

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

FEMININE PROPOSAL

The Final Proposal



As Stan examined feminine products for his wife,
the other women didn't give him a second glance.
His wife was quite pleased!

VOLUME SIX

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

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

VOLUME 6

Feminine Proposal
Book 5

By Brenda

Illustrations by
Puyal

Published by
Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 2003 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

“Feminine Proposal #5”

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be
Reproduced in any form
Without the express prior written
Permission of the publisher

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 02624-0309

Reward!

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

Sandythomas@cox.com

DESIGN AND EDITING BY:

‘LOVE EDITING’

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

QUOTE BOARD: One queen to another upon recognizing a new girl slinking across the bar:

“Today’s trick is tomorrow’s competition.”

Feminine Proposal

Book 5

By Brenda R

Chapter 34

The next morning, Mike picked me up. "Hi, sweetheart. You look fabulous," he said as he gave me a morning kiss.

"Thank you. You look pretty special yourself," I smiled.

"Same old uniform," Mike grinned.

"You know how we women love a man in a uniform," I took his arm.

Mike took the opportunity to give me a pat on my rump as he helped me into his jeep. "Love your short dress."

"It's not short. It meets the dress code," I declared.

"Barely..." he gave me a wolf whistle.

"Mike, it's just a basic little black dress, nothing special," I smiled, but he made me feel special.

When we were on the road, Mike took every opportunity to run his hand up my nylon-covered legs. I never once stopped him. I just wished that we were on our way home. I daydreamed of Mike lying on top of me, between my legs. I dreamed of him entering me...penetrating me like Steve had in my dream.

I daydreamed the entire trip to work. "Hey, we're here, kiddo." Mike actually tossed me up a little so that as I came down, my skirt ballooned up like a parachute, which caught the attention of a carload of deputies. "You made their day," he grinned.

"I hope that you didn't expose my panties."

"Nope, just your shapely thighs. If I were built like you, I'd be a stripper, and show everyone my body."

"I can do that if you want. I'd make a lot more money doing that than I ever will here," I giggled.

"You'd have to do lap dancing," he bantered back.

"Oh, I might enjoy that...and get paid too," I returned.

Mike pulled me close and softly said, "Let's do that tonight...at your place. Okay?"

I smiled and blushed, "Okay, if you want." Now my day would really slow down.

I learned radio dispatching so quickly that I was given my own station next to four other girls. I fit in so comfortably as a girl amongst other girls. During breaks, I had no problem discussing makeup, fashions, weddings, and children. It was almost as if I had been born a girl and was now a woman, and loved every moment of it. How delightful it was living life as a female.

It was quitting time when I received my last call. "Sheriff's department, do you have an emergency?" I asked.

"No, it's me," Cindy giggled.

"Oh, hi, Cindy." I waved goodnight to the other girls who were on their way out. "It's just my sister-in-law," I told them. I wondered what their response would have been had I told them it was my wife?

"Remember when sometimes people would mistake your voice for that of a woman when you answered the phone?" Cindy asked. "Well now you sound only like a woman. Have you noticed a change in your voice lately?"

Actually, I had. There was not a trace of maleness in my now entirely feminine voice. My voice is soft and warm and delightfully feminine, which is great for now, but what about when I return to being a guy? "Uh...yeah, I have noticed a change in timbre. I don't sound like a man at all, do I?"



I was in the woman's aisle examining feminine products for Cindy, surrounded by women, and none of the women gave me a second glance. Would I one day need these products for myself? Would I ever become that much of a woman?

"No, you have a beautiful woman's voice. How are you doing that?" she asked.

"Cindy, I'm not doing anything. I'm just talking normally."

"Hmm, well anyway, will you pick up some feminine napkins for me on your way home?" she asked.

"You know that I don't like doing that. It always embarrasses me," I whined.

"Maybe it used to, but you were a man then. It shouldn't be a problem for you now that you are a woman."

"Oh, yeah, I guess you're right. I don't wear them though."

"Maybe you ought to next week for a week, so that you can understand what it's like," Cindy giggled.

"Only if I can get cranky like you," I retorted. "Okay, I'll see you in an hour."

I asked Mike to take me to the grocery store on the way home. He tagged along until I went into the feminine aisle, and then he became quiet, and told me that he would wait outside. It is so comical how men act when introduced to woman's products. I selected a box of napkins as if I were always a woman, and picked up a little box camera at the checkout station.

We left the store, and Mike drove straight up the side of a mountain where we parked on a ridge overlooking the Fire Gorge valley. We 4-wheeled the last mile, and were virtually assured of being alone.

Mike picked me up and placed me on the hood of his jeep. I knew what he had in mind when he stood in front of me and leaned up against the grill. I let him get closer by spreading my legs. His face was at the bodice of my dress.

He took the hem of my dress and pushed it up to my waist, and gently ran his hands across the smooth flat silk of my white bikini panties, causing me to take a deep breath. I allowed him to softly stroke the silk material. Allowed him? I would have stopped him had he tried to withdraw his hand.

He was getting excited, and so was I. The truth was that I was fantasizing him inside of me. If only I had a vagina...

"Mike..." I softly said. I had to make him stop. He didn't, he kept running his mouth and face over my breasts. They had no feelings, of course, but I loved being fondled like a girl. "Mike, please don't..." I moaned.

He removed his hand from my panties. "Sorry, I know that you don't want to go all the way." He moved his hands to my dress bodice. "Is this okay?"

I nodded. "It's not that I don't want to go all the way," I softly said.

"Half way?" he grinned.

"You're already halfway."

"Then how about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way?"

"Okay..."

My answer surprised him. "Really?"

"Uh huh..."

"How about if we use your new camera?"

"What do you have in mind?" My question was not lost on him, as he was already in the jeep digging it out. He snapped a couple of photos of me sitting on the hood, then another few of me with my dress hiked up to the bottom of my panties. "I have an idea. Let me pick the next scenes," flirtatiously suggested. "Turn your back."

He agreed, so I slid from the jeep and gaily skipped to the side, my heart beating. Would I really do this? I decided I wanted to be a racy woman. I quickly removed my dress and bra. I left my sheer black Cami with spaghetti straps on. I removed my silken hose, and then hesitated.

"Well..." he asked still looking the other way.

"Don't rush me. It will be worth the wait," I sexily answered. I hesitated some more, and then dropped my panties and Cami to the ground. Finally I removed the invisible band

from around my waist. There I was, a woman standing completely naked in the woods above Fire Gorge valley in front of my boyfriend. I was going to let Mike see me nude.

I carefully crept twenty feet behind a pine tree. For some reason, I felt that it would be sexy to keep my high heels on, so I did. Naked except for 4" stilettos, I checked my feminine features just to be sure. I had removed the invisible band, and I still had a 23" waist. How could that be?

My 35" breasts were fine, even though they were flesh like molds. I loved how they jiggled while walking from the jeep. I cupped my breasts and held them up. They were firm pear shaped breasts of a shapely young woman. I then checked out my blonde "V". Perfect! My waist was still slim and girlish. Everything that needed to be hidden was hidden. I was ready!

I strategically placed myself behind the tree, and extended my right leg into what would be Mike's view. "Do you know someone who can develop erotic photos and keep their mouth shut?" I asked.

"Yeah, in the crime lab..." Mike still looked away.

"Can you keep your mouth shut?" I asked.

"If they are as good as you are indicating," he laughed.

If it was going to happen, now was the time. I extended my right arm and leg clear up to my naked thigh. "Okay, you can turn around," I gushed.

The look on Mike's face was worth a million dollars. "My Gawd, you're naked!" Mike started clicking off photos.

"Save some film. It gets better," I gushed. I recalled my modeling poses from the magazine shoot. Mike stopped immediately. I leaned forward exposing my right breast. "Click!"

"Are you ready for more?" I cooed.

"Gawd, I don't know if I can without having a heart attack, but do it. Do it, Lisa! Gawd, you are so beautiful, so ultra woman!" Mike stammered.



“Surprise!” I giggled as I stepped from behind the tree.

The expression on Mike’s face was priceless, but I saw something else too. Was that lust? I had better be careful or he would have me right here in the bushes.

I stepped from behind the tree, placed my right hand over my 'V', and my left arm in front of my breasts. I was a naked woman, in all her glory. "Click!" "Click!" "Whir...whir...whir..."

"No, no, it can't be," growled Mike as the camera rewound. "There should be twelve more photos!"

"It only had 24," I laughed.

"Damn, I thought there were 36. Next time, I'll buy the camera." Mike joined me in the woods, and spread his short, lightweight jacket on the ground and indicated for me to lie on it.

It was so exciting and so embarrassing to be totally naked with Mike. "I better get my clothes," I protested.

"In a few minutes," Mike suggested.

"Okay..." I agreed. Mike lay totally stretched out on the ground next to my. He was fully clothes, and I as bare as the day I was born...with a few cosmetic changes.

He placed a warm kiss firmly on my mouth, his tongue deep inside, and his hands covering my body. I was difficult to keep him from touching my blonde 'V'. I had to end this session now. "Honey you're going to have to be happy with the photos tonight. Let's go...please..."

I tried to remove his hands, which were inching close to my blonde "V". Another couple of inches would reveal my deepest secret. "We must stop now, or we won't be able to..." I was near panic. The tip of his index finger touched my inner thigh next to the "V".

"All right..." Mike grumbled, deeply disappointed. I had let him go too far, and now I was insisting that he stop. What did I know about making love to a man as a woman? Apparently not enough!

I sighed with relief when Mike stood up, smiled, and offered me his hand. I stood sensuously on my stiletto heels. He put his arm around my naked waist and led me back the 25 yards to his jeep. I modestly kept my left hand over my "V".

"How do you walk in those?" Mike pointed to my shoes.

"Practice. We start as little girls walking in our mom's shoes," I said, not revealing that I learned in a few hours wearing my wife's high heels just three weeks earlier.

"They are so sexy! I love seeing women wearing high heels."

"Most men do," I smiled. We arrived back at the jeep where I looked for my clothes. Where were they? Mike must have put them in the jeep. "Honey, please hand me my clothes. I can't go home like this."

"Where did you put them?" he asked. Panic raced through me, as I stood next to the jeep totally naked.

"I left them right there on the grass. Did you move them?" I cried. I heard a giggle from two adolescent boys from the knoll behind us. Oh Gawd, they were watching me prance around totally naked.

Mike held his short lightweight jacket in front of my strategic areas and quickly lifted me into his jeep where I tugged his jacket tightly about myself. Gawd, I wished Mike had put his convertible top on the jeep. There was no protection inside the jeep.

We heard the shrill whine of an off-road motorcycle, and saw the two youths cutting through the trees. "Thanks, lady!" one kid shouted. "My younger brother has to thank you. He had never seen a naked woman before." Then they were out of sight.

Mike jumped into the jeep and dirt and grass flew everywhere as he gunned it up the grassy knoll. The boys were nowhere in sight "We'll never find them!" he growled.

I checked both the front and rear of the jeep and found nothing. "Mike, they took my clothes!" I cried.

He was angry at first, then sympathetic. "I'm sorry, Lisa, so very sorry. I'll replace your clothes. It was my fault that they were stolen."

"Nonsense. Why is it your fault? I just feel guilty because you were doing something nice for me. It's certainly not your fault." I put my hand lightly on his arm. "Oh," I girlishly screamed as his jacket fell loose exposing my breasts.

"You make a very beautiful 'Lady Godiva,'" he laughed.

"Shut up or I'll beat you up," I girlishly threatened. I was trying to be funny, but we had a problem to deal with, namely getting me home without flashing the people in the mountain towns. I wished that he had put on the jeep top. It was dusk, so I hoped that the night would conceal my nakedness. The trip down the mountain was fine, and the miles of mountain highway rolled by without incident. My fingers ached from grasping the thin coat material.

We were at the east end of Manitou city when disaster struck. A small wind snatched the jacket from my fingers and blew the coat over the highway bridge and into the Colorado River. Mike started to pull the vehicle to the side of the road. "Mike, what are you doing?" I screamed.

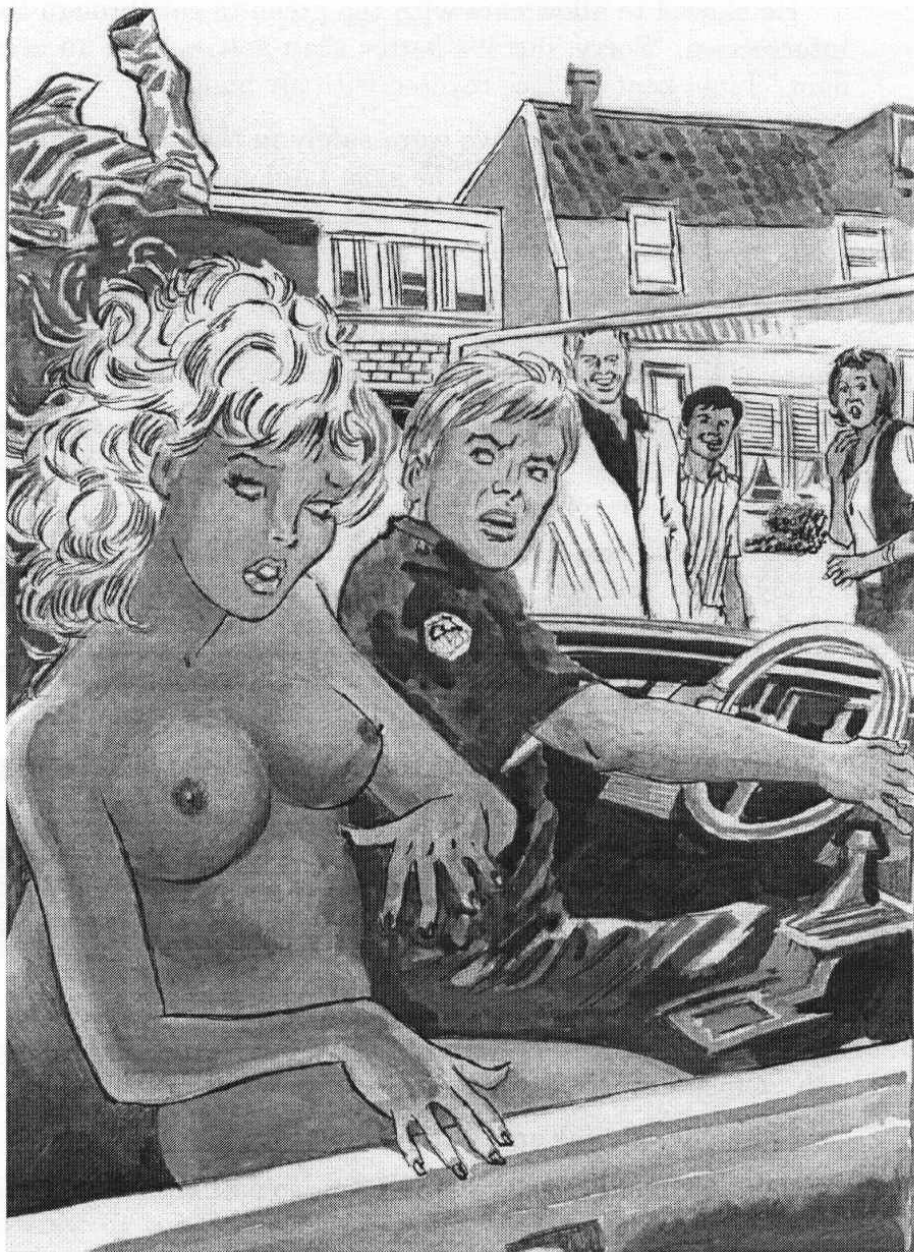
"Going after my jacket," he declared.

"Don't you dare leave me sitting here naked!" I hysterically screamed. The lights of Manitou city shined brightly on me.

The whistles started immediately. Men laughed and cheered, women giggled and covered children's eyes. I tried to hide my breasts and my crotch. "Don't do that!" Mike barked. "It's better that they see your nudity than know who you are. Cover your face!"

I placed my hands over my face. My Gawd, what if the city police arrest me and take me to county jail this way. I was totally terrified! I thought about being in the very same cell-blocks that I took inmate counts on. Wouldn't the inmates love it if I were thrown in with them just like I was?

Mike broke tire rubber as he tore back onto the road. He slowed for a red light. The idiot! He was going to stop for the light. "Run it, damn it," I demanded.



"Oh, Mike!" I screamed as his coat blew off me into the river. "Help! Don't stop! I'll die of shame if these people recognize me!"

He slowed to allow cars with the green to get through the intersection. "Sorry, but it's better than getting into an accident." I just kept my face covered with my hands.

Within five minutes, we were safely in the black of night. "You can uncover your face," he said. I did, and that's when he noticed that my face was smeared with streaking mascara from my large tears. He put his arm around me and comforted me. I cried like a girl.

In a few minutes, we pulled into the driveway of my house. "I'll get you some clothes," he said.

In less than a minute, Cindy and Mike returned. "Lisa, what in the world?" Cindy started to question, but dropped it when she saw me cold and shivering.

She threw her beribboned, tiered negligee about me. "Cindy, why are you putting girl's clothes on me?" I spat, briefly forgetting who and where I was.

Cindy raised her eyebrows, "Because you're a girl, and because you're naked..."

Mike just shook his head. "She's getting delirious. We better get her inside."

Soon we reached the safe, warm confines of my house. Cindy went to make hot tea for the three of us while Mike wrapped an Afghan over my gown. He held me tight to make sure that I stayed warm, which was fine with me.

Cindy returned with the hot tea, and sat across from me. I bent forward to get my cup, causing my negligee to open. "Oh," Cindy gasped, putting her hand over her mouth.

I immediately sat up. "What?" I asked.

"Oh...oh...nothing. I stepped on something," she said, throwing away a nonexistent rock. I would have to wait to find out what upset her. Apparently it was something not to be shared with Mike.

Mike decided to leave. "Goodnight, Lisa. Tomorrow will be a better day." He kissed me on the cheek and showed himself to the door.

"Cindy, what was that shriek about?" I asked once he left.

"It's you," she said pointing at my chest. "You're coming apart." I looked down and saw a crack starting to form around my right artificial breast.

"Um, no more low cut Cami's," I declared.

"It's back to padded bras again," Cindy offered.

I smiled weakly. There would be no padded bras for me. I would have no need for them, but as yet, Cindy didn't know what had transpired. Was now the time to tell her? Was now the time for me to see my own 35" breasts? Yes, my own breasts. I had not seen them, but I could feel them. I was almost as much of a woman as Cindy...well except for that, of course.

Chapter 35

Cindy was sweet and had my shower ready for me. The warm water caused steam to form around the shower stall. "Thanks, Cindy," I gratefully said, as I handed her my negligee.

"You're welcome. Uh, Lisa, maybe we should peel off your artificial breasts after your shower."

"I would love to, but I think that I need to wait for the glue to wear off. It's the only way they'll come off. It's been two weeks, so it could be any time." Cindy assumed that I would be flat chested when the fake boobs came off. I was pretty sure that I wouldn't be. I also knew that now was the time to tell her what I had done. I had no idea that she too was hiding a secret.

"Uh...Lisa, I'm afraid that I have withheld something from you for the last two weeks," Cindy said.

