

TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME 40

GIRL BY CHOICE



AFTER REFUSING TO GO TO A BARBER, PAT'S MOTHER FORCES HIM TO GO TO A BEAUTY PARLOR. DRESSED AS A GIRL, HE LEARNS TO FIT IN AND FINDS A NEW SELF.

**SANDY THOMAS
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"GIRL BY CHOICE"

by SANDY THOMAS AND RON

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QUOTE BOARD

Women in the corporate world are learning that they have to step on a few people to get ahead. . .and those sharp, high heeled pumps perform perfectly to meet corporate goals.

GIRL BY CHOICE

Inspired by Jean's true story,
written by Sandy Thomas and Ron

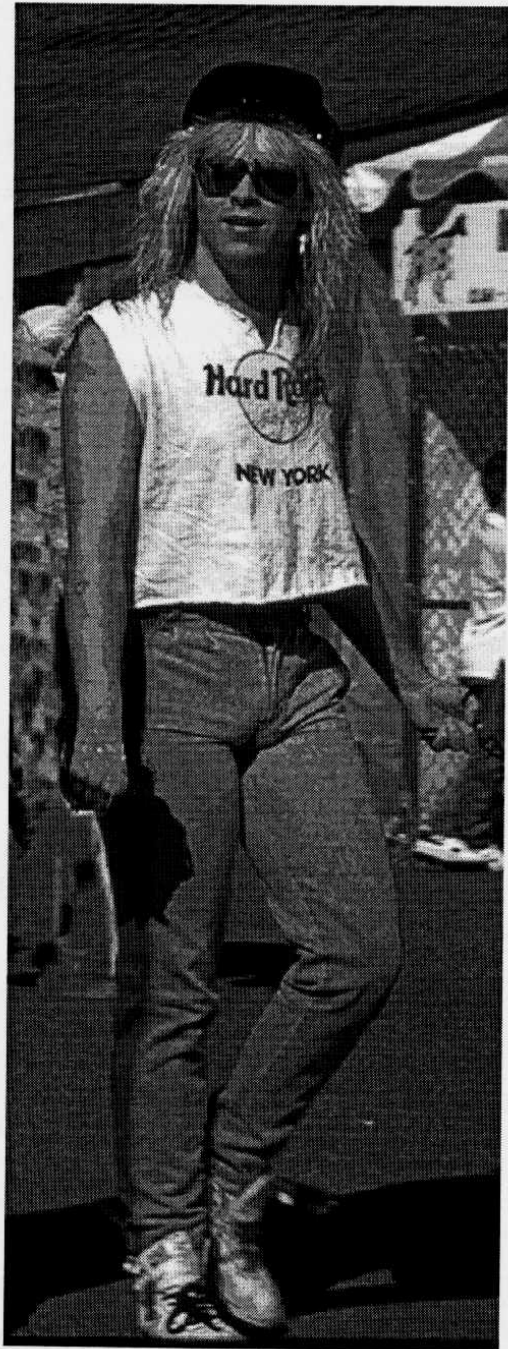
WHY ME?

I first met Pat when we were about ten years old. We were neighbors, my house right behind his. He and I played together in the large field behind his house and did all the things two young boys do.

When we graduated from high school and started attending our community junior college, he suddenly didn't have time for me anymore.

I was a honors student, clean cut, and always striving to do things right. As for Pat, I noticed it right away. Pat's sharp blue eyes got hazy. He started staying out late, listening to strange rock music and hanging out with some tough guys who drank.

You know the type, long hair, dirty clothes, smoking, and hanging out and most seriously, had begun doing drugs. I have no idea what or how, I just saw what



*Pat was into rock and roll,
drugs and bad news....*

was happening to my long time friend.

Then there was the law. . .nothing too serious. He got busted for marijuana. . .then something else. . .then picked up in some kind of sting operation. I never knew the details. It was a stupid thing to do.

Boy, was Pat's mother mad. His father had disappeared several years before and she didn't really know how to control Pat. Several times she called me over and said, "Oh, I just wish Pat was more like you. I'm afraid he's going to get into real trouble with that gang he hangs with and end up in jail."

My father traveled a lot but early on made me get a crew cut and stay away from "the gangs."

Pat's mother laid out new rules. This time she had the law and a probation officer behind her. No more going out late at night, weekends and no more friends. No car, no weird music, not even a trip to the lake where we all hung out during the summer.

She was going to make him cut his hair too but he pleaded that he hated the "white sidewall" barbered style.

"Please Mom," he pleaded, "I'll do anything you want. . .all of the cool music groups have long hair of some sort. I'll be really OUT!"

"I want you out," she stated more than once in front of me, "Other than Tom, I don't care if you have any friends."

That's when Pat and I started hanging out together again. His mother thanked me and since my parents both worked long hours, I spent a lot of time over there. I actually ate more meals there than with my family.

Our junior college system had rules regulating long hair on boys---it had to be kept clean, and styled. In short, Pat and his mother agreed that he could grow his hair but it had to be kept in some kind of nice hairstyle.

His mother was agreeable, with a couple of reservations. Number one was he had to keep it clean and well groomed as per her instructions and specifications. That meant a trim at least once a month. They mutually agreed on the first Saturday of every month.

That was fair, he had gone for months without getting a haircut and his hair looked ratty.

I suggested he go to my barber but "don't cut it too short," meant "White sidewalls" and a "crew-cut." Pat

was upset about how short my hair was cut and refused to go.

Pat's Mom agreed to take him to her beautician for his trim but when she called to make an appointment, she was told that it was against the law for women's cosmetologists to cut a men's hair. They had to have a special license to cut both men's and women's hair and there weren't any big trendy shops in our town.

The way the woman said it made Pat's mom mad. She set her resolve that Pat would get his hair cut by someone who knew how to cut and take care of long hair.

Pat's mother was an office manager, a powerful, strong willed woman. Long since divorced, Pat hardly knew his dad. Anyway, she called 4 or 5 salons with the same result.

She decided to trim Pat's hair herself, and required that he wash it every other day and use a creme rinse.

She was able to give him a long "shag cut" but she was not happy with the scraggly results.

One Saturday, we were in his room playing cards and his mother was preparing to cut his hair. "This just isn't working," she complained. "I don't know how to trim hair so it will look good, grow, and stay healthy. You need an expert. You need a professional!"

The very next month when Pat asked if it was time to trim his hair, she shook her head. "I can't do this anymore. Your hair looks ghastly. You need a style."

They bickered for a bit. Pat was dead set against going to a barber! "I've got an idea! I'm going shopping," his mother suddenly said.

Pat and I were outside throwing a baseball when his mother came home and called us in. Once inside, she stated flatly, "It's this or you go to the barber!" She had



At school, the wind would blow Pat's hair into a fluffy mess. Pat's mother was determined that he get a professional style..

brought him a simple blouse, a little bra, a camisole, and a pair of penny loafers.

"What's all that for," Pat asked innocently.

"Make up your mind. You wear these for a couple hours and have you hair done right or take your chances with 'Indian Bob,' the barber."

Pat nearly blew up. "No way," he ranted, then turned to me. "She can't make me get it cut!"

I looked at the white cotton blouse and girl's loafers. "Try em' on," I suggested. "Once she sees how silly you look, she'll change her mind."

"The bra too?"

"Why not humor her," I added, "I'm sure, you'll look ridiculous."

For the next ten minutes, his mother helped him into the bra, camisole, blouse and loafers. She messed with his hair for a minute and made him put on a little pink lipstick.

"See?" she announced. My mouth was dry and I tried not to get caught staring at him. He looked so girlish. Not beautiful or anything, but young and feminine. His mother said, "You'll be in and out in fifteen minutes and you can let you hair grow as long as you want."

"Any length?" he asked.

"As long as you can grow it! And with professional care, it will grow much faster."

Once settled, his mother made Pat an appointment at a salon across town that she had never been to for a style and set. I dropped by the morning of their appointment. Pat was wearing a pair of Levis, but with girl's socks, the feminine clothing mentioned above, and a thin belt. His mother painted his fingernails a light pink and added a touch of mascara, then they were off.

Pat was so scared and nervous he could hardly breath.

"Girls your age are shy," his mother said, "in other words. . .don't talk."

The salon turned out to be a small neighborhood beauty shop with only one operator on duty at the time. Pat's mother explained that Pat wanted his hair to grow long and perhaps be styled like some sitcom star.

Pat didn't act much like a girl and he was sure that the operator knew he was a boy. But money is money and the shop was empty.

The operator shampooed his hair, then pinned it up in sections to cut it. Then she put the top of his hair up in small rollers and wrapped a net around it. She put scotch tape across the neckline and put him under the dryer while she cut his mom's hair into a similar style.

When she combed Pat out, the style was very feminine, not what Pat had in mind.

Pat's mother had told the operator to teach Pat how to take care of his new style. She explained, "It's still a little short, but if you want it to grow long, you have to take care of your hair every day. That means a gentle shampoo and deep conditioning. If you like it soft and fluffy, you should take the rollers out before your hair is completely dry, and brush it and apply just the lightest mist of hair spray."

"Rollers?"

"Yes dear," his mother said overhearing, "Roller's protect the hair. Blow dryers damage it. You DO want it to grow and be healthy, don't you?"

I came over when they got home. Pat ran into the house like he was being chased while his mother yelled, "Don't touch that until Tom sees it!"

Inside, Pat was beet red. His mother asked me, "What do you think?"

His hair looked girlish with wispy bangs. I lied, "Just like Rod Stewart!"

Pat shook his head and went to the mirror again, and sputtered, "Really, Rod?"

I continued to lie, "I wish I could have long hair that looked like that."

Both Pat and his mother suddenly liked his hair. She required that he keep it clean, conditioned and that he have it professionally trimmed and styled at least once every four weeks.

The fact that he had to sleep in rollers a couple nights a week to keep his hair in shape was worth it to look like Rod! Unfortunately, his hair actually looked more like "Christy!"

Pat's mother bought him a new outfit for his next monthly haircut, and it was more feminine. An oversized, light-weight knit sweater top, and narrow, pencil pants that zipped up the back. His mother insisted, "You can't go every month in the same outfit. Girls don't do that!"

This went on for a couple months. Each month, the clothes became more feminine. No one noticed since he didn't look girlish in his daily appearance, but when he dressed up to get his hair cut, he was cute in a way!

Pat stopped causing a scene every time his mother brought home something new. It was a "trade off" to have long hair, right?

It was about this time that I became envious of how long his hair was getting. . . I almost wished I could let my hair grow. Seeing Pat trying to take care of his with hair curlers was too much for me. I'd stay with the crew-cut.

DON'T LAUGH

By the sixth trip to the beauty parlor, something new was added. I always went over on Saturday mornings and watched him get dressed. Normally, he liked my company when he was getting dressed but this day, his mother said to me, "I've been a bit devilish. Don't you laugh at him."

I went up to Pat's room. He was in jeans and was all huffy. "Look what she wants me to wear now!" he said pointing to his bed. There on the bed was a plaid pleated skirt like Catholic school girls wear. "A skirt. . . a short skirt," I gasped. Pat had graduated to wearing a skirt for his hair appointment. I thought I'd faint.

"What's wrong?" Pat asked.

"Hot in here," I said. I didn't have a sister, so seeing all these intimate girl's things was rather exciting. "Where'd you get all this stuff?" I asked seeing his bed covered with an abundance of new things. There was that skirt, two dresses, several slips, brassieres, nylons. . . even a pair of high heels.

"We went shopping after my last hair appointment. Look at these!" he complained as his mother walked in.

"He doesn't want to wear a skirt," his mother stated.

"But mother, I've never worn a skirt before."

"Don't worry," his mother said picking up the skirt and tinkering with the pleats. "It's the perfect skirt for you."

Pat moaned, "Perfect for me?"

"Yes, one that fits and flatters your figure. It's got that new A-line style---the flared bottom will make your legs look nice and slim.

Pat flinched thinking about everyone seeing his kneecaps and thighs in the short skirt. His mother smiled and went to her room to get makeup.

Pat threw me a delicate pair of white girl's panties with ruffles around the legs, and a little white satin bow at the waistline. As I felt the silky material, I asked, "Girls really wear this kind of sexy stuff?"

"I guess so," he said. "All I know is that Mom says 'pretty panties' are the ONLY thing to wear under a skirt."

