

SERIALS

MAGAZINE

**"FORCED TO BE A
"DAUGHTER"**

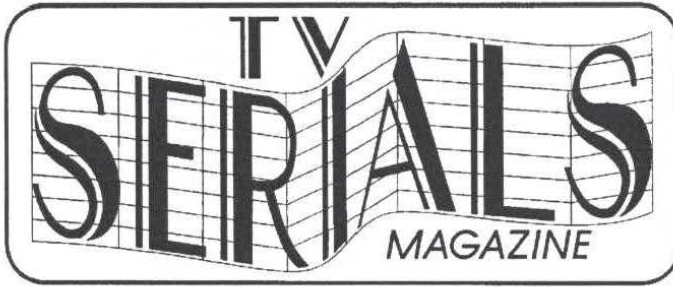


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BECOMING A DAUGHTER

by D. Crease

Edited by
Ron
Sandy Thomas

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BECOMING A DAUGHTER

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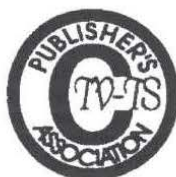
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Editors and Contributors:

SANDY THOMAS

QUOTE BOARD

**ONE IS NOT BORN A WOMAN,
ONE BECOMES ONE**

Simone De Beauvoir

BECOMING A DAUGHTER

BY D. CREASE

IN “FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER”, Justin was sentenced to nine months of dressing like a girl. His mother like the idea of having a daughter.

In “LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER”, Justin’s mother takes steps to make sure Justin “PASSES” and learns what is expected of a daughter. He learns hair styling and other beauty talents. He’s offered a job at a salon. THE STORY CONTINUES...

When I broke the news of my new job to Mom, she too broke out in tears of joy. “My little girl’s growing up,” she bawled and smothered me in kisses. “Everyone’s so proud of you!”

Readying myself for bed, I stood before the mirror, my adrenaline pumping. Carefully I eyed my ever changing body. Running my hands along my torso, I shivered at the sight of my figure. It was becoming more curvaceous with each passing day.

Caressing my narrow waist, I thrilled over my sumptuously rounded hips and buttocks. Having abandoned paneled girdles, only my gaffe marred the perfectly feminine picture.

Yet my bosom had changed most dramatically! Perched high atop my once flat chest, tiny breast buds pointed pertly outward. “How much will they grow?” I anxiously wondered. “Dr. Dunn said they shouldn’t even be this big! What’s happening to my body?”

However, estrogen wasn’t only changing my shape, it was also wrecking havoc on my emotions! Once, at the salon, I

watched city workers salt the snow packed street. Suddenly I broke down and sobbed uncontrollably.

“What’s wrong, Jocelyn?” both Cathy and Linda worriedly asked in unison. “Did a client speak meanly to you?”

Pointing at the street, I fiercely sniffled, “No! I.. I didn’t wear my booties today. My shoes! They’ll be ruined!”

“Oh sweetheart, is that all?” they giggled, puckering their lips to avoid laughing. Caressing my shivering shoulder, Cathy soothed, “Don’t worry, I’ve an extra pair.”

“Thank you, Cathy,” I whimpered, regaining my self control. “I’m sorry for my silly outburst. I don’t know what got into me.”

Smiling, Linda said, “That’s okay, honey. Things like this happen to all us girls every now and then.”

But my emotional and physical metamorphoses were minor in comparison to how I began viewing interpersonal relationships. My sexual orientation was changing. Rather... it was adjusting with my advancing femininity. I found myself looking at men! If became intensely aware of men’s manner, now so different than mine. I watched their flat chests, small buns and the way they strutted like I was from outer space and not a man myself. Then again, I did the things girls did. I shaved my legs and not my face. No man would be caught dead in a brassiere, but I was finding one more and more necessary.

What started as an innocent date, quickly became a fairly steady relationship. Several days after my first date with Richie, he called to ask me out again.

After Kevin chidingly handed me the phone, devilishly winking, Richie stammered, “Oh... ah... hi. How’ve you’ve been?”

“Okay,” I nervously gulped trying to think of a quick excuse.

After several false starts, we talked for over an hour. I became more and more comfortable speaking to him. The masculine resonance of his voice disarmed the “threatened” innocent burgeoning femininity in me.

Hanging up, my heart fluttered. “Oh my,” I sighed. “I accepted!”

Mom asked, entering the den, “Who were you talking to dear?”

“I accepted,” I anxiously said it aloud with a glaze over my eyes.

Mother gushed, “Would you like a new dress?”

Shamefully confused, I nodded.

By the week of Christmas, Richie and I were going out on a regular basis. With each date, the horror of being a girl to men became less strong and less affixed. While everyone encouraged me to date boys, I still harbored serious doubts.

This wasn't because Richie treated me poorly. On the contrary, he was the perfect gentlemen, respecting me as the girl I appeared to be. That was the problem. I was deceiving him!

However, I only thought of this dilemma when we were apart. The times we spent together were all together different!

His endearing smile made me blush bashfully while his loving touch excitedly thrilled me. Often recalling Nancy's words, I'd merrily swoon, “I am becoming more feminine!”

The day before Christmas Eve fell on a Saturday. Hurrying home from the salon, I frantically prepared for my standing date with Richie.

Searching through my vast wardrobe, I finally found an outfit. Since he promised to take me dancing, it was perfect to wear to the new disco.

Expertly, I dipped my developing breasts into the barely padded cups of a racy, lacy black bra. Although only a size 34 AA, its lifting under wire squeezed my swelling bosom to create the appearance of very enticing cleavage!

Dressed and fully made up, I dabbed Mom's french perfume in all the strategic places! “You're devastating!” I breathlessly whispered, blowing myself a seductive kiss. Then I gleefully scampered downstairs on my four inch black pumps.

“Oh sweetheart!” Mom gushed, seeing me mince into the den. “Your skin tight black mini dress with those black seamed stockings is simply stunning. Are you wearing a garter belt too?”

Demurely glancing away, I blushed, “Yes, Mother. I'm so glad you like my outfit. But I was wondering if I could wear your pearls? I want to look extra nice tonight.”

“Of course!” she enthused. “Take the studs and the choker. It’ll really compliment the your scooped neckline!”

After retrieving her jewelry, I returned to the den and modeled. “Isn’t Jocelyn ravishing, Mike?” Mom asked Daddy.

Looking away from the televised hockey game, he attempted a quick glance. But before his eyes turned back, Daddy stopped ogling in astonishment.

“I...I can’t believe it,” he droned. “You look nice!”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I sweetly smiled. “That really means a lot to me.” Overcome with emotion, I scurried over and lovingly hugged my father.

Yet soon my gay mood changed. Richie was over a half hour late!

Worried, I called him from the kitchen. When no one answered at his house, I became an even more nervous wreck!

“Mother, I’m concerned,” I anxiously whined. “Something happened, I just know it. He’s never been so late before!”

“Relax dear,” she sheepishly soothed. “Maybe he had a flat. Or maybe he ran out of gas before picking you up!”

“I suppose,” I reluctantly agreed. “But I’m still worried.”

As I was about to call again, the door bell rang. “It’s him!” I gaily sang. “Just a second Richie, I’ll be right there!”

Smoothing out my dress and checking my face in the hall mirror, I smilingly opened the door. “Nancy?” I bewilderingly asked. “What are you doing here?”

“Hi Jocelyn,” she tragically whimpered. “You look lovely this evening. Sorry to barge in on you, but there’s something very important I’ve got to tell you.”

“Important?” I confusingly asked. “But Richie’s coming and we’re going...”

“I know, dear,” she pouted. “Please, we need to talk in private.”

Taking her to my room, she locked the door. Sitting beside me, she woefully sighed, “Richie’s not coming.”

“He’s not what?” I exclaimed in disbelief. “But we have a date. He’s just late, that’s all.”

Shaking her head, she sorrowfully insisted, “No dear, he’s not coming tonight... Or any other night. I’m terribly sorry.”

"I don't understand," I whimpered in a far away voice. "He's not only standing me up, but dumping me too. But why?"

"I'm sorry." Nancy quivered. "He saw the announcement! My little brother showed it to Richie two days ago. I should have destroyed that damned piece of paper. It's all my fault!"

"He knows about me!" I tragically moaned. "But I'm not the same person I was before. Surely he must realize that. Where is he, Nancy. I've got to tell him I'm really a girl now!"

"I'm sorry," she attempted to sooth. "I tried explaining, but he wouldn't listen. He doesn't understand how he's hurting you."

"I knew this would happen!" I sobbed. "It was a terrible mistake to date Richie. He's made me feel like more of a girl than ever!"

"Oh you poor child," Nancy commiserated. "But you've got to see the bright side. Being more feminine is a good thing!"

As tears spilled from my face to stain my beautiful dress, Nancy and I hugged, drawing on each other for support. I cried for what seemed an endless time.

As we regained our composure, she begged, "Can you forgive me, Jocelyn? I'll do whatever it takes to make it up to you!"

"That's okay," I smilingly sniffled realizing how girlishly silly I must look, adding, "I'm all dressed up with no place to go!"

Drying her eyes, she laughed, "I'm free. When I broke up with my first boyfriend, ice cream really brightened my spirits. You game?"

Bashfully checking my waistline, I noted, "I'd be breaking my diet. But since ballet lessons are over, I don't see why not. What Madame Novsky doesn't know won't hurt me!"

Changing into a casual skirt and sweater set, Nancy and I bounded downstairs like school girls. After explaining the situation to Mom, she understandingly said, "There are other fish in the ocean!"

"She used to say that about girls!" I shuddered, adding, "I'm NEVER EVER getting involved with another boy!"

The ice cream shop was packed with my old school mates. While apprehensive at first, Nancy encouraged me, "They won't bite you!"

All heads turned the second I entered. "This is a big mistake," I moaned. Yet after the initial shock, I was astounded as boys and girls alike warmly smiled at me!

A quick dessert ended up as a party. Sharing a large table, I quickly discovered how widely accepted and greatly admired I was as a girl!

While girls complimented my clothes, hair and even my figure, the boys were a bit more standoffish. Yet they intimated some attraction for me. I was the center of attention!

Returning home, I was on cloud nine! "Oh Nancy!" I gushed. "It's so wonderful being a girl!" Yet even as she enthusiastically agreed, I silently wavered, I still knew that I would be a man for life, knowing it was impossible for me to remain a girl?

Spending Christmas Eve with my family, I dressed especially nice for midnight mass. Many of the kids I saw the night before were there. Blushing girlishly, I bashfully accepted their friendly winks and nods as Dad reluctantly escorted me on his arm to our pew.

Early the next morning, we all gathered beneath our Christmas tree to exchange gifts. With all the excitement in my life, I hadn't stopped to think about the types of presents I'd be receiving.

As if planned, Mom made certain my gifts were opened last. This only added nervous suspense to my already anxious psyche.

While Daddy admired his new ratchet set and Kevin pounded his new baseball mitt, Mom tenderly said, "Now it's Jocelyn's turn. Ready dear?"

"I... ah... guess so," I haltingly sputtered, anxiously hugging my bosom. "But there are so many. Where shall I start?"

There were clothes, cosmetics and even some quite intimate items! Lifting a brightly wrapped box, Kevin excitedly said, "Here, open this one next. It's from me!"

"Very well," I smiled. Carefully removing the paper so as not to tear it, I gingerly opened his present. "Oh Kevin!" I gushed. "A two piece aerobics leotard!"

"Yeah," he grinned triumphantly. "When I saw it at the sporting goods store, I knew you'd like it. But I didn't know your size, so I hope it fits."

Lifting up the French cut briefs and bikini "tank" styled top with a built in bra, I giggled, "It's a size six with a 36 'C' cup. I'm not that big! I'm hardly a full 'A'." I blushed at my statement and Daddy's look of patronage.

I glanced at my chest, nervously wondering, "Is this a prediction? Will it ever fit?"

I unwrapped Daddy's special gift next. "Thank you Daddy," I blushed, displaying the holiday dress for all to admire. "It's stunning! I'll wear it this afternoon at dinner."

"You're welcome, sweetheart," he embarrassingly replied. "It ought to fit. Mom gave me your size, so I went..."

As Daddy went on, explaining the gift in detail, I demurely lowered my eyes, hesitantly thinking, "He's more understanding now that I stopped dating boys. I guess that was just too much for him."

But the best present of all was from Mom. Handing me a small, elegantly wrapped box, she tearfully said, "Here Jocelyn. This is from me. The best things come in small packages!"