"What?"

She picked up a tube of clear gel from under the sink. I...I have had this since the day Henry attached your fake boobs."

"What is it?"

"It dissolves the glue holding your breasts."

I shook my head in disbelief. "I could have gotten rid of these breasts two weeks ago?"

"Yeah," she nodded.

"Why didn't you give it to me when I returned home from the weekend with Vic?"

A pink color flushed her face. "I really thought that you were completely enjoying your new role as a girl. You look so sexy in low cut cami's, tube tops, blouses. I felt that you really loved your feminine chest. I know that I adored you in your feminine body. I didn't want my girlfriend to go away, so I hid it from you. I'm sorry."

"You're right, Cindy," I sighed, "I do adore my shapely figure. I truly do, so much in fact that I have a confession of my own to make."

"Oh?" she glanced sideways at me.

I placed her hands around my smooth naked body, and then I guided her hands down over my girlish waist and over my flared womanly hips. She looked puzzled. "You have a woman's waist and hips, and you're not wearing your invisible band? That's really you?" She stepped back for a better view. "You are really turning into a woman? How? Why?"

I swallowed hard. "I wanted to see what it was like to really have a woman's body without artificial enhancements."

Cindy's eyes went wide. "You've had surgery? You aren't a man any longer?"

"No, no, nothing like that," I injected. "I've had no surgeries, and I'm still a male...well mostly. I had a shot of ZZM about 10 days ago. It's a new fast acting female hormone, barely approved by the FDA. If a male takes it like I did, his features become feminine within ten days."

Cindy dropped onto a stool. "Take off the false breasts. I want to see your entire body." I nodded, applied the gel to the seam around my artificial breasts, and sat to give it time to

work. "Is this forever? Have you become a woman for good?" she questioned.

I smiled weakly. "For about 6 months..."

"So you won't be able to change back to a man for 6 months?"

"I'm afraid not, but when it wears off, I will become a man and your husband again."

"I'm not sure that you can," she smiled. "I'm not sure that you will want to. Why did you do this without talking with me?"

It was a valid question. Now it was my turn to be embarrassed. "It was wrong not to talk to you about the shot. I...I was afraid that you would say no, and I wanted to experience being a woman for real."

"Well, you would have been wrong," she smiled. "I would have encouraged you to do it."

"Yeah, I know that it was wrong, but you are okay with it?"

"Yes! Now you can keep your job with the sheriff, and maybe you can learn so much about being a woman that you'll really know what you want to do with your life. I think you should go all the way and become a woman."

"Really? That kind of hurts my feelings..." I whispered.

"It shouldn't. You are totally delightful as my girlfriend. I love you as a woman maybe more than I love you as my husband. You're a lot more desirable as a woman than you ever were as a man. We can live as girlfriends, sharing clothes, double dating hot guys..."

"But Cindy, I have to return to being a guy...your husband."

"We'll see," she said without conviction. "It's time to peel off those phony breasts. Let's see what you have." She was intent on me remaining her girlfriend.

I grasped the top of my right breast and expected to feel some pain as I stripped it off. There was none. It practically fell off. "Go on," Cindy excitedly encouraged me. I easily peeled off the left one. "Don't look! Don't look!" she coached. "Let me clean you off."

She rubbed hot soapy water over my chest. Her touch excited me. I love the jiggling sensation. She dried me off with a face towel "Now turn around and look," she finally said. "You'll love what you will see."

I took a deep breath and turned. It was my turn to stare wide eyed. "My Gawd!" I gasped. "I have become a woman. My figure is a perfect coke bottle shape." I had curves where I was supposed to have curves. I felt my new tits. They were firm and pear shaped, and very sensitive to my touch. I now looked the woman that I would have wanted to make love to only a few weeks earlier.

"You are drop dead gorgeous as a woman," Cindy smiled. "I think that instead of becoming my husband again that you ought to consider becoming some man's wife. You are perfect in this role."

She stepped next to me. "May I?" she asked, as she cupped my breasts. I gasped as she fingered my nipples with her slender fingers. "Gosh, you are real!" she said. "Your nipples are as hard..."

I joined her in saying, "...just like a woman's!"

Cindy then ran her hands down my body to my silken thighs. She kneaded my golden "V". "I feel like a Lesbian," she said with a touch of excitement, "and I like it."

"Me too. Maybe I'll go both ways," I added with a feverish laugh.

Cindy continued feeling me up. I was hot. Oh, Gawd, why would I ever want to become a man again? Her hand traveled below my golden triangle. "Will I find a vagina?" she asked with a smile.

"I hope so, but I don't think so. Do you want me to remove my gaff and see?"

"I can do it. I'm already down her," Cindy eagerly volunteered.

I gasped at her touch. "Maybe I can get a blowjob."

"Not anymore, honey," she laughed. "Now that you are a woman, you don't get blowjobs, you give them. Do you think that you'll like doing that?"

"Aw, Cindy, you can't ask me a question like that."

"Sure I can. I'm your wife, and I'm entitled to an answer. Do you think that you will like going down on a man? You know, taking his penis between your soft red lips until you bring him to a sexual climax? I'm sure other wives have asked their husbands the same question."

"I doubt that very much, Cindy. How many wives have husbands that are as much a woman as I've become? But to answer your question, I think I'm looking forward to trying it. Does that shock you?"

"It would have shocked me four weeks ago when you were Stan...the Man, but after the very first time I dolled you up as a girl, you seemed so natural that I actually believed that you would become some man's dream girl. As a man's woman, you would bring him romance and great sex. Quite frankly, you became 'all woman' all too easily. Maybe you were thinking about it before this started?" I started to protest, but she put a finger to her lips. "Just teasing, sweetheart." She looked up at me. "Ready?" I nodded, and she untapped my gaff.

"Oh, honey, you are no longer a man!" she exclaimed. "You're a little toddler boy, just barely bigger than a little girl."

I glanced down to see what Cindy was describing. My penis was just over an inch long. A preschool boy would be bigger than me. She was right. I was no longer a man! I told her that although I was small, I still had to hide it. "You are right, of course, at least until you cut it off and tuck it in.

Maybe you could have the doctor castrate you now?" she suggested.

Castrate! "Cindy, I'm not..." I started.

"Of course not. You have several months to see what being a woman is like, and then you can decide." I nodded. "Let's get you your shower and go to bed. You've had a long day."

I enjoyed my shower. I really enjoyed soaping and cleaning off my sensual curves. Cindy yelled something about it being almost midnight, and I abandoned abusing myself and went to bed...with Cindy. Hmm, this lesbian thing was not so bad," I thought as we excitedly cuddled.

Cindy sleepily asked before drifting off to sleep, "Where did you get the ZZM?"

"Vic gave it to Vicky and told her to inject me when I was asleep. Instead, she gave it to me and said that I should use it if I wanted to. I wanted to."

Chapter 36

Mike was not surprised that when he picked me up I was wearing a long sleeve turtle neck sweater, wide flare leg slacks, and knee high boots. I was all woman, but I was not showing 'anything' that resembled bare skin.

However, I was surprised that he was driving his Austin Healey. "Where's the jeep?" I asked.

"In hiding where it will stay for the next few weeks."

"Good idea!" I agreed. We certainly didn't want people looking at a blonde girl in a convertible jeep, and putting two and two together.

"You're not wearing a bra," he observed.

"No, I didn't think that it would matter under this black sweater." I blushed a little. "Should we go back?"

"Nah," he laughed, "Just don't think any erotic thoughts that would cause your nipples to get hard." He reached over

and pinched my left nipple, causing it to instantly harden. "See..."

"Stop it!" I protested. "We might be in enough trouble as it is." The announcer on the radio cut in just then. Paula Harver was doing her syndicated morning report. "...And in Manitou, Colorado, residents of that small mountain town were treated to the sight of a modern day Lady Godiva. She was totally naked, except for her long blonde hair. She was riding in a convertible jeep, and her coach driver was a handsome prince in a security guard's uniform. Other than being described as beautiful, locals could not identify the woman. And that's 'another part of the story'. Goodbye," Paula finished.

"Beautiful?" I was pleased.

"Security guard?" Mike was not pleased.

"Would you rather that they had recognized you as a Karl County sheriff's deputy?" I giggled.

"No! Security guard is great! She did say handsome too, didn't she?" We both laughed, but hoped that there would be nothing else reported on the story. The rest of the day passed without further enhancement of the story.

When I arrived home, I noted that Steve's truck was parked beside the house. Mike noticed it too, and appeared annoyed. "They are both adults," I said to calm him down. "If they want to date, it's up to them."

"But your sister-in-law...your brother..." he sputtered. "Steve shouldn't be taking her out. What if your brother..."

"Stan?"

"Yeah, Stan, what if he found out?"

I squeezed his muscular arm. "I'm not sure, Mike. They would either work it out or go their separate ways. It's their problem, not ours. Okay?"

"Okay..." he grudgingly agreed. I liked that Mike was a moral guy. It was wonderful to have a man with those morals. If only everything was as it appeared.

As we climbed the stairs to my front door, I thought that there was no way that I could tell Mike that 'Stan' was the girl on his arm. The girl that I feared he was falling in love with. Could it possible be that I, as a girl, was falling in love with him? I shook my head and thought, "No, it's not possible! I'm not even a girl!"

Chapter 37

Not seeing Cindy as I entered the house, I called out. "In here," Cindy's voice wavered a bit. I entered our bedroom to find Cindy sitting at her makeup table applying gloss to her coral lips. She smelled of mint tear perfume and looked really cute in her mini jumper.

I knew that she was going out for the evening, and it wasn't with me. Some other man would taste her charms this evening. "Going somewhere?"

"Steve and I are going to see the new Colorado Lacrosse team play their inaugural game tonight, and then get a bite to eat."

It was only then that I heard the sound of the shower running in the bathroom of our master bedroom. "That's Steve. He's hurrying to get ready after moving all day."

"Steve? Moving?" then the full impact of the situation hit me as I looked around. There were men's clothes, shirts, slacks, suits, and uniforms hanging in the closet where my clothes once were.

Cindy was watching me as I scanned what had once been our marital bedroom. Steve's work clothes were lying in a heap on the floor just outside the bathroom door. Cindy looked afraid, although she knew that would never hurt her. I nodded towards the bathroom door. "Steve?"

She nodded, "Yes. Let's go into the living room so we can talk."

I started to sprawl on the couch, and then remembered that I no longer could enjoy that 'male luxury'. I composed myself as a

respectful woman would. "I should have called you at work, but everything happened so fast, and then you had left work."

"Go on..."

"Don't be mad, sweetheart," she asked.

"Don't be mad! It looks to me like Steve has moved in with us, and you and he are playing husband and wife."

A quick flare of anger erupted from Cindy, "Yes, he and I can be like husband and wife. That's something that you and I can't do, seeing how you are a woman, just like me. It's been a long time since I've slept with a man." She slowed down. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be cruel. Steve said that his home sold, and he had to vacate immediately. His new home won't be ready for another week, and he asked if he could stay with us for that week."

"You mean stay with you. Why didn't you offer him the guestroom? You know that it would have been proper for two sisters in law to share a bedroom."

"I couldn't put him in that frilly girl's room."

She was actually right. My bedroom, the previous guestroom was really a room for a young girl let alone a grown man. I thought of the ruffled curtains and matching canopy and spread on my bed. Actually, I enjoyed the femininity of that girl's bedroom. What would a man do with a makeup table and lighted mirror? Those were things that I needed and enjoyed now. Still though...

"Cindy, you are going to sleep with Steve in our marital bedroom in our marital bed with me sleeping down the hallway in the same house?"

She looked down at the floor, then replied, "Yes, but I didn't mean for it to happen like this. I thought it would be at his place or at a motel. I never dreamed that I would lose my marital virginity in our own home, in our bed. You know that I cannot share a bed with Steve for a week and not let him make love to me."

"And he is all man, and that's what you need?"

"I don't know if that's what I need, but it's definitely what I want. Honey, face it, you are no longer a man. You are a girl, and you love being a girl. You cannot be my husband. You can't be any woman's husband anymore. You should aim to be some man's wife or girlfriend."

"I can change back. These changes aren't permanent."

"Well, we'll see. Let me give you something else to think about, and you might just get off on it."

"Get off on what? You sleeping with another man?"

"Exactly! There are some men who get really turned on when their wife has sex with another man. Maybe it's a little masochistic, sort of a humiliation thing when they picture another man making love to their woman."

"I don't know..."

"Stan, picture me in my darling black lace camisole..."

"With your breasts spilling out?"

"Yes, and with a totally naked Steve putting his mouth on my breasts, sucking my nipples, and then gently pushing me down on our bed..."

She looked for a comment from me, but didn't get one. I envisioned her lying next to a naked Steve with his body rock solid, and probably covered with hair. I imagined his rippling muscles, definitely all man, unlike me.

Cindy pressed my hands against her breasts. She stood close to me, body to body, and then she continued, "Picture Steve spreading my shapely legs apart, and then roll over on top of me."

I was starting to get turned on and Cindy immediately sensed it. "Stan, I'm holding his enormous manhood, and he is much bigger than yours. What a man! Oh, Stan, I have to have him inside of me. Can you picture it, honey? Another man is burying his manhood deep inside of me, deep inside of your wife, and I love it. His is so much more of a man than you ever were." I

didn't know why that talk was turning me on. "Oh, oh, oh, honey, he is doing me, so deep, so very, very deep inside of me, and I'm having the most incredible orgasm that I've ever had in my life. Steve is so turned on by my loud screams that he erupts, pumping buckets of his man juices inside of me."

I blurted out, "You should have used a condom!"

Cindy looked at me with a mischievous grin. "You liked my little fantasy, didn't you? You were really into it."

"Don't be ridiculous, Cindy. I never..."

She put her fingers to my lips shushing me. "Yes you did. I bet you have a wet spot inside your panties."

"No way!" I defended, but there really was.

"Tell you what, sweetheart. I'll leave the door ajar when Steve is all ready in bed. I'll leave the nightlight on, and if you want to watch or just listen, you can," she giggled. She knew that I might just do that. "I'll tell Steve that I'm not hungry so we don't stop to eat. We'll be home early that way."

"Ah...okay..." I hesitantly agreed.

"Cool! This will be so much fun. I get to watch when you get laid for the first time. Agreed?" she finished.

"Okay, I guess..." What kind of man had I become, agreeing to let another man screw my wife, maybe even watching, and then agreeing to be a woman and allow my wife watch while a man had sex with me?

"I've got to run, honey," and she went into her and 'Steve's' bedroom.

I couldn't believe that I'd just agreed to watch, even enjoy, another man making love to my wife. I returned to my girlish bedroom and checked. Yes, I had a stain in the front of my panties. I slipped on a new pair of panties, a ruffled white blouse, and black skirt, and returned to the living room after a quick repair of my makeup.

Steve emerged from the bedroom attired in a striped western shirt, form fitting blue jeans, and cowboy boots. "Is that what men wear to a Lacrosse game?" I asked.

"I don't know. I've never been to one. You look nice." The man who was going to make love to my wife tonight was complimenting my look.

"Thanks. It's really nothing, just comfortable," I answered.

"It's very feminine with all the ruffles and the short skirt."

"I enjoy being a feminine girl."

"That's obvious. You do such a good job of being one. You'd make a horrible man."

"Thanks, Steve." I wondered if I should be flattered or insulted. He had meant it as a compliment.

"Honey, can you help me with my necklace?" I almost responded, but then realized that Cindy was talking to Steve, her new 'husband'. She turned around so he could hook her delicate necklace. "Thank you," she gave him a wifely peck on his cheek. "I'm ready."

Steve wrapped a possessive arm around her waist, and she melted affectionately into his body.

"Night, Lisa. If you're still up, we'll tell you all about Colorado's first ever Lacrosse game," Steve enthusiastically offered.

Cindy said, "She will be up. I don't think we'll be all that late." And then to me, "Bye, Lisa." She was going to make good on her promise to return early.

Three hours passed before I knew it. Suddenly the car pulled into the driveway, and Steve and Cindy burst through the front door. "Lisa, that Lacrosse is so cool!" she gushed.

"Yeah, even though we didn't have a clue as to what was happening," Steve smiled.

Cindy plopped on the couch with Steve practically sitting on her lap. I sat in a rocker across from the 'couple'. Steve had his hand on top of her thigh. Cindy just looked at Steve, happy to let him caress her.

I went to the kitchen and returned with some tea for the three of us. They told me about the game, but I soon lost interest, and started to read my 'Marie Claire' magazine.

Everyone had run out of things to say and no one wanted to mention the 'B' (bedroom) word. Putting down my half finished cup, I decided it was up to me to start the bedroom activities; activities that would lead to me watching my wife give her body and love to another man. Why put off the inevitable?

I started to speak, but Cindy was a step ahead of me. "Oh, yawn, boy, am I tired. I think that it's time for us to call it a night." She looked teasingly into Steve's eyes.

"I'm with you. It's certainly time for bed, but probably not much chance of getting any sleep," Steve agreed. Cindy jabbed a sharp elbow into his side.

Looking directly at me, she said, "Goodnight, Sis. Plan on everything happening that we talked about." She winked and smiled devilishly. "See you in the morning." Steve gave her a confused look, but she merely said, "Don't worry about it, lover. It's a girl thing."

"Goodnight, Cindy." I watched as Steve led her into 'our' bedroom. The door shut behind them, which disappointed me. Apparently I would not get to see Cindy lose her marital virginity. Steve gave me a goodnight wave. His interest was entirely on Cindy.

I remembered that I was to turn off the lights as if I had gone to bed for the night. 'Click!' Their bedroom door opened about 2 minutes later. the night light was surprisingly strong, and it was apparent that I would have an excellent real time view of my wife's infidelity.

"Are you sure that she won't get up and catch us...you know...us getting it on?" Steve questioned.

"Lisa never gets up until her alarm goes off, which will give us several hours, if you can last that long."

"I can last several days," Steve bragged. "I just don't want to get caught."

"You won't. I really love the breeze coming in from the porch, honey."

"Okay, if you're sure," Steve took Cindy into his strong arms and pulled her close. His lips pressed gently, but firmly against her freshly painted lips. I could smell her perfume from my chair in the dark living room. These were not casual kisses, but sexually intimate kisses that Cindy excitedly received. She loved Steve's intimate advances.

Steve was not about to lose his opportunity to score by wasting time. He gently pulled Cindy's black angora sweater free from her tight burgundy leather skirt. She raised her arms to allow Steve to slip the sweater from her. His talented fingers expertly unhooked her wonder bra and carefully laid it on the chair.

My own sexual excitement grew as Cindy pressed her bare breasts into Steve's 'Karl County Sheriff's' T-shirt that covered his bronze muscular chest. She fidgeted with Steve's shirt buttons, but finally freed it to fall to the ground.

He gasped with pleasure as Cindy's hard nipples crushed into his hairy chest. Now it was Cindy who would not be slowed down. She unhooked Steve's big western belt buckle and at the same time unbuttoned his jeans, and deftly pulled the zipper clear down. Steve smiled at her sensual attack of his crotch. He allowed his jeans to slide down his hairy legs so he could merely step out of them. He was naked except for his boxers.

