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“FOOLED INTO FRILLS”



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“FOOLED INTO FRILLS”

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**THE QUOTE BOARD
"OLD MAN WON'T YOU LOOK AT
MY HIGH HEELS!"
THEY'RE A LOT LIKE YOUR'S WERE. . ."**

“FOOLED INTO FRILLS”

WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACK

From Transvestia Volume XIII No. 77

By Helen

Dr. Darsell towered over my slim, five foot three inch frame, by a minimum of eleven inches. From his vantage point, he proceeded to read me out of his daughter's love life.

“I am sure that you would rather me be frank with you and not beat around the bush. So, I'm going to do just that. I think it's time you and Debbie end this puppy love affair. Your background is not that which I desire for my daughter. There is nothing in your background that my investigation has uncovered that is, bad. It is simply that I do not consider you good enough to marry her. I want her to be free to find someone who is good enough for her.”

“But Dr. Darsell, we love each other. We have exchanged our class rings. I am saving up to get her an engagement ring...I protest!”

“Enough of that kind of talk,” he said loudly, “I said it is to be ended...Here and now!” He pointed his finger right in my face and continued, “You are henceforth not to call her, write her or come to see her. You are not welcome any longer. Do you understand that?”

I was about to try and reason with him further, but Debbie spoke up, "Daddy, I love Gene. I don't care what his social standing is. I am going to select my own husband, not you. It's not fair for you to act like this!"

"This is my business, Debbie," he retorted. I didn't raise you to marry the son of a sharecropper. You are forbidden to call him, write him, or see him intentionally. Disobey me and you will be severely punished. You will find that I mean it!"

"But, Please...Dr. Darsell...Let me explain..." I pleaded.

Turning again, Dr. Darsell pointed a very long and menacing fore-finger at me and said, "I would appreciate it very much if you left this house...Immediately! And do not return! I am not willing to converse with you any further."

Words cannot describe how I felt at these harsh words. There wasn't anything I could do but obey him. After all, it was his house and his teenage daughter. As I turned to leave, Debbie spoke, "He can keep you from here, but he can't make me stop loving you."

If I had any consolations, it was these sweet words. With a heart about to break, I walked away. I began thinking of all the wonderful times we had together.

As I moped about the house that evening, Debbie called briefly and cheered me up a little. She said, "Gene darling, I do love you. We'll get married, someday. Don't worry, I promised you I would, and I will. No matter what! Somehow, someday, we'll

get around daddy and his orders. When I think of something, I'll let you know."

There wasn't much I could say except, "I love you." Her Dad sounded pretty definite.

The breakup was terrible on my morale, in school, on my personal outlook on things, and just about all that is important. Only at school could we be together. That was a poor substitute for our many hours of close companionship. Once in a great while, we would be together at the corner drugstore for a soda or ice cream.

After several months of this part time courting, we met in the drug store one evening. Debbie was visibly excited as we sat beside one another in the last booth.

"Gene!" she said, bubbling over, "I've finally come up with the answer. We can be together again!"

"How can we... what do you mean? Has your dad changed his mind about us?" I asked in wonder.

"No," she answered, "Daddy is as hard-headed as ever. But I've figured out a way we can get around him."

Let it be sufficient to say that I was overjoyed at this news. I said, "All right, tell me about this brainstorm of yours. I'm all ears."

"She explained, "You know how daddy always cross examines my dates?"

I nodded "Yes," to I let her know I fully understood her statement from personal experience.

"Well," She continued, "last Friday night, Sue Parker spent the night with me. I introduced her to daddy and he just mumbled "Hi." to her.

For the life of me, I couldn't see any idea in this. "So what?" I commented, "He's not worried about a girl dragging his daughter off to get married. It's the boys he is hot and heavy after. Let me walk in sight of him and you know he'll blow his top."

"Right darling! That's just it! A boy has to pass inspection, a girl can walk around and be ignored."

I looked at her inquisitively. "So? I'm a boy. I set one foot on Darsell soil then I'm a dead duck. Uh uh! No thanks. I'm not going back to your house until he makes it plain that I'm welcome."

"Here it is in plain language, silly," she said. "Gene White is not going to visit me. It is Jennifer Whaley who shall, and often. I am going to teach you to impersonate a female. Then, as Jennifer, you can even spend the night with me."

This sounded pretty kooky to me. I asked hesitantly, "You aren't joking?"

She just nodded in a negative fashion.

I was all but dumbfounded and replied, "You really mean it?...But I..."

She interrupted, "You will make a very pretty girl. With the right clothes, wig, makeup and a little training you wouldn't just fool daddy, you'd fool anyone."

Ever the skeptic, I sounded more doubtful and replied, "But I have never owned any clothing like girls wear. Someone would see through my act."

"Not if I gave you instructions first!" she answered. "It will take a lot of effort on your part, but won't it be worth it if we can be together again?"

Such an understatement didn't deserve an answer, but I gave her one anyway, "I you can do a

convincing job. I'll do it. I love you enough to try almost anything. I sure would hate for your Dad to find out though."

She was happy now. She smiled and said, "Look, I wouldn't cross daddy if I didn't love you. I have some more good news. He'll be out of town Saturday through Monday night. Could you meet me at our cabin near Lake Wilcox, early Saturday morning?"

I really wasn't sure what she had on her mind, but I said, "Sure, I can get there on my motorcycle. What time?"

"I'll be there by eight. I've got a trip to make before I can leave. How about seven?"

The time suited me fine. I could picture us riding around in the speedboat together for hours as we had done in the past. "I'll be there," I announced.

And I was. By seven thirty, I was parked behind the two-bedroom cabin. The cabin was very cozy, with a dock that led to the boathouse. We had spent many hours here in the past. I felt good, just waiting for her.

At ten before eight, she drove up in her red Volkswagen. Strapped to the luggage rack was a large suitcase. Inside, on hangers were her dresses. I helped her get these inside the cabin before we kissed, "Hello". After the kiss, we held on to each other for several minutes. Her eyes were moist and showed a trace of redness.

"What's wrong, Deb, darling?" I asked. Did something go wrong?"

She smiled and said, "No. For a change everything went right. I'm just deliriously happy. We girls

cry when we're happy, as quickly as we do when we're sad."

Going over to the large suitcase, she opened it. She got out a pair of her panties and a girdle. She held them towards me and said, "Go into the bedroom and strip off everything you are wearing, then put these on. When you have finished, call me and I'll come in and help you finish dressing!"

I must have looked startled, because she repeated herself, then explained, "I'm going to dress you up as a girl. This is a perfect time for you to get in lots of practice. Before we are ready to leave here you will know what it's like to live in a woman's world."

Taking the dainty unmentionables in my hand, with a bit of apprehension, I obeyed. It wasn't difficult to figure the panties. I had seen hers under her miniskirts quite often. The girdle was simple, too. It was a long panty girdle with very pretty lace around the legs. It wasn't but a few moments before I called her.

At this point I must admit to a pleasant sensation I received from walking over to the door in these feminine things. At the same time, I felt the snug fit, the caress, and the constriction of the girdle at my waist and thighs.

Debbie whistled softly at my figure in her girdle. "Very nice!" she commented, "Now let me slip this padded brassiere on you. I don't believe you could get this on without some help."

Again, I was thrilled as the tight fitting bra was fastened at my back by her soft hands. I looked downward to see two cones pointed slightly upward.

Debbie explained, "They are padded with special inserts. These are what women wear when they have had breast surgery from cancer. They are very realistic; more so than mere rubber pads."

I walked over to the full-length mirror to observe how I looked. Debbie came over holding a very pretty slip and dress. I was not a little excited over the slow but sure transformation that was taking place. My slender build was a natural for this impersonation.

The slip was put on over my head and smoothed in place by her hands. I enjoyed the caress of the combination of the silky slip and Debbie's hands. I enjoyed the attractive and comfortable item of underwear also. Debbie warned me, "The slip is one of my best. Be careful of it please."

We were standing in front of the mirror. We stared at our images for a few minutes before we continued. I still felt I looked like what I was: A boy in a slip, with very real looking breasts.

Debbie helped me into the dress. "It's a nylon jersey print shift," she explained. "It is practical as well as pretty, and extremely comfortable as dresses go."

This I could see for myself, and feel, too. I turned around in my bare feet and loved the brush of the pretty garment against my legs. "How does it feel, Gene?" she asked.

I couldn't for my very life explain my feelings or reasons for feeling this way. My answer was somewhat muffled by the deep emotion I was experiencing. I answered, "Gee. I didn't know that wearing girl's clothing could give you a thrill like this. It feels good!"

"I'm glad you are accepting it that way," Debbie said. I was afraid that you having to wear a dress would spoil our being together."

Admiring myself some more in the mirror, I answered Debbie, "At first I thought it would, too. I have never put on any feminine attire before. At least not that I remember. I am surprised at the feel of these. Men's clothing is so different from these pretty things."

Taking me by the hand, she led me into the bathroom and indicated that I should sit on the commode seat. As I complied, she got a washcloth, wet it thoroughly, soaped it and then came over to me. She pushed the skirt of the dress and the slip up around my waist. Then she rolled the legs of the girdle high up on my thighs. I was puzzled about this until she soaped my left leg and began shaving.

"You cannot have any hair on your legs as a girl, darling," she said. "There would be no deception if you had hairy legs."

