She brought the phone to me. "It's a man and he wants to talk with Lisa."

"Mike?"

Cindy nodded, "What other man wants to talk with Lisa?"

"Hello, Mike..." I answered.

"How did you know it was me?"

"Cindy thought it was you."

"It could have been one of your other boyfriends, but it isn't," Mike gave a deep laugh. "Listen, would you like to go to Gramps for a sandwich and lemonade tonight?"

"Gramps?"

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“Yeah, Gramps Burgers, best hamburgers anywhere. Great sandwiches and the waitresses wear the shortest little outfits.”

“That part wouldn’t interest me.”

“No, of course not,” Mike corrected himself. As Lisa, I would go as a girl, not to look at girls.

Cindy nodded, “Go on, Lisa! Have a fun time!”

I wasn’t so certain. “Are you sure?”

“Do it!”

“All right, Mike, as long as it won’t be too late. Great! Seven PM is fine. I’ll be ready. Bye.”

I hung up, but remained fixated. I’d been a girl only three days. I’d fooled my parents into believing I am a girl, and now I was going on a date as a girl with a really sexy guy. I was even thinking as a girl. I needed my face slapped to bring me back to reality, but the slap wasn’t forthcoming. My wife was intent on reinforcing my femininity.

“All right, Lisa! Are you excited? You just started being a girl, and you’ve already landed a man, a really cute guy at that,” Cindy giggled.

“We’re just going out for a sandwich and drink.”

“You’re going out with a *man* for a sandwich and drink, sweetheart. He thinks that you are a girl, so you had better do whatever it takes to keep him thinking that. How exciting for you, and maybe just a little exciting for me too.”

“Exciting for you? You’re excited to see me date a guy?”

“Yes, as a girl, as his date! I think it’s just darling. How will you feel? You smell of perfume, your nails and

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lips are painted, and Mike is calling you ‘she’, ‘her’, and ‘Lisa’. You are a girl with a boyfriend. This is really exciting for you. You are in a total role reversal. You will have a wonderful time.”

“You think so?”

“Yes, yes, I do. I wish that I could go with you.”

“Well, you can’t,” I said in mock defiance.

Cindy grinned. “Now is a good time for you to get ready for the weekend. Cover your whole body with the hair remover gel, shower it off, and then spend 30 minutes in a lilac scented bubble bath.”

The last part was pleasant. I even took delight in the feel of my smooth hairless body. I applied light evening makeup as Cindy directed. Bubble gum pink adorned my lips and nails, soft and feminine, as Cindy wanted.

She brushed my auburn wig to make me look like an Irish lass, particularly when I slipped on a short Scottish plaid pleated skirt. My blouse was sleeveless with a row of ruffles over the shoulders and down the front. Large hoop earrings and a delicate charm necklace completed my outfit.

I still wasn’t used to long curled eyelashes, but I liked the effect the mascara created. I wore black high heel skimmers and sheer nylons. Even Cindy agreed that I made a pretty girl.

She gave me a twenty-minute lecture on how girls act while dating boys. At the conclusion, she slipped two condoms into my purse. “At least use these if you didn’t pay attention to anything else. I don’t want you getting pregnant on me.” We both laughed.

I sighed, “It’s just for a sandwich and lemonade.”

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“Then just have fun,” she giggled. She offered one last piece of advice. “No matter what, at all costs, you must never allow him to learn that you are not a girl!” I started to speak, but Cindy put a finger to her lips. “No matter what, understand?”

### *Chapter 11*

Mike, like all men, was late picking me up. His lateness just added to my anxiety. I wasn't as confident as I thought. I, a man, was going to dinner with another man, a man who believed that I was a woman. Could I pull it off? I didn't have a choice, as I heard a loud rap on the door.

“Are you all right?” Cindy asked before answering the door.

“Just a little nervous.”

She smiled and opened the door quickly, as if she were afraid that I would change my mind. “Hi, Mike, come in,” she greeted.

I stood in the hallway to greet him too. “Hi, Mike...”

“Well, hello, Lisa. You're looking really pretty tonight.”

“Thank you,” I blushed, “Won't you come in for a minute?”

I sat on the couch and Mike sat next to me. What a contrast we made, the ultimate man, and I, the soft feminine girl. Our knees touched, my knee encased in sheer nylon and his in faded heavy Jeans. Cindy stood across from us. She liked what she saw.

We talked pleasantly for 15 minutes. Mike asked Cindy about Stan, and she told him that Stan was gone

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for a few days. Mike asked her to join us, but she politely declined. I never moved my knee during this conversation and neither did Mike. I wondered if this was the start of a male-female bonding.

“You guys had better be off,” Cindy stated. “I’d go with you, but I’m expecting a call from Stan.” She winked to me when Mike wasn’t looking.

“All right, it was nice visiting with you, Cindy.”

“Same here, Mike. You guys have fun.”

“We will...” I started to answer, but jumped when I felt Mike’s hand on my waist and his arm across my back. My Gawd, this was the real thing. I was really going on a date as a woman.

Cindy watched us until we reached Mike’s Jeep. The step was 24” high. “Not made for skirts,” Mike laughed as he hoisted me up into the Jeep, “but I’m glad you wore one.”

I blushed again as I settled into the passenger seat and waved good-bye to Cindy. I was on my own. Cindy blew me a kiss. Girls can do that with one another, so I sent a kiss back to her.

“Fasten your seat belt, Lisa. Girls don’t like to wrinkle their clothes, but better than your face should we crash.”

I clicked the seat belt closed. The convertible top was up, but the canvas doors were not attached. The wind was a minor nuisance, playing with my hair and whipping my skirt a little.

I was so excited. I was going to be a girl for real. Being completely feminine thrilled me, although this not being a game tempered my excitement. Mike treated me

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as the woman he believed me to be. He was very pleasant, and that helped.

“Tell me about yourself, Lisa,” he asked.

“Okay, well, I’m single, dating, and graduated from University of Colorado. I’m looking for a job, and they are really hard to find.”

“Uh huh. What kind of work do you do?”

“Public relations, business management...”

“You mean like a secretary?”

I bristled in pseudo-feminist fashion. “No, I mean like a business manager, an advertising executive. Women don’t have to be just clerical anymore. This is the new millennium.”

“Oops, sorry, I didn’t mean to offend.”

“No offense taken. A lot of people don’t realize that women are allowed to do everything these days...”

Mike changed the subject. “Tell me about your family.”

I had to think about that. I had to make up Lisa’s family. “I have a brother, Stan.”

“That’s all? I have an older sister and two younger sisters.”

“I bet they spoiled you,” I giggled. I was becoming more comfortable conversing as a female. That was something that a woman would say.

“Yeah, actually they did. Mom and Dad spoiled me too. Did you do anything fun in high school or college?” he asked.

I decided to copycat Cindy’s experiences. “I was a majorette in both high school and college.”

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“Cool, did you have uniforms with the little short skirts?”

“Sometimes, then sometimes a body suit. I was a Princess at homecoming at high school, and on the tennis team at college. I played 2<sup>nd</sup> string on the woman’s basketball team.”

“That’s neat,” Mike thoughtfully offered. “How about your future? Besides career, I mean. Do you want to get married? Do you want to have kids?”

How does a woman answer such personal questions? “Don’t all women want to get married? I guess I’m looking for my knight on a white stallion to rescue me.”

“Then a cop in a Jeep wouldn’t do?” he smiled.

“Do you have a castle?”

“I have a really cool rustic cabin. Is that close enough?”

“It’s got to have running water.”

“Done, and I have a horse too,” Mike laughed.

He was flirting with me and I enjoyed it. I was really feeling like a woman. I wasn’t as nervous, since I now knew that I could successfully pull off being a girl with him.

“Kids?”

“Not right now. I want to play and work. I need to live life as a young woman before I become a full time mom.” How was I able to answer things like that?

“Cool, I like that,” Mike added thoughtfully.

His hand slid off the gearshift and onto my nylon-encased knee. It is a move that men make on women, and I wondered what his next move would be. I didn’t wonder very long, as his hand wandered up a few inches.

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I liked it, and so did he. His hand hadn't moved any further up my leg by the time we arrived at Gramps. In fact, he removed it from time to time to shift gears.

I learned a lot about him while we drove to Gramps. He graduated from State University, was drafted by the Denver Tornado Pro basketball team, but was cut just before start of the regular season. He fell in love with the Colorado Rocky Mountains and took a job as a deputy sheriff so he could stay in the area. He wasn't dating anyone seriously, but hoped to get married and settle down within the next five years. A son and daughter, in that order, were to follow the marriage. He felt that men needed to take care of their women. He looked over at me when he said that, and it gave me a warm glowing feeling that he had appointed himself as my protector.

When we arrived, I swung my legs over the side of the Jeep. My shoes couldn't touch the ground, so Mike put his hands around my waist and simply said 'jump'. I did so, and as I slid towards the ground, my very short skirt slid upward exposing my lacy light blue panties. The view was brief, but it happened.

"Oops, sorry, but very pretty..." Mike grinned.

I smiled back, "I suppose you expect me to believe that was an accident?"

"Really, it was, Lisa," he seriously answered before realizing that I was kidding.

Gramps was bustling, but Mike found a small table with two old-fashion soda bar chairs. He helped me onto my chair, and then plopped carelessly onto his chair. "Get the lemonade for sure," he recommended, "it's the best in the country."



*I was helped from a Jeep like a helpless girl, and I liked it! What is happening to me? How had I changed from a being a 'truck driving man' to a being a 'prissy girl'?*

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I had a BLT with my lemonade, and he was right. As I looked around, I saw why guys liked this place. Young shapely waitresses wearing extremely short denim jumpers over a red peasant style blouse were serving customers. The jumper had short, very full red petticoats underneath, displaying lots of leg and thigh. How would I look in such an outfit? How would the full petticoats feel against my legs?

Mike interrupted my thoughts, “I know the owner, and I can get you a job here.”

“I was thinking how darling their outfits are.”

“I like them myself,” Mike added.

“No, you like the bare legs. I like the outfits.”

“You’re right,” he laughed, “and I like your outfit too, Lisa. It’s very nice.”

“Again, Mike, you like my legs, not my skirt,” I shot him a flirtatious glance, “and I’m glad you do.”

He looked me right in the eyes and nodded his head. “You have gorgeous legs, Lisa. It takes a skirt like you’re wearing to properly display them. So yes, I like the skirt too,” he added.

I noticed two men and a young woman enter Gramps. One pointed in our direction, and the three walked towards us. I started to get butterflies. We were about to have company.

Mike saw where I was looking, “Oh, it’s two of my buddies, Steve, Greg, and Greg’s wife, Janice. Steve and Greg work with me.”

“Hi, guys,” he greeted and gave Janice a hug with his greeting. “Pull up some chairs and join us.” Mike slid his chair next to mine. “This is my friend, Lisa Knight,” he introduced me.

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Janice took a chair next to mine. “Lisa, you should be careful. You’re judged by those you associate with, and being with Mike...” Everyone at the table had a good laugh. I liked Janice, but worried that she might read right through my disguise.

The guys immediately broke into a discussion about a new speed record. I knew of the record and would have joined in, but Janice said, “I like your skirt, Lisa.”

I’d almost forgot that tonight I wasn’t one of the guys. “It’s a ‘Colleen’ brand imported from Scotland.”

“I love it,” she gushed, and our feminine discussion began.

I soon knew about Janice and Greg and their two children. I enjoyed the girl talk with Janice. She told me of upcoming sales at a store where she worked. I intended to check out the sale next week if I were still Lisa.

I had a point to add to the men’s discussion. “It was a 338.005 mph, not 335 mph speed record, and it was the Dobson fuel dragster that won because the gargling fuel dragster was red lighted.”

The guys couldn’t believe that a woman knew such things. “Wow, are you available, Lisa?” Steve asked.

“Single, but not available,” Mike said almost too quickly, but he regained his composure and smile. “I found her first.”

“Any sisters?”

“A sister-in-law, but she’s married to my brother.”

“Does she cheat?” Steve kidded.

“Not to my knowledge,” I answered. His question made me think of Cindy’s date with Vic Toreda. I

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remembered her in his arms, kissing him passionately. If I had a choice, I'd rather see her with Steve.

“Not even a little?” Steve persisted.

“I don't know, Steve. Ask her out sometime if you really want to know.” Why had I said that? Why would I encourage a man to ask my wife out on a date? Maybe I envisioned Cindy and I each dating deputy sheriff's in the future. I don't think anyone took me seriously, but I was later to learn that someone had.

Janice said, “Here's the rest of the gang.” I turned to see three vans full of men and women softball players pull up. Their uniforms read, ‘Karl County Sheriff's Department’. They had come to Gramps to celebrate a softball victory.

They poured into Gramps in waves. A criminal would have felt distinctly uncomfortable amongst this crowd. I was equally uncomfortable being a guy dressed as a girl.

Tables were moved, chairs repositioned, and soon I was seated at the center table, surrounded by wives, girlfriends, and female deputies. The chatter was mostly about the game, but other conversations soon cropped up. Janice introduced me to the women and they seemed to accept me as one of the girls.

It took ten minutes for me to feel comfortable as a woman amongst women. Soon, I realized that I liked my new adopted role; I liked being Lisa; I liked being a girl!

A girl named Ashley asked me how long I'd been dating Mike. “Actually, this is our first date.”

“How did you meet him?”

“He stopped me because of my driving.”

“Speeding?”

“Impeding traffic, I think,” which brought gales of laughter.

“No one gets stopped for driving too slow,” Ashley said. “Mike saw you, thought you were cute, and figured a way to meet you.” Several feminine heads nodded in agreement. “Soon he knew everything about you, Lisa, your name, where you live, and your marital status. Take it as a compliment that he was so thorough so he could meet you.”