"My turn?" Steve questioned. Cindy only nodded, allowing Steve to do as he wished. Her skirt with a back zipper easily came free, as did her lacy half-slip. Cindy's slender long legs looked luscious against the black lace of her bikini panties.

"No," she stopped Steve as he hooked his fingers in her panties. Was I about to see my wife naked in the arms of an-

other man? "My turn," she whispered. She gently pushed him onto the bed, and then joined him, removing her panties as she did so. "Take your shorts off," she instructed.

He promptly did so with a confident smile, to expose his enormous hard-on, and then lay against the pillows as if awaiting orders. Cindy lay on her side, her nudity pressed close against Steve's body. She reached her lips to his and the two engaged in a sloppy, open mouth French kiss.

It only seemed natural that she would grasp and caress Steve's manhood, and she didn't disappoint. I felt a surge of sexual excitement as Cindy's hands wrapped about Steve's maleness. I was actually watching my own wife involved sexually with another man, and it was turning me on.

Their breathing grew deep and labored as she stroked him. I could even see some male juices form at the head of Steve's maleness.

"Oh, Steve, oh, Steve," Cindy groaned. "I want you in me." To oblige, Steve turned onto his side, and they sexually pressed against each other. I had a weak thought that even now Cindy might change her mind. After all, he wasn't actually inside her yet. She was still my marital virgin.

Cindy clung to Steve's hard-on, rubbing it against the outside of her labia and vagina. Steve caressed her breasts and sucked on her hard nipples. His fingers then entered her vagina, and she screamed in ecstasy, "Oh, Steve, oh, you're so wonderful! I want you inside of me, honey! I want you inside of me now!"

Only now did I accept that Cindy was going to allow and wanted another man to have sex with her. As perverted as it might sound, I too wanted Steve to penetrate her. Was I crazy? Did I really want another man to take my wife? The answer was YES!

Steve rolled Cindy onto her back, and he gently pushed her thighs and legs open so that he could lie between her lovely legs. As Steve moved into position, I saw that his maleness was a rock solid 10 or 11 inches, at least double my size.

He lowered himself onto Cindy, teasing her by touching her vagina, but not actually entering it. Cindy was shaking in ecstasy, while I was amazed at how controlled Steve appeared as he restrained from entering her.

"Steve, don't do this to me. Put it in me now," Cindy cried as she grabbed his manhood. Finally he relented and as he kissed her hard on her lips, he inserted his manhood, but only slightly. She was no longer my wifely virgin. She now belonged to Steve, and she was his for him to do with as he pleased.

"No, don't do it slowly. Put it all inside now!" Cindy demanded, and he yielded to her demands.

"As you wish, sweetheart," he said as he plunged deep inside her.

She let out a yelp and shouted, "Oh, my gawd! Oh, my gawd! Oh, Steve, don't stop!" And he didn't.

I watched as he plunged deep inside of my wife over and over again, and she yelled out, cried out in ecstasy, "Oh, Steve, I love it! I love what you're doing to me!" and she climaxed again and again.

Suddenly Steve erupted with a stream of sticky white male juices, most of which went into Cindy, but some oozed out of her womanhood and onto the sheets.

Steve shook violently with his sexual release, and that turned Cindy on once again. It was possibly the third time that she had climaxed in the last few minutes.

Finally their motions slowed, and Cindy kept her legs tightly wrapped about Steve's legs as if he might escape if she didn't. Steve gently kissed her, "That was terrific, Cindy."

"Terrific? That was the best sex that I have ever had in my life," Cindy gushed.

Steve smiled, "I'm glad, honey. It only gets better as we get to know each other."

"Wow! I can hardly wait for the next time," she gushed. She was no longer my virginal wife. She was now another man's lover.

"Was it better than with Stan?" Steve just had to ask.

"That's not fair, Steve. Isn't it enough when I tell you that this was the best sex that I have ever had? Yes, you're a better lover than Stan. Happy now?"

"Does he do anything better than me?"

"Yes, we're very in touch with each other's feelings. He is warm and tender and considerate and..."

"Just like another woman?"

Cindy was about to retort, and then changed her mind. "Yes, like another woman, and I love that in him."

"Does he wear something soft and frilly to bed when he sleeps with you?"

"Having warm, soft, considerate mannerisms don't mean that he has to dress as a woman."

"But he has, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and he was very pretty when he did."

"I bet that you hated that."

"I loved it actually. We had a tremendous love making session the night that he dressed in a gown. I convinced him to wear a chemise to bed with all of his makeup on, and his wig. I found our lovemaking very enjoyable. Come to think of it, tonight wasn't the best sex that I've ever had. That night with Li...uh...Stan as a woman was far more exciting than tonight."

"Wow! It sounds like you might have some lesbian tendencies."

"Maybe...maybe I should find out. I'll get my wig for you, and some makeup. How about you being a girl right now? I have an old ballerina gown of my mother's that might fit you. Come on, Steve, let's do it. It'll be fun," Cindy teased.

Steve looked stunned. "You want me to dress up like a woman before we make love again?"

"No, not really. I'm afraid that you would make a really ugly woman. I just want you to get off of Stan's case about his femininity. Okay?"

"Uh...yeah, sorry. We're not done tonight, are we?"

"I certainly hope not, unless you are too tired."

"No, not tired at all. What do you have in mind?"

"This," Cindy rolled Steve onto his back. "I have to get a wet towel. I'll be right back."

I flinched as I realized that Cindy was coming out into the darkened living room. "I think that you should come back in with me and take my place with Steve. He would love it if you did. I think you might love it too."

"What? What are you talking about?"

Cindy rubbed her finger over my painted lips. "Put these on that," she pointed at Steve's erect manhood. "He is laying back awaiting a major treat. He won't even know that it is you. Here, let me," she applied a fresh coat of a luxurious lipstick on my lips. "Don't say a word, take his manhood into your warm mouth and give him what all men desire. Ready?"

She turned off the bedroom lights so it was pitch dark, then she took my hand and we quietly entered the bedroom. Soon sounds of sucking, slurping, and heavy breathing came from the bedroom. "Oh, Cindy, oh Baby! This is so good, the best ever!"

Cindy answered, "Good!"

"Oh, Cindy, Cindy, oh, honey, I'm about to come."

She responded, "Okay."

"Oh, oh, Cindy, stop or I'll come in your mouth." I didn't answer, but merely nodded my head okay.

"I told you!" he shouted and gobs of man juice flowed from his manhood. Not a drop hit the bedding. "Wow! That's the best blowjob I've ever had," Steve bellowed.

"Good!" Cindy said, and then she turned on the nightlight.

Steve jumped. "W...what...Cindy...Lisa! Uh...who...which of you...or did both of you?"

Cindy smiled, as did I. Steve checked the color of our lipsticks, and both matched what was still on his manhood.

"Goodnight, Steve," Cindy smiled. "I'm going to spend the rest of the night with Lisa. You know...maybe explore the girl thing that you and I talked about."

We left the stunned and drained Steve to figure out what had just happened. Who had given him that wonderful blowjob? Cindy or Lisa?

We waltzed into my bedroom like two drunken giggly college girls and slammed the door behind us locking out the male animal. "That was great," I giggled as Cindy sat on my bed, tears of laughter running down her cheeks. "He didn't have a clue which one of us gave him the blowjob."

"Or whether it was both of us," I added, "but then why would he care. He had the most fantastic climax."

"Oh, you're giving yourself away, Lisa. It was you who gave Steve the blowjob," Cindy continued to giggle.

"Maybe...maybe not. Maybe I'm just repeating what you told me when you finished him off. It may have been your best performance ever."

"Or an outstanding performance from you, considering that it was the first time that you sucked a man off." We both continued to laugh and almost didn't hear the knock.

"Come in." The door slowly opened and Steve appeared looking a little sheepish.

"Are you girls having a good laugh at my expense?" he asked.

"A laugh at your expense?" Cindy asked. "You get laid and then get the most intense blowjob of your life, and you're complaining?"

"No...I was wondering whom to thank," he looked at the two of us.

"We are both wearing pink spice, Steve, the same color as on your manhood," Cindy observed.

"You are, are both of you have smeared your lipstick, just like you had a man between your luscious lips. Come on, tell, which one of you was the lucky girl."

"Lucky? You're the lucky one, Steve. Why would you think that it's pleasurable for a woman to give a blowjob to a man?" Cindy asked.

"You know you loved it...one of you at least, because it was me and I'm the best," Steve expanded his chest. Cindy stared at Steve in amazement. "Don't look at me like that, Cindy. You told me that I was the best that you've ever had." His remark crushed what male pride I still had left.

"Maybe I lied," Cindy said, then whispered to me to play along. "Steve, there is something that I want you to see." Cindy placed her hands on either side of my head and kissed me hard and full on my lips. It was a romantic woman-to-woman kiss. I was surprised, but did not let on. Steve was totally taken back as he stood with his eyes wide open.

"Did that surprise you, Lisa?" Cindy asked after finally breaking off her kiss.

I took a deep breath, "Yes...a very pleasant surprise. How did you know I felt that way about you?" I throatily asked.

She was surprised by my question, but she responded, "I've known that you had feelings for me ever since I started dating your brother. I have the same feelings for you...maybe stronger, darling, than I do for my husband."

She held me tightly, pressing her body firmly against mine. She lowered her hands onto my shapely derriere and pulled me even more tightly into her. Our breasts were touch-

ing and I moved my hand up inside her babydoll nightie. I raised her top to expose her bare back, and as my hands went under the front of her nightie, Steve could only assume that I was stroking her bare breasts.

Steve snorted, "I can't believe this!"

Cindy smile, "Steve, maybe you were the best man that I've ever had sex with, but you are not the best lover that I have ever had. There are so many things that women can do for one another that men have no clue about. Isn't that right, Lisa?"

"Mmm..." I purred, "That's so right."

"You...you..." Steve growled, "Does Stan know that you are into women? Does he know that you and his sister are lovers? Does Mike know that his goody two-shoes girlfriend who claims to be waiting for marriage to make love with him was quite willing to give me a blowjob tonight, and is queer for other women on top of that?"

"Stan doesn't know because it just happened tonight. Why don't you tell him? Tell him about our evening together, honey, yours and mine, mine and Lisa's. Personally, I don't think Mike would believe you if you did tell him. Besides, why do you think it was Lisa that gave you that blowjob? Maybe I did it...lover."

"You know that I won't tell Stan," he growled.

"Good, don't let the door hit you on the way out." He stomped out of the house. We heard banging and crashing as he gathered his things and threw them into his car.

"Do you think he will tell Mike?" I asked.

"Not a chance. He's such an egotist that he won't tell a soul that he lost his woman to another woman," Cindy observed. We both laughed, but I remained uncertain. There is no telling what a man will do when his pride is wounded.

"Will he tell Stan?" I asked.

"What makes you think that he will ever meet Stan?" Cindy giggled. "I don't ever expect to see Stan again." I stared

into her eyes. "Stan's not coming back, Lisa. I've accepted that, and it's time that you did. Face it, what kind of a man could you ever be again?"

"I...uh...well..."

"The answer is that you never will be a man, honey," Cindy answered her question. "Through some fluke, that stupid proposal of Vic's exposed you to being what you should have always been...a female."

"What...well what if I became a woman..."

"You already are a woman," Cindy interrupted.

"No, I mean with surgery, and all to make it official? What about us? I still love you."

Cindy cuddled into my arms. "I still love you too, honey, and I always will. Of course, we can't stay married with both of us being women, but that doesn't mean that we can't always stay together. We can be lesbian lovers maybe. Want to experiment tonight?"

I did, and we did! Woman to woman! My tiny maleness remained bound in its gaff. We both reached orgasm. Cindy, using a toy, gave me an idea of how it felt to receive a man. It felt weird and strange at first, but then...but oh then, after I had accepted that I was receiving love as a woman, I admitted that I loved it. She looked at me with a pleased smile when I squealed with delight as the pleasure overtook me.

"Some women like it that way, and some don't. Vaginally is ten times better. Remember your dream, remember how fantastic it was?" I nodded. If the dream was any indicator of how great vaginal sex is, then I couldn't wait to experience it.

"Mike and you could do it the same we did it tonight. If you were careful with how you wore your gaff and panties, he would never know," Cindy observed.

I half smile. "Cindy, someday I have to tell Mike. I can't keep up this charade forever. It's not fair to him."

"What makes you think that he doesn't already know? You tease and do sexy things with him, but you never let him go all the way. He's got to know that something is different."

"Of course he doesn't know, Cindy. Do you think he would date me if he knew? It's not likely that he's into men," I observed.

"You're probably right. He probably doesn't exactly know, and all he knows is that you are all woman with a sexy figure, soft voice, and so very, very feminine. Lisa, you are much more feminine than almost every woman I know. You aren't about to lose him. Girlfriend! That man is in love with you!"

"You think?"

"It is so obvious! Give it more time before you tell him. When you are ready, tell him that you will have minor surgery to fix a mistake of nature."

"You think that he will accept me, allow me to remain his girlfriend after he learns 'all' about me?"

"Girlfriend? How about fiancé? Wife?"

"That would be wonderful, Cindy," I gushed before realizing what I said.

"Lisa, Mike is the only guy that you ever really dated. Maybe you should date other men and test the waters. Maybe you'll find others that you'll like even better."

I laughed heartily. I couldn't believe that I was having this conversation with my wife. We were making this sound so natural, so normal.

That night, two women fell asleep in warm embrace in a little girl's ruffled bed. "Lisa, are you asleep?" Cindy whispered.

"Almost. What is it?"

"How did you enjoy performing oral sex on Steve tonight?"

"Me? I didn't..."

"Well, I certainly didn't," she returned. We both giggled.

"Well then, who did?" we both asked in unison.

"Good night, Cindy."

"Good night, Lisa."

"What was she trying to put over on me?" we both wondered as we drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 38

"Lisa, you need to get up. You have to go to work today, and as a girl, you need a good 90 minutes, not the 20 minutes you used as a man," Lisa shook my shoulder.

Opening my eyes against the morning light, I immediately caught Cindy staring at me. "Morning, Cindy," I murmured, and then I remembered the events of last night. "Cindy, did we make love as two women? As...lesbians?"

She smiled, "We did. Did you like it?"

"Well...yeah, of course. Being a woman and making love to a beautiful woman like you is the ultimate fantasy for someone like by, but..."

"Yes..."

"But Cindy, you had made love with Steve only an hour earlier, and you told him that his love making was the best that you've ever had."

"Yes, and it was, Lisa."

"Yeah, I could tell. You never had as intense multiple orgasms with me as you did with him. You were in ecstasy."

"Yeah, I was," she dreamily sighed. "Steve is a marvelous lover. He's the best lover that I've ever had. I bet that every woman that he has ever slept with will say the same thing."

"Then why did you ditch him? Why did you get involved with me, another woman as far as he knows? And you insulted him till you drove him away."

"It has to do with my womanly feelings, Lisa, not my physical ecstasy. Yeah, he was good for sex, but not at making

me feel special. He is so much of an egotist, so much into himself. Our lovemaking had nothing to do with me. I was another of his sexual conquests, a lot like Vic. I didn't like the way he put Stan down. He was really cruel to him, and what he didn't know is that even though you are effeminate and girly, I love you very much," she kissed me lightly on my lips, even, "even if you are as much a woman as I am."

"Really? You still love me?"

"Of course."

"Even though I'm almost a complete woman?"

"Yes, Lisa, I love you so very, very much," she looked me directly in my eyes to make sure I understood what she was saying. "My love for you is different now than when I loved you as my husband. You are never going to be a man again, Lisa. We cannot remain as husband and wife. I can and do love you, but now as a woman, the woman that you have chosen to become. Lisa, I love you as my very best girlfriend. I want to be with you always, but we both need men in our lives." She shyly smiled, "It's kind of a biological thing, you know, the birds and bees, boys and girls. We are both girls now. It was strange turns of events that turned you into a girl, but it was fate. You are so much a better person as a woman than you ever were as a male. Understand?"

As much as it hurt, I agreed with her. I could never be a man again, even if I wanted to, and now for the first time, I could admit it to myself and say out loud that I love being a woman! "You're absolutely right, Cindy. I don't ever want to become a man again. I just don't want to lose you."

"Weren't you listening to me? You're never going to lose me. All you'll lose is a label called 'husband'. We'll continue doing all the same things we are doing now, only we'll be doing them as 'chicks'."

I smiled, "Even making love?"

"Even making love. There are things that women can do for one another that men don't have a clue about. We both learned that last night, didn't we?"

"Well...yeah...was I a good female lover?"

"Most certainly."

"That makes us lesbians, then?"

"I'm not giving up men, and you need to take on your first man...like Mike. It's time, Lisa. Find out if you like having sex as a woman with a man."

"I know, I know, and Mike would love for me to make love with him, but I'm not quite a woman yet. I'm afraid to, Cindy."

She was quiet for a few minutes. "Last night we did things while making love that Mike and you could do and he probably would never know that you are not a female."

"Probably? That's not good enough, Cindy. He can't know that I'm still a male. There is no way that I can have sex with him."

"You can go down on him. He cannot tell if your lips are male or female."

"I still don't know if I can do that, Cindy, and it was you who went down on Steve. I'm still a virgin. I've never given any guy a blowjob."

"That's got to change, Lisa. Mike needs sexual relief, and it has to come from you. Face it, kiddo, if he doesn't score with you, pretty soon he's going to look elsewhere."

"You think?"

"I think. And you have to learn if you can have sex with a man and like it."

"I think that I can, Cindy."

"I think that you will like it too, Lisa. Maybe I can think of a way to help you do it the first time, and then you'll want to do it all the time."

"Maybe..." I smiled, "but I think that I'll want to do you as well. I still love getting it on with a woman...uh...just with you."

"As well as Mike doing you, and other men doing me. Then we won't be lesbians exclusively, we'll be 'bi'. That will double our chances for a date on Saturday night." She and I giggled.

"You better get ready for work. Mike will be here in just over an hour."

I sprang into the shower and thought of everything Cindy and I had discussed. I ran the soapy sponge over my feminine body. I had little or no desire to return to being a man again. I felt a twinge of sexual excitement as I lathered my erect nipples for the third time. I couldn't wait to finish my shower and get to my makeup table. Maybe it was because I was still new at it, but I love making up my face, especially my eyes and lips. They were my best, prettiest, and certainly most feminine features.

I was ready a good ten minutes before Mike arrived, but then I chose to be fashionably 5 minutes late while he waited downstairs.

"Whew, you are beautiful," Mike whistled as I stopped at the bottom of the stairs and did a pirouette. The extra time spent getting ready was certainly worth it. Yes, I loved being a girl! Soon I was off to work with the man I loved. Loved? Maybe instead I should say adored.

The rest of the summer flew by. Cindy saw Steve "whenever she felt the need to be serviced". Apparently Cindy was as terrific in bed for Steve as he was for her because he was always there when she snapped her fingers.

I still felt a tinge of hurt, betrayal, and excitement whenever Steve made love to my wife. Cindy and I no longer slept together. As far as sex is concerned, she is totally into men. There were even a couple of other men when word got out that Stan would not be back for quite a while...maybe not at all.