I kept silent at this, and watched as my hairy leg was transformed into a very feminine looking one. Fascinated, I said nothing, and observed the same magic performed on the right one. As I stood and the clothing was rearranged again, I appreciated the effect the shaving had on my appearance.

"Let's go finish the job," she said excitedly. "I can't wait until you are fully transformed into Jennifer." We went back into the bedroom and I was seated at her vanity.

Quickly her deft hands performed more magic. My face literally changed from that of a seventeen year old boy to that of a young teenage girl. Makeup

was applied to my eyes, cheeks, lips, and neck. Then jewelry was attached to my ears, neck, wrists and fingers.

Debbie could wait no longer. She cried out, "Oh! Darling! You are so pretty with your face made up. Let me get the wig on your head. Then we'll put on your hose and some pretty shoes." Breathlessly I waited until the wig was firmly placed on my head and touched up. Pretty hose of a dark shade were slipped up my smooth legs then attached to the girdle.

"Step into these pretty flowered pumps," she said. "Just be careful you don't fall."

I managed to get the shoes on and hobble clumsily over to the mirror. As I looked at my reflection, I was shocked. It was true. I was changed from a boy to a girl, outwardly, anyway.. I could find no resemblance to Gene White. There wasn't any!

Debbie noticed my staring and said, "Isn't Jennifer a pretty girl?"

"I wouldn't have believed it possible, Debbie." I admitted. "Why, I can't believe that it's me in the mirror."

"It isn't Gene White now," she said. "It's Jennifer. This is the beginning of the difficult part. You have to walk, talk, smile, sit, stand, and react as a girl would. This may sound easy, but you'll have to be so wrapped up in what you're doing that no one can catch you asleep."

"I'm anxious to try, darling." I countered. "Now that you have done so much to make me look like a girl, I want to do my best to be like one."

She laughed and said, "All right, honey." She patted me on the girdled backside and continued, "You practice walking in heels while I fix us a snack. I'm hungry."

For the next fifteen minutes I walked all over the cabin. I was very clumsy at first, but increasingly better as I continued to try. By the time the sandwiches and cokes were fixed, I was getting accustomed to high heels.

We sat at the table and while we ate, she counseled me on the feminine way. "You do learn rather quickly," she encouraged. "Maybe in a couple of weeks you will do well enough."

"Will it take me that long?" I asked. I thought that before the day was over I could do well enough."

"It depends on you and how well you progress," she answered.

"I intend to work very hard on all of it," I vowed. "Being with you today has spoiled me again. I just have to learn these things."

While she put away the food, washed the dishes and straightened up the cabin, I learned how to walk in high heels.

By the time she came into the living room where I was, I did a quick turn and a little dance step that sent the skirt of the shirtdress above the girdle legs. She whistled and exclaimed: "You've already learned to master them!"

I was proud, too. "Yes. I was determined enough to get the hang of it. It's easy once you know their limitations. Now I want you to teach me to sit down and get up properly."

“Watch every movement that I make, as I do it several times for you. Be sure to catch the trick of getting the dress tail under you without letting it ride up, a slight brush with your right hand at the precise moment.” She demonstrated it several times and I did it mentally with her before attempting the real thing.

“Like this?” I asked. I had followed her lead perfectly.

“Wonderful!” She remarked. “Try it twice more to be sure it wasn’t an accident.” It wasn’t. I had learned that very easily.

Now came the coaching on smiling and posture while standing. The position of the arms was most difficult to learn, but the leg position seemed natural in the high heels and constricting undergarments. Over an hour went into learning to walk with a purse and short mincing steps. “Your steps are still a little long and a little mannish!” She walked over to me and raised my dress and slip, then tugged at the girdle until the top of it was almost to my knees.

“There!” she said. “That should make you mince and use your hips to walk. Try that for a while. I’m going to lay out a change of clothes for you. Then we’ll go outside for a while. You’ll need some time in front of people to give you confidence.”

I found that she was right again. The motions I had used to navigate the room in the heels, with the girdle turned down to hobble my steps, were the motions she was looking for. “That’s the walk I’m looking for, Jennifer,” she announced. “Now, when you pull the girdle up, remember to keep the same

motions. Try it while I'm getting some other things laid out."

This took some doing, but I was managing well by the time she came out. "The garments on the bed are the ones I want you to get into, Jennifer." She looked at my wiggling walk and said as I walked out of the room: "A swing like that belongs in the back yard. Who are you trying to entice?"

"You!" I called back as I closed the door. On the bed she had placed a peculiar looking foundation garment. It was another panty girdle, except this one was much longer than the one I was wearing. Also, it was smaller and had considerable padding at the buttocks and hips.

This I found hard to get on. In fact, I had to call her. "Come help me! This thing is too tight for me, Debbie," I yelled. "It must be two sizes smaller than the other one!"

She came in and found me struggling to get it up over my hips. At my buttocks she pulled hard. With me pulling at the front, we finally made it! When I got it into place, I discovered this girdle didn't stop at my waist, but continued on up to the bottom of the bra. It was very snug about my chest.

"We call that a 'high rise' panty girdle," she informed me. "That one, over the other one, will do quite a job of bringing your waist in and holding you femininely. It will keep you walking in a ladylike fashion, too!"

A few steps in it and I agreed with her. "

Debbie said, "Now get your dress off and slip into that pretty shell and straight skirt."

I managed to get the zipper of the dress down far enough to remove it. Slipping into the other things took only a minute or so.

When she saw me struggling to get the dress over my wig, she criticized, "You should have removed your wig. Remember to do that when you're alone or with just me. Sit down at the vanity and I will recomb it."

'Jennifer' was not fully dressed. Debbie thrust a matching purse at me, watching to see how I made out with it. I knew it was another test. Carefully and very daintily I took it from her, slung it in the bend of my elbow and smiled.

"Perfect darling," she purred. "Now begin to master your voice. It is not deep, so all you have to do is speak in a softer tone. Modulate it and remember that a woman speaks with her lips. A man usually clenches his lips slightly and distorts words."

"Debbie. . . let's go for a walk," I said in practice. The words sounded rather mannish to me, but she was pleased. "Just a bit more pursing of the lips, Jennifer," she coaxed. "That was good for the first time." I tried it twice more and she applauded "Very good! Now let's try a walk down to the boat dock," she suggested. She threw the door wide open and the bright sun shone down on her yellow gold hair. I hesitated.

"It's alright, Jennifer," she encouraged. "Your own mother wouldn't know you now. Just remember to be careful on the dock with those heels. I wouldn't want you to fall."

Boldly, I stepped out first. Debbie joined me, linking her left arm into my right at the elbow. We

walked about the yard, out on the dock where we inspected the boat and then back into the house. As I sat on the couch remembering to be feminine in my motion ever conscious of the tight girdle and the lovely things I was wearing, Debbie asked:

“What’s your name, young lady?” Quickly I realized she was asking something that almost any adult could.

“I’m Jennifer Whaley!” I said softly.

“Where are you from?”

“Originally from Middlefield (a suburb of our home town), but we recently moved to Plainsview.” My mind was trying to anticipate the next questions.

“Is your father the Whaley who operated the garage there?”

Smiling. I answered: “No! Dad passed on when I was four. My mother has remarried. Her husband is in the Military Service.”

“That’s very good reasoning, Jennifer,” she admitted. “Think ahead of people if you can. What would you have answered if I had asked for identification, as some officer might possibly do?”

“Gee, I don’t know.”

“Why don’t you look in your purse and see what there is to identify you?”

Twisting the opening device of the handbag I opened it to find a well-stocked purse. A red billfold caught my eye. Lifting it out I began to go through it. To my amazement I found a social security card, driver’s license, bankbook, MasterCard and revolving charge account card all with “Jennifer Ann Whaley” on them. Almost speechless I looked at her . . . “What . . . how did you . . . ?”

"I've been working on this idea for more than four weeks, dear. I established credit and a bank account for you. I got you a social security number, and passed the driving test also. Fortunately this state doesn't require a picture or fingerprints on licenses so I could do it for you. I was so sure that you would go through with my suggestion, that I didn't tell you until I had finished my plans. You're nicely set up. You also have a two-room apartment that's furnished very prettily. It's just stocked with pretty things for my attractive girlfriend."

To say I was stunned is putting it mildly. "Gosh . . . I could just stop being Gene White and begin a life as Jennifer Whaley if I had to, couldn't I?"

"Exactly. If it becomes necessary you could get a job as a salesgirl and not have to be a boy at all. Unless I wanted you to," she replied.

I began my examination of the purse again. Included were various items of cosmetics, photos of boys and girls with their names on the bottom of the pictures, a small manicure kit, tiny vials of perfume. Also there were a few letters from Miss Debbie Darsell to a Miss Jennifer Whaley. They were all duly sent through the mail, opened and marked by imprints of rouged lips.

A small package wrapped in paper caught my attention, as did an elastic affair with some metal catches that I had not seen before. She blushed a little as I looked up in puzzlement.

Debbie quickly explained, "The pads in the paper are feminine napkins, and the belt of elastic is what holds them in place at that time of the month. They're just a little extra touch of reality."

Now it was my turn to be embarrassed, and I exclaimed, "Well, I certainly won't have to wear these things!" I felt my face flush with color as the blood rushed to it.

"Jennifer darling," she said softly, trying to ease my embarrassment, "I think you should, just to make the image more perfect. That way, if anything happened or someone saw the insides of your purse you would be more convincing. Just carry them for a week in the month and wear one if you get the nerve up."

