

# GIRLFRIENDS

## TV FICTION

### MAGAZINE

# FEMININE PROPOSAL III



**Gawd, they had made me into a woman!  
How could I ever return to being Stanley now?  
My manhood wasn't much before, but now...!**

**VOLUME FOUR**

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

**GIRLFRIENDS**  
**TV FICTION**

**Feminine Proposal**

**Book #3**

**By Brenda Anne R.**

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# *“Feminine Proposal”*

## *Book #3*

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“I FELT LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS...  
ALL WRINKLED AND GREEN.”

# Feminine Proposal

## *Book #3*

By Brenda Ann R.

### *Chapter 15*

I hit the freeway well ahead of the crowd and was cruising casually when the car phone rang. Should I answer it? Could it possibly be for me? "Hello," I cautiously answered.

"Lisa, hi, this is Vicky. There are some people here from the studios. When are you coming home?"

"Studio people? I don't have anything on my schedule for tonight."

There was a pause before Vicky returned to the phone. "They said that they want to get together with you tonight to prepare you for your photo shoot tomorrow."

My heart skipped a beat. I hadn't thought about the semi-nude and so called nude photo shoot scheduled for tomorrow morning. "I'll be there in about 15 minutes."

"I'll let them know," Vicky responded.

"Bye, Vicky," I signed off. This should really be something. How does a man impersonating a woman do so in the nude? What they were going to do to me tonight?

I walked in the front door some ten minutes later. "There she is," announced Vicky to a man and two women sitting on the couch.

The man stood up. "Hello, I'm Henry Mianto," he said, certain that I would recognize the name. I didn't. He continued, "My assistants, Miss Colleen and Miss Amanda."

I nodded, "You're here to see me? Lisa?" I questioned.

Henry nodded, "It will be helpful to do some of the preparation tonight for your photo shoot tomorrow morning."

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"I guess..." I hesitated. "What are you going to do?"

"Excellent! Colleen and Amanda will get you started. I assume you have a private bath." I nodded. "The girls will do all the prep work, and then I'll be in."

I led the women to my bedroom. Both lugged small cases. Colleen entered the bathroom and placed her bag on the spacious counter and opened it to reveal a large stock of beauty supplies. She smiled as she gave me my first orders. "Slip out of your clothes, please, Miss Lisa."

Amanda slipped into the bathroom as well carrying hangers for my clothing. Wow, what a feeling! Here I was, calling myself Lisa, looking like and dressed like a woman, and standing in front of me were two gorgeous women.

"You want me to take off my clothes in front of you?"

"We're professionals," Amanda pleasantly stated. "Think of us as your ladies in waiting."

"You know that I'm not a woman, don't you?"

"Of course," Colleen said sweetly, "but you'll doubt that you ever were a man when we're done with you. Your clothes, Lisa, just hand them to Amanda."

"All right," I stammered, pulling my top over my head. I glanced at Amanda patiently waiting for my shorts.

"It's okay, Lisa. We're all girls here."

I reluctantly removed my shorts and gently rolled my ultra sheer hose down my legs. "I don't have any panties on," I warned. Both girls merely nodded.

"Uh...this too?" I indicated my taped genitals.

"Please," Colleen replied, "We need you totally nude."

"Okay," I stammered, turning fire red.

I removed the tape, and out popped my manhood, small as it was. How embarrassing, my snake exposed to these two women. Neither seemed concerned though.

Amanda unhooked my bra, releasing my small, but girlish breasts. "Henry will work wonders with you," Colleen gushed.

Amanda agreed, "You're almost a girl before we start."

Colleen had me sit on the makeup bench while she carefully removed every trace of makeup from my face. Amanda removed my toe and nail polish. Then as a team, they covered my body with a wax-like lotion. I was embarrassed as my maleness, excited at being naked in front of these two women, stood at attention.

Why did I have to sit nude while they performed their work? Why not wearing at least a thong? "Uh...Colleen, who is Henry Mianto?"

"You don't know?" she asked astonished.

I shook my head. "Amanda, have you a program?" Colleen asked

"I'll get one," she responded.

"Henry is the producer and makeup artist for the 'Daring Darlings' Las Vegas extravaganza. I can't believe that you have never heard of it. He produces the most beautiful female impersonators in the world," Colleen explained.

Amanda returned with the 'Daring Darlings' program. On the cover were eight nearly naked showgirls. I looked at the gorgeous creatures, bare breasted, metallic G-strings, and all curvaceous. Each was a doll. "They are beautiful," I replied.

Three are women; the other five are guys. Can you pick out the women?" As hard as I tried, I couldn't.

"That's why Henry is here? To turn me into a naked showgirl?" I gasped.

"A naked girl anyway. You're to do some sexy photos with a professional photographer tomorrow. Some are lingerie shots; some are totally nude. We heard that there would be naughty pictures with you and some hunk," both girls giggled.

"You may have some bad information," I replied, "but I really don't know for sure." A shiver raced up my back.

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"Into the shower with you." Colleen turned the pulsating head to maximum and the water sprayed hard against my skin. She turned me around several times and I felt the bite of a soft bristle brush over all my body. "Done," she declared, turning off the shower.

I stepped out of the shower and Amanda dried my body with a huge Turkish towel. There wasn't any hair left on my very pink body, except for one place: between my legs.

"You'll like this part," Amanda declared and Colleen agreed. Both girls saturated my body with lilac smelling lotion. I smelled wonderful, so clean and fresh, and so very feminine. I ran my hands along my arms and over my shoulders and chest. My skin was so baby soft. Could I now ever return to being a man with skin so soft?

"You like that, don't you?" Amanda cooed. I nodded. "Okay, sweetheart, sit your soft silky fanny down by the sink while I get Henry."

Being naked in front of the girls was one thing, but in front of Henry? I had little time to think about it, as Henry appeared momentarily. He beamed, as he looked me up and down. He looked at my body, not as a man, but as an artist looks at a canvas. "Yes, yes, you were right," he spoke to Colleen, "This will not be a difficult transition. He will make a beautiful girl. You'll be lovely, Lisa," Henry assured me. "My kit, Amanda."

Both girls watched carefully as he matched different colors to my face, neck, shoulders, and even below my waist. He made notes as he went on. The girls nodded in agreement each time that he made a color presentation of the various makeup. "Okay, that's set for tomorrow," he declared. "Now for the hair."

Hair? What was he going to do with my wig that sat on its Styrofoam head? "Okay, Lisa, put your head directly over the sink."

"What? What for?"

"I'm going to prepare your hair tonight," he explained.

"My hair? What about the wig?"

"Your hair. You're going to wear your own hair tomorrow."

Baffled, I did as instructed. A strong stench soon rose from the sink. A lotion was massaged throughout my hair down to my scalp. The process took about twenty minutes. He had me stand as Amanda wrapped a towel around my head. "Two last things, and then we're done for the night," he declared.

I raised my eyebrows in question. "That's right, Lisa, your eyebrows." I closed my eyes as he quickly brushed my brows with the same liquid.

"And lastly, please stand again," he ordered.

I did so, and then jumped, startled as Henry drew his liquid coated brush across my pubic hair, the only other place that hair existed on my body. Colleen had previously shaved that hair into a neat feminine 'V'.

"Now when people ask you if you are a natural blonde, you can say, 'of course'," Henry laughed. "A check under your bikini will reveal it to be the truth." The women joined Henry in laughter.

"Blonde? Wait! What have you done? You've dyed my hair blonde?" I gasped.

"Of course, it's very popular with girls these days. It's what Mr. Toredo ordered."

"You'll just love it," Colleen assured me, "You'll be so very pretty."

"But my hair will remain blonde after the shoot..." I cried.

"Of course, for several months. I only use the best hair care products. Now you will be the target of all the blonde jokes," he laughed.

"True..." the blonde Amanda giggled, "but we blondes do have more fun, as you will find out."

"We got so much done tonight that we won't have to get together until 8 tomorrow morning," Henry declared, "Ta ta," and all three were gone.

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"Ta ta, yourself," I growled. I needed some clothes. Lying on my bed was a 2-piece filmy red babydoll nightie with white rosette lace lining the bodice, waistline, and legs. I taped my maleness back between my legs and slipped on the panties. Wow, full Monte, under the fire red lace. My front was that of a woman.

I slipped the top on, which revealed only slightly feminine breasts. There was six inches of very soft, feminine bare flesh from the bottom of my top to the waist of my panties. I looked into the full-length mirror and saw the figure of a woman in a sexy red babydoll nightie, sensual body with no makeup on her face, and a towel around her hair. A woman ready for...but wait...I picked up the hand mirror from the dressing table. The mirror confirmed in detail what I had spotted. Not only were my eyebrows blonde, but also either Amanda or Colleen had cut or plucked or something my brows into very feminine arches.

My Gawd! In two days, I return to being Stan. How can I do it with these very feminine brows? My hair, I had long light blonde hair. How will Stan explain that to his friends and family? I sat down on the ruffled comforter. "How do I explain pierced ears and a silky soft, smooth body? I can return to being a man, but I will be a very effeminate male.

I glanced at the nightstand. It held that same photo album that had Lisa's first night pictures in it. I opened the book and couldn't believe it. In bold type was, "*Lisa's Second Day*".

- 'Lisa as a receptionist',
- 'Lisa serving ice water to Vice Executives',
- 'Lisa serving dishes at Vic's office',
- 'Lisa and Cindy with Vic sitting between them',
- 'Lisa in a sexy white top and hot, hot pants',
- 'Lisa talking to Matt at the stadium gate',
- 'Lisa receiving a kiss from Matt, his hands on her legs',
- 'Lisa, Colleen, and Amanda in the living room', and
- 'Lisa, towel around her hair, standing naked as a male, searching for her night clothes in the bedroom'

I wanted to scream! How could this be? Where was the photographer? Who placed the photo album in my room without my

seeing them? There was a light knock on the door, and without waiting for a response, Colleen let herself in. "Want to see what your hair looks like? I need to dry and set it. It should be very pretty."

"I guess..." I sullenly agreed.

"Okay, sweetie, it won't take long at all."

I sat on the makeup bench as Colleen unwrapped the towel from my head. "Don't peek until I say to," she warned.

The hairdryer hummed a monotonous tone for eight or ten minutes before she shut it off. "That's a darling babydoll," she gushed.

"Thank you," I mumbled.

"Take a look at your new golden locks before I set your hair. This time, it's really you and not a wig."

I was stunned! Looking back at me was not a female impersonator, but rather a young woman, a woman with a silky smooth body, wearing a daring red babydoll nightie. A woman with blonde silky tresses, so feminine! For a moment, I wondered if I could ever be a man again or even if I want to be one.

"I can tell you like it," Colleen gently said. "You make such a dashing girl. You're really pretty."

I blushed. She meant it as a genuine compliment. "Thank you," I softly said.

"I need to do a little rolling, a little setting, some clipping here and there, and we're done for the night, and you can finally get some sleep." She worked quickly and then I collapsed onto my canopy bed.

If it were Vic's idea to get me to like being a girl and not want to return to being a man, he just might succeed. How much more would I have to do to become a real woman like Colleen or Amanda or Vicky...or even like Cindy? I was sure that Cindy wouldn't want another woman for a husband. Mercifully, sleep finally came early in the morning.

## Chapter 16

I slept very, very little. I tossed and turned, watched TV, and thought. I thought of my short life as a girl and what an amazing impact it was having on me this first week, and what an impact it may have today, tomorrow, and possibly on my life ahead. I liked being feminine! I liked being a girl! But for how long, the next two days, maybe another week? Or had I acquired feminine desires to last a lifetime? Had my romantic desires changed to men? I still loved Cindy. I looked forward to making love to her. Attractive women still turned me on, but still the thought of being one of those attractive women is so appealing. I wasn't sure which was more appealing.

It was morning and my immediate problem was a photo session in which I would be photographed as a woman in the nude or near nude. How did they expect to pull that off?

I looked again into the mirror, inspecting my blonde hair. It was no longer a wig. This was my own hair in rollers, pins, and clips, just as a real woman would have her hair. I also sported a matching blonde triangle between my legs, a 'natural blonde', as Henry had joked. I arched my new blonde, feminine brows.

A knock on the door announced that my wait was over. "Ready?" Colleen asked with enthusiasm. I nodded. "Come on, girl, this is your big day. You have the best female illusionist in the country creating your female self. The best photographers of exotic female images will record your dream. Today you will become the woman that you have always dreamed of being."

It was senseless to tell Colleen that 'my dream' began only a week ago. "You're right," I responded with a glimmer of enthusiasm, "but how can I pose naked and have people believe I'm a woman? I will obviously be a man with my clothes off."

"Your figure is feminine from the back," Amanda observed. "It will be totally feminine when Henry is through

with you. It is a stretch for anyone to ever think of you as a man again anyway."

Colleen chimed in, "Do you see any evidence of a man between your legs?" She looked directly at the golden triangle beneath my filmy babydoll nightie."

"Uh, no, but..."

"No buts, Lisa, let's get your hair combed out. You'll just have to trust us to work out the rest of your feminine features."

"All right, but I still have doubts."

Colleen was the hair stylist. She worked with style and grace as golden curls replaced clips and rollers. The blonde wisps touched my shoulder blades. I had no idea that I had let my hair get that long when I was Stan. No wonder no one would hire me as a guy.

She added extensions to give my hair extra length. When she finished, my hair flowed in cascading curls past my shoulders. I possessed the most darling hairstyle ever seen on a woman. The look said, 'take me if you can'.

"You like it?" she beamed.

"Yes, very much. It's very pretty."

"And you like being pretty?" she smiled. I nodded. "Come and sit. We have your face to do now."

Amanda motioned me to a seat at the makeup table. Colleen placed my hand on the table and examined an array of bottles and nail polish. "Which lipstick are you going to use?" I asked.

"Blush pink with red hue and clear gloss, of course."

Colleen picked up a bottle, matched it with the lipstick, and removed the top. The polish felt cool as she applied it to my nails. Amanda worked on my face with foundation, blush, then powder.

Colleen started on my other hand as Amanda started applying my eyeshadow. I glanced at her completed work.

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'Really pretty,' I thought, 'long, but not too long, oval shaped, and a delicate pink with a hint of red. Really girly.'

Eyeliner and mascara were applied to my lashes. I placed my feet on a chair and Colleen started on my pedicure. Amanda worked with a lip liner first, and then filled in my soft lips with pink liquid gloss.

"Ah, you're sensual," Amanda announced. "Any straight guy would die just to kiss you. Now blot." They had finished at the same time.

"This is one of our best jobs," Colleen appraised.

"I agree," Amanda gushed. "We should call Henry."

Colleen announced over the intercom, "She's ready."

"What is Henry going to do?"

"Give you boobs and a girlish waist," Amanda answered.

"He can do that?"

There was a knock on the door. "You'll see right now." Henry's knock wasn't that masculine.

"Morning, girls," Henry addressed the three of us.

"Morning, Henry," the two girls responded.

"Uh, good morning, Henry," I added.

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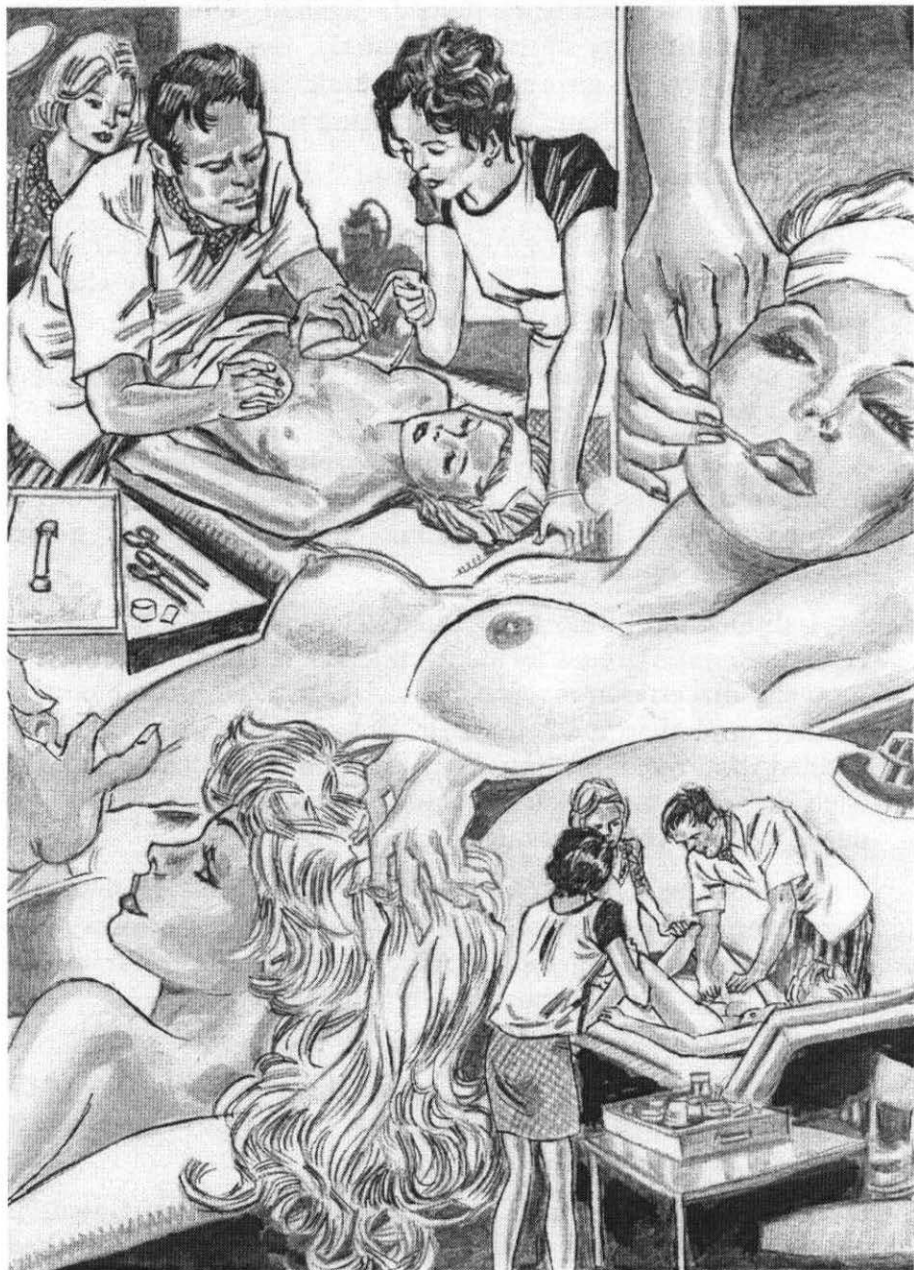
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*Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would ever believe that I was Stanley, a guy, only a week earlier. What more could a girl want?*

#### 14- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL III

"Good work, good work indeed," gushed Henry while critically examining my hair, face, and the rest of my emerging woman's body. He glanced at his watch. "She'll be on camera soon, so spray her hair." Colleen sprang to the task.