In the meantime, Mike and I had a great time platonically speaking. We took square dancing lessons, and I fell in love with the delightful petticoats that billowed under my lacy,

ruffled, beribboned dresses. We clogged, and I enjoyed the short skirt outfits that we girls wore. The show costumes were of glittery camisole tops, and mini petticoats under short skirts. I could even perform in the showy 4: stiletto heels.

It didn't matter what we did. If I was with Mike, I was deliriously happy. Was I in love with him? Could I be falling in love with him? I swallowed as I wrestled with my questions. Here I was, really still a man, biologically speaking, but I looked like, thought like, and felt like I was a woman, including my feminine, romantic feelings for a man – Mike.

Did Mike have similar feelings about me? Yes, I knew he did. But he didn't know my dirty little secret, that I too was a man, not at all like him, but a male nonetheless. He wanted more of a romantic relationship with me, more than kissing and petting. He wanted to have sex with me, vaginal sex, but I had no means to pull that off.

I had brought him off once using my hands, but quite frankly, he didn't need me for a hand job. Cindy encouraged me to go down on him. She felt that would satisfy him. I wasn't sure that I could take a man's erection in my mouth, and have his hot sticky sperm in my mouth, and swallow it.

If you're going to be a woman with a man, then that's something that you will have to do," she advised me. "It's really quite pleasurable for a woman, almost as much pleasure as the man receives," she encouraged. "You must get past the first time, and I guarantee that you will love it."

Maybe, maybe not," I answered. "If I were a woman for real..."

"You are a woman, Lisa! Don't give me that crap. You love being a woman, so start acting like one full time. Decide now that you are going to give Mike a blowjob, and that you're going to do it relatively soon."

"All right..." I fearfully agreed. I had mixed feelings about going down on Mike. The positive feelings were that I would finally perform a sexual act as a woman, and I knew that I would make Mike totally happy. I hadn't forgotten the thrills

of receiving a blowjob as a guy. The worry? Did Cindy tell me the truth? Would I enjoy oral sex as a woman, now that I was a woman? I decided that I would do it! Now I just needed the opportunity. I was still afraid however.

It was a Monday night about 9 PM when Cindy answered the phone. Ten minutes after answering the phone and carrying on a subdued conversation, she appeared from her bedroom dressed to go out on a cool night. "I...I'm going over to a girlfriends home. Several of us are getting together to study for a big test next week." She sounded nervous, but I merely shrugged my shoulders and said okay as she headed out the door.

I watched TV for an hour, and then headed to bed. I heard the beep from Cindy's phone, and saw that she had neglected to hang up. I picked up the receiver and accidentally noted the lighted caller I.D. number. It was Mike's phone number! Cindy was talking with Mike, and now she was off somewhere to meet him. I couldn't believe it!

She didn't return until nearly 1 AM. She had spent four hours 'studying' with my boyfriend! I pretended to be asleep, but sleep alluded me that night.

This is Cindy writing now. Let me tell you what happened when I received the phone call from Mike.

I felt very nervous when I left the house. Why did Mike call me and insist that I meet him at 'Grandpa's' drive-in? I felt terrible lying to Lisa, my husband, but Mike insisted that I not let her know that I was meeting him.

A light rain was falling as I pulled into Grandpa's restaurant, parking next to Mike's jeep. We were the only two cars in the lot. I shook the water from my raincoat as I entered the restaurant, and I realized that the place was closed, and the owner only kept it open as a favor to Mike.

"Hi, Cindy," Mike smiled. "I got us a pot of coffee."

"Are we going to need a pot of coffee?" I asked.

"Well...yeah...maybe," Mike's response was very subdued. I could tell that something heavy was going to happen, and I was sure that I wouldn't like it.

"Let me come straight to the point, Cindy," Mike started, "And I'd appreciate it if you are completely honest with me."

"All right, of course," I answered. The pit of my stomach filled with butterflies.

"You know that I really had a thing for Lisa ever since I stopped her, what...four months ago...for driving too slow."

"Yeah. When you say a 'thing' for Lisa, do you mean romantically?" I questioned.

"Yes...of course. Isn't that obvious?"

"Yes it is. You know that she feels the same way about you? Is this about Vic? He means nothing..."

"No, it's not about Vic or any other man that she has dated. What it's about, Cindy, is this..." Mike pulled a copy of Stanley J. Knight's Colorado driver's license from his pocket and threw it on the table in front of me. "I just got this today."

"What, my husband's driver's license? What's this about, Mike?"

"There is no record of a Lisa Knight with a driver's license."

I feared where this was leading. "Maybe she has an out of state license..."

"She hasn't a license anywhere, Cindy. Look at Stanley's photo. Look at the scar above his right eye. Look at the height, weight, and color of his eyes. All exactly like Lisa. The scar is identical, Cindy."

"W...what are you saying, Mike?" I asked, fearing that I knew the answer. "Lisa's weight is much less than Stanley's."

"I hope that I'm wrong, but I'm sure that I'm not," Mike murmured. "Lisa is really Stan, isn't she? Lisa is really a man. Tell me that I'm wrong, Cindy!" he was pleading.

"You are not wrong, Mike," I sighed, "but there is so much you need to know about Lisa."

"I knew it! I knew it!" he hit his fists on the table. He was confused, angry, and sad at the same time.

"And who are you to her, Cindy? You aren't sisters-in-law?"

"No..." I gasped for air. "Lisa is Stan, and Stan is my husband...at least legally for now." The bottom seemed to drop out of Mike's expression. "That's going to change soon. We are going through a divorce. I can't be married to another woman, and that's what Stan has become.

"I can't believe that I've been dating another guy all this time!" Mike muttered.

"Do you or have you ever thought of Lisa as anything but a woman? Would you ever think that she was a male if it wasn't for that photo? Is there anything masculine about her?" I pleaded.

"No...not at all. She's the most feminine woman that I know. It's no wonder that she wouldn't let me see her naked, that she wouldn't let me have sex with her. She's a goddamn man!" Mike grew angry.

"Barely, Mike, she's just barely a man, and soon she will be a woman completely and totally. You've seen her naked breasts, her feminine waist, and womanly hips. She's almost a woman except for the very last step."

"Surgery? She's going to have surgery to become a woman?"

"Well, yes, she has no desire to remain a man. Mentally she is already a woman. She has changed much of her body already to fit her mind."

"I don't know, I just don't know, Cindy. I've just learned that my girlfriend is a man, even though she's going to correct that with surgery. I don't know if I can handle this!"

"Do you hate her for not telling you, Mike?"

"No, but I wish that she had..."

"And you would have dropped her like a hot potato, wouldn't you?"

"Yes!"

"And now? Are you through with Lisa, Mike? Are you going to expose her at her job? What should I tell her? What should I prepare her for?"

"Uh...nothing. Don't tell her a thing just now. Common sense tells me that I should run from this whole situation. I'm dating a man!" he paused. "But she's so much of a woman, so really feminine. She should have been born a girl. It's not right that someone so feminine was born a man."

"I completely agree with you, Mike. Then you're not going to expose her at work or to others?"

"No, no! I wouldn't do that! But as for her and I..." his voice trailed off.

We talked for the next 3 hours. I answered all of Mike's questions, including why I had married Stan "because when I did, he was doing his job of being a male, a good husband, of being a male impersonator". Mike smiled when I said that. He didn't hate Lisa, he didn't even dislike her, and maybe he even still cared for her...Lisa, a woman. I didn't tell Mike about our contract with Vic, only that Lisa dated him and really disliked him.

"I don't like him either," Mike agreed, "although probably for different reasons. I know he is a sleaze bag and a white collar criminal."

I assured Mike that Stan and my divorce was completely amicable, and that we still loved each other very much. I told him that we would remain girlfriends, but two women couldn't be married to one another. Some day I may be the

Maid of Honor at her wedding, and she would be my Maid of Honor if I should remarry.

"You really do love her, don't you?" Mike asked with deep interest.

"Yes!" I answered with conviction.

When we parted, I knew that Mike wasn't angry with Lisa, and that he wouldn't expose her. I didn't know if he would continue to see her. If not, I wasn't sure that he would even tell her good-bye. I understood. What a shock it must be to learn that the woman you love is not a woman!

Mike asked me if I could drive Lisa to work or let her have our car when I didn't need it. He had too much on his mind to deal with Lisa at this time. I was afraid that would hurt her, but I had sworn to remain silent, and I would honor my promise. I just hoped that Mike wouldn't take too long before making his decision about Lisa...about him and Lisa.

Chapter 39

"Lisa, wake up. Today's a work day," Cindy woke me from a troubled sleep.

"All right..." I mumbled. I had hardly slept, and Cindy wasn't going to start my day happily.

"Hi, Hon., I don't need the car today, so you can take it to work," she announced.

"Why? Mike always picks me up," I was puzzled.

"Well...I ran into Mike last night, and he asked if I could take you to work, but...but...take the car," she stammered.

"You already said that. You just ran into Mike...at your study group?"

"No...no...don't get cranky. We were at Grandpa's and he stopped by. I'm just relaying a message" I probably would have believed her if I didn't know that she had talked with him last night on the phone, then left immediately to "study".

I mechanically got ready for work, with no pleasant thoughts, no humming, just a job to get ready for. I skipped breakfast and carefully avoided further conversation with Cindy, which seemed quite fine with her.

On my drive to work, I decided to lighten up and meet Mike to straighten things out. That wasn't going to happen.

"Hi Carole, hi Heather," I greeted the dispatchers leaving work. "Did Mike come in yet?"

"No, he called in and asked for time off. Are you taking time off too?" Heather giggled. "Maybe something big in your future?"

"Uh...no, not for me..."

"Oh, sorry, I thought that you two had planned something together." I shook my head no.

Heather and Carole seemed to read something in my expression. "Are you okay, Lisa?" Carole asked.

"I'm not sure...I'm not sure, but I'll be okay."

"Man trouble?" Heather asked. "I mean it's none of my business, but woman to woman, if you want to talk, we are here for you."

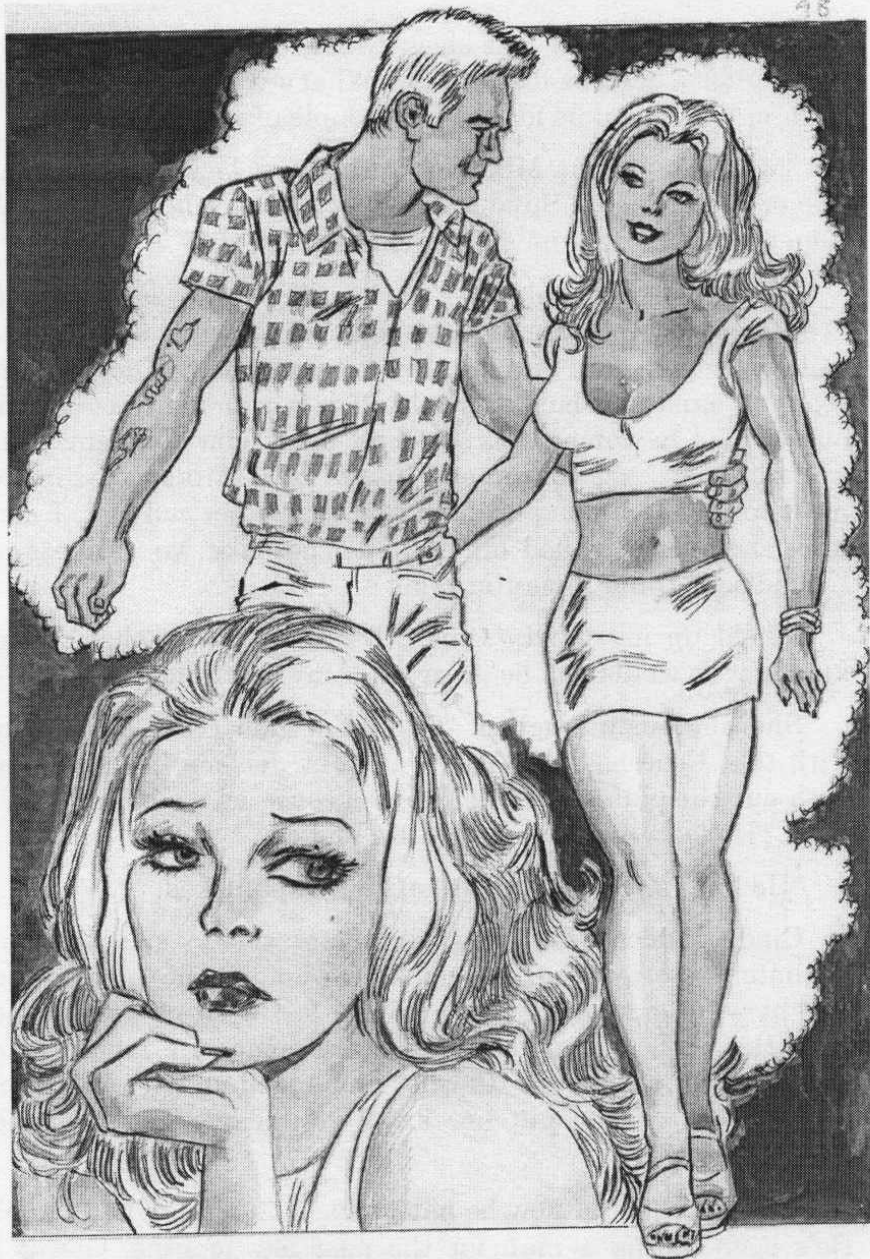
"That's sweet of you, but I'm not sure that anything is wrong. If it is, I'll let you know."

An entire week passed and I didn't hear from Mike. I called at the end of the week and left messages. Three days later, he still didn't return my calls, so I left another message, my last one as well. I wasn't about to beg or act possessive, but a call...a short call would have been nice.

I wondered what was up. It all began the night that Mike talked with Cindy on the phone. She was home every night with me, so she wasn't seeing him. I decided to talk with her. I could no longer hold it back.

"Cindy, we need to talk," I approached her.

98



I couldn't get Mike out of my mind. All I could think of was the great times we had together. Was all that lost? Would I ever see him again?

"Sure. What's up?" she cheerily asked, then realized that I was up for a serious discussion. "What's the problem? You've been in the doldrums for the past couple of weeks."

"Mike. It's about Mike...or rather the lack of Mike. The two of you spoke on Sunday the 16th, and met later. I haven't seen or heard from him since. What's going on?"

She nibbled thoughtfully on her lip, her eyes downcast. "Yes, you need to know. I thought that Mike would have called you by now, but he obviously hasn't. Sit down," she took my hand and held it firmly. This was going to be a serious woman-to-woman talk. "I don't know how to begin. This won't be easy," she continued. "You're right, Mike asked me to meet him at Gramps and he asked that I not tell you. I met him," her voice trailed off, "but it's not like we...Mike and I...had something romantic going on, Lisa..."

I held up my hand. "Cindy, I never thought that. What kind of wife would you be going after my boyfriend?"

She nervously laughed. "Good, I'm glad that you're okay with that," she sighed. "Mike ran your driver's license along with our car plates. He ran Stan's license as well." My heart sank. "He looked at a photo of Lisa and..."

"He knows? He knows, doesn't he?" I panicked.

Cindy nodded. "He laid your photos side-by-side and immediately spotted the scar in both photos. The height and weight were similar although you've lost a lot of weight. He used the police photo ID kit to make composite images. He enhanced Stan's photo with color and ended up with Lisa. I'm sorry, honey..." she put her arms around me and held me tight.

"He hates me! I know he hates me...and why shouldn't he? He's been dating a man for the past few months. Gawd! I cannot ever look him in the eyes again. Did he explode? Did he yell? What did you tell him?"

"He doesn't hate you."

"He doesn't?"

"No, he's angry that you hid your secret from him, but he doesn't hate you. He wanted time to sort things out. He's gone fishing. Your secret will remain safe. He won't tell anyone else."

"Of course not, he doesn't want people to know that his girlfriend is a guy!"

"No, Lisa, you're wrong...dead wrong! He is protecting you, not him. He respects that you want to live as a woman. He's not going to ruin that for you."

I lightened up slightly. "Really? That's Mike. He is such a wonderful man. I've deceived him and he's willing to protect me and let me continue living as a woman. Do I have to quit my job?"

"No, he's not going to expose you. You can continue living your life as a woman. It's just that maybe..."

"Mike won't be a part of it..."

"Yeah, that's possible, sweetheart. There are other men out there," she suggested.

"Yes," I sighed, but when do I tell them? If I do it up front, there will be no first date."

"Maybe you should worry about that after you become a woman."

"Yea, \$40,000 away. That's not what is important now. I need to talk with Mike. I owe an explanation. You sure he doesn't hate me?"

"He doesn't hate you, he just doesn't understand you."

"Even I don't understand me."

"He asked if you were a complete woman...you know gone through the..."

"And?"

"I didn't lie to him. He asked if you planned on becoming a woman, and I said that he would have to ask you."

"You think that he would care if I really do the surgery?" She nodded, but didn't speak. "How can I get in touch with him, Cindy?"

"You can't...you shouldn't. He will get in touch with you when he is ready."

"You think he may still be interested in me...as a woman?"

"You may have a chance. Just be patient," she squeezed my hand. Well at least I didn't have to worry about telling him.

Chapter 40

My relief was short lived, as the phone rang. "Hello," Cindy answered. "Oh, hi, Connie." It was my mom. What did she want? "Yes, he's here. Do you want to talk with him?"

I tried to stall Cindy off. "I have a woman's voice now," I mouthed to her.

"Oh, you don't want to talk to her...him?" Cindy's face went chalk white. She struggled to speak. "Oh, yes, right. We'll see you in a few minutes. Bye." She hung up. "They are 20 minutes...half hour away. Max is with them."

"Oh, great, my folks and brother." My boyfriend had just learned that I'm not a girl, and now my parents and brother are about to learn that I've become a girl!

"Hey, we don't have to tell them. Let's change you back to Stan. We have almost half an hour. Come on, let's get with it."

"You think that we can do it in that little time?"

"Let's try. Start taking your makeup off." I grabbed cold crème and makeup remover and attacked my face.

"Give me your hand," Cindy worked rapidly on removing the burnt orange color from my fingernails. "Now, the other hand...quickly, Lisa," she choked.

"It's Stan, remember? I'm Stan...Stan the man, just like the baseball player."

"You'll have to leave your shoes and socks on. I don't have time to clean your toenails. Give me that towel," she nearly tore the skin off my face as she removed the remaining makeup.

"It won't work, Cindy. What about my long blonde hair?"

"Yes, it will work. You're just a cool California surfer, and we'll put it in a ponytail with a rubber band instead of a scrunchie or ribbon." She brushed furiously. "This will have to do," she finally declared.

"What am I going to wear?" Neither of us had any idea where my remaining male clothes were stored.

"Hmmm," she frowned. "Let's wrap your 'B' breasts as tightly as we can." She did so, but didn't sound too positive. She managed to reduce them to 'A' cup, but they were still woman's breasts. "Maybe she won't notice," she stated. "Put this blouse on. It's kind of mannish."

"Yeah, except the buttons are on the left."

"Your dad won't notice."

"And my mom?"