"Oh Mother! A locket! It's beautiful!" I joyously cried.

Opening the gold heart shaped pendant, my fluttering heart skipped several beats. Inside, the tiny engraved inscription read, "Jocelyn, my daughter. Love Mother."

"Thank you so much!" I gaily whimpered, cuddling up to her loving bosom. "It's wonderful! I'll wear it always!"

Clenching the locket tightly in my delicate hand, Mom tenderly caressed me. Yet as happy tears trickled down my face, I wavered. Did I always want to be her daughter?

Later in my room, I carefully secured the locket's clasp and gently patted it into place. Then I heard Kevin's boisterous call, "Come on Sis. Dinner's being served!"

Slipping on my black patent leather pumps, I smoothed my smoky nylons. My family watched in awe as I primly descended the stairs to make my grand entrance in my new holiday frock.

"I never thought a dress could look so beautiful dear," Dad loudly whispered. "You're gorgeous Jocelyn!"

"Thanks Daddy," I girlishly giggled. I gave him a kiss which caused Dad to blush. Twirling, I gushed, "Isn't it darling!"

"Indeed!" Mom boastfully enthused. "And the dress's colors are perfect too!"

Anxiously smoothing out nonexistent wrinkles from the forest green velvet top and red plaid taffeta skirt, I delicately caressed my new locket, suspended on its micro thin gold chain. "I'm all ready!" I chimed, "Shall we eat?"

A lot had changed since Thanksgiving. Both Dad's and Kevin's attitude had drastically changed. They treated me as one of the family again, albeit as a female member!

Wearing a frilly apron, I helped Mom set out the luscious holiday desserts. While in the kitchen, I heard the door bell ring, followed by Kevin gleefully shouting, "Hey man, what's up?"

Assuming it was one of his friends, I paid him no mind. But next I heard an all too familiar voice reply, "Doing fine! I'm in town for the holiday and stopped to visit. Where's your brother?"

"Oh no! Brett's here!" I flustered in pain. "Mother, what shall I do?" I frantically asked. "If he sees me like this, he'll... Gosh, I'll die... I'll simply die!"

Embracing me, Mom gently soothed, "Come now, it was inevitable he'd see you. Brett's your best friend. If he can't understand, no one can."

"I suppose you're right," I sighed, dabbing my teary eyes. "But maybe I'll sneak upstairs and change into some slacks or..."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, young lady!" she endearingly scolded. "He'll see you as you are, a pretty girl named Jocelyn!"

Bowing my head, I anticipated severe humiliation. Quickly removing my apron, Mom straightening out my dress. "Here," she insisted, opening a tube of lipstick. "Let's freshen your face. You'll want to make a good appearance."

While my lips quivered with fear, Mom skillfully smoothed on the gleaming red gloss. "What will I say? ...What can I do?" I desperately agonized. "Oh lord! How will I face Brett?"



*"he's more girl than boy now," Mom gushed.
"I can see!" Principal Winters exclaimed.*

Giving me a kiss and a gently nudge on my rounding fanny, she urged me along. Slowly, I minced toward the kitchen entry way.

Placing my hand on the threshold, I peeked around to see Brett, Kevin and Dad in an animated conversation. Pushing off the wall, I abruptly stopped and shuddered, "Oh no! My hands!"

My elegantly long fingernails were polished a translucently luscious "mother of pearl" white. "I must hide them!" I silently moaned. "But where?"

Finding no alternative, I held my arms behind my back. Grasping my hands tightly, my pulse anxiously racing, I tentatively stepped into the den and softly peeped, "Merry Christmas, Brett."

"Merry Christmas Justin. . ." he started to happily reply. But his bewilderingly shocked expression said it all!

As Brett's eyes bulged and mouth gaped, I bowed my head in shame. Yet I was embarrassed even more when I realized my posture caused my nubile breasts to pertly stand at attention!

Blushing profusely, I quickly drew my arms front. "The heck with my nails," I anguished. "He hates me anyway!"

The excruciating silence was broken as Mom entered the den. "Kevin, Mike, I need your help," she insisted. "Jocelyn and Brett need a few moments alone."

As they left, I scurried to the sofa, mindfully putting some distance between Brett and I. Instinctively smoothing my dress, I daintily sat and crossed my ankles and folded my hands demurely in my lap.

Finally, Brett frantically whispered, "Justin, man! What the hell's happening? They made you do all this?"

"Oh, Brett, things have gotten out of hand," I tearfully whimpered, in my sweet soprano timber. "I've sort of just got too involved!"

"I can see...and hear!" he shook his head in disbelief. "You're so thin and your muscle tone is gone!" Pausing, he appeared to want to know something, but feared my reply. Finally he stammered, "Are... ah... you still a boy where it counts?"

Blushing, I yipped, "Yes...but that's about all there's left."

"Padding?" he asked seeing him ogle my chest.

I woefully added, "No! Oh Brett, they've ruined me!"

Haplessly bowing my head, I wept like an infant. "What are you doing?" I anxiously sobbed when I felt his hand on my shoulder. "I've let you down...Don't you hate me?"

"I could never hate you, Justin," he solemnly replied. "No matter what, you're my best friend. Your punishment is more than half over. You've plenty of time to be a guy again."

Smiling endearingly, I whimpered, "You're too sweet, Brett. But I hope I can return to a boy. It's just not my body... Everyone treats me like a girl too."

"Hey! What are pals for?" he gleefully encouraged. "I must say, you sure look like a cute girl but I told you before I'd help in you every way I could. My promise still stands!"

As we both stood up, I gazed wondrously into his big brown, sparkling eyes. Moved with emotion, my lips parted as I leaned toward him, offering a thankful kiss. Catching myself, I snapped back. What was I doing? He didn't want to kiss me. No, I meant that I can't kiss him!

As I sorrowfully turned away, Brett wrapped his arms around my lithe frame and hugged me tenderly. "Don't be ashamed of what you've become, Justin," he stoically insisted while holding me tight. "Remember, I'll always be here for you...No matter what!"

My body jerked uncontrollably as I buried my head against his muscular chest feeling my nipples harden. "Thank you Brett," I sobbed. "That really means a lot..."

We continued our embrace for several moments more until I regained my self control. "Oh, I've ruined your nice shirt," I pouted upon noticing the black mascara stains left behind by my tears.

"What's a shirt compared to our friendship," he laughed. "I've got plenty more. But enough of this sad business. Let's catch up on good times. A lot's happened since I left town."

Into the wee hours of the morning, Brett and I gabbed on and on. It was well after two in the morning when Brett said, "Gosh, I've got to go! The basketball team's playing a big game Thursday and I must head back to school tomorrow for practice."

"Good luck," I lovingly cooed, curled up on the sofa beneath an afghan. Standing up, I slipped on my pumps and escorted Brett to the front door.

"It was great seeing you again, Justin," he earnestly said, pulling on his overcoat. "If you're up to it, you're always welcome as my guest at State U."

"What would the guys in your dorm say if I showed up for a weekend?" I bashfully pouted. "You'd get nothing but grief!"

"If we don't tell," he mused. "They'd say I'm a lucky dog to have a friend as gorgeous as you!"

"Cut it out, Brett," I embarrassingly whined."

He seriously retorted, "I mean it!"

Waving goodbye, I watched him drive away. As the tail lights faded in the distance, I slowly shut the door, nervously sighing, "Is there something wrong with me?"

As the weeks passed, my world revolved around only things feminine. As a fully licensed beautician, I girlishly gossiped with Linda, Cathy and all my loyal clients.

My home life was no different. Every day, my daughterly bond with Mom became stronger. Dad and Kevin's attitude had evolved to such an extent that they acted as if Justin had never existed!

But most remarkable was how my body continued to change. My masculine angularity had nearly disappeared. Now my face and complexion glowed with a softer, rounded quality.

In fact, every thing about me was rounder! My shoulders narrowed and my hips and fanny widened to take on more feminine proportions, while my waist dwindled to supple slenderness.

Most spectacular was the growth of my breasts! Tender loving care caused them to lusciously blossom. My nipples and areolas continued to darken and expand. Doing away with my padded bras, I now comfortably fit a regular 34 "A" cup!

However, the female hormones simmering threw my blood stream had their dire side effects. No close examination was needed to see that my male genitals had shrunk to an meaningless size!

Coming to grips with their essential loss was depressing. At times I was titillatingly enthralled with my burgeoning femininity, but most times I was overshadowed by sorrow.

I had a long talk with Nancy about my "loss".

"Hey," she quipped, "I've never had any and I don't miss them a bit!" then seriously added, "You realize that the more they shrivel, the more girlish you will actually be?"

Her inspiration was exciting. She had me hoping that they would waste away totally and eliminate all my conflict.

My brighter outlook also effected my relationships. I was never without a beaming smile or a cheery hello. At times, I'd overtly exhibit my feminine wiles. This would cause Mom to scold, "Mind your manners, Jocelyn. People will think you're a tart!"

Shortly after New Year's, a letter came to the house. It was from the high school addressed to "Mr. Justin R. Ryan."

Mom and I read it together. Afterwards she beamed, "This is wonderful news, dear. You've passed all your classes!"

I proudly smiled, "Even I'm surprised I did so well! But I'm suppose to report to Dr. Winters office Monday morning. I wonder what he wants to see me about?"

The following Monday morning, Mom and I went to the high school. During the drive over, my palms perspired profusely as I woefully anticipated another round of dire humiliation.

But when we arrived, it was unlike before. Instead of chiding remarks and bitter insults, I received smiling praises and friendly welcomes!

"You've become quite the popular girl," Mom commented as we passed through the crowded corridors. "See dear, I told you this would happen... When you gave into femininity!"

"I guess you were right, Mother," I sheepishly blushed. "But I had no idea I'd be this popular!"

Entering the Administration office, the secretary gleefully welcomed, "Well hello, Justin. . .er, I guess we call you Jocelyn now! Dr. Winters will be with you in a moment."

As she walked away, Mom asked, "Do you know that woman?"

"Yes Mother," I replied, taking off my winter coat. "Mrs. Thomas and her daughter are clients at the salon."

What would have been an embarrassing confrontation months earlier, wasn't now. Instead, Mrs. Thomas' warm greeting boosted my ego and built confidence in my growing femininity.

Moments later, Mom and I entered the Principal's office. Dr. Winters didn't notice us right away as he was preoccupied with piles of paper work covering his desk.

Smoothing my navy blue, knee length skirt, I primly sat and crossed my smooth legs. My twin conical mounds, appealingly displayed, darted forth from my white, blouse monogrammed with my first initial.

While still staring downward, the Principal asked, "So.. ready to return to school?" Looking up, he excitedly stammered, "Ah... Justin! Is that really you?"

"Yes," I cooed, demurely glancing away.

Anxious from his bewildered stare, I stretched to relieve the discomfort. Arching my back, my bosom jutted forward in an apparently too suggestive manner.

"Well now," Dr. Winters nervously sighed. "I...I see you've changed... Quite a bit since last fall!"

"I suppose I have, sir," I meekly blushed, waving my hand to display my feminized figure. "I'd still look pretty silly dressed in boys clothes."

"Indeed," he gulped, reaching for a glass of water. Taking a sip, he asked, "Then you'll be participating in the Work Study program again?"

Nodding, I said, "It certainly seems I will." Pausing a moment, I added, "But if the school board makes an exception, I'd love to attend here so I can graduate with my class."

Still ogling me in astounded disbelief, he replied, "I heard that you had adjusted very well to your present circumstances. Unfortunately, there's nothing I can do. I'm truly sorry."

As I pouted sadly, Mom earnestly insisted, "Jocelyn's really more a girl than a boy now. Can't the rules be bent just a little?"

"The board's unyielding, Mrs Ryan," he replied. "I'll mail your son the Work Study registration forms. Please sign and return them."

As we walked out of the office, the Principal again buried his face in his paper strewn desk. "My word, he's certainly an odd man," Mom noted aloud as we left the school.

"No more odd than me!" I shuddered. Recounting Dr. Winters shocked reaction, I agonized, "I'm still inexplicably between two worlds. With four months left, which way should I go?"

Returning to work, I got my life back on track, ardently putting my current circumstances out of my mind. With Nancy away at college, I drew closer to Mom and Cathy, as these relationships continued to solidify my femininity.



As I examined the other girls, I suddenly realized, "I fit in so well with these girls. I'm one of them now."

