

SERIALS

MAGAZINE

"FORCED TO BE A "DAUGHTER"



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LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER

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QUOTE BOARD

The hardest task in a girl's life is to prove to a man
that his intentions are serious.
Helen Rowland

LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER

BY D. CREASE

In “FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER”, Justin has been sentenced to nine months dressed as a girl for abusing a neighbor girl. His mother has it in her mind to have a daughter for a while. . .

Awaking quite early, Mom brushed my hair into an up-to-date style. Wanting me to appear mature, she insisted I darken my eyes more alluringly. Deep coral pink lipstick and matching nail polish contrasted starkly with my radiantly white skin.

Before leaving, I dutifully swallowed my tablet and gargled. Testing my voice, I nervously whimpered, “Kevin’s right! It isn’t cracking. I really sounded like a girl!”

After arriving at the salon just before eight, a beaming Cathy ushered us into her office. “My, but you have changed!” she thrilled, scoping me from head to toe. “Your navy blue skirt and white ruffled blouse are adorable! ...And those darling matching pumps! They’re at least three inch heels, aren’t they?”

Nodding ashamedly, I demurely replied, “Yes they are. Thank you Ms. Ardmore. Mother picked them out for me.”

“Call me Cathy,” she cheerfully corrected. “We’ll be working together. Around here, you’re just another one of the girls.”

Then Mom suggested, “Let’s get down to business. Jocelyn’s just dying to know what’s to be expected.”

I was dying! Indeed, I wished I were dead!

Mom vigilantly watched me cross my legs ever so girlishly. Satisfied, she lovingly winked then turned her attention to Cathy.

"I'm aware of the Work Study Program requirements," Cathy advised. "In the mean time, Jocelyn, you'll be the salon's receptionist. You'll be responsible for our clients comforts."

Swallowing hard, I choked, "Yes, Ma'am. I understand."

"There's more," Cathy added. "Since your job must track a career, in the evenings, you'll take a Junior College class."

Confused, I asked, "Class? But, I'm still in high school."

"Beauty culture class," she smilingly explained. "Sweet-heart, you're going to learn to be a cosmetologist!"

Aghast, I clenched my chest and shuddered, "Oh Lord! They're making a beautician out of me!"

"Please, Mother," I sorrowfully begged, "It's a waste. Anything but that!"

"The decision's final!" Mom firmly retorted. "Since you will remain a girl another eight more months, you will work here and you will attended classes. You've no other choice."

Adding her two cents, Cathy chimed, "Don't worry about the class, dear. I'm the instructor. I'll keep an eye out for you."

As the two woman ganged up on me, my heart sank. Frustrated, I hid my face and cried.

"Please, no tears," Cathy soothed. "You'll love it here. Everyone's very friendly and I'm sure they'll like you too."

How could anyone like me when I hate myself! When I finally calmed down, it was agreed that I would start work refreshed the next day.

On our way home, Mom stopped at the school and picked up the Work Study enrollment documents. Thank goodness she let me sit in the car. I would never have been able to endure the humiliation!

Back home, we reviewed and completed the forms. Once Mom signed her name, it was my turn. With a heavy heart, I was about to sign when she abruptly yelled, "Stop!"

As I dropped my pen in confusion, she shoved a blank sheet of paper in front of me and ordered, "Write on this first. I must see how you'll sign your name."

Doing as she said, I wrote, "Jocelyn Rae Ryan." Showing it to her, she quipped, "That simply won't do! Your penmanship's atrocious. You're writing too much like a boy!"

"But Mother," I urgently protested. "I am a boy!"

Ignoring me, she instructed, "Watch and learn, dear. See how lightly I press on the paper to allow the pen to do the work. Now it's your turn. Try again, but write more cursively."

My hand was cramped terribly by the time Mom was satisfied. Yet the damage was done! I signed the form, using my utterly feminine signature with gently rounded letters and delicately curly cues.

Mom went to turn in the forms and she left me at home to prepare dinner. While waiting for the frying pan to heat up, Kevin arrived home in his usual boisterous manner.

"Hey Sis, whip me up a snack!" he pugnaciously ordered. "Football practice was a killer. I'm starved!"

Angered by his overbearing attitude, I snapped, "You're the big athlete. Get it yourself!"

"It's a girl's job," he snarled. "As you can see, I'm not the one wearing a *skirt*!"

Losing control, I squealed with rage. Running at him with a clenched fist, I slugged Kevin's chest as hard as I could.

"Hey, you'll break a nail," he laughed.

"I hate you, Kevin!" I shrieked, scampering out of the kitchen on my three inch heels. Finding refuge in the den, I threw myself upon the sofa tragically moaning. I used to be able to push Kevin around all the time. What happened to my strength?

Glaring at my long painted fingernails, I shuddered, "Now all they're good for is woman's work. They cook, clean and knit. Soon, they'll know how to style hair!"

Just then, Mom returned. Finding me crying, she eagerly asked, "Jocelyn, what's happened? Are you alright?"

After telling her about my run-in with Kevin, she laughingly soothed, "Boys will be boys, sweetheart. I know how you feel, but you're still responsible to serve our men, including your brother."

"I can't!" I weeped. "I won't do..." As she angrily scowled, I realized I had no choice in the matter. Drying my eyes, I sighed, "Yes Mother. I'll prepare Kevin his snack."

Straightening my apron, I returned to the kitchen. I had become so docile! I never used to give in to her like this. If it kept up, I was doomed!

"Good evening, Jocelyn," Mom chimed, entering my room as I prepared for bed. As I looked up, my face masked with cold cream, she said, "We must discuss your outfit for tomorrow."

Bowing shamefully, I whispered, "What does it matter. A skirt's a skirt!"

"It means a lot, young lady!" she quickly retorted. "You are what you wear and I'll not have you looking like a slob!"

Scouring my closet, she noted, "Hmm... Everything's quite conservative. ...Cathy and her girls all dress so modernly. Maybe we should have picked you up a new outfit at the boutique today."

As I languished in self pity, Mom suddenly shrilled, "I've got it. You'll wear one of my outfits!"

Rushing out, she returned to my room carrying a pleated black gabardine dress and a shoe box. "Try this on, dear!" she excitedly suggested. "I'd bet you'll look smashing!"

Slipping the delicate garments over my mounded chest, I zipped it up, as Mom joyously enthused, "It's perfect! It's utterly perfect!"

Perched atop Mom's black suede pumps, my legs encased in smokey nylons, I stared wondrously at my reflection. "Oh my!" I nervously sighed noting the hem swirling about mid thigh. "Isn't it too short?"

"It's darling, sweetheart!" Mom gushed. "I never dreamed you would become so radiantly beautiful."

"Aggggh!" I groaned, shaken by her off the wall comment. "Come May, I'm a boy again!"

Yet my high pitched squeal and swishy stature defied my boastful declaration. As Mom simpered belittlingly, I anxiously doubted. Will she let me be a boy?

The following morning, Mom dropped me off at the salon bright and early. Anxiously clutching the shoulder strap of my black purse, I asked, "Are you staying, Mother?"

"Heavens no," she reassured. "But don't worry, you're in capable hands. Just do exactly as Cathy says. Remember, Jocelyn, keep smiling!"

Initially, my performance was very awkward, but I quickly got the swing of it. "Use a pencil to dial the phone, dear," Cathy suggested. "You'll avoid breaking your lovely nails."

At five o'clock, my first day was over before I knew it. To my astonishment, I had actually forgot how I was dressed and the time flew. The entire staff gave me a rousing round of applause!

As I thanked them, strange emotions haunted me. Boys have no business working in a beauty shop! Why was I liking it so much?

Since my cosmetology class didn't begin until the following week, Cathy gave me a ride home. Pulling into the driveway, Mom excitedly ran to greet us.

"Jocelyn, darling!" she gaily exclaimed. "You must tell me every wonderful detail of your day. I simply can't wait!"

Beaming proudly, Cathy waived goodbye, reminding, "Don't be late tomorrow dear. Friday's our busiest day!"

Mom's enthusiasm was contagious. Holding her hand, I nearly skipped into the house, wearing a stupidly wide, girlish grin.

My whirlwind day dominated the dinner table conversation. Gushing exuberantly I described the events while gracefully moving my hands to emphasize each delightful detail.

While Mom's eyes radiated with pleasure, Dad appeared uninterestedly ashamed though remained respectfully quiet. Eating in silence, he strove to avoid any intentional eye contact with me.

Kevin, on the other hand, was obviously disturbed by the girlish banter. Angered, he chided, "So, you got a job in a beauty shop. Big Deal! Justin, you've become a panty waist sissy!"

"Kevin!" Mom screamed. "How dare you!"

But the damage was done. "He's right!" I panicked. "Why am I acting this way?" Overwrought with despair, I stumbled from the table and scrambled frantically to my room.

Sobbing, I heard little more than a faint din of raised voices arguing heatedly. Exhausted, I plopped my emotionally drained head upon my tear soaked pillow and quickly fell asleep.

My clock read '2:00 a.m.' when Mom gently shook me awake. "Come dear," she tenderly cooed. "Let me help you into a nightgown."

"Please Mother," I desperately begged, rubbing sleep from my weary eyes. "Kevin's right. I'm just a sissy!"

Patiently, she softly replied, "Don't ever mention that word again. Kevin was way out of line and he's being grounded for it!"

"But look at me! A sissy!"

"No, you're a girl now. There's a big difference!" she continued. "I'm so pleased at how you are fully adjusting to your new life. Isn't it a 'little' fun working around all the girls and wearing pretty clothes?"

"That's what I'm afraid of Mother," I sorrowfully admitted. "If I continue as a girl, there might be no turning back!"

Helping me disrobe, Mom wistfully spied my brassiere covered chest and insisted, "It's the only way you'll survive punishment. If you don't stop fighting, Jocelyn, you'll drive yourself crazy!"

"Crazy?" I anguished. "What's worse, insanity or femininity?"

The following morning, I reluctantly woke to find Mom ready to help me. Pouting, I had no choice but let her dress me, makeup my face and style my hair into a smart pageboy.

The mirror reflected my slenderized, padded figure encased in Mom's sleeveless peacock blue dress. Its high neck line, form fitting bodice and billowy skirt created an unquestionably feminine image!

Mincing on three inch heel, I scurried to the kitchen. Half way there, I stopped dead in my tracks, gasping, "Kevin!"

"Why did I ever leave my room?" I pined. "He's the last person I want to see!"

"Relax dear," Mom soothed, sensing my fear. "Everything's fine. In fact, your brother has something to tell you."

Nervously shuffling my feet, I teetered atop Mom's blue pumps. Deafening silence riveted my soul as I waited for Kevin to speak.

"Justin... I mean Jocelyn," he humbly faltered. "Gosh, I'm sorry for the mean spirited things I said last night. I hope you'll forgive me."

Mindfully studying his face, I sensed a tearfully honest sincerity in his macho male eyes. Letting down my defenses, I approach him and asked, "Do you really mean it, Kevin?"

"Uhuh," he whined, nodding. "I'd like to make it up to you, but I really don't know how."

Sitting beside him, I absentmindedly laid my feminized hand upon his arm. Seeing him flinch, I abruptly retreated, realizing my mistake. As the tension rose, I inquisitively asked, "Why have you been so mean? Have I hurt you?"

"No," he sniffled, "It's just you've always been my big brother. Believe it or not, I looked up to you. It's been hell dealing with you being a girl!"

"Oh Kevin," I gently soothed in my heightened voice. Replacing my hand on his muscular forearm, I commiserated, "Don't worry, I'll be a boy again. You'll see!"

Fighting to smile, Kevin doubtfully replied, "Thanks Justin... Oops, oh, I don't know anymore..."

"You're welcome anyway!" I laughed, understanding his confusion. "For the time being, I really don't mind if you call me Sis... I think it's sort of cute!"

Grinning, Kevin thankfully nodded. Yet, sensing a strange undercurrent in his words and demeanor, I shuddered, "Is he trying to tell me something? Doesn't Kevin believe I'll be a boy again?"

Following Mom's advise, I took things a day at a time. As the week wore on, I found my attitude changing. Often, I caught myself thinking as a girl would.

One day Cathy and another beautician, Linda, joined me for lunch. As I sipped a diet cola, Linda noted, "You know, Jocelyn, there's more to being a girl than wearing dresses and makeup. Acting feminine is just as important."

"Mother's teaching me how to walk, sit and everything!" I anxiously replied. "What more can I do? After all, I'm a boy!"

"That's just it," she pointed. "You're still too much a boy!"

Linda abruptly took my soda and demonstrated how I ought to delicately hold a glass. As I bashfully blushed, she instructed, "Watch! See how I take small, dainty sips?"

In fact, all the women took a genuine interest in me and eyed my every move. Whenever they detected the slightest flaw,

they endearingly made corrections and encouraged me to be more feminine.

"Use your hands more expressively," Cathy suggested. "Make sure everyone sees your lovely nails!"

"Smile broadly," Linda reminded. "A girl shows off her pretty white teeth!"