“I will,” I smiled, and thought how Mike didn’t really know anything about me. I saw Mike telling stories and jokes with a group of guys. They seemed to hang on his every word.

Suddenly several of the guys turned and looked at me. Was he talking about me and in what context? Was he saying that I was the kind of woman that he wanted to marry or that he was going to ask me out again? Was he talking about trying to get lucky with me tonight? I wondered what plans Mike had for me. How much of a woman did I have to be tonight?

The conversation died down as the food arrived. Soon after that, it was time to leave. “Are you ready, sweetheart? I know you don’t want to be out too late tonight,” Mike asked.

I smiled, “Yes, I’m ready.”

Mike helped me to my feet as a gentleman would, and even picked up my purse for me. We said our good-byes, and I bid personal farewells to my two new friends, Janice and Ashley. We had become girlfriends during the evening.

The night had grown chilly, and Mike protectively put his jacket about my shoulders. A light wind whipped at my skirt and I looked forward to Mike helping me into

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his Jeep. I looked forward to his strong arms picking me up, one arm under my shoulders, another beneath my legs, and effortlessly lifting me into the Jeep. I was not disappointed. I felt so feminine with this man taking care of me.

We didn't talk a lot on the way home. Mike popped in a music CD and I relaxed and enjoyed myself as the Jeep wound up the dark mountain road. The moon and stars were crystal clear; the mood was set for love.

Mike slid his hand further up my nylon-covered thigh and I allowed him to push my skirt high on my leg. I liked his warm hand as he touched my thigh. I was certainly allowing myself to feel like a real woman.

Someday soon, I'd have to return to being a man and to reality. Gosh, only four days ago, I had never worn a dress or nylons or makeup. Now I called myself Lisa, and was infatuated with a man named Mike. I was thinking, acting, and looking like a woman. How could this happen?

I thought of when Cindy first put makeup on me, and how embarrassed I felt. I remembered how scared I was wearing a skirt outside and actually going to Denver dressed totally as a woman. I was so terrified. I thought of Cindy first reading Vic's contract to me, how incensed I was that Vic would make such a proposal, and how angry I was that Cindy had forced me to agree to it. Me, a male, forced to dress as a sissy female, how I hated it back then.

Wow, things had changed. My biggest concern now was that in four days I had to return to being Stan and I could no longer be Lisa. Could I admit that I enjoyed, no loved, being female, even to the point of desiring a boyfriend? Lipstick, lace, skirts, and lingerie had become a pleasurable part of my life.

Mike gently broke into my thoughts. “Lisa, would you like to go to a movie tomorrow night?”

I really wanted to, but knew I couldn’t. “I would love to, but I have other plans for tomorrow night and the weekend.”

“Not with another guy, I hope,” Mike seemed sad.

“I’m afraid so,” I sadly stated, “but I didn’t know you when I accepted his invitation.” Obviously, Mike didn’t like me dating other men.

He recovered quickly though, “Maybe sometime next week?”

“I would love that, honey,” I agreed. Where did that ‘honey’ come from?

“Good, I’ll call you Monday and we’ll make plans,” he cheered up.

I placed my hand on his hand and gently squeezed, “I’ll look forward to your call.”

Mike didn’t stop to neck or make out. Part of me was happy, while another part wondered what it would be like to be romantic as a girl. Arriving home, Mike helped me from the Jeep, taking my soft feminine hand into his enormous hand. He led me onto my porch, and we stood before the closed door. I knew he wanted to kiss me goodnight, and anticipation of receiving his lips on mine made me feel so very girlish.

His arms encircled my slender waist and pulled me close. I looked up into his steel gray eyes as his eyes searched out mine. He bent down and placed his lips onto my candy pink lips and I placed my arms around his neck, drawing him closer. I closed my eyes as our lips touched. His lips firm against mine, I received Mike’s kiss as a woman. I was in ecstasy. Mike pulled me

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closer. As our bodies touched, I felt his bulge against my stomach, showing that my feminine charms had turned him on.

The kiss was over all too soon. I didn't want it to be over, but where would I go from there? Mike unlocked the door with my key and opened it for me. This time, I placed a quick kiss on his lips. "Thank you for a wonderful evening."

"It was my pleasure," he said sincerely and turned to leave. Within seconds, his engine started and my first night with a man as a woman was over. It was wonderful!

Cindy was not asleep. "Did you have fun?" she asked.

"Yes!" I knew she wanted more, but I chose not to tell.

"Well, tell me about it..." she asked.

"When I come to bed. I'm going to take my makeup off first."

She came to the bathroom door. "Tell me as you are. I want to see you as you were on your date. Did you enjoy being Lisa? Did anyone know you aren't a girl?"

"Yes, I enjoyed being a girl, and no, no one thought that I was anything except a woman."

It took nearly twenty minutes to tell her about the evening. I came to the ride home and the goodnight kiss, but I didn't know how to tell her about that. How does a man tell his wife about being fondled and kissed by another man who treated him as his girl?

"Did he put the moves on you? I knew that he was going to," Cindy giggled.

I answered with a red face, "He ran his hands up my thigh."

“Oh gosh, did you like it?”

“Yeah, it felt nice, and kind of turned me on.”

“Kind of? A guy checking your thighs is a fantastic turn-on. You must have loved it. You’re a girl now, and those are things that you should enjoy.”

“It doesn’t bother you that I enjoyed having a man stroke my thigh?”

“Not at all. Why should it? I turned you into a girl. As such, you should enjoy turning men on.” She really meant what she was saying. “Face it, honey, as you look now, you’re not going to turn any girls on.” I blushed. “What else did he do?” Cindy pressed.

“He gave me a goodnight kiss.”

“That’s all? Didn’t he hold you close?”

“Well...yes...”

“That’s better. Your kiss was a romantic kiss then?”

“I guess...”

“You guess? There is a way to tell if you turn a guy on. Was Mike...uh...excited when he pressed his groin against you? You know what I’m talking about.”

I was turning bright red, “Yes.”

“Then you know what he really wanted...?”

“Yeah....”

“Maybe next time you can take it a step further?”

“Next time...?”

“I don’t think that Lisa will disappear just yet. Do you think there will be a next time?”

“He is calling me next Monday to talk about going out next weekend...”

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“I thought so. We may have to buy Lisa some more clothes. Maybe I’ll have to look for a new boyfriend if Lisa is around for awhile,” she added as a joke, but was there a hidden message? “Maybe you can ask Mike to fix me up with a friend, so we can double date.”

“Is it all right if I stayed a girl for another week?”

“Uh huh, it’s fun having a husband who can double as a girlfriend, but you didn’t answer if Mike could fix me up.”

“I’m sure he can...if that’s what you want.”

She could tell that I was worried about her going out with other men. She gave me a peck on the cheek. “Don’t worry, you’re the love of my life. We’ll talk about it further if you’re still painting your lips by this time next week, okay?”

I nodded. “Let’s get ready for bed. You need your beauty sleep. For the next few days Vic will be the man in your life, and we better get you prepared.”

Later that night, we reversed roles as we made love. Cindy insisted that I call her Mike. I just hope that I didn’t sound too convincing when I shouted, “Mike, oh Mike...Mike...Mike!”

### *Chapter 12*

I slept poorly. I kept trying to justify how I, a totally straight guy, can be excited at pretending to be a girl and feminine clothes and makeup. Most of all, I worried about how I had become so totally feminine that I wanted to become a man’s girlfriend. I didn’t have easy answers. How could I become so totally immersed in femininity?

## 23 – FEMININE PROPOSAL II....SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

I knew that enjoying being a girl would help during the coming weekend. I wouldn't mind painting my nails or lips. I was excited at being mistaken as a girl while wearing a dress, hose, and heels. I had to be Vic's woman for the next few days. I wouldn't be with Cindy or Mike. What did Vic expect of me? What would he force me to do? The demands being made of me would make a real woman tremble. I would be obligated to fulfill...willingly, pictures, poses, publicity, even a contract that compelled sex without question, and all with the full knowledge and consent of my wife.

Cindy was forcing me to be little more than a high priced hooker. Of course, originally, I had expected her to do exactly the same things, except that she is really a girl. She wouldn't have had to change sex to comply.

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Vic was picking me up at 6 PM. That seemed a long way off at 5 AM, yet I really had no time left to do anything for myself as either Lisa or Stan. I closed my eyes and tried to drift off to sleep.

"Come on, Sweetheart," Cindy called. "Get up and let's do something. It was 7:30 and bright and sunny outside. "Let's do something fun, like look for guys."

"I have a rich guy lined up," I reminded her.

"Oh, that's right," she smiled, "You will be a kept woman for an entire weekend. Are you excited?"

"I wouldn't say 'excited', more like nervous, very nervous."

"You can to it, right?"

I looked at the ground. "Yeah, I guess I have to..."

"Don't get too taken with him, or it may be you and he living here, and not you and I."

## 24- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“He would never ask me to be his bride,” I sarcastically responded.

“You never know,” she grinned, “it may depend on how good you are in bed.”

Her statement sobered me up. “That can really be a problem. I’m not sure I can let another man have me sexually.”

“I don’t mean to sound insensitive, sweetheart, but you were okay when you thought I would be servicing him, and allowing him to make love to me so we could have our house and car.”

“But...”

“But nothing, Lisa. I won’t lose this house just because you’re afraid to let a man take you sexually. You will be the best lay Vic has ever had. You have a choice, Stan if we are to stay together.”

“I...I’m totally giving up my manhood. I’ll be a woman for all practical matters.”

“Yes, you will be a woman and you may even like it. How you acted on your date with Mike leads me think that you may enjoy being a woman for a man.” I didn’t say anything, so she continued. “This weekend originally was a business deal where we stood to lose thousands of dollars. Dressing you up early was intended to allow you to grow into the role and maybe enjoy it. I think we succeeded.”

“I agreed to stay a girl for another week, didn’t I?”

“Yes, Lisa. Now enjoy your next four days as a girl, even though you’re being forced to pose as one. When you dress in your sexy clothes or paint your lips do it because it’s fun. Do it because you enjoy being a girl.”

“You think I enjoy being a girl?”

25 – FEMININE PROPOSAL II....SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

“I think you like being Mike’s girlfriend. You could be a total woman for him, couldn’t you?”

I burned scarlet red. I didn’t answer her question nor did she persist. We both knew the answer, although I didn’t think she was totally accurate. I had never let a man take me that way, so how could I be sure.

“Come on, nothing sexual is going to happen until at least Sunday night. Who knows, you might not turn him on? Maybe it’s just a bluff and he hopes that you’ll back out of the deal.”

“I can only hope...”

“Meanwhile, enjoy the dinner show, ball game, and Broadway show. You like those things. The only difference is that you are attending them as a girl.”

“It has been kind of fun being a girl with you, but being one with him is completely different. I have to be a girl for real.”

“You enjoyed being a real girl for Mike last night, right?”

Yes...!” What a thing to tell your wife. I enjoyed being a girl as a man’s date. What must she think of me? She didn’t catch me with another woman. She sent me, as a woman, on a date with another man, and I enjoyed being Lisa with him.

Cindy brought me back to reality. “Let’s relax today, sunbathe, and read Cosmo or some girlish romance novel. We’ll paint each other’s nails and stuff...okay?”

“Okay...”

“Let’s change.” Cindy disappeared into our bedroom. “I’ll let you wear one of my swimsuits.”

“I didn’t expect to wear one of my own swimsuits.”

## 26- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“How boring. Why would you want to when I have such darling outfits to lend you?” I completely agreed with her, but I didn’t say anything. How girlish would I admit to being?

She pulled out a sea foam color two-piece bikini with a scallop design for me to wear. I soon sported a decent feminine figure with Cindy’s expertise in breast taping and groin concealment. She chose a flame red one-piece strapless suit for herself. She was a real knockout.

“I’m getting unladylike urges seeing you in that suit,” I said.

She smiled, “Now you know how the boys will feel when they see you in your little suits.”

We lay on soft beach towels on the patio deck. Cindy covered me thoroughly with lotion, working it deep into my cleavage and around my bikini line. I later found the lotion was a tanning lotion. I took my time rubbing a different sunscreen on her.

We spent a lazy, hazy summer day reading, talking, and painting each other’s nails. I read about beauty secrets in ‘New Woman’ magazine, which seemed an appropriate magazine for me to read.

Soon it was time for me to become a ‘new woman’. I found I had taken the first step when I stripped off my swimsuit and saw my now naked body deeply tanned except for the area covered by my swimsuit. Those tan lines would be with me for weeks. Stan wasn’t going to go shirtless anytime soon.

“Four thirty, Lisa. Vic will pick you up in an hour and a half.” It was time to get ready for my date, and thinking about it gave me butterflies in my stomach. As a guy, I only needed a few minutes, but as a woman, I needed all the time available.

After finishing my shower and smoothly shaving my body, I sat at Cindy's makeup table attired in the panties Vic sent me, over which I wore sheer nylon hose. I admitted that I have great legs, long and shapely. I would slip my 3" black patent leather heels with ankle straps on later.

I began to apply my makeup, and the only suggestion Cindy made was to not do my makeup too sexy, as I was only going to a dinner theater. I had come so far as a girl in four days that I could do my makeup unsupervised. I applied foundation, blush, powder, blue eyeshadow (blue was back according to 'New Woman' magazine), black eyeliner, and mascara on my surprisingly long lashes.

