

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

HORMONES FOR LIFE



*"A man has to face death or a life
on female hormones!!"*

VOLUME 36

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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 36

“HORMONES FOR LIFE”

by Kelly Ann

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QUOTE BOARD

"Self confidence. . .that secure feeling one
gets thinking no one is on to him."

HORMONES FOR LIFE

Kelly Ann

Estrogen Cuts Heart & Alzheimer's Risk

Health: Study of post-menopausal women lasted 14 years.

By Chrissie Day
MEDICAL WRITER

In the largest study to date, researchers have again found that estrogen replacement therapy decreases the risk of developing heart and Alzheimer's disease by more than 50%.

Experts said the new study—which followed 400 women for 14 years—is the first long-term analysis of estrogen's effects on the devastating disease that affects aging.

Reported today in the *Journal of Premature Aging*, is the latest in a series of reports suggesting that estrogen replacement therapy has a broad range of dramatically beneficial effects. Several studies have shown that estrogen replacement therapy not only increases bone density and lowers cholesterol levels, but also decreases the risk of colon cancer, improves skin tone and even extends life span. There is one study that even suggests it helps avoid tooth loss!

Experts now agree that most post-menopausal women should be taking estrogen because there are so many beneficial effects. "There really few downsides to estrogen for most," suggested one researcher. "The decision to take estrogen," she said, "has to be considered by all doctors and their patients within risk groups."

Today's estrogen results highlight estrogen's as the newest weapon in the growing arsenal of drugs that may delay age related disorders.

Researchers are hurriedly designing clinical trials that will determine the benefits. "We're going to be giving people cocktails [of estrogens]," said one clinician. "I predict we'll ultimately will have a major clinical breakthrough."

Researchers have long suspected that estrogen—the primary female sex hormone—might play a major role keeping one young. "The brain is a major target for estrogen, as are the breast, bones and cardiovascular system," said one doctor.

Studies in animals and cultured cells show that lack of estrogen can have signifi-

cant deleterious effects on nervous system function," she said. "So it is not surprising that estrogen in the aging would have beneficial effects."

Estrogen's Pros & Possible Benefits

Prevents osteoporosis and tooth loss.
Decreases cholesterol levels and other risk factors for heart disease.

Extends life span.

Reduces risk of colon cancer.

Makes skin smoother.

Prevents vaginal dryness and thinning of walls.

Provides relief from menopausal symptoms such as hot flashes.

Prevents cataracts.

Reduces symptoms of Alzheimer's disease and delays onset.

POSSIBLE RISKS

May cause uterine cancer if used without progesterone.

May cause blood clots & gallstones.

May increase risk of breast cancer if not used with progesterone which reduces the risk of breast and uterine cancer.

"It seems that a natural cycle of estrogen plays an important role in warding off the onset age related disease," one doctor stated.

"We need more studies!" they all agreed. "We need to find which components [of estrogen mixtures] are providing the benefits."

The study may eventually have some implications for men as well. "Males have the same estrogen receptors in their brain as females," said the lead researcher, "even though they do not have levels of circulating estrogens but testosterone is converted to estrogen by enzymes in their brain tissue."

Men's slow decline in testosterone function may give men the advantage in Alzheimer's disease but a higher risk of heart related problems."

Several pharmaceutical companies are also trying to develop so-called designer estrogens that might benefit men as well as women. The drugs would retain the part of the estrogen molecule that provides beneficial effects while eliminating the parts that cause feminization in men.

More research is needed. . .

I saw that newspaper article among the many from my sister sitting on my desk as I was going over the latest sales figures. Without reading them, I slipped them into my paper shredder. As I did, I suddenly felt as though a Gorilla had jumped on my chest. I remember pressing the intercom and calling for my secretary before I slumped to the floor.

Hours later I awoke in the hospital emergency room with more wires and cables coming off me than the computer on my desk had. Once I was able to focus I saw my best friend and business partner Ed staring at me with a concerned look on his face. Next to him were my mother and sister whose faces were stained with tears.

“What happened?” I squeaked. “Where am I?”

“How do you feel Mr. Gilbert?” asked a doctor. “Can you squeeze my hand?” he asked as he extended his towards me.

“I feel terrible,” I replied as I feebly squeezed his hand. “What’s wrong with me?”

“You’re recovering from a mild heart attack sir,” the doctor replied. Motioning towards Ed he continued. “You were lucky---your friend here knew CPR.”

Heart attack! Those were the two scariest words in my vocabulary, Dad had died after several heart attacks when I was only twelve and I’d been told that I was at serious risk for one myself. Guess they were right about that!

“I owe you one buddy,” I smiled at Ed. “This is going to be a tough one to pay back.”

“I’ll think of something, don’t worry” Ed laughed. “Just get better.”

I was later moved to a private room where mom kept a constant vigil for two days before I convinced her that if she left I wouldn’t die till she got back. A week later I was feeling well enough to be discharged with an admonition to slow down my lifestyle, see my personal doctor and follow his instructions. I was warned that I

was extremely lucky this time but the next time could very easily kill me!

I followed the instructions to the letter, I saw my personal doctor, got a prescription for nitroglycerin tablets, and cut my work day down to fourteen hours a day from sixteen. I couldn't possibly do more than that, I told myself. I had a sales force to manage and goals to surpass.

Apparently that wasn't slow enough for my heart and six months later I broke into a cold sweat, felt a tightness in my chest, and a numbness in my left arm. I'm stubborn but not stupid, I quickly popped my pills and told my secretary to get Ed into my office fast followed by the paramedics!

I was in the hospital again for a week of tests and rest when my doctor recommended I see a psychologist after I was discharged and before I returned to work. He insisted that I had to talk to someone who could make me understand the reason for my being so driven that I was risking my life. I told him I'd make an appointment but couldn't begin to understand what good it would do me. I had to work all of those hours, I had to beat last year's sales figures, last month's figures, yesterday's figures! How else could I consider myself a success if I didn't? The card went into the trash the instant I got home.

Between my sister Nancy and my mother I was given some very good care. They made certain that I took all of my pills and stayed away from work as long as they could. Finally, after promising to take it easy I was allowed to go to the office for three to four hours a day. When that time was up one or the other would show up to make certain that I left.

Not long after my second attack people in the office began to compliment me on how nicely I had recovered and that I was actually looking healthier than before! I thought they were kidding but nearly a month after my attack I began to notice it myself.

I was preparing for work one day and while show-

ering I noticed a tenderness in my breasts. I couldn't quite put my finger on what it felt like, I knew perfectly well the early signs of a heart attack but this feeling didn't fit the pattern. I had to get to the office and was running a little late so I put the feeling out of my mind, I'd worry later when I had the time. It was four or five weeks later that I found time to wonder what was wrong.

By that time people in the office had started to playfully tease me by calling me "Baby Face" and asking where I had found the fountain of youth. I wrote it off to the heart medicine but even I had to admit that my features while never what you could think of as being chiseled from granite were looking more like molded from foam rubber! To make matters worse although my weight was still about the same as before my pants were loose in the waist yet felt a little tight in the hips and back.

One day while Ed and I were talking in his office I noticed him looking at me in an odd sort of way.

"What are you looking at?" I asked figuring he was going to comment on my baby face again. "You're just jealous because I look younger than you do!"

"Prettier too!" he commented. "This is going to sound strange but do you know that you're actually starting to look cute?"

"Cute? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Don't go having another heart attack on me but you are starting to look pretty good. I wouldn't take you home to meet mom and dad, at least not right now, but you are looking better all the time!"

I was starting to worry about Ed, still single and considered quite a catch by the women, he was telling me I was cute!

"Is there anything you want to tell me Ed," I asked in a low voice. "I'm not into that sort of thing but I'll understand."

"There's nothing to understand," he laughed. "I'm

perfectly straight and I can provide references to prove it.”

“Then quit calling me cute!”

“Sorry, just be careful about bending over in some dark bar.” Ed joked.

That afternoon I mentioned the incident to Nancy and told her about the tenderness in my breasts and problems with the way my pants fit. She promised that we’d get everything checked just as soon as we got back from helping mom and her move out to California. I didn’t think it was anything major and couldn’t wait to get away from the Midwest’s winter so I agreed, told Ed that I’d be out of town for a while, packed everything I thought I’d need and we headed off for what Nancy insisted was a much needed rest.

She promised that I’d feel so good that I probably wouldn’t want to come back to the everyday grind of my job! Even though we shipped most of her luggage on ahead and took only what we’d need for the drive out to California it seemed as though Nancy was taking far more than she’d ever wear. When I mentioned it to her though she was very insistent that she’d need everything she was bringing!

We stopped at a motel that night and before I hopped into a nice hot shower I asked Nancy if she’d set out some clothes for me before she went to her room. I was totally unprepared when I walked into the bedroom and found a nightgown and panties on the bed and Nancy nowhere to be found. Assuming that Nancy had forgotten about me I went to the dresser to get something for myself but found nothing but Nancy’s things.

“Where are my clothes?” I asked as she walked in from outside. “You brought in all of your things and left mine out in the trunk!”

“I brought everything in,” Nancy said with a flourish as she pointed to the drawers. “Everything you need is right there.”

"Those are your things, where are mine?" I demanded angrily. "Cut the crap and tell me where my stuff is!"

Nancy was upset, I could see it in her eyes but I didn't feel like comforting her until I got some clothes on.

"Please get me something to wear and I'll calm down okay? I don't want to argue with you, I just want to get dressed!"

"Those are your clothes," Nancy said softly. "It's the start of your new life as an estrogen based human---a woman."

"What the hell are you talking about? Can't you just get me my clothes and we'll talk about whatever's bothering you?"

Nancy gestured to the panties and the short cotton nightgown. "Someone has to make you change. The garbage truck just left your clothes. From now on those are your clothes. If you put them on and we'll talk."

I had no choice. Nancy had left all of my male clothes behind and had disposing of the ones I had just taken off. I wasn't sure what was going on but anything had to be better than standing there shivering so I put on the panties and nightgown.

"Now tell me what's going on?" I demanded. "What happened to my clothes and what's this estrogen crap!"

Nancy explained everything to me that night as I sat there stunned. She and my mother had made a decision when I had my second heart attack that I couldn't be allowed to go on the way I was or I'd end up dead. They begged me to slow down but I wouldn't listen.

"Something had to be done to make you stop so we hatched a plan to make you. . .it's your only chance!"