Near the end of January, I had a scheduled check up with Dr. Dunn. Three months had passed since she started me on estrogen therapy. Taking off work, I was joined by Mom for my appointment.

"Good afternoon Kate...Jocelyn," the doctor gaily greeted, stepping into the examination room. But her demeanor abruptly changed, as a glassy eyed befuddlement glossed over her face.

Glancing back and forth between her chart and me she anxiously asked, "Jocelyn, what's happened to you? ...You're so...so curvy!"

"Well... I've... ah... been watching my weight," I quivered. "The scale at home shows I'm down to 119 pounds!"

Tensely shaking her head, she snapped, "It's not your weight dear. It's all of you!" Pausing, she asked, "Have you been taking your medication regularly?"

"Of course, doctor," I bewilderingly insisted. "Both pills, once a day, just as you prescribed. Is anything wrong?"

Placing her chart down, she wondered, "I don't know... Yet. Let's get you examined. I hope it's just my imagination!"

No sooner had I removed my top then Dr. Dunn cried, "Is that you filling the bra?" As I haltingly nodded, she wallowed aloud, "It's impossible! You couldn't have developed so much!"

Her hands quaking, she unhooked my bra. Released from their constraints, my soft, fleshy breasts bounced and jiggled before the doctors astonished glare.

Frantically scratching her head, Dr. Dunn muttered, "But your Peremin prescription was very mild. It's only suppose to effect your emotions, not wreck havoc on your entire body!"

"What do you mean?" I frighteningly quaked. "Aren't I suppose to look like this? Oh doctor, what went wrong?"

Narrowing her eyes, the doctor racked her brain for an answer. Several painfully silent minutes later, she announced, "I must check on something. Meet me in my study!"

When Mom and I entered, Dr. Dunn had just hung up the phone. "Sit please!" she tersely ordered. "I think I've the answer. But first, I'll need a few very important questions answered!"

Instead of looking at me, she fixed an intimidating glare at Mom. "Kate, didn't you fill Jocelyn's prescription?" she knowingly asked. "At Chalmers' Drugs?"

"Well...Ah...Yes," Mother nervously sputtered. Smirking, the doctor informed, "I've just spoken to the pharmacist. Apparently, there's been some confusion over the proper dosage." "Jocelyn," she then asked, staring at me. "Describe your pills!"

"I...I take two, Dr. Dunn," I tensely replied. "A white one and a purple one."

"Indeed!" she sardonically simpered. "Tell me dear, does the purple one have any numbers written on it. Like... say, 500?"

As I nodded affirmatively, the doctor angrily shouted, "It's only suppose to be 50 milligrams! No wonder you've changed so much. You're taking ten times the prescribed dosage!"

Anxiously confused, I stared wondrously between Mom and Dr. Dunn, both women glaring at one another. Then the doctor accused, "Kate! You went ahead and altered the prescription, didn't you?"

Humbly bowing her head, Mom tearfully confessed, "I'm sorry, Patti. I'm guilty." Looking at me with sorrowful eyes, she weeped, "Please forgive me, Jocelyn... I only did it for us!"

"Mother! You caused ALL this!" I angrily gasped, pointing at my chest. "How could you?"

Her indignation quelled, Dr. Dunn calmly explained, "It's hard to say, dear. However, based upon past experience, you're likely to appear feminine for quite a while longer."

My gut wrenching, I hugged my enlarged bosom and tried to dispel my agony. Desperately I pleaded, "Mother, why have you done this to me?"

"Because I love you, Jocelyn," she morosely whimpered. "All my life, I've prayed for a daughter. When the Crandles forced this punishment on you, it was like my dream come true!"

"I know all about that!" I confusingly admitted. "But why did you change my prescription?"

"Adding another zero seemed so innocent," she tearfully reminisced. "You had become so utterly girlish, sweetheart! When Patti suggested estrogen to heighten your femininity, it was a chance of a lifetime. Hurting Justin wasn't my design. I just wanted my beautiful daughter, Jocelyn, to stay forever and ever!"

Drying her eyes, Mom pleaded, "I know I've deceived you, but don't hate me darling. If you want to be a boy, I'll do everything in my power to make it so."

"Is it possible?" I softly sniffled, turning to Dr. Dunn. "Can I be a boy?"

"Yes," she thoughtfully replied. "But it won't be so easy. Except for your genitalia, you're basically a woman. Large doses of testosterone will be required. Yet, this is very danger-

ous. Also, plastic surgery may be necessary to make you appear male.”

“Not surgery!” I woefully shuddered, bowing my head in disgrace. “Will I never be a boy again?”

As an awful silence descended upon the doctor’s study, I found myself at a momentous crossroad. Gazing sorrowfully, I searched the two women’s faces, desperately seeking for direction.

All I got were their blank stares; Dr. Dunn’s expressing confounded bewilderment, while Mom’s pleaded culpable remorse. Fearfully, I cringed, “I must decide for myself! But how?”

Nervously glancing at my black ski sweater decorated with teal snow flakes, I saw how it too prominently displayed my twin conical peaks. Although secured in a lacy black bra, my womanly breasts protruded proudly, well beyond my narrow chest.

My slender, demurely crossed legs were elegantly encased in smokey nylons. A tight black miniskirt snugly hugged my feminized body from my knees to my waist. Black kid, four inch heeled pumps seductively arched my instep.

Anxiously biting my full, luscious lips, the bitter sweetness of my frosted red lipstick riveted my tongue. “What am I wearing?” I agonizingly moaned, “Boys don’t dress this sexy!”

In frustration, I pulled my long, sparkling ruby polished fingernails through my luxuriously thick shoulder length mane. Gold bracelets encircling my slight wrists clanged as my hand gently brushed the two gold hoops decorating my double pierced ears.

As they softly jingled, I anxiously sighed, “Oh lord, have I come that far? ...But is it too late to go back?”

Recalling my life and relationships over the past six months, I pleasantly thought, “I’ve never been so happy... But, I was happy, before...I think? Wasn’t I?”

Again I gazed at Mom, her desperate pout expressing her heart felt love and affection for me. Suddenly I heard a faint snap and logical reasoning abruptly ceased.

Unable to rationally think, my vision blurred and mind clouded with confusion. Running on pure adrenaline, my emotions took over and titillated every inch of my feminized being. “Where are you, Mother?” I softly groaned in a far away voice.

"Here I am, Jocelyn," she urgently replied, stretching her arms toward me. "I'm always here for you!"

My weighty bosom critically heaved as I lost all self control. Languishing, I sobbed as dollops of tears flooded my face.

Yet the tortuous pain miraculously vanish as Mom tenderly touched me. Although eased, I desperately whimpered, "I...I want...I...I want to..."

"Yes, my darling," she soothed, caressing my weary head. "There's no reason to fret. Mother's here."

Like a tidal wave mounting in strength and intensity, the emotions surged forth. "I...want to be your daughter," I whimpered. "I...I want to be a girl. I...I want to be your daughter, JOCELYN!"

"That's wonderful!" Mom enthused, her tear drenched eyes sparkling brilliantly. "Darling, you've made me so very happy!"

Exhausted, I dropped my head to her shoulder and joined her in a joyous cry. Yet even as her loving arms hugged me dearly, I hopelessly shuddered, "Am I doing the right thing?"

After a good while, Mom and I regained our composure. Drying our eyes, we smilingly turned our attention toward Dr. Dunn.

"Jocelyn, your decision's a noble one," she admired. "Yet it's not one to be made lightly or on the spur of the moment!"

As I nodded thoughtfully, she continued. "I suggest you do some deep soul searching. You must be absolute certain this is what you want. In the meantime, I'll monitor your progress."

Thanking her, Mom and I started to leave. Then I abruptly turned and scampered back toward the doctor.

"Are you sure?" Dr. Dunn quizzed as I whispered in her ear. "It'll only make it more difficult to go..."

"I'm very sure, Ma'am," I smiled, cutting her off. "But thank you for your concern."

As the doctor handed me the small slip of paper, Mom watched bewilderingly. Giving the doctor an affectionate kiss, I merrily skipped as Mom and I left.

On the drive home, Mom curiosity asked, "What did you say to Dr. Dunn? What was that paper she gave you?"

"Oh, nothing really, Mother," I coyly replied, anxiously crossing my arms. "She's doing me a small favor, that's all."

Glancing crossly, she spat, "A favor? Indeed!"

Nothing else was said, but when we reached the business district near our house, I nervously stammered, "Mother...Please stop. I...I've something to pick up at Chalmers' Drugs."

"You do?" she knowingly drawled. "And what might it be?"

"Let's just say, everything is as it should be," I bashfully gulped. "Extra zeros won't be needed anymore!"

After the visit to Dr. Dunn, my life returned to normal. Well, normal in the sense that I was continuing down to road of femininity by my own design instead of others'.

As estrogen flowed through my bloodstream, everything about me continued changing. My entire body softened. While my breasts became firmer and heavier, my areolas darkened and nipples widened!

Elsewhere, there were marked improvement! My waist narrowed even more, while my hips and fanny rounded succulently. I couldn't believe it! I'd thrill whenever I ogled my reflection. I truly was developing an hourglass figure!

When springtime came, Mom and I bought some lovely floral print silk. With her help, we made matching holiday dresses.

On Easter Sunday, we all went to church. Mom and I caused heads to wondrously turn as we slowly waltzed to our pew. The entire congregation admired us in our new dresses with their low cut neck lines and elegant form fitting bodices.

After services, we passed a small gathering of girls in the church courtyard. As they smiled at me, Mom whispered, "There's no rush dear. Go ahead, chat for a while."

"Are you sure Mother?" I anxiously asked. As she nodded reassuringly, I subconsciously adjusted my pretty Easter bonnet as my shoulder blade length hair gently caressed my creamy white shoulders. Gaily, I grinned, "I shan't be long!"

"Happy Easter, Jocelyn!" the girls merrily chimed. "That's an adorable dress you're wearing."

"Indeed!" one girl added. "And your pink pumps and handbag match your nails exquisitely!"

"Happy Easter...And thank you all!" I demurely blushed. Chatting on and on, I lost total track of time. Yet, I gleefully realized, "They've accepted me! I'm one of them now!"

As the conversation turned to fashion, I felt a light tap on my shoulder. Turning, I saw Kevin, smiling tentatively. "Got a second, Sis?" he urgently whispered in my double pearl studded ear. "I need you to do me a big favor!"

Excusing myself, I stepped away. "What's so important?" I impatiently snapped. "Can't you see I'm talking with the girls!"

"Sorry, Jocelyn," he humbly apologized. "But I saw you talking to Terri Maxwell and... Well.... Do you know her?"

My eyes narrowing curiously, I quipped, "Of course. She's one of my clients at the salon. Why do you ask?"

Haltingly, he stammered, "Well... Ah... Maybe you'd introduce her to me... She's awfully cute!"

My femininity swelling, I licked my pink frosted lips. "Kevin!" I beamed, thrusting my hands on my rounded hips. "Are you asking me to fix you up with her?"

As he embarrassingly nodded, I confidently winked, gleefully whispering, "Of course, darling! That's what big sisters are for!"

Kevin's request exemplified his sincere acceptance of me as a girl. Boosting my feminine ego, I gladly did the honors.

Time continued to tick away as the month of April wound down. While readying myself for bed one evening, I broke from my beauty ritual to gaze in the mirror.

As if in a trance, I dreamily admired my well formed figure. Suddenly, Mom barged into my room. Finding me wearing only lacy black, French cut panties, she jibbed, "Better watch your diet, dear, or else, you'll really start to spread!"

"I do Mother," I blushed. "But it's getting harder and harder. I do aerobics every day, yet no matter how little I eat, it all ends up... Down here!"

"That's the women's curse, Jocelyn," she mused. "Yet I can't say you're hurting. You've a figure to die for!"

Arms crossed, covering my bare bosom, I turned beet red. "Let's get the measuring tape," she suggested. "It's high time we assess your assets!"

But before I could say a word, Mom was gone in a flash. Returning seconds later, she instructed, "Stand still... Arms out... Head up... Shoulders back. I want this to be accurate."

Covering my body from my neck to my toes, I tensely awaited the results. "I adore my body," I anxiously thought. "But have I become too womanly?"

"I can't believe it," Mom enticingly whined, folding the tape back up. "I simply can't believe it!"

"What Mother!" I urgently droned. "Tell me... PLEASE!"