I fastened my strapless pushup bra into place and dropped a sheer nude camisole over my shoulders. Cleavage? If cleavage was what he wanted, then cleavage is what he would get. I gingerly stepped into my deep-cut spaghetti strap mini dress with a micro mini flared skirt, and pulled it over my now feminine body. A great description of this dress is black, daring, and sexy. I finished off by slipping a sheer top that draped from my exposed shoulders to my waist in layers of lace.

My auburn wig cascaded over my bare shoulders. Only then did I look into Cindy's full-length mirror. Whoa! I even excited myself. I was a fox!

I glanced at my delicate gold watch on my left wrist. It was twenty till six, and my timing was perfect. It was time to apply my dusty rose lipstick and gloss that matched my pretty nails. I felt that I had just sealed my femininity as the rose cream settled on my lips. I was now truly Lisa.

## 28- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

I wanted to be a woman and now I was one. Would I ever want to return to being a man? Of course I would, but not for a few days or maybe a week or so.

“Are you ready?” Cindy broke into my thoughts.

“Yes,” I declared.

“Not quite, sugar,” she said, “Where is your jewelry?”

“Jewelry?”

“Earrings, necklace, the pretty little accessories that we girls enjoy. How could you have forgotten?” Cindy smiled. “A little lesson I forgot to teach you.”

She dug into her jewelry box to produce a delicate gold necklace. She gently placed it about my neck. The necklace looked so feminine as it encircled my neck. “I knew you would like it,” Cindy giggled. She attached a similar gold hoop with tiny red stones in each of my ears.

“You’re a real woman now.” I almost forgot about getting my ears pierced. I loved the look and feel of the dangling earrings. I would not forget my earrings again.

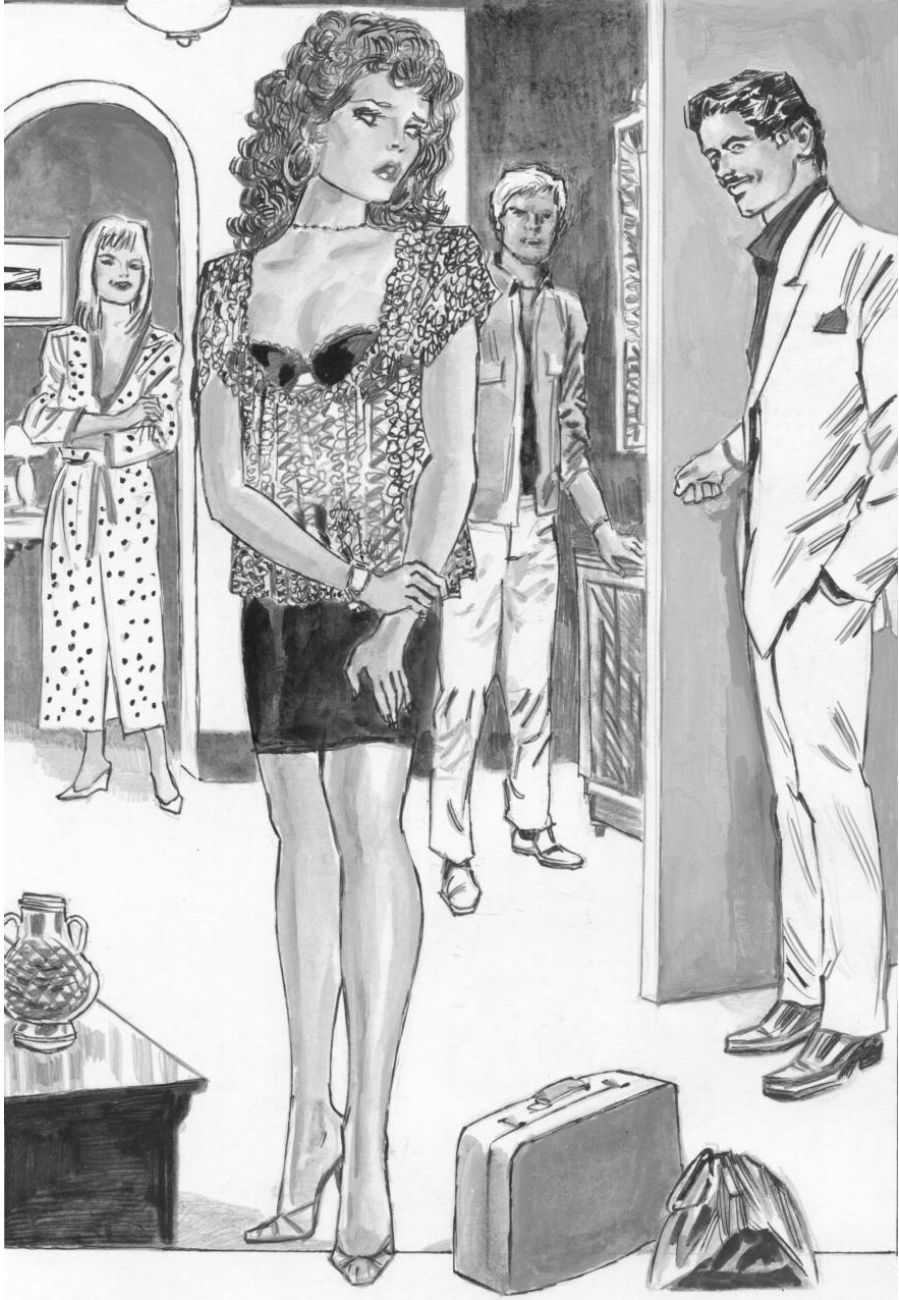
I was admiring myself in the full-length mirror when the doorbell rang. My Gawd, it must be Vic and my weekend of forced femininity was about to begin. Cindy opened the door and I heard, “Uh...hi, Mike! What are you doing here?”

“Mike?” I gasped.

“Lisa left her purse in my Jeep. I’m returning it. Is she here?”

“Well yes, but...”

“Hi, Mike,” I moved into the living room. “Oh, you brought back my purse. How nice.” Mike’s eyes were as large as saucers.



*Mike was pissed, Cindy was excited, Vic was smug, and I was terrified! And this is just the start of my weekend as another guy's girl!*

### 30– GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“You are beautiful, Lisa! Absolutely gorgeous!” he gasped.

“Thank you,” I blushed. Then Mike remembered that I was beautiful for another man and he forced a weak smile. “Uh...you remember that I am going out this weekend.”

“I guess so, but I hate you being that beautiful for another man.”

I smiled, “But I’ll be talking to you next Monday, honey.” There was that ‘honey’ again. I sat gracefully on the couch and realized that I was showing a lot of nylon-encased thigh. It was not lost on him.

Suddenly there was another ring of the doorbell. Cindy and I looked at each other and panicked. What could we do? “I’ll get it,” Mike declared before either of us could stop him.

Mike opened the door wide, and yes, it was Vic. What a sight! My six-foot boyfriend in Jeans and T-shirt stood before my weekend date, the very good-looking Vic Toledo. Vic was splendid in a very expensive 3-piece suit, and was obviously surprised.

“You must be here to pick up Lisa,” Mike declared.

“Indeed I am. I’m looking forward to a wonderful weekend with her,” Vic declared.

Suddenly Mike spotted my suitcases beside the door. “Weekend? Oh, sure, yeah, well I was just leaving,” Mike steamed through the doorway.

“Mike!” I called after him. “I’ll talk with you on Monday, okay?”

“Maybe!” was his abrupt answer as he jumped into his Jeep and left in an angry cloud of dust.

“Is there a problem?” Vic asked, obviously pleased.

“No, he’s just a friend,” Cindy answered. “He was late going somewhere.”

“I would say that he was jealous that Lisa had another man in her life. How many boyfriends does your husband have, Cindy?” Vic smiled broadly. “As pretty and feminine as he is, I would guess that he could attract lots of men.”

“Cut it out, Vic,” Cindy angrily shouted. “The contract states that you must treat Stan completely as a woman.”

Obviously Vic liked what he heard. “Of course, sweetheart. As of this moment, your husband is no longer your husband. He is now my girlfriend and he...no she...will be a woman for the entire weekend. I certainly understand why you like her better this way, Cindy. I knew he would easily pass as a woman, but I had no idea that he would be this pretty. My weekend will be so much more fun now that I will be spending it with a pretty girl rather than a plain girl.”

Cindy glared at Vic and I. I said nothing, passively acting as if I were really a girl. “Does the big guy know who our Lisa really is?”

“No...” I answered, and this time, Vic looked surprised. He just had to get in a last shot. “Oh...someone for your future, honey? Maybe you’ll choose not to go back to being a boring guy. Maybe it will be more fun if you remain as the gorgeous chick that you’ve become.” He looked me over as if I were a woman, undressing me with his eyes. “Are you wearing the pretty panties of the month that I sent you, Lisa?”

I nodded, turning deep red. “I never got to see them before they were sent to you. Please raise your dress a little so I can take a quick peek at your pretty lingerie?”

### 32- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

I looked helplessly at Cindy and she gave me a sad nod. I had to do whatever Vic asked of me this weekend, it was in the contract. I closed my eyes as I took my dress hem between my fingers and lifted the skirt to my waist.

“Nice legs,” Vic agreed, “but I cannot see your panties.” I shivered as I stood dressed and made up as a woman and holding my dress up so Vic could see my panties. All in front of my wife!

“Very pretty. I’ll take a picture of you wearing them later,” Vic declared. “As smooth as the front of your panties are, you must not have had much to conceal. Let’s be going, honey.”

Vic placed his arm around my waist. He then kissed me lightly on my lips, making sure that Cindy saw. “I thought that would be a tough thing to do, but your husband is so much like a girl that it seemed natural.”

Vic took every opportunity to humiliate me in front of Cindy. He took every shot he could to boost his masculinity and his power over me, his girl for the weekend. It was as if he were saying, ‘Cindy, which man do you really want? Me, rich, powerful, and masculine, or your husband, jobless, pretty, and oh so feminine in that cute dress?’

I wasn’t much competition for the ‘manly’ award as I stood next to Vic with his arm tightly wrapped around my tiny waist. I was very aware that another man held me as I wore a dress, lingerie, hose, and heels, and with my nails painted a pretty rose to match my glossy lipstick. A man who would later be able to sexually take me if he chose to do so, and I had to let him, all in front of my wife.

“I’ll give you both one more ‘out’ if you wish,” Vic declared loudly. He had both our attentions. “Cindy,

would you like to take your husband's place as my girlfriend this weekend? Same roles, same rewards."

A fleeting thought crossed my mind that Cindy would set me free. "No, I want him to do it as agreed," Cindy stated.

"No? Let's ask Lisa anyway," Vic was obviously disappointed. "Lisa, do you want Cindy to take your place as my girl? Remember the cooperative upbeat conditions of the contract before you answer. Think about it, then tell Cindy and I your answer."

I did indeed remember that damned contract that forced me into this situation. I was also aware of Cindy's refusal to take my place. I knew how I had to answer. "Why no, Vic," I smiled, "I don't want Cindy to take my place. I'm looking forward to being your girl all weekend. I hope that you will make me a complete woman before the weekend is over."

Cindy's eyes grew wide with surprise and Vic staggered and stuttered a little, "You'll forget that you were ever a man, honey. You'll look forward to your future as a woman because you'll get to do things with me that other girls' only dream of."

I smiled a weak smile. My plan to scare him into quitting had backfired. "I'm glad that you're looking forward to this," Cindy said. What was she really thinking?

Vic guided me toward his car. His driver placed my bags and suitcases in the trunk. "You really look forward to being my girl, Lisa? I won't let you down."

I felt really strange wearing a dress and high heels, and having a man with his arm around my waist leading me into a weekend of womanhood. I looked back at Cindy as Vic opened the car door for me. She had her

### 34- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

arms crossed and a satisfied smile on her face. "Have a wonderful time, Lisa."

I sat, dress at mid-thigh, with Vic putting his arm around my shoulders and pulling me close. He had rolled down the darkened automatic windows so Cindy would not miss a thing.

Vic's driver took his place behind the steering wheel. "This is Howard, Lisa. Howard is your bodyguard, guarding your very pretty, very feminine body this whole weekend. He's a good man, but I can't guarantee that he won't come onto you when I'm not around," Vic laughed.

Howard nodded to me. "A pleasure to be at your service, ma'am." He was a clean-cut athletic type, probably in his mid to late twenties. I was sure that he could protect me. Protect me from what? Was I so feminine that I needed a man to protect me? Was I that delicate? Maybe I was, so why not enjoy it.

"Thank you, Howard," I softly said. "I look forward to your company." I saw his broad smile in the rear view mirror.

Vic removed his arm from around my shoulders as soon as we were out of sight of the house. What he had done was all show for Cindy, to display his masculinity and how feminine he had made me.

"You're going to love this weekend, Lisa," he started, "You'll do more than any other woman who has spent a weekend with me, and it'll all be on film. Cindy gets a copy of everything."

"I'm sure," I sweetly cooed. I knew his game. He would see that I was the girliest girl ever, and then he would share all those moments with Cindy, hoping that she will dump her effeminate husband to be with a 'real' man. I shivered and wondered if she would.

We drove in silence just looking at the scenery. Vic broke into my thoughts, talking low so Howard couldn't hear. "What do you think, Lisa? Here the three of us are driving through the Colorado Mountains, three men, Howard, you, and I. How does it feel to play the role of a woman and be with two real men?"

"I adore being a woman, Vic." I hadn't forgotten the mandatory clause in the damn contract that stated I had to be fun, cooperative, and enthusiastic. I would embrace my femininity all weekend. Actually, it wasn't that bad except for Vic being a pain in the ass. I could admit to myself that pretending to be a girl was kind of fun. I loved the clothes and the makeup. I might even enjoy being with a man if he were the right man like Mike or maybe even Howard. I froze those thoughts in mid-thought. What was wrong with me? I'm not supposed to be into men. I am one! Then I glanced at my rose-colored fingernails and nylon covered legs. 'Well, I will be again...probably.'