The vitamin shots my doctor had been administering to me on my monthly checkups were actually testosterone suppressants to check my male hormones and for the last eight months I had been dutifully

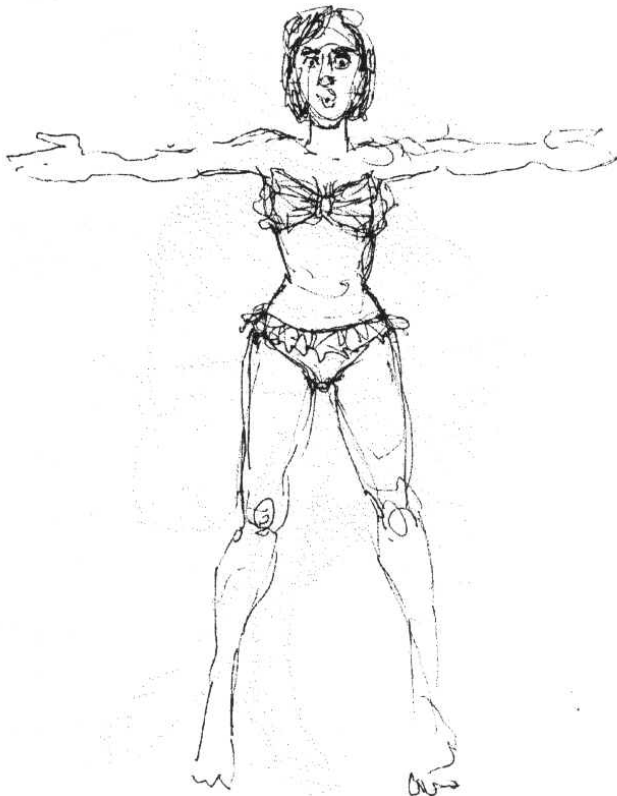
swallowing my “heart” pills, one of which was actually chock full of female hormones which would replace the male ones in my system.

“Ohhh!” I moaned, “so that’s why those purple ones were packaged in a 28 day cycle?”

“It why you got grumpy at the end of the cycle.” she smiled. The level of hormones in your system was gradually built up to normal female levels. That’s why you were developing female secondary sex characteristics.”

My hands went instinctively to my sensitive chest as she went on. “Your body has adjusted itself to the female hormones and natural repetitive rise and fall of estrogen and progesterone. How do you feel?”

“Good.” I said, “but I’ve had some mild nausea, a



Was I was going to be a freak?

bloated feeling, mild dizziness, headache, fleeting sexual desire. I thought it was from the heart attack?"

"Some maybe, but it was probably your system getting used to the estrogen. . .especially the breast enlargement and tenderness. Any attempt now to make a male out of you would most likely result in such a shock that your heart would give out."

"You're telling me that I'm stuck this way?" I gasped. "A freak---half man, half woman?"

"No, that's what we don't want!" Nancy said with a smile. "You aren't going to be a guy with tits and a monthly cycle. . .you're going to be all woman---in mind and body."

"That's insane! I'd rather be dead!" I cried as tears started to form.

"It wasn't an easy decision for me or mom but we'd rather have a living daughter and sister than a dead son and brother. You realize that you were on your last lap?"

I nodded.

"Faced with death or a new healthy life, I bet you'll get used to being healthy and years from now, you'll see we did the right thing."

"You're all crazy," I screamed hysterically. "I'll sue and put that doctor in jail for this!"

"Now you're letting your emotions get the best of you," Nancy said calmly. "It is your time of month. . .but that's a common problem we women and YOU will have to adjust for. You won't sue. Start a fuss and the papers will eat it up! You'll be famous!"

She was right, I would be famous. People would stop, point, and laugh, "It's him, her, or whatever!" I couldn't go back to being a normal guy and I couldn't stop here in the middle?

"What happens to me now?" I sobbed

"Let's make a call," Nancy suggested. "Someone wants to talk to you."

Nancy quickly dialed our mother's number and after telling her what had happened she handed me the phone. Mom told me that I shouldn't be mad about what was happening, "Dear. The doctor had warned me. Your next heart attack would be your last!"

"But mother," I moaned. "You want me to become a woman like you and Sis?"

"Yes, if it'll make you feel better, and most importantly---live longer!"

"But what kind of life would it be?"

"You can stop that crap right now!" Mom replied angrily. "That macho nonsense cost me your father long before he should have died. I'm not about to lose you too! Over what? A couple inches?"

"I'm sorry about dad," I said soothingly. "But he was just. . ."

"Being an idiot!" shouted mom as she began to cry. "You have no idea how many times I begged him to slow down, to take care of himself. If I'd have known about this estrogen stuff when he was still alive, I'd have forced him to be a woman too!"

"Mom?!? But I'm having monthly cycles?" I cried.

"A live daughter is more important to me than all of the dead sons I could ever have! A few ups and downs won't kill you."

That pretty much sealed my fate, no matter how silly it seemed I was going to become a woman. Mom, Nancy, and our doctor had planned everything out too well.

I was far from home with no male clothes and a body that was beginning to look like a young girl well on her way to becoming a woman.

Sleep was long in coming that night, I kept hearing Nancy's voice telling me over and over that I was going to be a woman. I tried to remember every word of what was going to happen to me.

Nothing had been left to chance. I had been on potent female hormones long enough for many changes to become irreversible. My breasts had budded fully and would enlarge as would my hips and butt. My features would keep softening until I was unmistakably female.

My doctor had provided a letter stating that I was in the process of changing my sex which would permit me to have all of my identification and records changed to indicate that I was now a female. Nancy would teach me how to dress and act like a woman with the help of a class for guys who wanted to be women. She assured me that soon I'd be doing my own hair, wearing pretty dresses, and walking in heels like a lady.

When I woke up the next morning Nancy had let herself into my room and had already run bath water for me, offering to follow me into the bathroom and teach me all about shaving my legs and underarms, an offer I quickly declined preferring to spend an hour or so with a bottle of Nair.

Nancy told me not to worry about other hair since the electrolysis she had arranged to start the next day would take care of the small amount elsewhere on my face and body. "We wouldn't want you to be concerned about how you look in a bathing suit! she giggled.

After the bath Nancy gave me a pair of panties, a garment called a body shaper that went from my chest to my hips, and a slip to wear. The briefcase was horrible to get on, it was tight and had a snap crotch which put an enormous amount of pressure against my genitals, especially since Nancy insisted I tuck them back into my groin to avoid and bulges.

Once I got it on and snapped shut Nancy placed a pair of fake breasts into the cups to pad me out, helped me on with the slip then had me sit meekly while she worked on my face with foundation, powder, and blush.

Completing that task she set about making my eyes appear to be wider and more expressive through the



*My face was so soft and alluring! But I
wanted to see a man staring back!*

use of mascara, shadow, and liner. Using a thin pencil she outlined my lips then filled them in with a maroon lipstick. By then the curling iron was ready and she set about adding some curl to my otherwise long hair.

“All done!” she announced after curling my hair. “Take a good look! This is the way you look now?”

Maybe I had been ignoring the changes in me but when I looked at myself in the mirror, I was astounded

and horrified at what I saw there.

The hormones had done a very good job of softening my facial features and now with makeup on and curly hair I wasn't a beauty queen but there wasn't much chance of being mistaken for a guy either!

Glancing down I saw the satiny straps of the slip and body shaper as they lay against my smooth, soft shoulders. Following them down to my chest I saw the slight bulge of the padded bra cups of the shaper pushing against the lace trim of the full slip I wore. I burst into tears and moaned, "I have to look like this forever?"

"Don't cry," Nancy whispered softly in my ear. "You look very nice and you'll get used to looking this way--- maybe even grow to enjoy it."

"There has to be another way," I sobbed. "I can't live like this?"

"No, there was no other way. You wouldn't have lasted more than a few more years with all that testosterone pumping into your hardening arteries. After a couple years of estrogen cycles, you'll have a long, wonderful life as a relaxed, attractive, and charming lady. Relax and let that estrogen work on your brain. . .don't fight it."

"I do feel different!"

"No one ever needs to know about Bob unless you want them to. . .from now on, you'll respond as a woman."

I sat there with my face in my hands and cried for the longest time. It was very strange because I can't remember ever being this upset or feeling such an overwhelming urge to cry. I turned to Nancy for comforting and collapsed sobbing in her arms.

"Responding like a woman," she repeated.

I was! "Please Nancy," I pleaded unable to stop the tears flowing from my eyes. "I'll never get male feelings again? Oh no!"

"The hormones have put them to sleep," Nancy said as she drew me close. "But that doesn't mean you'll not have sexual feelings! You'll have them like me. . .or mother. Mother and I didn't make this decision lightly. We've made plans to help you every step of the way as you become like us."

"Plans," I sniffled. "What kind of plans?"

Nancy held me tight and rocked me as she explained my future as a woman. I would of course make the rest of the trip to California as a woman and once there I'd register at a clinic for men who want to be women, where they'd manage my transition. My hormones would continue and be increased.

I'd be given classes in how to live and function as a woman, and step by step my body would be changed into a woman's body. My mind would too!

"Oh my gawd," I sobbed as the realization of what was going to be done came to me. I instinctively reached for my crotch. "You mean this too!"

Nancy ran her fingers through my hair and held me tight against her. "That's up to you of course. What with the hormones, it's not much good for anything. The doctor recommends it to help you adjust."

I moaned as she said, "Complete sexual reassignment is what it's called. You'll have all of the outward physical characteristics of a woman. Guess you'd have to accept things then."

I was totally devastated, I thought I'd been a good brother to Nancy and a son my mother could be proud of. Now they wanted to make me like them for the rest of my life.

I could never go back to work with Ed, at the very least I'd be stared at and pitied, most likely I'd be laughed out of a job! How was I supposed to go on?

"I understand how you feel, believe me I do," Nancy repeated over and over as she stroked my hair. "If we could have done anything else, we would have. I promise. You have to trust us."

What was there for me to do? I was too busy to notice the changes the hormones were making on me until it was too late. If I tried to take enough male hormones to change back again even I knew I'd end up dead. Life was making me a sucker but good. I wanted to vent all of my frustrations, to let Nancy know that I wasn't going to do this willingly, but all I could manage though was to cry like a baby.

"Don't worry, I'll be here for you, I promise. Shall we get started?"

Nancy handed me a pair of tan nylons and showed me how to attach them to the garters on the shaper. I felt humiliated sitting on the edge of the bed, the lace hem of the slip around my thighs, attaching nylons to garters I wore. I had never thought of suicide before but now I found myself wondering if it wouldn't be the best solution!

Finishing with the nylons I lowered the slip then stepped into a white cotton dress with a wide red belt and matching shoes. The buttons didn't reach quite all the way to the top leaving an enticing view of my small breasts which were pushed up just enough to form some cleavage.

When I fastened the belt I was surprised at how tight I was able to make it and what an emphasis it gave to my waist. The dress flowed over my chest, curved nicely into my waist then hung ever so gracefully from my hips swinging to and fro with every step I took. There was nothing left of Bob, just an attractive well dressed woman.

"Satisfied?" Nancy asked smugly. "You certainly

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don't look much like a guy in a dress, how do you like your new clothes?"

"I feel unbelievably stupid," I shrugged. "This briefer thing is tight, and why in God's name do I have to wear it and nylons anyway? Couldn't I just wear a slacks like normal women?"

"Sorry, but mom and I thought it would be best to make you wear very Fem type things at first, sort of forcing you to accept being a woman! No slacks for you until you're totally comfortable in dresses."