"You have one TERRIFIC body, my dear," she enthused. "Your hips are a lovely 34 inches; waist, a tiny 24 and your chest... Well, it's a magnificent 34 inches, with an A+ cup!"

"34-24-34?" I quivered in disbelief. "I'm REALLY a girl!"

"No, sweetheart," Mom lovingly corrected. "You're definitely not a girl. On the contrary, you're very inch a woman!"

"A woman!" I dreamily sighed, caressing my perfectly proportioned figure. "I hardly believe... I've come so far."

"Indeed, Jocelyn," Mom grinned. "Soon you won't be Mother's little girl anymore. You'll find a good man and..."

"A MAN?" I trembled. "Wait a second, Mother. I tried that, remember? You're getting way ahead of yourself!"

"So I am!" she giggled. "But my dear, it was you who decided to continue with hormone therapy. I'm only drawing logical conclusions. With womanhood comes marriage and..."

"Yes...Yes... I understand!" I urgently stammered. "But I haven't totally made up my mind. Dr. Dunn still wants me to think about staying a girl and..."

"And... What?" she curiously gazed. "You still want to be a boy again? Unless you've forgotten, tomorrow's May 1st!"

"Already!" I gasped, nervously running my long red fingernails through my long, luxuriously thick mane. Squeezing my thighs tightly, I anxiously whimpered, "Am I ready to be a boy again?"

"I should say you're not!" Mom wisely noted. "But, what are you ready for?"

As every inch of my body twinged with bewildered anticipation, I quickly donned a silken peignoir and dashed to my vanity chair. Crossing my thighs, I nervously swung my top leg, hopelessly repeating, "I don't know... I simply don't know!"

Painful silence cloaked the room as I desperately stared at Mom. "I've an idea," she tenderly suggested. "Get some sleep, sweetheart. We'll talk more in the morning."

Helping me into my short, pink satin nightie, Mom lovingly brushed my hair, braiding it into neat, twin plaits. "Good night, Jocelyn," she whispered, softly kissing my cheek. "Sweet dreams."

As she left, I curled up, warm and cozy, beneath my quilted blanket. Yet sleep frustratingly eluded me as my tribulations of the previous nine months bombarded my confused mind.

Hours later, sapped with wrenching fatigue, I finally drifted toward unconsciousness. "Have I done the right thing?" I grievously agonized. "Am I really happy being a girl?"

After a restless night, I awoke to find Mom humming merrily. "Good morning, Mother," I wearily yawned as I propped myself up on one arm. "What are you doing?"

"Good morning sweetheart," she gaily grinned. "I'm just getting my idea ready, that's all!"

As my quilt slinked off my shoulders, I caught a chill from the cool morning air. Glimpsing downward, I shamefully watched my hardening nipples thrust outward from beneath my satin clad chest.

"Get out of bed and come see," she patiently insisted. "It's all here on the floor."

Warily slipping out of bed, I immediately donned my robe. Despite grave fears, I continued slowly inching toward Mom.

Panicking, I tightly shut my eyes as cold sweat covered my palms. "Why am I scared?" I tensely anguished. "That's just the problem... I don't know!"

"Relax, Jocelyn," Mom soothed, gently caressing my soft, rounded shoulder. "Open your eyes, dear."

Reluctantly lifting my eyelids, I shielded my face with my slender hand, nervously spreading my fingers apart. As light peeked through the openings, I astoundingly gasped, "The TRUNK!"

Kneeling down, I gingerly touched my old weathered blue jeans and knitted shirts which only months before were my every day wear. Eyeing my old basketball jersey rekindled fond memories of my boyhood as I subconsciously stroked one of my braids.

"But why, Mother?" I sorrowfully whined. "Why have you brought these clothes down from the attic?"

"Because they're yours to wear," she whimsically replied. "I'm keeping my promise...As of today, you can be a boy again."

"Me! ...A boy!" I painfully shuddered. "Can I be a boy?"

Joining me on the floor, Mom removed a pair of khaki slacks and a white buttoned shirt. My delicate nostrils filled with a musty cedar aroma as she neatly laid them in my arms.

"It's been a long time... Some things have changed," she endearingly warned. "But give them a try anyway. I've a strong notion they'll help you make up your mind."

Slowly rising to my feet, bewildered tears soaked my eyes as Mom added cotton boxers, white sweat socks and an undershirt to the pile. "Take your time dear," she soothed. "I'll return when you're ready."

As the door closed, I burst out sobbing. "What's wrong with me?" I frantically whimpered. "I've dreamed of this day... Yet, why am I so dreadfully sad?"

The heavy slacks and boxers, although well worn, painfully scratched my smoothly shaven legs. Fitting too snugly, the undershirt strangely constricted my bust.

Tentatively opening the door, I softly quivered, "I, I'm dressed, Mother. You can come in now."

As I stood at demure attention, Mom reentered my room. "Oh, sweetheart!" she woefully sighed. "What an awful mistake!"

"I'm sorry, Mother!" I sadly pouted as my twin plaits drooped well beyond my narrowed shoulders. "Have I disappointed you?"

Rushing to hug me, Mom lovingly held my quaking body. Softly stroking my head, she tenderly soothed, "Goodness no, my darling! On the contrary, you've given me nothing but joy!"

"But how?" I whimpered. "I look utterly ridiculous!"

Taking hold of my manicured hand, Mom led me toward the full length mirror. Standing beside me, we observed my bizarre image.

Even without a bra's lifting support, my breasts jutted forth, stretching the shirt to its absolute limit. "I tried buttoning it all



"My very own ankle bracelet. I'll never take it off," I gushed.

the way up," I quivered, pointing at my chest with a long, red fingernail. "But it's too tight!"

"That's because men's shirts have no darts, my dear," she understandingly explained. "But those slacks don't fit either!"

"I know," I humbly nodded, easily sliding my entire hand into the waistband. "If my hips weren't so wide, they'd surely fall down!"

As we continued to gaze at my strange reflection, our solemn frowns inverted into silly smiles. Moments later, we humorously giggled over the irony of it all.

"Oh Jocelyn, this simply won't do!" Mom laughed. "We could taper the slacks. But I'm afraid the shirt's got to go!"

"I see, Mother," I whimsically agreed. Then adding, "But I can salvage the shirt too. With a little work, it'd make a darling halter top... Don't you think?"

As she eagerly nodded, I threw my arms around Mom. "I love you, Mother!" I tearfully gushed, planting a daughterly kiss on her cheek. Yet, I silently acknowledged, "I guess I'm not going to be a boy... At least any time soon!"

At work the next day, I surprised Cathy and Linda by dressing especially feminine. "My gracious!" Cathy swooned, as I lightly breezed into the salon. "Jocelyn, I thought your punishment was over. Yet you're as gorgeous as ever!"

"Indeed!" Linda enthused. "That pretty knitted dress is so tight and your heels are so high. How can you ever walk?"

Smiling I struck a provocative pose. "What can I say?" I coyly cooed. "I'm a slave to fashion!"

Later that day, I was coming off a break when Cathy informed, "You've a walk-in client, Jocelyn. I put her in your chair."

Thanking her, I nonchalantly sauntered toward my station. Nearing it, I abruptly stopped. "Oh NO!" I frantically shuddered. "It's Amy Crandle!"

"Justin?" she bewilderingly quizzed, her eyes brazen with fear. "Is that REALLY you?"

"Yes," I meekly blushed. "But please call me Jocelyn. That's my name now."

Desperately shaking her head, she stammered, "I...I'm so confused! The punishment's over. W... Why are you still dressed like a GIRL?"

"It's a long story, Amy," I solemnly explained. "It's more than just dressing. I've changed... Really CHANGED!"

As tears streamed down her pretty face, she whimpered, "It wasn't suppose to be like this. I just wanted to embarrass and humiliate you. I never dreamed it would come to this!"

"It's okay, Amy," I tenderly soothed, handing her a tissue. "Actually, my life couldn't be better... I'm very happy."

Yet my consoling words were of no use. "I'm sorry," she sobbed uncontrollably. "I'm SO, SO sorry!"

Cradling her against my soft bosom, I endearingly stroked her lovely brown hair. Never since that fateful summer's evening had I held her so close. Now, things were dramatically different!

Regaining her composure, she thanked me for my understanding. Then she pleaded, "Do you think we could be friends?"

"Of course, Amy," I sincerely agreed. "I'd truly like that!"

After exchanging girlish hugs, I began styling her hair. My mind drifted as I curiously wondered, "I wasn't much of a boyfriend, was I? What sort of girlfriend will I be?"

As the days passed, I continued to dress to the "nines." My co workers and clients adored my new high style. Yet, I constantly questioned my motives. "Whom am I dressing for?" I pondered. "Do I truly want to be a woman?"

The following Sunday, I was awakened from a blissful sleep by screeching whistles and clanging bells. Blurry eyed, I frightfully leaped from my bed, wallowing, "What's going on!"

Focusing, I anxiously shivered at the strange sight of Mom, Daddy and Kevin congregated in my room. Wearing ridiculous hats, they cheered, "Happy Birthday, Jocelyn!"

Frantically scurrying to cover my skimpy nightie, reality set in. "Is it May 7th... Already?"

"Indeed!" Mom smilingly beamed. "Sorry we scared you, but this is a surprise birthday party!"

Placing a paper crown atop my fluffed hair, Kevin joshed, "Happy birthday, princess!" Backing away, he winked and added, "Then again, you've been one every day... For the past nine months!"

"Thanks a LOT, brother dear!" I sarcastically jibbed, sneering at him. "And you're a real prince too!"

As the men gaily laughed and left my room, Mom stayed behind. "Wait dear," she gently insisted. "I'd like a moment with you... Alone."

"Yes Mother," I sweetly whispered, as she handed me my purple pill. "Can't forget this!" I giggled and swallowed it down with a dainty sip of water.

Holding my hand, she encouraged, "That a girl... But that's not all." Becoming stoic as she anxiously hugged me, she murmured, "Jocelyn, my dear, dear, Jocelyn..."

I was inexplicably drawn nearer to her, both physically and emotionally, as highly charged electricity riveted every cell of my body. Never before I had felt so close to Mom!

"Yes, Mother?" I sheepishly asked, gazing deeply into her eyes. "What is it?"

"It's your birthday sweetheart," she tearfully sang. "Forty weeks to the day have passed since the first of August. You've been reborn! And now... You're truly my daughter!"

As Mom tenderly caressed my silken clad body, I suddenly understood. "It's so diabolically clear," I tragically realized. "Human gestation takes forty weeks!"

"That's right dear," she earnestly acknowledged. "Your feminine transformation was more fulfilling than any pregnancy!"

"It wasn't a mistake!" I excitedly quivered. "You planned for me to become your daughter all along!"

"Yes, sweetheart," she lovingly grinned. "And I'd do it all again." Pausing to clear her voice, Mom tearfully choked, "Jocelyn.. Are you truly happy as a girl?"

Rebellion building, I wanted to scream. Yet the gleam of my long, red fingernails, the sleekness of my silky smooth legs and the succulent weight of my bosom ceased the impending urge. Mother really did it! She had made a woman of me!

"Happy?" I reluctantly whimpered, staring wondrously into her big, beautiful eyes. Realizing our similar resemblance even more striking, I softly cooed, "I guess I am... I think?"

"I know you are!" she tearfully insisted. "Being feminine is so right for you!"

As we embraced, her loving arms vanquished all my troubles and fears. Yet in my heart of hearts, I knew that my life could never be the same.

I received many fabulous birthday presents. There were pretty summer outfits and adorably sexy lingerie. But the best gifts were from Mom and Daddy.

"You shouldn't have," I giddily beamed as each one presented me with a brightly wrapped box. "Thank you so very much! But which shall I open first?"

"This one dear," Mom suggested, "But just so you know, they're from the both of us."

Hurriedly opening it, I gushed, "Oh my goodness. A watch!"

Lifting it out of its velvet case, I gingerly held the delicately thin gold band and gently caressed its small, bejeweled crystal. "It's beautiful!" I cooed. "I'll wear it every day!"

Smiling proudly, Daddy replied, "Wear it in the best of health, dear." But then stumbling over his words, he faltered, "Now... Ah... The other one's... Well...sort of personal!"

"Personal?" I cautiously queried. "But what...?"

"Open it darling," Mother tenderly insisted. "You'll find out!"

As I carefully removing the wrapping, butterflies fluttered about my stomach. Slowly opening the narrow, leather covered box, I joyously cried, "Mother! Daddy! It's the best gift... Ever!"