At home or at work, it didn't matter. Being bombarded with all things feminine, no wonder my behavior dramatically changed!

It was a week since starting work at the salon. Wearing a pretty ankle length print skirt and jersey blouse, I joined my family for breakfast.

Mincing into the kitchen, on my three inch pumps, I smiled broadly and chimed, "Good morning all! Isn't it a splendid day?"

"Indeed!" Mom laughed. "I simply adore that bright red you've polished your nails. They've grown so long!"

Blushing, I coyly smiled and took a seat with Dad and Kevin at the table. Glancing at their plates stacked high with pancakes and bacon, I took a dainty bite of dry toast and somberly recalled Mom's words, "A girl must watch her waistline!"

Afterwards, as Kevin and Dad headed out, I dutifully re-touched my makeup. Using a shade to match my nails, my full sensuous lips sparkled ruby red.

Holding Mom's hand, we escorted Dad and Kevin to the door. "Have a good day, dears," she parted, kissing her men goodbye.

I don't know what came over me. Suddenly I had an overwhelming urge to follow suit! Teetering on my toes, I gently leaned on his shoulders, saying, "Have a wonderful day, Daddy!"

Once I planted a sweet, daughterly kiss on Dad's cheek, I moved back, demurely lowering my eyes. Seeing my red lipstick remnants on his bristly face, I got a warm, fuzzy feeling all over.

Yet it vanished as quickly as it came, turning me stone cold! While Dad appeared bewilderingly stunned, Kevin literally shook with fear. Gasping, his pleading eyes screamed, "Not me too!"

Realizing the urgency, Mom abruptly wiped the stain off Dad's face. "Hurry you two," she shooed. "You'll be late!"

"What have I done?" I pitifully whined. "Kissing Dad seemed so natural! Have I changed that much?"

Teary eyed, I huddled against Mom's shoulder, pouring out my anguish. Patiently, she soothed, "You have changed, dear. You're so girlish! Soon you'll not think it's a punishment anymore!"

"Really?" I puzzlingly asked while staring blankly into her eyes. But as reality set in, I gasped, "Oh lord! What's become of me?"

Soon, my cosmetology lessons began. Monday after work, Cathy waited as I changed into my class uniform, a plain white blouse and skirt set, white nylons and white rubber soled shoes.

"I looked more like a nurse than a beautician in training," I noted, looking at my reflection. However, she assured me everyone would be dressed the same.

Arriving at the classroom, I was immediately taken back, seeing the other students milling about. "What will they think of me?" I anxiously quivered. Yet my fears were compounded as they all began scanning me as if I were a piece of meat!

"Good evening class," Cathy chimed, introducing herself. As I slowly moved toward a desk, the others discerningly leered, purposefully stepping away from me.

"This is going to be awful," I thought, "Everyone hates me!"

Cathy began the class with a basic hygiene lecture. While trying to concentrate, the others' nonstop gawking overwhelmingly rattled my frayed nerves.

At the half way point, Cathy gave us a fifteen minute break. As the others broke up into small groups, I found myself shunned.

Alone, I bought a cup of coffee. Somberly sitting cross legged at my desk, I sorrowfully realized that I was nothing but a pariah! As I sadly bowed my head, a cheerful voice chimed, "Hi! It sure looks like you could use some company."

Gazing beyond my long bangs, I saw an attractive red headed girl. Although not knowing her name, she appeared quite familiar.

"Hello," I cautiously replied, not wanting to seem too anxious. Glancing at the other unfriendly faces, I said, "I guess you're right."

Extending her slender hand, she said, "I'm Nancy Simmons. It's a real surprise to see you here, Jocelyn."

"You know my name?" I nervously asked, caught completely off guard. "But how?"

"Everyone knows you," she chuckled. "The announcement! ...Remember?"

As I shamefully blushed, she continued, "But I really know you from high school. I graduated last spring. Say, aren't you friends with Brett MacCabe, the basketball star?"

"Yes, ah, yes I am," I faltered. But then I wearily thought, "Why did she bring Brett up? He'd be disgusted if he saw me now!"

"I use to go to every game," Nancy simperingly added. "Weren't you on the team too?" My face turning deeper red as I humbly nodded, admitting that I had at least tried to be an athlete.

As we chatted, Nancy said, "Please don't think I'm being forward, but I sort of had a crush on you. You were cute as a boy."

Embarrassed, I glanced at the floor. "I'm really still a boy," I woefully sighed, puckering my full lips. "By next May, I won't have to dress like this anymore."

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," Nancy sincerely apologized. "I've a awfully habit of thinking aloud!"

Smiling, I slowly nodded and forgave her. Then she added, "If it means anything, you make a lovely girl! Everything about you is so feminine. If I didn't known better, I'd..."

"Don't say it!" I urgently pleaded, softly placing my hand atop her's. "I know how girlish I am. At times, the changes scare the heck out of me! I've become too natural!"

When class ended, Cathy announced, "We'll be learning from each other. Next session, I'll expect to see everyone partnered."

Watching the others pair up, I was disheartened. I was certain to be left out in the cold. Then Nancy sweetly asked, "Will you be my partner, Jocelyn?"

"That's splendid!" I gushed. "I'd love to work with you!"

From that night, Nancy and I learned by doing each others nails, hair and faces. She wasn't just a classmate, she became a good friend.

While she took a full load of classes at Junior College, Nancy always found time to visit me at the salon. Often we lunched together. Of course, we went shopping!

Soon we were inseparable. Whenever she visited me at home, we would shut my bedroom door and gossip for hours. Sharing our inner most feelings, I told her the circumstances resulting in my punishment.

Once, I anguished, "Nancy. I don't know where my life's going anymore. While I'm only a girl temporarily, I'm scared! Do you think I can be a boy again?"

Pausing in deep thought, she finally replied, "I've never been a boy so I have nothing to compare it with. I love being a girl but you've seen both sides. Is it better as a boy?"

"I don't really know, it's just so different and I feel so weird."

"Actually, you're far more feminine than most real girls I know!"

"Oh no!" I shuddered asking myself, "Does she mean I ought to stay a girl?"

Despite my fearfulness, I felt peculiarly proud. Reflecting, I thought, "Am I really so feminine?"

As our relationship nurtured, it flourished. Because of Nancy, I started liking myself again, despite living as a girl!

Joining Mom and Cathy, Nancy led me further along the road toward womanhood. Through her encouragement, I became more and more feminine!

By October, I was a mere shadow of my former self. My thick, blonde hair now brushed my shoulder tops. Keeping it impeccably groomed, I had learned to wear it in various styles, including braids!

Following Linda's advice, I added gelatin to my diet. Before long, my fingernails grew longer and harder. Always polished, they never cracked or chipped.

Yet my diet, along with the Anandron tablets, took a heavy toll. Dropping down to a svelte 132 pounds, my heavily paneled girdle slenderized my waist, giving me a more curvaceous figure.

Daily beauty treatment kept my skin baby soft. Dutifully shaving my legs, they remained silky smooth and totally hairless!

Over these several weeks, my relationship with Mom evolved as never before. Spending many hours of quality time together, we swapped girlish stories and even shared uniquely feminine secrets!

Often I'd reflect, "I never knew Mother was so much fun!" Yet I should have realized that living as a girl had skewed my perceptions. Mother hadn't changed, I had!

In fairness, my relationship with Daddy also changed. While no longer 'manly', he remained aloof, treating me less as his son and more as his 'daughter'.

Kevin and I still had our differences. Yet he showed a new respect for me. Although still bothersome, I didn't mind as much when he called me 'Sis'.

One evening, I was putting Mom's hair up, using my new styling techniques. As I back combed, she noted, "I received a letter from Dr. Winters. He's very pleased with your progress reports dear."

"I'm glad Mother," I beamed proudly. "Juggling my hectic schedule is sure tough, but I'm getting a lot out of it."

Smiling, she gushed, "I'm thrilled you're so happy, sweetheart." Then pausing in thought, she reluctantly added, "That's not all the letter stated."

Her tenuous tone troubled me. Placing my comb down, I urgently pressed my hand against my chest and nervously asked, "What else did it say?"

"According to the Principal, you must also complete a physical education requirement," Mom anxiously replied. "He insists that unless you begin immediately, you'll be expelled!"

"Look at me!" I sadly gasped. "Oh Mother, I can't take gym. I'd die!! I'd positively die!"

As silence shrouded my room, I picked up a small pink teddy bear Mom bought me to accent my feminized decor. Slowly walking toward the mirror, I desperately hugged it against my padded bosom, trying to quell my disheartened anguish.

"What's become of me?" I sorrowfully wept, absent-mindedly stroking the fluffy pink fur with my long red, oval talons. "Help me, Mother. I don't know what I am anymore!"

Rushing to my side, Mom tenderly caressed me, soothing my frazzled nerves. "I'm here, darling," she softly whispered. "I'll always be here for you."

"I'll give Dr. Winters a call tomorrow," she thoughtfully suggested. "There must be some alternative."

Relieved, I kissed Mom's cheek in daughterly fashion. But viewing my slender, girlish image sheathed in a creamy white nightgown, I earnestly sighed, "Oh, Mother. I certainly hope so!"

Thank goodness work was very hectic the next day or else I'd have gone nuts! Over lunch, I shared my concerns with the girls.

"Physical education? Wow!" Linda exclaimed. "Maybe they'll let you into a girls' class?"

"I highly doubt it," I replied, sadly shaking my head. "I can't even enter the school unless I wear boys' clothing!"

"Isn't this what you really want?" Cathy questioned. "I mean, you've always wanted the punishment to end. This is good news, isn't it?"

"I thought so too," I tentatively pouted. Yet I had no idea my new life would be so happy. If I became a boy again, I'd have to give up my job, class and all my new friends. "Oh, I'm so confused! I can't think straight anymore!"

Just then, Mom peeked into the salon's back room. "Hi all!" she smilingly chimed. "Hope I'm not disturbing anything."

As everyone returned her greeting, she asked, "Have a moment, Jocelyn? I'd like to speak to you."

Picking up Mom's cue, the girls quickly cleared the lunch room to leave us alone. Anxious, I continued to sit, nervously wringing my soft, delicate hands.

"There's good news and not so good news, dear," Mom announced, joining me at the table. "Which shall I tell you first?"

Bewildered, I asked, "What's the 'not so good'? Let's get it out of the way."

"Well, I spoke to Dr. Winters this morning" she began as I tensely held my breath. "Although I relentlessly tried, he simply refused to waive the physical education requirement."

Frowning, I solemnly sighed, "Oh? I guess that's it. I'm going to be expelled!"

"Not quite," Mom simperingly countered. "After a very long discussion, we reached another compromise."

Narrowing my eyes, I cautiously asked, "What sort of compromise? I'm not taking boys' gym. Not the way I look!"

"Relax Jocelyn," she assured. "That's the good news! We agreed on an equivalent course outside of school. Now we just need to find one."

As the tension subsided, I slumped back and giggled. But noting the possibilities, I nervously asked, "Ah... So what do you have in mind, Mother?" She didn't readily reply, nor did I find out over the next several days.

Coming home after cosmetology class, I briefly stopped at the vestibule mirror to check my freshly cut bangs. "Jocelyn, they're adorable!" Mom gleefully shripped. "Did you do them yourself?"

Beaming proudly, I confessed, "Cathy did most of the work, but I helped. Aren't they great though? I really love the look!"

"Indeed!" she gushed. Taking my hand, Mom walked me to the kitchen, chiming, "Come and eat dear. Afterwards, we'll share some exciting news!"

As I daintily nibbled a slice of apple, she announced, "I've finally done it. I've found you a charming exercise program!"

"Really?" I gulped. My joyfulness drained as I stared at Mom, frightfully wondering how 'charming' could a gym class be?

Leaning toward my ear as if to share a dark secret, she loudly whispered, "Next Monday morning, you begin lessons at Madame Novsky's Dance Academy!"

"DANCE!" I gasped, panicking. "Mother, you're not serious! I can understand aerobics... Tennis... But Dance? ...It's too much!"

"Jocelyn, don't be upset," she calmly soothed. "I tried finding an exercise class, but no health club in town would accept you. They claim you'd be too disrupting."

Pouting in shame, I sadly bowed my head, recalling the trials and tribulation of my short life as a girl. "Of course I'd be disrupting," I painfully pined. "Who'd want a sissy around!"

"Cheer up, sweetheart!" Mom pleaded. "It's not the end of the world. You'll love learning dance. It'll even come in handy some day."

Did I have a choice? Then I reconsidered. Maybe she was right. After all, dancing would be good to know when I was a boy again.

As I reluctantly agreed, Mom gleefully clapped her hands and enthusiastically sang, "Wonderful! I'll call Madame Novsky first thing tomorrow. She insists on meeting you beforehand. It's a simple formality, I suspect."

The following day, I came directly home from work. Entering the front door, I immediately noticed Dad and Kevin glued to the television set watching the sports highlight on the evening news.

Leaning at the threshold of the den, I girlishly chimed, "Hello people! How was your day today?"