The rest of the trip was uneventful, and soon Howard rolled up to the front doors of the Cherry Hills Dinner Theater. Vic buttoned his suit coat, I straightened my skirt, and Howard opened the car doors for us.

Vic extended his hand to me, a gesture of a gentleman towards his lady. I delicately extended my legs to the pavement until my spike heels touched the ground. That movement immodestly pushed my short skirt higher up my thighs. Vic smiled as he gently tugged the hem of my skirt back to a presentable position.

"Thank you," I sincerely offered.

"My pleasure, mademoiselle," he graciously returned.

Howard handed me my purse and Vic and I started for a night at the theater, as a man and his date. Vic

### 36- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

held my hand as he led me toward the theater entrance. The click of my heels and the confinement of my skirt reminded me of my role for the evening.

I felt my earrings flutter as they brushed the sides of my face. OK, it is fun being here as a girl, even with Vic who was now treating me as his woman and date. It wouldn't do if people thought of his date as anything but a beautiful woman. Now we both had to play our roles well. He had to be protective as my man, and I had to be charming as his woman.

"Welcome, Mr. Toredo," a uniformed doorman greeted us with an open double glass door, as we walked around a long line of people waiting to get inside.

"Thank you, Gordon. This is Miss Lisa."

Gordon beamed, "Welcome, Miss Lisa." The folded bills left in Gordon's hand were a regular routine.

"Thank you, Gordon," I warmly smiled. Wow, how things had changed to go from being a destitute guy four days ago to a lady of luxury tonight.

Vic pointed out the ladies room. "It was a long drive. I know that you want to freshen up." I did want to freshen up, but fluttering butterflies churned my stomach as I pushed open the door marked, 'Ladies'. Vic would be in and out of the 'Gentleman's' room long before I could return to the lobby.

A couple of women were applying makeup as I entered. They paid absolutely no attention to me, which made me feel more comfortable. I was just another woman to them. I locked myself in a stall and pulled down my hose and panties. There are times when it is definitely a plus to be a man, and this is one of them. I took care of business and vowed to drink as little as possible so this wouldn't be a repeated trip.

As with all women, I stopped at the mirror to freshen my makeup. I only needed a touch of lipstick. As an afterthought, I lightly applied perfume to my throat and between the mounds of my exposed cleavage.

“Oh, he’ll love that for sure, honey.” I glanced up, surprised to see one of the actresses from the show.

“My boyfriend loves that perfume and he loves for me to wear it just where you do,” the blond, twenty-year-old girl giggled as she left the room. I smiled. Apparently I was doing things correctly as a woman.

Vic was seated on an upholstered bench. “Ah, there she is.” He was actually pleasant as he guided me through the hallways to the balcony seating. It was the best in the house. I was doing things as a woman that I would never be able to do as a man.

We were seated at a table with two other young couples. “Hi, I’m Tony. This is my wife, Heather.”

“Todd and Amy here,” another guy smiled.

“Vic and Lisa,” Vic declared.

“Pretty dress, Lisa,” Amy said, as Heather nodded.

“Thank you. You are both very pretty yourselves.”

In seconds, Todd and Tony were deep in conversation with Vic about some new fuel injection system. At the same time, Heather, Amy, and I started discussing the on-line bidding for model’s eggs for the perfect daughters that some couples were hoping to have.

“It would be my luck,” Heather said, “that the egg would produce a son instead of a daughter.”

“Then you would have a very pretty son,” Amy giggled.

### 38- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“That’s what I want,” Heather murmured, a boy who looks good wearing a dress.” We all laughed and the men paid no attention.

“I doubt if you can make a guy look very good as a girl. What do you think, Lisa?”

“You can probably change a boy into a girl, but I doubt that you could ever make a man look like a woman,” I lied. What an interesting turn this conversation had taken.

“I don’t know about that. I know of at least one man who was turned into a really good looking woman,” Vic had taken an interest in our conversation.

“Why would he do that?” Amy questioned.

“Maybe because he made a better looking woman than he did a man,” Vic arched his eyebrows. “Maybe his femininity was stronger than his masculinity. It happens.”

“I can’t buy that,” Tony added. “You can’t make a guy look so good that everyone would really think he was a woman. There would be signs. I could tell every time.” Todd nodded in agreement.

“I think you’re both wrong. I believe certain men could easily pass as women,” I said. They had no idea that I was defending myself.

Heather and Amy agreed with me. Both remembered certain men from their pasts that they thought could pass as women. “Remember Randy?” Amy giggled. “He is probably a girl now.” Amy and Heather both laughed.

Vic glanced at me, but said nothing. I was living proof the guys were wrong. I certainly had no intentions of proving my point to them, however. It was time for the show to start, so the conversation died.



*“Join us in the powder room while the men talk about their boring cars?” Amy suggested. I couldn’t decline. Vic smirked as I joined the women, while he stayed with the men. A week ago, I was one of the guys, but now I was a woman, expected to enthusiastically do what women do.*

#### 40- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

The show was 'Lil Abner', a comedy. I was constantly reminded that I was a woman whenever I re-crossed my legs. I remembered Cindy's coaching, 'knees together at all times'. The slight pull of the spaghetti straps of my dress and the lipstick stain on my glass were reminders that tonight I was Lisa.

Vic sat across the table from me with the other men. At one point, he held my hand briefly, and then let go as he apparently remembered who I really was.

The show was quite good. I was so totally immersed in it that I forgot that I was at the theater dressed as a woman and referred to as Lisa by a man who was my date, a man who was taking me to his house when the show was over. I was having so much fun that these things just fled my mind, that is, until intermission when the house lights came on.

"Come, Lisa, let's go to the Ladies room before the line gets too long," Heather and Amy suggested.

Vic raised an eyebrow. "See you at the start of the second half if you're lucky. I bet at times you wish you were a man, eh, Lisa?"

"Never! I wouldn't want to be a man for any reason," I shot back.

"Good for you, Lisa. Sometimes men can be so arrogant. If a short visit to the bathroom is the best thing about being a man, then I'm doubly glad that I'm a woman," Amy stated with conviction. Heather and I nodded in agreement.

This time the line was not long, and I had the ladies room thing down pat. I checked the delicate watch on my wrist. Seven minutes since we left our table, and we were on our way back. I wasn't prepared for the feminine voice that halted my return. "Lisa, Lisa, is that you?" I

turned to spot Janice, my friend from Gramps, Greg's wife.

"Hi, Janice," I smiled. I really did like her. "A little fancier than Gramps, huh?"

"Yeah, but you look gorgeous in that dress. I'd wear mini all the time too if I had legs like yours. Mike would drool if he saw you in that dress."

I glanced at the floor, and then looked directly into her eyes. "Mike did see me in this dress. He returned my purse about the same time that my date, another man, was picking me up. He isn't very happy with me right now."

"I know, I know, honey. He came over to help Greg with our van. I heard him tell Greg that he was very upset that you were spending an entire weekend, not just a date, with Vic Toredo."

"But Janice, I just met Mike. I've only been out with him once."

Janice held out her hands toward me as if blocking a shot. "You don't have to explain to me, Lisa. You have to explain to Mike. He knows that he doesn't own you. I think that he's worried that he cannot compete with a guy like Toredo. He's afraid that he has no chance with you."

"Really?"

"Well, he didn't talk to me. I just overheard things and put them together. He really likes you, Lisa."

How could this be? How can a man like Mike be interested in me? What is worse is that I, another man pretending to be a girl, was falling for him. I should bring this to an end, but emotionally I knew I wouldn't.

#### 42- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“Janice, if you see him, tell him that he’s more than in the ball game, and that I’m looking forward to his call on Monday.”

“I’ll see him all right. He’s always at our house, and of course, I’ll tell him.” We parted, going our separate ways.

Heather and Amy were already at the table, as were Tony and Todd. Only Vic was missing, and I assumed that he was at the men’s room. “Vic got a page just after you left. He went to find a private phone. Something about cars,” Todd explained.

“He owns the Toredo dealership,” I explained.

“I think that it was something important.” I nodded thanks.

The show had started again when a man in a business suit touched my bare shoulder, then whispered in my ear. “Mr. Toredo was called away on a business emergency. He said to tell you that he is very sorry. Of course, the tab for the evening is taken care of. He also said that he has provided an escort to take you home.”

I thanked him and the poor guy practically broke his neck jerking his head up. He had been staring down the front of my dress! How flattering! I am amazed at the control women have over men.

Tony asked after the manager left, “Isn’t Vic returning? Will you need a ride home?” It was so nice how the guys looked after their women.

“Thank you, I think that I will be okay.” This was the same Tony who could always pick out a female impersonator. Ha!

I easily got back into the play. Here I was, Stan, pretending to be Lisa, alone at a posh dinner theater

while wearing a dress. I panicked a little. Was this a setup? Was I about to be exposed as a man in drag in front of all these people? Would Vic do that to me?

A masculine voice interrupted my thoughts, “I hope you’re okay with second string. Vic asked me to fill in for him.” It was Howard.

I was relieved that all my horrible worries were wrong. I was a princess trapped in that awful tower, and Howard had just rode in on his white horse and rescued me. “Mind? Certainly not! I’m happy that you’re here.” A man had come to my rescue. “Thank you for coming, Howard.”

Howard flashed his chicklet smile, “I’ll let you get back to the show. We’ll talk afterward.”

I was happy that Howard was here. I wish he were sitting beside me rather than on the other side of the table. I would have felt okay if he had put his arm around me. I adored being a woman. That was a little scary, considering my present anatomy.

I enjoyed the rest of the show and Howard seemed to enjoy the half he saw. When the show was over, I introduced Howard to the other couples. We enjoyed a little polite conversation before saying our good-byes.

Howard wrapped his muscular arm about my waist and led me through the crowd. The car sat at the curb and a doorman held the door open for us. “I’ll sit up front with you,” I said.

“You sure? I’m just your driver.”

“Tonight you’re my knight in shining armor,” I smiled. He didn’t understand, but he returned my smile. I slid over to sit right next to him when he got into the driver’s seat. I even had time to apply a light spray of perfume at my cleavage and the base of my throat.

#### 44- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Howard was surprised, but he seemed pleased too. “I don’t normally sit this close to the boss’ ladies,” he said.

“You do tonight,” I stated. “I’ll teach him to abandon me.” Howard smiled and took his seat behind the wheel. What else could he do?

We drove in silence for several minutes when my leg touched his. Although an accident, I didn’t pull away. Actually, I pressed my leg firmly against his so he knew that it wasn’t an accident. Was I doing this for my own pleasure? I admired my nylon-covered legs and thigh high hem of my short skirt in the passing streetlights. My femininity turned me on and I was shamelessly flirting with this rugged man.

Howard’s face was a mixture of discomfort and pleasure. After all, the boss’ girlfriend was flirting with him. Flirting? What is wrong with me? What if he responds to my flirting? What womanly things would I, could I do with him? I’m not even a woman. What is happening with me?

Five days ago, I was all male. I had never worn a dress or makeup, and I had only come onto girls. Now dressed and made up like a girl, I thought it okay to come onto guys like the girl I wasn’t.

Howard shifted about to put his arm around me. He was about to yield to my feminine ambush, and now I had to either respond or cool things down. “I’m sorry, Howard. I really should just let you drive.”

Howard looked a little hurt, but didn’t say anything. I had done the right thing, but I wondered where things would have gone had I not done so. Now I was the one a little disappointed.

We arrived at Vic’s home a few minutes later. Home? It was more of a mini mansion. Howard escorted me

through the front door and down a thickly carpeted hallway to my bedroom. What a bastion of femininity! The canopy bed was done in ruffles and lace. A vanity dresser and makeup table graced the side of the room. Floral prints and pictures of 18<sup>th</sup> century women graced the walls. Lace doilies covered the twin nightstands. A super pro wrestler would feel feminine in this room.

My clothing, dresses, skirts, blouses, and gowns were hung in the large walk-in closet. There were other clothes that I'd never seen before, a ball gown for instance, hanging in the closet. Gifts for Vic's women, no doubt.

My lingerie was placed in a scented dresser drawer. Fresh flowers stood in a vase on the nightstand, and a chocolate turtle in a gold wrapper lay on my pillow. Vic sure knew how to treat his women.

This could be Cindy standing here. On the other hand, if it were Cindy, would Vic have taken her straight to his Master bedroom? What kind of a man was I? I was becoming the girl of Vic's indecent proposal so that my wife would not have to...

"Uh, Lisa..." I had forgotten that Howard was still in the room.

"Yes, sorry, Howard," I stammered.

"Your private bath is just off the right. It's stocked with lotions, powders and all the girly things that you would know about." Of course, Howard, like any manly man, wouldn't know about such things.

I sniffed a bottle of lilac scented bubble bath. "Delightful," I giggled.

"The maid put all your things away for you. I wouldn't have done that," he stated. He was right. It wouldn't do for a man to handle a lady's lingerie. "If you

## 46- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

need anything, Lisa, I'm in the second bedroom down the hall."

"I have everything that I need, Howard. Thank you for taking such good care of me tonight."

"You're welcome, Lisa," he hesitated, "Uh, there is one other thing, ma'am."

"Yes?"

"Vic...Mr. Toredo, said that I should give you a goodnight kiss from him."

"Really?"

"Well, yeah, but you don't really have to..."

I thought about it for a brief moment. "Oh, but I do. I really want to. What type of kiss did Vic tell you to give me?"

"That is entirely up to you," he stammered.

"Do you mind?" I coyly asked.

"I've been looking forward to it all evening," Howard honestly answered.