"Better than the ice skates and hockey equipment you got on your fourteenth birthday?" Dad sardonically challenged. "Weren't those the best ever?"

Thrusting my hands on my hips, I vexedly scolded, "Stop it, Daddy! Those belonged to Justin." Arching my back for emphasis, I pouted, "See... He's not here anymore!"

"Yes, sweetheart," he embarrassingly gulped. "Sorry, it won't happen again."

Scampering to his side, I teetered on my tip toes and planted a daughterly kiss on his whiskered face. "I forgive you Daddy," I sweetly cooed. "Thank you for this wonderful gift!"

Turning, I quickly ran toward Mom. Enveloping her in an adoring hug, I squeezed her tightly. "And thank you too..." I lovingly whimpered. "More than I could ever say!"

"You're very welcome, dear," she happily sniffled. "Here, allow me to put it on you."

As I daintily lifted my right leg, Mom kneeled to the floor. "Oh my! I nearly forgot the inscription," she urgently recalled aloud. "Read it... Before I fasten the clasp!"

In the smallest of swirled letters, I read, "To J.R.R. Love, M & D." "My very own ankle bracelet," I swooned. "I'll never take it off... Never!"

Mom and Dad exchanged knowing glances, silently commenting on my girlish enthusiasm. Kissing me, they waved as they left me alone in my room.

Alone, I lovingly adored my new jewelry. Yet in all my feminine exuberance, I still wondered, "Could I be a boy again?"

Weeks went by as May neared its end. Keeping a hectic schedule of work, school lessons and aerobics class, I had never been happier... Or more feminine!

I was as focused as ever. I actually completed my semester's school work weeks ahead of the deadline. Turning in my final exams to the Work Study office, I awaited my grades. Soon I'd have my coveted high school diploma.

Yet little did I know my life was about to take another significant turn. During a coffee break at work, Cathy approached me and asked, "Say Jocelyn, what are your plans for Memorial Day?"

"Nothing much," I nonchalantly waved. "Just relaxation... Why do you ask?"

Smiling, she explained, "There's a big fashion show at Baxter's Department Store next Monday. Their buyer hired me to style the models' hair. I'd like you to assist me."

"You're kidding!" I girlishly beamed. "Oh! I just remembered... Mother and I have tickets for that show. But gosh, I'd love to work on fashion models! I'm sure she'll understand."

"So it's settled," Cathy smiled. "The show's a luncheon, so I'll pick you up at nine o'clock sharp."

For the rest of the day, I was on "cloud nine." After work, I literally floated home. Breezing into the house, I smiled gaily at Mom and gave her a sweet daughterly kiss.

"My, you're certainly in a delightful mood, sweetheart," she pleasantly noted. "Have a good day at the salon?"

Curling up on the sofa, I cooed, "The best, Mother! Guess what? ...I'll be styling fashion models' this weekend!"



I strutted onto the stage. The spot lights glared as I stood on the stage alone. Mother whispered, "I love you, Jocelyn." My confidence boosted, I knew that I could model.

"That's wonderful dear," she earnestly grinned. "Cathy's already told me of your plans. She really thinks a lot of you."

"Then you're not disappointed?" I coyly pouted. "I'm sorry I can't sit with you at the fashion show."

"Don't be," she lovingly insisted. "Actually, I'm quite proud. My daughter's moving up in the world!"

Sitting primly erect, my breasts jutting conspicuously, I admitted, "I'm awfully tense about the show. I've never been under the gun like this before."

"You'll do wonderfully!" she beamed. "But enough chit chat. Come, help with dinner."

I couldn't keep my mind off of my big job the entire weekend. Spending Sunday in my room, I reviewed beauty books, fashion magazines and even tried new styling techniques on myself.

By Monday morning, I was a nervous wreck! Awaking before dawn, I spent hours at my vanity to make sure that my look was just right. Just as my last curl was in place, Cathy beeped her horn.

"Coming!" I called all flustered. Smoothing on a new shade of very dark crimson lipstick, I made a final appearance check.

Fluttering my darkly lined and mascaraed eyes, I squirted a bit of fragrant cologne. Winking at my reflection, I breathlessly sighed, "Jocelyn, you're beautiful!"

Arriving at Baxter's, the security guard ushered us in. But as he directed us to the fashion show theater, I was so excited, I walked off in the wrong direction.

"Over here, Jocelyn!" Cathy called just before she ascended the escalator. "You're heading toward the MEN'S department!"

Blushing, I scurried back as quickly as my white pumps would carry me. "Whoops!" I bashfully panted, covering my red lips with my French manicured nails. "I really shouldn't go THERE!"

As we rode up the escalator, Cathy commented, "Your outfit's adorable, dear. Sailor dresses are the rage this season."

My skirt's narrow knife pleats sashayed from side to side as I twisted my hips. "Thanks," I squeaked. "I'm trying to look my best."

Cathy and I were checking the beauty supplies when a deep voice greeted, "Good morning, ladies. I'm Chip Tucker, business agent for the Olds Modeling Agency."

"He's so tall and handsome!" Cathy excitedly whispered in my ear. "Maybe he'll introduce us to the models."

My pulse racing, I anxiously agreed, "He is dreamy! But Cathy, it's not the models you want to meet... It's him!"

"Well hello Mr. Tucker," Cathy flirted. "I'm Cathy Ardmore... And this is my very able assistant... Jocelyn Ryan. We're the beauticians for the modeling session."

Once he had gallantly shaken Cathy's hand, he smilingly approached me. In an utter tizzy, I limply extended my arm.

Taking my slender fingers, he charmingly winked, "The pleasure's all mine!"

Gazing into his dark, deep set eyes, I swooned. But quickly regaining my composure, I curiously asked, "Where are the models, Mr. Tucker?"

He told us they'd arrive shortly by taxi from a local hotel. As Cathy and I girlishly giggled, the security guard came in to announce, "Phone call, Mr. Tucker."

"Be right back, girls," he chirped with a friendly wave. "By the way, please call me Chip!"

But when he returned, he wasn't so happy anymore. He appeared solemn and deeply preoccupied in thought.

"What's the matter Chip?" Cathy cautiously asked. "Is there anything we can do to help?"

Bewilderingly shaking his head, he dejectedly moaned, "No... Unless you can find me a fashion model within the next 45 minutes!"

He explained that one of the girls had just sprained her leg. "She'll be alright," he added. "But the designer requires four models to present her summer line. She's going to blow a gasket!"

As Cathy and I sympathized with him, three of the four models arrived. Moments later, the designer, Olga Kasini, stormed in.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Tucker!" she demanded, screeching in a thickly accented voice. "I cannot display my artistry with merely three models! ...Oh, the show's ruined!"

Earnestly attempting damage control, Chip was continually frustrated by the designer's raging tantrums. At last, he threw up his hands and admitted, "What else can I do, Madame Kasini?"

"Then the show's cancelled," she impatiently whined. "And I shan't use your incompetent agency again!"

"Please, Madame Kasini," the agent begged, "Give me one more chance... In a moment... I swear... I'll think of something!"

Urgently wringing his hand, Chip's eyes frantically scoured about, desperately searching for a solution. Suddenly his focus abruptly stopped and his fearful pout upended into a hopeful grin.

“W... Why are you looking at me?” I trembled. “I... I’m just the beautician!”

“So?” he broadly smiled. “But how would you like to be a model!”

Before I could object, Cathy enthusiastically gushed, “Oh Jocelyn! That’s a wonderful idea. You’d be perfect!”

“Hmm,” the designer muttered, conspicuously evaluating my quaking body. “This girl possesses the appropriate attributes... Tell me dear... Have you modeled before?”

“I... Well... Ah... No, I’ve not,” I stammered, panicking. “This is all wrong... I’d be terrible!”

Marching toward me, Madame Kasini haughtily insisted, “I’ll be the judge of that! Walk ten paces, pivot and return... Now!”

With a dozen eyes anxiously focused on me, I caved in to the overwhelming pressure. After two steps, she screeched, “Strut! ... Don’t step! Loosen your arms... Swing your hips... MORE!”

Afterwards, I attentively stood and shivered neurotically. As a frightening still fell upon the room, Madame Kasini whispered with the three fashion models.

As their impromptu conference broke up, the designer smilingly approached me. Kissing both my cheeks, she declared, “You’ve the grace of a swan! You have modeled before, no?”

Flabbergasted, I stammered, “No... Well... I haven’t. But I’ve taken dance lessons.”

“Ballet, yes?” she confidently guessed. As I nodded my head, she thrilled, “I knew it! Only ballet can develop such precise posture and exquisite sleekness!”

As plans were made around me, my exhausted mind whirled. Anxiously frustrated, I yelped, “What’s going on here!”

“Why Jocelyn,” Cathy gaily thrilled, “You’re a fashion model!”

Despite my continued protests, the decision was final. Taking me aside, the three girls gave me a crash course in runway modeling.

Minutes later, Linda arrived to relieve me of my beautician duties. As she and Cathy styled hair and made up faces, I was fitted with beautiful new summer fashions.



As we exited the station, I glanced at myself in a store front. "Oh Mother, is my skirt too short? Do I look too young?"

I was dressed in a skin tight, black miniskirt and a luxuriously patterned silk blouse. My shoulder length mane was piled high atop my head. Removing my lipstick, Cathy replaced it with a sparkling red shade.

My eyes and lashes were darkened even more enticingly, while gold hoops were affixed to my ears. The designer gushed, "Child, such looks stop speeding trains. You were born to model!"

Perched high atop four inch black pumps, I swaggered toward Madame Kasini, pleading, "This is a huge mistake. I shouldn't... I can't... be a model. You see, I'm really a..."

"Nonsense!" she countermanded. "You're just unsure of yourself. Trust an old pro. Once you hit the runway, nature will take its course. You'll be fantastic!"

Downcast, I peeked through the curtain. The theater was packed with women from all over town. Seeing Mom having lunch and thrillingly awaiting the show's start, I tragically moaned.

"A little nervous, huh?" A sweet voice asked from behind me. Turning around, I saw Shelly, one of the models. "Relax, Jocelyn," she smilingly urged, "Be yourself and all will go well."

"That's the problem," I silently quipped, "I can't be myself!"

Yet pleasantly grinning, I sighed, "Thanks for the advise. I just hope I don't make an utter fool of myself!"

As we laughed, the other models, Paula and Robin, joined us. "I remember my first time," Robin reminisced. "Modeling a wedding gown. I was on pins and needles!"

"Me too," Shelly added. "I first modeled in Europe. It took me a long time... And I still get butterflies!"

Placing a delicate hand on my bare shoulder, Paula admitted, "I'm still nervous too... And I started out as a girl model!"

Eased, I thanked the three and gave them sisterly pecks on their cheeks. Suddenly, Chip announced, "Ladies, show time!"

With rhythmic disco music thumping, the announcer called the audience to order. Making her final check, the designer wished the four of us the best of luck.

My hands were in a cold sweat as I watched Shelly sexily strut up and down the runway. As Robin took her turn, I anguished, "Oh Lord, I'm next!"

"Stay loose and smile a lot," Madame Kasini reassuringly whispered, gently caressing my shoulders. "You'll be marvelous!"

As Robin returned, she blew me a kiss and winked, "Go get 'em, kiddo! Hearing the introduction of the next fashion design, I falteringly stepped forward onto the stage.

"...And this itty bitty number will definitely grab your gentleman's attention," the announcer remarked as I made my modeling debut. Despite my frazzled nerves, I "strutted my stuff!"

Swinging my hips exaggeratedly, I sauntered down the runway to the "oo's" and "aah's" of the crowd. Peeking out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mom. Her eyes gleaming with pride, she hugged her bosom, mouthing the words, "I love you, Jocelyn!"

My confidence boosted, I pivoted at the end of the stage. Thrusting my hip, the audience enthusiastically cheered as I seductively swaggered back more freely and boldly.

In dress after dress I pranced about the runway. The models' encouraging smiles raised my confidence even more. "There's nothing to it," I gaily thought. Yet, I also worried, "But I'm really not a girl. Oh lord! Should I really be modeling?"

At the show's conclusion, the designer joined the four of us for a final curtain call. Wearing a flouncy plaid mini skirt, silk shell and matching leather pumps, I graciously curtsied.

Back stage, all the women giddily showered me with hugs and kisses. "You were stupendous!" Cathy cheered. As the others concurred, she asked, "When's your next show?"