"Gee, they're heavenly to touch."

"Do you want to try them on?"

"No way!" I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as I studied closely these spellbindingly delicate girl panties. They were made of white satin, with pretty lace accents running around each leg and around the waist too. Compared to the simple boy's underwear I wore, these were really luxurious. They must have cost his mother a fortune.

"Maybe you'd rather try one of these? They go together?" As Pat was talking he was moving a matching satin brassiere back and forth, turning it to the side and back, letting it dangle daintily before my eyes. I squirmed and blushed before fighting back.

"Hey, I'm not going to wear one of those awful things. You can if you want!" Much to Pat's enjoyment, I was really squirming now.

"Com' on it's kind of fun. . ."

"Hey, I'm no sissy!" I yelled throwing the panties in his face.

The frolic look was gone. Pat's lip curled up and it looked like tears were welling up in his eyes. After over a month of his mother's encouragement and my acceptance, reality hit him. Pat's hold on his masculinity had never been strong, but he was a boy no matter what kind of sissy clothes his mother made him wear.

"I shouldn't be doing this," he moaned; his head hung low.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything. I know you are just trying to keep your hair looking great."

He wiped his eyes and looked into my eyes to see if I was lying. I went on, "I think it's fun too, besides that stuff looks good on you. . .just don't try to make me wear any of it."

Pat said tenderly, holding the bra out towards me again, "I just thought you'd like to know how some of this girl stuff works. . .look at this bra."

I took the soft garment in my hands and stretched the strap, it was so pliable with pillow-like, padded cups. It was slippery with a little satin rose in between the cups and two back hooks and eyes. I felt like I was misbehaving by just touching a brassiere. I couldn't imagine how I'd feel wearing one.

Seeing my face flush, he smiled and said, "Watch how I put it on." I watched him strap the little garment around his chest and struggle to hook the back. Pat dropped his heavy jeans, and soon stood unencumbered in the bra and panties, in front of the bed covered with girlish items.

"Here's the tricky part," he said opening a package of opaque pantyhose. Pat put his toes in first and carefully stretched the film-like nylon up his legs.

"I wondered how you were going to cover the hair on your legs," I laughed.

He was so slight, no fragile, was the word. The delicate items seemed consistent with the his physique. While other guys had grown robustly, Pat looked like a child with a slim waist. . .the only weight he carried was on his bottom and hips.

"Do you carry that?" I asked.

"My purse?" he said matter-of-factly. "Yeah. Girl's stuff doesn't have any pockets."

He picked up a white full slip off the bed. Pulling it over his head, he got lost in the straps for a minute and I had to laugh.

Pat's mother came back in as I was chuckling. "It's not funny," he snapped as he stepped into the above-the-knee length plaid skirt and tried to figure out which side was the front.

"Zipper goes on the side," his mother coached. I think she thought it was funny too as Pat scuffled with the elusive side zipper.

"Which side. The front and back look the same?" he complained, "Why don't they put it in front. . .nothing happens on the side!" He finally got it right and zipped it up.

A blue sweater top made his smooth new curves most conspicuous. Pat saw me looking and lifted his arms, crossing them in front of his eye-catching chest. Not rebelliously as you would expect from a guy, but crossed in a most girlish fashion, elbows bent, fingertips resting on his shoulders.

"Put your arms down," his mother ordered, "be proud!"

He stood for a second and composed himself before his mother pulled his shoulders back and smoothed his skirt.

"See, perfect," she announced. "Getting the right size is as important as getting the right style. If it was too tight, it could ride up, pucker and make too much of your hips."

"I wouldn't want that," Pat mocked.

His mother checked the waistband by putting her thumb in the waistband without pushing into his waist. "The waist is not too tight. . .and the skirt lays flat across your stomach, hips and rear. Pulls and ridges would indicate you needed a larger size.

"If the skirt fits, wear it," I teased.

"Turn around dear," his mother ordered, "then sit down in the skirt. I hope it doesn't ride up so high that you're afraid to stand up?"

Pat sat down, and his mother quickly warned, "Keep your knees together! You still sit like a boy but after a while in a skirt, you'll act more like a girl."

Next she had him stand up and walk around. She said to Pat, "I picked this style so you could move your legs comfortably." He walked like he had full goldfish bowl on his head.

"Just walk naturally dear with a little swing to your hips," she instructed, "You don't have to tug on your skirt or hold it down dear. A well fitting skirt moves about your legs when you're walking."

When she was satisfied that the skirt fit, she had him try on a vest with the sweater and pronounced Pat, "Adorable!"

"This is your fault," he bitched as his mother adjusted his slip's straps so that they lay flat across his shoulders.

"Get a crew cut like me!" I returned.

I continued to watch as his mother added a hint of blusher and some lipstick then reluctantly leave for his monthly appointment.

A LITTLE MORE

Sometimes Pat would dress up between hair appointments. Usually on Friday nights, I'd catch he and his mother trying different things with his hair and doing his nails for their Saturday appointments. "It takes me longer to get ready now," Pat said. "Mom hates being rushed, so she insists we rehearse on Fridays."

Pat would be dressed in a feminine manner, some make up and some clip-on earrings and simple jewelry. I assumed that his mother was worried that someone at the beauty shop might "unmask" Pat and call the cops.

They only went to the first hair dresser for seven months. His mother didn't like the way his hair was turning out and made an appointment at a mall salon. Pat wasn't very girlish when he went to the first hair-dresser but with his girlish long hair style and use of skirts and make-up, he could go almost anywhere now.

Since Pat was determined to let his hair grow very long, the monthly appointments were only for a trim, set and style. His mother seemed to be enjoying their little game. I'd hear her ask Pat, "Oh look!" she said reading the morning paper, "those bras you wear are on sale---two for one. If you are going to continue to grow your hair, we ought to get you a few." She'd also tear pictures out of fashion magazines and say, "Is this what girls your age wear. . . maybe we should get you a dress like this?"

This always embarrassed Pat when she'd talk about this stuff but I thought it was fun.

I thought it was all in fun until I phoned Pat one Friday night and asked if I could come over to hang out. I never missed a Friday before his appointments but this was in between.

When I got there, Pat hesitantly showed me his toes and finger nails. His Mom had painted them a bright red. "Hey, what's with the stuff." I asked. "I thought you had your hair done two weeks ago."

Pat blushed red. Lowering his eyes, he admitted, "We are going more often now. I have another appointment tomorrow for a condition and something called the 'works'. Next week is the start of summer vacation and Mom wants me to let my hair grow a lot longer during the summer."

On his bed were a variety of new clothes, several dresses, skirts, tops and three boxes of shoes. I gave him the eye and he said, "Oh, this stuff? Mother insists we go shopping after our hair appointments. She picks out a couple things and I try them on at home. What doesn't fit we take back the next time."

"And the shoes?"

"Mom said I needed some sexy shoes. It was so bizarre being fitted for high heels by a male clerk! Look at these heels! Hot, eh?"

Pat showed me some of the other stuff his mother bought him. He was learning about the theatrics of feminine clothes. "It's all about being sexy without being lewd," he said as he forced his feet into a pair of open toed pumps with very high slender heels and pranced across the room gracefully. He was taller and looked slimmer in heels.

He smiled and said, "I've been practicing! The new shop we go to is very trendy and all the girls dress up. Mom says I have to learn to walk with confidence in heels."

After letting me finger through all his new stash, we played some cards. It was funny to see my friend with painted fingers and high heels. "Did your mom do THAT to your nails?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said holding them up for me to see. "Mother filed them so that they look like girl's fingernails. They look terrible, don't they?"

"Actually, they are pretty, but isn't that over doing it a bit?"

"I know! Mom won't stop now. But look at my hair! It's growing so fast."

We played for an hour or so and just as I was leaving his Mom came in and said that Pat had chores to do and she was going to fix his hair later in the evening. Pat's hair was rather long and probably could use a condition or whatever you had to do to keep long hair nice.

The next morning I dropped by and watched Pat get ready. Pat was already in pretty lingerie covered by a white slip---he was busy putting on his makeup. His mother wasn't even in the room.

"You do that yourself?" I asked watching him fool with various tubes and small brushes.

"Uh huh. It's not too hard. Mom picks the colors." He put the tube of lipstick to his lips and carefully colored them vermilion. "Want to try?" he asked.

"No way," I shuddered, "I just like watching you play with this stuff."

"Really?" he smiled then took a tissue and pressed it against his lips to remove the excess, then made a kissing face. I had to laugh at his antics. I knew he hated all this girly stuff, but his mother could be stubborn when she wanted to be.

His mother came in with a silk print dress. "Here, dear. This one is better for shopping. Oh, hi Tom." She helped him lower the dress over his head and position it in place over his hips.

"Fits real nice here," she said smoothing the fabric over his pantied bottom. "What do you think of his legs?" she asked me.

That's when I noticed that Pat was wearing sheer nylons. "You shaved your legs?" I gasped.

"There wasn't much to shave," his mother defended as Pat blushed then asked, "but maybe we've gone too far?"

I said, "No. He's got pretty legs. I'd take him anywhere!"

Pat blushed at my comment. Then he turned his back to me and said, "Zip me up?"

I zipped the dress up his back and his mother added a long white ribbon to pull his long hair back. Earrings, a necklace and a bracelet were added and his mother

stood back and announced, "We are so naughty. No one would ever know you are a boy!" Then turning to me, she asked, "I have an idea. Could you drive Pat to his appointment? I've got so much to do and I don't want him driving around alone dressed like this."

I agreed. It was across town and I knew we wouldn't run into anyone we knew. Besides, it was fun to see my buddy all fem'ed up.

AT THE SALON. . .

I sat in a small chair and tried to find a magazine that wasn't full of women's stuff. I was about to leave and roam the mall when I saw a woman approach Pat and say, "Part of the 'works' special today is an eyebrow trimming with every cut."

I saw a look of panic in Pat's eyes as he tried to explain that he liked them the way they were. "No, dear," the woman insisted, "They are much too bushy. I'll just thin them out and shape them. Ask your friend."

Pat desperately looked to me to bail him out when I said, "I think so too!"

Confidently and energetically the woman plucked away at Pat's eyebrows, trimming and shaping them. Soon a small white towel was filled with eyebrow hair. As she finished, she ran a finger over his brow and remarked holding up a small mirror, "Gee doll, you look extra pretty now! Do you like them?"

"Ohhh," Pat moaned, embarrassed by the way they looked. Large alluring eyes peered back which once were hidden under heavy unmanageable brows.

I had no idea new brows would make such a difference in his appearance. They added so much femininity to his face and expressions.

The other operator said, "You really do look sexy now!"

Pat looked sick. His brows were now thinly arched in a pleasing feminine curve above his eyes. Pat made an expression in the mirror and the coquettish reflection surprised even him. His eyes framed by these definitely female eyebrows made him appear so much more feminine.



On the way home, Pat was moaning about his unerasable marks of femininity. "I thought you'd save me," he groaned. "Mom's going to think I'm nuts."

"Hey, Miss Prissy," I answered, "I can't help it if I get a kick out of watching you be so girlish."

"If you like it so much, why don't you do it!" he bitched.

"Because my butt wouldn't look like yours in a tight skirt," I laughed. "I think it's fun for you to pluck your eyebrows like a girl would, just like you've

learned to shave your legs so that they look nice in stockings. You're becoming good at doing girl's things and you're getting better every day!"

Pat reddened at my assertion that he was meant to do girl's things.

The last week at college, I hardly recognized Pat. Even though he had filled his eyebrows in with a pencil, it was obvious to me that his eyebrows had been plucked in a very girlish fashion. Pat was obviously embarrassed about it.

I took a good look at him. With his long silky hair and pointed finger nails, he was beginning to look like a sissy at school. There was something else but I could not put my finger on it. Or why I liked it!!

I couldn't figure why his mother would do this to him.

The next week was finals and the end of school. I did real well and even Pat did well enough to get accepted to State University. His mother was ecstatic at how Pat had turned his grades around and credited me with his success.

Pat called and asked if I could come over. When I got there, I couldn't believe my eyes. Besides the finger and

toe nail polish, he was obviously wearing a bra under his heavy boy's cotton shirt.

"Oh, I forgot to take it off. Earlier Mom and I were trying on some new outfits. Can you tell?" he quietly asked.