"She probably will notice," Cindy agreed, "but we have to try."

"What about these black slacks? The zip up the back," I cried as I slipped her jacket on over my blouse. I hoped that my woman's tennis shoes looked unisex. Cindy and I worked furiously to replace the pink laces with white.

All too soon, there was a knock on the door, and Cindy started to open the door, but stopped. "Ring. Your ring," she whispered. I removed the garnet flower ring and tried to put it in a non-existent pocket. "Uncross your legs. Sit like a man! Ready?"

"Ready," I answered in my feminine voice.

Chapter 41

I sprawled against the back of the couch just like Stan would have done back in the old comfortable masculine days. I spotted two teacups with lipstick stains on their rims, and quickly snatched them up and buried them in the magazine rack under 'new woman' magazine.

"Hi, Connie," Cindy greeted as she greeted my mother.

"Hi, honey. My goodness, Cindy, it's been forever since we've seen you." The two women briefly embraced, and then mom's eyes sought me out. "Stan, honey," she greeted, and then she stopped and smiled. "Stan? My ultra-conservative son wearing a ponytail?" she welcomed me into her 'mom' embrace, and then stepped back. "Let me look at you. You are so different," and then her smile faded, and a worried concern replaced her smile...then shock. "Oh, my gawd," she almost shrieked, and then she quickly stepped back to the door, blocking dad and Max's entry. "Dan, Max, I've lost a contact lens. Would you retrace my steps back to the car and see if you can find it before a wind comes up? It's blues, so should be easy to find."

"You could help," dad grumbled. "Here, take this."

Mom stepped out onto the porch and reappeared momentarily carrying a plastic covered tux. She handed it to Cindy without comment, and then shut the door behind her. "What is going on here?" she growled in a voice that made me jump.

"What are you talking about, Mom?" I asked, knowing perfectly well that my male makeover was a failure.

"Oh, my Gawd, you ask me that question with a Dolly Mineo voice? Look at you, my son, at least I think my son, wearing slacks with a zipper at the back, and a shirt, no a blouse, with buttons on the left side? Stan, or should I call you Sharon, you're wearing women's clothes." I couldn't say anything, so she continued. "You left traces of eyeliner in the corner of your left eye, and a trace of lipstick in the corner of your lip." I wet a finger and swabbed at my lip. "The other side."

"Oh..." I changed to the right side and flinched at the sight of pink on the end of my finger.

"What else, Cindy? What else did he miss?"

"A little mascara in both eyelashes," she replied.

"Yes," mom agreed. "We didn't give you enough time to remove all your makeup, did we, Stan?"

"No, Mom," I quietly and truthfully answered.

"Do you two want to tell me what is going on? I've got to think of something to tell your father." I held up my hands to make a point, and mom dryly said, "You have nail polish, orange nail polish around your cuticles...of your feminine oval nails." Mom was flabbergasted. "How long have you been dressing as a woman? No, a better question is 'Are you living as a woman?' It appears that you are." I said nothing, but nodded my head. "That little cutie in the stars and stripes bikini? That was you, wasn't it, Stan?" Again I nodded. Mentioning the bikini lodged a thought in mom's head. "It appeared that you had small breasts then...women's breasts, Stan, and it appears that your breasts are larger now. Tell me that they are foam rubber, son."

"Yeah, mom, they are..." I lied.

"I don't believe you. Lift up your blouse so I can see for myself." I felt like I was five and obeyed.

"Uh huh, wrapped to hide. Unwrap the binding, Cindy. You probably bound them down." Cindy also obeyed like I had. She unwrapped the cloth bandage to expose my shapely 'B' cup pear shape breasts. A bolt of hot blood flushed my entire body as I stood before my mother and wife bare breasted, creating a scene that no other son and husband could do before his wife.

Mom shook her head. "Beautiful breasts for a young woman. Are you pleased with them?" she asked, actually softly for the first time since her tirade began. I nodded. "Are you a woman, Stan? Have you gone all the way? Don't lie to me this time. I'm not going to look at my adult son's groin. I'll

take your word for it. Are you still my son, or are you my daughter?"

I finally found my voice. "I'm not a woman, mom...not yet."

"Not yet? Cindy, is this what I told you about before you married Stan? Was I right?"

"No, Connie...well, sort of, but there's so much to tell you that we need to tell you. It's not quite what you told me..."

"Told you? What did you tell Cindy, mom?" I started getting angry. Mom was speechless for the first time since her arrival. I looked at Cindy. "Well, what did she tell you?" I demanded. "That I wanted to be a girl or something like that?"

Cindy started to answer. Her body language said yes, but she didn't have a chance to utter a word. The front door swung open and dad and Max stopped in their tracks, staring at my naked breasts. Mom quickly pulled the blouse from my frozen hands and down to my waist.

Both Dad and Max were confused. Max spoke first. "Stan? Stan, is that you?"

"Don't be stupid, Max. Why would you ask this young woman something so stupid..." Dad's voice trailed off as he took a hard look at me. "Sta...Stan...no!" Dad looked at Mom for help.

"Yes, this is Stan. He's doing the young California surfer look. It's mod in that state."

"Surfer look?" Dad questioned. "He looks like a fu...have you gone queer, boy?" he demanded. "Well, Cindy, has he? It looks like you're living here as two women."

"Dad, I..."

"W...what? Connie, what's going on here? Is our son pretending to be a girl for some good reason?"

"No, Dan, it's far more complicated than that. I'll explain it to you in great detail, but I think we should do it at home."

"You know...you know what this is all about, Connie?" Dad demanded.

"Well, sort of, but not entirely. Let me sort it out, and we'll discuss it tonight. I'll have Stan and Cindy bring me home later."

"Stan? How about calling him sissy...like he is. Next time I see you, young man, you better have a haircut, be wearing some men's clothes, and get rid of those phony stick-on tits. You understand me?" he roared.

"I hear you, Dad."

Dad took a last disgusted look at me, and then eyed Cindy. "I want him to look decent when he wears that tux at our grand opening in two weeks. Come on, Max." We heard dad bellowing about me being a 'Fu...' 'Fr...', and Max agreeing.

I took a deep breath, as did Cindy and Mom, and we all sat down. I automatically crossed my legs in ladylike style, then immediately switched to a male style. "No, sit like you're comfortable, Stan. Obviously that would be as a woman." I did as she said, and re-crossed my legs as if I were wearing a short skirt.

"I...uh..." I cleared my throat. "I think there may be a very long story here. I thought it started two months ago when I started living as a woman, but it appears that you two have a previous story that should be told first. Am I right?"

"Yes, you're right, honey," Cindy acknowledged.

"But it starts with me, so I'll go first," Mom cut in.

"Yes, mom," I said. "This should be good."

"Stan, before you married Cindy, I felt that she should be aware of your other side."

"Other side?" I asked.

"Your feminine side, honey. I've always suspected that you wished you were a girl instead of a boy."

"What!?" I demanded.

"Hear her out, honey," Cindy advised.

"Surely you remember?" Mom asked. I shook my head. "When you were 5 or 6, you were playing 'Knights and Dragons' with the other little boys..." She looked at me to see if I remembered. I didn't.

"Well, honey, you decided that you would be the princess. You had two little boys sword fight for you, and then you gave yourself to the winner as his wife. Remember?"

I started to have inklings of what she was talking about. "I...I sort of remember. I had Johnny get me his older sister's party dress and I wore it so I could be the princess. But I was just a little boy."

"Yes, and do you remember crying because you had to be the ring bearer at your uncle's wedding. You wanted to be a flower girl." She looked at me for an answer.

"Oh, my, yes! I totally forgot about that! I remembered that I did wear Trish's flower girl dress. It was darling, and I loved wearing it. Trish caught me, and she blackmailed me for months for candy and toys. She even made me play dolls with her. I only pretended to hate it. It wasn't punishment. I loved when she made me wear one of her dresses and play the mommy.

"Remember how I resolved that situation?" she asked. I shook my head. "I agreed to let you dress as a bride or a ballerina for the following Halloween. I told your father that it was my idea."

"I went as a bride."

"Yes, and Max was the groom. I couldn't get you out of the dress after trick or treating. You hid it in your closet for a couple of years. I know that you wore it many times." How could I have forgotten that? She was right, of course.

"Do you want me to go on?"

"There is more?"

"Much more! I can't believe that you repressed all those memories." Gosh, I really had repressed them.

She continued telling me of other instances where I had bought and hidden away girl's clothes. She described how she once asked if I wanted to dress as a girl for fun some night, and how I had exploded. "Quite frankly, Stan, if you had allowed me, I would have treated you as my daughter whenever your dad and Max were out of town. I would have loved dressing you up so pretty, and then taking you to town as a mother and daughter."

"You would have?" I gasped. "But there was no way that would do that. I was a boy, not a sissy girl."

"That you were, honey. You apparently trashed all your girlie clothes and became Mr. Macho...Mr. Wrestler, and Mr. Football Player. You even went hunting and fishing with your dad and brother, although I knew you hated it."

"Yeah, I did, but I was dating girls then. I didn't want them to know that I liked dressing up like them. I hid it and repressed all those memories till just now. I must have stopped when I was 13 or 14.

"I thought so too until you went to college. I let you use my credit card for school supplies and things for your apartment. You must not have thought I read my credit card statement. Charges for a woman's wig boutique, a fashion store, lingerie store, and a beauty supply store. I just paid them, and never said a word to you and certainly not to your father." I had blocked all memory of those events. "Then you met and dated Cindy. I felt compelled to tell her about it. She should know before you married. You never talked to him about it, did you, Cindy?"

"No," Cindy quietly answered.

"Now, you two have a story for me?" Mom asked.

"Well...uh...before I start, I need to tell Lisa...er...Stan some things."

"Lisa? You picked a very pretty name, son. Go on, Cindy."

"Your mother told me of your earlier fascination with girl's clothes, but I didn't care. I loved you, and your gentle ways.

You weren't always trying to prove your manhood to me. Then Vic sent that 'Indecent Proposal' letter to me."

"Indecent proposal?" Mom asked.

"Vic Toredo sent me a letter proposing that I spend the weekend with him as his girlfriend, including staying with him in his house."

"Vic Toredo, the car dealer?" Mom gasped.

"Yeah, Mom, the same Vic that owns our house...the house we were about to lose because we were behind on our payments."

"He wanted you to sleep with him so you could keep your house?" Mom exploded.

Cindy held her hand. "I'll get to it in a few minutes. Anyway, I sent his proposal back to him; only I proposed an alternative idea...the one chosen. I thought this was an opportunity to see if your feminine feelings were still around...a test, if you will."

Cindy went on to explain the contract, what was expected, how I finally accepted the challenge, and all that happened. Mom was floored at these revelations. She was especially aghast when Cindy told her about Dad taking part in the mock wedding as the 'father of the bride'.

"No! He told me about that photo shoot. He was well paid, and said the bride was gorgeous, but he would never have allowed his daughter to wear the gown worn by the bride in the shoot. You are telling me that the woman was you? Dan was giving away his own son as the bride, and he never realized it? Wow!! What a hoot! I can't wait to tell him this!" Mom cried.

"Oh, Mom, please don't!" I cried. "He will die of a heart attack if he ever learns about that!"

"I wouldn't be so sure of that!" Mom smiled from ear to ear. "But I will withhold it from him until he is ready...if ever."

"Thanks, Mom," I gasped. The thought of Dad learning that he had given his own son away at a mock wedding sent a shiver up my spine.

Cindy finished our story with, "Lisa has continued to live as a woman. He works as a woman, and everyone here thinks that we are sisters-in-law."

She looked at me, and continued, "I wanted to give you the chance to decide if this was merely a fetish or something deeper. You could have stopped at any time, and we would have started over as man and wife. But you didn't. I gave you a chance to live as a woman, dress in beautiful gowns, sexy bathing suits, and to be in public as a chick. You thrived on it, and I'm ready to accept any decision that you make."

"It looks like 'she' has already decided," Mom stated.

"Not entirely, Mom. I'm not totally sure that I'm going to surrender my manhood. I've still got Cindy and I to consider. I've still got my manhood."

"Can't be much of one. Where do you hide it under that bikini? And your tits...those aren't paste on. They are real."

"Oh, they are temporary...if I decide to return to being a man," I explained the shots I took to get my womanly shape.

"So you can be a man again?" Mom asked.

"Yes."

"And you are living together as two girls?" We both nodded. "Don't you need...want a man, Cindy?"

"That's none of your business, Mom," I gasped.

"It's okay, honey. No, I'm fine. We're both fine." I appreciated Cindy's fib, remembering that she had indeed needed a real man.

"I...I'm really confused," Mom said understandably. "It's a pretty confusing situation."

"It's none of my business what you decide to do, dear, but I want you to know that I wouldn't mind having a son...or a daughter." Her face brightened. "You should have come to me

earlier. We could have had so many wonderful times together."

"I'm sorry that I didn't," I softly replied. "I won't be making a decision for some time, but I plan on continuing to live as a woman, Mom. Are you okay with that?"

"I'm fine, but it's your father and brother who will have a problem with it. Well, I should be off. I've a long night of explanations to your father."

"Mom, we both know that even if I become a man again, Dad will never speak to me again."

"Don't judge him harshly, Lisa," she smiled at referring to me as Lisa. "He never saw much manly about you as a man. Maybe he will accept you as a woman."

"If you say so, but I doubt it," I sighed.

Pinching my cheek like a little girl, she said, "Lisa, do your hair and makeup, and slip into something comfortable, but definitely more feminine. Then I want you girls to drive me home."

It was during our drive to Denver that I asked about the tuxedo. "Oh...oh, your father and I purchased an exquisite French restaurant. We have a grand opening in three weeks. We want to take some publicity family photos of all of us in front of the restaurant, and then have Max and you be hosts for a week or so. I would be so elegant."

I frowned, "I doubt if Dad would want anything to do with me now. The tux wouldn't fit my chest and hips. There is no way that I could appear or even sound very masculine, but I wish the family all the luck, Mom."

"Don't get down on yourself. We will still want you to be part of the family," she said, but her tone was doubtful. "Thanks for the ride, Cindy...and Lisa." She gave us both a girlish hug and kiss. "I don't think tonight's a good night to come in."

"Me neither, Mom."

I felt empty as Cindy piloted our old Subaru through the night back to the Colorado Mountains. She woke me from my deep thoughts. "I know that you've got lots on your mind. Want to share it with me?"

I smiled glad to have company with my problems. "You can pretty well guess what is troubling me."

"Spell it out..."

"Well let's start with the fact that I'm a man living as a woman, and thinking that maybe I'll become one. My parents have disowned me, and I have...well had a boyfriend who surely hates me. Life couldn't be worse."

"I think things aren't really so bad," she answered.

"No? Like what? I could get fired?"

"Oh, I agree that changing your sex after living as a man for 24 years can cause major stress, but consider the positives you have going for you."

"Such as?"

"Your mom totally accepts you as her son or as her daughter. Your brother, Max, will be okay no matter what you choose to do, although it may take him a while."

"And my dad?"

"Two out of three isn't bad. Who knows, maybe he'll come around."

"Right..." I sarcastically responded.

"And Mike doesn't hate you. He's not going to pound your face. He's not going to get you fired. At worst, he no longer wants to date you. So? There are millions of other men. You are a beautiful, curvy chick who won't have trouble finding other men."

"Isn't that a strange thing to be telling your husband?" I asked with a bit of humor.

"And that's the other thing, maybe the most important thing. You have a wife who is totally supportive. I'll still love

you if you want to become a woman. We can live together as girlfriends. I accept your femininity, even that you are romantically attracted to men. How many other men have wives that will do that?"

"Not many," I answered, and then wondered if the answer should have been none.

"And, Miss Lisa Knight, should you choose to become Mr. Stanley Knight again, I will be proud and happy to remain your wife."

I leaned over and gave her a warm, grateful, loving kiss. "No other woman would do for her husband what you've done...are doing for me. I love you."

"You are right," was her playful answer. "Let's celebrate. How about dinner out?"

"I'd love that. Let's stop at Montonis in Evergreen with a bottle of wine, but I want to stop at home, freshen my makeup, and put on my little basic black dress and heels."

"I think it is really my little black dress, but yes, you can borrow it. You are okay if we flirt with any good looking hunks?" Cindy asked. "Montonis is where all the executives hang out."

"Why do you think I chose it? I may or may not have a boyfriend. I'd love to be picked up by a rich guy," I teased.

"They may come through, but sweetheart, then they expect you to 'come through' too. So far you haven't been able to do that," Cindy cautioned.

"Maybe we can just flirt and tease a little," I suggested.

"Men have a phrase for girls like you, and it isn't complimentary. The last word is 'teaser', and the first word is..."

"I know," I interrupted.

My spirits were feminine and high when we left for Montonis. I loved the taste of my fresh lipstick, the smell of my 'Silver Moments', and delighted to be wearing Cindy's little

black dress. It's not often that a wife will loan her husband her clothes to wear to dinner.

Dinner was wonderful, and the wine flowed freely, a couple of glasses bought by well-dressed men on so-called business trips. It was an interesting feeling being 'the other woman'.

Cindy and I played 'boxers or briefs', as new men arrived. I was pleased to dance with one man whom I had obviously excited. But in the end, we chose to go home alone. I think Cindy was a little disappointed to lose out on a possible fling with a Nicolas Cage look-alike. It was fun. Being the prey instead of the hunter was wonderful. Yes, I loved being a woman, and my happiness was not yet to end.

Chapter 42

We got home about 11 AM, carrying on a girlish discussion the entire trip. "Ah, one of the guys must have left you a message," I observed.

She laughed at noticing 4 calls waiting, and the third one was for me. "Hi, Lisa. This is a voice from the past, and I hope that you will hear me out. Please don't hang up," Mike appealed from the speaker. "I'm very, very sorry that I haven't talked to you these past two weeks. I'm back home and we need to get together and talk...about us, that is, if you still want to talk with me. There haven't been any other women since I met you. Call me anytime. I probably won't be asleep. Okay?"

I looked at Cindy. "Did you hear that? I'm the one with the bad baggage, and he is saying that I'm the only woman since he met me. Cindy, he still accepts me as a woman! He isn't mad at me! I deceived him terribly. I'm so thrilled!" I embraced her and squeezed her hand.

"Don't get your hopes up," Cindy cautioned. "He just said that he wanted to talk."

I took a deep breath. "You're right," I sighed. "Maybe he just wants for us to be friends...or break it off gently."

"I don't get that message. He wants some type of relationship, but I'm not sure what it is."

"Should I call now? It's really late."

"He said anytime, but don't let the wine do any talking for you."

"I won't," I replied as I punched his number in the phone. I was suddenly afraid...no anxious.

"Lisa?" Mike's deep masculine voice answered.

"You have caller ID," I gently chided.

"Yeah," he laughed, "but I knew it was you without looking. It's good to hear your voice."

"And yours," I softly responded. "I missed you. Cindy told me that you know 'all' about me."

"All? Hardly all, but I know enough to make me want to be with you. Yes, I know about the gender thing."

"And you still want to be with me, knowing that?"

"That's what we need to talk about, but not over the phone. If we are to have a man-woman relationship, I have to know how much of a woman you are...and are willing to be."