"Thank you all!" I gushed. "I had so much fun... But I don't think I'm not ready for a modeling career."

"And why not?" Chip smilingly disagreed. "Take this, Jocelyn," he insisted, handing me a card. "I suspect Mrs. Silver would sincerely like to meet you... And soon!"

Just as I took it, Mom came rushing in. "Oh sweetheart!" she beamed. "You were fabulous!"

"Thanks Mother," I demurely blushed. "I didn't plan on modeling, it just happened and..."

Squeezing my dainty hands, she thrilled, "So what. It's still simply wonderful!" Then glancing down, she saw the business card and wondered, "And what's this?"

Once she read it, I softly whispered, "Mother, I can't be a model. I'm not really a girl!"

"Shh, dear!" she urgently warned. "We'll discuss that later. Right now it's time to celebrate!"

Later that evening, the day's thrilling memories warmed my soul. Preparing for bed, my face glowed with feminine exuberance.

"Jocelyn, are you awake?" Mom quietly asked, knocking softly on my door. "Can I come in?"

"Of course, Mother," I dreamily sighed, stroking my hair to a brilliant gleam. "Please come in."

Taking my brush, she resumed the chore, smilingly noting, "You've certainly had quite a day today."

Enjoying her loving caress, I cooed, "Yes, it's been so marvelous!"

"Then let's call this Mrs Silver tomorrow?" she encouraged. "You've nothing to lose."

Anxiously folding my hands in my satin clad lap, I nervously whined, "But Mother, today was a fluke. I can't model woman's clothes. I'm really a boy!"

"Funny," she observed aloud, "You don't look like one. How many boys do you know who have long, stunning hair, pretty manicured fingernails, or even a curvaceous figure like yours?"

"None," I warily gulped. "But it'd still be wrong. If anyone found out, I'd..."

"But our whole town knows who and what you are," she calmly pointed out. "And everyone fully accepts you as a beautiful girl."

Pouting, I quivered, "But, in New York, Mrs. Silver doesn't... won't know. If she discovers the truth... What then?"

"You're worrying too much," she countered. "Madame Kasini and Mr. Tucker had no idea. Even in those quite revealing dresses!"

Bowing my head, I whimpered in defeat as Mom rejoiced, "We'll call first thing tomorrow morning. How knows? This could be a whole new life for you!"

As I was tucked in bed and kissed goodnight, desperate fears filled my weary head. "Me?... A fashion model?" I anguished. "I'll never be male again!"

At nine o'clock sharp, Mom and I placed the fateful telephone call. Moments later, we were connected.

"Estelle Silver here," the low, gravely voice answered, "Who's this?"

Haltingly, I replied, "Ah... This is Jocelyn Ryan, Ma'am. Mr. Tucker gave me your card and..."

"Why of course, Jocelyn!" she enthused. "I was expecting your call. The reports about you are glowing!"

The conversation was short, but in the end, Mrs. Silver scheduled an appointment at her New York office the coming Friday.

I was haplessly neurotic as Mom and I stepped off the train at Grand Central Station. Exiting the taxi on Madison Avenue, I frantically checked my appearance in a blackened storefront window.

"Stop fidgeting!" Mother gently ordered. "You look perfect!"

Glancing at my long, polished nails, I tensely sighed, "Is my skirt too short Mother? Do I look too young?"

"Relax!" she sighed, exasperated. "Remember to be your feminine best and everything will be fine."

Before I knew it, we were seated in a huge office, high atop a skyscraper. Moments later, a short, plump, gray haired woman entered, announcing, "Hi folks... I'm Estelle Silver."

Once pleasantries were exchanged, we got down to business. "I don't beat around the bush," Mrs. Silver flatly insisted. "You've got the look Jocelyn. I'm prepared to offer you a contract."

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

"A... A contract?" I stammered. "But I really don't know how to model. Please, Mrs. Silver. You don't really want me!"

Smirking, she retorted, "I've been a modeling agent for 30 years. I know raw talent when I see it. And honey, you got it!"

As I feverishly blushed, she continued, "The contract provides for intensive modeling lessons. Trust me, you'll be great!"

My hand quaking, I nervously took the contract from her. As Mom and I read it, we came to a most unusual clause.

"What's this all about?" Mom curiously asked. "A medical treatment waiver?"

"That's a standard condition, Mrs. Ryan," Mrs Silver nonchalantly replied, "We want our models on the cutting edge of fashion. It's a consent to undergo cosmetic surgery if required."

"Surgery!" I quivered. "W... Why would I need that?"

"To make you better, honey," she assured. "Many of our girls do it. And our models command top dollar!"

Desperately staring into Mom's eyes, I searched for direction. But she shocked me as she gushed, "That's delightful, sweetheart. Just think, you'd be even more beautiful than you already are!"

"Oh Mother!" I sorrowfully whined. "How could you?"

As Estelle Silver touted the income potential and glamorous life style of high fashion models, Mom pleaded, "Jocelyn, this is a chance of a life time... At least give it a try!"

Pressured for both sides, my will to resist crumbled. Lifting the pen, I started to sign the contract, only to abruptly stop, woefully weeping, "I can't do it. It's a lie!"

"What is it, honey?" Mrs. Silver wondered. "What's a lie?"

As mascara streamed down my pretty face, I sobbed, "I'm a lie... You see, Mrs. Silver... I'm really a boy!"

Anxiously holding my breath, I expected the worst. Yet, I was thrown for a loop as she laughed, "That's all you're worried about? Jocelyn, I wouldn't care if you're an alien from outer space!"

As my jaw dropped in shock, she explained, "You wouldn't believe how many gorgeous models are or were boys. In this business, it's not what you are... It's how you look!"

Suddenly, I strange quell came over me. It was as if a tremendously heavy weight had miraculously lifted from my chest.

Sitting erect, I demurely crossed my thighs. "It doesn't matter if I'm a male?" I earnestly asked. "But won't people find out?"

"Look, honey," she simpered, "You're not posing nude! Unless you modeled skimpy swim suits or very revealing lingerie, no one has to know!"

Chatting on, Mrs. Silver explained more about the modeling business. With my secret exposed, I liked what I heard.

With my signature sealed on the contract, she bid us good day. "Be back here first thing Monday morning," she advised. "We'll have an apartment of you and get you started on your new career!"

Hugging her short, rounded body, I kissed her and gushed, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Silver. You won't be disappointed!"

Yet as Mom and I headed back to the train station, the same recurring question plagued me, "Now that I'm a model... Would I... Could I... Ever become a man?"

That weekend there was so much to do and precious little time to do it. I had to shop, pack and say my goodbyes to all my friends and family.

Needless to say, Cathy and Linda were thrilled over my success. As a going away present, they gave me a complete make over.

Sunday evening, Mom threw a small party for me. Despite all the weeping and carrying on, it's a moment I'll always cherish.

Before dawn, my luggage was piled on the platform. Mom, Dad and Kevin all came to see me off. I can't recall ever crying so much as the express to New York pulled into the station.

"Good luck, dear," Dad stoically bid, holding me close in his rugged arms. "And remember... Be a good girl!"

Cuddling against his brawny chest, I whimpered, "I promise Daddy. You can count on me."

Solemnly extending his hand, Kevin stammered, "I... I guess this is it, huh?" As I tearfully nodded, he pulled me close, cheering, "Knock 'em dead, Sis!"

Last, but not least, Mom wrapped me in her loving arms. Smothering me with kisses, she sobbed, "I love you, Jocelyn. I'm so very proud you're my daughter!"

"Thank you, Mother," I joyously cried. "Thank you for this wonderful gift... The gift of femininity!"

It was nearly impossible for us to finish our tight embrace. Even after the conductor shouted, "All aboard," Dad had to separate us.

As the train slowly churned out of the station, I sorrowfully waved at my family. Yet I knew my sadness would soon be surpassed with enthusiasm for a new adventure... An adventure as a woman!

Arriving in New York, I was whisked away by limousine which took me directly to Estelle Silver's office. There I met with the agency's attorney and signed more documents.

"That ought to do it," the lawyer satisfyingly sighed. "Once we file these petitions... You'll legally be Jocelyn R. Ryan!"

"I can't wait!" I smiled, caressing the school girl cross Mom gave to me for good luck. Yet bothered by the finality of his words, I wondered whether Justin was really gone for good.

Next, Mrs. Silver dragged me about and introduced me to so many people, so quickly, I never got their names. After a brief lunch at the Ukrainian Tea Room, she whisked me off to my new apartment!

"It isn't much, but it ought to do," Estelle Silver remarked on my small studio apartment. "The neighborhood's safe... And you're close to the agency. What do you think?"

Overwhelmed by the flurry of my first day in New York, I gushed, "It's simply delectably, Mrs. Silver... I love it!"

From that point on, my life was on the fast track. Modeling school was a lot tougher than I had imaged. Yet I relished every single moment.

The following week, I stopped by the agency to pick up my pay check. Running into Mrs. Silver, she asked me to her office.

"They've arrived, honey," she announced, handing me a manila envelope. "Go ahead, open it!"

Removing the contents, I thrilled, "A driver's license... Even my high school diploma says I'm Jocelyn Ryan! How'd you do this?"

"We have our ways, honey," she boasted. "Now you need a professional pseudonym. No one in New York know what you really are, but your hometown people do. We must avoid vicious rumors!"

After tossing about several names, I said, "I've an idea. How about my old middle name?"

"Sounds good to me," Estelle Silver eagerly agree. "Jocelyn Raymond it is!"

As the weeks went by, my name quickly became known in professional circles. Completing my training course, I was ready for actually modeling sessions.

The evening before my first shoot, I gave Mom a call to share the good news. While catching up on town gossip, she mentioned, "Oh, by the way... Guess who has been asking about you?"

"Tell me Mother," I queried. "I haven't a clue."

Clearing her throat, she blurted, "Brett MacCabe! He stopped by the other day. He was awfully disappointed you weren't here. In fact, he looked... Heartbroken!"

I didn't make much of it. But after hanging up, I woefully whined, "Oh gosh! He promised to make a boy of me this summer."

Gliding long, pink fingernails along my creamy white satin nightgown, I softly caressed my curvaceous, feminized figure. "Brett would surely hate me!" I pouted. "...If he saw me now!"

Early the next morning, my face was exotically made up, while my hair was enticingly styled, ala, Veronica Lake. Dressed in a flowing silk gown, a wind machine blew, as I posed provocatively.

"Great! ...Fantastic! ...Play to the camera. ...That a girl, Jocelyn. Do your stuff!" the photographer snapped shot after shot. An hour later, he announced, "That's a wrap!"

"Wonderful, honey!" Mrs. Silver enthused as I came off set. "Come to my office later. We'll review the proofs."

When I arrived that afternoon, I was greeted by solemnly stark faces. "What's the matter?" I nervously asked. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Oh no, honey," Estelle Silver assured. "The designer loves your look, but... Well... Something's missing. ...By the way, what's your bra size?"

Confused, I haltingly advised, "It's, ah, a 34 'A' ...But I'm nearly a 'B' cup... Really I am!"

"Ah, yes," she thoughtfully murmured. "It looks like we'll need to do something about that."

"Huh?" I breathlessly panicked. "What are you going to do?"

Calmly, she replied, "Nothing that's not in your contract, Jocelyn. Let's just say, we're going to make you more marketable."

The very next day, Mrs. Silver accompanied me to the office of a Park Avenue physician. Terrified, I sat in the waiting room while my mind conjured horribly bizarre thoughts.

"Dr. Quinn will see you now," the receptionist announced. As I stood up, my head spun dizzily while my stomach nervously churned.

"Miss Ryan? So glad to meet you. I'm Philip Quinn," the doctor smilingly greeted, shaking my quivering hand. "Let's look at some pictures, shall we?"

Along with Estelle Silver, I perused page after page of a large portfolio. "I've done this before, a long time ago," I tensely thought, "It's like looking at girlie magazines!"

Yet a decision had to be made. Deferring to Mrs. Silver, I pointed, stammering, "Ah... These... ah... are nice."

"Excellent choice!" Dr. Quinn beamed. "They're quite popular and the shape is very natural. I'm certain you'll be pleased."

Next the doctor took some photographs. Then using a computer, he showed me what I'd look like after the operation.

"Oh Lord!" I skittishly sighed, "Do they need to be that big?"

Gently caressing my back, Mrs. Silver assured, "They'll look delightful on you!"