I was only partially listening to what Nancy was saying, I was becoming increasingly hypnotized by the woman in the mirror. Her dress looked perfect, her face was easy to look at, although she was no knockout, she was a very well put together lady. Without realizing it I found myself smoothing out my dress and turning to see myself from different angles.

"This can't be real," I murmured.

"It's real, and it'll get even more real. There's no going back now." Nancy said with a smile. She handed me a manila envelope saying, "By the way, here's something else to help get you started Donna."

"Donna, who's that?" I asked as I opened the envelope. Inside was the answer to my question, I was Donna!

The envelope contained a birth certificate certifying that a female baby had been born to my parents on my birthday and her name was Donna Lynn Gilbert. I checked it over carefully before looking at Nancy with a big grin on her face.

"It's real and it's you Donna! You'll need that to get a drivers license and other identification."

So it was official, Bob was history, Donna was here to stay. I gave Nancy the document to put in her purse but she insisted that I keep it, in the small red purse she handed me. I opened it up and found a collection of cosmetics, combs, brushes, perfume, and a tampon.

I allowed myself a slight smile. "Thought of everything, didn't you"

Nancy smiled and nodded. "Just the basic things a woman needs everyday, you can provide whatever else you might want. It's your purse, you've got to carry it."

"This isn't going to be easy you know," I said finally accepting my fate and allowing myself to relax. "I don't know anything about being a woman!"

"You'll be taught everything you'll need to know, just pay attention 'cause you're going to need everything you learn!"

Nancy insisted we go out for brunch promising that she'd do all of the talking. I was trembling under my pretty exterior afraid that something might look just out of place enough to give me away but since I hadn't eaten since the previous day I was starving and reluctantly agreed.

Later as we were led to our seats I felt as though I was walking a gauntlet as we passed the other diners and submitted to their scrutiny. The women were bad enough as they looked at my hair, my dress, my shoes, and my face trying to find signs of imperfection.

Compared to the men who stared at me as if wondering what I might look like once I had removed my dress, putting up with the women was easy.

"Do I act like that?" I whispered to Nancy after we were seated.

"As a matter of fact you did," Nancy said with a laugh. "but don't worry most women enjoy it. It feels good to know that men find you attractive!"

"It feels as if I'm being sized up at an auction!" I grumbled. "I wish they'd knock it off!"

Nancy smiled and patted my hand. " Believe me once your hormones really take over, you're going to get a real thrill out of men staring at you."

" By the way, what do you think of that guy in the third booth over there?" she asked in a conspiratorial

tone. "Take a good look at him."

I looked at the man Nancy had pointed out as long as I could without attracting attention. "What about him?" I asked perplexed.

"Come on now Donna, isn't he cute? Look at those gorgeous blue eyes and tell me he's not cute!" Nancy challenged.

"He's not cute," I replied curtly. "Happy now?"

"Don't be such a prude, he's a doll and you know it!"

I frantically looked around and made certain that no one could overhear our conversation. "What's wrong with you? I'm still your brother and I don't think other guys are cute!"

"I know you're my brother dear, but I'm just wondering what effect the hormones have had so far. Now relax, take a real good look at those baby blue eyes and those muscles and tell me you don't think he's just a little bit of a cutie!"

I took a deep breath, counted to twenty and looked again. There was something about his eyes that sent a chill through me and something about his muscles that took away the chill! What was happening to me I wondered, I'm staring at another guy and getting all hot and bothered! I wanted to look away but I couldn't seem to stop staring.

"I was right!" Nancy whispered gleefully. "You do think he's cute!"

"But he's a guy, I'm a guy. . ."

"No dear, he's a guy and you're not! You're a woman and you can think he's attractive!"

"But. . ."

"Shush, " Nancy ordered. "It's perfectly natural, you'll get used to it soon enough. Calm down and learn to enjoy being a woman Donna, it's going to be a wonderful adventure for you over the next couple of months. You're going to be experiencing all that teenage girls go through as they become women and believe

me it's going to be terrific!"

I unconsciously crossed my knees and adjusted the hem of my dress as I'd seen Nancy and other women do and found that I enjoyed the feeling of my nylon clad legs rubbing together.

"You'll enjoy it even more when you wear really dressy stockings Donna, and better yet with nylons!"

I turned beet red at her suggestions, I hadn't realized she'd been watching me! Luckily for me before she could go any further a waiter came to take our orders.

After brunch Nancy dragged me to a local art gallery. The young woman at the door smiled at us as we entered and offered to act as a guide for us. I was vigorously shaking my head no fearing close scrutiny but Nancy said it would be a wonderful idea and that was that!

Throughout our little tour I trying desperately to blend into the woodwork but Nancy was intent on drawing me out by asking what I thought of this or that painting. I'd smile, shrug my shoulders, or nod my head much to her amusement and probably causing the woman acting as our guide to think I was nuts. Well better she thinks I'm nuts, I thought, then to know I'm really a guy.

Nancy finally had enough of art and food so to my delight we went back to our motel room and I was able to collapse on a chair. I kicked off my shoes, propped up my feet, then pulled down my dress so it wouldn't ride up to my hips.

"You're doing everything just right," Nancy said happily. "I like the way you adjusted your skirt in the



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cafe and just now, very feminine and realistic.”

“I suppose I should say thanks, but I’m just trying to do what I’ve watched you do. Lord knows I can’t afford to look out of place!”

“That’s not going to be a problem little sister, you look nice and no one seemed to notice you today!”

“The guys at the cafe certainly seemed to notice!” I countered preferring not to acknowledge the little sister remark. “If they’d have noticed any more my dress would have come off!”

“They were looking at me too you know! You haven’t been a woman for more than a few hours and you’re already vain!”

“Vain, I’m scared witless and you’re calling me vain!” I replied angrily, “You say you’re doing all of this to keep me alive yet I’ve never felt so much stress in my life!”

My tirade continued on for several minutes and when I finished I was in tears, I was becoming an emotional wreck! Every time I argued with Nancy or found myself getting upset the tears would start to flow like a stream and I couldn’t stop them.

“Please stop Nancy,” I pleaded hysterically. “I’ll do anything if you’ll let me go back to the way I was. I don’t want to be a woman, I just can’t do it, don’t you understand?”

“There is no going back Donna,” Nancy said calmly. “I didn’t expect that you’d want to be a woman, but that’s beside the point right now. You’re changing into a woman and it can’t be stopped even if I wanted to stop it!”

She strode over to where I sat crying and sobbing, pointed a finger at me and berated me, “If you want to live then do it as a woman! I realize this is one hell of a shock to realize that you’re going to be a woman for the rest of your life but mom and I have gone through a lot of trouble and expense to make certain that no one is ever going to think of you as anything but a woman.”

"I hope you're right" I said an instant before the tears began again. "God, but I hope you're right."

We stayed at the motel for several days while Nancy made as feminine as I could possibly be.

Nancy and I went on several shopping trips before we hit the road for California and I ended up having to try on different types of outfits ranging from career woman to party girl with Nancy obviously enjoying every bit of it. Passing a display of sexy panty and bra sets Nancy insisted on picking up a few pairs for me.

"I'll bet you used to have fantasies of women wearing these," she grinned as she chose sets in pink, black, and red. "Now it's your turn to be the object of desire wearing frilly things!" I stood speechless looking at the ever so sexy things I'd soon be wearing.

We continued our tour trip to California after I changed into a sleeveless white top and long cotton skirt that Nancy said would be more comfortable. Since I wouldn't be wearing any stockings she painted my toenails bright red then added tips to my fingernails and painted them the same color.

She explained that the red color was necessary so that whenever I looked at my hands or feet I'd be reminded that I was no longer a man. The more I was subjected to the little feminine extras the easier it would be for me to accept my new sex she explained.

I guess it was another result of the hormones but I didn't mind the nail polish, or even the frilly underwear, actually I found that I really enjoyed being prettied up like this! My nails looked so pretty that I couldn't resist stealing quick glances at them and the nylon panties and slip I wore were soft and silky against my bare skin.

Maybe this wasn't going to be such a bad thing after all, I thought as I glanced in the mirror. My makeup changed me from a feminized guy into a pretty decent looking woman and what the hormones hadn't changed on my body the operation would. I was going to become a woman and there was no changing that, I'd better get

used to it as soon as I could.

When we began to unpack at mom's new home I found myself with a wardrobe that any woman would have been proud of, I had skirts and dresses for every occasion, and swimsuits that made me blush. I couldn't imagine fitting into the very sexy looking bathing suit Nancy had bought for me but she guaranteed me that in the not too distant future I'd not only fit it but look great in it!

That caused some mixed emotions for me, I didn't want to be able to wear the suit yet I felt a desire building inside of me to walk down a beach in that little number and drive men wild!

I couldn't do anything to control the strange feelings such as that one it seems that I didn't have the willpower to resist or the desire to try! I didn't have a choice about becoming a woman but could I ever really resign myself to spending the rest of my life as a woman?

I was scheduled to check into the clinic in one week to learn more about being a woman. After that I could decide to live in between or become a total woman. That night I cried myself to sleep for the first time since I was a little boy, terrified at the thought of being permanently changed into a woman yet unable to say with certainty that it wasn't what I really wanted!

The next day mom, Nancy and I had a long talk much like the one Nancy and I had at the motel. Mom assured me once again that she and Nancy only had my best interests at heart, they were honestly concerned about me and felt there was only one way to stop me from driving myself to an early grave.

Mom told me that I was already very attractive and that once I had finished my upcoming classes she was certain I'd become a beautiful woman. I smiled and thanked her wondering if she would be right, still unable to picture myself as any kind of woman. I had many questions to ask in an attempt to sort things out. How long would it be before I would find myself actually

needing to wear bras, and what was it going to feel like to have breasts? The hormones would certainly have an effect on me physically but what about mentally?

Were they the reason I found that man in the restaurant attractive or was I just giving in to Nancy's pressure?

Mom had certainly done her homework, she had what turned out to be eight or nine typed pages of questions that she and Nancy had put to our doctor and his carefully researched answers to them.

The doctor had predicted that along with the major changes to my body I'd notice a few mental changes. I'd have occasional mood swings such as at the motel, I'd find myself feeling calmer and far more relaxed than I had been, and if as I had tried to do at the restaurant I relaxed and tried to think as a woman would my mind would respond accordingly.

I took time to read over everything the doctor had written and was stunned to see that things had happened right on the schedule he'd predicted while my hands shook as I read of what was to come.

My breasts had become sensitive as the doctor had predicted and in the month since I'd first noticed the sensitivity and budding. I'd noticed now that they were beginning to fill in and become larger.

The doctor announced, "Eventually, I feel you'll end up pretty close in breast size to your mother and sister." I glanced up at their chests as my mother smiled and said softly to me, "Thirty-six 'B', dear. It's a nice size."

I stared at her chest, then at Nancy's before looking down at my own.

"Your breast forms were selected in exactly that our size," my sister assured me.

"They were so swollen and sensitive," I sighed.

"Don't worry. You won't explode or turn you into a big busted freak. Just the chest of an average woman."