"Ugh. Okay..." they merely grunted, barely moving a muscle. Insulted, I strutted away muttering, "Hmp! What do you expect from men!"

Seconds later, I shuddered, "Did I really say that? What's gotten into me?" Yet there was no time to dwell on my bizarre comment as Mom stood in the kitchen, joined by a visitor.

"Good evening, sweetheart," Mom smilingly welcomed. "Jocelyn, may I introduce you to Madame Inga Novsky, your new dance teacher."

As tension thundered through me, I hesitantly extended my slender hand toward the visitor. "The pleasure's all mine, dear," she assured in a thick European accent. "If you please, we shall discuss your attendance at my dance academy, yes?"

Immediately, Madame Novsky order me to attention as she ogled me discerningly. Freezing my joints still, I felt like a department store clothing mannequin!

"Ah... Hmm... Uhuh," she muttered, perusing every inch of my body. "Your 'daughter' has much potential," she noted to Mom. "I'm accepting Jocelyn as my pupil."

Clasping her hands, Mom delightfully gushed, "That's wonderful! Then she will start this coming Monday."

"Indeed," Madame Novsky tersely replied. Then glaring at me, she announced, "I accept nothing short of perfection. You shall obey my commands or else... Expulsion from the academy!"

Nervously, I winced, "But Mother, I work Monday. Afterwards, I have my cosmetology class!"

"Not to worry, dear," she assured with a nonchalant wave. "Cathy and I have already discussed the matter. She'll adjust your schedule around dance class."

Again defeated, I listlessly listened as Mom and Madame Novsky discussed my equipment list. Tights, leotards, dance slippers... But the last item made me shake with fear!

"A tutu!" I shrieked. "What's that for?"

"For your recital, dear," Madame scolded. "When one does ballet, one must dress appropriate."

On the verge of tears, I frantically whined, "Mother, tell me it's not happening! Please! Don't give me ballet lessons!"

"Now, now, Jocelyn," she soothed, "It's only dancing! At the very least, you'll learn how to carry yourself more gracefully."

Saddened by the hopelessness of my situation, I anguished, "More graceful? Balderdash! Mother wants me more feminine. Oh Lord! What will become of me then?"

The next evening, our cosmetology class practiced manicuring techniques. Still upset over my upcoming ballet lessons, I shared my fears with Nancy as she diligently polished my nails.

"Why the glum face, Jocelyn?" she sincerely asked. "You've been down in the dumps all evening long."

"It's my darn physical education requirement," I pouted. "Since I can't fulfill it at the high school, Mother signed me up to take dance lessons."

"That's great!" she gushed. "I hear ballroom dancing is a lot of fun."

Shrugging my shoulders, I whined, "I only wish it was that!" Cringing, I asked, "Promise you'll keep a secret?"

"Sure," she readily agreed. "Haven't I always?"

I bit my lip and whispered, "I'm taking ballet lessons! Can you believe it?"

"Wow!" she loudly sighed. "That's different! But cheer up. I really enjoyed ballet as a kid. It's a great way to exercise."

Nancy's enthusiasm was contagious. Her account of her ballet experiences drew me out of my depression. By the time she applied the second gleaming pink coat of polish, I felt a whole lot better.

"Guess ballet isn't so bad after all," I happily confessed. "But I'm still worried. How lasting is its effect. I mean, will it make me even more girlish?"

"So what's wrong with that?" Nancy challengingly countered. "Experiencing a girl's life is the purpose of your punishment. Besides, I adore the swissy you!"

"Really?" I tensely gulped. Glancing at my long, drying fingernails and seductively crossed nylon clad thighs. I quivered, "She likes me this way? How much more feminine can I become?"

The following Monday came too quickly! "Ugh!" I moaned. "Today's ballet!"

As I sat up in bed, rubbing sleep from my eyes, Mom entered my room and exclaimed, "Don't dress yet! Here, I've something new for you to wear."

"A jock strap!" I nervously asked, holding the delicately thin garment in my manicured hand. "Mother, this is too weird!"

Simpering, she calmly replied, "Oh no! You've got it all wrong, Jocelyn. It's not an athletic supporter. It's a gaffe!"

Mom then explained that my every day girdle would be to cumbersome to dance in. "We must hide your manhood, my dear," she insisted. "Come, let me show you how it's worn."

I laid on my back as she slipped the devise through my raised legs. Those Anandron pills had taken quite a toll as my male-ness was tucked away within my pelvis with astonishing ease.

"I can't believe it!" I gasped, quaking at the sight of my bikini trimmed crotch. "It's so smooth!"

"And utterly girlish too!" Mom gratuitously gushed. "Hurry and dress sweetheart. You mustn't be late for your first lesson."

Pulling opaque pink tights up my slender legs, I nervously viewed my new lavender leotard. "It's so small!" I haplessly observed. "It'll never fit!"

Yet it did. Once dressed, I made up my face. Pulling my long hair back into a ponytail, I secured it with a pretty pink ribbon.

"Oh my!" I quivered as my knees buckled. Witnessing my lithe figure with its narrow waist, rounding hips and subtly padded bosom, I morosely looked down to see if there was

ANYTHING showing. Where there had always been a bulge, emptiness! Just a smooth, flat crotch. I moaned.

The ride to the dance class was painfully silent. Dad and I used to have lots to talk about. Sports, cars, girls, you name it, anything manly was discussed. Now it was as if we were two strangers with nothing in common anxiously waiting to go our separate ways.

Wearing a stupidly nervous smile, his eyes were intensely focused on the road or occasionally his eyes looked at the smooth girlish fit of my leotard. Dad gripped the steering wheel so fiercely, his knuckles actually turned white! Devastated by his reactions, I sadly believed he really wanted nothing to do with me.

When Dad and I arrived at Madame Novsky's, I gathered my belongings and started out of the car. Pausing a moment, I glanced back at Dad still straining to avoid eye contact with me.

Grieving, I stared at him wantingly and whimpered, "Daddy, I know I've changed a lot. I'm not much of a son anymore. But... Ah... Do you still love me?"

"That's...ah...ah...a ridiculous question!" Dad tensely stammered, fear consuming his face. "I... I... refuse to answer. It doesn't even warrant a response!"

"I need to know," I anxiously pursued, "You're acting as if you don't. Please, Daddy! Tell me I'm wrong!"

As tears trickled down his rugged face, Dad gently held my narrow shoulder. "I'm so sorry dear," he spoke from his heart. "It's been so hard dealing with all your changes. But believe me, I truly love you."

"I love you too Daddy" I sobbed. "I never wanted this to happen. I'm scared! Every day, I'm falling deeper and deeper. What if I can't be a boy again?"

Drawing nearer, he tenderly hugged me. "Don't fret, son," he earnestly assured. "I'll help you become a man if you'd want me to."

"IF!" I cringed. Had Dad given up too? Didn't he believe I could ever be masculine?

Drying my eyes with his manly handkerchief, we shook hands goodbye. "Now I even shake hands like a girl!" I woefully trembled. "For all the effort, I should've kissed him!"

As Dad's car vanished down the street, I checked my thin banded ladies' watch. Reading that it was almost 7:00 a.m., I

scampered toward the glass door stenciled, 'Madame Novsky's Dance Academy'.

"You're early!" a commanding voice boomed from across the gleaming wooden floor. "I like my students prompt. It shows initiative and dedication."

Dipping into a short curtsy, I humbly replied, "Thank you, Madame." But then I cringed, "What's come over me? I've never been so subservient before! Can she be influencing me that much?"

After a brief indoctrination, Madame Novsky had me begin with stretching exercises. While similar to ones I'd done for basketball, now I really worked my hamstrings!

At lesson's end, I was sore from head to toe. More muscles hurt than I ever thought existed! After changing to my street clothes, Madame Novsky summoned me into her office.

"You've performed as expected," she sternly remarked. "While I detect natural athletic ability, you've a long way to go."

As I nodded, she continued, "Although you're fairly slender, your body's far too dense for ballet. You must lose more weight!"

"This is a detailed dietary list," she added, handing me a printed sheet. "You shall follow it to the letter!" Then with a wave of her hand, I was dismissed.

"Hi, Jocelyn!" Cathy gaily welcomed as I entered the salon. "How's dance class?"

"Don't ask!" I sadly pouted, lumbering to the reception desk. "It was awful. Madame Novsky's so strict, I won't last the week!"

"Well, cheer up!" she laughed. "It can't be that bad. Besides, our clients look forward to your bright friendly smile!"

While trying not to smile, my crimson glossed lips spread into a bright, happy grin. I never could withstand Cathy's encouragement!

Over the next few weeks, I was a total wreck! My hectic schedule of dance, work and beautician school was just too much!

Following my new diet, I lost more and more weight. Eating only carbohydrates without proteins of any kind, I became listless and terribly fatigued.

When I'd complained to Madame Novsky, she'd scold, "You whine more than you practice ballet!" Yet, then she'd gently add, "Your body is adjusting to its diet. Soon you'll be a different person!"

"Different person?" I'd shuddered. "How much more different can I become?"

However, my lethargy lingered on. One afternoon, I was munching on rice cakes and soy milk when Linda joined me in the lunch room.

"Still run down, huh?" she commiserated. "I can see you're toughening it out. But when will it end?"

"Who knows?" I sighed, pouting. "I hope it's soon! I'm getting weaker and weaker. Yet Madame Novsky seems pleased. She claims that my movements are more graceful and I can leap higher."

"Since you've mentioned it, I've noticed the change," Linda remarked. "You are more graceful. In fact, you're almost feline!"

Blushing, I painfully asked, "So you think I move like a cat? I wish I'd have nine lives. I could kill myself and start all over!"

"Stop that!" she scolded. "My goodness! I had no idea how depressed you really are. I'll speak with Cathy. We had better do something before you hurt yourself!"

When I returned to work, Cathy and Linda confronted me. "Okay sweetheart!" Cathy challenged. "We're not letting you pine away!"

"Indeed!" Linda added. "We're giving you a pick-me-up!"

Before I could protest, Cathy snuck behind me and blindfolded my eyes. "Cut it out!" I shrieked. "Take it off this instant!"

"No way!" Linda adamantly replied. "You're getting a surprise and we're not taking no for an answer!"

They pushed and pulled me as they directed me through the salon. Finally, they stopped and lowered me onto a chair.

"Okay...Fun's over," I quiveringly chimed. "I promise to be cheerier. Now will you PLEASE let me go?"

"Hang on and don't move dear," Cathy sang. "It'll be over in a jiffy!"



Amy Crandell payed me a surprise visit at the beauty parlor. "You may be sorry, Justin, but I won't relent. You'll have to be a girl for the entire nine months. . .and I'm glad!"

"POP... POP... POP... POP..." loudly sounded. The next thing I realized, my earlobes throbbed with excruciating pain.

"All done!" Linda thrilled as she removed the blindfold. "Don't they look simply gorgeous?"

Focusing on my reflection, I thunderously gasped, "Oh no!" Miserably, I cried, "How could you? My ears...They're pierced!"

"We had only the best intentions," Cathy apologized. "You were so down that we thought earrings would certainly cheer you up."

Linda added, "Indeed! They're so pretty...It's wonderful. Now you're even more feminine!"

"What's happened to me?" I weeped and covered my face. Sobbing, I quivered, "Oh Lord! I don't know what I am anymore!"

Since afternoon business was slow, Cathy drove me home from work early. I was far too frazzled to remain at the salon.

"What happened?" Mom urgently asked when we entered the house. As Cathy told her, I frantically ran to my room and wept my heart out over my freshly pierced ears.

Later, Mom came up to see me. "Cathy told me what happened sweetheart," she lovingly soothed. "I'm dying to see!"

Reluctantly, I obliged, but became even more ashamed when she gushed, "A double piercing! They're beautiful. I never thought we'd be sharing earrings!"

"Don't say that, Mother," I whimpered as tears dripped from my eyes. "This is the worst thing YET. It's so feminizing! So permanent! I'm marked as a girl for LIFE!"

"Naw!" she impatiently replied. "If you stop wearing them, the holes will close up. However Jocelyn, for now, you won't be without pretty rings or studs in your ears."

Looking for the smallest sign of salvation, I desperately asked, "But come May, I can stop wearing them, can't I Mother?"

"If you want," she sighed reluctantly. Then added, "We'll see."

Had she gone mad? Don't Mom or Dad believe I'll ever be masculine again? Oh Lord, I was beginning to doubt so myself!

In the days that followed, my physical, mental and emotional state greatly improved. True to Madame Novsky's word, my body did adjust to my new diet.

Having more energy, my ballet skill greatly improved. As Linda previously observed, I too noticed a feline quality to my movements. Whereas rejecting it before, I now thrilled over my feminine air and gracefulness!

Even my skin glowed with a new, brilliant softness. Every day, I'd look in the mirror and see a prettier and prettier picture.

My relationships with others were closer and more loving. Lowering my defenses, I allowed the inner me to be touched.