I applied fresh lipstick as he answered my question. I looked directly into his steel blue eyes. "Then give me a kiss like you would give your favorite girlfriend," I boldly dived in.

He didn't hesitate. He took me in his arms and I placed my arms around his neck. He pressed his lips firmly against my soft, rose painted lips, and I pulled him closer. His kiss lit me on fire!

I raised my right leg and bent it at the knee just like in the movies. Even with my 3" heels, he stood a good half-foot taller than I. I surprised myself by brushing my tongue against his lips and into his mouth. I had given

him permission to French kiss me. Wow, was this great or what!

Howard broke off the kiss. “I had better go, Lisa, or I won’t want to leave.” His breathing was labored.

“I wouldn’t want you to,” I sighed. We gently broke away and Howard left, quietly shutting my bedroom door.

I fell backward onto my bed. So this is what being a woman feels like,” I softly sighed. “Not too bad...” I rested and fantasized about feminine romance, and of Mike and Howard.

I wondered what it would be like when I finally had to kiss Vic, or would I have to? Maybe he was going to use a stand-in in all situations except for those sexual. That way, he could tell Cindy what a good...well you know what he would tell her.

The thought of Sunday night or Monday morning sent shivers up my back. I thought of Cindy. I was daydreaming of kissing only guys as a woman. How would I be able to kiss Cindy after I became Stan again? Why would I even consider not being Stan again? After all, I am a man.

But tonight, I can still be a girl, I reasoned, as I placed the lilac scented bubble pearls into the warm water of the sunken bathtub. I slid into the soothing waters and covered my silky smooth body with bubbles. I gently bathed myself with a sponge. Small delicate hands with rose-colored oval nails held the sponge. My fingernails matched my rose colored toenails peeking from the white suds at the opposite end of the tub. I softly hummed ‘I enjoy being a girl’, and then closed my eyes to listen to the music piped into the bathroom.

That combination made it difficult to spray myself off and pop out of the tub. I stepped into my sea foam green babydoll pajamas and slipped on a white silk gown, after drying myself and dusting myself with powder.

I returned to the bedroom and turned on the TV with the remote on the bed stand. As I sat on my bed, I noticed a scrapbook lying on the dresser. A soft pink ribbon held the cover shut. I removed the ribbon and turned to the title page. '*Our Weekend Together – Vic and Lisa, September 22 – 25*' was written in a scroll on the cover.

Trembling, I opened the first page. There was a photo of Vic and Howard standing outside his car. Neatly written under the picture was '*The men about to pick up Vic's princess*'. Other photos were neatly attached to the first couple of pages. A photo of my bedroom had the caption, '*For my Princess*', and a photo of Vic with his arm around my waist leading me out of my house with, '*Lisa's dream weekend begins*'. It continued with another photo of me exiting the car at the dinner theater with my skirt slid high on my thigh. It only read, '*Wow*'. There was another photo of Amy, Heather, and myself leaving the table to go to the girl's room with the caption, '*Nature Calling*'.

I had no idea that any of these photos were taken. Vic was determined to capture on film every moment of this weekend. What would the next photos contain? Taking my bath? Kissing Howard? A sticky note on the 2<sup>nd</sup> page said, '*To be continued...*'

I scanned the room for cameras, but spotted none. I knew that Vic would present this album to Cindy so that he could highlight how feminine I had become. Would she still want a man like me for a husband?



*“Ummm,” I sighed as the bubbles floated about my smooth flawless legs, “I could get used to this girlie stuff. Girls definitely have it better than guys!”*

I removed my gown and slid between the satin sheets. The touch of satin felt great against my legs. I flicked off the TV and finally drifted off to sleep.

### *Chapter 13*

I awoke to the smell of fresh coffee. A tray sat next to my bed. “Good morning, Miss Lisa,” a young woman placing a bowl of fresh fruit on a tray with the coffee warmly greeted me.

“Good morning. Who are you?” I sleepily asked.

“I’m Vicky, Mr. Toredo’s maid, chief cook, and bottle washer,” she smiled. She was good looking, 35 years old, with a trim figure, and wore a stylish maroon maid’s uniform. It wasn’t quite a French maid’s uniform, but not much longer either. “I’ll be at your service all weekend. I hope your room is acceptable.”

“It’s gorgeous, very pretty,” I answered.

“It’s a little too girly for me, but much nicer than anything that I’ll ever have,” she defiantly answered in an Irish accent, “but it fits you quite nicely, Miss Lisa. You’re so delicate and feminine and all.” A woman was telling me that this bedroom was too girly for her, but just right for me? What had I become?

“Oh, Miss Lisa, Mr. Toredo will be calling you soon. There has been a change in plans.”

“A change?”

“He will tell you, but I think that the photo crew that was to take your swimsuit pictures cannot make it.”

“Huh...I wonder what I’m to do this morning?” I murmured.

“I wouldn’t know. I suppose Mr. Toredó will though. He’ll call you soon enough. I’ll leave you be, ma’am,” she smiled and closed the door.

I sat on the edge of the bed in my babydoll pajamas and delicately tasted the fruit, toast, and coffee. For a second, I wondered why there wasn’t a lipstick ring on the cup, and then I remembered that I had not yet done my makeup. This was how every day would begin as long as I was Lisa. “Ah, the life of a woman. Now what type of makeup should I do, seeing as I don’t know what I’m going to be doing?”

My princess phone rang, and I answered, “Hello?”

“Lisa, good morning! Hey, bad news,” Vic greeted in his business voice. “The photographer’s union went on strike at midnight last night. They won’t do your shoot this morning.”

“Uh huh...” I murmured.

“Too bad. I bet you’re a real babe in a bikini, sweetheart?”

I was going to snap a smart-ass answer, but I recalled the contract to be agreeable, pleasant, and fun. “I guess that I look pretty sexy,” I answered.

“The boys really get turned on when they see you in your bathing suit?”

“Yes they do,” I answered softly. I could envision Vic smirking at the other end of the line.

“You have another shoot set for tomorrow. I’ll see more of you at that shoot than I would in your bikini.”

I took a short breath. I recalled the contract saying something about daring clothes, semi nude, etc. for the photo shoots. “I guess you will, if that’s what you want.”

## 52- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“That’s what I want, photos of my little Lisa in the nude. They’ll be my favorite.” I wondered how I would look with a girl’s face and a boy’s body. I will have to wait until tomorrow.

“Vic, is there something else that I’m supposed to do this morning...or do I get the morning off?”

“I’m glad you asked, honey. I need my receptionist and secretary to help me with a complicated contract that I have to finish today. Would you mind coming over and doing the reception duties? No secretary work, mind you. Just sit up front and be cute. Okay?”

“Uh...okay, I guess. Actually, I haven’t a thing to wear unless you want me in a swimming suit or a ball gown.”

“Nothing to wear? You’re like all women. Actually that doesn’t surprise me. Figure it out, a dress, skirt, or something. You can drive my Mustang. Have Howard get you the keys.”

“All right, I’ll figure...” but the phone went dead.

I glanced through my closet again, already knowing that there wasn’t anything appropriate for an auto dealer receptionist to wear. Could I shop really quickly? No, I had too little cash and no credit on my credit cards. Call Cindy? She was too far away. Wear my micro mini-dress from last night? No way, too dressy.”

“May I pick up your tray, Miss?” an Irish accent interrupted my thoughts.

“Yeah, sure...” I muttered.

“Something wrong, ma’am?”

“Oh, no big deal, but Vic wants me to be his receptionist for a few hours this morning...”

“You don’t want to do it, as this is supposed to be a pleasure weekend, not a work weekend?”

“Oh no, no, that’s not it,” I corrected. “I don’t mind helping out for a few hours, but I really don’t have anything to wear.” I showed her the closet and she agreed.

“I don’t want to be forward, Lisa, but it looks like you might wear a size 8 or 10?” I didn’t have a clue, but nodded my head in agreement. “Then let’s see what I have that may work for you. That’s my size too.”

I slipped on my robe and followed her down the carpeted hallway to her room. It was small, but pretty. “I think your room is girly to,” I told her.

“Well, I am a girl, after all,” she said shyly, “but not so many ruffles and lace.” I agreed with her. My room was more like a little girl’s room.

Vicky stood before her closet and checked out the options, while I took the opportunity to check out her figure. We were comparable in size, but her figure was real. “Ah, black patterned skirt and yellow sweater?” She held them up for me to see.

That combination would work. “Yes, that is fine.”

“Try them on then, just to be sure.” Pleased to find appropriate clothing so easily, I let her slide my robe off before I remembered that I was wearing only sheer babydoll pajamas. It was too late, and my face turned fiery red. I had not taped down my maleness after my bath last night. She could see my nakedness beneath the sheer nightie.

I put my hands to my face and groin. “Oh, Gawd, I shouldn’t have let you...and now you know,” I exclaimed in horror.

## 54- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“What? That you are a man? I noticed that this morning when I brought you your breakfast. Your covers had come off during the night,” Vicky explained.

“You aren’t shocked?” I gasped.

“Surprised, yes! Surprised that such a pretty girl was really a man, most definitely yes. I have no problem with it, and I certainly understand why you would rather be a woman than a man. You are beautiful as a woman, and I doubt that you would be much of a man,” she smiled. “I’ll keep this our secret. We can be girlfriends.”

“I would like that very much,” I said, still blushing from my exposure. “Not much of a man?”

“Not in Ireland. It’s best that you stay a woman.” How could such an extreme insult sound like a compliment?

“How come you’re so accepting of my situation?”

“Ma’am, back in Dublin, my cousin, Danny, and I grew up together. He was always so effeminate. Well, now he calls himself Erin, and a cute raven hair lassie he is. He is the woman in the Irish dance couple of Erin and Shamus.”

“The famous Irish step dancers? They are terrific. Erin is a boy?” I gasped.

He’s my male cousin for sure, but we don’t think of Danny as a boy. He not only dresses as a woman for his performances, but he lives as a woman full time. He’s pretty much Shamus’ wife. Some boys should have been born girls. Danny was one, you are another, I think.”

It took me forty minutes to powder, paint, and apply my cover girl makeup. Nothing fancy, just a little blush, light eyeliner, shadow, and a soft coral lipstick. I put my

cosmetics in my purse and met Howard at the garage where he gave me the keys to Vic's Mustang.

I felt like a college coed in the soft yellow sweater and tight black skirt. I wore a pair of 3" black heels. Vicky had lightly sprayed me with 'Silver Moments' cologne. "Watch out for the boys when you wear this," she warned.

It was fun being a girl with a girl. Now two women knew that Lisa was not really a girl, and unfortunately one man, a man who wanted my wife through my femininity. Well it won't work!

I parked in the employee parking, far away from the showroom and offices. As I walked to the offices, I felt my slim skirt restrict my normally long strides. The sound of heels on the asphalt was mine. I was out in public dressed as a woman, wearing makeup, and smelling of perfume. Would anyone see that I was an impersonator? Would they call the police? Probably not! Mom and Dad saw me wearing a bikini and dad thought that I was hot, while mom thought that I was too scantily dressed for a proper young woman. I guessed that total strangers wouldn't read me as a guy named Stan.

The dealership was filled with people. Young men in plaid jackets descended upon people looking for deals on cars and trucks. I paid particular attention to the female customers to see how much I was like them. I wondered what I was doing that wasn't quite right, and then I realized that I was carrying my purse like a football. I draped the straps over my shoulder. There was still so much for me to learn about being a woman, although I wasn't doing too badly for having been a female for only five days.

## 56- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“Hey, how about a convertible? A chick like you would look great behind the steering wheel,” the 25-year-old salesman startled me when he approached from behind.

“A chick like myself?” I questioned.

“Uh...I mean an attractive woman such as yourself would be very compatible with one of our new soft tops.”

I looked at him narrowly. What right did this total stranger have to be so disrespectful to me just because I was a woman? I started to express my displeasure when a silver hair man in a gray business suit took him by the arm and led him away.

“Terribly sorry, ma’am,” the older man apologized. “He just started today, and hasn’t been to our dealership school yet.”

“It’s all right,” I softly said and proceeded on my way. The last thing I needed was to create a scene.

As I entered the showroom, I heard the older man yell, “What’s wrong with you? Didn’t you see that she was driving the boss’ Mustang? She belongs to Vic Toredó, apparently one of his girls. That means nothing but total respect from you.”

‘She belongs to Vic Toredó? One of his girls?’ I didn’t like either of those labels. I walked up to the business desk where a sexy young bleach blonde wearing a plunging blouse and a miniskirt gave me the once over. She looked at me over as if I were her competition. For what, I don’t know.

“Can I help you?”

“My name is Lisa. I’m here to...” I didn’t get a chance to finish.

“Oh yeah, to catch the reception desk, so I can be in the big meeting with Vic...uh...Mr. Toredó. Come around the desk and I’ll show you what you have to do.” She was eager to train me quickly so that she could get the hell out of there.

“You can put your purse there,” she pointed to an open desk drawer. The blonde, who never gave me her name, gave me ten minutes training on the phone system and reception desk. She was scurrying away when she suddenly stopped and turned around. “I don’t care who you hit on, honey, but Mac is mine.”

“Mac?”

“The General Manager. Keep your painted claws off of him,” then she was gone.

Ah, so I was her competition, or so she thought. So this is what competition for the boys’ looks like from the girl’s side. I didn’t have a clue what Mac looked like, let alone have thoughts of ‘putting my painted claws on him’. I glanced at my red manicured nails. Is this what the blonde called ‘claws’? I think they are very pretty.

I answered phones and helped customers at the reception desk for the next hour. No one thought that I was anything but a woman, a female employee. I became quite comfortable, actually enjoying myself. I even touched up my lipstick when I had a second to myself.