"What size breasts do you want?" Henry asked. I didn't know how breasts were measured. "We'll give you a 25" waist. I like 34, no 33 ½. You have the build of a woman who would not have huge breasts." He settled on 33 1/2" pear shaped, pert and perky breasts. "Okay?" he questioned.

"I guess," I stuttered. How was he going to accomplish that? It sounded exciting!

Henry opened a large suitcase, carefully opening and closing several boxes before announcing, "Voila!" taking out a blue box and setting it next to me. "Remove your top," he ordered matter-of-factly.

I slipped out of my filmy top as Henry fished a set of very realistic female breast forms from the box. He placed the cool material directly on my flat chest. He grunted, grumbled, examined, and then measured. He looked at the girls who both nodded in agreement. Satisfied, Amanda coated the bottom of each breast with a thick substance. "Now, don't move," he ordered. "I can't change it once applied."

I sat stone still as Henry placed the pear shaped breast form over my right chest. "Hold it in place for a minute, just to be sure." Amanda did as told. Applying the other breast took a little longer, but finally Henry was finished, and Amanda was holding the left breast to my chest.

"You like your new tits?" Henry broke into my thoughts. Actually, I hadn't checked them yet, but I felt a moderately heavy pulling on my chest.

Amanda stepped back to let me look. "Oh, my Gawd," I gasped, as I took my first look at my new, firmly attached breasts. "My Gawd, I have tits!"

I was astounded. They just hung on my chest as if they had always been there. Colleen took my hand and walked me

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a few steps. They jiggled and swayed exactly as a real woman's breasts would.

The nipples were erect. "I can't change that," Henry laughed, as he saw me check out my nipples. "They will always be erect, just as if they were sexually stimulated."

"Are they secure? I mean, they won't fall off while I'm walking, will they?"

Henry was busy brushing a flesh color that matched the breasts to my chest. They looked so very, very real. I couldn't believe it. "The good news is that they absolutely will not come off."

"And the bad news?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"If you want to become a man anytime soon, you'll have to do it while wearing these breasts and...."

"How long?"

"The paste will loosen anywhere between 10 days and two weeks. Then you can remove them or re-attach them."

"Two weeks? I have to wear these for two weeks?"

"Afraid so," Henry mused. The question of if I could quit being Lisa the day after tomorrow was just answered, unless I wanted to be *'Stacked Stan'*. Shock and thrill raced through me. I had to be a girl for at least two weeks? How will Cindy handle that?

I was so deep in thought that I scarcely realized that Henry had wrapped a thick band around my waist. "Inhale," he commanded.

I just complied. The band tightened with no release. "We just removed four inches from you waist," Amanda advised. "Like an invisible waist nipper. You can't see it, can you?" I couldn't.

Henry brushed on the same flesh tone he used around my breasts. The belt not only gave me a more slender waist, but it gave the appearance that my hips flared out like a woman's hips. The belt, thankfully, could be removed at night.

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"Let's go to the mirror," Colleen directed me to a full-length mirror. I swallowed hard as I surveyed the body of a sexy, curvaceous woman. A near nude woman with a coke bottle figure, and she was I. I gasped when I was my image. My figure image artists looked pleased with their work of art.

Colleen gently removed my filmy babydoll bottoms. The golden triangle said, 'all woman'. I wondered how I might feel if this were all real, if I were to become a real woman. How could I possibly be a male and, at the same time look so good as a young woman while completely naked? I just did. Mike's image popped into my mind. If he could only see me now!

"I'll be on the set if you need me, Lisa." That was the first time that Henry had said anything personal to me.

"Thank you, I'll feel better knowing that you are out there," I sincerely replied.

Henry looked back towards me as he swung open my bedroom door, and he crashed into two guys in khakis and golf shirts. There were about to knock when he walked out. I shrieked and pulled a towel over my waist and then my breasts.

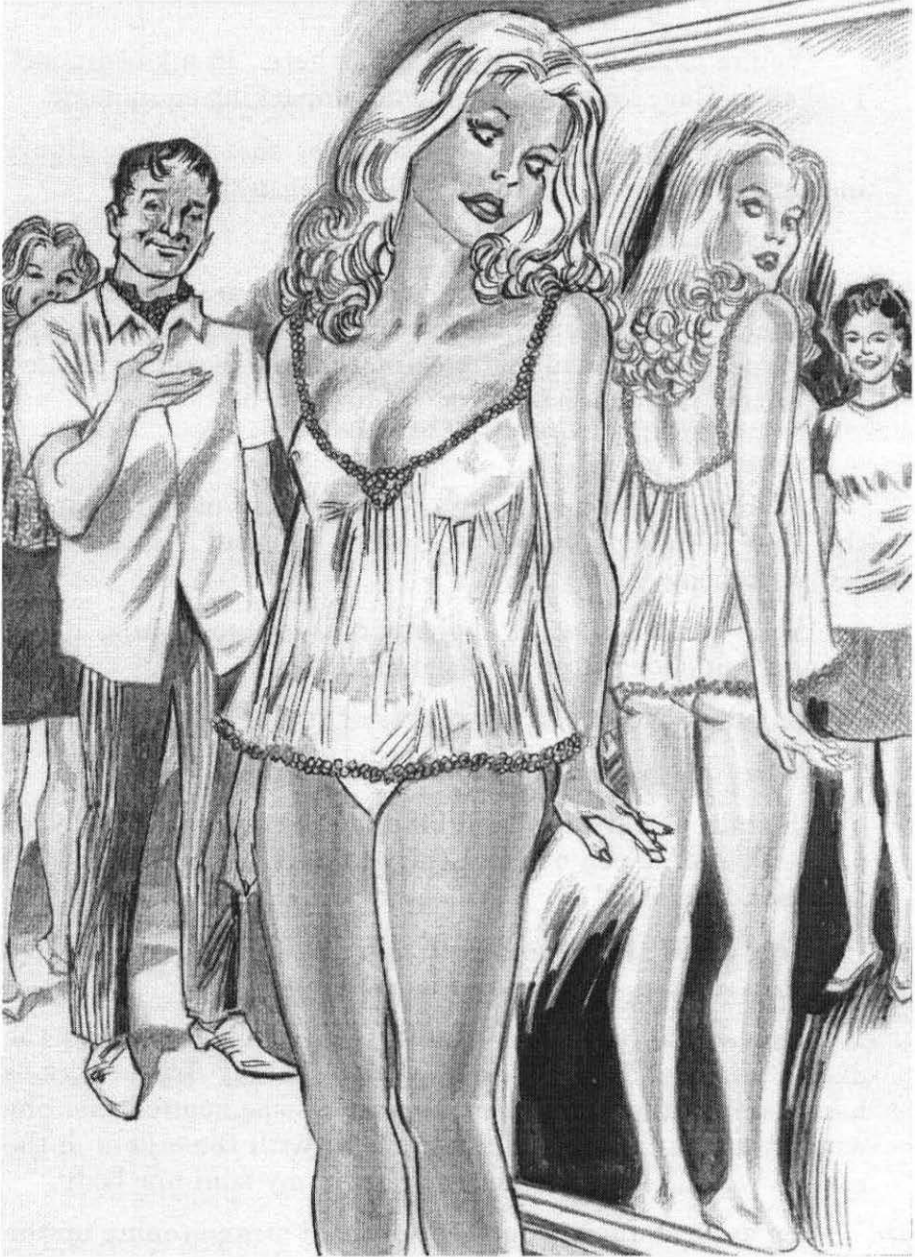
Both the girls and the two newcomers laughed out loud over my embarrassment. I blushed furiously. "Your breasts? First you forgot, and then you covered them up like us women do," Colleen laughed.

"You didn't have to cover yourself," a gray hair man announced. "I'm Gary and this is my associate, Kendall. We're photographers from '*Exotic, Erotic, Sensual Women*'."

"And we're incorporated," the red hair athletic looking Kendal added.

"We're here to see all of you...uh...Lisa," Gary continued, "and we'll capture it all on film for posterity."

Amanda and Colleen were amused and not about to leave. "We'll be here for technical, makeup, and hair support, should you need it."



*Gawd, they had made me into a woman, even to the most intimate detail. How can I ever return to being Stanley now? My manhood wasn't much before, but it was nonexistent now!*

"You're going to take photographs here...in my bedroom?" I asked as Gary and Kendall started unpacking equipment.

"Yeah, we have to do the disclaimer shot because Henry insists on it, then we'll take you to the set in the R.V."

"Disclaimer photos?"

Amanda jumped in, "Henry's female impersonators are so excellent, even when totally nude, that some magazines, newspapers, and the industry claim that the models really are women and not impersonators."

"So?"

"So Henry insists on a pre-session photo of the model in the nude," Amanda looked at Colleen uneasily, "as his male self, so nobody can cry fowl."

"Male self? You want a photograph of me looking like a woman, but showing my male genitals?"

Amanda nodded, "Henry insists on it."

"What do I have to do, then?" I sighed.

"Just drop your towel and I'll undo the taping around your penis. You let it pop out and Gary takes a photograph of you like that, that's all."

"That's all?" I groaned, "Oh, all right." I let my towel drop to the floor, exposing my nude female body.

"Excuse me, someone wanted the bed made up and the dishes removed?" the accent was definitely Irish. Vicky's hands went to her mouth in surprise as she spotted me. She wanted to ask, but thought better of it with the others in the room. I would explain to her later about my feminine body.

She worked quickly and efficiently at straightening up the room. I felt that I should cover up again with the towel while she worked. After all, there were two guys there. Vicky stole a quick glance at me, and she was obviously disappointed to see the good parts covered up. I smiled weakly, as did Vicky, and then she was gone.

Colleen took the towel from me. I was hot, really hot as a total woman, as evidenced by the interested stares of the two guys. Colleen knelt down and untapped my maleness. My penis sprang out of its confinement. I swallowed, not wanting to look down.

"Uh...Lisa, kind of fluff it up. It's all shriveled because of the tape."

I shook my head, but reached down grabbing my masculinity in my hands. I fumbled with it until I felt it get hard. I glanced at the women and wondered how they were reacting to watching me play with myself. "That'll do, Colleen," Amanda tittered, "It's evident that he's really a guy." Amanda tried to hold back a giggle as she said it. She was right, of course. I wasn't much bigger than an adolescent boy. Colleen couldn't contain her giggles either.

Colleen looked at me apologetically, "I'm sorry. We...uh..."

"Hell, he wants to be a woman. He's almost one now," Kendall declared. A cold glare from Gary shut him up.

"Don't worry about it," I said. Maybe it was a clue. Maybe I should consider this girl thing.

"Why don't you curl up on the bed," Gary suggested. I lay down on the ruffled comforter. "Slip on the top of your baby-doll nightie." The filmy material caressed my breasts. The ribbons, bows, and ruffles accented my femininity.

Kendall came over and posed me. I knew that I was anything but sexy, as my penis lay uncovered and exposed. The camera flashed. That should do it, I reasoned. "One more," Gary requested. "Hold it in your hand for this shot."

Hold 'it'? I knew what he meant, so I grasped my hard member in my soft delicate hand. My painted nails accented my femininity in stark contrast to my maleness. The camera flashed again, then Colleen rushed to my side and draped a silk robe around my shoulders, restoring my modesty.

"Goodbye, guys," she indicated the door.

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"Uh, yeah, okay," grumbled Gary as he took Kendall by the elbow and led him outside. "Don't take all day, girls," were his parting words.

Henry reentered my bedroom as the two guys exited. He asked me to lie down. "Don't be concerned. I'm going to make you feminine between your legs too. That tape is so...so crude."

"Huh?" I stammered, as I felt him delicately take my manhood in his fingers, manipulate me down there, paint my groin with a cool liquid, then attach a lifelike simulation of a woman's lips. My manhood was well hidden out of sight behind very realistic feminine mons.

"How...how will I..." I groaned.

"You need not worry, Lisa," he smiled. "You can do everything a woman does. Of course, you will have to do your toiletries sitting down for the next two weeks."

Two weeks! What will Cindy think? How much of a husband can I be with breasts and a feminine bush? If I'm having thoughts of remaining a girl after only a week, what will I feel like after two weeks?

"The worst is over now," Colleen soothed. "The rest of the day should be fun. You are a beautiful sexy woman, and the best photographers in the business are capturing you on film."

"Yeah, you're going to be featured in a magazine," Amanda chimed in.

"A magazine?" I questioned with horror.

"Yes, '*Exotic, Erotic, Sensual Woman*'. You'll be the first special girl that they've ever done a spread on. Internet too."

"I'm going to be featured as a woman in a man's magazine? Thousands of guys are going to be looking at my photos, erotic photos at that?"

"Uh huh."

"Wow! Won't my parents ever be proud of their son?" I said sarcastically. "I hope my home address and phone number won't be published."

"I don't think so," Amanda amusingly responded. "Just a brief bio. Any fan mail you may get will be forwarded to you. I imagine that you'll get a lot."

"Fan mail!" I dejectedly cried, "I always dreamed of receiving fan mail, but as a baseball player or maybe a rock star, but never as an exotic female model."

"Oh, come on, it'll be fun," Colleen encouraged. "Think of all the men that you'll be turning on. You'll be a girl in demand."

"Oh, great! What will my wife think of all this male attention I'll be receiving?"

"Wife? I...uh...nothing," Colleen stuttered, obviously confused.

"We didn't know that you were married," Amanda stared.

"You assumed that I was into guys because I dress like a girl?" My question was directed to both of them. Neither one answered, they just looked embarrassed.

"We guessed so," Colleen finally said. "All the other men that we have fully transformed wanted to be women with men in their lives, boyfriends, lovers, even husbands."

"I'm sorry I barked at you. It would be natural to think that an effeminate male that has gone this far into female impersonation would be attracted to men," I calmed down.

"Might that be the case?" Amanda whispered. Colleen gave her a cold gaze condemning her for the question.

"It's okay. I'm comfortable answering that," I soothed. Colleen relaxed and they both waited my answer. "Uh...this is girl to girl, okay? It's not for the magazine!" They both agreed. "I really am not sure anymore. I'm married and I love my wife, but I've been on a date with a man and I...well...I enjoyed being a woman when I was with him. I enjoyed being

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feminine and I liked the attention he gave me. Romantic attention..." I finished with a blush.

"Wow, maybe you'll have the best of both worlds," Amanda giggled.

"I don't think so. I don't think that the world is ready for both Stan and Lisa in one body. I think that I'm going to have to make some choices real soon. I'm not sure where I'm going."

Both girls offered me support without words, but with girlish hugs. "We'll always be your friends, either way," Colleen said.

"Or both ways," Amanda suggested.

"Thanks, girls," I responded with my own girlish hug.

"Dress sparsely," suggested Amanda. "Just something to get you there, as they will have your outfits."

I took out a pair of Jean short shorts with ragged legs and a gold t-shirt that read, 'Diva' on the front. "Okay?" I asked.

"Fine," one answered. I then slipped on a pair of open-toed sandals that showed off my painted toenails.

"Let's go, we're ready," I announced as I picked up my small black purse as if I had been carrying one all my life. It seemed so natural.

Amanda handed me a pair of woman's sunglasses. "For the Diva," she declared, and three attractive women, all wearing sunglasses exited the house and boarded a motor home.

## Chapter 17

A bald young man built like a fireplug assisted us with the stairs. He wore a black golf shirt that read, 'E.E.S.W.' and 'Security'. "E.E.S.W.?" I asked Colleen.

"Exotic, Erotic, Sensual Women," she replied.

"Oh, of course...duh," I weakly responded.

The door of the coach closed firmly. I noted that the driver, a young muscular black man also wore the black security shirt. A tall, attractive black woman in her mid-thirties joined us in the plush passenger seating. She took a seat directly across from us.

"We're ready, Jimmy. Get us out of here," she ordered the driver. While it was apparent that the men were our security and protectors, the woman was in charge.