Sharing joys, sorrows and fears, I overcame my apprehensions and learned to accept my flowering femininity.

Liking myself again, I had all put on hold my daily fight to remain a boy. Yet I remained concerned. "Am I doing the right thing?" I'd often wonder. "What's my fate going to be?"

It was a rather slow Wednesday at the salon. The weather was unseasonably cool for late October. Dressing comfortably "preppie", I wore a white cotton turtleneck blouse with a swirling navy blue design. Clad in opaque white panty hose and navy pumps, my pleated grey wool skirt added sophistication to my youthfulness.

Keeping busy at the reception desk, I did a high school geometry lesson. Hearing the salon door chimes ring, I stuffed it away in my tote bag and checked my appearance in the mirror.

"Not a hair out of place," I gaily sighed, patting the crown of my straight, long bangs. Since my earlobes had healed, I pulled my hair back in a neat braid to better display my lovely earrings.

Sea shell earrings adorned my ears, peeking out from my glorious mane of dark blonde hair. My fingers, accented with several narrow rings, set off my stunning, long nails which were elegantly polished in a two tone French manicure.

Pleased with my appearance, I puckered my full, ruby red glossed lips and blew myself an adorning kiss. Turning back, I smiled brightly, seeing Nancy approaching the reception desk.

"Oh Nancy," I enthused. "I'm so glad to see you! It's been so dead today. I'm bored out of my mind!"

"Just stopped by to say hi," she grinned. "My afternoon class was cancelled, so I'm out shopping with a friend."

"A friend? Where's..." I started to ask, but stopped as waves of terror rocketed through me. Staring beyond Nancy's shoulder, I saw of all people, Amy Cradle!

Sauntering to Nancy's side, Amy sarcastically exclaimed, "Well, if it isn't my old pal, Justin Ryan! Nancy, is this the GOOD FRIEND you told me about? I hardly expected it to be him!"

Lowing my darkly mascaraed eyes in shame, I prepared myself for more humiliating abuse, softly whispering, "Hi, Amy. It's nice to see."

"Is it really?" Amy challenged. "Justin, I knew you were complying with the punishment, but I would never have

guessed you had taken it so far!" Laughing, she added, "Indeed, you're very attractive. Even your voice sounds like a girl's!"

Angered, Nancy defended me, "Amy! Jocelyn's not to blame. She's trying to cope with a horrible situation."

"She!" Amy sarcastically exclaimed. "All the makeup and clothes in the world won't change him to a her. While he's a sissy now, he'll always be nasty Justin Ryan to me!"

Pouting, I whimpered, "I'm not a sissy!. I've changed Amy. More than you'd ever imagine! I've learned a lot about girls and I'm truly sorry for the terrible things I did to you."

Amy was just venting her anger at Justin. Yet as my luxuriously long braid caressed my neck and my earrings melodically clanged, I glanced at my feminized hands and sorrowfully thought, "Only Justin's not here any longer, is he?"

Then Amy spat, "Maybe you've changed and maybe you're sorry, but I'll never forgive you. Even if you become a real girl!"

Turning on her heels to leave, she turned and admonished, "Don't think I'll give in, Jocelyn! ...Or whomever you are. You're doing the entire nine months or my name isn't Amy Cradle!" Glaring at Nancy, she snarled, "Let's go. This place gives me the creeps!"

As she headed out, Nancy grievously apologized, "I'm really sorry, Jocelyn. Amy and I grew up together. I forgot that she caused your punishment. It's my fault she came here today."

"That's okay," I sniffled. "It was bound to happen sooner or later. But I'm glad you were here to protect me."

Smiling endearingly, Nancy soothed, "Then I'll see you in class tonight? We'll talk some more."

As she waved goodbye, my surging emotions fluttered my heart. "Nancy's such a loving friend," I heavily sighed. "Why couldn't I have met her when I was a boy?"

Turning back to the mirror, I checked for any damage my confrontation with Amy had caused. Gazing closely, I scrutinized, "Why aren't I more upset? I ought to be crying my eyes out." Seeing my feminized face intact, I shuddered, "Is Justin really gone?"

Over three months had passed since my punishment began. Yet in the last several weeks, with the exception of my show-



"No Kevin!!" I screamed holding the pillow to deflect the football. "I could have broken a nail!" I cried after the football fell harmlessly to the side.

down with Amy Crandle, my life as a boy hadn't once crossed my mind.

While my behavior and demeanor were overtly feminine, my thoughts had turned girlish as well. Odd as it was, I strove to look and feel pretty.

That fateful Sunday was no exception. Helping Mom with breakfast, I was filled with pride, gaily watching as Kevin and Dad devoured the pancakes and sausage I'd lovingly prepared for them.

The weather was dreadfully cold. It was not a good day for outdoor activities. Retiring to my room, I practiced my makeup skills for cosmetology class.

While carefully cleansing my face with astringent pads, an overwhelming urge consumed me. "I know," I thought. "It's a perfect day to do something new and different!"

Sneaking into Kevin's room, I quietly scoured his drawers. Finding the item sought, I quickly scampered back to my room and locked the door to prevent Mom from foiling my plan!

The hum of the washer and drier told me that Mom was busy doing laundry, giving me the time I needed. Locating other pieces from my wardrobe, I set about dressing for the afternoon.

Sitting at my vanity, I pulled my shoulder length hair back and secured it with bobbie pins. Using eyeliner, I attacked my delicate face with glee.

Holding my hands still, I waited for my dazzling red nail polish to dry. Gazing into the mirror, I pantomimed several seductive expressions. Each one more enticing than the other!

When my fingernail were dried, I put a curling iron to my hair. My body tingling as I set about styling it sexily!

"I can't believe what I've done!" I astoundingly trembled with my eyes transfixed on my reflection. Whirling gracefully about, I gaily sang, "I'm so pretty!"

Kevin's old, football jersey was terribly to big. Large red 70's emblazoned the front and back. It looked like a shift dress as it descended well below my rounded fanny. The slender straps of my white leotard saucily peeked through the wide yoke.

My legs, clad in shiny, white spandex tights, were accented by matching red leg warmers and women's white canvas sneakers. Two sets of large, thin hoop earrings jingled as I shook masses of long, loosely curled hair.

Gliding my hands over my slender, padded figure, I smoothed imaginary wrinkles. My full, frosted white lips puckered as I blew a sassy kiss. Limply flashing my exquisite manicure, I gushed, "Oh you SHE devil! You are gorgeous!"

Opening my door, I cautiously checked for signs for Mom. Finding her nowhere in sight, I quickly scampered downstairs.

Steps away from the den, I abruptly stopped. My pulse pounding mercilessly as I watched Dad and Kevin cheer over a televised football game.

Should I go in? What if they laugh? Have I gone too far?

Despite second thoughts, a little voice inside spurred me on, "Go for it, Jocelyn! Show them just how sexy you now are!"

Holding my breath, I ventured into the den. Then I halted momentarily upon seeing the two mesmerized by the television set. "They haven't noticed," I murmured. "Maybe I ought to leave?"

Just then the action broke to a commercial and my father and brother slumped back in their chairs. Determined, I boldly thought, "Well this is as good a time as any!"

Tilting my head, I coyly quipped, "Hi guys!" Placing one hand on my hip, I teasingly flicked my other and asked, "May I join you?"

"Jocelyn!" Dad gasped, shaking his head in wonderment, "What in heck are you wearing?"

As I regrettably blushed, Kevin rescued me by explaining, "That's my old jersey, Dad. Lots of guys' sisters borrow their clothes. It looks really rad, Sis!"

Embarrassed by his compliment, I demurely lowered my eyes. "Thanks, Kevin," I bashfully whispered. "You're too sweet!"

"No problem, Sis," he cheerfully replied. "Grab a seat. The game's about to start back up!"

Putting an extra sway in my hips, I slowly sauntered across the room. Curling up at the corner of the sofa, I sat on my hips, hugging a throw pillow for comfort.

Shaking his head bewilderingly, Dad continued to stare. Yet as the action resumed, his attention was immediately diverted to the television and he acted as though I wasn't even there!

"Hit him! Hit him!" the two yelled, demanding their team make a tackle. In the relative seclusion of the corner, I felt like

an idle bystander completely immune from their feverish exuberance.

My mind drifted to when I would have been right there with them, cheering and shouting. Now that seemed so long ago.

"Look at those dumb lummoxes!" I criticized, smirking at the screen. "Football's such a silly game."

Suddenly, I felt faint. Clutching my chest, I agonized, "What's happened to me? Do I really hate football? Oh lord! Have I changed that much?"

Indeed, I had. The longer I sat there, the more bored I became. Locating my sewing basket, I began darning Dad's socks. Engrossed in my project, I was soon oblivious to the game.

At half time, Dad stretched from his easy chair. Slapping his stomach, he asked, "I'm grabbing a beer. Want anything, son?"

As Kevin declined, Dad left for the kitchen. Sullenly pouting my frosted lips, I sadly whimpered, "He didn't bother asking me. Mom made me his daughter. Now, I don't even rate!"

Tossing a football to himself, Kevin glanced at me, asking, "You alright, Sis? Looks like you just lost your best friend."

"I think I have," I sniffled, blotting a tear before it could streak my mascara. Quickly recovering, I smilingly sighed, "I'm okay now." Feigning an interest, I added, "Pretty good game, huh?"

"Good game?" he astonishingly exclaimed. "Our team's down by four touchdowns. It'd be a miracle if they ever came back!"

"Oops!" I bashfully yipped. "I'm sorry, Kevin," I confessed. "I guess I've lost interest in football."

Still holding the ball, Kevin's face twisted in deep contemplation. Then rearing back, he hurled a perfect spiral pass directly at me while chiding, "This ought to snap you out of it!"

"Kevin!! NO!" I frantically shouted, as the ball whizzed toward me. In desperation, I shielded myself with the throw pillow and deflected the ball away.

Fit to be tied, I whined, "Stop roughhousing! I'm not the same as I used to be. My adrenalin flow subsiding, I raised my hand and whimpered, "Look! You nearly broke my nail!"

He half apologized, "Sorry Sis, I was just..." But just then Mom stomped into the den.

"What's going on in here?" she angrily asked, her hands on hips in an intimidating stance. "Can't you two act civilly?"

"It's my fault, Mom," Kevin bravely admitted. "I didn't realize Jocelyn can't catch a football anymore."

After putting him in his place, she directed her attention at me. As I fearfully huddled in the corner of the sofa, Mom snapped, "What on earth are you wearing, young lady?"

"Kevin's old jersey," I softly squeaked. "I just wanted to try a different look Mother."

Narrowing her eyes, she scolded, "Go and change this instant. Only nasty girls dress that differently. Certainly not the proper young woman I'm striving for you to be!"

"Yes Mother," I demurely replied and minced out of the den.

While leaving quickly, I couldn't help but overhear her admonish Kevin, "A true gentleman treats a lady..."

Throwing myself on top of my bed, I hugged my furry pink teddy bear and wept, "Oh Cuddles! Mother's so cross with me!"

Stroking its soft pink fur, I sniffled, "Being a boy was so much fun. I used to love football. But I stopped fighting and... Oh, why did I let Mother make me into a girl?"

As my door creaked, I leaped up and began untying my sneakers. But when Mom entered, she wore a softer, seemingly apologetic expression.

"Maybe I was a bit too rough on you," she tenderly admitted. "But seeing you in that get up, well...I guess I lost my head."

Trying not to grin, I softly cooed, "I forgive you, Mother. But I was only trying to look pretty. There's a model dressed just this way in my teen fashion magazine. Here, take a look!"

Smiling, Mom waved it away agreeing, "I believe you dear. The truth is, seeing you dressed so sexily gave me a start. I wasn't prepared for the shock!"

"I understand," I whispered in a tiny voice. Snuggling beside her, I suggested, "Next time I'll show you first."

Moving a stray tendril of wavy hair away from my face, Mom lovingly corrected, "No you won't. I can't always approve your attire. You have excellent taste in clothes. I simply overreacted."

Overwhelmed by the tenderness of the moment, my emotions raged. Throwing my arms around her, I hugged her tightly. Once our tears dried, Mom smilingly admitted, "The reason I ordered you up here wasn't to change. We need to talk."

"What about, Mother," I earnestly asked. "Something wrong?"

There was a seemingly endless pause as she contemplated her reply. Anxious, my pulse quickened as I impatiently waited.

"Nothing's wrong, sweetheart," she assured. "However..."

I abruptly sat erect as Mom continued, "You've been my daughter for over three months Jocelyn. I've watched as you developed from an awkwardly wayward boy into an exceedingly polite, demurely mannered and exquisitely beautiful young lady."

Blushing hard, I bashfully glanced away as she added, "It's true! But tell me dear, do you think you've changed?"

"I...I do now," I nervously stammered. "Everything you said is correct. I dress differently. I'm never without makeup. My hair's longer. My ears are pierced. And..."

"Indeed!" Mom smiling added, "You're lost a lot of weight and ballet has given you feminine grace as well. And your voice is so sweet and pretty!"