"I might . . . but I won't promise you." I murmured, closing the bag and looking at her again. "How have I done this far?" I asked.

"I hate to brag, but you have done amazingly well. So well, in fact, that we are going to go OUT as two girls!"

"Not right now," I protested, "I want to get more used to girl's clothing first."

She laughed and said, "All right!" Her eyes gleamed as she continued, "Let's go for a boat ride and a swim. Are you game?"

"As girls?" I wondered if she could mask my maleness under sportswear and swimming attire. "Could I pass as a girl in shorts and a bathing suit?"

"I think we can manage, if we use some thought and padding."

By the time her "thought" had been applied, I agreed also. My maleness was held up very tightly between my legs by a very tight rubber swim brief commonly worn under swim attire. One of the feminine napkins was further cover. Another rubber brief held this in place.

Surprisingly, my "bottom" didn't look masculine at all. This was especially true when I pulled on the flowered bathing suit that had a skirt at the bottom. At the top, my "breasts" were flesh colored pads that were taped to my chest tightly with adhesive tape. The cleavage effect was helped by the cleverness of her taping.

A matching bathing cap was pulled on over a short, "curly" wig that she had put on me instead of the longer one. Some comfortable "flats" completed my swim wardrobe. She had me look in the mirror as she placed some other things on the bed.

"No one could tell you from another girl dressed like that," she said.

I agreed and walked boldly across to where she was standing by the bed. I said, "I do like this, Debbie. I can't explain the thrill that it gives me to put on these clothes and be seen by you."

"Good! I think that this will occupy a portion of our time after we are married. I like it too."

We embraced a few times then exchanged some love words. "Now, Jennifer," she advised, "remove your bathing suit and let's try on some sportswear."

She selected a light blue nylon shell that zipped up at the neck. It was sleeveless. She exclaimed, "Oh, oh! We'll have to shave under your arms first. You go and do that while I get dressed in my outfit."

With the brassiere and rubber garments as my only clothing, I went into the bathroom and shaved under both of my arms. It felt very clean and refreshing. The image in the mirror was very pleasing to a part of me. However, another part was disturbed by

the thrill. I pushed these thoughts out of my mind and went back to my darling.

She was dressed very daintily in white shorts and a matching top. As she bent over the bed to pick up the blue shell I was to wear, her white nylon panties peeked out of the hem of the shorts. Always before I turned my head in embarrassment to see her panties, but now I was attracted to look at them. No! I wasn't lusting to have her. It was a curiosity that I cannot explain, even now. As I see the underwear of women, I thrill to its fit, beauty and trim.

She caught me staring and remarked, "What are you looking at, young lady?"

Looking rather sheepish, I dropped my head and said; "Your pretty panties show from under the shorts when you bend over. I was attracted to them and couldn't help myself."

"Don't feel guilty about that," she said, "I find myself looking at other girl's unmentionables too. There's nothing dirty about looking like some people think. The dirty part is when a person begins to lust sexually for another when he or she has no right. You and I are promised. You have every right to look at me and want me if you wish. I'm forever yours, darling."

What a sweet girl, I thought. She is everything in this world to me. I know I couldn't do without her.

Soon we were dressed in the prettiest fashions of spring. The white shell, white shorts and yellow flats harmonized with her hair. I was in a light blue shell, matching shorts and blue flats.

With our bathing suits in a bag held by me, we walked to the dock and got into the inboard cruiser.

Soon we were rocketing across the placid waters. A happier moment of my life I couldn't remember.

We swam, listened to the radio, snacked and rode around in the boat for several hours. We tried out the surfboard and the water skis. I found myself wishing this would never end, but end it must.

That evening we went to town and shopped as girls. We purchased a few under things, stopping along the way at the drug store for a soda.

I dreaded my return to the person of Gene White. It meant I would have to return to my home, and be without my darling. When it happened, I could hardly wait until the next time. We had some time together Sunday, but Monday was a school day. After school was out, we went back to the cabin, and I dressed up happily becoming Jennifer again. It all ended too soon.

For the next month, which was April, I spent much time at her home as Jennifer. We weren't intimate at all. Our relationship was lovely and complete without it. On two occasions, we even slept together without anything happening.

During May, the month of our graduation, we had less time together, but I did spend two more nights with her as Jennifer. How I enjoyed the pretty baby doll pajama sets we both wore.

Following graduation, we became inseparable for June, July, and for a week in August. We spent nights at her home, at the cabin with her Aunt Hilda, and at my own apartment. Only twice were we intimate. On both occasions it was at her insistence.

Both times it happened at her home. I was afraid to do it, but I couldn't say no to her.

Then the bottom fell out from under our private world on the second Friday in August. Her daddy was to be out of town at an AMA meeting. We told the housekeeper that she would be spending the night with me. If we had, things wouldn't have happened the way they did. (Her mother was dead so they had a full time housekeeper).

Instead of going to my apartment, which would have been all right, we went to the cabin instead. We had a few beers, which had a bad effect on us. We got careless. In a little while I had smeared up both of our faces by passionate petting. We were seated on the couch, very close to one another, when the door opened. Her father was standing there in the semi-darkened room, looking at us.

"Deborah Darsell!" he thundered, "What on earth are you doing?" Both of us were speechless. In bright lights he could see we had been kissing each other. I stood up and backed away from him. Debbie was paralyzed. His heavy hand caught her in a vicious slap on the left cheek. She was slammed heavily back into the couch.

"I'll kill you before I let you go through life as a damned lesbian!" he bellowed. "When Mrs. Harris said you were spending the night out, I tried to call this girl's apartment. There was no answer. Luckily I came out here. I'll fix you where you'll have no use for girls or boys! You are not going to be a queer! I'd rather you be dead!"

From somewhere, my darling found her tongue, "Daddy, it's not what you think."

He interrupted, "Well, what the hell is it then? You are in this cabin alone with another girl. Your makeup is smeared all over your mouth and so is hers. What else can I believe?"

I knew then that she was going to tell him the truth. If he hadn't been between the door and me, I'd have made a break for freedom. I just knew he would kill me. Surely he would find that she had given her virginity to me. What was I to do? What could I say? Or, more importantly, what was he going to do with us when he found out that I was the boy, dressed in girl's clothing, who had been forbidden to call, see, or even write her?

PART II

"Daddy, if you'll sit down and be patient, I'll tell you about Jennifer and me." She rose off the couch and moved over to face him as she continued speaking, "It isn't what you think, but it will require some understanding on your part."

He permitted her to lead him to a huge recliner chair. He sat as the explanation continued, "First, daddy, I want to tell you that what has happened has been your own fault."

He blustered out, "What are you talking about? My fault? I haven't done anything!" His huge face was flustered and very red.

"Dad," she said gently, "If you hadn't forbidden me to date Gene White, then you would never have seen Jennifer Whaley, because Jennifer is really Gene, or at least it is Gene dressed up as a girl here."

He blinked, wilted, and stammered for words. He looked at me and said, "You? You are Gene White?"

I couldn't find my tongue. I just nodded my head solemnly in the affirmative.

Turning back to Debbie, he stammered out, "You mean you have been keeping company with this boy all along? He has been dressing as a girl to deceive me? How could you do such a thing to me?" His anger was returning.

"Just a minute Daddy!" she cut him off in mid-bluster. "When you forbad us to go together, Gene walked away. I figured out this ruse to continue seeing him. I love him. I'm going to marry him as soon as we graduate from college. If anybody is to blame, it's you for trying to pick me a husband."

Her father was regaining his composure and spouted, "What I said to you still goes. You are not going to marry this boy. With a college education, he is still the son of a sharecropper. I'm not going to have it!"

At this, Debbie stood right in front of him, and with her hands planted firmly on her hips said, "Listen to me you overbearing tyrant! You get your way with everything... or you have so far. This is one time I'm not going to knuckle down and obey you! I'm going to go with Gene. I'm going to marry Gene and you are not going to stop me!"

He began to get pale as she stood up to him. He tried to speak and she cut him off, "I mean it daddy. I'm not interested in any other boy. If you won't let us go together, I'll leave home and we'll go somewhere together. You'll never see me again."

I was feeling better already. I didn't know that my girl had this much nerve. She wasn't the least bit afraid of him and I was!

For a few minutes he sat in silence. Then he answered, "I suppose, that you have already been intimate with him?"

She didn't hesitate to respond, "I'm not going to lie to you. Yes, we have been, twice, but not at his urging. He always tried to stop me, but I took the aggressive part. He has been perfectly nice to me. Not once has he tried to get me to do it. I'm the one to blame for that."

I tried to speak up and shoulder some of the blame, but she motioned for me to keep silent. She continued, "We only wanted to be together. We couldn't think of any other way. I thought of this, and persuaded him. I helped him fool you all."

He stood up and paced the floor, deep in thought. We sat and watched him in silence. I didn't know his thoughts, but I was still afraid of them.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, he stopped his pacing and faced his daughter, "So, the ultimatum is, either I let you two be together, or you'll leave?"

Debbie faced right up to him, "That's exactly right, daddy," she said firmly.

He looked in my direction as he spoke, "Will you be willing for one compromise?"

I thought I was the one who should answer him, so I cheerfully said, "Yes, Sir."

A worried look was on Debbie's face as her father seated himself in the huge recliner and said, "All right. I have your word that you'll compromise. These are my terms. Abide by them or I'll see to it that Debbie never gets one dime of my money, and that I get what she has in the bank back."