"Why?" was all I could stutter.

"I don't know," he blushed, "I guess with wearing curlers to bed and spending so much time in a beauty parlor, Mom got carried away."

"But a bra?" I gasped, running my finger over the distended front of his shirt.

"We got a bunch of them on sale. . . Mom said I ought to wear them for fun. They're special push-up training bras that help push my chest fat up into the cups so I can show some cleavage to be provocative like other girls," he nearly cried. "See!"

He opened the top buttons on his shirt so I could see the top of the bra. Pushed upward from the cups were two soft mounds of plump fat. Now, I had noticed Pat's fatty chest before, but lots of boys don't lose their baby fat until well into their teens. "It really makes them stick out, Pat," I commented. "What's with your hair and nails? You look odd."

"Mom insisted," he blushed. "The beauty shop sold us some pills that they say will make my hair grow real long."

"How long?"

"Maybe as long as mom's."

I noticed that he didn't mention some rock star, but he related to his mother. I shook my head, "Long hair's great, but cleavage like an actress?"

"Mom bought me too much stuff at that sale." He showed me a drawer full of frilly girl's underwear. My fingers plunged in and came out with a pair of lacy panties. He continued, "They are so nice, mother suggested I wear them all the time."

On the dresser as a bottle of pills called, "Estro-gelatin." Under that it read, "For beautiful hair, nails and skin."

"They make your nails grow too? This stuff could have some kind of female hormone in it."

He nodded and held up his long manicured fingers. I picked up another pair of panties from the drawer and

touched the narrow lace and nylon crotch. "You're wearing sexy panties like these too?" I asked.

"Yeah. Want to see?" he answered shyly taking off his shirt and dropping his pants.

I must say that as Pat undressed, I was really surprised at how well he appeared to fill out the bra. Each cup pointed outward and his ample cleavage could be seen above the cups. Just enough was pushed above the bra to give the impression of a nice set of tits.

He said, nervously, "I can't believe I've gone through all this just because I really wanted long hair. I am so embarrassed."

"I'm enjoying it," I said as my buddy bent over to pick up a dress while wearing only panties and bra. His long smooth legs tapered up to round, soft buttocks covered by the most delightful nylon panties. His long hair streamed down his back between the straps of his lace cupped bra.

I asked, "So your mom really thinks you should wear a bra around the house?"

"Yes! Mom says that I should get used to wearing one. These are the new 'marvel bras'. They take whatever a woman has and trains it to stand up and out. A small 'A' cup can become a nice 'B' cup."

"Works for you," I stared at his soft cleavage. I whispered, "Maybe you can get her to buy you some bigger bras?" "What?" Pat asked. "Are you on Mom's side?"

"Mom says that the 'A to B' sized cups are perfect for me now. My chest feels funny with this bra on. Look what it does to my chest!" He pulled the shoulder strap over his shoulder and lowered the cups. His chest bulged outward into small, but pointed mounds topped by a swollen pink nipples.

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"What do you think?" he asked, pulling back his shoulders and puffing up his chest. "Do you think I'm weird?"

"No. . .some of the girls at college would be jealous though!" I told him that he should wear the "marvel bras" until he got accustomed to them.

Pat looked confused as he said, "Gawd, a short time ago I'd never wear one of these sissy things and now, I don't feel right unless I'm wearing one. What's happening to me?"

I added, "I'm going to do some research. . .too bad we couldn't get you some real female hormones."

"What would they do?" Pat asked.

"I'm not sure but I think make you look better in a bra. . ."

He interrupted, "And panties too."

"Probably. They go together, right?" It was obvious that the panties matched the bra. They were the bikini type pulled high on his hips. "I guess I'm getting vain?" he rationalized.

"I didn't know you had such a shape, Pat" I replied. His hips were fleshy and wide for a boy and his waist was quite small. The panties were very tight and his genitals could barely be distinguished.

"Now that school's out, it doesn't really matter, does it? You can wear anything you want." I asked.

"Guess not. I wear the bras at home but I'd never wear them outside! Mom wants me to stay home this summer and away from the drugs and stuff. I agreed."

"What about your long painted fingernails?"

"She says I should remove the polish whenever I go anywhere," he replied. "It doesn't look like she's going to let me go anywhere this summer."

I noticed his shaved legs. "Doesn't look like you are going to the beach this summer."

"Mom specifically doesn't want me hanging around those guys at the lake."

"I've got an idea. Maybe she'd let you go with me?"

"She'd let me go with you anywhere," he moaned, "She loves you!"

"Maybe you can get her to buy you a swimsuit or a bikini. Does 'marvel' make a bikini top?" I asked.

A SCHEME

"What are you two plotting?" his mother deliberated, then smiled, "You naughty boys. . ."

I had suggested that after Pat's next hair appointment, we be allowed to run over to the lake for the evening.

"It's not far from the mall," I said, adding, "and I'd take him to his hair appointment!"

"I do hate that drive across town," his mother muttered, then said, "But wait! After all the trouble last year, Pat's not allowed over there. Besides, what would he do with his dress and. . .Ohhhh!"

"Maybe you could get him one of those 'Marvel swimsuits'," I shyly suggested, as she caught on to my suggestion.

"He'll need more than that," she said. "Let me think about it and see what I can do. I don't suppose he'd get in much trouble with you. . .and wearing a skimpy girl's swimsuit!"

I had to go to Math camp for a week. I was real busy but Pat was on my mind. I went to the library and found some books and they led me to more research and other books. I was learning a lot and then I saw what I needed to know. . .

I went to my aunt's house and visited for a while before asking, "I'd love to take Star to the park."

I think that caught her off guard but Star and I raced off across town in the car. . .not to the park but to the veterinarian. Star was her dog.

"She leaks," I told the vet. "Leaves spots every where."

The Vet checked out Star and said, "Incontinence. That's common for older fixed female dogs. We'll just put her on some female hormones and a decongestant. . .one a day. . .that'll solve the problem."

I tried to look surprised as he wrote out a prescription for the local drug store. "This looks like the same kind of hormones my grandmother takes for hot flashes?" I commented.

"The very same," he said.

I filled the prescription for the female hormones and took Star home. . .after the promised walk in the park.

I was so excited. When I got back I gave Pat a call. His mother answered the telephone and I asked her how Pat was doing and if she'd given the "lake" idea any thought.

"I've thought about it," she said in a most friendly way. She said that 'Patti' was up in 'her' room catching up on some reading for next year.

That didn't sound at all like the Pat I knew. When I asked whether it was alright to come over for a visit, she assured me that "Patti" always enjoyed my company. As she stated, "You have always been a best friend and a good influence."

I was about to ask what she meant by 'Patti' and 'she', but felt that the time was not right.

About 6 PM, I knocked on Pat's door. His mother answered and greeted me warmly. She said, "Patti's in her room. She'll be down shortly, but I want to talk to you."

"Okay," I said uncomfortably.

She began with, "Tom, I trust you, but Pat has proven he can't be trusted around those guys at the lake. They just want to get him on drugs. If I let him go as a boy, he'll just get in trouble and be a long haired hood."

I made myself cozy on the living room couch hoping that the purple pills in my pocket wouldn't rattle.

She continued, "But he's been so good since you two have renewed your friendship. You probably wondered why I've bought him all those girlish things. Because he stays home and out of trouble! Pat's been so much more focused on the good things such as reading. The point is that he can go anywhere, anytime with you, but only as 'Patti'. Is that okay with you?"

"It okay with me if it's okay with Pat," I announced. "He doesn't embarrass me as long as he acts the part."

"I'll take care of that," she said. "You two make a game of his dressing up and I'll buy him whatever he needs to be really fit in as a girl."

"The old 'Pat' I know would never go for this."

"That's the point. . .he's found something comforting in all this. He fascinated with his feminine image in the

mirror. My tactic is to cultivate it---I'm taking him shopping for bright panties, bras, lacy little slips, low-cut dresses and mini-skirts. Anything is better than seeing my son in jail."

About ten seconds later, Pat entered the room. I had not heard him descend the stairs. The "point" was obvious by what he was wearing.

He had on the tightest pink shorts, a tight body hugging t-shirt which accentuated his kinetic breast swelling, and white tennis shoes with pink ankle socks peeking out of the top. The shorts were not only tight fitting, but extremely short. The legs ended at the top of his thighs. The shorts were redundantly held in place with a wide white belt.

My jaw dropped as his mother smiled.

His hair was in masses of tight curls, which made it look shorter but still fell below his shoulders. He wore pink lipstick and pink nail polish. All in all, he looked like a petite teenage girl.

Blushing, he immediately walked over to me and to my astonishment, reached up and gave me a peck on the cheek. His mother beamed as he performed the obviously planned etiquette.

"It's very nice to see you again," Pat said with a soft, feminine voice. Again I was startled. His voice was much higher than when I had last seen him.

"It's good to see you again, Pat," I replied.

"Please call him Patti," his mother said, "You'd have to remember he's a girl if I let you two go to the lake."

"How could I forget?" I asked, peeking at his figure.

"I'm trying to get used to it," Pat said, "Mom's going to try to call me 'Patti' around the house."

"Patti, eh?" I questioned. "Why not a really feminine name like Nancy or Linda or Bambi or. . ."

His mother interrupted by saying, "Patti is a sweet girl's name and easy for all of us to remember. Besides, I think he looks like a Patti."

He never looked more luscious and girlish. "Oh? You really want to go to the lake THIS BAD?" I questioned Pat.

He bowed his head, looked at his mother and nodded.

"Yes Tom," Pat's mother said, "Patti's going into training. He needs to learn how other girls his age act and think. . .especially when he's in a swimsuit."

"But how??" I stammered, "I mean he would be nearly naked in a girl's suit. How will he. . .hide. . .stuff."

"Oh, I understand, Tom," his mother said, "Patti doesn't have to worry about that any longer. . ."

"Huh???"

"He doesn't have to worry about that." she smiled, "Take a good look. Do you see anything male?"

I looked over the effeminate figure in front of me.

"Pat is wearing the most marvelous device that allows him to go almost naked without showing any embarrassing bulge. Haven't you wondered how he can wear those tight shorts without showing a protrusion?" Pat's mother asked. "Doesn't he look girlish?"

"Oh?" I stared seeing Pat blush a deep red. I noticed his eyes were highlighted and that really brought out the blue in his eyes. The overall effect was extremely feminine. How odd to be evaluating my buddy's unmanly traits. Weird, but interesting.

"Patti, show Tom your 'support'," his mother said.

Again blushing profusely, "He doesn't want to see it," Pat pleaded.

"Yes, he does," his mother stated, "Don't you?"

I nodded.

Pat unbuckled his shorts and 'peeled' them down his legs. At that time I noticed that Pat's shapely legs were cleanly shaven and quite lovely. There wasn't any of the noticeable muscle bulges I remembered.

With the shorts off, Pat was nearly naked since he wasn't wearing any panties. His mother explained that panties would leave a panty line which would detract from the smooth lines. With the shorts off, I noticed that he didn't have any normal genitalia dangling where they should be. Not even a small lump.

"What happened to his. . .you know what?" I asked.



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His mother giggled and instructed Pat to show me the 'support'. Coming closer, I noticed a flesh colored strap about his hips.

"It's called a 'Marvel G Panty'," his mother explained, "It's made for women who want to wear skin tight pants and a sanitary pad during that 'time of the month'. But it's a marvelous device for keeping unwanted appendages from view too."

She went on to explain that it was installed by pushing Pat's maleness into his body cavity before pulling the device up over the hips.

I gasped, "How do you take it off to. . .?"

He interrupted, "Mom says I shouldn't remove it."

"He doesn't need to, once it's in place," she added, "the device is on continually so that he gets used to it. Progressive use is needed to insure the best results. If he took it off at the beach, he might not get it back on right."

"It's real hard to get on right," Pat rationalized.

I asked, "But, how do you. . .?"

"Oh, it has this little hole placed such that I 'go' through it. Of course I have to sit down to do it. But Mom insists that I get used to that," he explained.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Not any more," Pat said with what sounded like resignation. "I'm getting used to it. It's not easy to mold a guy's organs to resemble a girl's,"

"Mold." I said thinking about how Pat would feel walking down the beach with his maleness molded and constrained by a girl's swimsuit bottom.