"You wouldn't stand out anymore more than you

wnat to," Mom stated, "You'll look just like any other woman on the street. Your features were already soft, and tests were done on your hormone level. It didn't take much to push your system well into the female range. You're turning out to be quite an attractive lady if it makes you feel any better!"

"Not really," I replied sullenly. "I don't want to be an attractive lady!"

"Stop that nonsense right now!" Mom ordered in a strict tone. "Read the section on life expectancy!"

My eyes bugged out when I read the doctors opinion that as a man with my lifestyle, I'd have a ninety percent chance of a fatal heart attack within two years and a one hundred percent chance within five years!

Nancy shot back. "How does dead at thirty sound to you?"

I was too stunned to reply, all I could do was to sit there and shake. Minutes later the tears started again.

Mom came over and began stroking my hair. "Your life expectancy as a woman will be well into the eighties if you cooperate. You'll soon get used to it and once the estrogen represses your male brain, I'll bet that you'll even have a boyfriend or two!"

I looked into my mother's eyes and hugged her tightly. "That's suppose to make me happy?," I sobbed.

"NO, just that you will have many changes coming," Mom gently ran her fingers through my hair. "How about we get a bite to eat?"

"Do I have to go like this?" I pointed to my dress and heels. "Couldn't I wear men's clothes just for a little while longer?"

"No daughter of mine is going to walk around looking like a man!" Mom stated emphatically. "I always insisted your sister dress like a lady and you'll do the same! Now let's pick out an outfit and start getting dressed!"

With that mom clearly indicated that all discussion

of my going back to being Bob had ended - forever! I was Donna and I would remain Donna for the rest of my life. If I got used to it fine, if I grew to enjoy being a lady even better, but a lady I would be and I'd have to adjust however I could!

After much debate in which I took as limited a role as possible we selected a silky white shell top and an ankle length floral skirt with a white blazer as my outfit, along with a pair of tan nylons and low heeled white sandals. When I pulled on the top and tucked it into my skirt mom noticed immediately that it was just a bit too sheer to wear with my briefer so off came the top and skirt, then thankfully she told me to take off the briefer too.

Blushing, I stood in front of my mother and sister in a pair of panties unable to hide my budding breasts. "Don't be so shy," mother said. "It's men who you have to hide from now!" Things went downhill from there when mom handed me a lace trimmed camisole with a matching bra and garter belt to wear!

I quickly slipped on the bra, camisole, and garter belt, attached my nylons, and stepped back into the long half slip and skirt. This time when I put on the blouse all that showed were the satin straps of the bra and camisole along with delicate lace pattern where the camisole covered the front of the bra I wore.

Sighing, I tucked the blouse into my skirt and adjusted everything the way Nancy had taught me to do. I suppose it was a good compromise, it felt wonderful and the camisole did look better under my blouse. Nancy did my makeup while mom fixed my hair, then it was off to dinner for mom and her two daughters.

As we walked from the car I purposely tried to imitate Nancy's way of walking letting my hands swing out from my body and took small steps placing one foot just ahead of the other to create a bit of a sway in my walk.

Mom being her usual sharp eyed self quickly caught on to what I was doing and began to encourage me to

have fun. With a little help from her and tons of concentration on my part, I was able to do a fairly good job of walking more like a lady. Once I realized that no one was going to laugh at my walking this way in a skirt, it was easy!

Inside we were greeted by a hostess, a young woman who was pretty enough to start my heart racing under the lace cups of my bra! Noticing my stares Nancy quickly doused me with reality, "Don't drool! Maybe she has a brother she'll introduce you to?"

"Thanks Nancy, you really know how to hurt a guy," I said. I realized my days of lusting after women had ended.

"Cheer up," she whispered. "You look every bit as cute as she does and I'm sure there'll be plenty of guys looking at you the way you were looking at her!"

Nancy turned out to be right again, for some reason I was the object of as many glances from men as she was! It didn't seem to matter what I was doing, if I looked up I would usually catch a nearby man staring in my direction. Sometimes they'd turn their heads quickly to pretend they weren't looking but a few of the braver ones would smile when I looked their way!

"Get used to it Donna," mom whispered barely able to conceal her delight. "I told you were attractive, those men are just giving you a compliment!"

"I'm not sure I'm ready for that kind of compliment mom," I whispered. "I'm not really a woman yet and those guys are ready to take me to bed!"

It was a horrifying feeling that shot through me when I realized I had said "Yet", I hoped mom hadn't caught on but her smile told me otherwise!

"Just smile back and enjoy the admiring looks honey," Mom told me. "A little flirting never hurt a girl!"

"You'll be learning all about attracting and handling men when you go to your classes," giggled Nancy. "I'll help you wherever I can until then."

"That reminds me," Mom said as if she'd just thought of something earth shattering. "I mentioned that I had two attractive daughters to the lady who does my hair and it just so happens that she has two sons your age who'd be thrilled to be tour guides for you girls!"

"You're joking right?" I asked. "I can't go out with another guy, I'm not used to being a woman yet!"

Damn! There was that yet again!

"Oh come on Donna, please, just do it for me," Nancy pleaded. "I haven't been out with a guy since mom and I began planning this whole thing with you. I promise to keep an eye out for my little sister so she'll be safe!"

"You can't stay at home forever," Mom added. "I've seen their pictures and believe me they're real catches!"

"Catches!" I whispered sarcastically. "First you turn me into a woman then you marry me off, what's next Grandchildren?"

"I'd pay to see that delivery!" laughed Nancy. "Now quit being a wet blanket and say yes!"

I swear I don't know what came over me, we'd been arguing back and forth and had gotten off the main subject and before I realized it I was agreeing to double date with my sister and two men! I was scared silly at the idea but that night as I shaved my legs in a tub filled with scented bubbles I started to feel that I might just enjoy the date more than I had realized.

All I'd have to do was to smile at my date occasionally and listen to stories about him and he'd pay for my dinner, take me to a movie I'd been dying to see and thank me for letting him do it all! That wouldn't be too tough of an evening would it? Now what could I wear for my first date I wondered as I carefully removed the hair from my legs and underarms.

It had been two weeks since Nancy and I had arrived at mom's and so much had happened in that short time. I had been introduced to everyone as Donna Lynn, mom's youngest daughter who was staying there while

looking for a job. I had been everywhere imaginable as Donna, I shopped for groceries with mom, clothes with Nancy, went to church on Sunday, and was primping for my first date as a woman.

Once the date was official I took extra time in the tub every night making certain that my skin was smooth and silky and that my legs would look their best under my nylons. With Nancy's help I learned to do my own hair and makeup then spent several hours a day practicing different looks with my hair up, hair down, evening makeup, casual makeup, and date makeup. I was going to spend an evening convincing another man that I was a woman and I didn't want anything to screw up my plans!

The day of my big date had finally arrived and I was standing in my room wearing a very sexy white lace bra and matching panties while looking at myself in the mirror and piling my hair on top of my head. I hadn't noticed Nancy standing in the doorway until she spoke up.

"Looks like the hormones have kicked in big time sis!"

She was so very right, I didn't even try to hide what I was doing, instead I kept trying out different looks with my hair.

"Guess so," I replied with a shrug. "I've had some really weird feelings lately, do you think my hair looks best on top or hanging loose?"

"It's nothing formal so I'd wear it loose," she suggested. "What dress are you wearing?"

"Well since it's not formal and my hair will be down I thought I'd wear this pretty cream colored one with the pleated skirt." I said as I held the dress up to my body.

"You'll look great," Nancy gushed. "Thanks for doing this for me, I really appreciate it you know."

"Thanks for what you did to me," I said softly. "It was for the best I suppose."

"I'm glad you don't hate mom and me for it," Nancy sighed. "It seemed like such a horrible trick to play on you, turning you into a woman, but you would never have changed otherwise and you'd die! I couldn't bear to lose the brother I loved so soon, I had to turn you into a woman!"

"I'm starting to feel more comfortable this way," I motioned towards my the lacy panties and bra I wore. "Strange but lately there are times when I wouldn't want to be caught dead in anything but the prettiest lingerie! And I'm looking forward to this date tonight!"

"Hormones," Nancy nodded. "Wearing sexy lingerie is one of the best parts of being a woman. How come you never dated much before," she asked without breaking her stride.

"Just didn't have time," I shrugged. "I couldn't get serious with any girl, I didn't have time to spare from the business."

"This should be quite an interesting night for you."

"I hope so," I laughed as I attached a pair of white nylons to my garter belt then pulled on a full slip. "I'm trying to make myself feel as much like a woman as possible, I wouldn't want to disappoint Harry."

"So you've already decided which guy you want!" exclaimed Nancy. "Don't I get a choice?"

"Nope," I said with a laugh. "I talked mom into getting a picture of the guys and Harry was the cuter one so he's my date. Don't worry though Mike's not half bad either!"

"You're really psyching yourself up for this aren't you?"

"It's either live as a woman or die as a man and I'm in no hurry to go!" I replied as I slid my dress over my head. "This isn't going to be easy but I'll do my best to get used to it. I hope all of this pretending helps me to adjust."

"You wont have to pretend much longer sis," Nancy

told me. "Mom and I have noticed that you're beginning to do things without thinking, little things like smoothing your skirt and using your hands more when you talk, but it's all adding up. Soon you'll think of yourself as a woman and you won't have to pretend anymore."

"With every hormone pill I take, I'm reminded of that. I'm not much of a man anymore."

"The classes should be a big help getting rid of any lingering insecurities. They say that you may enter as a man but that no man has ever left!"

"I'm not sure I like that idea but I've made up my mind that I'm going to make the change. Could you help me with this zipped please?" I asked after adjusting my slip to match the length of my dress.

"Are you going to go through with the operation?" Nancy asked not sure she should broach the subject.

"I haven't made up my mind yet, I thought it might be a good idea to wait and see how this all works out. What do you think?"

Nancy thought then replied, "I think you should go ahead as soon as possible, sort of like jumping right into a pool instead of trying out the water on your feet. You'd be complete and could even marry if you wanted to!"

"I'm not in any hurry to get married," I objected. "I've only been a woman for a short while. . . you and mom want to get me hooked up with some guy and become a housewife! That what you both need!"

"Sorry sis," Nancy apologized. "It just seemed like the best thing for you to find a guy you really care for and become the traditional wife and stay at home mom. That would be the ultimate break from your old world."

"You'd better believe that!" I laughed. "Finding a guy and falling in love would be amazing enough but motherhood?"

"Adoption, you dummy!"

"I should hope so!" I said as I brushed back my hair and attached a pair of gold hoops to my pierced ears. I

swayed back and forth in front of a mirror examining my outfit. "Do you think it's possible that I could ever love another guy?"

"That's something you'll have to work out little sister, tonight should tell you more about that but remember, he wouldn't be another guy, he'd be your guy and you'd be his woman."

"Sounds awfully romantic," I said dreamily. "Maybe I really need to be held and loved and taken care of. I guess we'll find out!"