Being a girl was fun. I knew that soon I’d return to being a man, wearing tweed, and maybe stoking a pipe. Yuck, what a drag to have to return to the world of testosterone, hairy legs, belching, and beer. How sweet was the world of pretty scents, delicate, pretty clothes, erotic colors for your lips and cheeks and eyelids, giggling, and being girlish.

## 58- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

A pimple-faced office boy interrupted my thoughts and said "I'll watch your desk for a few minutes. Mr. Toredo wants to see you in the conference room."

"All right, where is it?" The boy pointed towards huge oak double doors. I knocked softly on the door and stuck my head in. "You want to see me, Vi...uh...Mr. Toredo?" At the moment, he was my boss, not my boyfriend.

Ten men in expensive business suits turned in my direction. "Yes, Lisa, please clear the table of coffee cups and plates, and then bring us clean glasses and ice water. Thank you, sweetie," he stated without waiting for my answer.

Apparently I was not only to be his date, girlfriend, and possibly lover, but now I was reduced to being his maid. I smiled and gathered the dirty dishes onto a tray. The blonde gave me a smirking look that said she wouldn't be reduced to doing such a menial task.

I did a good job maneuvering about the room in my tight skirt and high heels. One of the men glanced at my bust standing firm in my soft yellow sweater. I completed my chore and was leaving the now 'spic and span' conference room when Toredo interrupted his presentation, "Isn't she terrific, gentlemen?"

The men nodded approval and expressed their approval with light applause. I blushed, smile, and backed from the room. "Thank you," was all I whispered before the door closed behind me. I heard loud male laughter. As a guy, I had told spicy tales of sexual candor about girls in similar situations. Today I was the girl, so I guess turnabout is fair play.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I returned to the reception desk. 'Pimples' was glad to see me, "Boy, I'm glad you're back. Mr. Toredo usually has me bus all the

dishes. I'd much rather bus dishes than handle this desk. I don't know why you are doing it today."

"I have an idea why," I half smiled at the boy. He waited for my response, but none was forthcoming to that 'rat'.

I had easily mastered the simple phone and paging system, and learned every location at Toledo's dealership. The rush had subsided, so I turned my full attention to the auto inventory on the computer. I crossed my nylon-covered legs and felt the tightness of my skirt. My red tipped nails scurried over the keyboard as I brought picture after picture up on the screen. Maybe one of the trucks would be mine in a few days. All I had to do was continue to be a girl, and frankly, right now I was enjoying myself.

My back was turned from the desk when I heard a familiar soft feminine voice. "Excuse me, Miss. I have an appointment to see Vic. Can you tell me where I might find him?"

I swiveled around in my chair to look into my wife's surprised eyes. For a moment, neither of us said a word. "St...Lisa, what are you doing here?"

"I might ask you the same question. I'm here because Vic wants me here. I don't have a choice."

Cindy blushed a deep red. "Vic wants to show me some pictures of cars," she sheepishly answered.

I was about to respond when the blonde walked up behind me. "Lisa," she directed, "when a customer wants to see Mr. Toledo, you announce her on his intercom."

"She's not a customer," I grumbled, unfortunately loud enough for the blonde to hear.

"Do as you're told, Lisa," the blonde admonished.

## 60- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“Y...yes, ma’am,” I pressed the intercom button. “Mr. Toredo, a Mrs. Cindy Knight is here to see you.”

“Splendid, Lisa. Please bring her back.”

The blonde nodded, “I’ll cover your desk until you return.”

“Please follow me...” I hesitated.

“Cindy, *Miss* Cindy Knight,” Cindy replied. To everyone at the dealership, a female employee was taking an attractive visitor to meet the boss. Not a soul guessed that it was her husband taking his wife in to meet the boss.

Cindy looked great...too great, in a white-yellow pattern chiffon sundress with spaghetti straps, very low cut to show ample cleavage, and a hem six inches above her knees. She could have worn Jeans and a sweatshirt to look at cars.

“Mr. Toredo...uh...Miss Knight to see you,” I announced after being granted permission to enter Vic’s private suite.

“Hi, Cindy. You look great,” he smiled warmly at her.

“Thank you. You look very nice yourself,” Cindy warmly complimented him.

“This is just an old business suit.” Vic took Cindy’s hands and attempted to kiss her lightly on the lips. Cindy turned her head at the last moment so that he kissed her cheek. She blushed a little. Vic intended to humiliate me every way possible in front of her. I, now a woman named Lisa, was no competition to the man, Vic, a very powerful man among men.

“Lisa, please grab the three folders from my bookshelf and bring them to me.” He seated himself next

to Cindy on the sofa. Boy did her bare legs look great, but her legs were on display for Vic, not for my benefit.

“Lisa, join us for a minute,” Vic indicated a place on his left side. Cindy sat on his right side. How cute, Vic wants to sit between the girls. I noted that Cindy’s knee was in contact with Vic’s leg, and she made no effort to move it. I didn’t allow my nylon-encased leg to touch his. I modestly kept my skirt just above my knees, while Cindy’s dress rode high enough to show her shapely thigh.

“I may allow Cindy to drive one of these convertibles for a couple of years, Lisa. Whether or not that happens depends a lot on you, sweetheart,” Vic placed his hand on top of my skirt and ran his fingers down my leg.

I stiffened at his touch. Vic looked at Cindy, “Do you think she will do it, honey?” Vic had his arm around her shoulder.

Cindy smiled at Vic and looked directly into my eyes. “I think that Lisa is looking forward to it. She will do whatever you want.” She had just sent me a strong message.

“Ah, splendid, then we all agree,” Vic smiled.

“Yes,” I softly agreed.

“I certainly do,” Cindy spoke with authority.

“Wonderful! That is all, Lisa,” Vic dismissed me.

As I stood, I caught a glimpse of ‘Pimples’ peeking through the small door window. I opened the door and saw his back as he tried to escape. “Do you need something, Norman?” I asked. He left without a word.

I returned to my reception desk. Blondie was irritated, having to wait for my return. “What took you so long?” she demanded.

## 62- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“Take it up with Vic,” I shot back.

“Vic? You’re calling him Vic?”

“We’re an item, honey. Get used to it,” I responded with feminine cattiness. What a great feminine response. I decided that I liked some aspects of this ‘woman’ thing.

At my receptionist desk, I pondered how Cindy was doing her ‘woman’ thing in Vic’s office. I decided that they were only reviewing car catalogues and wouldn’t even leave the dealership. I was wrong. It wasn’t 15 minutes before Vic announced over the intercom that he would be out for lunch until 2:30. Wow, a three-hour lunch must be nice. I soon learned how nice it was to be.

“Lisa, let’s trade vehicles,” Vic’s masculine voice caused me to turn around. Cindy was standing right next to him. “I want to take Miss Knight out in the Mustang.”

I fished for the car keys in my purse and struggled for a few seconds before finding them among my cosmetics. He patiently waited like a gentleman. I handed them to him; his rugged, suntanned hands receiving the keys from my very feminine, soft hands with pretty nails. “Here are the keys to my truck. You drive a stick shift?”

“Yes, of course I can...”

“Not all girls can,” Vic smiled while driving home his point to Cindy. He took her hand and departed for their lunch date.

Cindy smiled at me the whole time. She obviously enjoyed being with a wealthy, good-looking man while I was his employee, a female employee working for her man. Cindy smelled of ‘Silver Moments’, just as I did.



*Why was Cindy standing so close to Vic? Why am I a secretary while my wife is on a lunch date with my rival? Will my femininity be the cause of losing Cindy?*

## 64- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

I watched them walk through the lot. Vic now had his arm around my wife's waist. She was going on a lunch date with another man and I could do nothing about it.

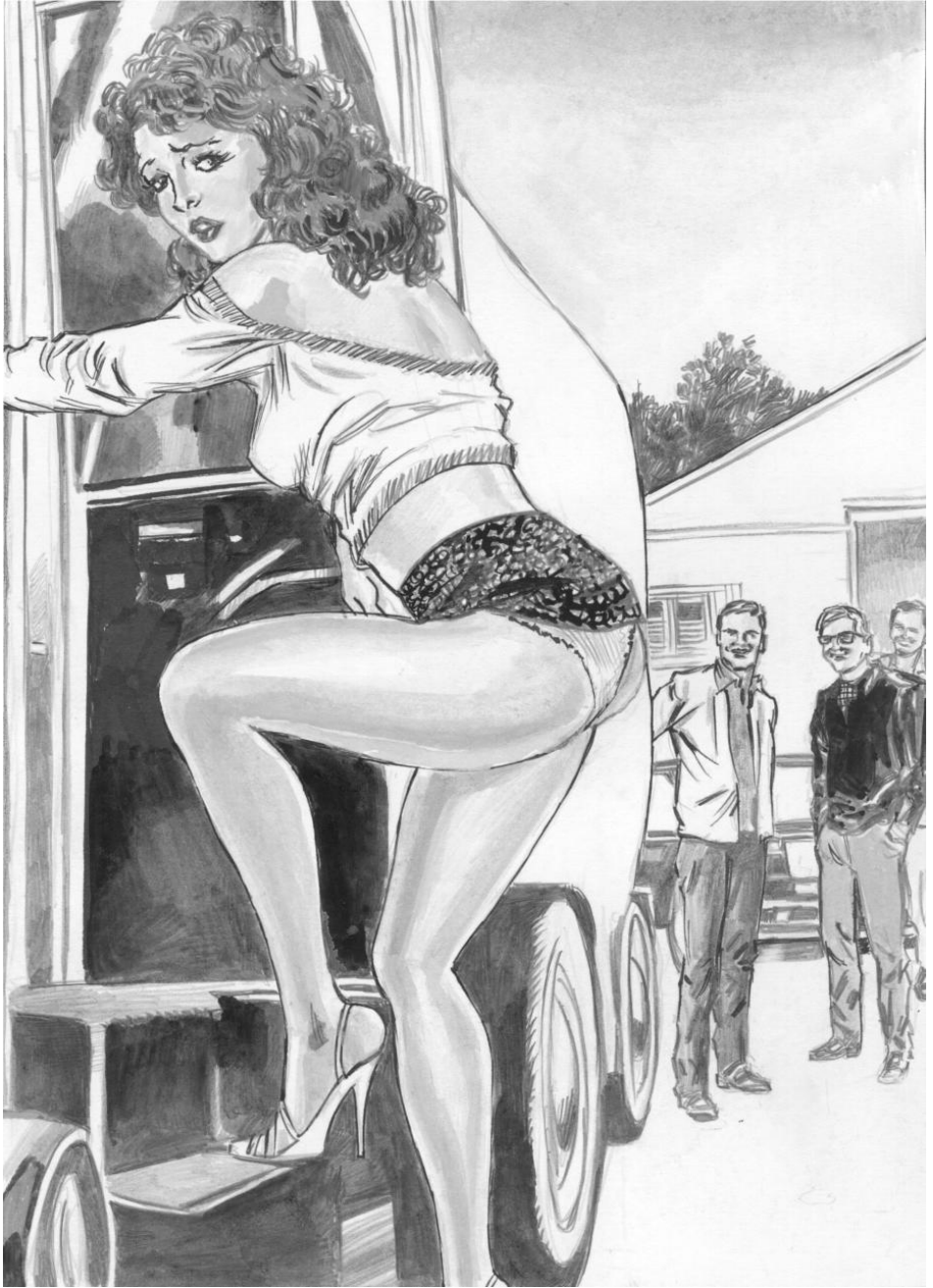
Blondie relieved me about a half-hour later so I could go home. The fact that another woman was with 'my man' wasn't lost on her and she mentioned it to me as I was leaving. I decided to not respond, and as such, Blondie had won the cat war.

Vic's truck, a big 4 x 4, was parked near the front door. A sign in front of the parking place read, "Vic Toredó - Owner". No one else parked anywhere near it. I had to reach well above my shoulders to unlock the door, and only then did I discover the problem. There was no step to use to get into the cab. A tall guy like Vic would pull himself into it easily. A woman in slacks could jump up, grab the seat, and pull herself in. A woman wearing a tight skirt and heels was sunk.

I pulled my skirt up to mid-thigh and could not access the cab. I looked around, saw no one, so I pulled my skirt to my waist, freeing my legs, but revealing my white bikini panties. I latched onto the seat and pulled myself in.

I was pulling my skirt back down and hadn't yet shut the door when I spotted three salesmen watching. They got a complete show. I blushed deeply as I drove past them.

On the drive back to Vic's home, I had time to reflect on what was happening to me at this stage of my weekend. I was driving a masculine truck (the truck of my dreams) while dressed as a woman. I was aware of the faint odor of my perfume. My smooth and shapely legs were encased in nylon stockings. I, a man, was wearing a skirt, lingerie, lipstick, and lace, and calling myself Lisa. I had even been on a date with man.



*“Ooow, I remember when climbing into a truck was a breeze. Now, my short skirts and high heels make it impossible without exposing my lacy panties”*

## 66- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

A week ago, none of this was true. Did I hate what I've been forced to become? Was I anxiously waiting my return to jeans, boots, and a mustache? Did I anxiously wait to return to being Stan?

I noted four men stowing gear in their camper for a hunting trip. Two bare-chested teenage boys wrestled on a front lawn and other boys egged them on. Further down were other men nailing up a fence and drinking beer. All were manly men. Am I like them?

I passed two women in tennis dresses and businesswomen in feminine tailored business suits carrying brief cases. A pleasant looking young woman strolled gracefully down the sidewalk wearing a sundress. A store mannequin with a blonde wig was dressed stylishly in a short chiffon floral skirt and gold lame blouse. I saw an outfit that would be delightful to wear. I identified with the women, not the guys. My mind was becoming as feminine as my girlish appearance and...and I liked it!