"He'll need a swimsuit?" I stated. "Can he wear a bikini?"

"Now don't you worry about that, Tom," his mother interrupted, "He'll have everything he needs by the time you go. Right now, Patti must learn to be a girl. He needs you and me to treat him like one."

Pat slid his shorts back up his legs and attached the wide belt. He was for all outward appearances a pretty teenage girl.

"No problem, I can treat him like a girl," I said.



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JUST LIKE A GIRL

The next night, I went over for dinner and Pat had on a print dress with a full skirt. He wore nylons, his feet squeezed into sassy high heeled shoes. His hair was done up and he had makeup on. He looked just like a teenage girl.

"Well? You can't say I'm not trying?" he said.

It was odd. His pushed-up breasts pressed out the front so that the dress fit him perfectly.

He turned his back to me and I saw the bulk of his blonde hair swing luxuriously around his shoulders. His hair seemed so much longer as it bobbed in rhythm with his movements.

"See how long it is!" he exclaimed. Then pointing to a place in the middle of his back, he said, "Mom says it will be this long by next year!"

It was straight with a curl at the bottom and long bangs that curled back to the sides. It looked just like his mother's, only a little shorter.

"Well?" he asked, his hands on his teenybopper like hips.

"Gawd," I said, "You do look good, but if I come over here someday and you tell me you're having a baby, I'm splitting!"

He blushed, "No plans for a baby. . .not yet!"

After dinner, Pat's Mom said, "Why don't you and Tom go for a drive?" She gave us the keys to her car. We took them and she asked if I would drive since Pat's drivers license showed him as a boy and his clothing contradicted that.

"Where do you want to go, Pat, er Patti?" I asked.

"Somewhere where we can talk," he said softly, playing with the hem of his dress,

I drove to this deserted spot I knew about. He was excited about getting out of the house. "I'm just not sure about wearing a swimsuit at the lake. Maybe I'll just wear shorts."

"Shorts?" I moaned, "No way. I want to see you walk up the beach in a bikini with all the guys looking at your legs. What a trip that would be."

"I think Mom has a one-piece in mind for my first trip to the beach," he replied.

"First trip? She's going to let us go more than once?"

"I think so. She's really into training me. She even removed my boy's clothes from my room this morning."

"Whatever she's doing is working. You sure don't look like the guy I knew a few months ago."

Looking down at his nyloned knees, Pat said, "It's this dress. In it I don't feel much like a guy. I think that it's wearing these push-up bras all the time. Makes me feel like a girl."

"Do you miss going out with your buddies, not to mention dating the girls?" I asked.

"Not really. It's just that I get lonesome for going to the movies and such," he replied.

"Well, you shouldn't worry about that," I replied, "I will go with you, anytime. Hey, I have something for you. . ." I handed him the bottle of pills already in a vitamin bottle.

"What are these?"

"What we talked about."

"No way, I can't take these," he said staring at the purple pills.

I shook my head, then said, "You've taken every drug any street dealer ever gave you. . .these are prescription. Just take one in the morning and one in the evening before you go to bed."

"What else do I have to do?" he asked.

"You just work on pushing up enough to fill that bikini top."

Pat looked over at me and sarcastically thanked me for the gesture. Then replied nervously, "Are you serious? You want me to have breasts?"

"I'm saying, just take the pills for a while and see what unfolds."

"I might be wearing a brassiere because I needed one! Wouldn't you be embarrassed?"

I answered, "I would if you looked like a boy, but you appear to be a hot young lady. Now just imagine what a little hormones would do?"

He blushed at my comment but put the pills in his purse. We talked for a while longer then I started the car and we returned to his house. I parked the car and he and I walked to his front door.

"I've got to go now," I stated, "But do you want to go to the movies in a couple of days?"

He eagerly agreed saying that he wanted to see a new movie that had just opened. We agreed upon a time and I left him.

As I was walking away, he entered his house and I saw his mother greet him at the door. As the door closed, I heard her say that she had a surprise for him.

SURPRISE

The next day I called Pat to confirm a time for the movie. I told him that I had heard what his mother had said as I walked away and I asked him what the surprise was.

He stuttered and stammered a little then said that he would show me when I came over to pick him up. He said that his mother wouldn't let him meet me at the movies and that I'd have to pick him up. I told him that it was okay by me and that I'd pick him up at 7:00 PM.

The next evening, I showed up at Pat's door at exactly 7:00. I knocked and was surprised to see Pat answer the door. He was wearing a red miniskirt and near translucent blouse through which one could see his bra and slip. His feet were in red slippers and nude colored nylons adorned his legs. His hair was curled in a very feminine style which emphasized his delicate facial features. He wore a moderate amount of makeup with some eyeliner and a coral lipstick.

"What if it had not been me?" I asked, "What if it had been one of the students at school collecting for something?"

"I don't know. . . Mom probably would have made me answer the door anyway," he replied, "She said that it looked like I was going to mostly be a girl for the summer and that we weren't going to hide it."

"Hey," he said, "what do you think?" He motioned down at the prominent protrusions tenting out his blouse.

I was shocked. I asked, "No. . . they didn't grow. . ."

"Don't be silly," he said, then whispered, "I am taking the pills but mom suggested you might like me in a bigger cupped bra. Like it?"

"Sure. You do look so different; older. . ."

"More mature. . .and there's more," he answered and led me into his living room where his mother was seated. "Did Tom notice my little surprise?" she asked.

"No Mom," Pat replied.

"Well dear, I'm sure Tom is interested in anything you do to make yourself more of a presentable young lady. Show him, my dear," she said.

A flush came to Pat's face and he pulled his hair from around his ears. In each ear was a small gold ball. Instead of a clip to hold them on, it was obvious that they were for pierced ears. Pat looked down as he saw my astonishment. "Aren't the holes permanent?" I asked.

"Well, they will be soon," his mother answered proudly. "One of the girls in the hair salon asked why Patti didn't have her ears pierced like the other girls. Now he does!"

"How exciting. A nice touch of realism. He'll be able to wear long dangling earrings! That should make him feel more feminine."

"Oh, I still worry about him," his mother answered, "I don't want him to have any problems."

"What problem! My mother is turning me into a girl!" Pat stated. "What problems can I have?"

"I just want you to be perfect," his mother stammered. "Tom. You surely have noticed Pat's bosom. The Marvel Bra is doing marvelous things to his chest. He's now

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wearing a padded 'B-C' cup. He'll look great in a swimsuit! Oops, I mean 'she'!"

"You keep referring to Pat as 'she'. Don't you think that is wrong?" I asked.

"Of course not Tom. Look at him. Does he look like a boy now?" she asked. I had to reply that Pat obviously looked very feminine. "So? Should we treat our little 'Patti' like a girl or a boy?" she pressed.

"Uh. . . he looks like a girl," I answered.

"And how does one refer to someone who wears sweet little lingerie and 'acts' like a girl?" Pat's mother pressed.

"As 'she'," I replied.

"Correct," she replied, "Therefore, is Patti a 'she' or a 'he'?" his mother replied.

"A. . . a 'she'?" I stammered.

"Again correct," she replied, "Now you two don't get into any trouble. You should be on your way. The movie starts soon. Be sure to have Patti home by 11:00, Tom. She has to get her beauty sleep."

Then turning to Pat, she said, "Honestly dear, be careful with your short skirt. Don't let it ride up. You can be suggestive without people seeing your pretty panties," she joked. Blushing, Pat assured her that he would be careful.

As we walked to my truck, Pat walked ahead of me. It was obvious by the wiggle in his walk that the tight skirt was restricting his movements. That plus the two inch heels he was wearing produced a feminine wiggle to his walk.

I hurried ahead to open the passenger side door for him. It became obvious that Pat would need help getting into the cab. It was too high and his tight skirt again restricted his motion. I offered him my hand for balance while he lifted his skirt a little to allow enough freedom of movement to step into the open door.

I did get a glimpse of his red and white frilly panties as he entered the cab with as much grace as he could muster. I felt sorry for him and his struggle. A while ago he would have bounded into the cab while wearing his jeans; but now he had to be careful in his tight skirts.

The movie was in the mall across town and it took a while to reach it. He didn't have as much trouble exiting

the truck as entering it. We walked next to each other into the mall and up to the ticket booth.

I volunteered to purchase both tickets since it would look a little strange having Pat purchase his own ticket when it was obvious that we were together. The movie was quite good. Pat gave me some money for popcorn and drinks. Between the food and the movie, it was a most pleasant experience.

After leaving the movie, I asked him if he would like to get a soda at a drive-in close by. On the way to the drive-in, I realized that Pat looked like a girl---as pretty as any in our class.

Pat said, "We'd better drive around the block first and see if we know anyone?" Good thing we did, I saw three cars I knew!

My heart was pounding as I said, "This is crazy. Do you realize what would happen if we got caught with you dressed like this?"

About that time, a racy car zoomed up with four guys in it. We both knew them from school. They might have been drinking. They started yelling, "Hey Tom. You and your babe, follow us. We're going to a party."

I pointed to my watch and yelled, "Got to get her home!"

They raced away. Once they were safely out of sight, we laughed until we cried. "Those guys thought you were a 'babe'," I laughed. "Maybe we should go out of town for that soda."

"No, that was too close." Pat looked frightened and asked me to take him home. I turned my car around and he was quiet the entire trip to his house.

Immediately after I stopped the truck, he opened the door and slid out of the cab. "Don't call me for a few days, Tom," he stated, "I need to figure all this out." I nodded my head and he quickly ran into his house.

I was embarrassed by being involved in the near "unveiling" of Pat in a dress and embarrassed by my "encouragement". I didn't call or see him for several days.

I guess that I was afraid that he'd get depressed and tell his mother about the pills and stuff.

But after a couple of days, I overcame my complex and my concern for Pat came to the forefront. I called him up and said, "Movie Friday night?"

"Sure but. . . I have an appointment early Saturday morning. . . I'll be wearing a dress?"

"Good!" I said. It was all in fun. . .

FIRST FLIRT

We went to the west side of town. No one from our college went over there, so we felt safe.

I was filling my truck up with gas and had run in to pay. When I came out there was a guy leaning into my truck and I heard him say, "I'm Jack," the guy boasted, "I've never seen you in this part of town before, and I know all the girls. What's your name?"

I was speechless, unaware of what sound would come out of his mouth. I had to do something. I rushed to the car and said, "She's my date tonight!"

"Next time," Jack said casually and walked back to a group of boys.

I said to Pat, "That was a close call. We'd better never do this again. They would have killed us."

"I can't believe we lived," Pat said. "I thought I was going to be sick."

I agreed, "Can you believe that you got away with this. That guy never had a clue that you weren't a girl." I shyly admitted, "Scary but also very exciting in a way."

"Jack liked me, didn't he," Pat said breathlessly, his face flushed.

I raised my eyebrows and accused, "You liked that!"

His breath quickened and his cheeks colored fiercely. His fingers played with the hem of his dress.

"Do you know what that guy wanted?" I stated, getting a little excited seeing Pat so embarrassed. "Are you woman enough for that?" I pressed. My thoughts were racing dangerously. "You liked that guy making a pass at you. You found it exciting?"

Pat looked at me like he was photographing me with his eyes. Biting his lip, he as casually as he could manage muttered uneasily, "You did too."

I'm sure the color drained from my face. He was right.

"Okay," I whispered, "I liked seeing a guy treat you like a chick. The question is. . . would you do it again?"

"I don't know, I was terrified."

"Yeah," I admitted, "me too. We could have some fun but we have to make sure you aren't caught?"

"You know we shouldn't be doing this? We're liable to get in big trouble," Pat said, then added, "but I'm game for whatever you have in mind."

I nodded my head.

You'd think we would have stopped all this craziness but over next few weeks, instead, Pat worked on getting better at imitating a girl.

It was like an exhilarating sport for us. We figured out ways for Pat to tease guys, yet not go too far to get us killed.

Pat began to insist that I call him by his girl's name, "Patti" when we were alone. I was to treat him like a teenage girl. He said, "You wouldn't want to foul-up at the wrong time, would you?"

We decided that his mother shouldn't know we were doing anything as irresponsible as our "tease night" as I called it.

He would call me and whisper, "We just got back from shopping. I talked mom into a new dress. . . a low-cut red one that the guys are going to love! I feel so naughty."