"I guess you're right," I girlishly giggled. "I've changed. In fact, I don't hate being a girl anymore. It seems...Oh...so natural!"

Casting a knowing wink, she concurred, "Darling, it's more than natural. Admit it. You love being a girl!"

Her challenge caught me off guard. I wavered, "Ah... Well... It's okay...I suppose." Then quivering, I anxiously whined, "Oh Mother! I've really become girlish, haven't I?"

"Yes, dear," she lovingly soothed while tenderly holding my hands. "Everything about you says it's so."

As tears streamed down my delicate face, Mom confessed, "I can't begin to tell you how much it means having you as my daughter. It's a dream come true!"

"I'm happy for you Mother," I cautiously whimpered. "I never thought it could happen either... I feel...so close to you!"

"Isn't it wonderful!" she gushed. "But for your punishment, we'd never have our soulful bond. Thank goodness it happened!"

As electricity radiated between us, I nestled my head upon Mom's bosom. Then she broke the delightful silence and softly said, "But the time's come for a major decision dear."

"A decision?" I bewilderingly asked.

Kissing me, she sweetly replied, "You're on the verge of womanhood, Jocelyn. Girls your age have long begun their biological change. While outwardly you're a girl and although you think of yourself as one, chemically you remain a boy."

"Chemically?" I asked, shuddering in confusion.

"Puberty, darling," she earnestly replied. "Remember that your Anandron tables have halted your manhood. While your body's been in suspended animation, you've learned how to be feminine."

Dazed, I pointed out, "But I've over five months of punishment left. If my puberty starts up again, I'll look awfully ridiculous as a bearded girl!"

"Oh no!" she laughed. "I'm talking about female puberty! Perhaps you'd like to experience that too!"

Panicking, I nervously asked, "Female puberty?"

"It's the next logical step dear," she insisted. "While you're very feminine, maybe you'd like to give it a try?"

"A woman! ...Me!" I shuddered, squeezing my thighs tightly together as my pulse rapidly pounded deep within my groin! Anxiously rubbing my long, red fingernails across my spandex clad legs, I nervously asked, "What'll I have to do?"

She honestly replied, "I'm confident Dr. Dunn will know. I'll make an appointment for us to see her this week. Are you willing to give it a try?"

Haltingly nodding my assent, I doubtfully bit my lip. I adored my closeness with Mother, but was I doing the right thing?

"Wonderful!" she enthused. "I promise, you won't regret it!" As she stood to leave, Mom observed, "I hear the boys shouting. The game must be on again. Why don't you go and watch it with them?"

Blushing, I bashfully replied, "That's okay. I'll just stay here and practice my dance positions."

"Sounds great sweetheart," she chimed. "I'll come fetch you later. You'll help me with dinner. Yes?"

"Of course I will," I sweetly smiled. Then as Mom approached the door, I added, "Thanks for everything Mother. I love you."

"I love you too," she endearingly replied. Blowing me a motherly kiss, she left me feeling soft and cuddly all over! Yet I still worried, "Female puberty?"

The following Thursday, I worked busily making last minute appointment for the big weekend rush. Between phone calls, I looked up as Mom enter the salon.

"Hello sweetheart," she sang. "I thought we'd grab a bit to eat before our appointment with Dr. Dunn this afternoon."

"It's so soon?" I anxiously whined. Searching for an excuse, I tensely explained, "I'm awfully bogged down. Can we go another day?"

"That's okay Jocelyn," Cathy interjected, walking up to the reception desk. "I'll cover for you. I'll see you this evening in class."

Darn! Plagued by grave doubts, I gravely regretted agreeing to further feminization. With Dr. Dunn's consultation at hand, I was petrified!

"Come dear," Mom merrily said, handing me my royal blue over coat. "There's a marvelous new tea room in town that I'm dying to try. I hear their watercress sandwiches are sumptuous!"

Slipping my arms through the sleeves, my body quaked in fear. Sensing my horror, Mom cautiously asked, "You're so flush dear. Are you ill?"

"I... I'm alright," I lied. "Maybe I've come down with the flu. I'm a bit dizzy right now. We'd better stay here."

But my hopes were dashed as Mom insisted, "Then we'll see the doctor straight away. If you're sick, you'll need a thorough examination immediately!"

Wrapping my plaid scarf securely around my neck, Mom took my hand and hurried me to her car. Driving feverishly across town, she often glanced at me and soothingly said, "Everything will be alright!"



Both doctor Dunn and Mother seemed extremely pleased with my taking their female hormones. "Welcome to womanhood, dear. It will 'sweeten' you up a little. . .and calm you down a lot!" I hoped I had made the right decision."

"So... You're a tad under the weather Jocelyn," Dr. Dunn mused while affixing her stethoscope to her ears. "Remove your blouse and let's have a listen."

As the cold, flat metal probe pressed against my narrowed naked chest, I tried explaining, "I... I think I'm doing better doctor. Can I go home now?"

Smiling, Mom interjected, "Oh no, dear. Let Dr. Dunn examine you. After all, we were coming here anyway."

"That's right, Jocelyn," the doctor added. "You're overdue for a physical. Afterwards, we'll have our little chat."

"Yes Ma'am," I sorrowfully replied. I knew that I was doomed!

Having striped down to only my ruffled panties, the doctor gleefully commented, "My how you've changed my dear. That paneled girdle really improved your figure. I'd say you've lost at least two inches off your waistline!"

Sadly I nodded to acknowledged the awful truth. My waist was slimmer, yet my hips and buttocks remained the same.

When she weighed me, I nearly died. "Your diet's done wonders!" Dr. Dunn enthused. "You're now a svelte 124 pounds!"

"Oh dear," I nervously muttered. I knew I was lighter, yet I never imagined I had lost so much weight!

However, her final procedure threw me into a conniption fit! Placing my legs in gynecological stirrups, she grabbed my entire manhood with her gloved hand. "Indeed!" she whimsically thrilled, "Those Anandron tablets are working marvelously!"

"Excellent!" Mom joyously added. "He religiously takes the prescribed dosage every day!"

"Indeed!" Dr. Dunn noted, removing the surgical glove. "They've not only halted puberty, but actually reversed it! Your son's testes have ascended back into the body cavity while the penis has assumed more childlike proportions."

Grinning broadly, Mom gushed, "Wonderful. He's less of a boy than we imagined!"

I groaned at the news. I tragically whined, "That's awful. Simply awful!"

"Come now," the doctor countermanded. "Dressed the way you are you hardly need BIG anything!"

Sitting in the doctor's study, Mom sat across from me and winked lovingly. Anxiously crossing my nylon clad thighs, I absentmindedly played with the hem of my tartan plaid skirt.

"So Kate," Dr. Dunn muttered, entering her study. "Your son wishes a deeper feminine experience?" Turning to me, she asked, "Is it true? You want try being more of a woman?"

Put on the spot, I nervously bit my lip and replied, "Well... I... Ah... Guess so? ...Mother wants me to. Since becoming a girl, we've never been closer... But I'm scared. I..."

"Shh," the doctor gently interrupted. "I understand exactly how you feel. I too had apprehensions when I was your age. Female puberty is frightening... Even for real girls!"

"But doctor," I quivered. "How can I go through female puberty. After all, under all this, I'm really a boy!"

"Let me try to explain," she laughed. "There's no magic. Only a simple medication called estrogen. I duplicates the natural hormonal changes all teenage girls experience during puberty."

"Will I continue to change?" I tensely gasped. "What if I can't be a boy again?"

"Easy does it dear," Dr. Dunn soothed. "I'm only prescribing a low dosage. You'll still experience the inner glow of womanhood without drastically altering your physique. No one wants you to change that much... Unless you REALLY want to?"

As I painfully gulped, she explained, "Your hips and buttocks may expand and you might experience minor puffiness around your nipples. But come May, we'll switch you over to male hormones and within a few months, you'll be as good as new!"

"Sounds wonderful to me!" Mom enthused with her face beaming. As I balked, she begged, "Don't pass up this golden opportunity, dear. If not for yourself, do it for me Jocelyn, please!"

Confusion filled my head as I winced, "What if the doctor's wrong? I'll be condemned to be a woman for the rest of my life!"

But as I gazed deeply into her green eyes, I witnessed her desperation. Overcome with shameful selfishness, I admitted that I was the only daughter she'd ever have. I wanted to be loyal, but wasn't there another way?

"What will it be, Jocelyn?" Dr. Dunn challenged while grasping her prescription pad at the ready. "Yes or no?"

As the doctor glared ominously, I glancing at my padded bosom. "What if she's wrong?" I thought. "These bumps may soon be real!"

But Mom's woefully pleading face told me I had no other choice. "Yes Dr. Dunn," I solemnly whimpered in my soft, feminized voice. "Write the prescription, please."

Rushing to my side, Mom smothered me with loving kisses. As joyous tears filled her eyes, she gushed, "Oh thank you darling. You've made me so happy!"

"I love you too Mother," I emotionally swallowed. "I'll be a good daughter!"

As we both wept, the doctor tore off two prescriptions advising, "This one's for estrogen and the other is a renewal on the Anandron. They must be taken in conjunction with each other."

As she handed them to me, Mom swiped them away and cheerfully insisted, "I'll have them filled dear. The pharmacy's on the way home. I'm sure you'll want to return to work."

Thinking nothing of it, I replied, "Thank you Mother. I appreciate the offer."

As we started to leave, Dr. Dunn warned, "Just be aware Jocelyn, estrogen may cause some uncomfortable side effects."

Stopping, I listened attentively to her say, "You'll probably experience a tad of nausea and vomiting as your body adjusts its equilibrium. In a few days, you'll be as good as new!"

Although still doubtful of my choice, I again thanked the doctor and spontaneously kissed her. As I moved away, she commented, "You have made the right decision Jocelyn. Welcome to womanhood!"

The following morning, I dressed and joined Mom in the kitchen. Atop a small plate sat two pills. My familiar white one and another, purple in color, inscribed, "Peramin, 500 mg."

"Good morning sweetheart," Mother chimed, handing me a large glass of orange juice. "Take your medicine like a good girl!"

Although apprehensive, I pushed my fears to the side and dutifully swallowed the tablets. I had promised Mother and I couldn't let her down.

Waiting for some diabolical transformation to occur, I was greatly relieved when nothing happened. Taking a seat, I nibble on my dry wheat toast while waiting for Dad to drive me to ballet class.

About midway through a dance routine, IT happened! Overcome with dizziness, I leaned against a stretching bar for support. Suddenly sick to my stomach, I frantically scampered to the bathroom and violently vomited into the toilet.

"Jocelyn, you are ill, yes?" Madame Novsky excitedly asked. "I shall take you directly home!"

Shuffling through the door, my dance teacher held my narrowed waist tightly. Delirious, I have no memory of what Mom said or did when she saw my limp, drawn body trudge into the house. Yet I clearly recall waking up in bed hours later with a cold compress covering my fevered brow.

"Coming darling," she softly soothed and tenderly caressed my long, mussed hair. "I called Dr. Dunn. She said that you'll be fine, but to stay in bed and continue taking your pills."

In a light but gravelly voice, I asked, "Do I have too, Mother? Maybe it was a mistake. They've made me dreadfully sick!"

"Orders are orders, dear" she calmly replied. "And a promise is a promise. But don't fret. Once you're better, you'll never regret your choice."

Gazing into her loving eyes, I fought to smile. Even the slightest emotional release rocked my body with waves of nausea. Glancing upward at my lacy canopy, I sighed, "I certainly hope so!"

I remained home for three days. By Sunday night, I was all too familiar with my toilet's porcelain bowl! But on Monday morning, I seemed to have recovered.

"Well look who's out of bed!" Kevin laughed as I joined the family for breakfast. I was wearing my white lace nightgown and matching peignoir. "Glad you're up and around!" Pausing, he added, "Hey Sis, there's something different about you."

Smiling brightly, I coyly asked, "Do you really think so?" Thinking for a moment, I sighed deeply and said, "I'm feeling so pretty. More feminine than I ever have before!"

"I can tell!" Mom chimed and hugged me endearingly. "It's in your eyes dear. They sparkle more brilliantly now."

Holding me closer, she gushed, "My little girl's becoming a woman!"

Blushing, I laughed, "Stop, Mother. You're embarrassing me!"

"Mike, can you see the change?" Mom asked Daddy. "Isn't Jocelyn stunning?"

"Kate!" he angrily pleaded, deliberately looking away from me. "Don't do this! It's been hard enough seeing my son in dresses. Now with those damned female hormones, I can barely cope!"

Slowly I approached Dad. Sensing my nearness, he continued turning away. Sitting beside him, I sorrowfully begged, "Please Daddy, look at me! I'm still your child. Nothing will change that!" Tears streaming down my face, I whimpered, "Don't hate me for what I'm doing. I love you, Daddy!"

Dad shunned his face with his strong, gnarled mechanic's hands. Quaking, he wept, "Oh lord, I want my Justin. Please, give me my Justin back!"