My Gawd, I just accepted as natural what a man, a real man, would be fighting to stop. I just admitted for the first time that I enjoyed...loved being a woman and I wanted to remain feminine.

That can't be! I shoved the thought to the back of my mind. I was still all man beneath these feminine clothes, and would be all man again after I finished the next couple of days of forced cross-dressing. Did I believe for even a second that I was turning into a sissy guy that liked to dress as a girl? NO! Whew! I felt much better now that I had regained my masculinity. I even sang, 'I don't enjoy being a girl', just to celebrate my return to manhood.

Still...my painted nails turn me on...a little. And the short flared black chiffon skirt *was* really cute. Maybe

my return to manhood wasn't so obvious. The radio played, 'Man, I feel like a woman'. Me too, Shania, me to! Lisa was not about to leave soon.

## *Chapter 14*

The sun was high in the sky pushing temperatures into the mid-80s as I pulled into Vic's driveway. It would be a great night for a ball game, and I was looking forward to attending. Of course, I had to attend as Vic's date, meaning I was going as Lisa, his girl. But I could still yell and cheer. What difference did it make that my lips would be glossy pink, as would my nails? I could still make a fist and make gestures as if my nails weren't painted. I would be a terrific female fan. I wondered what Vic would make me wear, probably just jeans and a Grizzly sweatshirt.

I parked the big truck in the driveway and slid out onto the concrete. My skirt, of course, slid high on my thighs exposing my shiny nylons all the way to my waist. This time no one saw my exposed flesh.

The click of my stiletto heels followed me as I crossed the driveway and up the sidewalk. There was still a faint linger of my perfume. I only had 2 1/2 day left.

Cool air encircled me as I entered the Toredomansion and headed for my bedroom. I fell across my bed exhausted, my purse hitting the floor and spilling keys, change, and my lipstick. It felt great to rest for a minute, so I closed my eyes.

"I wouldn't wear a skirt if you're going to lay like that, ma'am." I opened my eyes to see Vicky standing in the doorway.

I placed my legs together and nodded, "I guess that wasn't very ladylike."

## 68- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“No, but you were comfortable. Why don’t you slip into some jeans, and then you can lay any way you want.”

“Vicky, I don’t have a pair of jeans to slip into.”

“You can be sure that Mr. Toredo doesn’t have any either,” she laughed. “He likes his women oh so pretty and delicate. Women and comfort don’t mix as far as he is concerned.”

I smiled, “Do you consider me one of Vic’s women?”

“Well, yes, ma’am. I definitely consider you a woman. A man you surely are not!”

“Thanks for the compliment, I think. What I meant was that I’m not Vic’s property. I’m not one of his women, Vicky.”

“Ah...good for you, girl. There’s no reason why a girl should belong to a man...unless she chooses to of course.”

“Well, that’s not me. I’ll spend the weekend with him as promised, then I’ll probably never see him again.”

“Is there another young man in your life, Lisa?”

I blushed, “Well...maybe, but I don’t know how long that will...well I can’t tell you just now, Vicky. Next week I can tell you what this is all about if you are interested.” I wasn’t about to break that damn contract.

“I certainly am interested, ma’am, but I don’t want to pry into your personal life. Whatever it is that you want to tell me is fine, but I hope you aren’t thinking of trying to be a man again. That is something you shouldn’t do...probably couldn’t do.”

“Do you really think I’m all that feminine, Vicky? That I could never grow a mustache and ride a Harley?”

“If you do, ride it sidesaddle...and a mustache on a girl?”

“You really think of me that way?”

“You’re a girly girl, a natural woman. Don’t try to be something that you really shouldn’t be, Lisa.” Vicky stopped suddenly, “I’m sorry, I spoke out of place...”

“No, no, that’s okay. I like talking with you girl to girl. I’m not your employer. Actually, Vicky, I’m really desperate to talk to someone about this gender thing.”

“Oh good, ma’am. I’d very much like to be your friend. Please feel comfortable that you can talk to me with complete confidence. I even have time now...”

“Thank you, Vicky. Thank you so much, but I must save it till at least Tuesday.”

“Okay, Lisa, whenever...” she replied, writing her phone number down. “May I put this in your purse?”

“Please...”

“Now may I draw you a nice bubble bath?”

No, actually, a cool shower sounds great. Then I must get ready for the ball game.”

“Of course. I’ll make you a nice fruit tray while you shower, then I’ll lay out your clothes.”

“Tell me that Vic didn’t leave me another dress or miniskirt, please?”

“No, kind of exotic though.”

“Huh?”

“White shorts, hot pants I think you Yanks call them, and this darling red silk top. The men will certainly pay attention to you, Lisa. I think he intends to showcase you to other men, kind of like ‘look what I’ve got, and

## 70- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

wouldn't you like to have her' sort of thing. Having men gawk at you and undress you with their eyes is all part of being a woman, Lisa."

"I guess," I sighed.

The shower felt so nice. I slipped into the tricot gown Vicky set out for me, and sat at the luxurious makeup table. I viewed the assortment of bottles, tubes of lipstick, mascara, eyeliner, and shadow, along with blush and powder. I, Stan, a guy, knew exactly which cosmetics I would be wearing just as well as a woman.

Vicky had turned the Fashion – Beauty cable channel on. I watched it, as I tasted the assortment of fresh fruit. I glanced at my watch. Two hours before Vic and I were to leave for the game. I calculated just enough time to get ready, which was an hour and forty-five minutes more than I needed as Stan.

I started with foundation and cover. An hour later, the job was complete. My lips glistened with glossy pink that matched my nail polish. I had applied a mixed pink and gray eyeshadow, luxurious black mascara, and my eyes were lined in black. I added a touch of blush to my upper cheekbone. What a darling effect that made. I was a pretty chick with my wig in place.

It was fun pretending to be a girl. How much longer would I be able to do this? How much of a girl could I be when playing the female role with a guy? I was thinking of romance and sex. Mentally, I might be ready to play the girl, but physically, I didn't have the necessary equipment.

"Can I help you get dressed, ma'am? I can help you with things that you might not be aware of. After all, I have been a girl all my life."

"And me only a week," I carelessly blurted out.

Vicky looked shocked. “Only a week? I’ll never believe that. I’d bet that you were trying on your mother’s makeup and high heels when you were only a child.”

“Vicky, please forget what I just said. I’ll tell you the whole story next week. Okay?”

She still sported as surprised look. “Of course, ma’am.”

“I welcome your help, Vicky. What do you have in mind?”

She smiled, “Well, pretty lady, I don’t recommend panties underneath those tight white shorts.”

“No?”

“No, they will leave a panty line that you cannot conceal. Wear these instead,” she held up a pair of incredibly sheer pantyhose. “These will tan you legs and look like you’re not even wearing hose at all, just a great tan.”

“Uh...” I blushed, “with you here?”

“We’re just two girls, but I’ll look away if it makes you feel better.” She glanced out the window as I dropped my gown and white panties.

I carefully rolled the silky sheer hose over my legs, thighs, and waist. My modesty device maintained a flat, smooth front below my waist. The silky feeling was erotic to the touch. “You can look now.”

Vicky turned to survey my effeminate legs, thighs, and crotch. “Yes, quite cute,” she complimented. “This will make an exciting addition.” She placed a strapless flesh color bra around my chest and attached the little hooks in the back.

“This is special?”

## 72- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“Yes. Pull this little strap. You’ll see.”

I pulled the strap and felt the bra tighten around my breasts. “So?”

Vicky pulled harder on the strap and the bra pushed the flesh of my breasts into curvaceous cleavage. “Wow!” I had real women’s breasts. “Cool! Vicky, this is neat. Am I a C-cup?”

“Uh no, more like a large ‘A’ cup or small ‘B’, but definitely all female. I’m afraid that you’ll either have to get implants or take female hormones to get ‘C’ size boobs. Have you considered doing either?”

“NO!” I emphatically replied, but I was intrigued with the idea. I now gave the illusion of having sexy female breasts. I liked that! Did I enjoy being a woman maybe a little too much?

“You look great, Lisa. Put on your top and shorts. Let’s see the finished product.”

I pulled the short, tight shorts up my legs and fastened the little belt at my waist. Vicky lowered the silk top over my head and shoulders. Talk about sexy and feminine! Oh, it felt so good.

Vicky handed me white skimmers, which I slid onto my nylon covered feet. “Look at yourself,” Vicky encouraged.

Staring back at me from the full-length mirror was a sexy young chick. I looked HOT!! Vicky agreed. “Mr. T. won’t be able to keep his hands off of you. I hope that is what you want.”

The question startled me. I hadn’t really thought about how it would be to really go on a date with Vic. Would he treat me as a girl? Would he expect me to respond to him as a girl?

“I don’t know, Vicky. Vic will do with me as he wants, and I probably will give him whatever he expects.” I shouldn’t have blurted that out.

“Oh, that doesn’t sound very romantic,” she said.

I had to rebound with the proper response or risk losing the contract. “What I meant to say was that there’s not much romantic that you can do at a ball park. Maybe we’ll get it on afterwards, maybe right here.”

Vicky wasn’t convinced, “Of course, ma’am. It’s time for you to meet Mr. Toredo in the living room.”

“Yes, you’re right...”

There was a soft knock on the door. “Flowers for Miss Knight.”

Vicky and I glanced at each other. “I’ll get them,” Vicky stated as she opened the bedroom door.

The delivery boy had a bouquet of mixed flowers tied with a red satin ribbon and an envelope containing a card. “It’s got to be Vic,” I reasoned. Who else knew me as Lisa or that I was staying with Vic?

The envelope read, ‘Miss Lisa Knight’. I retrieved the card from the pink envelope. The flowers were from Vic.

I read the note out loud. “Hi, Sweetheart. I’m sorry that I’m tied up and won’t be able to take you to the game. Enclosed are tickets for the game. I want you to take a man with you. Enjoy the game and your date. Pictures will be taken of the two of you so don’t try faking it. Love, Vic. P.S. Cindy says, ‘Hi, girlfriend’”.

Vicky looked into my eyes. “Vic knows that you’re not really a woman?”

I nodded. “If he’s okay dating you, knowing that you’re not a girl, why does he want you to go with another man? Who is Cindy?”

“Uh, my wife...”

“W...wife!! You’re married? To a woman?” She was totally confused.

“Vicky, I know that this seems kind of strange...”

“Strange? I would say so, Lisa! You’re spending the weekend as Vic’s girl? You have a wife and it sounds like Vic is with her now, and he wants you to go out as a woman with a man of your choice? Yes, this is a little bizarre.”

“I know, I know, Vicky. I don’t know that I understand it any better than you, but I can’t tell you what’s going on just now.”

“Next week then?”

“Yes...”

“All right, Lisa. Who are you going to ask to take you out?”

“I don’t have a clue.”

“Are there other men in Lisa’s life that you could call?”

I thought briefly of Mike. I would love to be with him tonight. He really makes me feel like a woman, but having him pick me up at Vic’s house? No, Mike wouldn’t like that at all.

“No, Vicky, I don’t know many men as Lisa.” Her eyes again searched mine for answers, but none were forthcoming. “Do you have any ideas? I absolutely must get a man to go with me to the game. It’s very important!”

“How about a male relative who knows Lisa? Have any seen you as a girl?”

“My dad, but he only knows me as Lisa! He didn’t know that he was talking to his son. He wouldn’t understand.”

“All right then, what about a coworker?”

“None...”

“I could fix you up with my brother, James, but that wouldn’t be a good idea...”

“Why not?”

“He thinks that when he takes a girl on a date, the evening should end up in either his or her bedroom.”

“Um...no, scratch that idea...”

Suddenly she raised her eyebrows and smiled, “Why didn’t we think of this earlier? It’s so simple.”

“What?”

“You pick up a man...”

“Pick up a man? Like off the street or from a bar or something like that?”

“Exactly! As pretty as you are, you’ll have no trouble doing that.”

“Vicky, I’ve only dated one man. I don’t have a clue how to pick one up.”

“It’s not hard. You find a man who appeals to you and strike up a conversation. If you like him after talking to him for a while, you ask if he would like to accompany you to the ball game, and that you already have tickets. That’s all you have to do, then go to the game and enjoy it.”

“And afterward?”

“That’s up to you. If you like him, maybe you’ll want to get lucky and go to his place or to a motel.”

“And if I don’t want to get lucky?”

“Ditch him! There’s a hundred ways to disappear. Women have been doing it for hundreds of years. Anyway, you’ll have met Vic’s demands.”

“I guess that would work, but I’m pretty nervous about actually doing it.”

“Unless you have a better idea, it’s getting rather late.” I glanced at the delicate watch on my left wrist. It was time to leave for the stadium.

“Wish me luck, Vicky. I feel that I’ll need it.”

“Just be careful, ma’am. Choose a safe looking one and always stay with a crowd.” Vicky chased after me as I ran toward Vic’s truck. “Your purse, Lisa, and your tickets,” she shouted.

What would I do without her? She planted a kiss on my cheek. “Should you like the bloke, ma’am...?”

“Yes...”

“Make him use these,” she dropped a few packages of rainbow condoms in my purse. “He’ll glow in the dark, and you’ll be quite safe.”

I pulled myself into the cab and headed for the interstate. I couldn’t believe that I was actually doing this. I glanced at my shapely girlish legs and noted my polished nails. Here I was, a 25-year-old man, dressed as a girl and on my way to pick up some dude who finds me interesting. Can I possibly do this? Pick up a guy? My mouth was dry, and I found it hard to swallow.