Debbie was a bit shocked and snapped, "Daddy! I don't want your money!"

"You'll sure have a hard time finishing college and getting set up in marriage without some," he answered. "The least you can do is hear me out."

"Please. Go ahead, sir," I encouraged. "We don't want to displease you. I don't want to take Debbie away from you. I'm willing to do what you want if you won't stop us from being together."

"But Gene!" Debbie interrupted. "You don't know what daddy has in mind. It could be something awful. Don't agree without even knowing."

I tried to calm her fears, "Darling, I am willing to do anything within reason to get to be with you. I can't stand being separated from you again. If he'll promise to let us be together, I'll go along with his conditions."

Her father spoke right up, "I'm going to hold you to that, young man. He looked at both of us and continued, "You want to be together all the time. Is that the way things stand?"

"Yes, Sir!" I announced. She nodded her head timidly in agreement.

"Then you'll have no objections to keeping up the little masquerade that you have begun until both of you have finished college?"

Debbie asked quickly, "What do you mean daddy?"

"Simply that Gene will not become Gene again until you are both graduated. He will stay as Jennifer. You'll be together all the time. I hope by that time you'll get tired of each other and find someone else."

I was shocked speechless, but Debbie fired a question at him right away. "Why is this necessary? You know what we did and our reason. We only dressed him as a girl to fool you. This sounds like a ridiculous idea."

"I'm not through yet!" he warned. "I'll pay both your tuition, reasonable expenses and supply you with a car. If you both stick out the bargain, I'll keep mine. You'll be able to marry after graduation, if you still want to. If you don't accept my conditions, I will do all I can do to cause your marriage to fail. And that's a lot! I'll completely cut you and your heirs out of my will."

Debbie asked, "What if someone gets wise to the fact that he isn't a girl at college?"

He smiled, "I'll take care of that. I'll aid your little deception with some of my own wrinkles. We'll cross that bridge later. How about it, Jennifer?"

Now the mention of the mane made me wince. I asked, "Do we have to sir? I want Debbie for my own bad enough to go through with it, but it sounds like a plot to get revenge."

He answered me straight forwardly, "Sure! I'm going to get a kick out of the situation. You two have pulled the wool over my eyes for several months. On top of that, you have taken from my daughter, the most precious possession a girl has, and that's her virginity. You need to suffer some. I'm going to help you complete a feminine image, if you keep your word. Then when you finish college and still want marriage, I'll give in and treat you like a son-in-law. Until then, I'm going to treat you just like a girl. That's final!"

"Don't agree to it Gene," Debbie said with a sense of worry, "You don't know what he's got on his mind. And, I don't like the tone of his voice."

"We've got to, Debbie," I answered. "We really have no other choice. Without a college education, I can't supply you with what you need in life. I can't go to college, and support a wife, too."

"That's good reasoning," he interrupted. "Now there's one other condition. You are not to have anything sexual between you. I mean intimacies. Do you agree to that?"

Again, I concurred with him, "Yes, sir! I am willing to wait until we are married. I love her enough to wait four years. Isn't that right, Debbie?"

Doubt was on her face, but I heard her say, "Well, all right, if you agree. But I think we'd be better off without his money instead of letting him impose a revenge like this on you."

"Then it's settled," he said. "Meet me in my office tomorrow at six thirty in the evening, Jennifer, and we'll go over this agreement. Now I will let you and Debbie say goodbye to each other. Then he spoke directly to his daughter, "You be home by eleven thirty, young lady."

After he left, we locked the door and went over the events of that night.

"What do you think he's going to do, Debbie?" I asked. I know there's more to it than he's revealed."

"I don't know," she answered, "But leave it to daddy to get even with us. He will never permit us to get married without us paying pretty dearly for what we've done."

“What will he do to me?” I asked, trying to guess her father’s mind. “And, he said something about aiding my deception.”

“If I hazarded a guess,” she mused, “I would say that he’ll make you have some breasts implanted that would pass inspection. I don’t think he would do much more than that. I’m sure glad you haven’t had your hair cut since graduation. It can be restyled right now and you won’t need a wig.”

“I hope that’s all he has in mind, besides maybe, a good talk. Already, I’m shaking inside.” At this she kissed me and suggested that I renew my makeup.

“Why? I won’t be staying with you. I might as well go home.”

“What would you tell your folks tonight that you can’t tell them in a letter. You might as well begin to live as Jennifer tonight. Just stay in feminine apparel. Then you won’t have such a job getting ready to meet daddy.”

“Will I have to meet him in a dress?” I wondered out loud, “I thought I was going as Gene.”

“He made it pretty clear that he expected you to come as a girl,” she replied, “and I wouldn’t do anything to antagonize him now. You won’t be able to go back home as a boy, if that’s what he has in mind. I’d say you ought to start thinking up something to tell your parents in a letter.”

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

"Say! That's right! He said a girl from now on until we graduate. That means I have to disappear as Gene."

"That's a fact, darling. It'll be fun until term starts next month. Not having to change back and forth, you can really add to your skills as a girl."

I completed my makeup retouching, straightened out my clothes, and asked if I looked presentable.

Debbie replied, "Very pretty. Now are we going to your apartment?"

"I guess so. There's no need to go home just to tell them I'm going out of town. I'll just disappear and write them from another city."

She drove me home. After a light peck on the cheek, as girls often do, she said goodbye. Then Jennifer walked up the steps to her room in high heels, without incident.

My mind was filled with thoughts about my predicament. I finally fell asleep in the prettiest of my baby doll pajamas.

The next day passed without much happening. Before our meeting I did shave my legs and under my arms. To meet Debbie's father, I dressed very attractively in a pink shell and permanent pleated skirt that I loved. After brushing the wig carefully, I put it on and left for my appointment.

I arrived at Dr. Darsell's office at exactly six thirty. It was not open, but a light was visible through the glass front. A bell was there so I rang it. Briefly I waited and an attractive nurse answered, "Yes?"

"Tell Dr. Darsell that Jennifer Whaley is here, please."

His office was a beautiful affair that covered two sections of a shopping center. I was invited into the reception room and shown a comfortable chair. "Be seated, Jennifer," the nurse said. "I was just leaving, but I will tell the doctor your are here."

I didn't have very long to wait, once the door closed after the nurse. He walked in the room and smiled. "Step in here, Jenny," he said. "I want you to undress in one of the little booths, and slip one of the paper robes on. Sit on the table there!" he pointed, "and I'll be back after I make a phone call."

"You want me to take all my clothes off?" I asked.

"Certainly," he exclaimed. "Don't be embarrassed by being nude in front of a doctor. I see over twenty people a day of all sexes."

I changed into the robe and wrapped it tightly around me. I had only been in the thin robe for a minute or so, when the doctor came into the room. In his hand he held a wicked looking needle. Dr. Darsell explained, "I'm going to give you a shot of estrogen, young man. This will help your voice become more feminine, and cause your body hair to become a bit finer."

Nothing else was said. I remember nothing else until what actually was hours later. I didn't know it then, and thought I had just dozed off.

The first thing I remember was seeing the white ceiling and a peculiar light overhead. I wondered where I was. Then I remembered that I was in Dr. Darsell's office.

Immediately I bolted upright on the table, "What happened?" I dizzily asked myself.

As I got off the table, I noticed the robe was flared open. A full-length mirror was nearby so I stepped up to it, remembering how tightly I had wrapped the robe around me. Holding the robe apart I took my figure in at a glance. My mouth dropped open. Protruding from my normally flat chest was a pair of breasts with large nipples. My waist appeared smaller, but I attributed this to the breasts that stuck straight out in front.

My eyes continued to inspect my body. Then I noticed the ear lobes. "Dr. Darsell pierced my ears and attached earrings!" I said aloud.

Dr. Darsell spoke from the doorway. "That isn't all, Jenny. There are several changes I have made in your appearance to help you appear feminine. You have real breasts, not pads. Your ears are pierced, and expertly if I do say so myself."

He paused a moment and continued: "I have also rounded out your hips and buttocks with a special process that they're using on sex changes. You won't have to be padded there anymore. I have also done something that I shall not explain to you. You will not be able to have sexual intercourse until I undo what is done."

"But Doctor! What if something happens to you? How will I ever get straightened out again?"

"Don't worry about that. If such a thing happens in my office safe there are instructions that will explain it all. You will be returned to normal again. I wanted insurance that you and Debbie would be chaste until the agreement is completed.

"You may dress again now," he advised. "I'll stand out here and wait for you."

I pulled the curtain on the little booth in which I had left my clothing. I slipped into the panties. This was enough to convince me he had indeed changed the shape of my hips and buttocks. The panties had been a little large. Now they were sleek fitting and tight. I had worn the unpadded girdle. It too was now tight fitting. The brassiere was something else.

It wouldn't fit me any more, so I ripped out the sewn in pads. Even then it was hard to fasten. The breasts were not going to go into the bra cups well, either.

I'd have to have a larger size bra now. Everything I had worn into the office in the way of clothing was tighter, but also better fitting. I curved where a girl should!

It wasn't difficult for me to attach the hose supporters now, as I had become adept at this. Soon I was dressed and looked at my face. It needed lipstick, which I applied with skill. Then I went out to face Dr. Darsell, who was awaiting my arrival. "Well . . . you look extremely attractive, Jenny," he commented. "How did you get to the office?"