"Hi, ladies, I'm Grace. I'm directing the photo shoot today," she introduced herself.

"I thought that Gary was the photo honcho?" I asked.

Grace smiled, "Gary does what I tell him to do. I arrange the scenes, the setting, the clothes, and the poses. I direct erotic, sensual photography. If it were left up to Gary, it would be a porno shoot with little or no class."

"I heard that," Gary's voice came from behind the closed curtain at the back of the RV.

Grace smile, "We've worked together for years. He knows that exotic photos are mostly for male readers, but it takes a woman's direction to keep it tasteful, while erotic. And you," Grace continued, "are our starlet?" She looked directly at me.

"I guess that's me," I shyly whispered.

Grace laughed, "A starlet with a little humility, how refreshing. I'm not used to working with pleasant girls. They all think that they are Goddesses." She turned slightly serious. "Lisa, I'm told that you're not really a girl."

My eyelashes fluttered and I looked at the carpeted floor. "I'm a guy," I admitted.

"Not like any guy that I know. You're absolutely darling as a girl. This will be so much fun. You are in my hands, Lisa. You'll have to trust my judgment when I'm posing you."

"I will, Grace," I responded feeling very comfortable with her in charge. I was a girl with a woman to care and watch over me. Strange, but when I was a boy growing up, I figured that a man, a coach, would be my mentor. My, but how things

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have changed. I had predicted that I would be learning about a curve ball, not learning how to develop curves. While I dreamed of thousands of fans seeing me in *Sports Illustrated*, never did I foresee hundreds of thousands of men lusting after me as I wore revealing dresses, had come-hither lips, sexy bedroom eyes, and wearing revealing lingerie in a men's magazine.

"How familiar are you with EESW magazine?" Grace asked.

"Only from a man's point of view," I girlishly giggled. "It has lots of hot women wearing few clothes."

"Now you get to see it from a woman's view. You're going to be one of those, as you say, 'hot women wearing few clothes'. What do you think of that?"

"Actually, I'm looking forward to it. It could be quite exciting."

Grace smiled, "You enjoy being a girl, don't you, Lisa?"

I lightly blushed, "Yes..."

"Good, let me explain how EESW photo shoots are done. We don't just take photographs of pretty naked girls; we do a storyline. In your case, Lisa, your feature will be about a girl that meets a boy and falls in love, then girl has her bridal shower, bachelorette bash, gets married, and finally, the wedding night."

"I'm going to get married?"

"Uh huh," Grace purred. "This will be a cute shoot. You will be charming as the girl in love and a new wife."

That one stung. "I'm going to be a wife?"

"Uh huh," Grace purred, "Oh, we're here. Let's go to this resort home."

We piled out of the RV and into a beautiful lodge. There were several girls, all foxes, in the reception area. "All right, girls, this is our starlet, Lisa. We need to get right to work. Makeup done?" The girls nodded.

"Colleen, Amanda, is Lisa ready?"

Amanda was coating gloss on my painted lips. "Yes, she's ready."

"All right, ladies, Lisa has met her man and fallen in love. She's going to marry her young man and tonight is the bachelorette party that you are throwing for her. It happens right here in the lounge. Take your places."

I was amazed as these beautiful young women took their places on chairs and couches in front of a table laden with presents covered with feminine wrapping and girlish satin bows. The presents were for a young girl about to be married, and she was celebrating with all her girlfriends. What a delight to be 'that girl'!

I noticed that all the girls wore sexy dresses, short skirts, halter-tops, and bustiers, much like my own black miniskirt and white satin blouse with a plunging neckline. I showed more cleavage than most actresses on Oscar night. This is why Grace had me change in the RV.

I was ushered to a spot on the plush carpet in front of the present laden coffee table. I sat with my legs and knees together, showing smoky, filmy nylon clear to my black lacy bikini panties. Grace posed all of us. Just my luck to be in the middle of six beautiful sexy girls and I have to be a girl too.

Shutters clicked, bulbs flashed, and attendants posed us in different positions. "Okay, open the lilac colored present first," Grace directed me.

I gently untied the bow and let the wrapping fall to the floor. "Come on, girls," Grace barked this time. "You all know what to do. You're not acting like you are at a bachelorette party. Do what you would do at a real one. We'll take photos as the photographers see fit. We'll send in suggestions when we need to, so just be natural. Now do it!"

The giggling, pushing, joking resumed. These beautiful girls surrounded me and treated me as if I were one of their own. "Come on, Lisa, rip the paper off. You aren't going to use it again," encouraged Rita, a girl with dark tan skin and waist

length black hair. She even helped me remove the lid from the 'natural beauty' store box.

The blouse I lifted from the box was beautiful. It had ruffles and lace everywhere, and was a really sexy filmy see through midnight blue. It too had a plunging neckline. "Put it on," Kristen demanded. The others joined in.

"Right here? Right now?" I pleaded to the group. Already Sheri and Susan were unbuttoning the back buttons of my satin blouse, which they whipped off me in a split second.

The other girls cheered as flashbulbs popped. I moved to a kneeling position, now wearing only my bra and miniskirt. "Pop" "Pop" went the camera flashes.

"The bra too," Crystal suggested. Rita hesitated, but the group insisted. I was now topless with only my miniskirt, hose, and heels. Girls giggled, more bulbs flashed, and yes I was embarrassed to be bare breasted.

My mind was now feminine, and I automatically tried to cover up my breasts with my hands and arms. "Pop" "Pop".

Susan dropped the sheer blouse over my head and shoulders. There were no buttons, and my pert, perky breasts were mysteriously revealed through the filmy material.

"Move to the next present," Grace directed. The box I picked up was long and thin, about 10" by 3" in size. It could be...they wouldn't do this to me, would they? I ripped the paper off. Yes, they did. It was a vibrating dildo, black, 3" diameter, and 10" long.

"No, I'm not going to try this on right now," I declared. Everyone laughed. I decided to be cute on my own. "Now, girls, why would I possibly need this? Tomorrow, I'm getting married, and I'll have the real thing." More giggles.

"But he won't be home all the time, and he won't be able to get it up every time that you want him to," Marsha giggled. "This is for those times." I was now profusely blushing. The camera caught that too.

"I have more faith in him than you girls. I'll just kiss this goodbye, and without thinking, I planted a large wet kiss on the dildo. Do you think the cameras missed that? Not a chance! The girls were going wild as I knelt holding the lipstick-coated dildo in my hands. "Pop" "Pop" "Pop".

"Move on, Lisa," Grace directed. There were pregnancy test kits, crotchless panties, a box of penis shaped suckers that I passed around to the other girls, and we all participated in group photos enjoying the suckers in the most appropriate way.

There was a vinyl dominatrix cat suit complete with fur-lined handcuffs and a whip. "Don't use that on him until the second night," Sara exclaimed. "Let him have a night of marital ecstasy before you let him know who is boss." More laughs, but some nodded their heads in agreement. Thank goodness no one asked me to put it on.

"Listen, girls," Grace announced over the merriment. "Someone's at the door." Sure enough, there were three loud knocks.

Marissa, the stunning 6' redhead answered. "Someone call for a fireman?" asked a tall, muscular, good-looking Hispanic man attired in a fire fighting uniform.

Marissa looked the man up and down, over and over. "Well, I'm feeling on fire. Did you bring enough hose to put out my fire?"

The guy took it right in stride, "More than enough, but I'm looking for a soon to be bride named Lisa. Maybe I can change her mind."

The girls 'oohed and aahed' as they turned to present me to Shawn, my personal fireman. I blushed as he did a second take of my breasts. "I...I'm sure," I stuttered, "that you don't have as much as my soon to be groom, so why don't you go to some other fire?"

"Woow!!" the girls screamed, turning back to Shawn. The ball was back in his court.

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He self-confidently grinned. "Well, I guess there is one way to find out," and he stepped out of his yellow fire-fighting jacket to reveal a muscular, smooth chest. The girls, including myself, expressed our pleasure with applause and wolf whistles.

"Your turn, honey," Shawn grinned.

"Huh?"

"I'll match you for everything you take off, including going Full Monte." I was shocked. "And if you don't take off your blouse, we are all done."

A roar went up from the girls. "Take it off, take it off. Lisa, we want to see him nude!"

"Sure, right!" I returned, "That means I would have to become nude too."

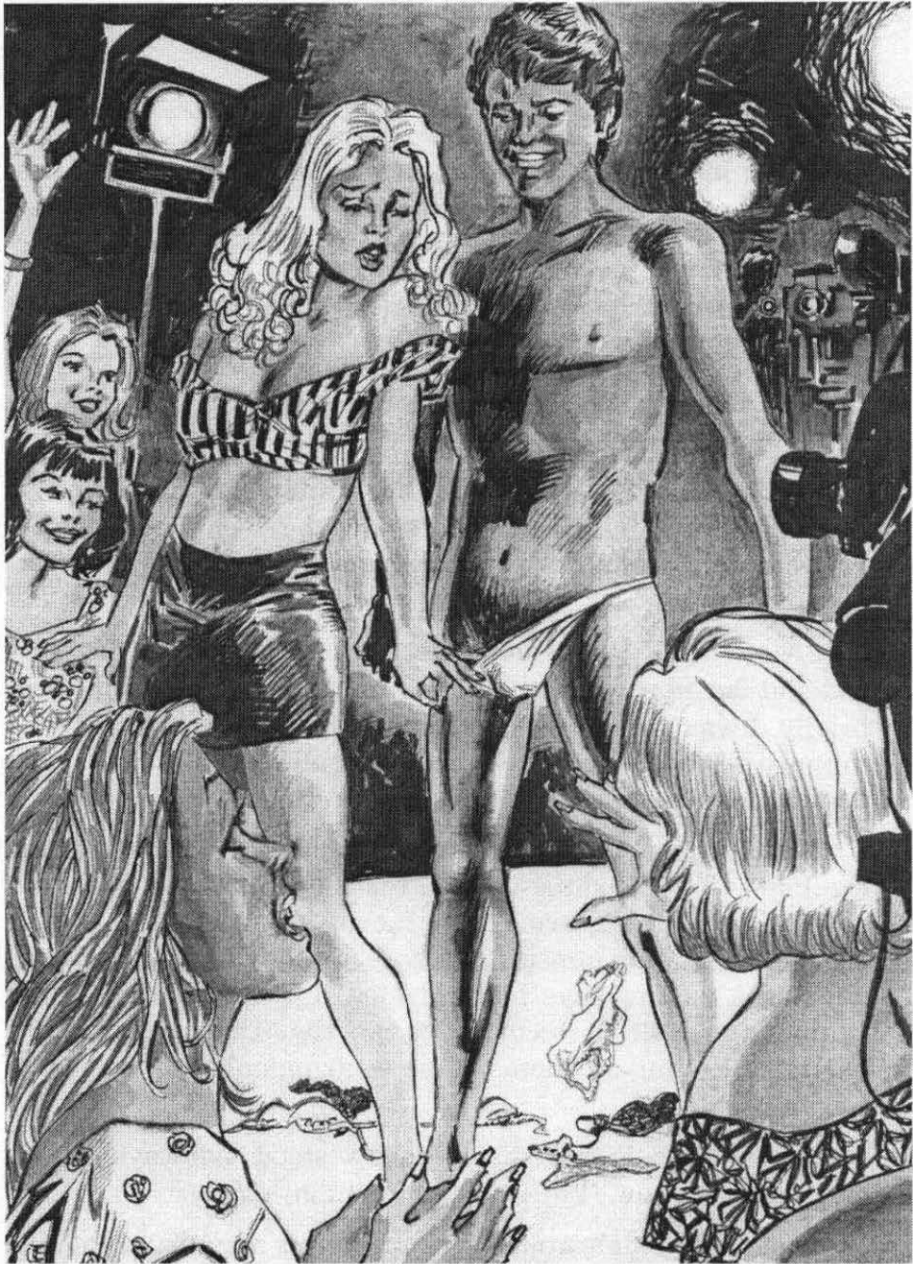
"Yes, yes, that's the idea," the group replied. "Start with the blouse. You're showing everything anyway." The girls started clapping and shouting, "Take it off! Take it off!"

Shawn took my hand and turned me around so that he and I were facing a wall with our backs to the girls. I was blushing furiously. I lifted my blouse over my shoulders, trying not to mess my hair, and I tossed it to the girls as if it were a wedding garter.

Shawn and I stood side by side, both of us men, and both of us topless, but there was nothing similar about us. Shawn was a full foot taller than I and he must have weighed at least a hundred pound more than my 130 lb figure. I had smooth skin and breasts, woman's breasts that wiggled and jiggled like the real thing.

Shawn swung his hand and turned us around facing the party girls. A cheer went up. "Look at her nipples, he's turning her on," Marsha declared.

"Or maybe," Marissa threw in, "she enjoys exposing herself at parties."



*I was expected to act, to become, the bride to be at this bachelorette party. I was expected to strip along with the 'fireman'. Could I? Would I?*

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I remembered Henry commenting earlier on my erect nipples. "Well, don't just look at her. Check him out," Susan said excitedly.

A low roar of agreement rose from the girls as they examined this manly man. He was turning these girls on. "I want to see all of him! Let's get on with it!" came from the excited girls. "Yes! More! More! More!"

"They like you," Shawn whispered in my ear.

"No, it's you they like," I returned.

"It's us they like. Let's give them what they want!" he suggested.

I looked into Shawn's smoky eyes, and before I knew it, he dropped his fire fighting trousers onto the floor revealing that he wore only a black thong. The girls went wild. Now it was my turn.

"Allow me," Shawn unbuttoned the one button on my skirt and slid the zipper down. I held onto the waistband, but only briefly. I was on my way to total nudity. I let go and the skirt dropped to the floor. I was blinded by all the flash bulbs, and deafened by the roar from the girls.

I had no time to become totally embarrassed as Shawn did the hand thing, turning us towards the wall again. We stood side by side, he towering over me in his brief, tight fitting thong and I in my panties and hose. I thought of what different paths us two boys had traveled. I observed the flashes against the wall. It occurred to me that thousands of men would be looking at photos of me wearing only the briefest of lingerie, or less.

"Face me," Shawn directed. We stood sideways to the screaming women. "Put your fingers in my thong."

I placed my delicate fingers inside his waistband, hoping that I wouldn't touch something else. I wasn't entirely successful, and I quickly moved my fingers outward. Believe me, the girls didn't miss that.

"I liked that," Shawn whispered. Without a word, he hooked his masculine fingers inside both of my hose and panties. The crowd went quiet with anticipation. "Now, together, very slowly, start pulling downward."

I felt the elastic at my waist being tugged down, and cool air embrace my bare skin. I pulled Shawn's thong down with the same consistency. His thong and my panties were teasingly lowered. His manhood was just about to pop out, and just as it did, he pulled my panties below my crotch, but he swung us around to face the wall before anyone got a real good look at our nudity.

The girls noted their unhappiness at the maneuver with a couple of boos, and then chanted 'Full Monte! Full Monte!'

Shawn stepped behind me, facing my back. His thong had already hit the floor, and I felt his manhood lightly touch my bare ass. His fingers completed the task of making me totally naked. Again we stood side by side, a man and a woman, our backs to the audience.

"Full Monte! Full Monte!" the girls yelled.

"Let's do it!" he whispered, and without warning, Shawn spun us around to face the girls...and the cameras.

Both of us were totally naked. Shawn had his arm around my slender waist, and I saw his erection for the first time. It was huge! I had done this to him. I sexually turned him on as if I were really a woman!

The cheers rose to the rafters, and the flashbulbs lit the room. I was embarrassed and blushing. I placed a hand over my female nakedness. I was being photographed as a naked woman for a men's magazine.

I thought this was the ultimate humiliation...well not quite! Shawn turned me towards him and pulled me into his body. His maleness pressed briefly against my blonde 'V', and then he spun us back around to face the wall again.

The cheers in the room were deafening. A lot of the noise came from the technical crews, photographers, and extras. I felt a silk robe placed over my shoulders. I was grateful to be

covered. Shawn took his time dressing, much to the delight of the girls.

## *Chapter 18*

"All right! All right! Cast and crew, box lunches are on the deck. Next scene in exactly ninety minutes." No one doubted that Grace meant exactly that.

"A little too much right there at the end?" I nodded. "Lisa, honey, you're now in the world of actors, actresses, fashion photographers, and magazine people. You're a country girl in Hollywood, but don't worry, I won't let anything happen to you." Grace was like a mother. I liked that.

She and I had soup and salad inside the lodge. "Your next scene will be fairly short and not very exotic, but it sets the stage for the rest of the shoot. I think you will find it fun to do."

"Really?" I asked pleasantly.

"Uh huh, I believe that all girls dream of being a bride. I assume that includes you, Lisa?"

"Oh...I don't know. I've only been playing the role of a girl for a week."

"Yeah, sure!" Grace heartily laughed. "Anyway, honey, you'll be attired in the prettiest wedding gown in Colorado in a little over an hour. You'll be a beautiful bride!"

I pondered how I had gone from boy to girl to bride and wife in just six or seven days. I wondered how I would answer the question 'What's new?' should any of my buddies call the house. "Oh, not much, how about you?" I would lie as I straightened the hem of my skirt, my new husband sitting beside me." I giggled out loud.

"I'm glad you're enjoying this," Grace smiled.

"I was pondering how few men ever experience what I'm doing, Grace."