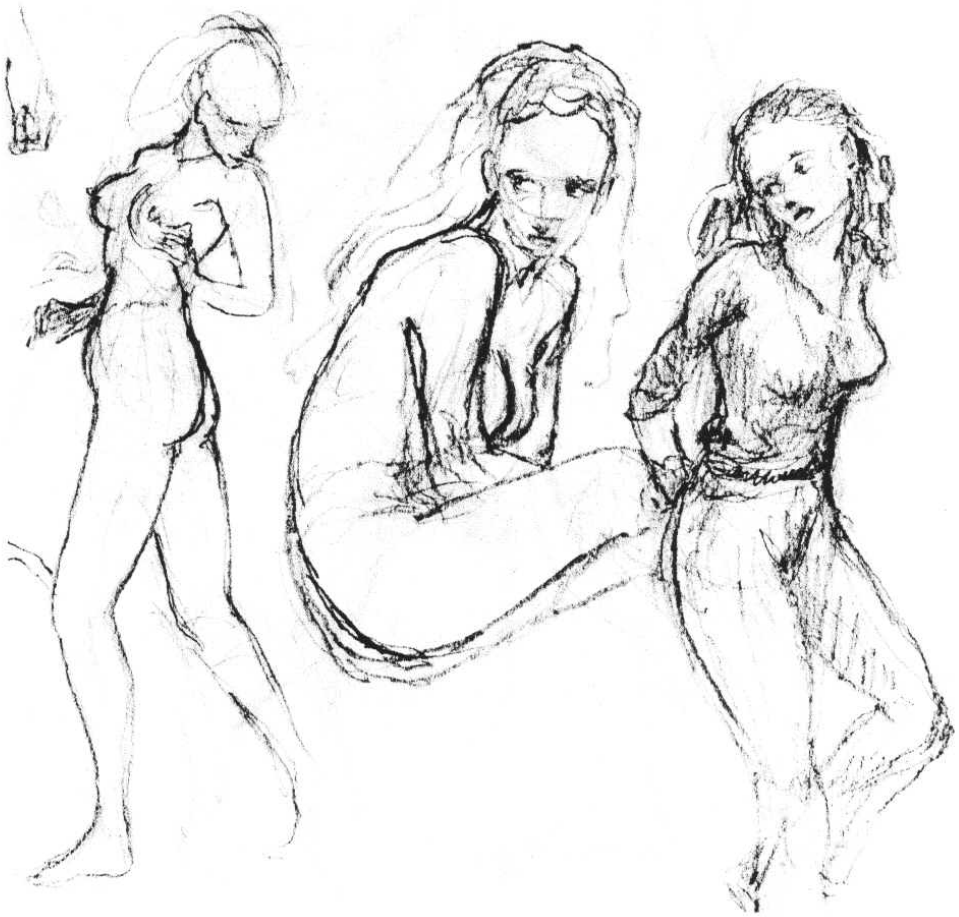
I had a great time that night. Harry was quite a gentleman, impressing me by holding doors and chairs for me and paying close attention to every word I said but what shocked me was that I was so happy when he held me tightly as we danced!

I was doing my best to act like girls I had dated by smiling at Harry and laughing at his jokes but somehow when we danced I found a special peacefulness as he held me close. My dress felt so light and comfortable as it swirled about my knees and I enjoyed the gentle tug of my bra and slip straps against my shoulders.

As we danced I glanced up at Harry's face and from his smile and the way he was holding me I could tell that he thought I was very special so I gathered up a huge amount of courage, smiled at him and rested my head against his chest.

Harry probably thought I didn't notice but when my head touched his chest I heard what sounded like a very quick drum beat and realized that it was the beating of his heart. I was getting the poor guy all worked up! He obviously liked being with me and having me in his arms and at that moment I was really enjoying it too!

Everyone likes to be popular, to have others like them, and even though I didn't understand why Harry and I just seemed to hit it off from the start! Although there were plenty of pretty women dancing around us I was the center of Harry's universe and he became the center of mine!



*My new life was coming into focus.
I was shocked when I first realized that I
felt no interest in women.*

I was shocked when I first realized that I felt no interest in the women I saw, instead I was spending time comparing them to me, could I do my makeup like hers, fix my hair like hers, wear such a short form fitting dress like hers? Bit by bit I was losing touch with my masculinity but with Harry holding me tight and telling me how nice I looked it really didn't seem important! Tonight I was Harry's girl!

When we finally said goodnight I felt an overwhelming sadness, I didn't want the night to end and I knew

I didn't want Harry to leave! He seemed to be unsure whether a goodnight kiss would be appropriate so I decided to set his mind at ease and kissed him on the cheek and thanked him for a very nice time!

Harry may have been a little unsure at first but my kiss seemed to loosen him up and soon he was holding my hands and telling me how happy he was to have met me. When he asked if we could go out again I kissed his cheek and told him that I'd be thrilled to have him call! One last kiss, this time on the lips with his arms securely around my waist and mine around his and the evening was over.

Nancy quickly grabbed a nightgown to change into then followed me into my room to get all of the juicy details about Harry.

"Are you the same person who ranted and raved over wearing women's clothes?" she teased stepping out of her dress. "The same person who swore they could never adjust to being a woman, who begged to go back to being a guy?"

I smiled sweetly as I kicked off my heels and undid my nylons, "You must be mistaken dear sister, I love pretty clothes, I adore being a woman, and how could I go back to something I never was?"

"Puppy love!" scoffed Nancy. "My little sister has a crush on a guy!"

"Was I that obvious?" I asked feigning innocence.

"I thought you'd had another heart attack and Harry was giving you mouth to mouth resuscitation!"

"OOH," I giggled. "Now that would certainly revive me!"

Nancy suddenly took on a serious tone. "Just a little advice Donna, the feelings you have right now are because your hormone cycle is high. Don't make any plans for marriage just yet!"

I slipped off my dress and stepped out of my slip letting them both slide to the floor. "If these feelings

are from hormones I'll take all I can get, I feel so alive and wonderful!" I said as I took off my bra and slipped into a night-gown.

"I told you that you'd enjoy being a woman once you relaxed," Nancy said in her 'I told you so' tone. "I can't wait to see how you turn out after the classes!"

"To be honest with you," I said starting to blush. "I'm really looking forward to learning to act like a woman. It's not that I don't appreciate all that you and mom have done for me but this class will be like a charm school is for girls, they promise not just to teach you to be a woman but to make a real lady out of you! You and mom have done a great job but there may be a few details you've forgotten or take for granted that I should really know about."

"What about the operation, did Harry change your mind?"

"Almost," I admitted shyly. "I felt so different around him and it was such a good feeling. But before I make things permanent I want to be sure it's necessary, I may decide to be Donna without it!"



"I'll probably enjoy looking as pretty as you do Nancy," I said.

"I guess you know what you're doing, I just thought it would be best to make everything complete. I mean you're going to have real breasts soon and your shape will like mine so you wont be needing and extra parts!"

"I'll probably enjoy looking as pretty as you do Nancy, but let me make the final decision"

Nancy finished changing into her nightgown, wished me goodnight and left me wandering about our talk. I had done my best to respond as a woman tonight and there was no doubt that my date appreciated it but what would happen later? Would I ever get serious with a guy? Kissing Harry had been delightful but how far could I go with a guy before things got complicated and why did I have some guilty feelings about tonight?

Harry and I dated several more times before I had to leave for class and each time we were together I felt better about being a woman and missed being a guy less and less. Mom and Nancy still wouldn't let me wear slacks but that was okay, I had dresses and skirts for every occasion, a few evening gowns if I needed them, several everyday dresses that a woman might wear to work, along with sundresses, and denim mini skirts for lounging!

I just loved putting on my favorite yellow sundries over a pretty slip, bra, and panties, the dress was rayon which felt so soft and silky and looked beautiful on me! If it was really warm I wouldn't bother with nylons for two reasons, it would be cooler without them and the feel of my slip against my bare legs was sheer ecstasy!

I had finally gotten brave enough to go out alone and often spent hours shopping for clothes in some of the better women's shops in town. At first my heart would be pounding as I selected a dress or two and walked towards the dressing rooms, what if someone recognized that I was really a man and stopped me? No one ever questioned me though or even looked at me strangely, I was just another woman to everyone I met.

I never had much facial or body hair but I worked

very hard to keep what little I had from showing and often spent hours relaxing in a tub of hot water making sure my skin was soft and smooth. I loved the feel of my soft nylon nightgowns as they brushed against my skin at night and every morning I carefully examined my breasts to chart their growth before slipping them into my bra.

There was no doubt in my mind that I was becoming increasingly feminine but it wasn't a problem to me anymore, the hormones I'd been taking for nearly a year now were having a very feminizing effect on my thoughts and I had never felt so good about anything before in my life!

My proudest moment before I left for class was the day I got my driver's license. I filled out all of the forms, took the test and walked away with a license made out to Donna Lynn Gilbert with a picture of me in a cute pink jumper and silky white blouse. Most important though was that the box for sex was marked with an "F", I was now a woman as far as the state of California was concerned!

I had one last obstacle to overcome before I could leave my masculinity behind me for good and that was to call Ed and tell him I wouldn't be back. It was a very difficult conversation for me, to begin with after working so hard to make myself sound like a woman I had to make quite an effort to sound like a guy again.

Ed wasn't happy to hear that I was leaving, we'd grown up together and the company had been a dream of ours. He did everything he could think of to convince me to return but I insisted that I planned on changing the way I lived my life because of my heart problems and there was just no way I could ever return.

I promised I'd keep in touch even though I couldn't imagine how I could. After all, what would my best friend think when he saw the woman I'd become? We'd double dated and spent many hours talking about the women we knew, how could we do that now? He probably knew very little of women's fashions, and I don't think I'd feel comfortable discussing the latest babe he

was dating!

When I arrived at the school I was shown to the room where I would be spending my free time for the next few weeks. It was very tastefully decorated in an unmistakably feminine motif with pastel walls and rugs, ruffled curtains and sheets on the bed, and pink flowered wallpaper in the bath.

I unpacked my things, freshened my makeup, changed into one of my professional woman dresses and heels, and followed directions to my first meeting with other men training to be women!

Arriving at the designated room I wondered at first if I'd found the right place, the room was a small conference room which could hold no more than ten to fifteen people. I don't know why I expected to find a much larger room but as I stood there checking my directions an attractive woman in her early twenties asked if I needed help.

"I'm looking for room sixteen," I said pleasantly, noticing the gorgeous silk dress she wore.

"This is it," she smiled. "I'm Joy, one of the instructors here."

I extended my hand pointed slightly downward as Nancy had shown me. "Nice to meet you Joy, I'm Donna Gilbert."

Joy smiled as she gently grasped my hand and held it. "I see you've had a little training on mannerisms."

"Several months now," I smiled pleased that she noticed. "How am I doing?"

Joy held my hand as we walked into the conference room, "I think you did well on meeting me, but relax a little more, women aren't nearly as stiff as men when we meet!"