Was Pat a BAD influence on me?

We continued to go out driving several times a week. The game went like this. . . after the first glancing tease, Pat would avoid any further eye contact with boys in the next car. Sometimes they followed us. . . As we drove around, we talked honestly about what we were doing and the sensations each of us felt.

Pat admitted, "I feel scared. It's like I'm a docile plaything or prey for the gangs of boys driving around. They are so much stronger and bigger, they could just overpower me." He batted his eyelashes.

I confessed, "I'd like to see a guy kiss you and see you squirm."

He shuddered visibly at the thought, "A guy kissing me. . . maybe putting his tongue in my mouth would probably make me choke. . . but I'd try it if you wanted me to."

Pat's hair was getting so long that he had to put it up in rollers every night or it got wild. It had been styled into a girlish blunt cut by only barely trimming the split ends. Under the influence of those conditioners and tender care, his hair was growing at almost an inch per month.

Even after a tight curl, his hair fell below his shoulders.

At the salon he learned to use the tools of femininity and became an expert with a hair blower, hot iron curler, barrettes, combs and hair spray. I loved it when he teased and ratted his hair then added a bright pink bow in the back. He'd smile when I'd say, "You're going to drive the boys crazy tonight!"

His hair was longer than almost any girl we saw. It was like the more experience he had as a girl, the longer and faster his hair grew.

If college started then, he'd have to do some pretty radical things to make his hair look at all boyish. We both knew if his mother knew about our "tease nights", she would march him down to the barber.

By the end of the month, Pat had talked his mother into buying him all new bras in the larger size. His mother was happy because Pat stayed at home and never went out except with me.

His mother bought him a lot of new clothes, including some pants but they were girl's clothes because they flattered his figure, even the pants zipped up the side and back.

We were still making plans to go to the lake later in the summer and his mother would say to me, "Don't worry Tom, I won't let you down."

She treated him completely like a daughter, even insisting that he sleep in night gowns. I found out because one night I dropped over and his Mom let me in. There was Pat polishing his toe nails and wearing a pink nightgown. His hair was up in curlers.

When he saw me, his cheeks turned the shade of the nightgown. "Mom, how could you?" he cried. "He shouldn't see me like this!" I told him that it was alright.

His mother said, "Patti, get Tom a coke and you two can go to your room and talk."

Pat obeyed and we went to his room. His breasts were quite noticeable now and they pushed out the front of his gown and even jiggled when he walked fast.

When we walked into his room, I noticed a few bikini's and a new dress on the bed. "Bikinis? Are those yours?" I asked.

He looked embarrassed. "I think I look silly in them."

"But can you keep the top from coming off?" I sniggered.

"I do okay on that front," he defended, "I keep taking the pills but all they are doing is making me fat." His fleshy nipples pressed out the front of his nightgown where a flat chest should have been.

I noticed that he was wearing sort of a bra beneath his nightgown. At least it was like a bra but it had no cups, only the push-up underwire to hold his chest up and out.

This made his girlish breasts slope outward to large nipples that pushed the front of his transparent top out like any 16 year old girls breasts would. As he traipsed back to his chair, each fleshy point daintily moved gently against his nylon top. I tried not to stare but he noticed.

"Even without a bra, they're tender and fairly pronounced," he said running his fingers over the tips. "A layer of fat has built up under my skin. My skin feels so cushiony."

"That nighty looks hot on you," I commented.

He ran his hands over the dainty nightgown and said, "I love the feel of nylon and soft material against my smooth skin. I wish I could tell you how it feels."

Pat's hair now hung below his shoulders and he contentedly continued to gently brush it as he and I talked about the lake and 'tease night'.

This whole dressing up "thing" had gotten out of control yet I was unable to "do the right thing."

Pat loved going out and being seen as a girl and I enjoyed it too. He had become an expert with a curling iron, sometimes wearing his hair in a cluster of ringlets down the back. His mother's 'training' was exposing him to all things feminine---he took up sewing, could cook a cake and he read fashion magazines for fun.

I didn't know if it was the hormones or the confidence gained by going out---his face took on a feminine softness and girliness. His glowing skin and complexion was

that of a precocious, sensitive girl, blushing at the slightest flirt.

The hormones had unquestionably started to change his figure. Not greatly but he commented, "The irritation of my nightgown's fabric against my nipples drives me wacky. Feel!"

I looked and saw they had "budded". From my reading, I knew a hardness under the nipple was causing the irritation. His nipples looked swollen and sensitive.

The swelling wasn't a trick, nor was it just an outgrowth of fat. This jutting out was an obvious "filling out", like small seeds pressing against the ground surface, hoping to blossom.

"Maybe you should stop taking the pills," I suggested, not really knowing what they would do to Pat. It seemed that his nipples had doubled in size---from quarters to that of half dollars. They were nipples that belonged on large breasts not on his relatively juvenile ones.

"I thought you wanted me to look good in a bikini?" he asked.

I said, "Okay 'nipples'. Keep taking them."

I already knew that he was very soft looking and wouldn't look too funny in a bikini. It wasn't like he was a muscleman.

"Want to see me in my bikinis?" he asked. "Come to dinner tomorrow. I'll model a few and let you see for yourself."

WHAT'S ON TOP?

"I'm almost ready?" Pat yelled down to his mother with a sparkle in his voice. I was taken back by the enthusiasm he displayed to his mother.

His mother said to me, "I had some concern at first that Pat may not be able to hide his 'shortcomings' but he's worked real hard to have a most realistic girlish front."

"Oh," I replied again taken back by the extent with which Pat's mother was pursuing the feminine training of her son.

She continued, "The constant wearing of the strap has made him so much smaller. I allowed him to remove it for an hour last week and he joked saying he had a

hard time finding IT. You'll be surprised at how much it now looks like a girls'."

Half an hour later I heard an "TA DA," at the entrance to the room. Looking up I saw Pat standing there wearing a colorful summer style print dress with a full, bouffant skirt. The dress was white with bright flowers. The dress hem hung about an inch above his knees and swung back and forth as he stood there with his hands behind his back.

The top of the dress was tight fitting to highlight Pat's impressive breasts. The sleeves were short and puffy, fitting tightly about his soft upper arms. His arms showed none of the muscular definition he had only a short time ago.

He wore no nylons over his smooth legs and a pair of white sandals with 3" heels covered his feet. His long hair was styled in a flip that flowed around his bare shoulders. A bright red ribbon was tied in a bow at the back of his hair.

Pat smiled as he entered the room and his mother asked, "Tom, what do you think of your friend now? Bet you won't be ashamed to be seen with 'her' at the lake."

Pat twirled around making the skirt float above his knees.

"Wow, it's beautiful, Pat," I stuttered.

"If you call me Patti," Pat whispered, "it makes me feel less weird."

"Uh..okay," I stammered as I stood up. "If you're sure. You glow and you are so. . ."

"Feminine?" his mother interrupted.

"Yeah," I said, adding, "rather sexy too."

"Thank you, Tom,"

"Give your friend a nice 'thank you' kiss, like I taught you," Pat's mother suggested. Obediently Pat minced over to me and shyly reached his face up to mine and gave me a peck on the cheek.

"That's so sweet," his mother said proudly as Pat returned to his chair and crossed his legs above the knees. "Just like a young lady!"

I was astonished at how feminine Pat now looked and acted. His mincing walk was all girl. He handled the 3" heels of his sandals with ease.

"But what about the beach and a swimsuit?" I asked.

"Show him dear," his mother said.

Pat sexily reached behind his back and pulled down the long zipper exposing a matching flowered print bikini.

Pat removed his dress and bent at the waist to place it on the table in front of me. His soft round breasts in the cups of the bikini top moved gently and he saw where my eyes were looking.

"Nice eh?" his mother pointed out. Pat was not at all embarrassed by his bosom. They appeared well shaped and firm. My attention turned to his high cut bikini bottom. I was speechless as he turned his back to me. I saw his long hair down past his shoulders and the creamy white smooth legs that ended at well rounded hips.

His mother said, "I just know that you two are going to have a lot of fun at the lake. And Tom, I'm counting on you to keep Pat away from the gangs and drugs."

"Of course," I stammered still searching for some sight of my "buddy."

"He's still got a lot to learn," his mother stated as Pat put his dress back on, "but we still have some time."

"A lot to learn!" Pat said, batting his eyelashes at me. "Hair, makeup, fashion. . ." Pat turned to me and asked if I would like to take a drive. The weather was quite warm and it was stuffy inside.

I had nothing else going so I agreed. Taking my arm, I led Pat out the door while a rather proud looking mother watched us from the porch. "Now don't you two be too late, you hear?"

"We won't mother," Pat said after securing himself comfortably in the passenger side of my truck. "We're just going for a ride."

I started the engine and Pat waved to his mother as we moved down the road.

"She's taking this 'dressing up' stuff kind of seriously, don't you think?" I asked.

Pat smiled. "Dressing up? Oh, you mean buying me all these clothes," Pat said, "I guess. It's just that it's kind of 'naughty' fun for both of us."

"Naughty?"

He blushed, "Mother says that most boys could never look like I do in a dress."

"Most. . .none I know would even want to." I stated.

"You were right the first time," he smiled. "I'm not the first boy who ever put on a dress and I'm not the last. I just look good in them."

"Pat, you're not just dressing this way to please your mother?" I returned.

"No, I'm not, Tom," he said seriously. "I've never been very good at sports, school or really anything. I'm learning about being a girl and Mother says I'm wonderful at it. I dress this way because I look good and it's fun. . .for you too?"

"Okay, Pat. It's fun for me too."

"I like to be called 'Patti,' remember?"

"Okay Patti," I smiled, "Let's experiment with your little hobby. I've got an idea---are you ready for some mischief?"

LIPS, LIPS and MORE LIPS

I had watched Pat spend a lot of time getting ready for the club. I really though he'd chicken out when I announced, "Tonight, you are going to get kissed!"

"Ooooh," he said feeling a ripple of excitement. "Do you think I'm ready?"

"Ready or not, tonight a man is going to kiss you. . .if I have to do it myself!"

Pat smiled. He wore lots of make-up and curled then teased his hair into a wild almost whoreish look. Perfume, lots of perfume and long dangling earrings. His mother came in and gave a reluctant final approval.

Pat's mother yelled as we walked out the door, "Have a good time. . .but not too good!" I realized how scared she was that Pat might get back into drugs and trouble.

She told me earlier that she felt 'kooky' buying her son dresses and sexy lingerie but they looked so nice on him and she just couldn't take the chance of him backsliding into drugs.

We walked into the teen dance club. It was for 18 to 25 year olds and didn't serve alcohol. We had been thrillingly planning this for weeks but I could tell Pat was nervous. I wasn't about to let him off the hook. I whispered, "You know the story, I'll stick around as your

date until I find the guy to kiss you. Then I'm your brother."

Pat nodded then reached in his red leather purse and took out a lipstick. He adjusted the bodice of his tight dress and noticed the guys watching. They were staring at the long haired feminine image next to me.

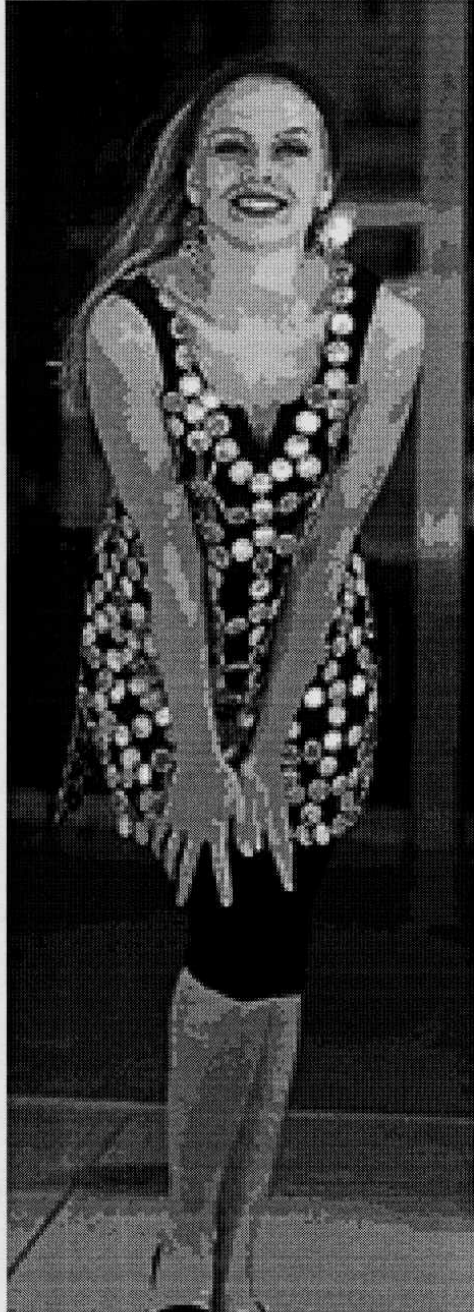
The excitement was so strong, I felt both our heartbeats skyrocket. His closeness was so feminine, so filled with a giddy sense of adventure.