"Will there be anything else?" the doctor asked. "Nose? Lips? Cheeks?"

While I frantically shook my head, Estelle Silver appeared deep in thought. Then she remarked, "Maybe Jocelyn is ready for a *refashion*."

"A REFASHION!?! I'd never have guessed!" Dr. Quinn astonishingly grinned. "Why I don't see why not! He makes quite an attractive girl!"



"Why darling, you are enchanting!!" Mother gushed. "You..you don't mind the changes?" I questioned. "Oh Jocelyn darling, I love your new look," she replied.



Brett was so different now. I knew he could fill a void in my life I wanted him more than anything. . .and I got him!

“What are you talking about?” I whined in panic. “What’s a *refashion*?”

“I think it’s essential,” Mrs. Silver urged. “You’re a hot property, honey. We mustn’t let a useless appendage possibly stand in the way of real success!”

I sat with my mouth open as they explained the procedure, the doctor quickly added, “It’s quite reversible. . .but I’ve never had anyone want it reversed.”

“Reversible? Useless?” I cried. They arranged my hospital visit without further comment from me. Estelle said, “It can’t be an easy decision so I’ll make it for you.”

We left Dr. Quinn’s office. On the ride back to the agency, I whimpered, “I’m scared, Ms. Silver. Is all this really necessary?”

“Absolutely! Bulges are NOT necessary, besides,” she commanded, adding, “The public demands full figured women. Our job’s to give them what they want. To you, it’s the difference between \$250, \$500 or more dollars an hour!”

Pouting, I whined, “I understand larger breasts, but that other procedure...the REFASHION... It’s sounds awful!”

“Look at this,” she calmly ordered, handing me a magazine. Inside were a bevy of beautiful women modeling racy lingerie. “You too can be in here, Jocelyn... But I can only take the chance with the refashion!”

Shamefully bowing, I anxiously crossed my legs. “It’s so small anyway,” I sadly mumbled while tightly squeezing my thighs, adding, “They had withered so much I didn’t think it would make a difference?”

Estelle laughed, “Believe me. There’s a difference!”

That night, I tossed and turned in bed. My mind whirled with befuddling trepidations. Several times I impulsively reached for the phone, but stopped. “I can’t call Mother,” I trembled. “She’d be so disappointed!”

I was weary and overly anxious when Estelle Silver arrived to pick me up. As I stepped into the car, she asked, “Bring your toothbrush, honey?” As I nodded, she enthused, “We’re lucky Dr. Quinn could squeezed us in. The sooner it’s done, the better!”

Directing me to a private room, a nurse handed me a short cotton gown to change into. Letting my bra drop to the floor, I gingerly cupped my soft, nubile breasts. Gently caressing them, I sadly sighed, “Being much of a man now was out of the question!”

While resting in my hospital bed, the nurse returned. “Stay still dear,” she calmly ordered, holding a large hypodermic syringe in her hand. “I’ve to administer a local anesthetic.”

Sticking me three times, twice beneath my arm pits and then to my terror, once in my groin. She noted, "You'll feel numbness in a minute."

"It's like I've nothing down there!" I frightfully shuddered, as the medication swiftly took effect. "Is this how women feel?"

Moments later, Dr. Quinn walked in, bemusing, "How's my gorgeous patient this morning?" As I lamented, he encouraged, "Cheer up, pretty one! Soon you'll be even more beautiful!"

"Doctor? I'm not sure. . .," I anxiously backtracked. "Maybe I should stay how I am?"

He looked down at my maleness and asked, "do you have a girlfriend or something?"

"No. . .it's just."

He interrupted, "That wouldn't be much good with the girls anyway. . .just relax, with a 'little' nip, tuck and a little stuffing, you'll *be* all the girl you want. I know you'll like that!" He went about his duties preparing medical contraptions.

"Ohhh!" I groaned as the doctor shot a tranquilizer into my arm. My mind thickly clouding, I sorrowfully whimpered, "This can't be happening. . ."

"Wake up dear," a soothing voice whispered. Groggy, I slowly opened my sleep encrusted eyes. Standing above me, a white uniformed nurse smiled, "It's time for your medications."

Inside a small paper cup, I saw my familiar purple pill along with a pink one which she told me was an antibiotic. Swallowing them, I nervously asked, "What. . .Is it over?"

"Yes," she sweetly grinned. "Dr. Quinn said the operation was a complete success. You'll be discharged later this evening."

Slumping back against my pillow, I sighed with relief. Yet, I quickly became anxious when I realized that my chest was now huge!

Wallowing in self pity, the nurse returned with a small brown jar. Loosening the strings of my hospital gown, she explained, "Here's some ointment. We must avoid those ugly stretch marks!"

"Does all this belong to me?" I asked, seeing my bandaged bosom.

"Some is swelling," the nurse said, "But I'm sure they will be big enough."

As she tenderly smoothed on the white, viscous cream, Dr. Quinn entered. "Good afternoon!" he cheered "How do you like your new assets, my dear?"

"They're okay... I guess?" I quivered, seeing my bust freely bob and jiggle. "But aren't breast implants dangerous?"

"Not these," he smilingly insisted. "They're filled with saline solution, not silicone. What's more, the incision was made beneath your arm pits so you won't have ugly scars."

Taking this all in, I was awakening. I suddenly remembered my chest wasn't my only body part altered. "Wh... What about... Down below?" I fearfully stammered. "It's still numb!"

"Brace yourself!" he boasted. "It worked out perfectly. Are you ready to see?"

Panicking, I urgently gripped the edge of the sheets and anxiously pulled them up to my neck. I tearfully whined, "What if it's terrible?"

"It's not," he soothed, caressing my flowing blonde hair. Gently uncovering my quaking body, he exposed my groin, harnessed with a sanitary napkin. Winking, he mused, "Let's take a peek. . .but there's not much to see anymore!"

As he carefully removed the pad, I gasped, "There's nothing there!"

"That's the idea," he chuckled, pointing at my sequestered maleness. "Even nude, it can't be seen. Unless, you want it to."

"There's nothing there!" Clutching my throat, I gulped, "Where is it? And where's everything else?"

"Neatly tucked away," he merrily advised. "As I told you, the procedure's completely reversible. Just think, dear, now you've the best of both worlds!"

He pulled aside the lips and pulled gently producing the head of my maleness. I felt it pull back. As he let go, my manhood commenced back to it's shield like a snail, disappearing within the curls of my bikini trimmed pubic area. I was both afraid and fascinated.

I felt a gentle stubborn draw on my entire genital area. That wasn't all. . .I almost fainted. He reached down and gently pulled at a string. . .until a tampon appeared. I gasp, at both it's

size and the doctors mandate, "You will have to wear these until you heal completely then once a month for a couple days. . . We don't want you closing up."

"CLOSING UP!" I gasp for air as the doctor put some ointment on his fingers and inserted his fingers into where my maleness disappeared and examined his handy work. . . a new opening. "OH MY," I gasp, "How. . ." I got nauseated and was in shock as the doctor told me of my inverted maleness and it's hiding place.

Aware of my reaction, the doctor said softly, "I know it's shocking at first. Give it a while to heal, then I know you'll love it. . . I've done hundreds!" It was like everything had been sucked upward into my belly.

Quivering, I glided my hand along my soft, flat tummy and gazed in astonishment at my new, streamlined feminine shape.

Feeling the call of nature, I shuddered, "Oh my! I'll have to sit to use the potty." The doctor smiled like there was something funny then pointed me to the bathroom. Teetering, and reluctantly, I headed toward a precarious unknown experience. As I turned to close the door, the doctor threw me a white wrapped object and said, "You might as well start now learning how to use these!"

Estelle Silver arrived to take me home. "I've brought you fresh clothes, honey," she smiled, placing a department store bag down on a chair. "Let's see how you look!"

Hesitatingly, I sat up. The bed sheet dramatically fell from my chest to unveil the doctor's artistry.

"Oh wow!" she gleefully gushed. "They're sexy. . . ultra feminine!"

Blushing, I bashfully asked, "Do you really think so?"

Pulling my tender body out of bed, Mrs. Silver supported me until my knees stopped quivering. Leading me to a mirror, she beamed, "Now you've really got the million dollar figure!"

From beneath the hospital gown, my enlarged bust proudly jutted outward. Suddenly overcome by surging female hormones, I dizzily marvelled at my transformed reflection.

"Am I really beautiful?" I softly cooed in the most girlish of voices. Guiding my hands downward, I smoothed them over my "refashioned," feminine "V" shape and giggled giddily.

Hugging me, Mrs. Silver chimed, "Honey, you're going to love what I've got you!"

As she slipped a new padded bra through my arms, I noticed the tag. Astounded, I gasped, "Am I that big! A 'D' cup!"

"You will be. . .until the swelling subsides," she laughed. "Then, as Dr. Quinn promised, your bust will be a splendidly shaped, full 36 'C'. Perfect for the plans I have for you!"

While applying my makeup, my face shined with an angelic glow. Everything about me seemed softer and prettier. Brushing my luxuriously long, thick mane, I silently gushed, "I feel so free!"

Perched high atop elegantly pointed toe pumps, I checked my reflection one last time. Turning to and fro, I admired my new skin tight, black body suit, gaily squealing, "It's truly amazing!"

Walking to her car, a gentle summer breeze blew. With each sauntering step, my curvaceous hips swung more seductively than ever before, proudly announcing my emancipation to womanhood.

Passing several white coated interns, I unconsciously arched my back. As they eyed me with wanton desire, Mrs. Silver warned, "Watch yourself honey. . .or you'll end up marrying a doctor!"

"I'm sorry," I bashfully blushed. "I couldn't help myself!"

As days passed, feeling returned to my chest and groin. When it did, I thrilled over the super sensitivity my breasts acquired, while the smoothness of my crotch threw me into a tizzy! I found my own curved body, like ripened fruit, tantalizing.

At first there was apprehension about modeling such scant garments as lingerie and bikinis. I worried that my maleness, deeply retracted and hibernating in it's new pocket, might come to life at a most embarrassing time. That kind of attention I didn't need.

To my bewilderment and freedom, I had complete control over what had a mind of it's own before.

One Saturday morning in early autumn, I was enjoying a late breakfast while paging through my thickening portfolio. Suddenly, I was startled by the ringing of my intercom.

My body went limp when I heard an all too familiar voice reply, "It's me, dear. Daddy and I've come to surprise you!"

"Mother!" I nervously stammered. "Ah. . .I'll buzz you in."

Frantically running my long pink fingernails through my shoulder blade length hair, I panicked. "They don't know about my operations!" I tensely shuddered. "What am I going to do?"

Before I could think, there was a light rap on my front door. Pulling my peignoir tightly around my lithe frame, I quickly unlatched the lock, then shamefully crossed my arms.

"Hello sweetheart," Mom gushed, running to embrace me. "Oh, I've missed you so!"

Sticking out my cheek, I accepted her loving kiss, anxiously whining, "I've missed you too, Mother."

As Dad approached, he apprehensively enthused, "I guess modeling agrees with you. You seem to glow?"

"Yes, Daddy," I bashfully replied, demurely looking away.

Sitting around my table, the tension was so thick it could be cut with a knife! Falteringly trying to start a conversation, we smilingly gazed at one another.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" Mom finally asked in earnest.

My palms coldly perspired, I quiveringly confessed, "Well. . .there is," I sadly pleaded. "Daddy, Can I talk to Mother... Alone!"

Following me into my bathroom, Mom sealed the door. "What is it, sweetheart?" she worried. "Are you hurt?"

"No... I'm okay," I stammered. "It's just... Since you've seen me last...I've change a bit..."

As she stared, mystified, I solemnly untied the draw strings, letting my robe gracefully fall to the floor. Standing clad in only a lacy pink demi bra and matching French cut panties, I tearfully whimpered, "It's just... ."

Expecting the worst, I dejectedly bowed my head, as deafening silence enveloped the room. Suddenly, she gasp, "Oh, my! What have they done? Is it gone???"

I shook my head.

"How marvelous! It's enchanting!"

"You mean, you like it?" I quaked in disbelief. "I thought you'd hate it! After all, I didn't tell you and...dad?"

“Shh, my darling,” she tenderly soothed. “I’ve known for some time. Mrs. Silver told me weeks ago.”

Astonished, I gulped, “She did? Why didn’t she say anything?”