"I'll remember that," I replied as I smoothed out my skirt and placed my purse in my lap. "By the way, your dress is lovely, silk right?"

"Yes it is thank you, yours is very nice too. Do you

have a job Donna?"

"Actually," I sighed. "I just quit my job, it's the reason I'm dressed like this."

Joy's face lit up as she remembered something. "Oh that's right," she exclaimed. "I read all about you, your mother and sister must care a great deal for you!"

"I didn't think so at first," I laughed. "But time and Estrogen have mellowed me a bit!"

"Tell me about it!" she said with a wistful smile. "I was a nightmare to control until my parents started me on estrogen, fast cars, fights, an overall hood! Things have changed since I was sixteen, now I'm more worried over a run in my nylons or a broken nail than the horsepower of an engine! Not to mention that fighting in a dress and heels is awfully tough to do!"

"You're not really a woman?" I blurted. "Please forgive me, it's just that I thought since you were an instructor..."

Joy smiled, "Forgive you, for such a wonderful compliment! No chance!" she laughed. "If you were a guy I'd kiss you!"

"If I were a guy, I wouldn't be sitting here in a dress!" I laughed. "I just thought that with your looks and all..."

"No, I haven't been much of a male since I was sixteen," she continued with a far away look in her eyes. "My parents had enough trouble from me so when we moved they started their own business and put me into dresses. Thanks to estrogen and a donation to a private school I graduated as Joy. Would you like to see my prom picture?"

Joy quickly dug through her purse and produced a photo of her in a very romantic looking pink gown with sheer sleeves, her makeup was perfect for a young woman at such a special event as was her hair.

She was the picture of a lovely young woman yet she was and is a male! She produced another photo of her and her family at her graduation and again she was

smiling happily in a short flowered dress and white heels, her parents beaming proudly beside her!

“Very nice,” I said in awe. “No one would ever have known...”

“When you’re done here it’ll be the same for you my dear,” her voice reflecting the excitement on her face. “If you’ve seen out pamphlets you already know that many men have come here but no man has ever left. All of our graduates live full, happy, lives but they live them as women! This course is not a vacation nor is it a joke,” she said in a very business like tone. “You’ll learn what is expected of you and what will become of you shortly, let’s meet some of the other ladies for now though.”

As we were talking I hadn’t noticed several other women enter the room and take seats. A quick glance was all that was needed to see that Joy had a point about the course not being a joke all of the other women were dressed as if for an important meeting.

There were no slacks, no casual clothes, all wore stylish dresses like I had or suits and were indistin-

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guishable from any woman in a business meeting. The chairs were spaced around a curved table which kept all of us relatively close to each other while the instructors would be to the front and center of the class.

I smiled at the woman who took a seat next to me and introduced myself to her. Susan was her name and she appeared to be about the same age as me with shoulder length blonde hair which had been neatly arranged in a twist style. She wore a powder blue suit with matching heels, carried a small blue clutch bag, and appeared to be totally at ease with the way she was dressed.

"Isn't this wonderful," Susan gushed. "I know several other girls who came here and they were all thrilled with the course and said it was an immense help to them!"

It amazed me that others would admit that they had attended a course that taught men how to act like women. "I'm sort of new to all of this," I admitted. "Where did you meet other men who took this course?"

Sue told me that she'd been cross dressing since her teens and finally in her mid twenties decided to go for broke and live full time as a woman. She'd done quite a bit of research and had finally been referred to a local chapter of a national group for men who dressed and or lived as women.

"I had no idea there were so many of us!" I said totally shocked. Until this class I thought I was pretty much of a minority in the male world, now Sue was telling me that there were men like us all over the country!

"You'd be amazed," Sue continued. "You've probably run into women like us all the time but never realized it. She might have been the waitress who served your dinner, the nurse at your doctor's office, the pretty high school girl you pass on the street, the woman you're on a date with, or even the wife of a business associate!"

"I never really thought of it like that," I admitted sheepishly. "I just took it for granted that the women I

met were actually women although I suppose the guy I dated did too!"

Another woman named Marie joined in the conversation saying that she'd recently lost her job as a programmer and was about to start a new one as a secretary. "The pay isn't quite as good," she said with a nervous giggle. "But I'm sick of wearing a suit and tie, from now on if I wear a suit it'll be with a skirt and blouse! I've been wanting to live and work as a woman for as long as I can remember, now it's finally time!"

"Me too!" added Lorraine, a woman in her fifties. "My wife understands that no matter how hard I try I just can't make it as her husband we've decided that I should be her sister!"

Our little get together was broken up by Joy's voice asking for our attention to introduce herself and the other instructors. "Some of you I've already met, but for you other ladies my name is Joy and I'll be one of your instructors on your journey to womanhood. Regardless of what you may think of yourselves now I promise that when you finish this course you will be viewed as not just women but ladies by the rest of the world."

I was absolutely amazed at what I was taught in class, I learned more about correct posture, gestures, fashion, and so much more than I thought could be possible to know. I was taught how to shave my legs, the most effective use of makeup, nail polish, and perfume. Girls didn't know these things instinctively but they had years to learn how to be feminine, I had weeks!

I did my best however and soon I was having a ball learning to coordinate my makeup with my outfit, what I should look for in beauty salons, how to handle myself when dating (my best subject with memories of Harry!), and how to conduct myself as a charming lady regardless of the circumstances! One of the most helpful parts of the course was how to deal with guilt through self hypnosis.

We were told that along the way to being women,

we would encounter doubts about what we were doing. These doubts could affect the way we responded to life and possibly result in discovery of our true sex. "Sometimes even the estrogen isn't enough," an instructor said. We were taught methods of self hypnosis which would reinforce our chosen sex in our minds until we no longer had any doubts.

I found this to be very helpful and would practice it every chance I got. I was to picture myself in a nice dress or some sexy piece of lingerie or being held tightly and kissed by a handsome man. As the days progressed, I found that thoughts of going back to being a guy came less and less!

Of course just because I thought less of going back to being a man didn't stop me from picturing myself as a woman, those thoughts were so pleasurable I couldn't keep them out of my mind, something I'm sure the instructors counted on!

We were encouraged to wear the sexiest lingerie we owned, makeup and dresses were required for all classes, we could wear whatever we pleased after class but whatever we wore it had to be unmistakably feminine. No jeans, they were thought to be too unisex, we could wear shorts but not cutoffs, and of course our nightgowns were flimsy creations of lace and satin trim!

The class work, the instructors and the atmosphere all combined to change the way we thought of ourselves, there was no way to resist even if one of us wanted to, we were being shaped into women in a none too subtle manner!

One of the benefits of the training was that they had an on site beauty salon we were able to use whenever

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we desired. I took full advantage of it having a perm, pedicure, manicure, facial, and leg waxing done! We were supposed to experience the delights of being treated as a woman and trust me when I tell you it was delightful!

I had a wonderful time sitting there while my hair was washed and set then combed out and styled. While I waited for my hair to dry I received a much needed manicure and pedicure. A week later I returned for a leg waxing which although slightly painful left my legs soft and silky to the touch and made them look fantastic in nylons!

When my training was through I went out and bought myself the sexiest lingerie I could find, several new dresses, and just for kicks some ultra frilly and feminine loungewear that until now would have been just too much for me to handle!

Now I wanted to revel in my enhanced femininity, I wanted to show everyone how happy I was to be a woman, I used to button my blouses to the top but now I left a button or two open revealing a bit of lace from the pretty camisoles I began wearing.

During my classes I decided that it would be best if I lived on my own rather than staying with mom and Nancy, I appreciated what they had done for me but I was a big girl now and it was time for me to spread my wings. When I explained my decision, mom and Nancy were happy that I'd adjusted so well but still a bit concerned about how I'd manage on my own.

I calmed their fears as best I could but found an apartment in the northern part of the state and began job hunting. There wasn't any real reason to look for a job, my earnings from the company stock and my investments gave me more than an ample amount to live on but I was determined to live as a woman and having a job as a woman would make me feel more complete.

I doubted that anyone would really check my past job references since I'd never had a call about anyone who used to work for me so I listed my old company as

my previous employer but changed my job to a secretary, a position which I thought wouldn't attract enough interest to warrant a reference check.

After three weeks of job hunting I was offered a position as a teller in a small bank near my apartment. It sounded ideal to me, the pay was enough to cover my rent and a few expenses leaving me with plenty of spending money and I would get to wear pretty outfits and interact with people as a woman. Just to be sure I looked right though I picked up a few conservative dresses and suits to wear and put them into my already well stocked closet.

I dressed carefully for my first day wanting to make just the right impression. I treated myself with a pair of pink lace panties, a matching bra, camisole, and half slip, tan pantyhose (yes the nylons were sexy but I felt like more of a modern woman in pantyhose), a self belting beige dress with a pleated skirt, beige heels, and a mullet colored scarf tied smartly over my shoulder. I managed to get my makeup on perfectly in less than twenty minutes before I grabbed my purse and started off to work!

Soon I was happily at work ,with a name plate identifying me as Donna Lynn Gilbert, meeting new people, and making new friends. I wore pretty outfits to work, had lunch and went shopping with the other women I worked with, and was so accepted into the circle of women at work that I was being invited to Tupperware parties, bridal and baby showers, and a lingerie party that ended up costing me nearly a hundred dollars for some lingerie that was too pretty to pass up!

As the time passed my body continued to change with increased fat deposits around my hips and butts and a bustline that had grown to a thirty two B allowing me to wear bras with less padding!

My voice never really changed but it had always been soft and high enough that with the appearance of a woman it seemed just right. I also found that the occasional self hypnosis and female hormones had pro-

duced a desire for male companionship that was stronger than ever. Soon my girlfriends at work were fixing me up with brothers or friends they thought I'd like and I was going to movies, skating, ball games, and having a wonderful time.

I found that there was a mutual attraction between me and Ken, a guy I'd met through one of my friends. We were soon spending a good bit of time together at museums and art shows and now and then at his apartment.

It didn't take long to discover that Ken was a wonderfully talented man, he had a way of holding me and kissing me that sent shivers up and down my spine! We often made plans for dinner and a movie only to change them abruptly when Ken came to pick me up. Instead of a three course dinner and a show we often made do with a pizza while we entertained ourselves on my sofa!

I know I'll never forget the first time Ken gently undid my blouse and began to squeeze my breasts through my camisole and bra. Within minutes I was so excited that my blouse, camisole, and bra were in the floor and Ken was sucking on my breasts while I ran my fingers through his hair and kept his face pressed to my chest!

If I were the woman I seemed to be at that time I'm certain that I would have gladly removed my skirt, lingerie and stockings and given myself to Ken! Instead Ken had to settle for my kissing and licking his erection until he could take it no more!

Ken and I continued dating and petting for several months until he was transferred to the east coast. We were very close but neither of us were interested in marriage so we reluctantly said good bye and I tried to get on with my life.

I received several promotions at work based on my success at selling bank products to our existing customers and I was managing the branch. Things were going so well that I couldn't imagine anything going wrong, I had even begun to give very serious thought to having

the final operation in case I met anyone like Ken again.