Cautiously reaching toward him, I placed my delicate hand on his angular back and gingerly caressed his shoulder. My long, pink fingernails contrasted ironically with his coarse, blue work shirt.

Softly, I soothed, "Don't cry, Daddy. Justin's still here. He's just taking a break for a while."

Taking my hand, Daddy turned to face me. A tired smile spread across his red streaked face. Sadly shaking his head, he solemnly disagreed, "I hope I'm wrong, but I fear Justin may never return."

Narrowing my gaze, I frighteningly asked, "What are you saying Daddy? When the punishment's over, of course I'll be..."

"Shhh," he lovingly interrupted. "Don't say things you don't mean dear."

Pausing, Daddy gently placed his rugged hands on my soft shoulders explaining, "This is my problem, not yours. I've always taught you to keep your commitments. You've made yours and it's not my place to interfere now."

"Daddy," I whined. "I know you're disappointed that I've become your daughter. But... do you still love me anyway?"

Glassy eyed, he swallowed hard and wrapped his muscular arms around my lithe frame. "I've never stopped loving you,"



"You are so graceful. You could be a prima ballerina," Madam Novsky gushed. Had I changed that much? The tights didn't even feel tight anymore???

he promised. "But I'm a stubborn old crow and have yet to work things out. Will you give me the time I need?"

Resting my head upon his strong chest, I tenderly sighed, "Of course, Daddy. It's a deal!"

As Daddy left for work, I sensed that our relationship had dramatically changed. I was no longer his son. Even when I return as Justin, things could never be the same as before. Sadly, I waved goodbye to "Dad." Come dinner time, he'd forever be "Daddy!"

My family wasn't the only ones to notice the beginnings of my transformation. Over the next several weeks, others also made similarly startling discoveries.

On day at the salon, Cathy stopped at the reception desk. "Hey workaholic," she laughed. "Squeeze in a little lunch today?"

"What do you mean?" I curiously whined, lifting my head out of the appointment book. "I'm just doing my job!"

"Sure you are," she smilingly countered. "But you're doing it too well! You're incredibly focused, Jocelyn. Over the last few months, I'd always catch you daydreaming, but recently you've been able to tune out the world!"

Lowering my eyes demurely, I meekly cooed, "I'm sorry Cathy. I'll try to do better. It's just I can't help myself."

As we spoke, Linda approached and added, "It's not just your focus Jocelyn. Whenever anyone questions you, you bashfully retreat. Gosh! You've become remarkably passive!"

"Have I really?" I nervously asked and gulped hard. "Dr. Dunn didn't mention that. Don't be cross, I simply can't help myself!"

Suddenly, the two erupted in waves of laughter, leaving me haplessly confused. As their cackling withered, Cathy assured, "Goodness! We're not upset. In fact, we all love how utterly feminine you've become!"

"Indeed!" Linda added. "What's more, our clients absolutely adore you. You're smiling more and when embarrassed, you've developed the cutest blushing pout! See? That's what I'm talking about!"

As Linda excitedly pointed, I frantically turned away only to see my reddened reflection with its full, sadly pouting, pink glossed lips. Ashamed, I sighed, "What have the hormones done to me?"

Then there was the time in cosmetology class! As the semester wound down, we worked on volunteer guinea pigs, giving those who dared to trust us cuts and styles.

A young girl, barely a teenager, came to have her hair done. She was pretty, but her long, pale blonde hair was a total mess.

I was the next available student operator. Smiling, I pertly said, "Hi, my name's Jocelyn. Come for a new hairdo?"

"Yes," she sweetly replied, handing me a paged ripped from a teen fashion magazine. Then respectfully asked, "I've brought a picture with me. Can you make me look like this?"

The photo depicted a stunning blonde model with cascading curled tendrils in an upswept hairdo. Studying it carefully, I sighed, "I'll do my best!"

Putting all my knowledge and skill into the task, I washed, frosted, permed, cut and styled the best I knew how. By the time I finished, the entire class was gathered and watching me in awe.

As I placed my brush down, the others thunderously applauded. "Bravo! Bravo!" they enthusiastically cheered. Smiling meekly, I bashfully shaded my face in anxious embarrassment.

"You did it. You really did it!" the girl joyously gushed. "My hair's just like the girl in the picture. Thank's so much!"

Blushing, I assured, "My pleasure. But be careful. Don't get it wet."

As I replaced my supplies, Nancy approached me. "Your work's fantastic dear!" she earnestly congratulated. "You'll be a great beautician!"

"Oh, cut it out!" I humbly whined, fluttering my long, dark eyelashes. "I was just lucky."

"Luck my foot!" she insisted. "It's the toughest style in the book!" Pausing, she added, "Something's different about you Jocelyn. Lately, you've acquired a natural artistic flair!"

"It's true," Cathy said, joining our conversation. "You've improved tremendously darling." Winking, she added, "I'd say you're more focused... If you know what I mean!"

Meekly bowing my head, I blushed all over again. "It must be true," I nervously shuddered. "My whole outlook's different. But has estrogen changed me that much?"

These bewildering questions were soon answered at dance class. As Madame Novsky watched intensely, I performed a basic routine. With every bend, leap, and twirl, her eyes grew wider in astonishment.

"Brava, my pumpkin!" she endearingly gushed, upon my final pirouette. "You've performed magnificently. I'm so proud of you!"

Gracefully curtsying, I sweetly replied, "If you please, Madame. I'm only trying my best."

"No, no," she lovingly admonished. "It's better than best! It's a shame you're so tall. Your gracefulness otherwise indicates the potential to become a prima ballerina!"

Quaking, I clenched my chest and nervously asked, "Me? A ballerina? Only last month, you severely scolded me for being a clod. There must be some mistake!"

"I know what I see Jocelyn," she insisted. "Your mother advised me of your special medications. They've greatly improved your deportment. In fact, everything about you is more feminine!"

Anxiously I asked, "What do you know about my pills Madame? You're not the first to say they've changed me... But why?"

"Why isn't important," she soothed. "How you accept the changes is important. Acquiring a new level of feminine confidence means you're becoming a woman. It's in your eyes, outlook and movements. As your figure blooms, you'll really glow!"

Panicking, I panted, "My figure too? Oh Madame, it's all happening so fast!"

"So it is," she smilingly quipped. "But as you progress toward womanhood, remember the lessons I've taught you and you'll always be you're feminine best!"

Tensely puckering my lips, I bashfully cooed, "Yes Madame. I'll try." Yet I desperately wondered whether I would ever be a boy again?

Thanksgiving brought a flurry of activity to our household. Although it was just the four of us, Mom went all out to serve turkey, stuffing, and every fixing imaginable.

On Wednesday evening, I was home helping her cook when she requested, "Jocelyn, be a doll and fetch me the bird from the refrigerator please?"

"Right away," I smilingly agreed. As I opened the door, a chilling gust of frigid air struck my chest. "Ouch!" I loudly squealed. "Oh Mother, something's terribly wrong!"

As I stood nervously shaking, Mom came to my aid. "What's the matter dear?" she asked, deeply concerned. "Are you hurt?"

"I...I don't know!" I painfully stammered. "My... My chest...It...It's throbbing...And feels so weird!"

Her eyes glimmering, Mom took my hand. Leading me to my room, she sighed, "Let's get a closer look. I've an inkling I know what happened."

Removing my blouse, she unhooked my bra and let it dangle to the floor. "Isn't it wonderful!" she gushed, pointing at my chest. "Look sweetheart. Your titties are growing!"

"What!" I screeched wildly. Nearly fainting, I whimpered, "I don't see anything Mother. Except my nipples hurt terribly!"

Gingerly caressing the irritated areas, Mom tenderly advised, "See, they're pert and hard to the touch. This wasn't so before. Also, notice how your areolas are so much rosier now!"

Examining myself more closely, I shuddered as I realized it was true. "But Mother," I whined. "All I did was open the refrigerator. Why is it so painful?"

"Because your breasts are super sensitive now," she informed. "They'll be this way for awhile. As they develop, the pain will dissipate, but the sensitivity will remain. Unlike men, we woman derive great pleasure from our bosoms."

Not believing my ears, I frantically asked, "Pleasure? What do you mean?"

"Just relax. You'll find out," she adamantly insisted. "That's why you're taking female hormones. You'll get to feel all the little thrills of womanhood!"

Delicately brushing my nipple tip with a long nailed finger, I pressed lightly. As it hardened to my gentle touch, I abruptly winced. Hardly ecstasy, I persisted spreading my fingers, I slowly encircled my areola. Caressing it, the nipple got harder and pointed. I trembled as a little bolt of ecstasy rocked my body causing chills down my back. Was that what she meant?

Faint, I grabbed Mom's arm for support. "I've never felt anything like this before, Mother," I quivered. "Do all women feel this way?"

"Yes, dear," she lovingly replied while stroking my long, blonde braid. "It only gets better!"

Redressing, I slipped into my bra. It was identical to the padded one I wore before, except its straps were shortened. As my muscularity declined, I was now just like Mom, a size 34!

As I buttoned my blouse, an irresistible urge struck me. I had to touch my breasts again. Something else was going on under there!

Sliding my hands beneath my bra, I gingerly investigated. "What's this?" I shuddered, feeling the beginnings of soft, jelly like mounds. Morosely, I cried, "Are they really growing?"

Our holiday feast was a wonderful event. With the dining room table covered with delectable delights, we all dressed for the occasion.

Dad and Kevin were handsomely attired in crisply pleated grey trousers and double breasted navy blazers. Mom and I decked ourself out to the "nines!"

Using my beautician skills, I teased and back combed her rather short hair, giving Mom a fashionable new hairdo. As for me, I painstakingly weaved my tresses into a stunning French braid.

Mom's green silk formal looked exquisite on her as always. Even before my trek into femininity, I always admired how it enhanced the color of her eyes.

Opting for a more conservative style, I wore a high necked, white on white silk blouse and pleated, ankle length black gabardine skirt. Black suede pumps with four inch heels and matching pearl studs and choker completed my elegant ensemble.

Descending the stairs, Mom and I made our grand entrance. The mind boggled expressions on Dad's and Kevin's face said it all!

"Kate, I've never seen you so beautiful!" Dad sweetly said as he took Mom's hand, leading her to the dining room. As Kevin followed them, I was left alone like a jilted bride!

Turning her happy face toward me, Mom halted, saying, "Michael Ryan, how can you be so cruel! You too Kevin. Abandoning your sister without an escort. See how upset you've made her!"

"It's only a lash in my eye," I sniffled. Running up the stairs, I whimpered, "Go on without me, I'll be all right."

Slamming my door, I sat at my vanity to watch my tear soaked mascara run black all over my pretty face. "I'm trying so hard to be a woman," I sobbed. "What else can I do?"

A soft rap sounded against my door as Mom tentatively stepped in. "Oh darling, I'm so sorry," she tenderly said, taking a tissue to blot my darkened tears. "Our men simply refuse to understand."

"I've been good. I'm obeying the rules," I sorrowfully pouted. "Mother, why won't they accept me?"

Sitting beside me, she held my perfectly manicured hands. "Why are men, men?" she rhetorically asked, "You're better equipped to answer than I, Jocelyn."

"I...I wish I could," I whined. "But.. I don't know. I don't remember anymore!"

Hugging me dearly, she laughed, "I suppose you don't. Come sweetheart. Let's redo your face. Dinner's getting cold."

Dad and Kevin wore humbled frowns as I joined them at the table. Smilingly, I accepted their effusive apologies. Yet deep down, my wounded feminized ego remained hurt.

After a delicious meal, I was helping Mom with the dishes when the phone rang. Believing it was for him, Kevin jumped to answer it.

"Hey Jim," he immediately said. "What's... Oh, just a moment please..." Covering the mouthpiece, he disappointedly shouted, "Sis, it's for you!"

"Good evening, this is Jocelyn," I sweetly answered. "Hi Nancy. Happy Thanksgiving!"

"Same to you, dear," she replied. "I don't mean to interrupt your evening, but if you're free, you're welcome over at my house. We've a big crowd here and we're all having a grand time!"

Excited, I said, "Sounds great! But I must ask Mother first. Can I call you right back?"

Agreeing, we hung up the phone. As Mom wrapped leftovers, I asked, "I've been invited to Nancy's house. May I please go?"

Peeking into the den, we found Dad and Kevin watching yet another football game. "There's no family bonding tonight!" she sighed. "Go ahead darling. But call if you'll be late."

"I promise, Mother," I chirped as I grabbed my hat and coat and headed for the front door. "Thanks a lot!"

Merrily, I nearly skipped the several blocks to Nancy's house. Half way there, I abruptly slowed to a crawl. "That darn announcement!" I worried. "They'll all know I'm really a boy!"

Yet it was too late to back out. "It's just another hurdle to jump," I resolved. "I just hope I won't be too humiliated!"

I rang the door bell with my nerves rattled and my heart pounding feverishly. As the door opened, I saw throngs of people in merriment and Nancy's cheerfully smiling face.