Tears dripped down my cheeks. "I...Mike...I'm not sure."

"Don't go into any explanations tonight...and quit crying. I'm not going to hurt you. The worst case scenario is we will be boyfriend - girlfriend."

"That's the worst?" I sobbed. "That sounds wonderful to me."

"It can be a lot more, but we'll have to see. Have you been drinking?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I didn't drive."

Mike's laugh was genuine and warm. "You didn't let some guy pick you up?"

"There's not been another guy since I met you...too. How about breakfast at 9 AM? I'll cook."

"Sounds great. See you then. Love you," he agreed.

"Me too," I replied, and then the phone went dead.

"Love me? Did you hear what he said, Cindy?"

"I did, and I would love to join you, honey, but I have a class tomorrow morning."

"On a Saturday?"

"A study class," she corrected.

"Thanks, Cindy," sincerely answered.

"You're welcome. Would you like to sleep with me tonight, sweetheart?"

"I'd love too!" I answered, and we did. Tomorrow was going to be a wonderful day.

Chapter 43

I was up at 6 AM. "Cindy, what should I wear?" I nervously asked.

"Something pretty, something feminine. You know that he is going to look at you differently than before. He will be checking out whether or not you are as much a woman as he recalls. You're must play the role of Lisa better than ever."

"I'm pretty nervous," I babbled.

"Just be pretty, and drop the nervous. Apply makeup, but don't be too sexy...to provocative. Just be the girl next door."

"What do you think of light blush, pink hue, pink lipstick with a touch of gloss?"

"Go easy on the eyeliner, use powdered pink shadow, play up your beautiful blonde hair. A thin chain necklace and your ruby earrings will look nice, and go easy on the perfume. Remember that this is breakfast, not dinner."

"How about Dockers and a 'T'? The casual look."

"How about not being casual? Wear your buttercup yellow dress without the straps. Be a little bit of a tease. Show him that you are a woman; show a little cleavage. Oh, and Lisa,

nylons...sheer. I don't like the bare leg look, and neither do most men. Play up those gorgeous legs, girl."

"Thanks, Cindy. I don't know much about dressing to please a man."

"Yes you do. You used to be one. What pleased you back then? Relax and enjoy being together with Mike," she held my hand. "Lisa, don't make the typical female errors. Don't be clingy, don't be possessive, and don't sound desperate. Those are sure ways to drive a guy away."

"Actually, I still am one..."

"No you're not! You're as much a girl as I am. Oh, put on some glossy pink nail polish. If you're going to be a girl, go all the way."

Cindy left for the morning as I was pulling the top of my strapless dress lower and checked the effect in our full-length mirror. Gawd, low cut outfits and ample cleavage makes a sexually provocative statement! I fluffed my golden tresses until my hair flounced.

I sipped a quick paper cut of juice as I waited for Mike to arrive. I noticed the pink lipstick stain on the rim. Two men were getting together for breakfast, and one was called Lisa, was wearing a pretty dress, and would leave lipstick on 'her' glass. The other man was a real man!

A firm, masculine knock on the door startled me from my thoughts. I considered for an instant not answering the door, but with heart pounding, I opened the door wide.

"Hi, Lisa," Mike handed me a bouquet of wild flowers.

"They are beautiful. Thank you, Mike. Come in."

"You're shaking. Are you all right?" he anxiously asked.

"No...just a little nervous. I..."

Mike took me in his arms and pulled me close. "This help?"

"Yes...very much. Mike, I'm so sorry..." I blurted out. Tears started to run down my cheeks.

"Hey, GIRL!" he emphasized 'girl', "I thought we were having breakfast and then talk. You're going to get salt water in my OJ," he teased.

"Sorry...you see, I really am a girl. I really am, Mike, in almost..."

"Feed me first, woman, and then we'll talk. And Miss Lisa Knight, I want you to know that I consider you all woman! You are more woman than any woman I have ever dated."

"Really?" I softly asked.

"Really. Now can we eat?"

"Yes," I gratefully smiled, and then took the appropriate feminine action of stopping to repair my makeup. When I returned, I made probably the worst breakfast of all time.

"That was really good, Lisa," Mike smiled.

"Really?" I asked amazed.

"No, actually it was pretty bad. It's lucky that you're so beautiful, as you would never win a man through his stomach." We both laughed, and then we cleared the table and settled on the couch together, side-by-side. This time we drank some really good coffee that Mike brewed.

He placed his arm around my shoulder and looked directly in my eyes. "Let me get right to the point...that being you and me." My heart stopped. Was this where he would say a polite goodbye? "Lisa, you're as much woman as any female I've ever dated. You're pretty, you're shapely, and yes wearing that dress is a great touch." His fingers sketched a line across the bodice of my dress. "I know that you didn't start life as a female. I've wrestled with that for the past two weeks. I can live with that. I'm okay with that, Lisa." I breathed a sigh of relief. "What I need to know is...uh...how do I delicately ask this...uh..."

"How much of a woman am I now?"

"Well, yeah, that would be a start."

"I love being a woman...being a female. I think as a woman, Mike. I love all things feminine." I bit my lower lip. "I think of you, Mike, as a woman would. I have romantic fantasies and feelings toward you." I quickly looked at him to see if he was angry or upset. He was neither. "I like it when you hold me, when you kiss me." He lowered his left hand underneath my dress and cupped my breast, causing my nipples to instantly grow hard. I took a deep breath. "And yes, I love it when you do that."

"I can tell. Respond to me, Lisa...as a woman."

"Huh?"

Mike guided my hand to his manhood hidden beneath his jeans. I squeezed his throbbing member knowing that I was giving him some terrific pleasure and receiving pleasure knowing that I was turning my man on.

He took a deep breath. "This is something that I need to know, Lisa. I'm not going to press you for an immediate answer on whether you're going to have an operation. Someday that may be important to me...to us...you know, more than boyfriend - girlfriend." He looked deeply in my eyes.

"I think I know what you are saying, Mike," I softly responded. "As I am now, we can continue to date with no pressure, but if we are to have a serious relationship...uh...such as getting married, then I have to...am I going too far?"

"No..."

"If I'm to be your wife, then I'll have to be a woman..."

Mike looked sheepish. "I can't marry another man, Lisa."

"I know, I know, and Mike, I feel the same way. I have to take the last steps and become all woman in order to truly be your bride." I blushed. "I mean...if it should lead to that in the future...I will, Mike. If our relationship leads to something wonderful like that, I'll do what needs to be done. I'll do for you everything any other girl can do."

"Have my baby?"

I blushed. "Well...you know that medical science is making great breakthroughs. I would love to become pregnant." I kissed him tenderly on the lips.

"I'd settle for being able to make love to you..." he said.

"Vaginally?" I finished.

"Yeah, I want to put myself deep inside of you..."

"And I want you to, Mike. I dreamed of you making love to me...of entering me. I've dreamed that I really was a woman. I'm seriously thinking of taking that last step, Mike. I cannot see myself being anything other than a woman."

"Good, Lisa. I'll not pressure you to have the operation. It's a decision that you have to make for yourself."

"Thank you." This time I kissed him lightly on his lips. "I won't keep you waiting long."

Mike then decided to return to the present. I one expert sweep, his left hand lowered the lacy top of my dress to my waist. I was topless. He cupped both hands around my breasts and touched one of my hard nipples with his lips, and then sweeping my entire breast with his hot torrid tongue. I loved Mike being all man, feeling me up, and tasting my 'C' cup breasts. My nipples were hard as rocks. I love being a woman for him. We were a man and woman in love, and right now, in lust!

Mike gently lowered me back on the couch. He tucked a pillow under my head and I took the opportunity to fluff my luscious full blonde tresses over the pillow and down my back to my shoulders. I lay topless, erotic as a woman about to accept a man's physical love.

I felt Mike's wool shirt against my naked breasts, and then...whoa...and then I felt the material of his stone wash jeans against my nylon-covered thighs. My dress was bunched at my waist, and Mike was pressing his groin against my red bikini panties. He pulled my face his, plunging his tongue to my throat. It was ecstasy. If this was a preview of what it was like to be a woman, then I wanted the operation tomorrow.

Mike slid his crouch up and down my pantied torso, as if he were inside of me. I wanted more of him. With reckless abandon, I slipped my fingers inside his shorts, grasping for his naked manhood. I wanted him as a woman wants a man.

"Oh...!" I gasped as I grasped his sticky manhood.

"What?" Mike questions as he undid his fly, and not so gently jerked his jeans to his knees, and then kicked them off completely.

"Goey...you're all goey down here," I giggled, as I pulled my hands back from his manhood and put my palms towards his face.

Mike instinctively jerked back, and then he smiled. "It's my gift to you, Lisa," and then he playfully pushed my palm down, smearing his male jell on my lips. I wasn't prepared for his juices, and coughed a little.

Mike laughed, "It's just a little dab, Lisa. Taste it. It's an acquired taste made just for you girls."

I flicked the sticky liquid with the tip of my tongue, and tasted its saltiness. For the first time in my life I had a man's semen inside my mouth. It wasn't horrible. I had a man's sperm in my mouth without doing a blowjob.

I saw Mike's enormous manhood sliding up and down the top of my panties as if her were pumping his manhood deep inside of me. His manhood and assertiveness frightened me. He was grunting in fevered lust.

"Lisa, I need you to take me inside your mouth. Please! Please! Oh, Lisa, I need a blowjob. I need you to suck me off. Quickly! Oh! Oh! Oh NO!" With that, Mike erupted huge volumes of male juice all over my panties, over my bunched up dress, and over my smooth body, clear up to my breasts.

After about 40 seconds, it was all over. Mike collapsed on top of me. He lay still between my spread legs. Finally he rose onto his arms and looked sheepishly into my eyes. "It's been a long time, Lisa, since I've made love to a woman."

I nodded with a smile. "And then I shoot off before I'm ready. I fully intended for us to make love...with me the man inside your womanly mouth. I'm sorry, sweetheart. I lost control by just laying on top of your sexy body."

I smiled weakly and sighed inwardly. "I'm happy, sweetheart, that I was able to get you off."

"Next time it will be between your pretty pink lips, sweetheart," he grinned.

I smiled, the truth being that I wasn't at all sure that I could give Mike a blowjob. I thought in the past that I could go down on a man without any thought. Now, after seeing his manhood, I wasn't so sure that I could take him. The thought of him taking me from behind was even scarier. He was so big! Also lodged deep in my mind was the thought that the worst curse a man could be called was a ****sucker. This was something that I would have to work on...if I was to be the woman that I thought that I wanted to be. I was glad that Mike was so excited and shot his load prematurely. I wouldn't have to deal with my sexuality today. Still...

"What a mess, honey. I owe you a new dress, and some new panties. Those are probably ruined."

"Oh, no, they will wash," I said.

He was in no hurry to get off of me, and I was fine with my feminine feelings of having a hard man lying between my spread legs. I just didn't want him to get reenergized and ready for seconds. "Okay, honey, better let me up before all your goo hardens and I cannot get up."

"Oh sure," he quickly sprang up and helped me to my feet. He pulled me close and warmly kissed me on my lips. "One thing that I was worried about, Lisa, was that you wouldn't let me have sex with you. In the past, you always stopped me just when things were getting hot." He looked me directly in my eyes. "Lisa, I need love, romance, and sex from my girlfriend. Now with you, I have all three."

"You know why I had to stop you before...?"

"Yeah, but Lisa, you're all girl... I'm totally happy having you as my girl. We'll work through the other thing when we have to. I'll never think of you as anything except as the most feminine woman that I've ever dated. The other girls in the office stand in awe of you. You're so much prettier than them."

"Mike, I only want you to think that I'm pretty. I want to be the woman in your life."

"You are, sweetheart. You are the woman in my life. Now go change."

I straightened up my dress and accidentally stuck my finger in a little of Mike's juices. "Yucky!" I squealed. Mike laughed as he pressed my finger to my lips, putting the dab of semen on my lips. We laughed and giggled at this horseplay.

"Mike..." I abruptly said.

"What?" he asked as I pressed my lips to his hard and long. "How does it taste?" I giggled.

He licked his lips. "Well, coming second hand, I can live with it, but next time I'm going to make you swallow all of it so that you won't have any ammunition left for me. It's men's gift for you women."

I slipped into my bedroom, sprayed my body in a hot shower, and slipped into form-fitting slacks and a glitter t-shirt that read 'Bitch'. 'A man's juices were made to delight a woman,' Mike had said. Could they delight an "almost woman"?

We had had sex, Mike and I. He was pleased, having achieved orgasm, and he gave me all the credit for causing it. I took the credit thankful that it had worded out like it did, but truthfully, Mike, in all his eagerness, had come to orgasm merely by rubbing his naked manhood over my bikini panties and smooth feminine thighs. One of his conditions for me to remain his girlfriend was that I provide good...no, great sex.

"Was I too long," I coyly asked.

"No, surprisingly quick. Eight minutes at tops. That's got to be a record for a woman to change her clothes and redo her makeup," he smiled as he handed me a hot cup of coffee. "You are great in the sack."

I blushed at his compliment, "Thanks, Mike. It was terrific for me too. I loved having you lay on me...between my legs, but it was over so quickly." Whoops!

He blushed, "Uh, yeah, premature ejaculation."

I forced my hand into his. It was my chance to be understanding. "No problem. I loved what happened between us." I did, but I was worried about the next time. Could I really make love with Mike as a woman? I wasn't sure. "You want to talk?" I asked.

"Yeah," he started. "Cindy told me all the details about you're...uh...transition into womanhood. If you want to stay a woman, then I...uh...can live with knowing that you weren't a woman until recently. There is nothing masculine about you. You are more feminine than any woman I've ever known, and I'd love to continue dating you...even more depending on what you want to do with your life in the future. You're all girl!"

I started to bubble girlish tears. "Oh, Mike, I care so much for you. I can't believe how understanding you are. I thought you would hate me."

He took me in his arms. "I could never hate you. Even if we didn't date, I would care for you as long as you remained a girl. If you decide to return to being Stan, I'll support you, but I doubt if we could be buddies."

I laughed at that. "I agree, but I don't think you need worry about that. Let me fill you in on the details of my life." So I started from the beginning and two hours later finished with an explanation of the ZZM and how I got my completely womanly shape. "My breasts are mine, and will remain so as long as I continue on the female hormones." I finished with discussing Cindy. "She's okay with it, Mike. If I become Lisa all the way, we'll stay together as girlfriends. I think she really wants me to become a woman."

"She's a real fox," Mike said. "She won't have a problem finding another guy."

Then it was over. We had talked ourselves out. He understood my story, and accepted me completely. He gave me a kiss that seemed to last forever. "I'll pick you up in the morning," he laughed as he strolled down the sidewalk to his car.

Hours later, Cindy returned. "I wanted to give the two of you plenty of time together. From your bubbly demeanor, it must have gone well!"

"Oh, better than well!" I gushed. "He still wants to date me..." and I gave her an overview of the morning.

"That's wonderful!" Cindy was genuinely pleased. "Did he pressure you about the operation?"

"We discussed it, but he said it was entirely my decision."

"He will want some type of sex with you. You had better plan on letting that happen, girl, if you want to keep him. You do know what I'm talking about?"

"Going down on him?"

"Yes, blowjobs. You used to love receiving them, now that you're a woman, you better get used to giving them. I can be pleasurable, Lisa."

"I'm not sure that I can do that..." I nervously responded.

"Don't be silly! You think that it's okay if I suck you off whenever you want, but you're too good to do it yourself? You are acting like you're a man."

"Maybe that's it, Cindy. The biggest insult to a man is to be called a co..." I started, but she broke in.

"So that's it," she said deep in thought. "You dress like a woman, you look like a woman, you act like a woman, but when it comes to getting down on your knees, you think like a man, and you're disgusted or too humiliated to do it?"

"I...I guess...maybe that's it. I think I would be okay doing it if I could just get past the first time. Maybe I should have let Vic do it when he was forcing me... Remember?"

"Sure I remember. I saw the film! You were going to let him take you..."

"Yeah..." I cast my eyes to the carpet. "But he defamed women..."

"You would have let him have you because you had no choice?"

"Yes, I guess I would have. Are you getting excited thinking about me being forced to give a man oral sex? Would that turn you on, Cindy?"

"Yes, Lisa, I do!" Cindy snapped. "I've admitted that I would love to see you down on your knees, giving some man great oral sex."

"I guess I would be turned on too if I were forced to have sex with another man...with you watching," I admitted.

Cindy was in deep thought. "Let's go out for a drink," she suggested. "Maybe we'll find a couple of guys and we'll both get laid."

I agreed, knowing that nothing was going to happen. Well may it would to Cindy, she was a chick after all. Me? I was a hot chick too, but I am only able to tease. The night ended without the pleasure of masculine company, but it gave Cindy and I plenty of time for true girl talk. When we were home all cuddled up in bed, Cindy said, "Lisa, I have an idea. I think I know how to make it okay for you to go down on Mike."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's a little kinky, and I want to run it past Mike first."

"You would talk to Mike about he and I having sex?"

"Uh huh, and maybe you will hate the idea at first, but you may be happy we did it if it allows you to do Mike as a woman."

"We?"

"You, Mike, and me! But you have to go along with the plan. If you aren't game, then we'll forget it."

I slowly nodded agreement. "If I can have sex as a woman with Mike, then it's worth trying, kinky or not."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Cindy kissed me as if I had just bought her a new diamond. What had I just got myself into?

Chapter 44

The next day, Cindy called me at work. "Come straight home. I need to get you ready for a very special evening. I'll be your Mistress, and you'll do everything that I tell you to do, little girl. Do you understand?"

I hesitated. "Uh...yes, I guess..."

"This excites you, doesn't it, Missy? You can't wait to be my love slave, can you?"

"Uh..." I looked around. No one was near. "Actually, the way you're talking does excite me. I've never thought of being a love slave...of having to do whatever I was told to do. Yeah, I'm excited. I'll do whatever as a woman, right?"

"Oh, you'll do so much as a woman that you could get pregnant. That's how much of a woman you'll be."

"Wow, maybe I should leave now!"

"I'll expect you in less than an hour. When you get home, go straight to the bathroom, do a perfumed bath, make sure your body is silky smooth, and then report to me totally naked in the bedroom. I'll expect you there by 7 PM."

This was exciting. I loved being dominated. "I'm leaving now!" Click! The ride home seemed to last forever, but finally I was relaxing in a heavenly bubble bath.

Cindy had left a bottle of red polish on the vanity. 'Do your nails' it instructed. Another note on my makeup table said, 'Curl your long blond hair with sexy bangs, but as long as possible. Use extreme evening makeup. I expect you to look like a whore when I address you. You have until 7:30!'

I had to really hurry to finish my makeup in the manner directed by my Mistress. It was 7:25 when I exited the bathroom into the bedroom. I looked every bit the strip zone exotic dance or Las Vegas prostitute. I adjusted my only piece of clothing; a minuscule gaff that assured that my naked appearance would be entirely female, although naked.

A pair of 5" black stiletto heels stood by the door. Another note said, 'Wear these and nothing else into the living room. You have 1 minute to be there! Prepare to be passive and submissive, Missy...or else!'