A big, fat hairy guy smiled at Pat and he turned away in embarrassment. A blush tinted his face and he looked at me like, "Please, not that one!" I smiled knowingly.

The place was bursting at the seams and was very dark. We had to "rub" our way through just to get to the soft drink bar.

I took Pat's bare arm, his flesh prickled as he saw that the guys way outnumbered the girls. The boys gawked as he walked by and Pat watched me, watching them, to see who I would pick to be his "first kiss."

I was sure he felt vulnerable in his short skirts and perched on high heels. Pat's face became pale and I could tell he was having second thoughts as the guys were sizing him up.



He adjusted the bodice of his tight dress and noticed the guys watching. They were staring at the long haired feminine image next to me.

"It's too crowded," he yelled. "We should come back another time!"

I shook my head and whispered, "Not until you get kissed. You promised. . ."

He whispered into my ear, "I can't believe we're doing this. If we get caught, they'll need dental records to identify us."

"And once you get kissed, you'll never be the same!" He looked like he might faint as I appraised the men for just the right one. One that exuded masculinity.

"Him!" I clandestinely pointed.

Pat hesitated for a moment, watching the fellow in profile. He looked at me for salvation but found none.

As planned, we walk over and placed our drinks near the tall, handsome young man about twenty five. His clean and manly scent was in sharp contrast to Pat's flowery perfume. Pat's eyes pleaded not to leave him but I walked away just in time to see Pat's rehearsed playful smile.

Shivers of delight went through me as the tall fellow asked Pat to dance. I saw Pat smile and purse his lips in apprehension, bright blonde tendrils floated carelessly around his forehead and cheeks. I almost swooned as Pat headed for the dance floor, marveling at his hip-swinging walk---his high heels making clicking sounds on the hardwood floors.

The tall guy was a good dancer and I went up to the D.J. and slipped him a five to play a slow dance next.

I wish I knew what Pat was feeling when the tall guy wrapped his arms around Pat and one hand swooped down his dress and boldly roamed over his protruding rear. I watched as the fellow held Pat close; grinding his hips against Pats.

To my surprise, Pat accepted the embrace passively but looked around to see if I was watching. The young man pulled Pat even closer. I could tell Pat excited him.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

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It wasn't just the long blonde hair or sassy breasts he'd discovered, it was probably the way Pat responded to him. . .there was something very demure and shy about Pat---like this sweet thing was intimidated by his masculinity. A very powerful aphrodisiac to a male.

I asked a girl to dance and pretty much left Pat with the tall gentleman. They danced, talked and danced and pretty soon I saw them head for the dark corner of the club---the "necking corner".

Suddenly, Pat broke away from the tall stranger and headed my way. He came up to me and whispered in my ear, "I'm going to wet my panties!"

"The ladies room is right over there---and you better tuck good!"

"I know," he said, like I was stupid. "He thinks I'm a very special girl!"

"You are! Is he making any moves on you?"

"Yeah," he said. "Move over near the corner so you can watch me get kissed."

"Scared?"

"Terrified!" Pat heaved with an anxious smile, "You had to pick the most virile guy in the club. . .or he's got a gun in his pocket."

I moved over to the dark corner so that I could watch but not appear voyeuristic. Pat spent so long in the ladies room that both the tall stranger and I thought he'd left.

Pat finally showed up, his hair swinging to the music and the sway of his hips. With a fresh coat of lipstick,



Pat looked worried when I pointed out the guy.

Pat sat next to the stranger and to my surprise snuggled in close.

The man quickly had an arm around Pat's shoulder and they talked for a minute. Pat could see me, but the guy couldn't. Suddenly it was getting close. The stranger took Pat's chin in his hands and gently kissed his lips. Pat's eyes bulged from bewilderment and my heart hammered against my ribs.

Then the smack turned into a deep kiss clinging lusciously like a touch of a thrilling new love. Pat's head was turned backwards from the desirous pressure of his devotee's kiss and his breasts jutted out wantonly.

Watching breathlessly, I saw the stranger's hand gently but respectfully touch one titty and caress it for a moment. Pat quickly took his hand away and for a while protected his breasts by crossing his arms.

Unaware of me or the others around, Pat snuggled contentedly close to the virile gentleman and they kissed again and again until Pat pulled away to get his breath. He made sure I was watching and smiled smugly at me with a look that said, "Look at me, I'm a wild woman!"

They "made out" for a long time. Apprehensive at first, Pat couldn't suppress his sensations. Being kissed was like a drug, lulling his sensibility into submission. It was like he had no idea how to make this guy stop. Male fingers on his curled hair sent chills up his spine.

The original plan was to just get Pat "kissed" and leave but I could see each kiss and touch by the guy was refashioning Pat's self-assurance as a female.

I wondered what this guy would think if he knew what each masculine touch and kiss was doing to my feminized buddy's spirit.

It was almost curfew when I came up to the nuzzling duo and said, "Sis, we have to go." After a quick good-bye, we made our way to the car and speed away in silence.

"That was great," I announced, breaking the ice. "Did you like it?"

His eyes seemed filled with a strange inner excitement. He heaved a sigh of disbelief and asked, "Was I really kissed by a guy for the last hour?"

"Almost two hours!" I corrected, "And I saw you kissing back!"

"I wasn't going to," he announced almost proudly, "but I got carried away. The first kiss was for you but during the second kiss I tried to say something, and his meaty tongue filled the silky insides of my mouth and cheeks. I tried not to think of what was happening to me. His tongue tasted masculine and sort of salty. I tried not to swallow but his tongue entered again."

I interrupted, "I loved it when he tried to feel you up."

"I knew you would. That was so kinky. I should feel ashamed of myself."

"Why," I asked, "He liked it, I liked it and you are getting used to it. You are making a couple guys happy. If you got kissed enough, would you forget you're a guy under that skirt and frilly underclothes?"

Pat just shook his head at my ludicrous question. He looked relaxed and seemed to have a dreamy glow on his half open eyes.

At home, I walked Pat to the door. Pat was walking with a new swing to his hips and my eyes rested on his shapely hips and short skirt.

"I bet you'll have strange dreams tonight?"

"I know, I know," he fantasized. With a manicured hand propped on his hip, he batted his long sweeping eyelashes and said, "He made me feel like a woman."

"You know what this means? After this encounter, you can go anywhere as a girl! Maybe we'll even find you a boyfriend?"

That night Pat slipped into his silky nightgown and climbed into bed thinking of everything he'd done that evening. It made him shake from head to toe. He reassured himself that it meant nothing and was all in fun; just for kicks, right?

The next morning, I went over and had a late breakfast with Pat and his mother. As Pat cooked bacon and eggs, his blonde hair was pulled back in a high ponytail with a red ribbon, curled at the ends giving a look of demure femininity---a luscious little adolescent blonde.

His mother asked, "So you two were out rather late last night?"

Pat was wearing a skin tight pair of blue denim jeans and a light-weight, white cotton blouse---open enough to show a little cleavage. His face was lightly made-up

with mascara and pink lipstick that matched the color of his polished fingernails.

His mother asked again, "Too much fun last night?"

Pat blushed, I assume because the next questions were going to be about where we went and what we did. He was right.

"Did you two dance?" she asked and Pat nodded. "Dear, did any other boys ask you to dance?" she asked, observing his downcast eyes.

Pat nodded nervously running a hand down his girlish figure, his cheeks now a bright red.

"Oh, you little heart breaker," his mother giggled, breaking the silence, "I knew that dress would be sexy on you. Bet you had 'em standing in line." Pat's cheeks were beet red when his mother added, "Dear, it's okay. With the way your bottom looks in a tight skirt, you're bound to have guys sniffing around. Do you want to go again?"

Pat nodded and it was then silent again as Pat gained his composure and finished cooking. His mother continued, "Dances can be such fun. I'll just have to you how to be really flirtatious and sexy." Turning to me, she asked, "Would that bother you, Tom?"

"Naw, I think it's a kick. All the girls wearing tons of make-up and slutty dresses and guess who gets all the attention!"

Pat smiled.

"Well, we don't want our little beauty here to look like a streetwalker, however. . ." she stopped, seeing her son glow, "Dear, if you want, I'll get you that short, little knit dress we looked at last week. That would really show off your legs and get you a lot of attention."

"That would be great, mom!" Pat said shyly.

AGAIN AND AGAIN

The next week, we went back to the club. Pat wore his new black knit dress and a collection of ribbons in his blonde hair which had been piled on top of his head in a crown of soft curls. He looked sexy and sophisticated.

All week he and his mother had been planning what he'd wear and it showed. He was by far the best dressed girl in the club and it didn't go unnoticed.



Pat was proud of his girlish figure. He'd say, "I have you to

There was a song playing about a "kiss" and I looked at Pat and he smiled. Neither of us had talked about what happened last time and I wasn't sure what he was feeling until a fellow came over to claim a dance.

"Hold my purse," Pat giggled, handing me his small beaded handbag. I hastily sat it down on the bar. I wasn't about to hold his purse for very long.

Again Pat took to the dance floor with a man, the pressure of his arms taking control of my friend.

After several dances, I watched Pat take the chosen fellow over to the necking corner. I had already taken my position to watch. Impatiently, the young man worked fast and was quickly probing Pat's painted lips, perhaps excited by an unfamiliar spicy taste and the familiar sensuous softness of a feminine body.

Prudishly, Pat returned the kisses, still thrilled by the novelty of a man's taste and strong hands on his body. Any guilt seemed to evaporate in a sea of feminine sensations.

It became a routine and we were at the club almost every weekend. We often saw the same people and Pat told his suitors he was playing it cool and they liked the idea that he wasn't "easy" and had morals. It only made the guys try harder and soon there were a couple special ones.

Under the pressure of "male suitors", Pat's femininity blossomed. I guess the hormones were helping too. His skin seemed whiter, his lips a vivid red, his big blue eyes and arched eyebrows, everything expressed, "femininity."

He was beginning to take for granted those little considerations which men give to ladies. He waited for doors to be opened for him and never had to buy a drink. There was always a seat made available at the crowded bar.

I found his interests changing too. He stopped looking at girl's bodies but never missed a stylish dress or good figure. . .comparing them to his own.

None of the clothes his mother bought him did anything to hide his curves; the rounded bust, the deep inward curve of his waist and the outward flare of his full thighs, hips and derriere were all part of his new vanity.

IF THE SUIT FITS

Pat's mother wasn't happy with a swimsuit yet and was still shopping for the perfect suit for him to wear at the lake. I was hosted to several fashion shows of the swimsuit "candidates." You'd think Pat was going to wear it in a beauty contest, not at some secluded lake front. There were so many that they must have rummaged through every rack of girl's swimsuits in town.

I'd go over for dinner then Pat would try on some swimsuits while his mother commented on how flattering each was or wasn't and how well her son filled out this one or that one. Some didn't accent his bust right, some made his bottom look too big or were the wrong colors.

I was no longer concerned about anyone seeing Pat because he had better curves than most of the real girls on the beach.

Pat looked great in a bikini and even better in some sexy one-piece suits. "You'd better make up your mind," I finally said.

"Each one makes me feel different," he sighed standing in front of me in a sleek, one-piece suit made of black lycra. "This one makes my bottom look big!"

"It's supposed to be big and round," I laughed. "And you are to walk in such a way that shows you know how to use it too!"

Pat blushed, his paper white skin would be as red as his blush after a day in the sun. "I want to really jolt the boys on the beach."

"You should really wear a two-piece," I joked, "then, remove the top. That would rock them on their heels!"