I looked at him timidly and said: "I took a cab. Will you let me use the phone to call one to take me home?"

"You'll be spending the night with us tonight, dear . . ." he answered. Why, Debbie would never forgive me if you didn't show up there tonight."

"You mean that you'll let us be together at your home now?" I was definitely surprised.

"Why certainly! My daughter needs a close girlfriend to be with her, and I have no more objections to your presence with her at all."

"I'll need to go by my apartment first. My clothing is all there!"

He appeared very contented to drive me by the apartment. It wasn't but approximately thirty minutes until I was alighting from his automobile, in his driveway, with a small bag and some dresses on hangers. Debbie met us at the door and looked shocked.

"Why is Jennifer with you, daddy?" she asked in a worried tone. "Is something wrong?"

"No, Debbie," he smiled and spoke. "Everything's fine. I knew you girls would have some planning to do about going to college. You must remember that it is less than a month away. I made arrangements for both of you to attend McAllister Tech. The dean's a former classmate of mine. I told him you'd call and arrange your schedules sometime tomorrow. He said the time was agreeable to him. Both of you get dressed. I'm famished, since I haven't had dinner. We'll eat at the Olden Cafeteria."

She emitted a sound of pleasure at this and took the bag I had in my hand. "Let's go dress, darling. They have wonderful food, and I'm hungry too."

When we were out of his range of hearing, she whispered: "What happened? I've been nearly out of my mind all day. I was so afraid for my darling."

Her caresses meant much to me. I waited until she had embraced me before I pointed at my ears. "Take a look," I invited. "This is the first thing I really noticed."

"Daddy pierced them!" she exclaimed, and began feeling the tender lobes and the pretty gold rings that were inserted into the punctures.

"He sure did," I admitted, "and they're sore. But that was just the start." I began removing the shell. She helped me to keep from mussing up the wig. Turning my back on her, in slight embarrassment, I slipped the straps of the slip and bra off of both shoulders. Turning back to her, I bared the realistic breasts that Dr. Darsell equipped me with.

"Ohhh darling!" she said. She moved eagerly to me and cupped both of them in her hands. "They're so real looking. How did he attach them? How do you get them off?"

They were tender to her touch, and I backed off from her a step and said: "They don't come off, Debbie. He said they stay until we graduate from college, along with the other things."

"You mean there's more?" A look of amazement covered her face. "What else could he do?"

I turned my body, still covered from the waist down in my skirt and under things. "See anything that looks different about me anywhere else? There's something which you should be able to see."

It took her a moment or two and then she realized what it was.

"That isn't just padding at the hips and seat?" As I nodded she pulled up my skirt and slip, feeling the flesh that had made my hips and buttocks rounded and feminine. "Do you know how he did it?" She asked.

"I was knocked out by a shot." I answered. "When I came to, it was all done."

"Anything else?"

"Yes . . . but I hate to tell you what it is."

"Well, I want to know," she demanded.

"Dr. Darsell said I wouldn't have to worry about my breaking my word to him concerning us having relations. I won't be able to do anything until he returns me to my old self." I still didn't know exactly what he had done, and I was afraid to look.

"Debbie! Jennifer!" Her father's booming voice called, "We must hurry to the cafeteria or they'll be closed. Come on girls, you can talk later."

It took us just a few minutes to get dressed for dinner. Rejoining her father downstairs, he ushered us quickly out of the house and to the restaurant. In the excitement of just being a girl, dining amidst many people of both sexes, I soon forgot entirely the events that had just transpired.

After we had eaten and were on the way back to the Darsell home, her father admitted that I had acted a "perfect lady." Even Debbie had relaxed over the happenings and was enjoying herself. "I was a little jealous, daddy, over the way the men came by our table and kept looking at Jennifer."

"She will be very, very pretty by this time tomorrow," he announced. "I want you to make an appointment for Jenny, with your beautician. Get her the full treatment. A wig's not what she needs. She needs a cut and curl."

"I could use one myself, daddy. We'll just make it a duet," she told him. "I'll work on her a little tonight and let the operator finish it."

Was I afraid to go? No! It is hard for me to put the thrill I was experiencing in words.

All the way home from dinner, I was happy. I knew that little else could happen that would thrill me more. The ecstasy of the feminine apparel was

out of this world. The excitement of getting my real hair done was incredible. I was wondering if I would be able to sleep because of all the excitement I was feeling.

We said goodnight to her father at the stairs that lead to her bedroom. Then we went up chatting as though nothing whatsoever had happened to us. "Did you bring your nightclothes along, darling?" she asked as we sat on the edge of the bed. "If you want, you can wear the one you used last time."

"I brought my black gown and negligee set, Debbie. It's so pretty that I sleep in it almost every other night."

"It will go good with your pretty blonde hair," she admitted. "Let's get dressed for bed. Then I'll see what I can do about a feminine hairdo for your natural hair. Daddy was right. A wig is detectable. Having your natural hair is best. I'm glad you've let yours grow long."

I smiled. "It's gone without a cut since I first dressed in the cabin out on the lake. Are you sure it's long enough to look like girl's hair now?"

"Sure. Lots of girls have hair much shorter than yours is now. They just fuzz it up and tease it to make it look long. We both had undressed to brassieres and panties. I hurriedly slipped the black nightgown over my black panties that I had worn that day. Next, I slipped into the negligee and bedroom slippers.

Debbie, after showering, had slipped into a pale blue outfit that complimented her light blonde hair. It was waltz length, like mine. Her negligee, which tied at the neck in front, was extremely pretty.

I sat at her vanity and she started to trim the locks of my hair to eliminate the slightly mannish appearance. She plucked out a lot of hair at the sideburns then began to tease my hair all over. Before long she was brushing, curling with her electric iron and finally spraying. Each process made me feel more feminine. Soon I could see that her handiwork was very successful. Jennifer Whaley was indeed a pretty creation. "We're just going to have to let daddy see you tonight!" she said happily. "You look too pretty to hide until tomorrow." At that she took me by the hand and led me downstairs to where Dr. Darsell was sipping a highball while watching television. "Look, daddy!" she announced. "This is Jennifer's own hair. I had no idea that it would enhance her beauty so. It's so much prettier than the wig!"

"Hey! He said . . ." "It sure is. Come on in and sit down for a while if you'd like to. The late movie is about to begin. It's a good one tonight."

"We'd like to, daddy" she said, "but we've got so much to do tonight. I've got to roll my hair, fix my nails, and hers, too. We will try to be with you some tomorrow evening if you're home, O.K.?"

"Fine, Debbie," he agreed.

I guess it was one a.m. before we got into bed, together. Both of us were so tired that we went to sleep almost immediately.

When I awoke at 8:00 the next morning I had difficulty remembering where I was at first. Debbie had gotten up and was down in the kitchen. I could hear her singing with the radio.

As I rolled over to the edge of the bed and sat up, the full realization of what had taken place was

dawning on me. When I pulled down my panties, I saw a flesh colored device around my stomach.

It was somewhat like an elastic jockey strap, but much firmer and padded. I walked over to the mirror and examined myself in it. Relief was mine when I discovered that I was the same under this band. He hadn't done anything to me there. The contraption was designed to hide my maleness completely and give the impression of female parts through padding. Very effective! It was realistic enough to pass in a bikini.

I locked the bedroom door and undressed completely. Slipping a shower cap over my very feminine appearing hair, I quickly took my morning shower and dried off. I selected my lingerie from what I had brought from my apartment. A white slip, girdle, light blue nylon panties, and white bra were soon covering the almost entirely feminine body.

It took several moments for me to select what to wear to the beauty shop. Realizing it would take several hours I picked out a very comfortable "A" line blouse. The blouse was cool and comfortable, because it was made of Dacron polyester fabric. The skirt was a very pale pink. It looked and felt wonderful.

Soon I had hooked the stockings to the garters then I slipped my feet into a pair of white leather pumps. I had begun to love high heels shortly after mastering them. It was almost an obsession with me, so Debbie had to urge me to get me into flats whenever they were appropriate.

I fixed my face before brushing out the hairdo as I had seen her do it the night before. Next, I put a

pair of hoop rings through the tiny holes in my ears. This gave me the greatest thrill of all, to observe the gold ring enter the front of my lobes and exit. They are what I now considered to be lovely rings of femininity.

“Would I ever be willing,” I asked myself, “to give up these lovely trinkets and return to the world of men?”

I didn't like what I was thinking, . . .not at all. A pretty gold chain with a heart dangling from it completely finished my adornment, other than the pretty jeweled watch Debbie had given me.

I had barely finished my dressing, when she came to the foot of the stairs and called: “Jennifer! Breakfast is ready darling. Come and get it before it gets cold.”

“All right, Debbie,” I answered. “I'm dressed. I'll be there in a minute.” I had to get one more look at Jennifer, before I left the mirror. Indeed she was lovely. So lovely that I felt a twinge of regret that she couldn't stay that way always. I forced myself away from the mirror and down the carpeted stairs. The very simple things such as walking, going down stairs, and appearing in the sight of my darling Debbie, were such a thrill. Those who have never tried this cannot imagine.

“Oh” . . . she gasped as I walked in. “You look so lovely.”

This had me feeling as though I was on top of the world.

“You think I might pass as a girl?” I asked.

“If I didn't know you better, you would fool me. Sit down over here,” she said, indicating a chair on

her right. "I want you to eat lightly until we have pulled your waistline in at least three inches. I could stand to lose ten pounds myself, so we'll exercise, diet and be miserable together. Okay?"