"More than you would think," Grace responded seriously, but few of them could become the woman that you have become, Lisa. As pretty as you are, I hope that you're not thinking of going back?"

"Grace, I have a wife! I'm a man!"

"Well, you could change the latter, and if you did so, you could become the wife."

"Let's get changed," I said lightly. "How about if I become a bride and wife just for today."

"You may think differently after you have tried it."

"I'll keep an open mind."

We arrived at the chapel in just a few minutes. As we strolled through the chapel in search of the bridal dressing room, I noticed that the pews were being filled with men and women attired like a real wedding. Extras, I guessed. There were kids and babies too.

Amanda and Colleen plunked me down in a makeup chair after we entered the dressing room. "We didn't think that you were ever going to get here. We've got less than an hour to turn you into a virginal bride," Colleen busily scrubbed makeup from my face. I remained attired only in my silk robe with nothing on beneath.

Thirty-eight minutes later, my bridal makeup was finished. My face was soft and innocent. My lipstick and nails matched in soft pink. I had the appearance of a girl who might have done nothing more than hold hands with a boy and who had only recently allowed a goodnight kiss.

"Okay, costuming, she's ready," announced Amanda.

"About time," I heard someone mutter.

Colleen draped a light cloth over my head to protect my makeup. "Kiss off," she barked back at the costumer.

I stood, ready to let the costumers take me over. Someone opened up the front of my robe. "Wait, wait, I don't have any... The robe had already fallen to the floor.

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A feminine wolf whistle pierced the air. "Wow, when Vic told me that he had really changed you, I had no idea that he had gone this far." The voice was familiar. I yanked the cloth off my head. Now I had absolutely nothing on.

"Cindy, what are you doing here?" I cried.

"Looking at pretty boys who appear to have become all girl."

A crewmember handed me my robe, which I literally jumped into. Cindy was smiling, amused. "Why be embarrassed? You're either my husband or another woman, so a little nudity is okay," she paused. "I'm here because I'm your Maid of Honor."

"W...what?"

"You are getting married shortly, are you not? A bride has to have a 'Maid of Honor', just as the guys have a 'Best Man'. So I'll be standing next to you as you promise to love and obey your husband." She smiled, "A lot of women would kill to have a body as soft and sexy as yours."

"Come on, lady! We have a time deadline and it's running short with you two flapping your jaws." It was the same voice that had said, 'about time'.

"Oh, of course. Sorry," Cindy responded stepping out of the way.

"Step into these," the costumer directed.

"Bridal panties just like I wore when we got married," Cindy giggled. I looked at her smiling face. "They are mine, honey! Consider this the 'something borrowed' part of the ceremony. I hope that your groom likes them on you as much as you liked them on me."

I pulled the white lacy panties about my waist. "This isn't a wedding. I'm not really a bride. And I'm not going to become a wife!" I growled.

"It sure has the appearance of all those things."

"Lady!!"

"Okay, okay, I'm going. I have to change anyway. Just know that I will be by your side, sweetheart, when you say 'I do'. I hope that being a wife will be as good for you as it has been for me," Cindy simpered.

The costumers swamped me as soon as she left. I was dressed in white lacy stockings, a red lacy garter, a white convertible push-up bra dripping with lace and pushing my cleavage high and towards the center of my chest, and finally a huge hoop petticoat was pulled up to my waist.

"Makeup cloth," Amanda shouted, as the costumers began to lower the gown over my head and shoulders.

The girls were very careful to lower the gown without messing my hair or makeup. The gown was quite beautiful. Snow white, dropped Basque waist, tier upon tier of lace, a gathered bow at the back of my waist. The back of the gown was bare to just above my waist. The crinoline was ball gown size. The train was cathedral length.

An attendant on her knees slipped white velvet heels onto my feet. The chief costumer stepped back, giving directions to trail the train out further, and then declared, "she's ready".

"Makeup's good," Amanda declared.

"Let's do it!" Grace directed. "Get the extras in place. We're on in exactly two minutes."

"How do you feel, honey?" Grace asked.

"Okay, I guess, but that rat, Vic Toredó, has my wife as the Maid of Honor. That's not fair. She shouldn't even be here!"

"I heard that she asked Vic if she could do it," Grace said.

"Huh..."

"...And Vic is Matt's Best Man, and basically Cindy's partner in the wedding."

"Figures! Matt? That's who my husband is?"

"Uh...yes, Lisa, you don't have any racial hang-ups, do you?"

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"No, not at all. We get along fine, don't we, Grace? Did I say anything?"

"No, no, no! Your groom is black. A biracial marriage and you're playing the part of the white woman."

"Oh, no, that's not a problem. Hey, I'm a guy playing the role of the bride. It makes no difference to me that my groom is black."

"Good!"

We strolled to the back of the chapel ready for that walk down the aisle. A CD boom box blared out the wedding march and all stood up to view the blushing bride. "Your father will loop his arm through yours, and then he will escort his little girl down the aisle and give her away."

I looked at the wedding party gathered at the alter awaiting the bride. Cindy, of course, as my Maid of Honor and two other beautiful girls stood as my Bride's Maids. I thought that the women really looked hot! I bet this is one of only a handful of weddings where the Bride's Maids are attired in silver micro mini satin dresses with plunging necklines.

I looked at the men's side, immediately spotting Vic, looking dapper in his black tux, along with two Groom's Men whom I didn't know. A cold shiver shot through me. Matt? It was Matt from the ball game! Matt was to become my man?

At that moment, Matt turned and looked directly at me. He quickly looked me up and down. Why wouldn't he? Tonight, he would have me in the bridal bedroom. He smiled warmly as I felt my 'father's' arm slip through mine.

The wedding march started playing. I took slow, one step in front of another steps. I glanced at the man acting as my father. It was my father!! I mean my real dad!! How had Vic recruited him?

My heart pounded wildly as the gray hair man looked into my eyes, the eyes of his 'daughter'. It was apparent that he had no idea who I really was. He smiled the smile of a patient father, a father who was proud of his daughter.



*How can I be a bride? I'm really a man, the husband of the Maid of Honor! Was Vic winning? How can I ever return to being a man in Cindy's eyes after her seeing me like this?*

He was all man and seemingly protective of the delicate young thing he was escorting to the alter. This had to be a first for a father – attending weddings of his son, first as a groom, and now as a bride. I prayed that he would never find out!

We arrived at the alter, myself in all my femininity with my bridesmaids, and Matt, Vic, and the other guys resplendently handsome, and so masculine. There were no vows, of course, but a simulation of them. You know, the ring on the finger, the lifting of the veil, and the culmination of the wedding kiss placed by my eager new groom on his shy new wife.

I noticed Cindy watching the kiss with great interest. Her husband, the bride, was receiving a romantic kiss from his groom. Score a big one for Vic!

The scene ended at this point, and we were all escorted to the reception hall. I'm sure that some were wondering if this marriage would be consummated this evening. I heard my father muttering to one of the groomsmen how no daughter of his would wear such a dress where everyone could view so much of her. 'Would it be okay if your son did?' I thought.

I felt a hand softly touch my elbow. "You were absolutely beautiful, Lisa." It was Cindy.

"Thank you, I guess. I'm not sure if it's a compliment to be beautiful when you're a man," I responded.

"Ummm, maybe you shouldn't stay a man," she responded. "As a woman, you're electrifying, beautiful, explosive. As a guy, you're just another guy."

"How can you say that? My being a woman is all but over. I'm going to return to being your husband tomorrow."

"I know, I know. I was just teasing you." I wasn't sure that she really was, particularly when she went to have a glass of Champaign with Vic and his crowd. Vic's arm wrapped around her waist and he pulled her close to him. What competition was I to him? My own wife was calling me beautiful, and begging to be my Maid of Honor in this simulated wed-

ding. Competition? Not while I was wearing a wedding gown. Not while appearing to be a woman when totally naked.

It hit me hard to realize that Vic was taking Cindy away from me by turning me into a woman. Why not stop the charade? Why not call off the game of being forced to be a female? We would lose the house for sure, and lose use of a brand new car for the next two years. Besides, I had already been in skirts and lingerie and out with men. That would not go away even if I stopped now. He had really been successful in totally feminizing me.

No, I would tough it out for the next day and a half. Being totally honest with myself, I wasn't ready to give up being a woman just yet. I had some things that I want to do as Lisa. I decided to act on one of those just now. Cindy seemed to feel it was okay to be Vic's girlfriend, so why shouldn't it be okay for me to interact with my groom? Why not be the woman that I appeared to be?

The timing could not have been better, as Matt approached me with sparkling Champaign glasses in his hands. "Mon Cheri, my wife," he romantically said, as we toasted our marriage. The cameras continued to whir and flash during this transition period.

"Are you glad you married me, Matthew?" I asked as his new wife.

"Tell you what, babe, I would be thrilled if you were the real thing."

I looked Matt directly in his eyes. "Really?"

"Really!"

I decided to take a chance. I had a show to put on for Cindy. "Matt, please kiss me."

He didn't answer, he just responded, pulling me close, crushing my gown against him. I closed my eyes and let it happen. Even with my eyes closed, I could see all the flashes from around the room. When I opened my eyes, Matt's lips were still pressed tightly against mine. I pressed my lips

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harder against his, and drew him even closer to me with my arms around his back and waist.

I checked to see whether Cindy was taking all this in. She was. I then felt Matt's warm hands snaking up my nylon-covered leg. "Matt," I said embarrassed, "not here."

My hoop petticoat had long since been discarded and my satin gown was being pushed up my thigh. My lacy bridal stockings were apparent to all who wanted to look, and that was almost everyone in the room.

I squirmed to free myself. "The garter, Lisa, I'm only after your bridal garter. It's a tradition, you know."

I quit struggling. "Oh, of course."

I glanced down to observe Matt remove the garter from my smooth silky thigh, only to discover my gown was pushed up to my waist. My bridal panties were on display to everyone. "Matt!" I exclaimed.

"Sorry, honey. I just couldn't help myself. I'm sure that I'll see all the rest later this evening," Matt said, and then he slid my garter off and pulled my gown back down. He handed me the garter. "Give it a toss, sweetheart. Let's see who the next lucky man will be."

But this isn't a real wedding, "I answered.

"Just do it. It'll be fun."

"Oh, all right." I turned my back on the men and gave it a girlish toss over my head.

An immediate cheer went up, and I turned to see whom the lucky guy was. I couldn't believe it. "Thank you, Lisa, I hope it comes true." Vic stood holding my wedding garter in his left hand, and his right arm wrapped about Cindy's waist.

Cindy was looking up at him, a smile on her face, and then she looked over at me. "That was darling, Lisa. You're such a girly girl now."

## Chapter 19

The next scene would be the wedding night set. All but essential personnel were asked to leave. There would be no extras, only Matt and I, the directors, and the camera crew. I wasn't sure that I was going to like what was going to happen.

Our break was exactly ten minutes when I found myself back in the makeup chair. Again Amanda removed off all my makeup while Colleen removed my pink nail polish, quickly applying new glossy red polish.

"Look up," Amanda commanded. She had just finished applying a red pink blush, black eyeliner, and mascara. She now was lining my lips with a red lip liner pencil. I was able to see the cut cupid's bow.

"Tilt your head back a little, please." I could feel the soft crème being applied to my lips, after which I saw her put a gel on my fingertips, which she then rubbed on my lips. "The gloss look," Amanda noted. "Now look."

Wow, I had such kissable sexy lips, glossy red, and a lot of color on my cheekbones. "Kind of sexy, isn't it?" I asked.

"It's your wedding night. It's your obligation to be as sexy as you can be for him."

"Him? My husband?"

"Uh huh. I think you're ready, girl. Okay, costuming, she's all yours."

I was dressed in filmy see-through black panties and a matching bra. I then stepped into a white tailored sundress. Apparently this is what I was to wear after leaving the reception. We were now back home at the ranch all alone. I was told that all of these scenes would be posed.

I joined Matt on the porch of the ranch house. He had been yakking with the photo crew, and as I arrived, all heads turned towards me. Some heads nodded, and male voices said things like, 'Hot, really hot, babe', 'Bull, that 's no man. They've brought in a body double, a real woman to do these scenes', and 'No, it's a guy. Hard to believe though, isn't it?'

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and lastly, 'If that's a guy, then I'm going Bi,' followed by laughter.

"Okay, let's get rolling," the chief photographer yelled. "Out by the car for starters."

Matt, camera crews, directors, and I moved out to the dirt parking area. A Mercedes convertible was appropriately decked out with ribbons and streamers, shoe polish on the windshield reading, 'Just Married'.

As we stepped to the rear of the car, I spotted a hand lettered sign that read 'She got him today, he'll have her tonight!'"

"All right, Lisa, unbutton the front of your dress clear down to your waist." I did as I was told.

"Damn it, who ordered the bra? This is EESW, not the three 'Little Pig's' publications. Get her out of that bra!" Gary demanded.

In a flash, two staff members removed the top to my dress. The bra was removed in a scant second, and my top replaced, but remaining unbuttoned. "Button up about three inches. Good, good, right there. She's ready." It was becoming second nature to be addressed as 'she' and 'her'.

"Lisa, I want you to reach into the trunk and pick up that little makeup bag by the handle. Good! Okay, look at me now." Gary had moved to the side of the car and was shooting me through the open trunk lid. It wasn't unnoticed that the globes on my chest were pretty much exposed as I completed this light assignment. The camera lenses must have clicked twenty-five times.

"Good, okay now, Matt, pick up those two large suitcases." He did so with ease. He wasn't quite so cocky when the crew stuffed two smaller cases under his arms.

He began to sweat as we made our way up the hill to our 'honeymoon cottage'. I lightly carried my makeup bag. "No wonder you want to be a woman," Matt exclaimed between deep breaths.

"I smile. "I never said that I wanted to be a woman, but I am enjoying playing the role right now."

Matt was huffing harder now. "Wait until I get you into our wedding night bed. We'll see how much you still like playing the role of a bride."

"That's not going to happen!"

"I think that it is."

"That's not part of the script. I know all the scenes."

"I didn't say that it was going to be part of this photo shoot, but count on it anyway. It's going to happen, Lisa. I'm going to have you."

"Oh!" I didn't know what else to say. The filming was done and the staff scooped up the luggage and placed it inside the cottage.

"I mean it!" Matt asserted, and he walked off.

The next several scenes were mine alone. I was very glad of that. I didn't feel comfortable with Matt's arrogant and somewhat threatening tone.

Gary moved one director and I upstairs into the bridal bedroom. I viewed the canopy bed with the ruffled comforter and I thought, "How delicate, how pretty."

"Remove your dress, honey," the director soothed. I guess that I must have looked uncomfortable. "Relax, there's just the three of us here. We're going to protect your privacy in these intimate scenes."

"I guess that would be until half million men picked up a copy of EESW magazine," I muttered.

"True," the director admitted, "but they can't physically touch you when they view you in the magazine."

"They probably will touch themselves," Gary added. The director shot him a look. "Sorry."

By now, I stood naked except for my flimsy panties. I was embarrassed being dressed like this in front of these two men.

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How different I was from them. They were treating me as if I were a girl.

Gary photographed me as I walked about the room topless. I smelled the fresh flowers on the nightstand. I picked up the mint from the pillow and delicately removed the candy from the foil. All was recorded on film.

I lay down on the ruffled comforter, topless and wearing only the flimsy panties. My hair was arranged seductively on the pillow. "Dream about what you are going to do for him on this your wedding night," Gary coached.

I closed my eyes, and the camera trained on my sultry colored eyelids and heavily mascara coated lashes. I was a woman dreaming of love. "Good, good, you're really into this, sweetheart," beamed the balding director. "A million men will wish it were them in your dreams."

"I doubt it. How many guys are into feminized men?"

"Not too many, I suppose, but Lisa, they won't know until the next issue of EESW, that you, the object of their lust, are really a guy."

"They won't know? They'll think that I'm really a woman for a whole month?"

"That's right, kitten."

"They...they must never find out who I really am. They would kill me. I thought that from the start I would be displayed as some female impersonator."

"I'm sure a few will be upset, but they'll live with it. They'll take a little kidding from their wives and girlfriends, and their buddies, but not all will remove your pictures from the walls of their garages. Relax, Lisa. They will never learn who you are. They will only know that a beautiful, sexy nude woman was really a man."

"Whew!"

"If we have any legal challenges, do you recall the disclaimer photos we took when the shoot began this morning?"

I thought for a second. "Oh...oh...looking like a girl, only with my maleness exposed."

"Yep, that will end any legal bickering. Shall we move on?"

I was directed into a walk-in bathroom. I thought about the photos with my penis exposed. I decided that I disliked the focus of the photos, my maleness that is. I liked very much the feminine blonde 'V' instead. I really was embracing femininity; even giving up what most men treasured the most, their manhood. I was now being given the opportunity to show my feminine genitals.

"Slip your panties off, please."

I did as instructed and felt a tinge of female excitement as the two men viewed me totally naked. I was told to put on a shower cap to keep my hair dry, and then placed in the shower. The shower was turned on and I was told to use the sponge and scented body wash all over my body.

My body was covered with bubbling soapsuds and Gary shot several rolls of film, particularly when I glided my delicate hand with red manicured nails over my breasts and between my thighs. Gosh, I was turning myself on. It was a good thing my maleness was securely tucked away.