"I don't think I'm going topless for a while. Look what they've done!" he said, "I hate these tops!"

I had noticed that Pat's nipples had enlarged but with the "marvel bra's" training, there were noticeable, soft, jelly-like breasts. Undeniable breasts and they looked sensitive and very alive! They were not really "generous" but had changed so much that even his Mother knew he couldn't get away with a boy's swimsuit anymore.

I joked, "I know that you'd rather sun topless; but you'd burn your delicate nipples."

EXPOSURE

It was finally time for us to go to the lake. That morning, Pat had an early hair appointment and we went right from there to the lake.

We stepped out on the white sand beach overlooking the mouth of the lake. Some of the guys called this the "Bay of Pigs" because there were so many fat college chicks that hung out here.

The brilliant sun was captivating; the cobalt blue of the lake and sky melted together to an image of Eden. We stood there momentarily overwhelmed by it all. "Let's get some sun!" I asserted as I walked out and found the "perfect spot." It was early still and there weren't many people there, but in an hour the place would be packed!

Pat was wearing a loose, soft, calf-length off-white cover-up dress which he removed to reveal a sensational black bikini.

Pat settled into a folding beach chair, his breasts pressing out proudly in front of him and began applying suntan lotion.

"They're staring at you," I whispered, motioning to a couple guys checking Pat out. Shortly all sorts of brawny guys were walking near us on the beach. I hoped that Pat's tiny bikini bottom could hide his true gender.

Pat pulled up the spandex waistline of his bottom, bringing the sides higher on his fleshy hips. Many of the men had athletic "beach" muscles and hairy chests that made me feel inadequate.

Pat's top (it really wasn't much of a top), had underwires, push-up pads and adjustable shoulder straps which he adjusted so that it pushed his breasts up more and showed more cleavage, then he continued to put suntan lotion on his face, arms and legs.

"You tease!" I whispered, taking the lotion. "I'll do your back." I took the opportunity to enjoy running my hands along Pat's feminized body. The cool lotion was going to be Pat's only defense against the burning sun. I wondered what he was going to do with a girl's bikini top permanently tanned on his chest?

Pat glittered in the bright sun. I adored the way Pat had changed. The way he walked and talked, the unmanly way his waist curved in and his hips swelled out.

He appeared pleased with the amount of soft swelling above his bikini top and his shiny, silky long hair.

I continued to caress the lotion into his shoulders down to the place where his waist curved outward to his bikini bottom. I adored his girlish bottom and the uncompromising manner his sequestered maleness was secured away.

Pat's shape cried out for fulfillment. My heart skipped a beat as I thought about what 'fulfillment' would mean to Pat's spirit. He certainly knew or was learning what kind of reflex his effeminate traits got from men.

I remembered when as a kid he had terrible acne and broke his arm. Now as I watched his new breasts flourish, I realized what it was like to watch my buddy develop traits of a young girl and now into an overwhelming beauty.

"You're beautiful!" I whispered into Pat's ear.

There was a flush on his cheeks and goosebumps appeared on his smooth skin. His pushed up nipples tightened beneath the shiny fabric of his bikini top. He shivered in the hot sun and said, "I feel pretty. My figure is girlish isn't it?"

I nodded. He was slender with rounded hips and the "marvel bikini top" suggested full breasts. I whispered, patting his butt, "With that incredibly soft bottom, you could make a lot of guys happy. If you aren't careful, you could get yourself laid."

"I almost wish I could," he said rolling over on his belly and closing his eyes.

Something about that day gave Pat a new self-assurance. He seemed to dress with great care, making sure his make-up and hair were even more perfect. I also noticed he wore more provocative clothes, leaving strategic buttons open and crossing his legs so that every guy around would look.

Pat told me once that being the center of attention was such an exquisite sensation that he sometimes wanted to gasp out loud. He admitted, "I get little flutters in my belly when men stare at me and think I'm pretty."

At the club, Pat was becoming very popular. Besides kissing, he was now allowing some light petting. I loved watching. The first time I saw a fellow run his hand down Pat's chest and lightly touch the tops of his breasts and then move lower, I almost felt light-headed. Pat had a curious look on his face like the nylon of his brassiere amplified his touch.

Pat broke himself away and came by and whispered, "Dare I let him touch my breasts?"

"You've worked real hard to get em'," I said, "It would be a shame if they weren't appreciated."

THE END IS NEAR

Summer was nearly over when I brought up the subject of us attending State University. "Once school starts, I'm going to miss our little outings."

"Mom even said the same thing," Pat said moodily. "She's enjoyed having a daughter."

"You know, State is so big, they probably wouldn't even notice how you dressed."

With a mischievous smile, he said, "I know they don't have sex on any of the forms. . . something the feminists did." Then as an afterthought, he said, "Mother wants me to drive the hour to State but if I lived with you as a girl, I bet she'd trust me."

"She'll think you're crazy."

"Not if I can prove to her that I can fit in as one of the girls."

His mother shook her head and said, "I think I may have let this go too far." She stared over at the lovely girl sitting next to me. "You don't understand. . . that would be nearly permanent? At least for two years."

"I know," he said softly. "I have an interview with a counselor soon and once he sees me, he'll see the mistake and make all the necessary changes to my records."

"And then?" she asked.

"I could be a girl at school. I'd study real hard and get good grades!"

"I don't see how the two go together but I have seen the change in you. . . What do you want me to do---throw away all your boy's clothes?"

"These are the only kind of clothes I like now," he said taking his skirt between his long red tipped fingers.

"But what about your social life? Won't you miss going out on dates and stuff?"

"Oh, I plan on having a full social life. I plan on getting involved in all the social stuff and having lots of dates."

"But what girl would date you looking like you do?" his mother asked.

"Oh, I guess I won't be dating girls. They wouldn't want to go out with me. . .but I bet the boys will!"

"Boys?" she stammered like she'd been hit in the head.

"It's okay mother," Pat said with assurance, "can't you see how feminine I've become. They'll treat me like a girl."

The discussion went on for several days and Pat's mother finally agreed to let him move into my small two bedroom apartment and attend college as a girl.

I guess she was happy he wasn't dead from an overdose or in jail. The counselor at school saw the name Pat and saw the "M" and said, "This happens all the time." He changed the box to read "F".

I gave Pat the big bedroom in our new apartment. . .I had to. . .his mother had bought him so many new "school clothes" that they wouldn't fit in the other bedroom's closet.

Part of the agreement with his mother was that he must get a "B" grade average to live away from home. Right from the beginning, I could tell Pat was serious and I of course helped tutor in some of his deficiencies.

The other part was a pledge. . .made in front of me and his mother. He was to always wear pretty clothes, make-up and his comportment was to be appropriate for a young girl but that was becoming the easy part.

Sometimes we would get invited to parties. . .actually Pat got invited and "her brother" came along. The parties were usually at someone's big house and there was some drinking but no drugs.

I was usually able to keep my eyes on Pat and his capers. He was talking with one of his "beaus" when I suddenly lost him when I went to get a drink.

I knew he was in the house but I couldn't barge into every room looking for him. It was about an hour later when he appeared again looking flustered and disheveled.

"You okay?" I asked when we were alone.

"Oh, you should have seen what just happened. Remember John? He wants to show me his house. He gets to his bedroom and starts kissing me. Now I have that worked out. I tell him I want to 'wait'."

"Oh that's really going to work," I belittled.

"He ask me to marry him!" Pat said matter-of-factly, "He said I'd make the perfect wife."

"NO. He proposed?"

"Yeah," he said, "I got turned-on by the idea. Before I knew it, he was laying on me and we were pretending like we were husband and wife. He kissed me and before I could stop him, he positioned himself like a 'husband' and I was on the bottom like a 'wife' with my legs open around his hips."

"You shouldn't have done that!"

"I know but I told him I was going to wait."

"He stopped?"

"No, he pulled up my skirt so that he could rub against me like I was his wife."

"I bet that made him happy?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said shyly, "it made him happy but when he was on top. . .he talked about us getting married and me having his children. He wants to make love to me. Of course. . .that's probably impossible."

"Probably?"

Pat smiled dreamily and whispered, "It was so exciting when he talked to me about being his wife and having his children. Can you imagine me being pregnant and having a baby---my breasts getting huge, filling with milk and nursing?"

"No," I said honestly. I couldn't. Pat was changing. "Look at you," I said, "What more do you want?"

NEAR THE END

Pat and I were seated in the middle of the room. The place was very busy, filled with many nicely dressed men. I was nervous but Pat whispered, "See, no problem."

"So far."

This wasn't Pat's first time out in a dress. . .but it was his first time out in a dress with the motive of being seduced.

I had picked out his outfit. Earlier when Pat was getting ready, he held the dress up to his chest. His hands trembled as the silky material rustled in his hands. "You'll never forget that dress," I joked.

He was standing there wearing the rest of his outfit: a lace garter belt with frail silk stockings, a matching white, lace bra and tiny bikini panties over his "safety net."

I smiled and said, "You've come a long way baby!"

He blushed as he slipped the dress over his head. The dress's waist was a little snug, the bodice was cut daringly low and covered with a delicate fabric. His cleavage was quite apparent. I zipped him up. The skirt was fitted and tight, swelling out over his soft, luxuriant curves.

He commented, "It's strange wearing garters. . .much more open feeling."

"That's the idea. . .think receptive!" I said.

Pat's nerves were on edge as I said, "it's time to go." We stepped over to the full-length mirror so that Pat could take a final look at himself as a virgin. The girl in the mirror bore no resemblance to a boy.

We both gazed at his image for several moments, intrigued---if everything worked out, this illusion would get my "buddy" validated as a woman.

He looked every bit a female, with long shapely legs, a slender waist and swelling breasts tipped with full pink and tender nipples. His long hair gleamed with honey-blond highlights and was pinned back, accented with and a white ribbon.

I was worried. Was this sensuous, provocative image of a woman enough to safely get him laid. Could he make a "boyfriend" happy?

It was a special day, a day when Pat would pass over that invisible threshold into all-out womanhood, leaving all boyishness behind. Could he do it??

I tried to understand what Pat was feeling. I felt fear for him. I was tense but excited and Pat had to be filled with terror at what he was about to do!

As we walked through the crowded club, I knew the next hours would be filled with flirtatious laughter and fun; but then what? Pat's body had all the curves of a woman but could he perform a womanly duty?

Pat was an instinctive flirt. Being male, Pat knew what boys liked, their interests and how they like their girls to act.

His sultry walk, smooth-moving body language and confident strut in heels made him appear sexy and receptive. I knew he found it addictive to have men tell him he was beautiful.

Tonight he hoped to go all the way with his masquerade. I tried to imagine what accepting a man's potent sperm inside Pat's body would do to him.

What brought this all on was a book I gave to Pat called, "How to be a woman with a man." It was written by a feminized young man who lived as a woman and had developed methods of making love to a man without the man realizing that he was with a feminine male.

This wasn't just about sex, it was about lovemaking and validating one's femininity.

Pat was dressed to attract. In the past, Pat had feminized himself but tonight was the first night he had determined that he was emasculated enough to be with a man.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

Pat still wasn't sure that he could go through with this but said, "I'm as ready as I'll ever be." He brushed aside a long tendril of teased hair. With the use of female hormones, Pat had demasculated his figure to the point that just seeing his rounded hips and curved bosom could get me excited.

As for me, I was along for the ride tonight. Pat had decided that after all the teasing he had done with his feminized body---if the right man came along, he was going to take him home and be seduced. At least as much as possible without exposing that he was a just a boy.

I saw the men in the room sizing him up. I looked into Pat's eyes as he smiled at several candidates. What was he looking for in his first man? I saw several men that he would normally enjoy talking to as he did many times in the past.

He enjoyed talking to older guys. You know, suit, tie---more mature, worldly. Tonight Pat seemed to be looking at the younger more virile type.

Several men came up and asked him to dance. Before long, Pat admitted that he'd found one that was a good candidate.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"I'm tired of being a virgin."

"Do you really think this is going to change you?"

"How could it not?"

The book's author wrote, "Before I developed the enclosed techniques, I never felt complete and was attracted by the lure of the sex change. Realizing that feeling completely feminine was the goal and not physiology, I wanted to be able to have a complete feminine life that would include normal, sexual and social relationships."