We had two slices of brown toast without margarine, a boiled egg and black coffee. It filled me up, though, because the girdle I was wearing held my stomach in rather tightly.

After some small talk, we readied ourselves for the trip to the beauty shop. I wanted this experience, and was anxious for her to complete her dressing.

"Was it worth being caught, to get to do all this?" she asked as we opened the doors of her car and got in.

I didn't answer until I had pulled the dress down over my exposed legs. "Would you believe it if I said I was glad he discovered the truth? Having my ears pierced and being made to look more feminine by this alternation of my body was worth it. To get to be with you is a bonus I will always be thankful for. I'm so happy now, Debbie. Honest I am."

"Then I'm happy too. At least this way we get to be with each other all the time. With you as Gene it was so limited. I found the hours of separation almost unbearable." Her right hand found its way to my nylon encased legs and rubbed them softly. "I only regret that we have such a limited love life. It will be difficult being with you for four years and not be able to get physical."

"I won't mind that, Debbie," I protested. "Being with you and holding you when I want to will be enough."

At the beauty shop the beautician was waiting, so we were quickly put through the ropes. As I look back on it now, I love to remember those three hours. It was so satisfying to let the pretty girl who worked on my hair fuss over me. She kept talking about fixing me so pretty that I'd have to fight the boys away.

When we stepped outside the beauty shop, I actually felt the part I was living. We drove downtown and parked in a parking lot. For an hour we strolled from store to store, trying on dresses, skirts, and sweaters. It was like being in heaven! We had lunch in a restaurant then resumed our shopping tour. Men smiled, flirted, ogled and whistled. It didn't embarrass me at all. Jennifer was coming of age, I decided. To be called "Miss" by men and women alike was honey sweet to the taste.

This didn't end with that day. Between taking care of our college entrance problems (having my name changed by forgery of documents from Gene White to Jennifer Whaley) and getting registered for classes, took up some time. Buying some new clothes took some more. We had little time to play before the new school term began. Her father's name and money were a distinct help, and without it we wouldn't have made it as easily as we did.

McAllister Tech was seventy miles from home. We drove her car to school on Friday, before the official opening on Monday. The car was heavily loaded, inside and out with clothing. She pulled strings until permission was granted for us to live off campus in a rented apartment. It was just two blocks from the Administration building. This was

a relief to me, because I dreaded being closeted in a girl's dorm. I still had a long way to go before I could be seen naked by other girls.

It took us until Saturday night to get everything ready. I was plenty tired when we undressed and got ready for bed. As soon as I can I'll tell you more about my wonderful experiences. Both of us are so happy. Guess I'm on the right side of the track now!

THE END

The Beauty Pageant

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No. 80



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

It all started because of what some people would call a big mouth. I was a young newspaper reporter and was covering the city beauty pageant for my newspaper. My seat happened to be reserved next to my newspaper's biggest rival and, to my dismay, their reporter covering the event happened to be its owner and one of my worst enemies. His paper and the one I worked for were the biggest two in the city and were always fighting for tops in the business. I decided that there was nothing I could do about the seating arrangement and went to take my seat.

"Hello Rick," he said upon seeing that I had the seat next to him. "I see that your paper doesn't think much of the city beauty pageant."

"Hi, Dave," I replied "and why do you think my paper would think any less of this pageant than yours?"

"Well, they seem to have sent a second rate reporter to cover it."

With this I was furious, but said nothing. As the pageant went on Dave kept making comments to me about how this girl couldn't dance, or that girl couldn't sing or she was flat chested or his daughter had a better shape, etc. About 3/4 of the way through the contest I really got fed up with all his comments and decided to shut him up once and for all. I turned to him and said, "It's a good thing for you're not a judge!"

"Why?" Dave asked.

"Because, from what you have said, there wouldn't be any girls left in contention. I could probably go up there right now and win myself!"

"I'll bet you \$50,000 that you couldn't even get into the five finalists in this contest and would probably be laughed right off the stage the first time you appeared," Dave came back.

"Whether I could or not doesn't seem to matter, since you don't have the \$50,000 to bet with anyway," I told him.

"I'm willing to put up the money and my paper's reputation if you're willing to bet me," Dave persisted.

Feeling that I was in somewhat of a bind, I had to think fast. I turned to Dave and said, "I couldn't get up there now, anyway-the contest has already started and the contestants were picked two weeks ago."

But Dave wanted to make me squirm a little so he wouldn't be put off. "Okay, Rick, I'll bet you, you can't place in the top 15 in next year's contest. I'll give you one year to make a miracle happen and all you have to do is end up in the top 15."

"You must be crazy," I said.

"You're the one who started this," Dave countered. "Doesn't your paper stick to its word, or is it true that it is full of liars like everyone says."

"You're on!" I said, stung by his challenge, "but no one is to know about this until after the pageant next year and I want it in writing that if I do finish in the top 15 that you will move your paper to another city!"

"Now wait a minute, Rick," Dave protested, "you must be . . ."

"Well now," I interrupted, "now who is the one chickening out? Or are the stakes too high for your little old newspaper?"

“Okay, you little wise guy, you’re on, and when you get laughed off the stage I’m going to let the whole population of this city know what happened and your boss will be forced to move *his* paper to another city. Not to mention the lawsuit he will probably file against you!”

After the pageant I was walking back to the office when the reality of what I had bet really hit me. I started to run and when I got back I went straight to Mr. Stockton, the owner, and Mr. Peters, my boss, and told them what I had done. “Well Rick” Mr. Stockton said, “You know that this is impossible, you had no right to bet with him in the first place. Now I’ll have to call him and try to get you out of this. If you ever make any hare brain bets like this again I’ll fire you and make sure you don’t find another job in this or any other town in this state! Now you get back to your desk and get the story of the pageant ready for print. You did get a story didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” I said. “I’ll have it on your desk in 10 minutes sir, and thank you.” As I turned to leave he was dialing the phone. I never had a chance to finish my story because five minutes later Mr. Stockton was at my desk and he was raving mad.

“You imbecile, you stupid fool,” he yelled. “Dave won’t let us out of this bet of yours and by glory you’re going to enter that contest next year and you’re going to end up in the top 15 or you will have a suit hanging over you that will take you the rest of your life to pay!”

So, that’s how it all started. I told my story to my girlfriend, Connie, and she said she would help me as much as possible. Connie was in college and

majoring in cosmetology with a minor in dietetics so she knew quite a bit about what I would need to know to even have a chance in the contest. She had a great figure and had planned to enter it herself, but didn't have the time because of school. She thought it would be a good idea if I were to enter instead of her. Besides, she said, it would help her in school. "If I can make you look good enough to enter the contest," she remarked, "I should have no worries about passing my courses."

For the next six months she had me on a diet to reduce my manly 32-inch waist to a womanly 24. She had me doing exercises to shape my legs and to bring my weight down from 152 to around 128. It took six and a half months, but I finally stepped on the scales at 130 lbs. and measured (without pads) 35 1/2, 25 1/4, 36. We were both very happy about this, but she said now that I had made it I would have to keep myself there, at least for the next six months.

Next she started to teach me to put on make up and nail polish. Having a light complexion and blond hair, I only had to shave once every two or three days and this was a big help. The first time she made my face up I almost laughed as I looked in the mirror.

"After we get you a wig and get you into a dress," she said, "you'll look a lot better."

"I don't have to wear all the under things a girl wears, do I?" I asked.

"You have never seen a Miss Center City wearing jockey shorts, have you?" She replied caustically.

Five months before the pageant Connie started to teach me how to act and we worked for hours on my voice and the piano. I chose the piano for my talent

because, as a boy I had taken piano lessons for five years. Then one day she came over to my house with a suitcase. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"Nowhere," she replied, "but it's time you started dressing like a girl and got known around town. We can pass you off as my sister Lois and say you just got back from visiting Uncle Paul in Europe. The only thing is that you will not be able to do anything or go anywhere for the next four months unless you are Lois."

"That's impossible," I argued. "It would never work and besides, how could I work? I would have to quit my job."

"Well, since Mr. Stockton knows all about the bet why don't you ask him to let you work as a woman reporter. The paper needs some good woman's news in it and you could get well known as Lois to boot," Connie came back.

I tried to protest further, but she convinced me it was for my own good and so I agreed.

She opened the suitcase and took out all the things that I would need and laid them out for me. "The first time I will help you," she said, "but from now on you will have to learn to do it yourself. I have brought you my wig and some nice dresses that should fit well enough for now. After you get dressed we can go shopping and get you some more clothes. It should be fun."

I was a little hesitant to put on the clothes, but because Connie had been so much help to me in the past months, I decided to do it without opposition. She started by having me shave my whole body. Afterwards she handed me a pair of pink flowered

panties. I took them and slipped them on and to my surprise; they felt smooth and soft against my now feminine looking body. I strapped the padded bra around my chest and slipped into the slip. I couldn't understand why I enjoyed the feeling of these garments so much. After having some trouble with the panty hose she brought, I finally finished. The smooth, soft feel of the stockings as they brushed against the slip and the tight, almost restricting feeling of the bra gave me one of the biggest thrills of my life. I was getting so anxious to get finished and see how I looked that I almost let Connie know. I thought it best if she didn't know I felt this way and tried to restrain myself.