I glanced in the mirror. Would I be cute enough to pull this off? I ran my tongue over my glossy pink lips. ‘Sensual,’ I thought. ‘I can do it.’ I parked the truck. Now it was time to produce.

I slipped from the truck and proceeded toward the front gate. How am I going to do this? I saw a group of guys with hand lettered cardboard signs that read, 'Need Tickets'. Why couldn't I just provide the ticket and myself to some lucky guy?

What about him, I thought? No, too old and not very good-looking. Him? No way, he must be near 300 pounds. Those guys? Uh, no, those were two men who obviously wanted to be together man to man. They certainly wanted nothing to do with a girl like myself.

I suddenly stopped. I not only looked like a girl, but I was thinking like one. I was trying to pick up a guy who appealed to me. Then I saw a black guy in his late twenties wearing jeans and a team jersey, with an athletic build, good looking, and clean cut. He held a sign that read, 'need ticket, will pay premium price'. He was perfect. He was about to become my date, lucky guy.

"Hi," I stammered shyly. "You're looking for a ticket to the game?"

"Yes, what do you have to offer?"

I held up the tickets. "Right behind first base? I cannot afford it, but how much are you asking? I only need one ticket, and you're probably trying to sell both."

"Well, no actually," I softly said, "I'm not trying to sell tickets. I'm looking for someone to watch the game with."

"Really?" he responded with a puzzled look. "You? You're looking for a date? I can't believe that."

"Would you like to watch the game with me?"

"Of course! I mean how lucky can I get? You're offering the best seats in the park and a beautiful woman to watch the game with? Yes, ma'am, I'm your man," he slipped his arm through mine.

## 78– GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“You have to buy the hot dogs,” I chided.

“Anything you desire,” he agreed. His hand dropped to my hand and he squeezed it firmly. I passively surrendered to my ‘man in charge’ demeanor.

“Matt,” he said by way of introduction.

“Lisa,” I smiled back. “I’m glad I found someone like you.”

“Well double that for me. When I saw you walking toward the gate, I whistled and said, “Here comes a woman that I would love to spend the evening with, but I didn’t think I had a chance.”

I glanced up at this athletically built man. His eyes scorched mine, and I blushed and felt so warm. “We can skip the game if you want,” he suggested.

I looked at the ground, batting my long curled lashes. We had just met and he wanted me...wanted me as a woman. “You don’t even know me. Let’s at least start the game.”

Why did I say such a leading teasing thing? Did I have subconscious thoughts about wanting this man to take me, to have me as a girl?

“All right then. I actually did come to the park to see the game, but who knows what may happen later,” he raised his eyebrows in a hopeful manner.

“Who knows?” I smiled back, and felt his arm around my waist. This time I smiled inside. I actually liked what was happening to me...me, Stan, a white boy who was all prettied up and acting like a white girl. I felt safe and protected by this black man. I felt passive and submissive and...and feminine. I should hate those feelings, but I didn’t. Actually I rather enjoyed them.



*“How does a girl pick up a strange guy at the ballgame?” I worried. “What kind of guy would pick up a single girl?”*

## 80- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Matt guided me through the crowded aisles to our reserved seats. Wow, only five rows up, what a terrific view. This was going to be fun. I settled into my seat and Matt placed his arm around my bare shoulders, his fingers lightly stroked my smooth tanned arm.

“Will some guy come here and punch me out?” he asked.

“Huh?”

“Your boyfriend or whomever owns these seats?”

“Oh, Vic...no, I don’t think so. I’m not sure what he is doing.”

“Out with another chick?”

“Uh, maybe.” How could I tell him that possibly my ‘boyfriend’ was out with my wife?

“Boyfriend, uh? Well, his loss is definitely my gain.”

“Mine too.” I’d done it again. Why was I leading him on?

Matt’s eyes again searched me, this time, not only my eyes, but also my entire womanly body. His eyes lingered at my cleavage pressing against the delicate silk lace. He took in my flat stomach and trim waist, and he openly surveyed my bare legs.

His right hand went to the top of my nylon-covered thigh and he slowly drew it down to my knee. I took a deep breath and looked into his eyes. He pressed his strong masculine lips firmly onto my soft pink lips. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the moment. His kiss was firm, but not unpleasant.

I reluctantly broke away from his embrace. “Matt...Matt,” I whispered, “now might be a good time for that hot dog.”

He mischievously smiled, “Right now? Right here?”

“Frankfurter, you pervert, with mustard, relish, and a beer.”

Oh, that kind. Okay, your wish is my command, Princess,” and he was gone.

A woman behind me complained to her husband about ‘that kind of conduct at a family place’. Was she was talking about Matt and I? What would she say if she knew the truth? What would Matt say or do if he knew? Well, he never will! After the game, I would cool things down.

Twenty-five minutes later, Matt returned. The game had just started. He handed me this enormous cup of cold beer, and I took a healthy gulp. “I figured you for being more the champagne type girl,” he observed.

“Did they have any?”

“No.”

“Then I’ll be a beer type girl today.”

He smiled as he took a hefty draw from his own beer. It wasn’t until late in the 5<sup>th</sup> inning that we finally ate all our refreshments. Matt slipped his arm around my shoulder again, and I allowed myself to melt firmly against his chest. I closed my eyes briefly, as I felt warm and comfortable. My delicate hand lay delicately atop his left leg. I’m not sure why, but I felt that I wanted to stroke his leg, and I did.

“Mmmm, baby,” he purred. It was then that I noticed a bulge in his crotch area. What a temptation to move my hand on top of it, but why? Did I really want to put my hand on a man’s sexuality? Did I? Yes, I decided that I did. I had become so girlish that I actually wanted to sexually fondle Matt’s manhood.

## 82- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

My hand drew high on his thigh. He tensed, and he didn't want me to stop. My hand just barely, and ever so lightly touched his masculinity before I quickly withdrew it. My Gawd, there were fifty thousand fans in the park with women and children...families. This was not the place or time for such activity. I had stopped, but it wasn't for lack of desire. Did being dressed and made up like a girl make me think and act like one, even to the point of wanting to perform sexual acts with guys? I needed some air to clear my mind. I stood up. "Sand box?" Matt questioned.

I nodded and quickly wound up the stairs into one of the stadium malls looking for the ladies room. Today, I was a woman. I was well aware of, and most certainly embarrassed, by the looks, some admiring, some plainly lustful, given me by the boys and men I passed. I could feel their eyes sliding my top off of my smooth shoulders or caressing me with their strong hands. It was no wonder that women were turned off by the male of the species. Now I knew first hand the emotions that women feel when being stalked or gawked at by overactive testosterone spewing males.

Younger women glanced at me, admiring my daring outfit and curvaceous body. Older women looked at me as some sort of disgusting temptress. Was I after their men? Yeck! They were potbellied, shirtless, and unshaven, wore mustard-stained shorts, and had foul mouths. Give me a break, ladies. Believe me, your men are safe with me.

I reached the safety of the lady's room and locked myself in a stall, finally some peace and quiet. I could clear my mind and get organized. What to do about Matt? The game would be over in less than an hour and I would have to have a plan. He would want to take me

someplace. I figured dinner, dancing, to his place for romance, and a night of hot sex.

“Okay, Lisa girl, you can handle dinner and probably dancing, but romance and hot sex? Think of it. Being a young sexy white chick in the arms and bed of a virile handsome, muscular black man. What an exciting thought. But wait, you’re not really a chick. You only look like one when your clothes are on. Obviously the clothes come off during romance and sex!

Do you tell him before that you’re not a girl or do you let him discover it? Let him discover it and be prepared for a possibly violent reaction. What if you told him and he was okay with it? What sex act are you prepared to do for him? Fondle? Can you go down on him or would you be okay with letting him take you from behind? Do you really want to play the girl’s role and have sex with a man?

I sighed. I really didn’t know if I could or if I even wanted to play the role of a woman and have passive sex with a man. The bottom line was that Matt must never learn that I am not a girl. I knew that I would leave the park alone tonight.

I returned to Matt all smiles. My plan in place, a great weight lifted from my soft shoulders. Matt, however, was ready to resume where we left off. “Missed you, sweetheart.” He gave me a quick kiss on my lips, and before I knew it, we sat close together, one of his arms around my shoulders, and his other hand stroking my thigh.

His hand first brushed the tight V of my shorts, and then he let it rest there. “Matt, no...not here,” I snapped, moving his hand from between my thighs.

“My place then?” he grinned. “We can listen to the rest of the game on the radio.”

“No, actually I need to leave soon. My attorney is meeting with me shortly.”

“Business or personal? Either way, he’s a lucky guy.”

I really liked Matt, but I had to break it off now. “Matt, it’s been wonderful, but I really do need to go. Enjoy the rest of the game, okay?”

“I’ll walk you to your truck then?”

“How did you know that I have a truck?”

“You said so...”

“No I didn’t say anything about what I drove.”

“Lucky guess then. Do you have a truck?”

I nodded. “Matt, you don’t have to walk me to my truck. Go ahead and watch the game.”

“I insist.” I gave up. What could it hurt?

Matt pulled me close, his arm around my waist as we walked out. It had to be clear to everyone that we passed that I was this man’s girl. Actually, I kind of liked being his girl.

We arrived at the truck all too soon. I didn’t really want to leave Matt. Unfortunately, that couldn’t be. He pulled me close, my breasts crushing his hard chest. I felt the hardness of his masculinity pressing firmly against my shorts. My Gawd, was he big. Feeling Matt’s firmness pressing against me was a turn-on. How exciting it was that as a girl, I had sexually turned him on.

As much as I enjoyed the feeling, it was good that I had to go and wouldn’t be able to fulfill his sexual desires. Quite frankly, I wasn’t sure what I would or could have done had this been allowed to go further.

I put my arms around his body and pulled him close. It was I who placed my soft pink lips on his. The kiss was wonderful. I realized that I could at least do the romantic part of being a girl. The sexual part I still didn't know.

Matt broke off the kiss and lifted me into the cab of my truck. He winked at me, "I'll see you again sometime, pretty lady," and he turned to walk away.

I felt a little jilted. I guess that no sex meant the end of this affair, but I wasn't quite ready for that. "I don't know how you'll ever see me again. You don't know my last name and you didn't ask for my phone number."

He turned and smiled, "Lisa, I would have asked for those things if I didn't already know that I would be back in your life very soon." I frowned, not understanding. "I'll see you *much* sooner than you would ever believe. Trust me, okay?" He smiled once again, and was gone.

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## 88- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION.....FEMININE PROPOSAL II

“I’M THE MOST WANTED GIRL  
IN TOWN!”



***Interested?*** *The above story is intended to illustrate the attractions of a career in skirts and what Sandy Thomas Books could do for you. To find out more, send for Sandy Thomas' FREE brochure listing all titles of books and special products! Even if you've never had a dress on before, you can learn about wearing them in your spare time. Mail the coupon now! You could be the next "most wanted girl in town!"*

### **Here's how it happened:**

I used to be a run-of-the-mill fellow just like a zillion other guys. My stressful days as a corporate lawyer were drab and so was my wardrobe. My personal life was pretty drab too, because I didn't have the time to do all the "fun" things. I was in a rut.

So when I came across a Sandy Thomas' advertisement telling about the exciting lives of the characters in the TV line of books, I did something about it.

I read and re-read nearly every one of the many Sandy Thomas books and decided that was what I wanted. I didn't need money to see the world, just a date with it!

I didn't know a thing about being feminine when I started. After reading Sandy's books, I was putting on lipstick and walking in heels without any thought at all.

My first job as a legal secretary paid surprisingly well and the only stress was a run in my nylons.

Pretty soon, I had worked my way up to ladder to the senior partner's "Administrative Assistant"! I was taking notes at board meetings and surrounded by men in their boring gray suits who can't wait for the meeting to be over so they can ask me to dinner.

Occasionally I'm sent to cover big trials in some very interesting places...all while wearing the cutest little dresses and skirts. I think I've met more people in a year of dresses than my entire lifetime!

### **Write to:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**CAPISTRANO BEACH,**

**CA 92624 USA**

**sthomasa@gmail.com**

# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

### ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

### MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

### SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

### PAT GOES COED #5

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

### CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

### PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

### MAID UP #14

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

### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

### GOING A BROAD #17

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

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

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

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

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

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

**COED CREATED #42**

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

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

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

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

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

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

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

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

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

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

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

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

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

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

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

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

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

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

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

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

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

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

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

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

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

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

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

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

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

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

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

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

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

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

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

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

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

**GIRLIES #16**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

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

**DOUBLE ISSUE****MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

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

**DOUBLE ISSUE****REDTOES #21**

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

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

**CLEAVAGE #31**

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

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

**SON TO SISTER #48**

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

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

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

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

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

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

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

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

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

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

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

#### **TV VACATION #3**

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

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7**

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

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

##### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

##### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

##### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

#### **AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

#### **ILLUSTRATED**

#### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

**#1 NORM:**

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

**#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

**#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

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

**BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

**HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

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

**SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

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

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

**BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

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

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

**THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

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

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

**BOUND TO BE A MAID**

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

**NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

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

**THE SARAH SCHOOL**

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

**CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

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

**TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

**AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

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

**DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:**

**ONE, TWO, THREE**

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

**MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

**PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

**POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

**"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

**FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1**

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2  
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

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

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES  
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC  
BOOK#1)**

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

**I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

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

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

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

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

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

**UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

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

**FROM MAN TO WOMAN**

**BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

**I BECAME MY TEACHER**

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

**THE SISSY SERIES**

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

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

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS  
ONE & TWO**

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

**WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

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

**THE SLIP**

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

**THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

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

**NON-FICTION BOOKS**

**THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

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

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

reading.

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**"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"**

Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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