I felt a rush of excitement as I slipped the pumps on. I was electrified as I looked at my long blonde hair cascading down my naked back almost to my waist. My nipples were as hard as a bride's on her wedding night. My tiny waist and blond 'V' screamed 'sexy woman'. I was ready!

I heard the click of my stiletto heels on the hardwood floor as I walked to the living room. I blushed a deep rose as I stood as a naked woman before my wife. "I'm here, Mistress!"

"I can see that!" Cindy snapped. "Stand still while I inspect you!" She was resplendent in a shiny, metallic black minidress and equally high heels as mine. "Do you understand that you must do everything that you are told tonight?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Mistress. I like that. I think that is what I'll have you call me from now on. From now on, you will be my soft passive feminine maid. How do you like that, Missy?"

"I love that I can be your submissive maid, Mistress. Will I stay nude all night, Mistress?"

"No, not that you're allowed to ask me questions, but we're having company tonight, so I want you to put this on. This is all you will wear, except for your heels. Do you like it?"

I actually did like it. It was a champagne colored boudoir satin halter dress with lace trim. It had virtually no back, and the 'V' in front plunged to my belly button. "I love it, Mistress."

"I knew you would. It appeals to the whore that you actually are. Put it on!"

I slipped the dress over my bare shoulders. The hem of the dress was only inches long, showing 8 – 10 inches of bare thigh. I was to wear no bra and no panties. Wow, what a daring outfit, and I had no choice but to wear it. It felt so wonderful...so feminine.

"That dress looks right for a girl like you. Now set up a bottle of wine in a cooler in my bedroom. Make sure it is iced."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, service for two. I'm expecting company!"

Oh, my gosh! She had mentioned company earlier. Who could be coming over here? Would they see me dressed like this? Mike! It had to be Mike, as I remembered what she had said the previous night. "Yes, Mistress!" I retrieved the bottle of wine and set it into the ice filled cooler.

"Now pull back the covers to make my guest feel welcome."

"Yes, Mistress." I pulled back the light covers to reveal satin sheets. I was dying to ask Cindy what was going to happen, but I didn't dare.

"Perfect, Missy, now apply silver moments to my body. Apply it everywhere a man will want to explore."

"Yes, Mistress." I applied some 'Silver Moments' perfume to my palms and lightly rubbed it on Cindy's throat, breasts, and between her thighs. I felt so hot that I wanted to take her right there, however I knew that if someone took Cindy tonight, that it wouldn't be me. It would be a man...a real man! Oh, my God! Was Cindy expecting Mike? Was going to make love to her while I watched? I wouldn't let that happen. I would go somewhere...maybe out...

"Okay, Missy, I want you to pick out the sexiest lingerie for me. I'll wear it for my boyfriend. Go on! Get it!" Cindy commanded.

I picked out a totally sheer baby blue babydoll with lace and ruffles that would reveal all of Cindy's charms. Cindy held it up to herself. "Excellent taste, Lisa. Any man would go wild with me wearing this. Do you agree?"

"Y...yes, ma'am," I stuttered.

"Does the thought of me having a man tonight bother you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm happy for you..." I stuttered, although the thought did excite me...as long as it wasn't Mike.

"That's good, Lisa. I'm now going to do something special for you. Sit down on that chair." I did so, puzzled, but saying nothing. "Do not resist, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." I felt excitement and FEAR!

"Put your wrist on the chair arm." I did so, and she tightly bound my wrist with a silk ribbon, doing the same with the other wrist. "Can you get free? Try." I couldn't as much as I tried. I was now bound for Cindy, like it or not! She then tied my ankles to spread eagle my legs. I was totally helpless.

"Now, sweetheart, I'm going to let you see how a real woman acts when she is having sex with a real man. You're going to see it all!"

I started to protest, only to find my protest muffled as she stuffed perfumed panties into my mouth. "I thought you might do that, so I came prepared. Now, little Missy, into the walk-in closet with you." She dragged me into the closet. "I'm going to turn off the light in here, so you can see everything going on in our boudoir bed. He won't know that you're watching. Excited?" Cindy smiled.

She blocked off the chair legs so I couldn't move it, and I certainly had no way of freeing myself. I was a feminized, bound, passive girl. Whatever was going to happen to me was going to happen! "Tonight, I'm going to make a complete woman out of you. It's out of your hands, Lisa," Cindy stroked my bare thighs. "You do want to be a complete woman, don't

you? Relax, enjoy!" she brushed my satin covered, almost naked breasts.

There was a masculine knock at the door! It had to be Mike! I expected Cindy to rush to the door and greet him, but she didn't. She stopped at the closet door where I was captive and said, "Yea, you're right. It's Mike. You said that both he and you had agreed to see others, so tonight Mike is mine! Pay attention, and you'll learn how a real woman romances a real man! Some day you may choose to become a real woman and what you learn tonight might be beneficial. You are just my little feminized husband who I've turned into a passive little sissy girl who has to do everything I tell you. I might even let Mike have sex with you tonight if I feel like it. You'll do it because you have no choice. Imagine," Cindy laughed, "my husband has to be a girl and even perform sex as a girl with a man!" She turned and walked to the bedroom door. "I'm so looking forward to this. Me and my husband, two girls, are going to get laid tonight!"

"Hi, Sweetheart," Mike said loudly when she opened the front door. He took her into his massive arms. I struggled to free myself, but couldn't. "That should be me in Mike's arms," I thought. "Yes, we agreed to date others, but my boyfriend can't date my wife!" I would have to watch whatever was about to happen while sitting and bound.

They passed the bedroom door with Mike holding Cindy so tightly about her waist that she was gasping for air. "Uh, Mike, not so tight!" Cindy pleaded.

"Oh, sorry," he loosened his grip. "Does Lisa know that we were going to see each other tonight?"

"She knows. Actually, she will know everything that happens tonight, everything that we do to each other."

Mike raised his eyebrows devilishly. "Excellent! I hope that she enjoys the evening every bit as much as we will!"

"If all works as planned, she will," Cindy said seriously. "Shall we?" she invited and turned on Michael.

"We shall," and then the two fell onto the livingroom couch out of my sight. For the next hour, I listened to the soft sounds of romantic music. I heard the sounds of deep passionate kisses, the rustling of cloth, and of a zipper being undone. There was laughter, talking, giggling, and deep breathing.

Finally, Mike spoke so I could easily hear him. I listened intently. "Cindy, I'm ready. Are we going to do it here?" I wiggled as best I could so I could be a little more comfortable. All that did was make my satin slip dress ride higher on my thighs. Only two or three inches protected my modesty.

"No, silly, let me slip into something comfortable, and then I'll call you to join me in the bedroom," she purred. "Here, put this bathrobe on. It used to be Stan's before I changed him into a girl, which is what he should have always been. He's never been what you would call a 'real man'!" I heard a light laugh from Mike.

Cindy appeared in our bedroom, nude from the waist up, and then totally nude as she stepped from her dress and panties. She barely glanced at me as she stepped into her sexy babydoll. All her parts were barely covered, and she was so hot looking!

"Now you're going to watch Mike make love to me. Do you understand? You're going to learn how to be a woman!"

Tears trickled down my cheeks, and I passively nodded. She entered the closet and whispered in my ear. "I'm going out of my Mistress character for this brief moment, so listen carefully. Mike and I are going to do something very unconventional, something that you might not like, but we're doing it for you. When I go back in character, you will be told that you must do each and everything that you are ordered to do. You'll stay in character as my feminized husband. You will do everything you are told to do. Do you understand?" I nodded.

In the flick of a wink, Cindy returned to being Mistress. "Okay, little girl, now you get to see me with a real man, something you've never been. Come in, Mike," she arrogantly ordered.

Mike appeared, most likely naked under my stretched out bathrobe. Cindy looked splendid in her babydoll that I had bought and picked out for her.

Mike was surprised to see me tied to my chair in the closet. "Wow! He's really pretty! No wonder that you think he should be a girl." His comments were directed at Cindy who stood next to him, smiling. "Now that you've turned him into a girl, are you going to make him stay that way?"

"Of course! Do you think that he could be any kind of a man?"

Mike studied me...my femininity, and mentally undressed me. "No, he could never be a man. You should be girlfriends, not husband and wife."

"That's what we've become, girlfriends. I'm going to force him to stay a girl, and as such, he'll have to do everything that girls do...even with guys."

"You mean like romance and sex?"

"Uh huh, but first he can watch how to make love as a woman by watching me make love to you."

"Oh, yeah, I'm all for making love to you," Mike said, and let his robe swing open, confirming his nudity. This was a man who desired to make love to me as a woman, but mentally, I couldn't do sex with a man, so he was going to screw my wife instead...and in front of me! How was that supposed to help me?

Mike, now totally naked, came into the closet, picked up my chair, and set it down in the bedroom within a few feet of the bed. Speaking directly to me, he said, "I want you to watch as I screw your wife. If you were a man, this is what you would be doing. But then, you're not a man, are you?" I shook my head.

"Or if you were a woman, you could let Mike do to you what he is going to do to me," Cindy added.

Mike rolled on top of Cindy, lying between her silken thighs. Their tongues intertwined, and they locked lips with

intense lust. Mike's hands fondled Cindy's breasts through her lace covered babydoll. Her hands moved to Mike's enormous manhood, which surprisingly was soft. He stroked her delicious thighs, and he rubbed her pubic region on the outside of her nightie, causing Cindy to get hot, but Mike's manhood remained soft.

After twenty minutes, Mike disgustingly rolled over on his back, and Cindy cuddled him closely. She toyed with lotion on his flaccid manhood, but without results. She slid down his waist and took his enormous, but still soft manhood in her tiny hands. "If we can get this hard, I want it inside me," she openly said.

His manhood didn't increase in size, and Mike looked frustrated. "I am with a beautiful woman, and I can't get it up!"

"I have an idea on how to get you hard for me," Cindy brightly said, then whispered something in his ear.

"That's a great idea! That will make it hard," Mike declared. He stood up, totally naked right in front of me, while Cindy sat on the edge of the bed next to him.

"You're about to become a complete woman," Cindy briskly said with authority. "The only thing that you haven't done as a woman is have sex with a man. That's going to change...now! You're going to get Mike hard for me. Do you know how you are going to do it?"

With Mike's huge manhood only inches from my face, I knew what was about to happen to me. Cindy moved next to Mike in front of me. Mike stepped in between my smooth satin bound legs and thighs. I felt the strength of his legs and the wiry hair as the outside of his legs spread my girlish thighs even further apart.

"I have some bright red lipstick for you to wear," Cindy girlishly told Mike. He gave her a puzzled glance. "You'll wear it on your manhood. It'll come right off of Lisa's lips." If I had any doubt, I knew that Cindy was going to force me to take Mike's manhood in my mouth. I didn't have a choice!

"Not a single sound from you except a sucking sound when I remove your pantied gag. Understand?" Cindy demanded. I was licked (pun intended). Again I nodded yes. "Good!" she smiled as she carefully removed the silk and satin gag.

I took a deep gasp for air. She held my chin with one hand and applied more bright red glossy lipstick to my lips. She was forcing me to suck of Mike, and there was nothing I could do to stop it!

Now it was Mike's turn for action. He had been remarkably quiet, but now his manhood was about to speak 'MAN' for him. He placed both hands behind my head, and firmly caressed my long hair in his fingers. I couldn't move my head. I was about to give a blowjob, but it didn't happen quite like I thought it would.

Mike stepped up to my face, and Cindy held his manhood tightly in her soft fingers. His manhood seemed to be growing. "Now open all the way," Cindy ordered.

I did as ordered, and she stroked Mike's manhood slowly and softly across my lips. I could see traces of my lipstick on his erect manhood. "It's time!" Cindy stated. I nodded. I was about to become what as a man I most dreaded, and my own wife was forcing me to do it.

She then slowly started to force feed Mike's growing manhood into my moist warm mouth. It amazed me, as the organ grew harder and larger as it rode over my tongue, touching my soft lips. I felt the tip of his organ lodge against my throat, and then enter my throat. I choked and coughed, and Mike withdrew his manhood a bit, but he didn't remove it from my mouth.

"You look good with a man's organ in your mouth," Cindy mused. "It's you, Lisa. This is something that you were meant to do." I blinked as the flash of her camera preserved my oral talent for history. "Go on," Cindy urged Mike.

He smiled, still saying little. "Go on, Lisa, tease it with your tongue. Suck it, girl!" and he started stroking it in my mouth between my soft lips. "Suck me! Oh, Lisa, suck me!"

And I did so...and I liked it! I more than liked it. I loved that I was getting Mike off, that I was giving him pleasure. I was told that I had to do it, so I did it. Now I was doing it because I enjoyed doing it. I wasn't doing it as a forced activity. Now I was doing it as a normal sex act for a woman, and that's what I had become...a woman! And as a woman, I was now enjoying giving my boyfriend a release. This was something that I would be doing many, many more times in the future! I would look forward to it.

I also realized something else. I was never going to be a man again! My decision was made. I was born to be a girl. Now I was a woman and would be one forever! I never again wanted to be macho...the hunter, the husband. I wanted to have someone like that for myself. I wanted to be on the bottom with my legs spread. I wanted to have a man going deep inside of me. I wanted to be a girlfriend, and maybe a fashion model! I could be, perhaps, a bride and wife some day.

"Lisa! Lisa!" Cindy's voice brought me back to the present. She was holding Mike's rock hard manhood in her hand. "You did it! You did it as a woman!" She placed his manhood near my mouth again. "Taste him. See what a man tastes like."

Without hesitation, I liked the salty gel from the tip of his manhood. Both looked at me quizzically. "Not bad. Needs salt," I joked. Both laughed.

I gingerly rubbed my pink skin after Cindy removed my ribbon bonds. Slowly the circulation returned, and then I wasted no time going to my knees, my sexy ultra feminine dress plunged down my front giving Mike total access to my breasts. I scooted on my knees to kneel between Mike's spread legs, the hem of my dress dangerously close to exposing my thighs and more. I wasn't acting. I was performing a sexual act as a woman, and I loved it. I ran my soft hands over Mike's hairy muscular legs and thighs, and then I gathered his manhood into the palms of my hands.

"Mike, look into my eyes," I instructed. "I want to look into your eyes as I make love to you. I want to see your lust, your excitement."

The next half hour passed as if in a dream, but when I was done, Mike was a satisfied man! "Well, now you're a complete woman, Lisa," Mike gasped as I finished.

"Yes you are, Lisa. Now you've done it all. Everything we women do, including sexually pleasuring your man. Maybe in the future you will be able to have a baby," Cindy gushed. "If they could, would you do it?"

I didn't have to think twice. "Yes, I would choose to be a mother. I would love to have a boy and a girl," I moaned, still overcome by the emotions of becoming a woman. "And Cindy, I cannot return to being Stanley. I want to be a woman! Forever! I'm sorry, Cindy, that I failed you as a husband."

Cindy threw her arms about me. "You've always been a perfect partner for me. Although we cannot stay married, we can still be partners, still live together, maybe double date, share clothes and makeup."

"Perfect!" I said, my eyes watering with mascara running down my cheeks. We hugged girlishly.

Mike wrapped me in his arms. "You're all woman to me."

I kissed him on his lips. "And I'll respond as one...always."

The three of us spent the night together. After quick showers, the three of us cuddled together in our king size bed with Mike in the middle, of course.

Chapter 45

Cindy was first up in the morning. "Oh, Lisa, how could I forget? Your dad left this card yesterday, and asked if you and I would hostess the grand opening of their restaurant. He also left this card for you." She held up a small envelope.

"Hostess for you and host for me," I corrected.

"No, he meant hostess for both of us. He asked for our measurements to have our dresses made. He wanted your girl measurements now that you've decided to become a woman."

"I don't understand, Cindy," I stammered. "He hates me being feminine."

"He said our dresses would be ready in three days, and we would have to go to Denver to try them on."

"Dad ordered a custom made dress for me to wear as a hostess at his restaurant? What does the card say?"

Cindy handed it to me and I opened it. "It's a birth announcement," I started. "It reads, *'Dan and Connie Knight proudly announce the birth of their child, Lisa Anne Knight, a girl, and daughter, born September 21, 1978.'*"

There was a handwritten sticky note that said, *'Lisa, our new daughter, this is how we decided to announce your gender change to our family and friends. We are not ashamed of you. We are proud that you've made the decision to live as a woman that you've always really been.'*

"I can't believe that dad would write this. Oh, here is another sticky note," I gasped. *'I don't expect you to be a tomboy now that you are a girl. I expect you to act and dress as a stylish woman at all times.'*

I smiled. Dad was always concerned that I wasn't man enough when I was a boy. Now that I'm a girl, he worries that I'll be a tomboy. Well that's one worry he can forget about. I'll be daddy's little girl at all times."

"Is it okay to mail these announcements?" Cindy asked.

"Most definitely!" I agreed.

"Maybe he'll bait your hook when you and he go fishing," Mike suggested.

"Hook? Bait? Fishing? You're talking to a really girly girl here. None of that will happen. You boys can do your testosterone things. Mom, Cindy, and I are off to the mall!"

Chapter 46

The day of the fitting, I was dolled up in a bandana midriff blouse and blue jeans skirt, while Cindy wore a pale yellow sundress as we made our way to Denver.

We picked up Dad, Mom, and Max to go to "Soft and Silky" formalwear for our fittings. I sat in front with dad, and he was very friendly. "Lisa, I love you as a girl! It's what you were meant to be, and now you are one. I'm excited that I now have a son that I can hunt with and a daughter that I can walk down the aisle with some day."

"You want to be the father of the bride?" I gasped.

"I really do! Your mother and I will see that you have a beautiful wedding. That's what parents of the bride do."

"Thank you, Daddy!" I girlishly squealed, and gave him a girlish kiss on his cheek. I waited for his reaction to the kiss, but he was fine with it. He truly was happy that I had decided to be a girl.

"I'm not sure that any boys will date me," I said, not telling him about Mike.

"Oh, they will, trust me. With your face and figure, I'll have a fulltime job screening the boys that want to date my daughter." How unique, an old fashion father who still believed in protecting the girls of the family.

Max and Cindy were quite wrapped up with each other during the ride. Mom chatted with all of us, but made it clear that it would just be her and her two daughters talking to the fashion designer, and so dad and Max went to the sporting goods store while we three women went into 'Soft and Silky' boutique.

Mindy, our fashion designer, greeted us. I recognized her as a girl I had dated in high school. She brought out three pink wrapped dresses. "Mrs. Knight, I didn't know that you had a daughter," Mindy stated. "I only remember Max and Stan."

My gender change was not going to be a dirty little secret in Denver, so I said, "Mindy, I'm Stan...or rather I used to be Stan."

She looked at the sales ticket. "And now you are Lisa?"

"Yes," I blushed.

She composed herself. "Well, you were always okay as Stan, but you are absolutely fabulous as a girl. It's too bad that you couldn't have been a girl in high school. You make one hot chick. Welcome to womanhood, Lisa. It's so right for you. Can I tell the other girls?"

"Of course. No one will be surprised when I show up at next year's reunion as Lisa."