After the shower, I was allowed to dry myself, but I was not allowed to dress. I sat nude at the makeup table as Colleen was brought in as a technical advisor. She remained in the back of the room and gave me advice on how to apply all new makeup. Here I sat, naked, applying blush. It took nearly forty-five minutes to put my now alluring makeup on.

"You're a natural," Colleen said when I finished. "You didn't need me at all."

"Oh, I sought your advice a couple of times," I responded.

"Uh huh, but you didn't really need it," she softly said, as she passed me on her way out of the room. "When you become a woman, you'll be ready to go. More competition for Amanda and I." She winked and was gone.

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My whole makeup session was photographed. "All right, my pretty girl, time to join your husband on your wedding night."

Lying on the bed was an ensemble of my wedding night attire. It was bridal pure white, sheer, delicate, and oh so feminine. It's what a girly girl would choose to wear on her special night.

I was told, "Your groom is eagerly waiting for you."

I critically checked my makeup in the oversized mirror. I saw dark, sultry, smoking eyes, sexy curled lashes, highlighted blush, and soft gloss over dark red lips. My blonde hair cascaded down my smooth bare back almost to my waist. My breasts, completely real, with firm nipples excited me.

I stood and viewed the rest of my nude body in the full-length mirror. My waist was slender, and my hips flared like a woman's, mostly due to Henry's femme magic. My legs were smooth and shapely, and my feminine golden v between my legs was inviting. Here I was, a 25-year-old man, standing totally naked and looking like an erotic woman.

I played with stray strands of my hair, and yielded to the temptation to cup my breasts in my hands. "My Gawd, they feel so real," I softly said. My hidden maleness ached for release. "I make a beautiful woman," I said out loud. I was turning myself on. I sighed heavily, "Well, Stan boy, just how bad do you wish to be a woman, to remain as one, to go through the rest of your life as one? That would mean boy-friends...men...maybe being a bride, then a wife?" Those things didn't sound so bad.

"Hey, Lisa, your husband is waiting and so is the camera crew." My mind snapped back to reality, to the here and now.

"My husband?"

"Yes, you just got married today, remember?" Grace asked with concern.

I looked at my body. My Gawd, she's right. I am a married woman, at least for the rest of the photo shoot. "Yes, yes, Grace, I'll be there in a second."

"Can I come in?"

"Of course."

Grace's eyes widened as she caught me admiring myself, then she smiled. "Yes, yes, you are all woman now, as your nude photos will attest. But part of being a woman, and particularly a new bride, is presenting yourself to your man. He's waiting, Lisa," Grace gently reminded. "So are the rest of the crew," she firmly added.

"Yes, I know," I sighed. Grace handed me the sheer white lacy bikini panties, which I stepped into. She lowered the sheer white cami over my shoulders. The lingerie added to my feminine sexiness. Grace held open the sheer bridal negligee and I let it envelope me. She then tied the large white bow in back. I was a pretty package ready for my husband.

"You're every bit as beautiful as our real girls, honey. Now let's go." We stepped onto the staircase where Amanda and Colleen awaited.

"Uh...she's fine," Amanda commented.

Colleen brushed a few strands of my blonde hair, which didn't need brushing. "Fine, you're just fine, Lisa."

"Okay, cameras, she's all yours," Grace instructed.

The camera crew took over. "All right, honey, I want you to walk slowly down the stairs. Remember that you are show-casing for your new husband. Walk slowly, one foot in front of the other."

I felt the thick pile of the carpet on my bare feet as I moved seductively down to the large black man standing at the bottom of the stairs looking up at his new bride, his bride that by all rights, he was soon to have...to know as a woman.

As I descended each step, the softness of my negligee fluttered softly against my legs. The feeling was delicate, feminine, soft, and I relished the touch. "I was becoming so much of a woman," I thought.

I swallowed a little. So much of a woman that I was having exciting and romantic tingling within my body as I antici-

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pated Matt taking liberties with me as a groom would with his new wife. I really wanted him to touch me, to hold me, to...to take me. I was thinking thoughts like a new bride.

I took a deep nervous breath that the cameras didn't miss as Matt reached his hand out to mine and helped me down the last few steps into his strong arms and against his solid chest. I decided to let myself go. I was Matt's girl for whatever he wanted to do with me.

He looked down at his Princess and tilted my head up towards his. His lips pressed warmly and firmly against my soft red lips. I melted as he swept me off my feet and into his arms without breaking contact with my lips.

The truth be known, I didn't want his...our kiss to end. "Yes, I was becoming a woman," I acknowledged. I liked what was happening.

Matt gently sat on a huge overstuffed leather couch maintaining me in his arms. It was only now that I realized that my negligee was slipping off my body and falling to the floor. I wasn't sure how Matt had untied the bow, but he had. My only remaining attire consisted of my Cami, lacy white with two tiny blue ribbons on the spaghetti straps, and my filmy white bikini panties.

I felt the coolness of Matt's satin robe against my legs as I sat across his lap. I was very excited knowing that I had no control of this situation. Matt leaned me backwards so that my head rested against the arm of the couch. I could feel him changing his arms. My eyes remained closed our never-ending kiss a couple of minutes long.

As he sat me backwards, I felt the warmth of skin against skin. I opened my eyes to discover my soft white feminine flesh bonded across his now bare ebony legs. His robe lay in a heap on top of my negligee. Matt wore only his shorts.



*I was being seduced, as Cindy watched! I couldn't control myself. I wanted to be a woman; I wanted to be Matt's woman! This can't be right. This is only a photo shoot!*

Bulbs flashed mercifully as cameras caught my surprised expression. The photos would show a scantily clad white woman perched on the lap of a nearly naked black Adonis. He was stunning. I was beautiful. We were man and woman, God and Goddess, Matt and Lisa.

I was unaware that our kiss had finally ended. Camera crews shuffled from behind the cover of lights. Directors and photographers mumbled to one another. Finally, a direction came from the other side of the glaring lights, "Lisa, I want you to get off Matt's lap and set your pretty self at the other end of the couch. I want you to lie back seductively against the overstuffed pillows."

"All right," I slid from Matt's lap and moved to where instructed. My bikini panties didn't feel right. That's because they were pulled down to expose my blond triangle. My white body tone became a deep red as I realized that I was essentially naked from the waist down. I moved to raise my panties to cover my blonde 'V' to the chuckles of those behind the lights.

"That's what we came to photograph, Lisa. Sit down. Good girl. Now lean back against the pillows. Move your hands away from your crotch and place them behind your head. Look seductive. Pout. Good, great!" All other activity ceased as the cameras zoomed in on my feminine nakedness.

"What about her top? Why does she still have it on?"

I could hear mumblings and then a costumer approached. "Sorry, we have to make you look like you have been ravaged." He tore the left side of the Cami top and ripped it until most of my left breast was exposed. He then stepped back. The camera flashes were like the break of day.

"Look seductive, Lisa." I did so, and then I realized that Matt was kneeling before me. We were handed Champaign glasses and told to toast each other arm in arm. I felt more aroused than ever. The Champaign was real.

"Act like you're begging her," someone directed Matt. I liked that. I was now in the position of a woman in charge. "Make him beg, Lisa." Yes, I did like this. I loved being a woman in charge of a man.

"Now, Lisa, give him a seductive smile and say 'yes'. Let the cameras frame your lips saying the word."

"Yes," I softly said, as the cameras clicked. "Yes, you can now have me," I softly added on my own, following my emotional feelings.

Matt picked up on it. "You really mean that?" he whispered so that only I could hear.

"Yes..." I breathed my feminine surrender.

Matt smiled. "Maybe. You never know."

"Okay, totally naked, both of you. Stand up, Lisa."

I did as I was told. Matt was already surrendering his shorts and stood before me totally naked. "Do you want to remove what's left of your top?" Matt asked.

"You do it," I responded shyly. Matt was gentle as he peeled off the remaining Cami. "You liked me doing that, didn't you?"

"Yes," my blush was minimal.

"Take her by the hand," Matt was directed. "Face the cameras." A naked white woman and a naked black man faced the whirling cameras. "Okay now to the steps."

Matt put his arm around my waist without being directed to. We slowly ascended the stairs and the cameras followed. "You get to make love to her at the top, Matt."

Upon reaching the open door to the bedroom, we turned our heads toward the cameras and smiled. The canopy bed loomed behind us. We then turned to walk into the bedroom. Our last photographs.

"Now, she is his," the director barked, and the bedroom door clicked behind us.

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"I think he said that you are mine now," Matt stated.

"You think so?" I replied. "What will you do with me?"

Matt's eyes moved up and down my naked feminine body. "I'll make you glad that you are a woman." His hand gestured for me to lie on the bed. "Let me lie between your legs, and I'll give you more man than you have ever had before."

His hand graphically went down between his thighs to show me what he meant. My breathing was rapid. As a woman, I was interested, well even excited. 'But I'm not a woman,' I rationalized. I had no vagina for this man. I am pretty sure he knows that I'm not really a female.

What would he do with me? What would he expect me to do for him? As much as I hated what I was thinking, I was so overcome by my new femininity that I delicately perched on the bed. We looked at one another, eye to eye, my eyes in surrender, his eyes with conquest.

I lay on my back and slid to the center of the bed. I fluffed out my waist length hair over the pillow and underneath my back. I waited for Matt to make the next move. Yes, I was going to be a woman for Matt to use in whatever way he wanted.

I took a deep breath. Matt knelt down on the bottom of the bed. "Lisa, you will never be happy with any other man when I have finished with you. More importantly, you will never want to be a man again! You'll choose to be a woman forever!"

Matt moved on his knees a little higher on the bed. "Spread your legs for me, Lisa," he quietly, but firmly directed.

He might be right, I feverously thought. Maybe I will stay a woman.

I opened my legs to receive him. What is he going to do to me? I felt the warmth of his powerful black legs pushing my smooth soft thighs apart. He remained on his knees, towering over me. I could see his thick manhood standing erect.

"Take it, Lisa. Take it into your hands. I'm about to make you a woman."

I reached out to take hold of this stallion and hold his maleness in my soft feminine hands. I wanted him. I wanted him to make me a woman as promised. I was in total surrender.

Matt lowered his body on top of me, between my thighs. My hands gently, respectfully, grasped his throbbing manhood. It was happening. I was letting a man make love to me. I felt so good as he settled down on me. So this is how it feels to make love as a woman. I...I love it!

Suddenly the bedroom door swung open!! "Matt, Matt...hey, buddy, here's your robe. Oh, sorry..." the staff man tossed Matt's robe on the bed and backed out.

"Damn, damn it!" Matt rose to his knees. His erection was gone. I didn't know what to say or do. My own concealed excited sexuality was ebbing away. I had never been in this position before as a woman. When Matt straightened up, his maleness pulled from my fingers. I still wanted him, but not as before.

"Damn it!" Matt repeated. "I don't have time for all this romance and foreplay again. Why don't you just go down on me?"

I thought about it. Was I enough of a woman to take a man into my mouth, and to perform oral sex on him? The idea wasn't appalling, but the magic of the erotic moment was gone. His request was clinical.

"I don't think so, Matt. No, not now, I can't."

"It's not like you will get another chance with me, Lisa. Come on, sweetheart. You know that you want it."

"Maybe I do, but I can't."

Matt, the Adonis was shaking his head in disbelief. "Okay, okay, write down your number. I'll get back to you if you're lucky enough." I jotted a number on a piece of paper and

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handed it to him. Matt snatched it from me and left without saying another word.

I was a little dazed as I retrieved my shorts and blouse from the closet. Wow, what had transpired so quickly in the last few minutes? I've been wearing woman's clothes and makeup for a little over a week and I almost gave myself to a man. Does that mean that I've deserted my male gender, that my sexuality is now that of a woman? Had my preferences changed to wanting men? NO! Well no, I don't think so. But at the time, it seemed so natural to want Matt to take me. I was glad that Cindy hadn't witnessed that. How would a woman feel about her husband, even feminized husband, having sex as a female with another man?

"Are you decent?" It was Grace's warm voice.

"Yeah, come on in." I was slipping on my sandals when she appeared.

"I just saw Matt shoot out of here. He was sure mad about something."

"He didn't score."

Grace laughed, "He usually doesn't, but he always tries. Hey, you'll like this. He wanted a kiss and hug from one of the models downstairs. He's been hitting on her for years. To his surprise, she agreed. She finished putting on her lipstick, a candy red, and then she allowed him to hold her in the most intimate way, and she kissed him full and hard on his lips."

"What's so funny? It sounds like he scored with another chick."

"Well, he got a kiss, but she got the laugh. I didn't say that she had blotted her lipstick. She didn't and the lipstick she transferred and ground into his lips is 72-hour stay lipstick. Matt will be wearing candy red lipstick on his lips for the next three days."

We both laughed, "And when I see him next time," I managed to tell Grace between laughs, "I'll tell him that I want a real man." Our laughter grew louder.

Finally, Grace calmed down enough to ask me if I had given Matt my phone number. "He always asks for it."

"I gave him a number."

Grace looked puzzled. "A number?"

"555-3345"

"Is that your home?"

"No, it's Dial-a-Prayer. It's the same number that the girls' used to give me back in my dating days." This time our laughter was light and girlish.

"How does it feel to be on the girl's team?"

"Wonderful!!" I gushed.

"Lisa, do you know what you're going to do with your life? The shoot's all done. Tomorrow you can be a man again. What are you going to do? You are so lovely and natural as a woman, and it's no longer a man's world out there. Maybe you should stay as one of us," she put her arms around me. Our embrace was warm and so feminine. She didn't wait for me to answer. She jotted down a phone number and handed it to me.

"Dial-a-Prayer?" I asked.

"No," she warmly smiled, "It's my home number. I'll be there for you if you ever need a friend." We warmly embraced again. "I had better get you back to Vic's." I knew that I had a new friend for life, no matter what happens.

Matt hadn't come out of the RV when we left. Someone said that was still in the men's room where he had been for the last half hour.

## **Chapter 20**

How good it felt to be back in my room at Vic's mansion. The photo shoot had drained me both physically and mentally. It was hard to believe that I had posed as a woman at my bachelorette party, performed as a woman with a male

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stripper, been dolled up as a bride, gotten married to a man with my own wife as my Maid of Honor and my dad giving me, his son, away as if I were his daughter. Then there was the wedding night set. I had posed naked with an Adonis of a man, and only an unlocked bedroom door had prevented me from giving myself to him sexually.

I shook my head in disbelief as I reviewed my day so far. I still had a lot of the day and evening left, all as Lisa, as a girl. But for now, I had two wonderful hours to do whatever I wished. A nice warm gentle shower was first on my agenda, and I let my skirt and blouse fall to the tiled floor.

I noted with delight my womanly boobs, so real, and pear shaped. I could learn to love having my own breasts. I dropped my panties to the floor and removed my hidden maleness from its bounds. "Yuck!" I groaned out loud. I felt revulsion viewing my male genitals with this otherwise female body. Finally I released the invisible plastic that gave me a woman's waist. I much preferred my woman's body, even though it was an illusion.

As I let the warm water immerse me, I noted the photo album lying on my dressing table outside the open bathroom door. Wow, I bet there are some photos worth talking about in it. I was to find out too soon how accurate that was.

I dusted my smooth body with 'Silver Moments' body powder and slipped into a ballerina length nightgown. My maleness was again hidden. I liked that! I was now ready to call Cindy and visit for a few minutes.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Cindy, guess who?"

"Lisa!"

"Uh...well, yes, I guess, but I was hoping to hear 'Stan'."

"What a terrible name for such a pretty girl."

"Cindy, I'm not a girl! I'm your husband!"

"No, you're Matt's wife. I was your Maid of Honor when you married him earlier today, remember?"

"Cut it out! That scene is over with. By this time tomorrow, I won't be Lisa any longer."

"You won't have to, but you might want to."

"Why do you say that? I'm doing this girl thing only to save our house and get a new car for a year or two."

"Well, that too, but I think that you're fully enjoying playing the role of a woman. You may save our house, but I'm not sure that you will want to become a man again. You like being the woman, don't you, Stan?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"You liked being Matt's wife."

"Well, of course I had to smile for the bridal photos. You were there, nothing was going on."

"I'm not talking about the wedding. I'm talking about the photos taken after the wedding night shoot."

"Well, yeah, the wedding night photos were erotic. You knew that I would have to pose in lingerie and...and well almost naked."

"Stan, the photos *after* the wedding night shoot! The time that you and Matt had alone in the bedroom."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Then look in your little photo album. Vic sees that I get copies of everything that goes into your album."

I groaned and shook my head. I sat on the bench of my dressing table and flipped open the album. "Yeah, yeah," I said in a monotone as I viewed myself in my bridal lingerie descending the stairs. "Okay, risqué," I admitted as I looked at Matt ripping my camisole while lying on the couch. "Hmm, yeah, that looks bad, him and I butt naked at the bedroom door, but that's all. It was planned as part of the shoot, Cindy. That's all."

"That's not 'it'! Turn the page!"

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I frowned and flipped the page. My heart leaped from my chest. There I was, in an 8 x 10 color photo, totally naked, lying on the bed, my sensual hair flowing seductively underneath my feminine body. I looked so sensual, so sexual, so like a woman awaiting a man to take her...and it got worse. On the next page, was another 8 x 10 photo with Matt lying on top of me, between my legs. It gave the appearance of us having sex.

I gasped! "I hear that you found it. That wasn't part of the photo shoot, was it, Stan? Vic told me that it was something that he didn't plan."