"Here," Connie said, "Try on this skirt and blouse I brought. They should fit pretty well." After the clothes were all in place she put on my make up and got a pair of shoes, which, I might add, were a little tight. She pulled out her wig, combed it into shape, put it on my head and I was completely a girl.

I was a little scared about going out, but Connie assured me that I was a good-looking girl and would pass easily, so I went. At the store she helped me pick out some of the things I would need for the next few months and the pageant, bathing suit, shoes, undies and other things. We also bought some dresses, skirts, blouses, and accessories. As we passed the lingerie department, Connie picked out a beautiful black silk negligee with matching peignoir. I looked puzzled at this and asked what it was for. "Well, if you're going to be a girl during the day, you might as well play the part at night also," she replied.

I went along, not wanting to reveal to her that I was actually enjoying the role I was playing.

At the check out counter Connie met one of her school friends who invited her to a party. "I'd love to come," Connie said, "but would you mind if I brought my sister Lois here?"

"Why of course not," Betty, her friend replied. "The more the merrier, but I didn't know you had a sister, Connie."

"Why yes, haven't I ever told you about her? She has been in Europe the last few years living with our uncle," Connie responded.

"Well it will be great that you can both come, got to run now, but see you a week from Monday then. Bye now," and she dashed off.

By the time we got home I was really mad. "Connie!" I yelled, "Why did you go and ask her if I could come to her party too?"

"This will be the best test in the world for you Rick, er, I mean Lois. If you can pass at Betty's party as a girl, you will be a cinch to make it into the contest. Besides, Betty is the daughter of Mr. Wise."

"Mr. Wise!" I screamed. "You don't mean Dave Wise, the man I have this bet with do you?"

"Why yes," Connie replied calmly, "the one and only."

"But he will recognize me the minute I step into that house," I protested.

"Well, if he does," Connie said, "you might as well call the whole bet off. He has been elected as one of the judges of the Miss Center City pageant this year so you will have to be at year best and you might as well start now."

The next morning I went to work dressed and when I arrived I went straight to Mr. Stockton's office. Since the sign on the door said "FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY," he started to protest my entering until I told him who I was and explained my plan to him.

"That is a great idea, Rick. We could use some good women's features and it would help you as much as the paper."

The first couple of days in the office were rather nerve racking ones for me. Mr. Stockton had a meeting with the employees and they all knew what was going on and swore to keep it secret.

After a few days I had my first assignment. I was sent to cover a fashion show. I went early to interview the owner, known as Mimi, before the show started and maybe pick out a gown for the contest. During the interview I spotted the most beautiful gown and asked if I could try it on. Mimi said yes and I went to the dressing room to put it on. I was surprised at how well it fit and when Mimi saw it so was she.

"How would you like to model it in the show?" asked Mimi.

"Oh," I replied quite surprised, "I wouldn't know the first thing about being a model."

"It would be easy to teach you all you would need to know for this one time. I was going to have it in the show, but I don't have a model that looks as good in it as you do. Please," Mimi begged.

I decided it would be fun and valuable experience so I decided to give it a try. Mimi and I spent the

next half hour going over everything I would have to do when my turn came.

As I walked down the runway I almost forgot I wasn't a woman because I felt so feminine in the gown. It was one of the greatest thrills of my life standing in front of all those people and knowing they saw me as a girl. The applause I got when I left the stage lifted my spirits to their highest point.

After the show Mimi complimented me on how well I had modeled and said she would give me the gown if I would model some other things in future shows. I agreed and went back to the office to get the article ready for print.

The party was set for the following week so I only had seven days to get ready for it. I went over everything Connie had taught me. I took walks, went shopping and just got out among people to see how well I was doing and to build my confidence. I found that once I could think of myself as Lois I got along easily.

Before I knew it, it was Monday night and we were on our way. After we parked the car and I started to get out I took a deep breath and tried to act my most feminine. Dave was greeting all the guests at the door and when I saw this my heart fell to my stomach.

"Good evening, Connie, and who is this lovely creature you have with you?" Dave greeted us.

"This is my older sister, Lois," Connie answered. "She has just returned from a two year visit with our Uncle Paul in Europe."

"Well," Dave said with some surprise, "it is a pleasure to meet you Lois. You will save me a dance before the evening is over, won't you?"

"I would be delighted to, Mr. Wise," I said.

The evening went along just great. I was accepted as a girl, and I might add, I was quite popular as a dance partner. But, since I had never seen any of these people before, I really didn't feel that it was all the big test that Connie had said it would be. Until

...

"Well, could I have that dance you have been saving for me now?" Dave's voice said at my elbow.

My heart must have stopped. I turned around and there before me was Dave Wise. He was the one man who could blow the whole thing wide open. "Yes," I said, with a forced smile, "it will be a pleasure."

After the dance, which went perfectly, I returned to Connie and she whispered, "See, I told you he couldn't tell."

The rest of the party went along well. As we left, Betty and Mr. Wise thanked us for coming and said they hoped to see us again. We thanked them for inviting us and hopped in the car and headed home.

The next day when I arrived in the office Mr. Stockton told me that a Miss Mimi had called and she had a job for me if I was interested. I got Mr. Stockton's permission and went over to see her. When I arrived Mimi said she had hoped I would come. She had some new bathing suits she was going to have modeled that afternoon and said that if I would like to model a couple she would let me pick them out.

I was rather nervous at the thought of being in front of all those people in a bathing suit, but decided it would be great practice for the pageant. I accepted and she took me to the dressing room to pick out the suits. I tried to pick two that hid the fact the best and laid them aside. Mimi said to put one on and she would give me some more tips before the show.

After I finished dressing she took me out to the stage and we practiced for a little while.

"You should have been a model, Lois," Mimi said enthusiastically. "You are a natural."

"Thank you," I replied, surprised by the comment.

"It's almost time to start so you best go back to the dressing room. You can get to know the other girls while you are waiting. You'll be out third," Mimi explained.

As I walked back to the dressing room I was wondering how I was going to change into the second suit with all the other girls around. I stepped in the room and all the girls were running around busily getting ready. I noticed that some of them left their panties on under their suits and I sighed a small sigh of relief.

All the girls were very friendly and again I was accepted as a girl with no questions asked.

The show went better than I expected and when I changed again everyone in the room was so busy changing themselves that they didn't notice me changing in the corner.

As the weeks went by Connie and I went everywhere together. We went to the beach as much as possible and I got a beautiful tan. We went to movies, out to eat, on long drives or just went out shop-

ping. I was beginning to forget Rick and think of myself as Lois.

As time passed I was learning more and more and enjoying it immensely. The people at work were wonderful and Mimi had a modeling job for me at least once a week. She helped me build up poise and confidence and Connie helped me with most of the other aspects necessary for the pageant.

Then one day there was an article in our paper that read-----

All those girls, between the ages of 18 and 25, who want to enter the Miss Center City beauty pageant two weeks from today, on September 17, should register at Pageant Hall no later than September 9.

As I read this my heart began to beat faster. This was it, the beginning of what the last year's preparation was all for.

I jumped into my car and drove over to Connie's house. I showed her the article and we both went over to the hall for the beginning of the big event.

As I stepped up to the desk to pick up an application I felt, not nervous for fear that I would be discovered, but instead the kind of excitement that any girl would feel in the same situation. The secretary behind the desk informed me that there would be no physical examination this year because they were sure that all the contestants entering the pageant were girls. I almost laughed when I heard this, but finished filling out my application and turned it in. I was told to report on stage for rehearsal at 9:00 sharp the morning of the 15th. All contestants would be shown the dressing rooms, entrances and exit

points, where they would stand on the stage for group numbers etc. and in what order they would appear.

For the next couple of days Connie put me through all the phases of the contest, evening gown, bathing suit, talent, and quick changes and make up. "Wouldn't it be funny if you won the title," Connie remarked jokingly.

"I would love to win," I replied, "but it would be impossible. What if I won and they found out I wasn't a real girl? It would create a real scandal for the pageant and all the people involved. I will be thrilled to end up in tenth place."

On the 15th I showed up at 8:45 and there were quite a few other girls there already. I was shown my dressing room and found out I was to share it with two other girls. I realized changing would be a problem, but I knew I would be able to do it. We were shown the stage and how to get to it from backstage. We then were told the order in which we would appear and were let go for the rest of the day.

On the way home I stopped at Connie's and told her of the day's events. We talked girl talk for a couple of hours and then I went home.

I stripped down to my panties and bra and went into the bathroom to shower and prepare for bed. I removed my make up, took a refreshing shower and then returned to my bedroom. I slipped into my black negligee and lay in bed for a while thinking of how wonderful I looked as a girl. No longer the humdrum of a man's world, but now the soft, gentleness of a woman's world. I fell asleep with an eased mind, pleased with all that had happened in the last eleven months.

The 16th was a very busy day. We went through all the group events and then our individual talent. We got out of the hall at 5:00 p.m. and I went straight home to get all the sleep I could before the big day.

I slept until noon the next day. After awakening I shaved, showered, set my hair and started to get dressed. I chose a cute burgundy color mini skirt with a white see through blouse with ruffles down the front. I loved to wear this skirt and blouse because I had been whistled at quite a few times while wearing it before.

When I arrived at the hall I noticed that there were a lot of people already there. I went to my dressing room and changed into my evening gown for the opening parade. I set out my bathing suit to be ready for the bathing suit contest that was next. I was adding the finishing touches to my make up when one of the girls who shared the room with me came in.