If so I wanted to be woman enough to enjoy sex with a man! Then my world turned upside down when I made an appointment to meet a potential customer who wanted to open a business account with my bank.

I was due to meet with Mr. Locke to discuss his account and as usual I planned to look my best to impress a potential client. My makeup was perfect, I spent the night in curlers so my hair would be just right, I wore just enough perfume that it wouldn't be overwhelming but rather very subtle, and I wore a pink skirt suit with a semi sheer white blouse through which my lace covered camisole was just slightly visible. I found that male customers of the bank responded well to my dressing this way, it was an outfit that defined me as being professional yet very comfortable with myself as a woman, a combination that hooked the men every time!

The appointed time arrived, my secretary alerted me that Mr. Locke had just come in so I checked my hair and makeup, straightened my skirt and went to greet him as he was led into my office.

As he stepped into the office I nearly died of shock, Mr. Locke was none other than Ed my old business partner! I suddenly realized that Locke had been Ed's father's name, once his mother remarried he never used it again.

I stood there riveted to the floor, speechless, while Ed smiled, held his hand out and said in a business like manner, "Hello Ms. Gilbert, it's certainly nice to meet you."

I finally overcame my shock and shook his hand then asked him to have a seat while my secretary left. As the door closed behind her Ed smiled at me, "You're looking cuter than the last time I saw you Donna. Or should I call you Ms. Gilbert?"

"I think Donna would be best considering," I muttered. "How?" I squeaked.

"I got a letter from the bank's office a little while ago asking for reference information on a Donna Gilbert. It took a bit of figuring out and a lot of pestering of your sister and mother but here I am. I couldn't let my best friend just walk out of my life without an explanation."

"I never meant to walk out that way Ed," I stammered. "This wasn't really my idea at first."

"Don't worry, I pried all of the details from your family," Ed said softly. "I understand what happened and why they did it. What I really want to know is, are we still friends?"

"You still want to be my friend after seeing me like this?" I gestured to my suit. "This doesn't matter to you?"

"I understand you're very happy now Donna," He replied calmly. "Don't worry about me, if you're comfortable this way I can manage."

I thought for a few minutes before I answered. "I am happy Ed," I told him as I slowly walked around my desk to face him. "In fact I've never felt better than I do right now."

"Then it's settled, we're still buddies?" he asked offering his hand.

"I don't know about the buddies part," I laughed. "But friends, yes." I looked at his outstretched hand but instead of shaking it I gently pushed it aside and gave Ed a big hug.

"You sure have changed!" he laughed. "The last time I saw you you got upset when I said you were looking cute!"

I sat back on the front of my desk and pulled the hem of my skirt down, "Do you still think I'm cute?" I asked coyly. "I promise not to deck you if you say yes."

"You were cute then, now you're a knockout!" Ed whistled as he walked around checking me out. "Damn, but you are one gorgeous lady Donna!"

I was thrilled to hear Ed say that, I wanted more

than anything to have him accept me as a woman and it made me ecstatic that he appreciated me as a woman! I was floating in the clouds when Ed brought me down with a question.

“Would you care to go to dinner tonight?”

“With you?” I asked stupidly as if there were anyone else in the room. “On a date?” He looked embarrassed.

“Well it doesn’t have to be a date, just two friends catching up on lost time. How’s that?” He suggested. “Would that be a problem?”

“I insist on paying my share,” I countered. “Would that be a problem?”

“No problem at all, but I was thinking of a pretty expensive place!” he added. “Is that a problem for you?”

“No,” I replied then after a seconds pause. “I’ll be dressed like a woman, you know? I don’t have any men’s clothes.”

“And you’d look pretty damn silly in them with that figure,” Ed laughed. “Pick you up at seven?”

“Seven it is,” I scribbled my address and phone number on the back of my business card. “Be prepared!”

That evening Ed called for me precisely at seven and I could tell that my blue dress with it’s sheer sleeves was very much appreciated by him!

He complimented me on my outfit then held my jacket while I slipped into it. I thanked him, picked up my clutch bag and we were off. Ed opened doors or me throughout the evening and made every effort to treat me like a lady which really made my evening complete. We talked and laughed about old times then went back to my apartment to talk about the changes I couldn’t discuss in public.

Ed listened carefully and laughed along with me as I described my unstoppable progress toward s becoming a woman. It felt great to see him again and to know that I could tell him anything and he wouldn’t judge me.

He accepted me completely as Donna and by the time he left it was as if we'd never parted. I may have embarrassed him slightly when I gave a good night kiss on the cheek and thanked him for a nice evening but I wasn't trying to come on to him, it was just something I did with any of the men I'd dated!

Ed and I got together several more times before he went back to the company again and surprised me on the day he'd left by sending a bouquet of roses thanking me for showing him around and being so nice to him, he signed it as "Still Friends". I thought it was a sweet gesture that I broke into tears, friends like Ed were tough to find!

Ed stayed in touch after that, we wrote letters back and forth and sometimes spent hours on the phone talking about our lives. Occasionally he would even make a trip to California and always made certain that we got together to catch a football game or do something special.

Those times were very special to me because I always had a great time with Ed, I'd always wondered what made him so special that he could get a date with virtually any woman and now I began to realize what it was, Ed brought out feminine qualities in me that I never realized I had!

He always brought flowers when he came and was always happy to hear about whatever I wanted to talk about whether it was my job at the bank, my friends, or personal problems. He listened sympathetically when I talked about a married guy I knew who kept coming on to me and encouraged me to introduce myself to a guy in my neighborhood whom I found attractive!

Ed was quick with the compliments too, he always mentioned how well I was dressed even when I wore a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt to a football game!

I noticed the glances towards my crotch and could tell that he wanted to know how I was able to wear such tight jeans without an operation. I felt so relaxed and

comfortable with him that I opened my lingerie drawer to show him several of the special items, jock straps for girls he called them, which enabled me to hide my genitals. There was nothing I could not talk about to Ed!

I never really considered going out with Ed as a date, he was just my best friend who happened to be a guy. Of course I did want to look my best whenever we did go out but I always strove to look my best wherever I went.

The Passion perfume? Well Ed had mentioned that he liked the smell of it and since he had come all the way to California to see me I thought I'd do something for him!

The dinners I cooked were nothing special either, just another way of thanking him for being my friend and saving him the expense of a dinner out. Of course I always dressed nicely even if it was just a night at my apartment, certainly Ed's joking remark that I had great legs had nothing to do with the shorter skirts I began to wear around him!

In one of his letters Ed mentioned that he was going to be coming to town to entertain an important client and asked if I could help. He planned on taking the client and his wife out to dinner and several special events while he was in town and didn't want to seem out of place without a date.

If I just pretend to be his date for a few evenings it would provide a more relaxed setting and possibly help win over the client. I owed him at least that much after he saved my life so I called him and said I'd be happy to be his date for a while!

The first night we went to a very classy restaurant with Ed and his client wearing their best suits while the clients wife and I wore gowns. When Ed picked me up that night and saw me in my midnight blue gown with the sequined skirt and "V" neck that exposed a bit of cleavage he whistled softly and told me that I looked beautiful!

I turned slowly to let him see me from all sides then gave him a peck on the cheek and told him he was very sweet! He got a strange look in his eye and started to lean towards me then suddenly pulled back and helped me on with my jacket. I had the impression that for a moment Ed wanted to kiss me but something held him back.

That was a shame I thought sadly, lately I'd been wondering what it would be like to be kissed by Ed, would it be the end of our friendship or maybe the beginning of something else?

The next night we were going to see a new movie the client had expressed interest in and I wouldn't need to dress quite so formally. I chose a forest green skirt with a pale yellow blouse and white jacket for that evening. What a shame, I thought to myself as I dressed, the girdle I wore to squeeze into the gown was a little unconformable but Ed really seemed to like the way I looked in that dress so it had to have been worth it!

Later that evening in the ladies room the wife asked me if Ed and I were serious about each other. I smiled and told her that Ed and I were just friends, we'd grown up together but there was no romantic interest on either of our parts. She laughed and told me that I must be blind, it would have been obvious to anyone from the look on Ed's face that he cared for me!

I thought back to how Ed had reacted when I kissed his cheek earlier that night, maybe he really wanted to kiss me but it was probably a reflex, he'd dated and probably kissed so many women that he forgot himself. He wouldn't make a play for his best friend would he?

The rest of the evening went very well but I couldn't get Ed out of my mind. What if he was interested in me, would that be so terrible? I looked over at him occasionally and smiled the way I did with other men I dated and each time I saw a very familiar look on his face. I knew the look well having seen it on Harry's face when

we were dating and on several other men who had taken an interest in me. Ed definitely had that same sexual interest in me!

Ed and I went out with the other couple several more times and each time I tried to dress in a way that I thought Ed would like, one evening I wore a cream colored silk pantsuit while another time I wore a pink dress with a full skirt.

Each time Ed made it a point to tell me how pretty I looked instead of simply saying that I looked "nice" as he'd done in the past. On his last night in town he asked if I'd mind going out alone with him, his business with the client was done and he wanted to thank me for my help. I didn't want to appear too anxious so I waited a full second or two before agreeing to go to dinner with him that night.

I decided to have a little fun with Ed that night so I wore a short red dress that fit like a glove, black nylons, three inch red, knock me down and screw my brains out, heels, deep, red lipstick that screamed kiss me, and just enough perfume, passion of course, to keep Ed's attention focused even when he couldn't see me!

Ed's eyes nearly popped out when I opened the door to greet him! "Oh my God," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Is that really you Bob?"

I put my hands on my hips and pouted shamelessly, "Do I look like a Bob to you!"

Suddenly Ed realized what he'd called me, "I'm sorry Donna," he stammered. "No, you don't look anything at all like a Bob. You're beautiful!"

I twirled around to tease him a little more, "Is this outfit okay for tonight?" I asked playfully. "It's not too dressy is it?"

"Not at all," Ed blurted out. "It's perfect and you look perfect in it!"

I thanked him with peck on his cheek then let him help me on with my jacket, which I noticed took longer than usual. I hesitated just a second as I slid my arms

into the jacket to let him get a better whiff of my perfume.

When I turned around to face him the glassy stare in his eyes told me that his hormones were driving him crazy! He opened the door and we walked to his car without saying a word to each other. He seemed to be lost in thought and I was fervently hoping it was about me!

We had a lovely dinner and then spent the rest of the evening dancing with Ed holding me as tight as little by little I snuggled closer to him. I didn't want to move too quickly and scare him off so I just took it slowly and gave him time to adjust before I moved again.

Before long his hands had slid down off my waist and his fingertips were resting on my butt, what a scrumptious feeling that was! After a few dances Ed moved his hands off my butt and absentmindedly began to trace the outline of my bra straps which started my hormones racing!

My sexuality had moved to my breasts. What could he be thinking? Was he fantasizing about what it would be like to get me out of this dress and bra so to be able to devote some attention to my breasts? What would he do when he saw the matching black lace bra, slip, and panties I wore?