She was right, of course. How had they gotten those damn photos? "Cindy, Cindy!" I cried in panic, "We didn't do it! We didn't actually have sex! I got kind of caught up with all the erotic activities and I almost...I...I for a second...I felt like I was really a woman. I don't want a man! After tomorrow, I'll never be a girl again!"

"Settle down! Settle down! I'm not angry. You know that I could be interested in Matt myself. He is such a hunk, and besides, you getting all romantic and sexually excited about a man might be a good thing."

"A good thing? What are you talking about?"

"As if you forgot, sometime tonight, after you go to bed and before tomorrow morning, you are going to have to make love to Vic."

"Oh...oh...no...no... The contract says that I have to let him make love to me, if he chooses to. He hasn't had anything to do with me. I doubt if he will be in my boudoir trying to seduce me, and he can't send anyone else in to take his place. Cindy, it's not going to happen, thank Gawd! I'm sure that Vic won't put the moves on me."

"Yes he will!" Cindy contradicted, "I asked him and he told me that he is going to take you as a woman after spending all that money on this weekend."

"He said that?"

"Yes, and you are going to let him. You have no choice, honey. Enjoy it. I think you will. You can tell me all about every single detail when I pick you up tomorrow morning. I get excited just thinking about you letting a man make love to you, and you being a woman and all. Bye." Her voice sounded so sincere.

## *Chapter 21*

I was awakened from a catnap by a decidedly familiar Irish lilt. "Lisa? Lisa, it's Vicky! Can I come in?" It was nice to hear a genuinely friendly voice.

"By all means, come in, Vicky," I answered. The door swung open and in popped the pert Vicky, a snack tray in hand.

"A light dinner for you, Lisa," she placed the silver tray laden with finger sandwiches, fruit, and cheese on my dressing table.

I knew what she wanted to ask. "My breasts are glued on, Vicky, and covered over with makeup."

I wasn't going to ask, ma'am."

"Yes you were..."

"Oh, okay, so I did want to know. What happened to your...your..."

"Taped between my legs after my pubic hair was dyed blonde to match the new hair color, and trimmed into a neat 'V'."

"Goodness, goodness sakes. You did in one morning what it took me my entire life to do."

"Yeah, but yours are real," I sighed without meaning to. "I'm just pretending, Vicky."

She gave me a sympathetic look. "You really wish that you were a woman, don't you, Lisa?" she asked. "You can be..."

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"I really don't know, Vicky. I'm a man and I have a wife. Only a week ago, I had never worn a single item of women's clothing. Look at me now!"

"I am, and I see no reason why you would ever want to return to being a man. You're beautiful as a woman. I can't picture you being much of a man."

I decided to open up to her. "Vicky, this morning I posed naked as a woman."

"Uh huh..."

"There were photographic scenes of me marrying a man."

"Yes, as the bride? Gown and all?"

"Uh huh..."

"I bet that you were beautiful. I would love to see the photos."

"Thank you, I'll show them to you, but Vicky, there was more to it than that." Vicky was dutifully waiting my next response. I sensed that she knew that it was something important. "Vicky, I let this man, my groom, take me to bed. I was naked as was he, and I let him, no I wanted him lie on top of me as a man and a woman. Vicky, I wanted him to make love to me!" I blurted.

"And...?"

"We were interrupted and it didn't happen, but that's not the point! I'm a man, Vicky! I wanted another man to make love to me as if I were a woman!"

Vicky was silent for a second. "I think that you are maybe answering your own questions, Lisa. You dream about being a woman, but then you come back with 'but I'm a man I have a wife'. You are gender confused to state the obvious. You have a man's body and a wife whom you love as her husband."

"Yes..."

"But now you dress and look like a woman, and you are being treated as if you are a woman, even to the point of being a girlfriend or female lover to a man?"

"Yes..."

"And you like it?"

"Y...yes," I blushed, "I can't be both a man and a woman, now can I, Vicky?"

"No," she answered softly. "I don't know you as a man. I can't picture you as a man, but as a woman, Lisa, you are stunning. You are pretty, delicate, and so feminine. I think that you should become a woman for real!"

"But how can I know? I mean this has been a thrilling week being all girly and dressing up, but there's more to being a woman than that. What if I became a woman and found that I didn't care for guys, for example? What if I couldn't find a job suitable for me as a woman? What if I found out that being a woman wasn't for me?"

"This is the new millennium, Lisa. We women can do whatever type of work we want."

"True, yes, you are right about that."

"And about men, Lisa..."

"Yes?"

"Find one that you like and sleep with him."

"Wouldn't that be wrong?"

"How else will you ever know?"

"You're right, I guess, but with whom?"

"Vic."

"Vic? What makes you think that I want to sleep with him, or for that matter, why would he want to sleep with me?"

"Because you are his girl this weekend. He sleeps with every girl that he brings into this house. I'm surprised that he hasn't had you in his bed already. I have no doubt that he will bed you tonight. You will not leave here a virgin, Lisa," Vicky gave me a sexy wink.

"You think so?"

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"Uh huh, and you'll do it because you want to see if you can be a woman with a man."

I smiled at her simple absolutes. "You've got it all figured out, but I think that you're wrong." She looked at me with questioning eyes. "You see, Vicky, Vic was to escort me to several functions this weekend, and he always had someone stand in for him."

"I don't know about that, but I do know that he intends to take you to the theater tonight. He was bragging on the phone to someone about the dress that you are wearing."

"Really?"

"Yes, and apparently you're going to meet another couple. He's having a limo pick them up."

"Really? Do you know who the other couple is?"

"No."

"Probably someone he works with. Nobody that I know, so it doesn't make any difference." My girlish enthusiasm blossomed. "Dress? He mentioned the dress I'm wearing?"

"Uh huh."

"Why? Is it something special?"

"Aye, that it is, Lisa. It's in the walk-in closet. You haven't seen it?"

"No. Will I like it, Vicky?"

She led me to the closet, hand in hand. "Close your eyes, Lisa." I did so. "I think you will love it" She opened the door and pressed my hand against cool smooth satin. She guided my hand over the dress from the top down.

"Well I can feel that it is satin."

"Yes..."

"The waist is very narrow. Can squeeze into it?"

"You can."

My hand pressed downward to more dreamy satin. Vicky guided my hand along its length until the material ended. "That's it? Is it a full length evening gown?"

"Yes, Missy, with a long slit up the side. Vic is a legman, and he and everyone else will have a fantastic look at Lisa's long shapely legs as your gown parts as you walk or sit. Can you guess the color, Lisa?"

"Red?"

"No. Open your eyes."

"Wow, what a beautiful material, a glossy shimmering silver, the softest, silkiest material ever worn by woman. Two thin beaded straps would hold the gown from falling. It was the epitome of elegance.

"Do you like it?" Vicky asked.

"It's a cross between beautiful and sexy. What woman wouldn't like it?" I answered absentmindedly.

Vicky gave me a 'do you know what you just said' look. "What?" I questioned, and then realized the reason why. "I classified myself as a woman, didn't I?" I asked.

"Uh huh, and correctly, I might add. Let's get you ready."

I was really excited to try the dress on. "Okay," I mumbled, trying not to reveal my excitement. It didn't work. She could tell, and gave me a 'girlfriend' smile.

I jumped into the shower, cleansing my smooth body, and popped out in less than three minutes. "You'll have to spend longer on your makeup," Vicky noted.

"Uh huh," I acknowledged. I took a hard look at all the bottles and tubes spread over my makeup table. Did I want to be pretty or sexy tonight? Both, I decided, and made a blush pink triangle on my cheeks. Umm...violet, yes violet eye-shadow, that would be exciting, even erotic eye liner, black, maybe a little overdone for sexiness, and soft full mascara for lovely feminine lashes.

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Finally, I ran lush creamy violet lipstick over my full lips, and then sealed them with brilliant clear gloss. I looked into the mirror and became excited at the woman looking back at me. How thrilling it is to be a woman. I was awash in feminine happiness.

A brief thought flashed across my mind, "You're making yourself attractive for a man. Is this what you really should be doing? I quickly dismissed the thought. Yes, this is what I should be doing. I want this! I love what I am doing, and I'm going to make Vic want me, want me more than any woman that he has ever been with. It was as if I were totally consumed by drugs...estrogen!

"You like what you see?" Vicky smiled.

"Yes, Vicky, I do. How do I look?"

"You look ravishing, maybe even more so when you put some clothes on."

She was right. I was sitting at a makeup table attired only in my underwear, sheer lacy white bikini panties and a matching silky convertible bra that lifted my breasts in an obscene manner. My blonde 'V; was barely visible beneath the sheer lace.

"Yes, you look incredibly sexy in your undies," Vicky noted as she saw me checking myself out.

She handed me the sheer, to the waist, shiny silver pantyhose with woven metallic flakes in it. "Wow! These are cool," I gushed.

"Uh huh, that they are. They are custom made for you."

"Custom made for me? How could that be?"

"Vic asked me for your measurements, and I gave them to him."

"You would know?"

"Yes," she shyly replied.

The fit was perfect. The filmy material gave a sexy mysterious look to my legs.

Finally it was time. Vicky helped me step into the sensual, shimmering silver dress. I noticed how the slit up the skirt opened at my every movement. "How can I sit without flashing all in front of me?"

"Sit modestly, like a lady. Dip when stooping to pick anything up. That will minimize exposure of your intimate pretties when your skirt parts."

"Dip?"

"Straight down. Bend at the knees slightly."

I attempted to follow her instructions and pick up a handkerchief that she dropped on the floor. "How am I doing?" I asked.

"If I were a man, I would find you terribly exciting," she laughed.

"Not so good, huh?"

"Let's try sitting. If you drop something, let your date pick it up for you, okay?"

"Okay." I finally picked up the feminine skills needed to gracefully slide onto a chair. While showing substantial feminine thighs, I managed to not reveal my panties.

Last came my shoes. They were silver with pointed toes, and stiletto heels with delicate ankle straps, 4" of course.

Vicky helped me attach matching slender silver jewelry, including hoop earrings, and 3 ankle bracelets on my left ankle. After strategic placement of 'silver' perfume behind my ears, on my breasts, at my throat, I was ready for an evening at the elegant 'Elizabethan Theater'.

## ***Chapter 22***

I was so excited about going out as a woman with a handsome, imposing man that I worried that Vic would not show up or that he would not be as elegantly dressed as I pictured him to be. There was a firm, respectful knock on the door. "Exactly on time," Vicky noted. "Are you ready, lassie?"

I smiled, "Yes, let him in."

Vic was not one to disappoint. He was incredibly handsome in his black tuxedo. His hair was perfectly manicured. His white shirt was perfectly starched, and he stood at least 3" taller than I, even with my heels on.

His teeth were like perfect Chiclets. His athletic trainer had done a fantastic job on his muscular chiseled body. He was what every woman wants. The fact that he is rich is just icing on the 'hunk' cake. Of course, he had an orchid corsage for his date, me, his woman for the night.

He looked only slightly surprised. "You are as beautiful as I knew you would be." He fumbled with my corsage, and then let Vicky pin it to my dress. "Not many men could have accomplished what you have, my darling. I knew that you would look pretty, but I had no idea that you could be so totally feminine, like you were born a girl."

"Is this what you have planned for this evening, Vic? Are you going to taunt me about being a feminized guy? Quite frankly, I doubted that you would even show. I figured that you would have another stand-in." I was being quite assertive.

"Lisa, Lisa, Lisa, you are so wrong! I wouldn't miss this evening for a million dollars. My intention is to treat you only as a woman. I wouldn't be dating a man now, would I?"

His comment caught me off guard. "Well, actually, you are. I am a..."

Vic laughed, "Anything but a man. I will treat you as the very feminine, delicate girl that you have become. We'll not talk again this evening about you being anything other than a woman. Okay?"

"Yes, I guess that would be okay."

"Okay, it's what you want, Lisa, and you're going to have your wish." There was something about all this that I didn't like. Still, being treated as a woman is what I wanted. What could possibly be wrong with that?

Vic draped a light cape about my shoulders. I held my slender silver purse in my hand. He wrapped his arm about my waist, and as he led me out, he spoke just loud enough for Vicky to hear, "To add excitement to your evening, Lisa, I want you to daydream about me making love to you as my woman later tonight. It is going to happen! I won't use any stand-ins, although I believe that you've found a couple of guys that you wouldn't mind sleeping with." I blushed deep crimson. "You'll allow me make love to you as if you are a woman, and you'll love it, won't you?"

My blush grew deeper. My eyes cast down toward the ground revealing my violet eyeshadow and sexily curled lashes. "Yes, I will. I'll love being your woman, Vic."

The door closed on Vicky's astonished look. She had been right. Vic always sleeps with his weekend dates. Tonight that would be me. Vic's smile was almost a sneer.

I shivered as he assisted me with entering the limo. His eyes riveted on my exposed creamy thighs as my skirt slit opened. I delicately moved to free the bottom of my dress to close the slit. "Not bad," Vic noted, as he sat beside me.

He had a drink as we wound down the country road. "You might as well have one too," he encouraged. I did!

I stared into the darkness as the limo wound through the country roads toward Denver. I felt okay when I felt Vic slide close to me and wrap his arm around my shoulders. I could smell the Grand Marnier on his breath as he leaned forward, his leg pressing firmly against mine. His lips were inches from mine. Was Vic actually coming onto me?

I felt his warm hand caressing my silken thighs. He sensually stroked my thigh, and slowly a man that I didn't care for was turning me on. I jumped slightly when his huge hand briefly touched my nylon and pantied crotch. He moved his hand away as if he hadn't really meant to put it there.

He looked directly into my eyes, forcing me to look into his. "You like me doing this to you, don't you, Lisa?"

"Yes, very much. Please don't stop."

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Vic looked surprised and pleased at my response. His hand left my thigh and he placed both hands on my smooth chest. He gently lowered the left side of my dress top, exposing my breast. His other hand grasped my right breast through my dress. "You like this too, huh?"

I faked a sigh and breathed softly, "Oh, yes, Vic! I love what you are doing to me." Truthfully, I couldn't stand the man, but Gawd it did feel nice.

Again Vic looked pleased. He eased back into his seat. "You remember the contract, don't you?"

"Yes..."

"And it reads..."

"That I must be pleasant to you at all times and respond to your advances, and even come onto you..."

"That's correct, and you are doing a great job so far. You have to do this anytime that I want...all night, no matter whom it's in front of or where we are at, or you lose. Understand?"

"Yes..." I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable with his, *'no matter who it's in front of'* statement. I knew he was waiting for more of an answer. "Yes, Vic, I know that I am yours to do whatever you want with, and I will love doing it with you."

"Excellent! Actually, I think that you love doing everything with me as a woman because you enjoy being a woman, and not because the contract says you must." I started to reply, but Vic quieted me. "It doesn't matter why you are doing it. The contract says that you will submit to my making love to you as I so choose." Vic studied my face. "And you will do it?"

I took a quick, deep breath. "I don't want to go home without having made love with you. I want to be your woman, Vic, including sex..." I struggled to utter the words I knew I had to say...that he wanted me to say...yuck!

"Well you'll get your wish, Lisa. Let me introduce you to your future love partner." With that he placed my hand on top of his throbbing penis hidden beneath his \$300 wool slacks. I squeezed the bulge as he indicated that he wanted me to do. "Don't stop!"

I continued to squeeze and stroke his maleness through his trousers. I didn't find it all that bad, even though it was Vic's. The woman thing had again engaged in my mind. I was responding as a woman. Quite frankly, the contract never entered my mind. I was proceeding because I liked what I was doing. I blame temporary insanity!

A brief thought shot through my mind. Had Cindy done this with Vic? Was I taking her place? Was Vic comparing my sexual talents with Cindy's?

"Okay, okay, that 's enough. Stop, Lisa!" His hand firmly grasped mine and he pulled it from his pulsating maleness. There were small beads of perspiration on his forehead.

"I know you aren't doing it only for the contract. You liked what you were doing." I nodded yes because I had to, and...well, he was right.

We rode silently the last few minutes into town, both engaged in our own thoughts. My thoughts were on where I was going with this woman thing. I had only impersonated a girl for little over a week, and now I'm thinking like one? I was even thinking about becoming one for real!

The brilliance of lights awakened me from my thoughts. We were at the theater and the chauffeur held my door open. A gloved doorman extended his hand, "Welcome, Mr. Toledo and..."

"Miss Knight," Vic finished.

"Welcome to you, Miss Knight." I felt masculine strength in his hand as he helped me alight from the limo.

I heard 'aaah' from theatergoers as I stepped onto the sidewalk. I noticed that my skirt slit had opened again to expose my shimmering legs. I smiled an embarrassed smile toward the spectators. "Goodness, it is almost like being an ac-

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dress on Oscar night," I whispered. Several people snapped photographs of me. Did they have any idea of who I was? Probably not! Not a soul knew that I was Stan Knight, who had recently become a woman!

Vic took my arm in his hand to lead me into the theater. We would go straight in. No standing in line for Mr. Toreda and his lady. We were almost to the door when I felt a light, but insistent tugging on my skirt. I looked down and saw a young boy about eight, wearing worn and ripped clothes. He held out some cellophane wrapped roses, probably purchased at a grocery store for 99 cents. "These are for you because you are so beautiful!"

"Why, thank you, sweetheart," I was flattered.

"Come on," Vic encouraged me.

"Hold on, Vic!" He reluctantly stepped aside. "Why are you giving me these beautiful flowers...er...?"