“Because I wanted you to make the decision,” she endearingly smiled. “I understand why you didn’t tell me, but there’s nothing to be ashamed of sweetheart. The way things were going, you were never going to be much of a man!”

“Oh Mother!” I weeped, falling into her loving arms. “Look at me. Look at what I’ve become!”

Soon thereafter, we giggled like school girls as I displayed my new feminine assets. Gaily, Mom gushed, “My little boy has blossomed into a grown up woman! You must have the men going nuts?”

I blushed.

Leaving the bathroom, Mom went to fetch me some clothes. While she was gone, I heard Dad ask, “Kate, what are you two doing? You’ve been in there for over half an hour!”

“Girl talk, Mike,” she coyly quipped. “Relax, we’ll be out in a jiffy!”

When Mom returned, I cupped my breasts, tensely asking, “Does Daddy know?”

“No, but I know his reaction!” she slyly disclosed, pulling a snugly fitting beige knit mini dress over my raised arms. “He’ll be a little shocked!”

Helping me with makeup, Mom tied my hair into a cute ponytail before affixing a double set of large hoops in my pierced ears. Blotting my hot pink lipstick, she giggled, “Knock him dead!”

“Here we come, Mike!” mother announced, leading me from the bathroom. “Ready for your darling daughter?”

Following her, I slowly minced in high heeled brown boots and matching sheer tights. Teetering, I announced, “Well, Daddy?”

“Oh my!” he gasp in amazement, his jaw dropping in utter befuddlement. “I’d never believe it. You’re. . .you’re. . .”

“I’ll say it,” Mom boasted. “He’s now a beautiful woman, isn’t he Mike?”

Tensely smiling, I watched Dad anxiously approach, his body shaking with fear. "I guess so... You've grown!" he observed aloud.

"Your son has DEVELOPED!" Mom clarified.

I assumed a haughty modeling pose then smiled, "Well?" I eagerly begged, "Can you still like me even if I can't be a boy anymore?"

Nodding his head with deliberateness, he solemnly replied, "Yeah, I guess. . .oh sure. . .I love you no matter what!"

As tears streamed down my eyes, I scampered to his awaiting arms. Cuddling my head against his burly chest, I whimpered, "Oh, Daddy. I'll be a good girl. I'll make you proud of me as your daughter, I promise!"

As time marched on, I needn't say, my new and improved body did wonders for my modeling career. As Estelle Silver promised, I became a very "hot property."

Life as a fashion model brought fun, adventure and excitement. Every month, my talents were in higher demand. My face and figure adorned all the popular women's magazines while I glided down the runways at the most exclusive fashion shows.

After hours, my social calendar was booked for weeks in advance. Parties, dances, receptions and shows filled my evenings and weekends. Yet least I omit, there were also boy-friends!

At first, I was extraordinarily reluctant to involve myself with men. Living as a woman, as opposed to a girl, I feared relationships would surely evolve farther than mere heavy petting!

But with Mrs. Silver's encouragement, I ventured beyond my self imposed shell. Dating gentlemen of wealth and stature, I kept a safe distance while thrillingly fulfilling my flourishing feminine desires.

Although living hundreds of miles apart, Mom and I were never closer. Relying on her advise and moral support, our relationship strengthened. As it did, I became more and more feminine, situated comfortably in my burgeoning womanhood.

It was a delightful August day and I had just stepped out of my favorite salon. I was quite anxious to treat myself to the "works" after returning from a week long shoot in the Islands.

My luxurious, shoulder blade length hair, shimmered in a gentle afternoon breeze. I gazed thrillingly as the sun sparkled on my elegantly long, French manicured nails.

Unable to restrain my pleasure, I spread my sensuously full, pink glossed lips into a wide, toothy smile. Wearing a figure flattering, mini skirted suit, I girlishly strutted down the sidewalk. My two-tone spectator pumps clicking rhythmically with each sway of my rounded hips.

I felt the eyes of many on me as I headed for my new Upper West Side apartment. As traffic whizzed by, I paused at an intersection. I calmly waited for the "walk" sign. Suddenly out of the blue, I felt a tapping on my shoulder.

Abruptly turning, I shockingly gasped at the sight of an old familiar face. Covering my gaping mouth, I was at a loss of words.

Both of us stared bewilderingly at each other, mutually frightened to make the first move. But, eventually I heard, "Justin... Is that you?"

"Yes... I mean, no... No... Yes!" I frantically stammered. "My goodness! Brett... Heavens! What are you doing in New York?"

His eyes bulging in utter disbelief, he dizzily replied, "I'm on my way to visit you. Your Mom gave me your address... But she didn't say I'd find you like this!"

"Ah, yeah. Follow me," I demurely cooed, gazing wondrously into his twinkling brown eyes. "We've so much to talk about!"

In the two blocks to my place, Brett nearly tripped over every crack in the sidewalk. He was just unable to take his eyes off me!

Arriving at my apartment, I gave him the "grand tour" before adjourning to the living room. Sitting beside him on my buttery leather sofa, I crossed my legs provocatively then pulled gently at the hem of my skirt.

"So, tell me," I breathlessly sighed, "How's the basketball?" I knew how to get men talking and away from me. . .ask about their interests!

Beads of sweat covered his forehead as he anxiously answered, "Ah... I'm not playing anymore," he tensely stammered. "I injured my knee last season. . .I've given up my scholarship."

"That's dreadful. Are you okay?"

"Uh huh," he gulped, wiping his brow. "That's why I've come to New York... I'm transferring to City University next semester. Enough about me... I haven't seen you in over a year and a half and. . .you've changed!"

Smiling coyly, I noted, "I know I made you promise, but you probably shouldn't call me Justin. My name is Jocelyn now."

He nodded. I related my life since that Christmas Eve, eighteen months earlier when our paths last crossed. "...And now you know," I solemnly sighed. "I guess I've disappointed you."

"No, not really," he earnestly insisted, moving closer to me. "I have a confession to make."

While I gazed attentively, he confessed, "Until now, I'd never have believed it. I must tell you. . .you make a most beautiful woman! Must be sort of weird?"

"Weird?" I softly whimpered.

"I mean with everyone treating you like a girl. . .guys and everything."

Blushing, I glanced away, answering, "A little. I've gotten used to it."

"WOW!" he said in amazement, "My buddy is a WOMAN! That'll take me a little time to get used to it!"

In the headiness of the moment, we sat very close together. But for my silly cuckoo clock sounding the six o'clock hour, we'd have surely kissed!

"Say Brett, how about staying for dinner?" I asked as we recomposed ourselves. "Mother's taught me everything she knows!"

"I can see that!" Anxiously checking his watch, he said, "I don't know. My train departs at 11:30 and..."

"I'm a great cook!" I insisted. "You'll make your train!"

As Brett smilingly agreed, I beamed, "Great! But could you be a dear and run an errand for me? Pick up a baguette and a bottle of mineral water at the grocery across the street."

"You got it!" he eagerly chimed, then ran out the door.

Scurrying to my bedroom, I quickly undressed. Donning a strapless, push up bra, I changed into a plunging, black tank top and a revealingly tight red mini skirt.

After putting on my favorite hoop earrings, I freshened my makeup and dabbed my best French perfume in all the right places. Provocatively licking my lips, I noted, "We shall certainly see!"

Making certain my bare legs were silky smooth, I brushed out my hair, gleefully thinking, "This ought catch his eye. . . There are other ways to a man's heart than through his stomach!"

The pasta was boiling when Brett returned with the groceries. "Sorry I took so long," he apologized. "Check out was impossible!"

Slinking out from the kitchen, I seductively purred, "Oh, poor baby!" My cavernously deep cleavage heaving, I stood provocatively close, breathlessly cooing, "I'll take that. Dinner's about ready."

Panicking, Brett fumbled the bag. As I caught it, nary a hair separated us. "I'm sorry," I girlishly giggled, backing away to give him his space. "Come, I'll fix you a drink!"

Eating a relaxing meal, Brett and I caught up on old times. At moments, it seemed like nothing had changed between us. We were still best buddies. But, alas, much had.

After dinner, we again sat on the sofa, albeit far less anxiously. With a couple of hours before he had to leave, I suggested, "Brett, would you like to look at my modeling portfolio?"

He eagerly agreed, saying, "Folks back home have seen your pictures in magazines. But I felt funny asking to see them."

Simpering, I cutely winked, "Well, then you'll see the best!"

He turned page after page. Brett's eyes became larger and larger with every photograph he astonishingly ogled.

Coming to my latest samples, I noted, "These aren't in print yet." As I watched him quake, I enticingly added, "They're due out next February in Sports Photographer's swim suit issue!"

At a photo depicting me wearing the skimpiest, midnight blue, thong bikini, Brett frantically pointed at the crotch, dryly

choking, "A retouched photo? This can't be you! Where's...you know what?"

Seductively crossing my thighs, I demurely looked away, coyly smirking, "It's me."

"NO! It must be air brushed," he fearfully whined. "Did you have a sex change?"

Gazing dotingly, I gently took his quivering hands, tenderly assuring, "No, darling. Nothing that major yet. . .just training and," I honestly added, "things have been somewhat. . .abbreviated!"

As he mystifyingly cringed, as I explained all about my refashion surgery. Brett smiled, whimsically noting, "Gone but still there? WOW, guess I won't be making a boy of you soon, huh?"

Grinning sheepishly, I sweetly mused, "I guess not." But then becoming solemn, I whimpered, "I appreciated the offer!" I didn't tell Brett totally about my "refashion". The inversion was more complex than I first understood. My male jewels were enclosed in a rather *deep* safety deposit box. Shocking impenetrable at first but once healed, the doctor showed me how supple and yielding it was.

However neutered I felt, it made me feel sexy to have male attention. Brett became serious and I could tell that he wanted to kiss me. . .like he would a girl. I felt the electricity between us grow. I never wanted anything more in my life than to be kissed by him! Our lips gravitated towards each other. At the prelude to passion, my darn cuckoo struck again! "Ten o'clock already," I self consciously remarked. "Time sure flies!"

After calling a taxi, we waited down at the street. Strolling arm in arm, I rested my head on his broad shoulder, silently sighing, "Isn't this wonderful?"

But the moment was too short lived! As the cab parked, I gazed into his eyes, tearfully asking, "You'll call me, won't you?"

"Definitely!" he earnest insisted. "I'll need a friend like you in New York."

As we tightly embraced, strange emotions consumed me. Suddenly I felt his lips on mine. Our first kiss was deep, lingering and soulful.

From deep within, shivers of ecstasy radiated outward, tingling my every inch. Hugging him, I feverishly realized... I WAS in LOVE!!

Before parting, Brett held my shoulders, saying, "You're a very special person. I want to be more than just your friend."

"Me too," I wept. "Take care, Brett darling!"

As the taxi slowly pulled away, I sadly waved goodbye. Yet, I knew in my heart of hearts, I'd see him... Very, very soon.

The following winter, I was back home for Christmas. My career couldn't have been more successful as my face adorned the cover of the top three high fashion magazines' holiday issues.

Sitting with Mother in my old room, we laughed and cried, going through her scrape books which traced every inch of my life as a boy and a girl model.

As she lovingly wrapped her arms around me, I recalled my most recent adventures in New York. "My life's certainly changed!" I silently thrilled, gazing at my ringed finger.

"The stone's positively stunning, Jocelyn," Mother gushed. "The only thing more sparkling green are your gorgeous eyes!"

"Thanks Mother," I chirped. "But don't get any wild ideas. It's only a friendship ring!"

Simpering, she sweetly chided, "Friendship? Indeed! And what does your beau have to say to that!"

Though I didn't reply, I did reminisce, recalling the wonderful evening when I received my beautiful emerald. It was SO romantic!

Speaking of rings, I ought to mention that Brett did move to New York. Although leasing an apartment across town, we've been seeing quite a lot of each other.

Often a guest at my place, he regularly spends the night. Then again, I must point out that in my one bedroom co-op, he definitely DOESN'T sleep on the couch!

YES! Brett gave me the ring. And YES! He's more than just a good friend. He's my BEST friend! I didn't add that he no longer had any plans of making me more of a man. . .but he had unquestionably made me more of a woman! Did I ever tell you that he was once engaged to AMY???? I guess I got even.

Emotion flowed. Throwing my arms around my mother in a heart felt embrace, I joyously cried, "Thank you Mother. Thank you so very much for helping me. . .BECOME YOUR DAUGHTER!"

THE END

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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 his new length, she had several options:

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

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 CHRISIE #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!

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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

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