I knew that all he had to do was ask and I'd probably slip out of my dress and bra right then and there! Unfortunately Ed recovered and soon was the perfect gentleman once again, which disappointed me to no end. But there'd be another night, another time and I knew in my heart that if there was any way in the world to hook him I'd do it!

Several of the women I worked with saw me with Ed that night and I was soon the envy of every woman I knew! Ed was deemed the best catch of the month and my friends were always prodding me for details of how we met and our dates. I tried to insist that we were just friends but of course the other girls knew that no



*I was faced with the biggest decision of my life.
Somehow I'd gotten used to my new curves.*



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woman dressed the way I did just for a friend!

My half hearted protests fell on deaf ears so I admitted what was hardly a secret, I found Ed to be incredibly attractive, sexy, and I wanted him bad! That admission brought about a flood of suggestions, wishes of luck, and a promise from me to keep everyone up to date on my progress in snaring Ed.

Ed was going to be too busy to visit for awhile he told me, he was making some changes to the business which would keep him tied up for a month or so. Once he finished he'd be out for another visit and we could enjoy an evening out somewhere he promised. I hoped I hadn't scared him off but since he did promise to come back I felt better, Ed never broke a promise!

I knew that despite all of my best efforts to attract him I'd never really land him without making one last change so after several gut wrenching days of debating myself I finally made the call to my old doctor and asked if he could make the necessary arrangements for me. Two weeks later I checked into a hospital in southern California to become Donna forever!

I was examined and found to be healthy enough for the change, even my heart had overcome the damage of the attack that started all of this thanks in large part to my regular morning aerobic workout! Two mornings later I was given a shot and asked to start counting backwards from one hundred.

I counted down to ninety five then a nurse was shaking me awake to change my dressing it was late night, everything had gone perfectly and I was a complete woman! I was also in serious pain, feeling as though someone had kicked my testicles around my throat! I was given a pill to ease the pain and the next thing I knew it was afternoon!

I no longer had the feeling of the previous night but there was still a good deal of soreness where my genitals had been, or should I say where my genitals were. I still had genitals but now they were female genitals and a nurse had stopped by to instruct me on proper

use and care of them! I paid close attention to every word she said, I wanted to take very good care of my new genitals because I had serious plans for their future use!

I was discharged after a short stay and with a sanitary napkin in place I ended my vacation and returned to work again. Ed called me that evening when I got home to say that he'd be out in a week for another visit and that he had something he needed to talk about.

I became very concerned when he refused to tell me what he wanted to talk about, what if I'd gone to far the last time we'd been together? What if he couldn't take the idea of having a relationship with me as a woman? Not sure if I'd ever have another chance at Ed I became determined to win his love at all costs!

I met him at the airport in a conservative suit and low heels, my makeup done for work and very little perfume. Ed seemed very happy to see me again but I could sense that something was bothering him and that he was holding back, keeping his distance from me.

We had a quiet dinner at a local restaurant and even danced a few songs but it wasn't anything like the last time, Ed was acting as though he was a poor guy who had to escort his sister to the prom! I finally decided that I just couldn't stand the suspense any longer and asked him if he'd care to spend the rest of the evening at my apartment.

The drive home was more like coming back from a funeral instead of a date! Back at my place Ed reluctantly agreed to let me model a new dress I'd bought, I brought him a cold soda, smiled coyly and promised to be right back.

With my bedroom door safely closed behind me I quickly removed the dress I wore to dinner along with my pantyhose and everyday lingerie. I quickly pulled on a pair of white lace panties with a matching garter belt and bra. I stepped into a very sexy looking half slip I bought for the occasion then rolled on a pair of the

sheerest nylons I could find and fastened them to my garters.

I stepped into a black velvet miniskirt then slipped into a daringly sheer, silky white blouse. I removed my coral lipstick and replaced it with the kiss me red shade I used the last time I saw Ed, darkened my mascara, deepened my eye shadow and placed a few drops of Passion behind my legs and between my breasts.

Some dangling gold earrings, a pretty necklace, a pair of black heels and I was ready for Ed. I hoped he'd be ready for me!

"How do I look?" I asked as I breezed into the room with a big smile. "Maybe we could go to dinner tomorrow again and I can wear this outfit?"

Ed's mouth began to turn up at the corners as a leer began to form then he quickly regained his composure and asked me to sit down which I did, right by his side on the couch! I could practically feel his heartbeat but I wasn't done with him just yet. I seductively kicked off my heels then tucked my legs under me on the couch as I turned to face him.

"What was so important that you couldn't tell me on the phone?" I asked doing my best not to laugh at his predicament. "Problems with the business?"

"I wish it were that easy," he answered nervously. "Actually I wanted to talk about us."

"Okay, what about us?" I slowly tucked a lock of hair behind my ear, a gesture I learned at the school. "Is something wrong?"

"Yes and no," Ed answered, his voice beginning to crack with stress. "I'm not sure I can come back again Donna."

Now it was my turn to be upset, I couldn't lose Ed now, not when I was so very sure I could break away from being just friends.

"Is there another woman? I won't do anything to hurt your chances with someone back East if that's

what's wrong."

"No, there's no other woman," Ed looked at me then reached over and took my hand. "The problem is that I'm finding myself becoming very attracted to you!"

"I'm flattered!" I smiled. "I've enjoyed your visits, and you've been the best friend I could hope for."

"But I feel like I want to be more than friends Donna, how does that grab you!"

"How does this grab you?" I announced as I leaned over and kissed him on the lips. I had forgotten just how good his reflexes were and soon I found myself being held tightly in his arms as he returned my kiss! I began running my fingers through his hair as we exchanged passionate kisses, I was in love with Ed and I wanted him to know it but first a few more kisses!

We stopped kissing as suddenly as we had started then stared at each other for a few seconds. I was the first to break the silence. "I love you," I whispered in his ear.

"I love you too," he whispered back as he took me in his arms again. As we kissed his hands found their way to my butt and began to massage it with probing fingers. It didn't take long before they worked their way up to my breasts and began to squeeze. I gently took one of his hands off my breasts which immediately broke the kiss.

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "Forgive me?"

"Never!" I said with a wicked laugh as I placed his hand on the buttons of my blouse and encouraged him to work them loose. Ed had mentioned that one of his favorite things to do was to fondle a woman's breasts while they were kissing. One of the women he'd dated had encouraged him to start and he quickly learned that it led to a much more passion filled encounter.

Now I was the woman he was kissing and I wanted the same treatment! Once my blouse was undone Ed needed no encouragement, his hand worked it's way under my camisole and bra and began to squeeze my

breast as he kissed me. As he was rubbing and stroking my breast, my brain raced. I wanted to touch one again!

When he placed my hand in his lap my mind whirled at touching maleness again. I still missed mine! His hand pressed my fingers down and quickly undid his zipper. I shyly reached inside like a kid hunting the prize in the Cracker Jacks box!

Handling it like I'd done most of my life, I found my prize and Ed was putty in my hands. Gasping with pleasure, I touched the treasure, comparing it to the only other one I'd ever touched. I squeezed gently and it moved! My heart was coming through my chest but I felt safe! Ed knew CPR!

I moved my fingers and taunted it with my fingernails.

"Ohhh," he moaned. "Let me see your breasts!" It was all he could do to let me stop long enough to take off my blouse, camisole, and bra. He gasped when I dropped the cups of my bra and he saw my erect nipples on womanly breasts. His lips began to kiss, then suck and lick my breasts like a starving baby!

Although I hated to stop him, there was something I craved, no missed. It was like HIS maleness was my lost passion! I quickly undid his belt, dropped his pants, seeing the full extent of one that was much superior to mine.

My mind raced. "What do I do now?" I asked myself. I found myself down on my knees in front of him, looking up. He was all man and I resected that! I played homage to him. "I hope you appreciate this," I giggled before kissing him then taking him into my mouth. "These stockings cost me a fortune!"

I drove him wild pretending to be a little girl with a lollipop, licking one side then another.

I wasn't long before I felt his body tense up and an instant later as he climaxed.

"That was my way of saying thank you for saving

my life," I smiled. "I'll bet you never thought I'd repay you like that!"

"Never," he stammered, "Never in a million years!"

"Now what did you want to talk about?" I asked coyly.

Suddenly Ed began to cry. "What are we going to do? I love you and want you to be my wife!"

My heart was racing, "I accept!" I cried out in joy. "I love you too!"

"But what about?" he gestured sadly towards my crotch. "You're still really a man."

I took his hand and guided it under my skirt to my crotch. "How many men do you know with one of these?" I smiled. "I have this and you have THAT!"

Ed's fingers began exploring which sent me into spasms of delight. "Where is it?"

"I'm all woman now. I can't imagine anything I'd want more than to be your wife!"

He pulled me close and gave me the most exciting kiss I'd ever had in my life. "Thank you for making me the happiest man on earth!"

"I promise never to let you feel any different my love," I said as I kissed him again. "I'll be the woman of your dreams!"

"You already are," he whispered as he began lifting me into his arms to carry me off to the bedroom.

"Slow down Ed," I pushed against his chest to stop him. "You're not going to get me into bed before you make good on marrying me! I've never been that kind of girl!"

We were married a year later and all of my girlfriends told me that I looked wonderful in my satin and lace gown. Nancy was my maid of honor and mom of course cried through the entire ceremony. When it came time to kiss I did my best to convey my love to the

wonderful man I married.

That night Ed made me the happiest woman on this earth, he was sweet and gentle yet determined to make certain that I knew I was a woman by giving me one orgasm after another! I couldn't believe that until a few short years ago I would have laughed at any suggestion of Ed and I ending up in bed together with me in a flimsy white negligee, a pair of panties I had worn lying next to the bed.

Yet nothing could please me more that night than to have my best friend tell em how beautiful I was and how happy he was to have me!

Ed sold the business back east and opened a consulting company here in town which he asked me to help with. I turned him down flat, I didn't need that kind of stress in my life again and to his surprise and delight I resigned my job and became a full time wife and mother to an adorable little baby boy we adopted.

Nancy had been right. I found a great contentment and satisfaction in taking care of the two men in my life, my sweet husband Ed and our wonderful son Jim! Had it not been for her and mom giving me the gift of life I would probably have been dead by now, instead I'm happy and fulfilled as a woman, wife and mother!

THE END
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He didn't hurry. He took his time and looked over each dress before he made his choice. He stepped into the satin laden dress and gently tested the delicate garment's allure by flittering it's air-like skirt. It felt good. He was ready. The hauntingly beautiful music could be heard as he swished towards the ballroom door.



IN
THE
PINK

Tonight's
destination
would be the
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The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn..." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45

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

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun **BUSTS** out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him **PERFECT!** Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him. Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

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SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

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This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

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PUNISHED IN PINK BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl’s clothes. He meets many others like himself!

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Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes “Tebby, Teen TV.

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Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

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Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

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The continuing saga of Tebby.

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A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

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A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

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