"Jocelyn, you're here!" she gleefully welcomed. "Please come in. Quickly. It's freezing outside!"

As I removed my hat and coat, Nancy gushed, "I adore what you've done to your hair. Your French manicure's exquisite as always. That's a new shade of lipstick, isn't it?"

"Yes," I gladly replied, licking my lips. "It's called Crimson Cinnamon. Do you like it?"

"Indeed!" she enthusiastically said. "It's too dark and sultry for me, but it's perfect for your beautiful complexion!"

As I thanked her, two tall, athletically built young men approached us. Nancy smiling turned to them and said, "Jocelyn, may I introduce my cousin, Richie Cox and his friend Frank Hart."

"Good evening, guys," I bashfully said, demurely lowering my eyes. "Happy Thanksgiving."

Before either boy could reply, Nancy explained, "Richie and Frank live over in Riverbridge, but they're spending the holiday weekend here. We'll catch up with them later. But now, come to my room, I've got exciting news to tell you!"

Dumbfounded, the young men watched as Nancy grabbed my hand and pulled me to her bedroom. Locking the door, she breathlessly sighed, "Isn't Frank a dreamboat! I think I'm in love!"

"He's okay, I suppose," I nervously replied, not knowing what else to say. "I've not had too much experience with... BOYS... After all I'm still ONE of them."

"You ARE right, aren't you," she giggled. "I'm sorry, but you're so girlish. I simply forget you're not into boys!"

Blushing, I quickly changed the subject by asking, "So you've dragged me in here. What's the big new?"

"Here," she said, handing me a letter. "I've been accepted to State U for next semester. Isn't it great?"

Glancing it over, I quietly replied, "Yes it is, Nancy. Congratulations. But I'll miss you terribly."

"And I you, Jocelyn," she tearfully said. "You've been one of my best friends ever!"

As we discussed her upcoming transfer to a new school, the subject again turned back to the two boys. "So my dear," Nancy challengingly asked, "What do you think of my cousin, Richie?"

"Ah...well, he looks nice," I stammered at the tone which she asked. "W...why to you ask?"

Grinning slyly, she replied, "Would you do me a big favor?"

"What?"

"Since they'll be here all weekend, I was wondering if you'd go with us somewhere...sort of a double date?"

"ME? Date another guy!" I squealed. "You've got to be kidding. I may be wearing dresses, but I'm not..."

Raising her hands, she exclaimed, "Hold your horses! Richie doesn't know about you. Besides, you're cuter and feminine than most girls I know. Come on, for me. We'll have loads of fun!"

"I can't. . .even for you," I mindfully reminded, "While he doesn't know about me, every one else in town is. If I'm seen on a date with a boy, I'll be ridiculed even more!"

"No you won't!" she adamantly countered. "Believe it or not, you're highly respected. Everyone in town praises your courage. In fact, NO one considers you boy anymore! It's like they forgot!"

"Forgot?? Even I don't think of myself as a boy!" I silently confessed. But then I anxiously insisted, "Even so, Nancy, it's still a mean spirited prank to pull on your cousin. It's not right!"

"Let me be the judge of that," she assured. "Girls ought to have some male companionship. Since you're one of us, for now, I don't see whats wrong."

As her words revolved in my mind, I reviewed my life over the past several weeks. Estrogen had changed me a lot. More than I even cared to admit to myself! While dreadfully fearing the consequences, the notion of dating a guy intrigued me a little.

"Well... Alright!" I finally agreed after a long and mind burdening pause. "But I'll need Mother's permission first... And until I get it, please don't utter of word to Richie!"

Triumphantly smiling, Nancy gushed, "You've got a deal! Come on Jocelyn, let's rejoin the party." Leaving her room, I cringed as she winked, saying, "Lets see if they even like you!"

We found Richie and Frank in the den watching a televised college basketball game. "All right!" Frank cheered. "Another two for State U!... We can't lose...with Brett MacCabe!"

"Brett's on TV?" I curiously trembled. Looking on, I was thrilled to see him steal the ball to score another basket.

Standing beside me, Nancy whispered, "You know Brett, don't you? Weren't you two buddies before... You know what?"

"Shh!" I cautiously snapped. "Yes. But he doesn't know how far I've gone. I'd die if he saw me now!"

When a commercial came on, Richie chidingly remarked, "I see you girls have come out of hiding!" Extending his hand, he said, "Hi Jocelyn, I'm Rich. Nancy's told me a lot about you."

"Not too much," I demurely replied, delicately shaking his muscular hand. "Do you go to State U also?"

"Not yet," he frowned. "I'm still in high school. But hopefully next year. My buddy Frank's a freshmen there."

"That's right," Frank proudly boasted. "It's the best college in the state. It'll be even better when Nancy arrives!"

"Stop it, Frankie!" Nancy giggled. "You're making me blush!"

Sitting down, we all watched the rest of the game. Engaging in flirtatious small talk, I surprised myself at how remarkably well I could hold my own.

While having lost my interest in sports, my attention kept drifting to the television. "Thank goodness Brett's not home for the holiday," I shuddered. "He'd despise what I've become!"

As the hour drew late, I politely excused myself to go home. "Hang on, Jocelyn" Richie chimed as I pulled on my coat. "I'll join you. A girl shouldn't walk alone this time of night."

Nervous, I couldn't speak. As Nancy encouragingly nodded, my will to resist his "most natural" offer crumbled.



I glided down the stairs to find my date, Richie, standing at the bottom of the steps waiting for me. "Introduce us to your handsome boyfriend, Jocelyn," Mom instructed. I blushed at the idea that I could have a boyfriend. My dress felt very short...

"Well...Ah...Okay," I meekly agreed. "But...Ah...NO funny business!"

"Who? Me?" Richie laughed. "I'm a gentleman! Aren't I, Nancy?"

"Don't trust him, Jocelyn," she slyly teased. "He's a wolf in sheep's clothing!"

"Like I'm not?" I thought silently. Waving goodbye, I anxiously minced out the door as Richie held it open.

Refreshed by the frigid night air, we briskly walked in silence. As my teeth and knees chattered, I wondered, "Am I just cold? Or does being with a boy scare me to death?"

Reaching my porch, I thanked Richie for escorting me home. "My pleasure," he gallantly replied. "By the way, we're all seeing a movie this Saturday night. Would you care to join us?"

My heart raced as I stammered, "I...I'm free. But I...I'll have to ask Mother. Can I...I let Nancy know? Tomorrow?"

"Sure!" he gladly answered. "But I'm looking forward to a yes!"

Fumbling, I retrieved my key from my purse. "Well thanks again, Rich," I nervously grinned and hurried into the house.

As I slipped on my nightgown, Mom popped into my room. Smiling gaily, she asked, "How was your evening at Nancy's, sweetheart?"

"Wonderful, Mother!" I chimed. "Everyone was so nice to me. They really let me feel important despite everything else."

"I told you so dear!" she knowingly winked. "Being feminine paid off. You've won the town's respect and admiration!"

As I blushed, Mom handed me a pink porcelain jar, explaining, "Here Jocelyn. Dr. Dunn dropped this off while you were out. She says it'll relieve the pain in your breasts."

Studying the label, I read aloud, "Breast Kreme. An Under Control Product. It's the same company that made my gargle."

"I believe so dear," she concurred. "If it works only half as well, I'm sure you'll be thrilled with the results!"

Caressing my throat, I anxiously shivered, "Good Lord! What if it works twice as good?"

Mom drew a large dollop as I lifted my nightgown and removed my bra. Gently massaging each bloated nipple, the cool, creamy white, viscus lotion soothed and numbed the ache. Yet as it vanished into my skin, it left a strange tingling sensation.

"All better?" she tenderly soothed. But seeing my tentative stare, she urgently asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Oh...", I pouted, curling up in bed. "It's just... Well... Tonight Nancy asked me to go on a date Saturday night?"

"A date?" she astonishingly exclaimed, "Nancy wants you to take her out?"

I hid beneath my quit. "Sort of. . .with a couple guys," I cowered.

"GUYS!?!"

"I'll tell Nancy I can't go," I cringed, "I know it's silly."

"I think you should go!" she gushed. "Who's the lucky boy."

Confused and disappointed, I had hoped she would have said 'no.' On the spot, I quivered, "His name's Richie Cox. He's Nancy's cousin. We'll be double dating with Nancy and another boy, Frank."

"Your very first date," she swooned. "Now you're really on your way to womanhood dear. This really brings back memories... I clearly recall my first date. The boy's name was..."

"Mother!... Stop!" I frantically begged. "My first date wasn't so long ago either... But it wasn't with a boy!"

Biting her lip, Mom embarrassingly retreated, "Sorry dear. I got carried away. Yet it is your first date as a girl. Things are quite different and there's much you'll need to know!"

Mom and I nestled together in my bed into the wee hours of the morning as she explained the facts of life, from a woman's perspective. Even after all my intensive femininity training, it was a genuine eye opening experience!

"Please take my advise to heart, Jocelyn," she insisted. "Dating boys is an entirely new adventure for you. If you harbor any doubts, remember what happened to Amy Crandle!"

"Mother!" I woefully cried. "How could you say something so awful? She's why I'm a girl! Maybe I shouldn't go."

"All the more reason you should date Richie," she noted. "If he's as nice as you say, you might learn how to act like a gentlemen."

Ashamed, I silently whimpered, "So what if I learn? What are my chances I'll ever be a gentleman again?"

The following day, the salon was packed to the gills! It seemed like every woman in town was having her hair done.

Dressing warmly, I wore a long woolen skirt, high heeled boots, a peasant blouse and argyle sweater vest. Busily, I tended to our clients in my usual smilingly pert manner.

While recognized by many people, I didn't receive cold shoulders as in prior months. Instead, I was greeted and treated respectfully, even by many girls I had schooled with.

In passing, I mentioned my perceptions to Cathy. "What else would you expect," she lovingly scolded. "You've become so delectably feminine, everyone utterly adores you!"

"Why is that so?" I wondered. "Do they like me more as a girl than as a boy?"

During a break, I was freshening my makeup when Nancy stopped by. "So, Jocelyn," she eagerly asked. "Tomorrow night? Are you in?"

"Yes," I bashfully replied, adding, "Funny, but Mother's more excited than I am!" Then panicking, I urgently asked, "What should I wear? I've never dated a boy before!"

"Certainly not a formal gown!" she laughed. "We're only going to a movie and for a bite to eat. I'm confident you'll find an outfit. You've more clothes than Baxter's Department Store!"

"You're right," I giggled. "Mother has bought me nearly everything they sell!"

"Jocelyn's getting ready for a date!" Mom announced as the family started to take their seats about the dinner table.

"A WHAT?" Dad loudly bellowed. "Did I hear you right, Kate?"

Although frozen still, I boldly stated, "You did, Daddy. I'm doubling with Nancy and two boys. Mother's given her permission. But, I must change or I'll be late!"

"Wait a second!" he sternly insisted as a deafening silence filled the kitchen. Rubbing his brow, Dad appeared utterly dumbfounded. "Well....," he tensely gulped, "Have... a good time, sweetheart."

"I will Daddy!" I smilingly sighed. "Thanks for understanding!"

My heart joyously fluttered as I scampered to my room. "He's accepting me," I gleefully sang. "My Daddy loves me!"

Moments later, I felt quite different. "Darn it!" I pouted, tossing my brush on the vanity. "My hands are shaking so much, my hair's never going to look right!"

"I heard a thud," Mom asked as she opened my bedroom door. "Is something wrong dear?"

"Oh Mother," I sadly frowned. "I hate how I look. My hair's a mess and my makeup's all mussed. Please, can you help?"

"Of course I will," she tenderly smiled. "It's just pre-date jitters. All girls get them, especially if they really like the boy!"

Gulping, I stammered, "I... I hardly know Richie... No! I mean is... Oh, I'm just so nervous. I wish I wasn't going!"

"Now, now, Jocelyn," she soothed. "Just accept it as another phase of your education. Girls date boys, so you must date boys. It'll give you good practice on how to relate to men as a woman."

"Relate?" I anxiously asked. "Aren't people, people?"

Shaking her head, Mom disappointedly quipped, "That's a silly question! We're not only built and dressed differently, but our priorities and thought patterns differ as well. Look into yourself! Are you the same as you were in July?"

Staring blankly at my reflection, my mind introspectively strained. Nodding, I sadly sniffled, "I see your point. Men and women are worlds apart. Yet I'm lost somewhere in between!"

"I know, sweetheart," she lovingly agreed. "But in time, you'll find your way. And whichever direction you choose, remember these experiences. You'll be a better person in the end."

Blotting my teary eyes, I promised, "I will Mother, I will."

The door bell chimed all too soon. Looking in the mirror, I frantically asked, "Are my stockings straight? Am I wearing too much makeup? Is this the right perfume?"

"You're just fine, dear," Mom assured. "Stand still for a second, I'm trying to brush your hair!"

"Sis, your friends are here," Kevin yelled suggestively. "Are you ready yet?"

Fluffing out my black satin skirt, Mom sighed, "Now you're perfect. Come, let's meet your date!"