"Joey," he beamed.

"Okay, Joey, thank you. I love them!" I gushed.

Joey's father walked up beside him. "He just wanted to give some flowers to the woman he thought was the most beautiful. He's into girls rather early!"

"Is that true, Joey?" I asked.

He blushed and shyly nodded. "Well, thank you, Joey. I'm really very honored."

"What were you going to ask her, Joey?" his father asked.

Now he was really red. "Will you give me a kiss, Miss...?"

"Lisa," I told him, "And yes, I will!"

I bent down to Joey's level and gave him a big kiss on his cheek. I could tell that he loved it, but shyness overtook him, and he backed away, stuttering his thanks.

"You're very welcome, Joey," I smiled.

I felt an impatient hand on my elbow. "Let's go, Lisa. We don't have all night," replied the 'not to be kept waiting' Vic.

"Okay, okay," I replied somewhat annoyed. My attitude surprised him and his demeanor softened. He placed his arm around my waist and became my escort rather than my superior.

He leaned down and whispered in my ear, "You know, Lisa, that little boy is much more of a man than you." It was meant as a put down.

"Why wouldn't he be?" I answered. "After all, I am a girl!" Vic couldn't think of a quick comeback, so he just gave me a weak smile and a nod of his head.

A maitre de personally escorted us to a private box. A very large tip placed in the man's open hand, and we were left alone. Wow, talk about luxury. A linen covered dinner table sat at the back of the box. It had place settings of fine silver and Waterford crystal for a party of four. The box contained two overstuffed chairs and a large comfortable couch from which to watch the show.

Vic indicated to me to take a place on the couch. Very femininely, I sat upon the deep cushion. I was aware of just how exposed I was when my dress opened. I tugged at the slit, but it refused to close. My thighs would remain erotically displayed for all to see.

A hint of sheer material was exposed at the bottom of my dress. "Lisa, what is that?" Vic asked.

"This?" I touched the material. Vic nodded. "Why, that's my underskirt." I opened my skirt a little wider. "It's what makes my dress so sensuous to wear."

"I like your dress. You look so nice wearing it, Lisa,"

Vic was not the type to give me sincere compliments, so I locked his eyes and asked, "And?"

"And it looks so pretty and delicate on you. Don't hide it by closing your dress. "As a matter of fact," Vic leaned down and opened the slit of my dress a little further. "Let it be seen by our box guests." About a foot of thigh above my knees was exposed.

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"That looks tacky, Vic." I rearranged my dress to show little flirting hints of soft thigh. "Now that looks carelessly sexy, doesn't it?"

"It does. You're right," Vic responded somewhat surprised. "It's amazing just how much of a woman you have become in such a short time."

I smiled, "Thank you, that's a nice compliment." I thought it was a put down to tell a man how feminine he was becoming.

Vic gave me a quick responsive smile. "Excellent response." He then became dead serious. "Lisa, remember the contract. We'll soon have company and you must say all the right girlish things. You are delighted at being a woman and being so feminine, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"And your feelings about me?"

"I can't wait to go to bed with you. You're a hunk that any girl would want to sleep with. I'm the lucky girl who gets to. I'm thrilled to have a man like you."

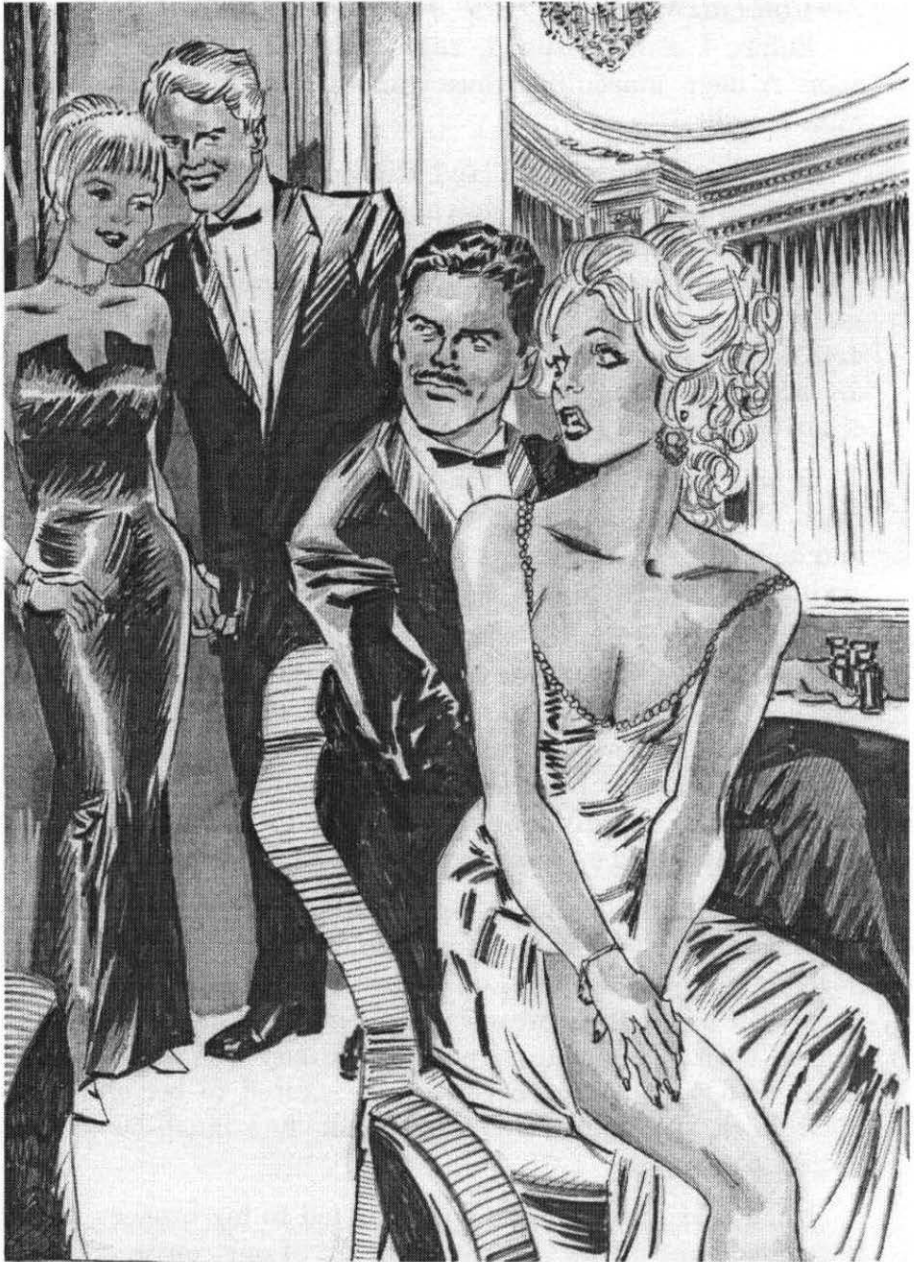
"Excellent, Lisa. Remember that you must be a chick with the hots for me and so happy to be a girly girl, no matter who you have to do it in front of."

I raised my eyebrows slightly. "You're making me do this in front of Cindy, aren't you?"

"Yes. That's very perceptive of you, my sweet. You are going to be so believable tonight that she'll actually believe that you are want to remain a woman forever."

I nodded. I had no choice but to comply. "I'll make her believe it."

Vic gave me a caustic smile. "Maybe that's not so far from the truth?"



*Cindy entered, escorted by Steve, the policeman friend of Mike. What was she doing with him? Why was she hugging him so tightly as they entered the booth?*

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Before I could respond, there was a light knock on the door. A deep masculine voice announced, "A Mr. Rock and Miss Knight."

The door swung open and Cindy, looking splendid in a full-length black evening gown, immediately spotted me sitting on the couch. Her eyebrows grew wide, "Lisa, Lisa, what a gorgeous dress. You are stunningly beautiful." Her eyes swept my body from my lovely blonde hair to my shiny silver dress, bare shoulders, trim waist, silky thighs, and down to my stiletto heels. She read me as one woman evaluates another woman, like I was her competition.

It was only then that I realized that I had already analyzed Cindy too, as another woman. Her hair was lustrous and beautiful. I was aware of orange-yellow eyeshadow on her eyelids, flirtingly curled eyelashes, and soft orange cream 'kiss me' lips.

Her gown clung to her curvaceous body. She wore no bra, and because the slit on the left side of her full-length dress, I knew that she wore only sheer black pantyhose and no panties. Her legs were pure exotica. I did this feminine assessment of Cindy in only a scant few seconds. I stood up, letting my skirt fall softly over my exposed thighs.

"Lisa, Vic, this is Steve, Steve Rock, my date for tonight." Then it hit me. I was shocked, stunned. Cindy and I were not here playing like two girls on a girl's night out. We were each here with a man. We were both dating. My date was prearranged with a financial purpose, but Cindy was with another man, with a man only because she wanted to be, and with Steve Rock, the deputy who had told me how much he wanted to take Cindy out.

I had told him that she was married to my brother, Stan. It seemed that all he had remembered of our conversation is that Stan traveled and was out of state a lot. Now, here he was, standing in front of me, scoring with my wife.

Standing in front of him, wearing a full length designer dress, French perfume, full makeup, and high-heel shoes, I would most likely not confront him tonight. How strange it

felt to watch my wife with another man. How strange it must be for Cindy to view her husband on a date with another man.

Steve extended his hand to me. "It's nice to meet you, Lisa." He winked at me as if we were partners in a conspiracy, a conspiracy to let him date Cindy and hide it from poor Stan.

"Likewise," I responded without winking back. I couldn't believe I was being forced to participate in a scheme to allow another man to be with my wife. But I, as Lisa, had no choice to do otherwise.

It was a knee jerk reaction, but I responded like a girl. I turned to Vic. I was not a jealous husband tonight. I was a hot babe on a date. "Do you think we can eat soon, sweetheart?" I put my arm through his and we sat side by side, my leg pressed firmly against his. I rested my hand on his thigh as if I were a possessive woman. Vic was actually startled, but continued with his evening plans without missing a beat.

"Most certainly," he responded. He ordered for the two of us, and Cindy and Steve ordered for themselves.

The men talked man talk as the four courses were served. Cindy and I talked of new fashion lines, of blushes, and a dreamy new liquid lipstick. The men spoke of baseball, NASCAR, and power tools. Cindy and I spoke of a recent wedding, of a beautiful bridal gown, and of cosmetic surgery and breast implants. The men tuned in on the last subject, but both agreed that neither Cindy nor I had any need for breast augmentation. I noticed that Cindy's nipples were hard. I was sure that both Steve and Vic were well aware of that fact too.

It wasn't until after dessert that Vic started on his plan. We were all comfortably seated on the sofa, the men on each end, and Cindy and I seated side by side. Vic carefully and accurately opened my skirt to expose my thigh. "Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to do that, but isn't that lovely, Cindy?"

Cindy glanced down at my exposed nylon clad legs framed by the soft, silk lining. "It's darling, Lisa."

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I opened my skirt further so that Cindy and now Steve could get a good view. "It is darling," I gushed. "Silk is so delightfully feminine, so light, so delicate."

Steve nodded and Vic beamed with pleasure. Cindy agreed that my dress was a girly girl piece of clothing that only a few women (and no men) would wear. But I, her husband, was wearing the delicate shimmering dress.

Vic then placed his hand on my silken thigh for all to see. His other arm went around my shoulder. Steve and Cindy cuddled together as the lights dimmed and 'Beauty and the Beast' began.

It was just before the intermission lights came on that Vic placed my hand between his thighs. "Rub me sensually," he whispered in my ear.

I did as I was told, and Vic made me continue to do so until the lights came on. He made a big show of stopping me, saying for all to hear, "Stop, Lisa! The lights are back on."

Both Cindy and Steve looked at us. He made a production of removing my hand. He softly scolded me, "Lisa, we're not teenagers at a drive-in movie. We have all night after the play." He gave Steve an all-knowing wink. It was a guy thing, expressing to one another that this girl would certainly be laid later in the evening.

I knew I was supposed to say, "Sorry, honey." I kissed his ear. "I can't wait for some of the things that you said you were going to do to me later."

"I am going to do them," Vic said softly, but loud enough for the others to hear. "I'm not sure that everything is legal in Colorado."

Steve laughed out loud. "Wow, I wonder what those 'things' are?"

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*"What are doing here with Steve?" I cattily asked.*

*"Why, the same as you are with Vic," she smiled.*

*"I'm here because I have to!" I returned.*

*"And I'm here because I want to," she giggled.*

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Cindy gave me a delighted look. "Close your dress, girl," she giggled. I was aghast and surprised to find my dress open to expose my panties. Vic was good, very good. I hadn't felt him opening my dress at all.

"He once did the same thing to me," Cindy whispered so only us girls could hear. "Now we girls have something in common." I noted that Cindy's full-length dress was still properly down to her heels. She looked smug about that.

"Your lipstick is smeared," I cattily said. "I wonder how it got that way?" Cindy grabbed her compact, only to discover that it wasn't smeared.

"It's not that I didn't," Cindy said with some arrogance, "It's just that my lipstick is kiss proof. Let's go to the lady's room. We need to talk." Chicks always go in pairs. I wondered what the men would be saying about us.

It's pretty rare when a husband and wife have a 'chick's' talk in the lady's room, but it was about to happen. We used the lady's room reserved for box guests only, and as such, it was nearly deserted.

I decided to start. "What are you doing here with Steve or with any man, as far as that goes?"

"You are here with a man," she retorted.

"That's different! I'm doing it for the money!"

"Do you know what that makes you?" Cindy giggled.

I blushed, "I guess that is what I am."

"My husband, the prostitute," Cindy laughed out loud.

"But I'm doing it for our family," I defended myself.

"As have many women throughout history. Now you are one of them. How cute," Cindy giggled again. She softly grasped my hand in hers. "You are absolutely adorable. I could understand if you never want to be a man again."

"But I do. I want to be..."

Cindy shushed me with a finger to my lips. "It's really okay with me if you want to stay a girl a while longer after this is over. I know that I love being a girl. I can easily understand you enjoying being a girl too for another week or month or longer. Maybe we can even go on a vacation as two girls." She knew that I was mulling this over in my mind. "But if we do, we'll both be single babes. That means boyfriends for both of us, and no jealousy. Okay?"

"Uh...well, okay, I guess, but..."

"No buts. It starts tonight. Tonight you are Vic's girl and I'm Steve's girl to do whatever we want with our dates. Tonight you are not a man, you're not my husband, you are a beautiful woman with a man all your own. You're my very best girlfriend. This can be so exciting, Lisa."

"You know that Vic and I are not..."

"That you and Vic are a business arrangement, not lovers?"

"Right!"

"What if you were with Mike tonight? Would you be excited then?"

I feigned shock. "You think that I have a thing for Mike? I mean like romance?" She had not read that in me, had she?

"I believe that Lisa would love to be in Mike's embrace tonight." There was silence. "And maybe more." I couldn't utter a sound. "That's right, honey. You're a girl now, and Mike is certainly a girl's dream."

"This doesn't bother you, Cindy?"

"What?"

"Me being a girl and liking it, being so much a girl that I have a thing for a guy? A boyfriend even?"

We lowered our voices as a young, good-looking girl entered the restroom. She gave us a smile and entered one of the stalls. "Lisa, this may sound very strange. I love you as Lisa. You are fun, you're vibrant, and you are exciting. Right

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now I love you as a girl. I can think of a thousand things that I want to do with you as my girlfriend. I'm in no hurry for you to change back. You aren't in that much hurry to become a guy again, are you?"

I closed my eyes and produced a weak smile. "No, I'm very content being Lisa, but I don't want to lose you either."

The young woman leaving the stall overheard my remark. She gave us a quizzical look and left in a hurry. "What do you suppose the topic of conversation will be at her table?"

We both giggled. "We had better get back to our dates or they'll think we left them," Cindy suggested.

"Cindy, just one other thing."

"What?"

"You know that the contract says that I have to be all girly and romantic, and even come onto Vic. That's the only reason I'll be doing those things."

"If that's what you want me to believe, then that's what I'll believe," she winked at me, "And Lisa..."

"What?"

"If you see Steve and I fooling around, being romantic and such..."

"Yes?"

"It's because we want to," Cindy held up a warning finger as I started to object. "We're girlfriends, honey, remember? We are both girls. You are no longer a man. Can you keep that in mind?"

"Yes. Let's go have some girlish fun," I giggled with genuine enthusiasm for the first time this evening.

Now that I was able to think of myself as a woman, I was looking forward to an evening of romantic fun, even though I wouldn't be with the man that I wanted to be with. Would Cindy, my girlfriend, share a bed with Steve tonight? I was sure that they would, and I would make her tell me all about it tomorrow.

I was excited thinking about Cindy and I double dating some really cute guys as two chicks. Had I crossed over? Was I now a woman?

As we returned to our private box, Cindy commented on the sound of our heels against the tiled floor. "It took several months of wearing my mother's heels before I got good at it. Here you are traipsing about town in 4" stilettos like you've been doing it for years, yet you've only done it for a little over a week."

I smiled, "You showed me how."

"I know. You've adapted to the ways of a woman so very well and so very quickly. Are you sure that you weren't doing this before we started dating?"

"In a house with my dad and two macho brothers? I think not!"

"Maybe when you were home with your mom and sister? Or just home by yourself?"