"Well, hi there, Lois," she said. "Isn't this exciting? Ever since I was a little girl I have dreamed of being in this pageant and now it is happening."

"Hi, Vicki," I replied somewhat nervously, "it's just super. I have been looking forward to this for quite a while too."

We talked awhile as she was getting ready and then Linda, our other roommate, came in. We all chatted as we finished our preparations.

Then it all started, a knock on the door and the words, "curtain in two minutes." We glanced at each other with smiling, but nervous faces. We wished each other well and went out to line up for the introductions.

Then the curtain went up and the first girl was introduced. She walked out, down the runway and back to her spot on stage as they introduced the next one.

When I heard my name I swallowed hard, put on a happy, but forced smile and started out. As I walked down the runway past the applauding throng I saw Mr. Wise and Mr. Stockton. As I reached the end of the runway there was Connie. She gave me a reassuring smile and a wink, which helped me tremendously. I returned to my spot on stage and started to relax a little from the opening excitement.

After all the girls were introduced we went back and changed for the bathing suit contest. I made the change without much trouble because Vicki and Linda were busy changing too and had no time or reason to watch me. We went out and lined up again, ready to parade out in our bathing suits.

After that everything went wonderfully. The talent contest was over in what seemed like minutes with all the rushing around, changing, touching up make up and talking to the other girls.

The time had come to pick the top five finalists. We all went out on stage and stood in our predetermined spots with all eyes on the judges and the five seats on center stage. You could feel the tension mount as the judges finished their writing and handed the envelopes to the MC. He opened it and started to call out the names. The first name called was Vicki, my roommate. I could see how happy she was when she walked down to take her seat in front. I was so happy for her that I almost didn't hear my name called next.

I had more than done it! I wanted to scream with joy. I had made at least 5th, which was even better than the 15th place I had bet. As I walked down to take my seat next to Vicki I could see Connie giving me the V sign from her seat.

Now came the final test to pick number one. The judges had decided to do something a little different this year. They said since the winner would be seen in public that they would pick the winner from what they had worn to the hall that afternoon. We were all told to go back and change into those clothes.

We all went back to the dressing room and started to change. When Vicki got there she was almost in tears. I asked her what was wrong and she said she didn't have a chance to win now.

"Why," I asked.

"Because," she explained almost in tears, "all I wore was a pair of Levi's and an old blouse. I didn't think it was necessary to dress up just to drive over to the hall."

"I'll tell you what," I said, "you and I are the same size, why don't you take my skirt and blouse and I'll wear your Levi's."

"No, I couldn't do that, Lois, it would ruin your chances," she said.

I gave her the excuse that I couldn't win because of my job and that 5th place would be even more than



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I had expected. After some persuasion she agreed and we switched clothes.

As I made my final walk down the runway I would tell that Connie knew what I had done and she gave me a big smile. After we were all seated again the MC received the final envelope.

Because one of the other girls had on "distasteful" clothes she finished 5th. My name was called next. 4th! I felt as if I had won. I was so happy I almost started to cry.

Vicki had won and I had the satisfaction of knowing I had won the bet and had helped a good friend win.

After the closing ceremony I gathered my clothes from the dressing room, left a note for Vicki to keep the skirt and blouse as a congratulation present and left for home.

The next morning I arose early and dressed in a becoming pants suit. I ate a light breakfast and headed to the office. When I arrived I found out that Mr. Stockton and Mr. Wise were already waiting for me in the conference room. I walked to the door and as I knocked I was wondering what was going to become of all of this.

"Lois," Mr. Wise said as the door opened, "what are you doing here?"

"Hello, Mr. Wise," I replied somewhat mixed up, "didn't Mr. Stockton tell you?"

"No, I didn't Lois, I mean Rick. I thought I'd wait until you got here to let him know he had in fact lost," Mr. Stockton replied proudly.

"You mean this is Rick?" Mr. Wise was astonished at what he saw. "I can't believe it! And to think I

enjoyed dancing with you at Betty's party," he said with some embarrassment. "Well, since you finished fourth I guess I've lost the bet. I'll have a check in the mail tomorrow and will start preparations to move the paper."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted, "I think we will all agree that this bet was foolish and was only made out of anger. I have had so much fun this past year that I feel it would be wrong to hold you to the part about the paper. I'm willing to forget that part if you are, Mr. Stockton. I'll accept the money, as it will help me in the life I plan to lead. All I ask from you, Mr. Stockton, is that I can keep my job as a woman reporter and nothing is to be said about Lois being Rick in either paper."

Mr. Stockton and Mr. Wise both agreed to forget it and promised not to reveal my true identity. Although Mr. Stockton could not understand why I wanted to remain Lois, he agreed to let me stay on as a woman reporter because of the good job I was doing. We all shook hands and left the conference room much better friends than ever before.

I got the rest of the day off and went to see Connie. I explained what happened at the office and told her how much I enjoyed being Lois.

"You mean you want to be Lois more than Rick?" Connie asked almost in tears.

"Yes, Connie," I explained, "if you don't want to see me anymore because of . . ."

"Not see you anymore! I have fallen in love with Lois and I'm so happy you want to keep her around I could cry," Connie interrupted.

The following week Connie and I went to another town and were married. We had decided to live as sisters since we had gotten along so famously during the past year. It seemed very strange to become a long haired man again for the duration of the ceremony, but that was Rick's swan song as I have lived in the feminine world ever since as a successful career woman reporter. Life has been good and Miss Mimi has provided many occasions to remind me of my pageant experience by throwing modeling jobs my way every few weeks.

THE END

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..... 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 FASHIONS #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
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..... 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 FEMININITY #9	10.00
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..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
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..... TRANSFORMA COMIC	10.00 ea.
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6	10.00
..... THE SLIP	10.00
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STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	
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[OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate—up to 10 books]	
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P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

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..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08

IN THE PINK



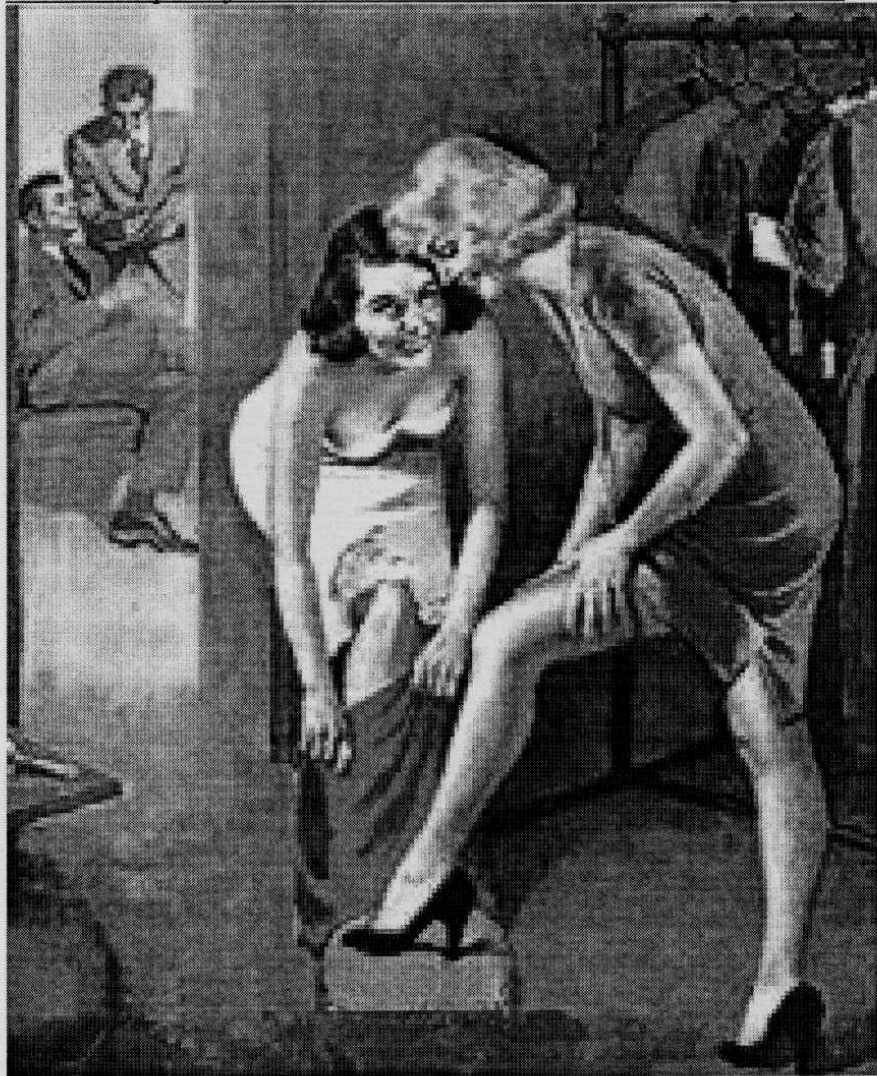
*The mock wedding had a surprise ending....
a mock bride! A mock woman!
And a real marriage license!*

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
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CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

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..... HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00
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..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
..... HOSTESS & THE GUESTESS #10	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (4-episode part #)	10.00
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
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..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... SWISH! P! THINKING #88 NEW	10.00
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..... PRETTY AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
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..... GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
..... JESSE INTO IESSICA I & II #75&76	20.00
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..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
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..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
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..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
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MISSY'S SLIP	
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