Wearing a black satin, figure hugging skirt and a lovely patterned jacket, I felt particularly feminine. With all eyes were glued to me, I glided down the stairs on my four inch black pumps.

"Wow!" Nancy gushed. "Jocelyn! You're smashing!"

Blushing, I thanked her. Joining the others, Mom asked, "Please dear, introduce me to Richie."

"I'm Richard Cox, Ma'am," he acknowledged before I could utter a word. "Charmed to meet your acquaintance."

"Indeed!" Mom smilingly replied. "You're quite a gentleman, Richard. I'd introduce Mr. Ryan, but he's out on an errand at the moment. Can I offer you anything?"

"Oh no, thank you, Ma'am," Frank said. "We must leave now. The movie starts in just half an hour."

Still shaking madly, I slipped on my coat and gloves and followed the others out. Turning, I waved to Mom and Kevin. How confusing for Kevin to see his brother being "wooded" by a handsome young man.

Squeezing into Frank's two door sports car, I was greatly relieved to sit beside Nancy in the back seat. As the guys discussed sports, Nancy whispered, "We're going to have such fun!"

"I'm an utter wreck!" I frantically whispered back. "Dating boys is a crazy idea!"

Smiling whimsically, Nancy endearingly squeezed my delicate, manicured hand and threw me a knowing wink!

Standing in the ticket line at the multi-plex, I started to reach in my purse to pay the admission. "No way!" Richie adamantly scolded. "You're my date and I'm paying!"

"Th... thank you. B... but it's not necessary," I stammered. "You're a student and I'm working and..."

Wearing a friendly scowl, he insisted, "Going dutch is out of the question. I'd never permit a girl to pay her own way!"

Defeated, I meekly bowed my head in passive retreat. Snapping my purse closed, I tensely recalled my former life and shuddered. I was sure he would want something in return! But what?

Seated in the very last row, Nancy and I were sandwiched between the two guys. While comforted to have her beside me, Richie's all too close presence remained terribly nerve racking!

The theater was filled to capacity as the house lights dimmed. Then I discovered the film's name, "Going Home". It was, of all themes, a teenage love story! Boy finds girl, boy loses girl, girl finds boy, etcetera, etcetera... These stories had bored me to tears before my punishment!

Yet I was perched at the edge of my seat, totally spellbound. At one point, when the boy brought his girlfriend a floral bouquet, I inexplicably began to cry!

"That's so sweet!" I tearfully whimpered as the girl tenderly kissed her boyfriend. Then I nervously thought, "What am I doing? It's only a movie, yet I'm weeping like a baby!"

Later, I leaned toward Nancy to offer a comment to find that she wasn't available. Turning my head, I saw her enveloped in Frank's arms... Necking!

Embarrassed, I leaned back. What that! I felt a warm, hard object around my neck. Glancing to my left, I found Richie groping me!

"Oh no!" I silently wailed, as his hand caressed my silk clad back. "I feared this! What am I suppose to do now?"

As I wiggled in discomfort, Richie whispered, "Shh...Sit back and enjoy!"

My heart thumped faster and faster then I panicked. I had to do something, but what? ...Pull away? No, he would think I'm strange... But if I don't... Oh, what a mess!

Attempting to appear composed, I sat demurely, with thighs tightly crossed. Yet my long, red fingernails, neatly folded in my lap and my earlobes, decorated with twin sets of swaggering pendants, constantly reminded me of my position and role of femininity.

Meanwhile, I desperately racked my brain for a solution. Heaving anxiously, my budding nipples engorged, becoming uncomfortably hard. I wanted to itch them but obviously couldn't!

"I'll just ignore him," I finally reasoned, at my wits end. "If I make a big deal, he'll really get suspicious!" Sighing reluctantly, I leaned back. Even as Richie tenderly kneaded my bra strap, I earnestly tried to pay him no mind.

Near the movie's end, the story reached a dramatic crescendo. Boy frantically searching for girl and vice versa, as neither character knew the other's whereabouts.

Caught up in the suspense, my emotions took control. With the characters in dire danger, I panicked. Fearing the worst, I absentmindedly grabbed Richie's forearm, holding on for dear life.

"Relax dear," he soothed, patting my hand. "It's only a movie!"

Seeing our hands entwined, I nearly died! Gently squeezing my hand, Richie foiled my attempt to pull away, softly caressing my thumb with his strong fingers!

Devastated, I silently cried, "It's too late! What can I do?"

Thank goodness! The movie finally ended with the two lovers embracing atop a windswept cliff. Yet as the credits rolled, Richie still firmly clenched my hand and gazed wantingly at me.

Filled with terror, I tragically realized that he wanted to collect! Oh lord! I had nothing to give!

Leaning toward me, he seductively whispered, "Great flick, huh,?" His eyes sparkled with flaming desire.

He wants to kiss! I shivered as his lips parted, moving closer. Abruptly leaping from my seat, I fumbled to control my purse. "Ah... yeah... great movie," I nervously stammered. "Thank you for a very nice evening... Richie."

Rolling his eyes disappointedly, Richie frustratingly muttered, "Chicks!"

"Hey people," Nancy chimed. "Let's grab a pizza. I'm famished!"

"Sure, might as well eat," Richie nodded dejectedly. "Nothing else is happening!"

At the pizza parlor, Frank and Richie resumed their sports talk as Nancy and I discussed the movie. Amazed, I never imagined I'd have so much to say about a love story!

Picking at the cheese, I left the fattening crust, barely eating a single slice. When it was time to leave, I joined Nancy in the women's rest room before heading home.

"So tell me honey," Nancy gushed. "Do you like dating as a girl?"

I blushed at her stare. "It's okay," I coyly answered.

"You were pretty icy."

I whined, "I can't help it. I've never dated a boy before!"

"It'll get easier," she laughed. "Richie's a swell guy... I can tell that he's quite fond of you. . .who knows where it could lead!"

"Cut it out!" I frantically shrieked. "He tried to kiss me!"

Pretending shock, she sarcastically exclaimed, "Jocelyn, you little nymph! Tell me... Did you let him?"

"NO!" I adamantly denied. But then, consumed with doubt, I whined, "Kissing a boy can only complicate matters. I still like girls... I think?"

Pausing, she thoughtfully noted, "Actually, it might make things a lot easier."

"What?"

"You never know... If you ever got used to male companionship maybe you would forget having been a boy? Kiss him and see?"

I didn't want to forget! Dizzily confused, I tried to reply, but Nancy had already left. Alone, I sorrowfully gazed at my reflection.

As if automatic, I began freshening my face. Smoothing on a coat of fiery red lip gloss, I tensely wondered, "Would kissing a boy really make me more girlish?" Retouching my mascara, I shuddered, "If it does... Could I ever forget when I became a boy again?"

All during the drive home, Nancy's suggestion bombarded my bewildered mind. "I can't kiss Richie can I?" I sorrowed. "But, what if he kisses me?"

All too soon Frank pulled into my drive way. Stepping out of the car, I quivered when I saw Richie following me toward the door!

"I had a really nice time," he bashfully whined. "We could get together again... Maybe?"

Smiling nervously, I replied, "Well... ah... I'd like..." But then I stopped, agonizing, "What am I saying? I can't date a boy!"

"Are you okay?" he earnestly asked. "You were saying...?"

As a cold chill shivered through my body, I reconsidered, "Maybe Nancy's right? What do I have to lose?"

"Okay," I nervously accepted. "Nancy has my number. Give me a call."

Smiling triumphantly, he leaned toward me. This time I didn't retreat. Apprehensively shutting my eyes, I surrendered my lips to his. My heart pounded as I felt my lipstick smear as he tenderly kissed me.

"Wow!" Richie exclaimed. "You're some kisser, Jocelyn!"

Intensely blushing, I embarrassingly cooed, "Well... Ah... I guess you are too... Richie."

Nervously giggling, I waved goodbye as he headed back to Frank's car. Urgently finding my key, I went inside the house.

"You stupid idiot!" I angrily scolded myself. Glancing upward, I moaned, "Gawd, what have I done!" The taste of his lips lingered.

I was still pouting over my horrible mistake when Mom entered my room. Grinning, she eagerly asked, "WELL?"

"Oh...", I panicked, "The movie was wonderful."

She knowingly leered. "I saw you and Richard on the front porch. The movie indeed!"

"I... Ah... Didn't mean to kiss him!" I earnestly stammered. "Believe me Mother... I didn't have a choice!"

Narrowing her eyes, she sardonically winked, "Of course you didn't sweetheart. Maybe you shouldn't say anything about kissing boys in front of your father and Kevin. We'll talk in the morning."

"Like I'd brag about it?" I whimpered, cleansing my face with cold cream and cotton balls, scrubbing my lips until they were raw. I couldn't get the taste of "Richie" off my lips!

In the morning, I entered the kitchen as Mom busily cleared the breakfast dishes. "So, you're finally up," she merrily chimed. "Now tell me every last detail about last night!"

Pouring coffee, I sat at the table. Staring into the cup, I moaned, "There's nothing to tell Mother. We went to a movie and out for pizza. That's all."

"Indeed!" she replied, disbelieving me. "Remember, I saw you and Richard kiss! There's got to be much, much more!"

"Oh Mother!" I fearfully pouted. "I'm so scared! Kissing a boy should be repulsive. I did it anyway, why?"

"That's easy," she quickly replied. "You're simply becoming more feminine and girlish. It's just the natural progression of things."

"Is it NOT natural for a boy to become a girl!?" I scoffed. "This morning, I noticed my breasts were even more puffy. Just kissing a boy couldn't do that, could it?"

"No, sweetheart," she tenderly soothed. "Don't worry. Frankly, I'm thrilled with your efforts to adjust to your new role. It's like you're really my daughter and I love that!"

I tearfully whined, "But what's going to..."

"Shhh," she softly interrupted. "Let's just take it a day at a time."

In the weeks before Christmas, my life turned topsy turvy. While completing my high school correspondence exams, I also had both written and practical tests for my cosmetology class.

For my practical exam, Cathy found a middle aged woman in dire need of beauty treatment. I waxed her arms and legs, did a complete facial, washed and colored her hair and gave her a manicure and a pedicure.

As I finished her comb out, the entire class watched in utter awe. Over deafening applause, I said, "All done!"

But what happened next was even more incredible! One by one, the others, who months before shunned me, bestowed congratulatory hugs and kisses. So taken by the sincere outpouring of affection, I broke down and cried!

"You're the best!" Nancy gushed as she lovingly embraced me. "Once you get your license, I'll have all my friends come to you!"

As joyful tears flowed, I searched for Cathy. Seeing her across the room, she warmly wink and mouthed, "You're fantastic!"

On the drive home, I wore my coat unbuttoned in Cathy's warmly heated car. "So Jocelyn, now that you're a beautician, what are your plans?" she curiously asked. "Returning to high school?"

"I don't think I can," I tentatively replied. "Principal Winters won't let me attend as long as I'm dressed like a girl."

"That's too bad," she noted, glancing at my chest. "You're stunning in women's clothing, dear. In fact, your knit blouse makes you look more mature."

"It's not just the blouse," I shamefully blushed. "My breasts are growing, Cathy. They've gotten too big for my padded bras and you're witnessing the results!"

Biting her lip, she suggested, "We'll just have to buy you new ones. I suppose with the extra discount, you can get some very pretty ones at the boutique across from the salon."

"Extra discount?" I surprisingly asked. "You mean...you're offering me a permanent job at the salon?"

"I guess I am," she eagerly grinned. "Do you accept?"

"Oh Cathy!" I joyously gushed. "Of course I do!"

"Then it's settled," she enthused. "When you receive your beautician's license next week, you'll start immediately!"

"This is the best thing that's ever happened to me." I merrily cried, hugging her dearly. "I'm so happy!"

THE END OF PART TWO.

PART ONE, "FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER."

PART TWO,

"LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER."

PART THREE,

"BECOMING A DAUGHTER."

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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY I & 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!

TITILLATING 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

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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!

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

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The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

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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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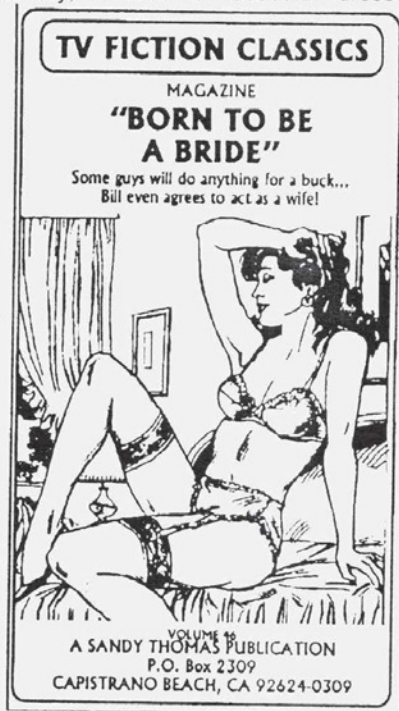
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