"Sis tried to doll me up so she would have another girl at the tea she held for all her dolls and stuffed animals."

"Did you do it?"

"Dress up?" my mind drifted back to when I was 6 years old. "No, but I wished that I had. For years I wondered what it would have felt like to wear that ruffled party dress and be a little girl."

"Now you know what it's like to be a girl, and you found that it's pretty fun, huh?"

"It's incredible."

"Our men await, Missy," Cindy cooed as she opened the door to our private box.

"Hi, girls, we thought that you went home," Steve said, obviously glad to see Cindy.

She pressed her body tightly against his, her breasts firm against his chest. He pulled her closer into him. I had no

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doubt that Cindy's lush body stimulated him. His lips pressed firmly against her willing lips.

I looked at Vic who would only say, "Bout time, babe."

I thought, 'You want me as a woman, well now you're going to get me as a woman!' I pressed my lilac coated lips firmly against his thin lips, "Shall we get intimate right here in the box with Cindy and Steve watching?" I whispered in his ear.

He was visibly shaken, but recovered quickly. "If you want to, my dear, you can spend the rest of the evening on your knees. I would be open to that." He evilly smiled and spread his legs to make his point. "No?" he grinned. "You will be on your knees at some point this evening, so why not with your wife watching?"

I didn't answer. I only wanted to annoy him, knowing that he didn't want to be romantic or cuddly with me. I had really put my foot in my mouth. "No," I stammered. "I didn't really mean what I asked of you."

"I didn't think so. Now let me take the lead and you follow as you are supposed to."

"All right," I lowered my eyes.

We took our spot on the couch. Vic gently pulled up the silver satin hem of my dress, sensually displaying my sexy thighs. He felt okay placing his warm hand on my silken thigh, just as Cindy sat next to me. "Oh, sorry," Vic feigned embarrassment. "That shouldn't occur until later, or at least not until the lights are dimmed." Cindy and Steve smiled.

"I don't see anything wrong with it," Cindy softly commented as she placed Steve's hand on the black nylon beneath the slit in her skirt. She gently ran Steve's hand sensually up her leg and onto her thigh. "Do you, Steve?"

Steve was now moving he hand up Cindy's thigh. "No," he heavily breathed. "I think that it's great!"

Cindy stopped him as his hand neared her panties. "Not here, sweetheart," she gave him a quick peck on his lips and removed his hand.

Steve looked mildly disappointed. "Later, maybe?" he asked.

"Later, for sure," Cindy replied. Steve broke into a broad smile. Cindy glanced my way and gave me a girlish wink.

The lights finally dimmed and Vic took my hand and moved it to his crotch. When the lights from the stage flashed, Cindy could see my delicate hand touching an obvious bulge in Vic's trousers. He then made me stroke 'it' softly. Was this foreplay for what was to happen later on?

Cindy gave me another girlish wink. Then she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I think that it's obvious that we're both going to get lucky tonight. You're a woman now, so enjoy yourself."

I had forgotten that to sexually have a man was something fantastic for a woman. I had temporarily forgotten that I was now a woman. Encouraged, I gently squeezed Vic's bulge a little more. Vic jumped and I knew that my squeeze had aroused him.

He removed my hand quickly, and as he did, I realized that I had almost taken him to the point of no return. Maybe this won't be so tough after all. Maybe I won't have to be on my knees for hardly any time at all. On the other hand, I could tell that Cindy hoped that she would be at it all night long.

The end of the play could not have come too soon. While Vic and I sat primly next to each other, Steve and Cindy took advantage of the dark and acted like teenagers at a drive-in movie.

Vic decided that there was no point in joining the throng of people in a traffic jam, so he ordered a carafe of 1940's wine to pass the time. "I know Lisa is anxious to go home, but I can't imagine why," Vic quipped, waiting for me to react.

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I delicately fluttered my eyelashes, as I knew was expected, and looked into Vic's eyes. "Yes you do."

"Why?" he laughed.

"Because you promised me something." Cindy was carefully watching me. Surely she knew that I was just honoring the contract, but maybe not. Maybe she is thinking that I was enjoying being a woman, just as we had discussed in the lady's room.

Vic continued, "Actually, it's no surprise. I know what Lisa wants, and I'm going to give it to her."

I felt Vic's foot nudge my ankle. "I know what Vic wants and I'm going to see that he gets it," I added girlishly. "Maybe even more than he can handle."

"Ooooooh," Cindy responded.

Vic smiled, "Believe me, Lisa, I can handle you. It's so exciting being with you. I've never been with a woman who has embraced her femininity like you."

"Thank you, Vic. Yes, I love being a woman." I knew these words were delivered as a message to Cindy.

"Well, honey, should we be going home?" Steve asked my wife.

Cindy smiled at him, "Yes, I think that would be lovely."

The men stood up and shook hands. Cindy and I engaged in a girlish hug. I whispered in her ear, "Are you really sure this is something that you want to do?"

She looked into my eyes and spoke softly, but firmly, "Yes, Lisa. I want to spend this evening with a real man, a man like Steve. Remember what we talked about earlier. Tonight, you are not my husband; you're not even a man. You are a woman just like me. Enjoy being a woman." She gave me a wink.

"Are you going to sleep with him, Cindy?"

"I don't know. I'll see. I know that you're going to sleep with your man though. Have fun."

Vic stepped behind me, and assisted me into my light cape. His hands were around my waist and he moved them up to my breasts. I stopped him, "Not here, dear. Not now."

"Later, maybe?"

"Later for sure." Where had I heard that line before?

Cindy gave me a knowing smile as I watched Steve and her leave hand in hand down. What a good-looking couple they made. Was a night of romance to follow?

Cindy turned around and blew a goodbye kiss to Vic and I. I wondered what was on her mind, seeing her husband as a beautiful woman being escorted by a rich, powerful man, a man who would take away the woman's virginity.

## ***Chapter 23***

Soon Vic and I were in the back of his limo quietly navigating the dark Colorado mountain roads. We sat apart from each other. "Vic, can I ask you something, man to man, forgetting the contract for a few minutes?"

His eyes playfully scanned my body. "Well maybe, but not man to man. Sure we can talk."

"Why are you doing this to me? Why did you force me into becoming a woman and pretending to be your date? Cindy even thinks that tonight you're going to make love to me as if I were a woman."

"I'm surprised you haven't figured it out," he smiled. "I'm very attracted to Cindy. I want her for my own, but you are standing in my way. She wouldn't sneak out and date me. I knew that the two of you had major financial problems. Would she sleep with me for money? I presented the house deal to her and she said no. She said that you would never agree to it at any price. I told her that she was wrong. You did, you know, when you thought the contract was about her?"

I very sheepishly agreed that I had. My eyes were cast downward. Vic continued, "So I put in a ringer that was only win-win for me. I told Cindy that if it was your intent to save

your home, then you should be willing to fulfill the contract. After all, you were okay with her prostituting herself, so why wouldn't you agree to prostitute as well?" Vic discretely took a drink from a bottle.

"If you said no, you wouldn't do it, then she is angry with you for not being willing to do something that you expected of her, thus you lose." Vic searched my eyes for a reaction. Finding none, he continued, "And if you say yes, then you lose again. What woman would accept her husband becoming another woman? What wife is okay with her man wearing dresses and high heels, and painting his lips and fingernails? Now she wants a real man, as she told you tonight. Yes, I overheard her tell you that. To her, you've become another woman."

I glowered, "It was her idea for me to do this!"

"Yes it was, but I don't think that she ever realized the impact that it would have on her seeing you dressed up, made up, and acting like a woman. Actually, I think that she enjoys having you as a girlfriend. She doesn't think of you as her husband right now."

I glanced upward at Vic. "Because she enjoys you as one of her girlfriends, that leaves an opening for me to move in as a 'real man'. Understand?"

"Yes, but after tonight, I don't have to be a woman any longer. I can return to being a man and Cindy's husband."

"Perhaps, but she'll always remember you wearing your silver dress. I had it made special for you. I told the designer that I wanted it to be the most beautiful, feminine dress that he ever created. I wanted to present you as a delicate, adorable, and womanly, and I did. You're a beautiful woman, Lisa. Cindy thinks so too. You're a woman now, and I'm the man she will desire!"

"She'll get over it, Vic. She knows that I'm only doing this to save our home and to get the car."

"You don't think that she might have doubts about your masculinity after the way that you came onto Mike?"

"No, that'll go away too. She even encouraged me to date him." How did Vic know about Mike? Had Cindy told him?

"Anything else, my pretty Lisa?"

"What about the rest of the night?"

"Of course. You are to prepare yourself as a beautiful, sexy, sensual woman, and then I'm going to take you as a woman. I dare say that you might enjoy it! You've become so womanly that I'm not sure that you'll even want to go back to being Stan. If that's the case, I'll pay for your operation."

"No, that's not the case!" I snapped.

"Very well." The limo stopped at Vic's front door. "You have two hours, Lisa, then I'll be over to see you in your bedroom." The driver smiled, and I knew that Vic must have given him a manly wink. Vic walked to his house by himself.

I slid across the seat, my skirt sliding high on my thigh. I knew the driver appreciated the view, and I, as a woman, enjoyed him taking it all in. Was I going to have trouble returning to manhood?

## *Chapter 24*

I was surprised to find Vicky waiting in my bedroom. "Did you have a nice evening, ma'am?" she asked.

"Yes, it was fine. Why are you here so late, Vicky?"

"Mr. Toredo wanted me available in case you needed anything."

"Anything?"

She hesitated, "He thought that you might want to talk with me woman to woman about making love to a man. Also, to help make you as sexy as possible."

"I see. How about we start with a bubble bath?"

"I'll draw it right away, ma'am."

"Lisa, not ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am...I mean, Lisa."

I stripped to my bikini panties. "I'm about to become naked, Vicky."

"Yes, ma...Lisa. It's just us girls here."

"Okay, I don't want to shock you." I let my panties tumble to the floor, and then stepped down into the sunken tub. The warm water came up to my breasts and I covered them with scented suds just like a woman would.

"All right, Vicky, how does a woman make love to a man?"

Vicky seemed pleased to share this intimate part of womanhood with me. She sat on the floor beside the tub and began. She completed her lessons on pleasing a man, as the water was turning cold. "You'll love the experience, Lisa. It's wonderful."

I wasn't as sure as Vicky that I would enjoy 'the experience'. "Vicky, now you can help me look the sexy siren that I must be. Okay?"

"Of course."

In less than an hour, her job was complete. I sat on the edge of my bed, attired only in a filmy pale green, ruffled babydoll nightie adorned with ribbons and lace. My fingernails and toes were painted a glossy red to match my lips. My eyes were outlined with black liner, my lids a glow shadow, and my lashes plump and curled.

My hair was beautiful with the blonde fall expertly woven into my own blonde hair that cascaded down my back almost to my waist. I looked like a woman that I would have dated back when I was a man.

I was admiring my feminine curves in a full-length mirror when I suddenly realized that Vicky was gone. Talk about being wrapped up in yourself. She had left a note on my pillow that read, "Enjoy!"

Enjoy? I had some last minute thoughts, some last minute jitters. If I really were a woman, then this would be a fantastic thrill between a man and a woman. I'm not a woman. I'm

only dressed and made up to look like one. Will I be able to do what is expected of me? Before it was only a fantasy, but now it was really going to happen! Could I act out the part of the biggest insult that one man tells another? Could I perform oral sex with another man?

I was already completely feminized. Now could I get down on my knees in front of a naked man? Can I fondle his privates with my hands? Can I kiss his legs and thighs, and...and his manhood? Will I be able to take him inside my mouth as a woman does? Worse, when he ejaculates inside my mouth and all over my lips and face, will I be able to smile and say that I love it? Women can, can I? I wasn't sure that I could.

A sharp knock on the door broke me from my train of thought. "C...Come in, please."

Vic smiled as he appraised my body. "Not bad, not bad at all. It'll be almost like doing a real woman."

"Is that a compliment?"

"It is if you enjoy being a woman. Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Enjoy being a woman."

Remembering the contract, I softly said, "Yes."

"I thought so. Did Vicky tell you how I like a woman to do me down there?" Blushing, I admitted she did. "Good. Any other off the record questions before we get to it?"

"Yes, tell me, Vic, if you're right and Cindy leaves me because I don't complete the contract or she thinks that I've become too much like a woman or whatever, what are your intentions toward her? Do you love her? Do you plan on marrying her?"

Vic looked surprised. "Love her? I'm very fond of Cindy. She's attractive, has a great figure, and is fun to be around, but marry her? Not her or any other woman. No, Lisa, I'm a player. You can have her back when I'm through with her,

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that is, if you're still a man." He evilly laughed. "A couple of months max. Of course, she will have to live with me."

"Now, I'm going back outside and will re-enter. I'm going to tell you that you don't have to have sex with me. You really do, of course, but play the role. Be a good actress and insist on having sex with me and how much fun you are having being a woman. Follow my lead. Okay?"

"Yes, of course." Vic left the room without waiting for my response.

There was a sharp knock on the door a second later. Show time, I thought. I sat down on the bed, fluffed my hair, and crossed my shapely legs. I heard a soft whirring sound as I softly answered, "Come in, sweetheart."

Vic casually entered and stood before me, taking in my feminine body. He smiled, "You're quite beautiful, Lisa. It's evident that you enjoy your new role as a woman."

I feigned a blush, glanced down at my smooth knees, and then looked directly into his eyes. "I love being a woman. I've never been happier in my entire life than I have being Lisa for the past week."

"That's pretty evident. You know that very soon, actually later this morning, you can return to being Stan again," Vic responded. I could still hear that annoying soft whirring in the background.

"I know that I can, but maybe I can find a way to remain a woman a while longer."

"Maybe you'll remain a woman forever?"

"Maybe..."

"Anyway, I came by to tell you that you don't have to perform sexually for me. That's an option that I've decided that you don't have to do."

*TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,  
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*I was on my knees before Vic, a manly man, and competitor for my wife's affections. I was about to become a woman for him. Could I do it? Would I do it?*

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I stood up and pressed my babydoll nightie covered body close to his manly body, a man and a woman together. "But Vic, I want to do this. I want to experience love as a woman. I want you to make love to me. I'll be good. I'll be the best lay that you've ever had." I began pulling Vic's shirt open. His belt was untied.

Vic smiled, "It's really not necessary, Lisa. Maybe you can do this with another man. Mike maybe?" Ouch, identifying me as having an affair with another man was hitting below the belt. Still that annoying whirring was in the background.

"I don't want Mike! I want you and I want you now!" I had removed his shirt and now he stood clad only in his pants.

My skills as an actress appeared to be paying off. Vic was breathing a little harder now, and the bulge in his shorts was growing. I knew he was dreaming about how good his shaft would feel when it penetrated my soft cherry red lips. Actually, I found the same thought a little stimulating too.

Vic breathed harder, "Okay, Lisa. I'm going to do as you wish. I'm going to make you a complete woman and you're going to make me a sexually satisfied man."

"Thank you, sweetheart. You'll love what I am about to do for you." I couldn't figure out what that damn whirring sound was.

I grabbed his pants zipper with fingers. I looked directly into his eyes and slowly lowered myself onto the thick carpet, gently touching my knees to the floor. I lowered his zipper and dropped his pants to his ankles. He stepped out of them.

Here I was, as a woman kneeling in front of her lover. His manhood loomed large in front of my face, waiting to be touched, waiting to be kissed, waiting to fill my feminine mouth, and waiting to make me 'a complete woman'. Vic, a complete man, was about to do this to me.

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## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

### ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

### MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

### SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

### PAT GOES COED #5

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

### CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

### PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

### MAID UP #14

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

### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

### GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

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

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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

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

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

**MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

**COED CREATED #42**

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

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

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

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

**#44 & 45**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

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

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

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

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

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

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

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

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

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

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

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

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

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

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

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

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

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

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

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

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

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

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

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought. Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

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

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

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

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

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

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

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

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

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

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

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

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

**GIRLIES #16**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

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

**DOUBLE ISSUE****MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

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

**DOUBLE ISSUE****REDTOES #21**

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

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

**DOUBLE ISSUE****FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

#### **CLEAVAGE #31**

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

#### **JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

#### **JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

#### **TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

#### **A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

#### **HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

#### **WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

#### **FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

#### **METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

#### **COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

#### **HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

#### **JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

#### **SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

summer of discovery!

#### **FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

#### **TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

#### **SON TO SISTER #48**

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

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

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

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

#### **CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

#### **SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

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

#### **GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

#### **FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

#### **PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

**BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

**HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

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

**MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

**DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

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

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

**LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

**MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

**DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

**BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

**PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

**SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

**DRESS UP DAY #69**

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

**LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

**LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

**GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION****ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

**LUCK BE A LADY**

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

**A PARTY GIRL**

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

**DRESSING DOWN**

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

#### **TV VACATION #3**

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

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

### **TRANVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7**

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

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

##### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

##### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

##### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

#### **AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

#### **ILLUSTRATED**

#### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

#### **#1 NORM:**

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

#### **#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

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

#### **#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

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

#### **BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

#### **HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

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

#### **SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

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

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

#### **BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

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

#### **THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

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

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

#### **BOUND TO BE A MAID**

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

#### **NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

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

#### **THE SARAH SCHOOL**

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

#### **CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

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

#### **TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

#### **AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

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

#### **DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:**

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

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

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**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.

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**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS  
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**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.

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**NON-FICTION BOOKS**

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Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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