She brought out Cindy and my gowns. Wow! Talk about sexy. It was made of black brocade satin with one bare shoulder, and one over the shoulder. I stepped into my gown, and found that dad thought bare thighs would be attractive on me. I stepped into 4" heels, and my legs showed really sexy through my sheer black hose.

At a late dinner, Cindy whispered, "Lisa, let's go to the little girl's room." We excused ourselves, and I felt dad and Max's eyes follow us as we weaved amongst the tables.

"Uh, Lisa, would you mind if I spent the weekend at your folk's house? Max said that he would drive me home."

"Uh, well, okay, but why?"

"I think your brother has a crush on me. He wants to take me to the ballet tomorrow and a hockey game on Saturday."

"My brother wants to date you? Do you want to date him?"

"Yeah. He's pretty cute, and get along really well with his sister."

I smiled. Why would I care if my girlfriend wanted to date my brother? "It's fine with me, but he has no morals. He will hit on you right off."

"So did you! Did it get you anywhere?"

"No..."

"And it won't get him anywhere either," she giggled. I didn't understand why she was giggling until she showed me her crossed fingers. "Now that we are girlfriends, wish me luck."

"Uh...okay, good luck." I was telling my wife that I hoped that she would score with my brother.

Chapter 47

Opening night of the restaurant was fabulous! I love my daring dress, and I loved sitting at customer tables making small talk and promoting the restaurant...and a fair amount of flirting with some cute guys.

Things went well with Max and Cindy...so well that they dated, became engaged, and married. Cindy didn't even have to change her last name. Yes, I was Cindy's Maid of Honor. She and Max had a baby exactly nine months after she spent the weekend at my parent's house.

I contacted Janet who was delighted to take me on as a model. I modeled all over the States and in some foreign countries.

I continued dating Mike. We'd go to Gramps for a double chocolate shake and burger. We bowled on a mixed doubles league, and we went wheeling in the Rockies.

Did I have the surgery? I'll never tell. Good girls don't tell, and I'm a good girl!

Did I marry Mike? Well that's another story that I'll leave to your imagination.

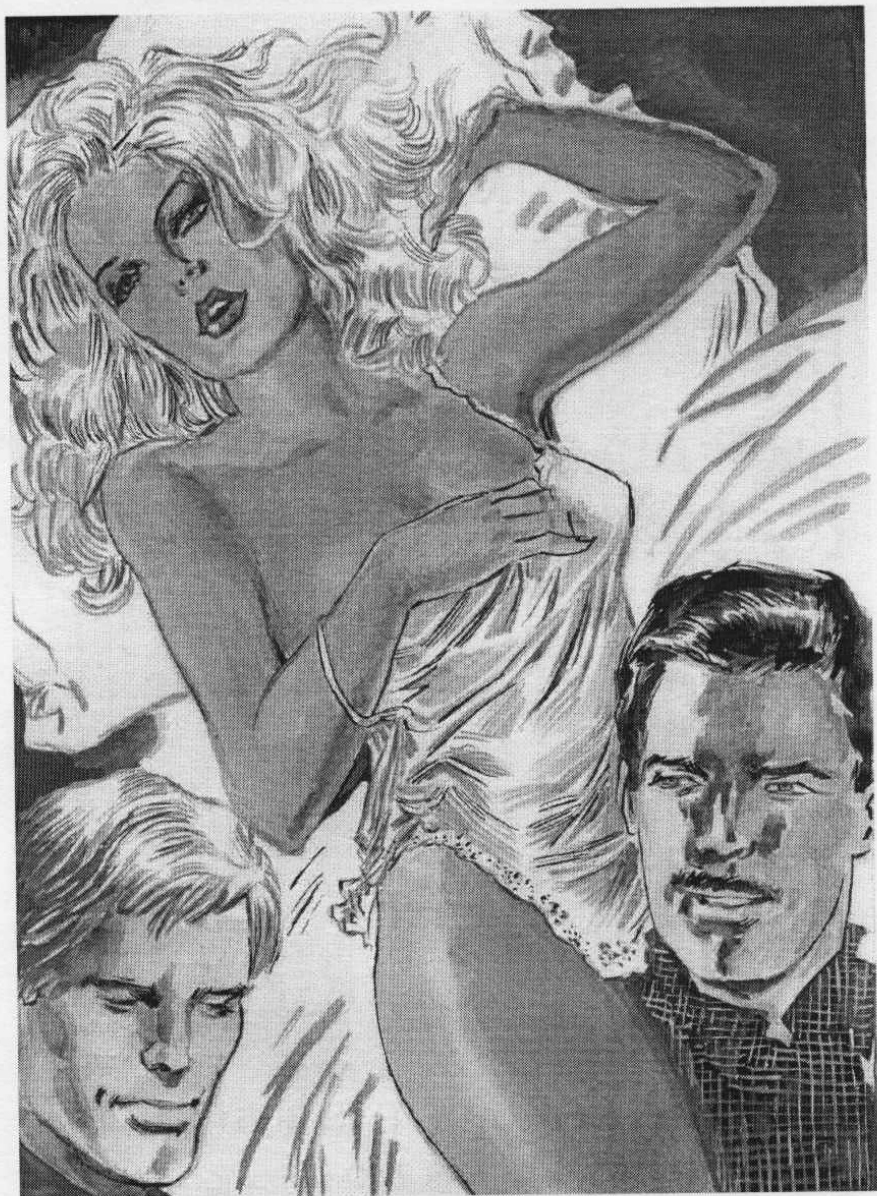
The End

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



The men in Lisa's life: The scoundrel that brought her out and the hunk that gave her a reason to stay. Would she have ever become a woman without both of them?

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"FEMININE PROPOSAL"
STAN IS FORCED TO ACCEPT HIS WIFE'S
PROPOSAL...AND BECOME A WOMAN.



Volume 2

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

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

FEMININE PROPOSAL II




After nine years, Cindy was excited. He was
sorry, and I was terrified! And this is just
the start of my wonder on another spy's spill!

VOLUME THREE

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

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

FEMININE PROPOSAL III



Wow, they had made me into a woman!
How could I ever return to being Stanley now?
My sweetheart wasn't much better, but now...!

VOLUME FOUR

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

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV



Why did the love wearing woman's clothes
it felt so, so sensual, so right!

VOLUME FIVE

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

CAN'T FIND A PART OF THIS BEST SELLER!

\$10.00 each plus 2.00 shipping.

If you would like to be on our confidential mailing list, write to me:

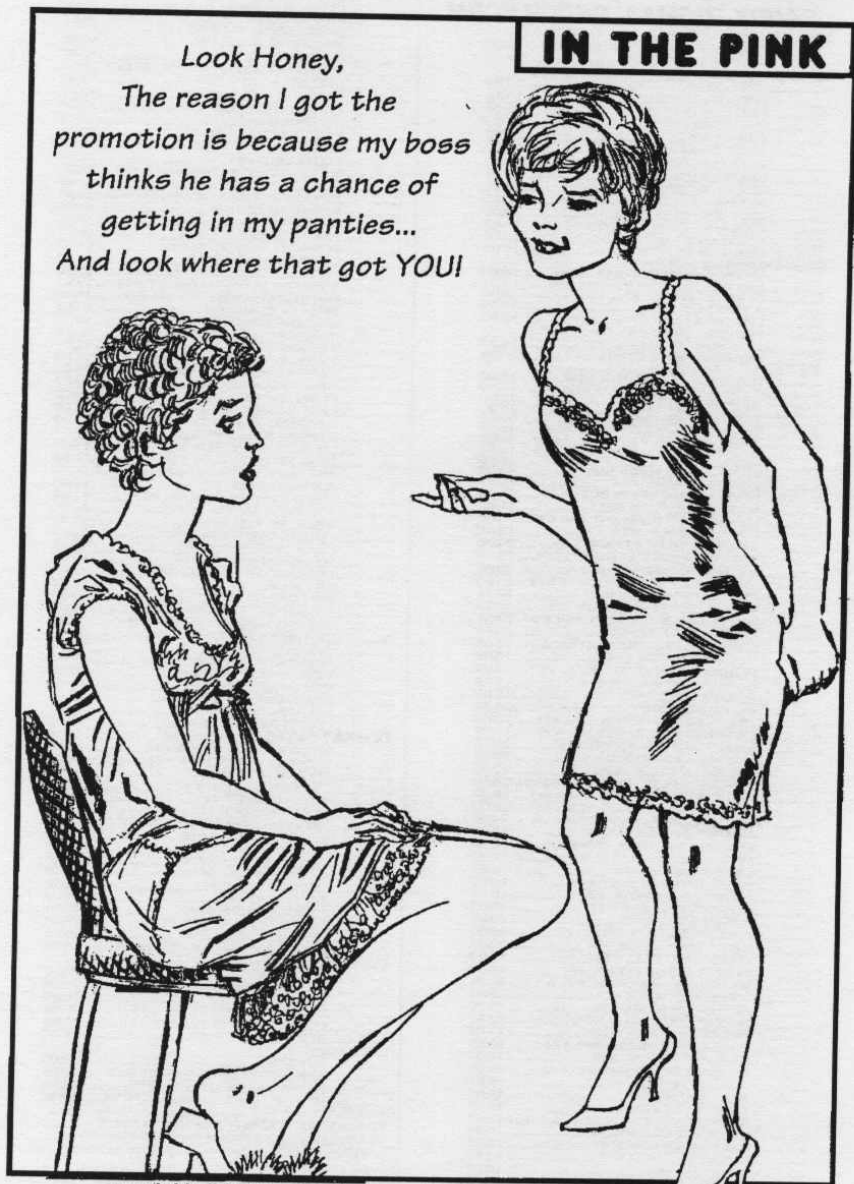
Sandy Thomas, P.O. Box 2309, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

All mailings in plain, unmarked envelope.

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!	
HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
PRETTY IN THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO Sissy #1	10.00
GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION	
SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
HONEY MESSY SEDUCTRESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL [circle part #]	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics	
ROY WILL HE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
A PROPER LADY #91	10.00
A PROPER LADY I #90	10.00
GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
SWISSIFUL #88 NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
GIRLS #87	10.00
GIRL SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY AS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HIM "MISS" #77	20.00
JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	10.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MESS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
SKIPPING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00
Contemporary TV Fictions	
PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
..... HIKING BOUND #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOM #49 & 50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR P #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLAVAGE #31	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOES #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HELLS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BECAME A GIRL #13	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
..... BLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00
TRAINING Camps Fiction Series	
..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... POOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEKID IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
SISSY'S SISTER	
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT	NEW 10.00
TOTAL ORDER	
STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	
USA SHIPPING (\$2.00 per item \$5.00 max)	
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate-up to 10 books)	
TOTAL ENCLOSED	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:	
SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC exp /	
NAME	
ADDRESS	
CITY ST ZIP	
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08	



Look Honey,
The reason I got the
promotion is because my boss
thinks he has a chance of
getting in my panties...
And look where that got YOU!

IN THE PINK

copyright, 2003 sandy thomas adv.



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . .

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

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

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

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

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

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

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

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

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

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

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

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

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

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.

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

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.
I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

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

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

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
ONE & TWO**

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

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

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

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

**NON-FICTION BOOKS
THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

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

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

reading.

TV CONTEST VIDEOS


MODEL SEARCH 2004

THE ART OF FEMININE ILLUSION

Take a bunch of boys, a hundred foot runway, a slew of beautiful dresses,

swimsuits and the highest heels and what do you get??? Two hours of the finest of female impersonations! **In VHS or DVD. Please Specify.**

TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE
"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"
Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 46
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE
"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"
Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ONLY DIRECT FROM SANDY THOMAS!
FEMINE PROPOSAL



Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would
ever believe that I was Stanley, a guy,
only a week earlier. What was I going to do!"

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309

DAZZLE YOUR FRIENDS...

WITH BIG, BEAUTIFUL PRETEND BREASTS!



MY WIFE
GAVE THEM
TO ME!

HEY FRANK!
I LOVE YOUR
TITS!

They say, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend," but we all know what the real "best friend" is...

Guaranteed to make you the center of attention every time you wear them.

A PERFECT
GIFT...
HARDLY ANY
MAN HAS
THEM!

For this and many other stories of men getting unusual gifts, WRITE TO:

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MOST ORDERS ARE
SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES

..... WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW... 10.00
 WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW 10.00
 MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL NEW 10.00
 PRETTIER IN PINK II NEW 10.00
 PRETTIER IN PINK I NEW 10.00
 THE STORE BRIDE 10.00
 GIRLS' THINGS II 10.00
 GIRLS' THINGS I 10.00
 A WILLING WOMAN 10.00
 PRACTICALLY A GIRL 10.00
 UNDER HIS SKIRTS 10.00
 AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2 10.00
 AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1 10.00
 HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3 10.00
 HUSBAND TO SISTER #2 10.00
 HUSBAND TO Sissy #1 10.00

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10 10.00
 DRESSING DOWN #9 10.00
 A PARTY GIRL #8 10.00
 LUCK BE A LADY #7 10.00
 FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)
 #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 10.00
 ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1 10.00

TV Fiction Classics:

..... A PROPER LADY II #91 NEW 10.00
 GIRLHOOD #89 NEW 10.00
 SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW 10.00
 FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #18 10.00
 FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A 10.00
 GIRLISH #87 10.00
 PINK SLIP #86 10.00
 PINK SLIP I #85 10.00
 GIRLS' GETAWAY #84 10.00
 PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83 10.00
 MISS UNDERGOOD #82 10.00
 SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81 20.00
 GOING AS GIRLS #79 10.00
 CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78 20.00
 JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76 20.00
 A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74 10.00
 AUNTIE GETS TOUGHEN #72 & 73 20.00
 TOES IN THE HOSE #71 10.00
 MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70 10.00
 WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69 20.00
 BIRTH OF A LADY #67 10.00
 JUST TRAINED LIKE MON #65&66 20.00
 HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64 10.00
 FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63 10.00
 HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62 10.00
 A DRESS FOR DANNY #61 10.00
 BECOMING LADIES' GF #59 & #60 20.00
 THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58 20.00
 MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56 10.00
 LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55 20.00
 ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53 10.00
 THE GIRLMAKERS #52 10.00
 SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SSIS #50&51 20.00
 DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49 20.00
 BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG' #46&47 20.00
 DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books! 20.00
 MORE THAN A WOMAN #43 10.00
 COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS 20.00
 LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41 10.00
 GIRL BY CHOICE #40 10.00
 WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39 10.00
 BLONDE & BLONDER #38 10.00
 CAMPING IN CURLS #37 10.00
 SLINK OR SWIM #36 10.00
 DAUGHTERS ONLY #35 10.00
 HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34 10.00
 FEMININE APPEAL #33 10.00
 PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32 10.00
 MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31 20.00
 LIKE A DAUGHTER #29 10.00
 HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28 10.00
 WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books! 20.00
 ONE OF THE GIRLS #25 10.00
 HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24 10.00
 PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23 10.00
 MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22 10.00
 WOMAN'S WORK #21 10.00
 THAT A GIRL #20 10.00
 TIT FOR TAT #19 10.00
 NEAR MISS #18 10.00
 GOING A BROAD #17 10.00
 DRESSED TO DANCE #16 10.00
 FLIGHT OF FANCY #15 10.00
 MAID UP #14 10.00
 ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13 10.00
 ALL DOLLED UP #12 10.00
 NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11 10.00
 SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10 10.00
 JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9 10.00
 LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8 10.00
 PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7 10.00
 CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6 10.00
 PAT GOES COED #5 10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:

..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW 10.00
 LAVENDAR & LACE I #70 10.00
 DRESS UP DAY #69 10.00
 Sissy'S HISSY FIT #68 10.00
 PURSE STRINGS #67 10.00
 BIKINI BOUND #66 10.00
 DISCOVERING DRESSES #65 NEW 10.00

..... MY BETTER HALF #64 NEW 10.00
 LEARNING CURVES #63 10.00
 THEY'RE (A) GIRLS NOW! #61&62 20.00
 DRESSES & TRESSES #60 10.00
 MAKEUP MATERIAL #59 10.00
 HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58 10.00
 BECOMING EMMA #57 10.00
 PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56 10.00
 FEMININE BUDDY #55 10.00
 GIRLIE GIRL #54 10.00
 SITTING PRETTY #52 & #53 2 bks 20.00
 CHICKS RULE #51 10.00
 DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 + 50 20.00
 SON TO SISTER #48 10.00
 MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47 20.00
 TAKING HER PLACE #45 10.00
 FEMININE DESIRES #44 10.00
 SISTERS FOREVER #43 10.00
 JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42 10.00
 HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41 10.00
 METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks) 20.00
 FRILL OF IT ALL #38 10.00
 WINDOW DRESSING #37 10.00
 HORMONES FOR LIFE #36 10.00
 A SUMMER GIRL #35 10.00
 TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34 10.00
 JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33 10.00
 JOINING THE GIRLS #32 10.00
 CLEAVAGE #31 10.00
 CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30 10.00
 FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29 10.00
 A LIVING DOLL #28 10.00
 GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27 10.00
 DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26 10.00
 THE PAMPERED Sissy #25 10.00
 JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24 10.00
 FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23 10.00
 TOO MANY SKIRTS #22 10.00
 REDTOES #21 10.00
 I DRESS, THEREFORE #20 10.00
 HEAD OVER HEELS #19 10.00
 MY BOSOM BUDDY #18 10.00
 HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17 10.00
 GIRLIES #16 10.00
 HIS FIRST DRESS #15 10.00
 MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14 10.00
 THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13 10.00
 THE GIRL'S PART #12 10.00
 THE NEW GIRL #11 10.00
 FRENCH DRESSING #10 10.00
 VOW OF FEMINITY #9 10.00
 VIRGIN VOWS #8 10.00
 CHANGING VOWS TOO #7 10.00
 EXCHANGING VOWS #6 10.00
 FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5 10.00

TRANSYST TV Fiction Series:

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25 10.00
 RED, WHITE AND PINK #24 10.00
 FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23 10.00
 TURNABOUT PARTY #21 10.00
 BOYS TO BABES #19 10.00
 THE MAKEOVER #18 10.00
 PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17 10.00
 FEMININE FORTE #16 10.00
 MANNEQUIN #15 10.00
 BIRTH OF BARBARA #14 10.00
 IDEAL MARRIAGE #13 10.00
 CHARM SCHOOL #12 10.00
 ACCEPTANCE #11 10.00
 FASHION MODELS #10 10.00
 TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9 10.00
 CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7 10.00
 CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 10.00
 PINK MIRROR #3 10.00
 IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2 10.00
 FATED FOR FEMINITY #1 10.00

EMERGENCY TV FICTION

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1 10.00
 TV TRAINING CAMP #2 10.00
 TV VACATION #3 10.00
 BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4 10.00
 BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5 10.00
 DRESS UNIFORM #6 10.00

ORDER SLIP #09155:

..... TRANSFORMA COMIC 10.00 ea.
 #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6
 THE SLIP NEW 10.00
 THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW 10.00

TOTAL ORDER

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA residents only)
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.)
 (OVERSEAS \$11.00 flat rate—up to 10 books)

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____
 SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
 SANDY THOMAS ADV.
 P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp. / _ / _

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 3-08