The book was very explicit with drawings showing how and what to do to maintain your secret, yet how to get and give all that is feminine.

I could tell that Pat was excited and fearful of what he had learned. It was one thing to read about giving your body to a man sexually, it was another to actually do it.

This wasn't done lightly. There were things to say and exercises to practice so that the feminized boy had some confidence that he could handle the average virile male. There was always that "disclaimer" about average---some men were a lot bigger.

Pat was desperately looking at their hands and fingers (a sign of size) to make sure his first experience would be tolerable. It wasn't long before the man was chosen. He was attentive and charmed by my feminized friend.



*Pat had everything but could
he give everything?*

Pat came over and suggested we go home. He introduced his "friend" to "her brother"---me and told him how to get to our place.

At home and after a few drinks, they disappeared into Pat's bedroom. I thought about what was happening to my friend in the next room. My main job was to listen in case there was a problem.

That is what the book said. "Your first relationship should be in your own bedroom where you are prepared with the necessary items. It is also important that someone else be in the house to protect you if something goes wrong."

There was a lot that might go wrong. I could hear their voices in the next room. I knew what Pat had to do. He was to allow his suitor to pet, caress and he, in turn, was to show how responsive he was.

Then Pat went to the bathroom and changed into a beautiful and sexy nightgown. He used a lubricating potion to make him accessible.

Pat came out of the bathroom and came into my room. "Oh my," he moaned, "I'm so scared. He's waiting for me."

Pat's little nightgown barely covered his bottom and hips and the pert, soft mounds pressing out the soft nylon were unquestionably feminine breasts.

His hair was in an "up" style so pulling a couple pins would cause it to fall around his shoulders in loose curls.

I said, "If you're not ready. . ."

"My body is ready and I have a man waiting for me." He sat down and tears came to his eyes. I comforted him. He knew that once he had satisfied a man, he would never be the same.

"Calm down. Do you remember what to do?"

Pat nodded. He would climb into bed and inform the man of the rules for making love. At that point, any man would agree and hypothetically my buddy would soon be accepting the lusty passion of a virile man's attentions.

The book had a chapter on what the experience would do to my friend, Pat. Most likely, any maleness left would be driven out of his psyche by realizing that he was now sexually a woman.

The book said that being treated like a woman and filled with the hot steamy male seed was the most feminizing thing that could happen to a sissy.

I whispered, "You don't have to. . ."

"But there's a naked man with a woody in my bed!"

There were many thoughts racing through my mind as he reluctantly went to his bedroom. Foremost, I loved Pat's girlish innocence.

I began to hear the proclamations of love making coming from the room next door.

I put my ear to the wall, not trying to be snoop but I was concerned about Pat. It was hard to hear but I could make out some of the conversation. He sounded as much like a girl as he looked. I listened, trying to make out the words and trying to picture what was happening.

I heard the man say, "Ohhh baby, you have the sweetest. . ."

I wished I could watch him now. . .he would never be the same after so submissively accepting a man's attentions---getting so thoroughly filled with maleness. Would his eyes lose their adorable innocence? If Pat liked this attention, he'd mostly find a new confidence and want to experience other men. The book said that could happen. Would that happen to Pat? What would happen to our friendship?

I heard rustling several times during their breathless conversations. I couldn't tell what was happening. The book said to be very careful at this point. Of course, Pat's maleness had shrunken from the hormones and from being pressed up to the point that nothing showed, but it was still up to Pat to get himself and his partner safely in the precise position. This would require some negotiations and some danger.

Once in the suitable position, there was really very little for Pat to do but be prepared to be impaled then lay back and wait to be filled with hot seed.

The book said there was research which suggested that when a boy has been bound up so completely and once the male enters, there is a reflex that shrinks up the male organ even more.

Also there was the effect the of male sperm on the feminized male. A reaction to potent effects of a virile man's hundreds of millions of sperm which can cause the female hormone in the emasculated males body to increase. On a microscopic level, the cells that create testosterone cut back production as the virile male

sperm swim about and release their hormones and chemicals.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for this horny chap. Soon he'd be pumping away with no idea that Pat was a feminized male waiting leisurely for his essence. Pat's own mummified maleness sequestered as "real maleness" would probe deeply unaware of its unthreatening counterpart.

What if this guy knew that he was about to help a boy fulfill his girlish fantasies with a belly full of warm gobs of his spirit. I doubted if he'd think it was funny.

Suddenly I heard some loud conversation, doors opening and slamming then I heard the man stormed out of our place. Had Pat gotten caught?

I was really scared for Pat. I grabbed my pants and went to his room. Pat was sitting on the bed in his pretty little nightgown, staring at the wall. "I couldn't do it," he said wistfully. "I did what the book said---I kept his hands busy with my breasts and I was already prepared with that lubrication. Before I knew it, he was stiff and ready to enter me. I was so worried when I saw his size."

"Big?"

He continued, "Yeah. I could feel my own maleness recoil upward as his manhood prepared to penetrate its former domain. I said to myself, 'Just relax and take it like a woman.' His fingers played with my erect nipples and checked my excitement. He was positioning himself when it happened. . ."

"When what happened?"

"I wanted to stop. I realized that I didn't have to prove anything."

"I could have told you that," I said.

"I laid back and relaxed a little, I even fluffed up my long messy hair. I was in control. . .my body tingled as it came close to being penetrated. Suddenly, I didn't want these to be my last seconds as a virgin."

"Nothing happened?"

"I told him to leave," Pat smiled. "When I told him I'm not ready yet, a chill came over me. Remember what that book said?"

The book said, "A woman has a legal right to say 'NO' at any time!"

I looked at Pat. There was a new confidence in his eyes but the playful innocence was still there. Pat could do what women did and could do it when he felt right and when it was important. He didn't need to find himself pinned on his back thoroughly stuffed with pulsating maleness to validate that he was now a woman.

He said, "My virginity is much too important to just throw away on some one night stand."

"Yeah," I said, "Patti, I don't know what you were trying to prove."

Pat looked down and nodded. He shyly whispered, "It's scary but I know I have to get used to doing everything like a girl. Pat reached over and took my hands and gently pulled me closer.

"I really like it when you call me Patti. I like it when you look at my breasts and my bottom. I feel like a woman especially around you," he whispered as his full painted lips gently touched mine.

I startled like I'd been hit not kissed.

"Shhhh," Pat whispered as our lips began another long gentle kiss. "I need a boyfriend, and Tom, I'd love to try to be everything you want in a woman."

I was bewildered. "I think you are lovely," I hoarsely whispered, "but. . ."

Pat interrupted me and whispered, "Don't think, just feel."

My hand went to one pert soft mound and gently caressed---then to the other. They were soft, smooth and



He shyly whispered, "It's scary but I know I have to get used to doing everything like a girl."

silky to the touch, "Oh sorry," I gasped when I inadvertently tweaked the nipple roughly.

"I like that," he whispered. I felt the upward swell of his girlish chest, his small mounds that pressed outward from his sassy nifty. I felt smooth nipples harden into erect nubs.

"You feel nice," I stammered. "You really like this?" My fingers played with his taut, erect nipples.

"Oh Tom," Pat whispered as our lips met once again. "I'll be the best girlfriend you ever had. I'll do anything to make you happy."

This kiss lasted for nearly a minute before we came up for air. It seemed like neither of us could get enough kissing from the other. We rubbed our lips together and when I tried to insert my tongue into Pat's mouth, he readily opened for me. He moaned as I probed his throat and returned the favor when I removed my tongue.

We finally parted and a great smile came across Pat's face. "Now I know we are made for each other. Just remember, you're my man now. No going with other girls when they come on to you."

My mind was reeling. Pat was now MY girlfriend.

The evening was ending so differently than it had transpired even up to just a few minutes ago. No longer were we two old buddies up to some mischief. Now it was two lovers sitting on a bed.

Pat pulled away and opened his purse on the nightstand, withdrawing a tube of lipstick. Taking a small mirror, he looked at himself for a second, rubbed his soft fingers about his mouth, then expertly applied the ruby colored cream to his lips. Before long, his face was as lovely as when the evening started.

I looked and wondered if he could really be my girlfriend.

After placing his lipstick back into his purse, he settled back into a pillow and reached over and placed his left hand on my upper leg. Slowly his fingers wandered towards my manhood which had not receded from its earlier turgid condition.

Pat's hand felt the stiffness of my maleness and started to rub across it.

"That's not fair. It hurts enough as it is without you making it harder."

"Oh, you poor boy. That's what girls are for. . .I bet I can make it feel better," he cooed.

"You would do that for me?" I asked with astonishment.

"Why...of course. You helped create me and mother taught me the rest. I could be YOUR girlfriend?"

I looked at the stunningly beautiful femininity next to me. Pat's breasts had developed to the point that any man would get aroused by the sight of the creamy white softness. His bottom had become more feminine in shape. . .so much so that Pat could never walk like a man again. I dug that!

Patti touched me again. I looked into her eyes to see if she was just joking. "Let's see if you are just talking," I challenged.

"Darling, I never kid about that kind of thing," she smiled as she leaned over to my lap and gently unzipped my fly. Reaching in, she gently grabbed my maleness and withdrew it from its confinement. I was as rigid as a stick as long white fingers gently stroked it.

Then without saying another word, Patti leaned over and took it into her mouth, her bashful eyes looking at my expression.

I nearly passed out with pleasure as her wet mouth started to partake of my manhood. Her tongue swirled about the head as her lips massaged the trunk. I felt stars explode in my brain and couldn't hold it any longer. With a loud sigh, I released myself.

Patti's eyes grew large as I spurted my potent load, but she didn't gag or release my maleness. The vigor to which I unloaded must have shocked her but she took the entire load. Only a moan of ecstasy slipped through her lips. Her dormant sexuality had been awakened. After I was done, she slowly removed her mouth from my member and swallowed the entire release with a smile on her lips. She had been hurtled beyond the point of return.

"WOW! You really are my girl now, aren't you?" I whispered hoarsely.

After feeling the flood of uncontrollable desire, Patti's lips tingled. She answered, "Yes darling. I love what you've made me feel. How could I be anything now but your woman?"

Patti smiled and stroking my hair, brought her lips to mine again for another long kiss. Patti was my girl for sure.

THE END

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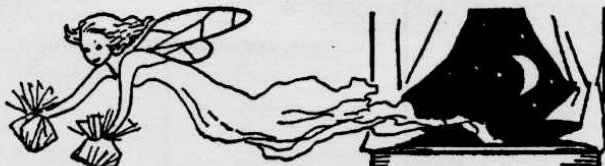
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*In
The
Pink*

**What
a
Mix-Up!**



SUSAN was

just going to sleep. She stretched and yawned, thinking of the grown-up dress she had seen in a store window that afternoon. It was a formal dress, long, full-skirted, and sparkly. "Mmmm," thought Susan sleepily, "someday I'll have a dress like that and go to a fancy dance!"

Toby was just going to sleep, too. He was thinking about the football game he and the boys had had that afternoon. "When I'm big," Toby yawned, "I'll play on a real team and make touchdowns by the dozen!"

When they both fell asleep, the Dream Fairy drifted lightly through Susan's window with her packages of dreams. She sifted one over Susan's head, and then flew to Toby's room and sifted one over his head. Then she gasped, "Oh, my! I do believe I mixed those dream packages!"

Back she flew to Susan's bed. Susan was dreaming a very energetic dream. She tossed and tumbled; she wadded the pillow into a ball and clutched it under her arm. "Touchdown! Touchdown!" she muttered.

"Goodness!" murmured the Dream Fairy. She flew to Toby's bed. Even asleep, Toby looked worried. He squirmed and kicked his legs as though a long skirt was hobbling them.

Suddenly Toby woke. "Of all the sissy dreams!" he muttered. "Imagine me decked out in a girl's party dress!"

Susan awoke just as abruptly. She frowned at the pillow under her arms. "Football!" she snorted. "Now why would I dream about making a touchdown?"

The Dream Fairy laughed a silky soft laugh as she waited for them to fall asleep again. It took Toby the longest time to get the sensations of that formal dress out of his mind.

"That was fun," she promised herself, "I'll have to mix up those dream packages again!"

Based on a bedtime story by Nan Gilbert

**"IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE ON OUR
CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST, WRITE TO ME,
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