

TITILLATING TV TALES

LINGERIE & LIPSTICK I



“I’m not kidding, Bob. I want you to impersonate Amy until she comes to her senses and returns home.”

PART ONE OF TWO

TITILLATING TV TALES #18

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Volume 18

LINGERIE & LIPSTICK I

Book #1

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*Book #1***

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QUOTE BOARD

"The male is a domestic animal which, if treated with firmness, can be trained to do most things by women.

LINGERIE & LIPSTICK

Book #1

By Kristi Love

Chapter 1 – The Proposal

“Surely you jest!” I gasped after my brother-in-law, Mike Stewart, made his request.

“I’m not kidding, Bob. I want you to impersonate Amy until she comes to her senses and returns home. I’ve important business functions coming up, plus it won’t look good if my boss learns that Amy left me for another guy,” Mike was serious.

“Why me? Find some girl that looks like Amy. Then you won’t take the chance of me being recognized as a guy and humiliating both of us.”

“Another woman wouldn’t know Amy’s history and her likes and dislikes like you, her twin brother. She said that she confided everything in you when growing up. You have a remarkable resemblance to her. You are her height, nearly her weight, same hair and eye color. It’s a hell of a lot easier to make you resemble her than to get a stranger to act like her and learn her history,” Mike reasoned.

“I don’t want to be humiliated by impersonating a woman, even if she is my sister. I’m straight and don’t want to wear women’s clothes. Why should I do it? Amy stopped being involved with the rest of our family after she married you. I haven’t seen her for some time.”

“You owe me 50 thousand dollars for financing your education!” Mike said. “Either you help me or I demand

payment in full now! On the other hand, I'll forgive your debt if you agree to impersonate Amy."

"I don't have that kind of money," I stammered. "A lot of good my degree is doing me in this economy!"

"Make up your mind, Bob! I can have you thrown in jail for not paying your debt. You being Amy's brother won't stop me now that she left me."

I couldn't pay my debt, yet I definitely didn't want to impersonate Amy. "Be reasonable, Mike. I can never pass as Amy. I'm a guy. I don't know how to act as a woman. There's more to being her than knowing her likes and dislikes."

"True," Mike smiled for the first time, "Which is why you will spend the next few months at a unique institution called the 'Chrissy Institute'"

"Chrissy Institute? What do they do?"

"You will see if you agree to my proposition," he said.

"How long will I have to impersonate Amy, assuming I agree to your crazy scheme and this 'Chrissy Institute' makes it possible for me to pass as her?"

"Until she returns or for two years, whichever comes first," he answered, "And you will pass as Amy if what I hear about the Chrissy Institute is true."

"They can't do anything permanent."

"I'm not interested in replacing Amy. I love her, even though she left me for another guy. Everything done will be reversible, except for fixing your broken nose, and removing a few wrinkles and your facial and body hair."



Players, top left clockwise: Dave, Bob, Amy, Mike, & Pete. "The family that plays together, stays together."

“I don’t want to lose my beard! I’m proud of my mustache.”

“It’s either that or the \$50,000,” he threatened, “Besides it isn’t much of a mustache.”

I took offense at him dissing my facial hair. I try hard to grow a manly mustache, but always end up with a few scraggly hairs. “I get my debt officially canceled whether this Chrissy Institute succeeds or not?” I couldn’t believe that I was actually considering his crazy scheme.

“Yes, but you must try to pass as Amy or the debt comes due immediately. I always collect my debts, one way or another,” Mike warned. Amy told me that Mike was ruthless when it came to money.

My name is Bob Jackson. I’m physically fit, but at 5’7” and 145 pounds, I won’t win any Mr. Buff contests. At 30 years old, I consider myself manly handsome, whereas Amy at 26 years old and 115 lbs is drop-dead gorgeous. Her long amber hair flows down her back in shimmering waves. She has emerald green eyes, along with the body of a goddess.

I’m not so delusional as to think that I could really impersonate Amy. Even with our similarities, there are too many differences, not considering the obvious one, namely she’s female and I’m male. There are anatomical differences that cannot be ignored plus our personalities are like night and day. She is bubbly, outgoing, even a flirt, whereas I’m somewhat shy and introspective.

I decided to take Mike up on his offer. After a few days at this Institute, everyone will throw up their hands in defeat and I’ll be out of debt. “Great, Bob,” Mike said, “tell your friends that you are moving and give

notice on your apartment. I'll pick you up Saturday morning.”

“So quickly? Where will I live if this charade doesn't work out?” I asked.

“I'll get you a new apartment,” Mike was losing patience, “Do what needs to be done!”

As I was leaving, I asked, “How do you explain Amy's absence? She'll be absent while I'm at the Institute.”

He smiled, “I told everyone that she is taking care of her sickly father for a few months.”

“Dad isn't ill,” I said, “Dad and Amy haven't spoken in years.”

“You and I know that, but others don't.”

Chapter 2 – The Chrissy Institute

“Welcome to the Chrissy Institute,” a young woman greeted Mike and me.

“I'm Mike Stewart and this is Bob Jackson,” Mike said. “We have an appointment with Ms. Thomas.”

The lovely receptionist stated, “She is the CEO and is expecting you. Please follow me.” The receptionist was a lovely young woman not older than 22 years. She wore a tight fitting top that outlined a pair of magnificent breasts, and a flirty skirt that swayed about her hips as she seductively walked on her high heels. Her persona suggested sex and sexiness. She had to be female. Nobody could look like that without being a REAL girl!

We were shown into a large office and greeted by a stunning middle-age woman. “Please come in, Mike. Is this the person you want to impersonate your wife?” I was stunned that she knew about Mike's scheme.

“This is Amy’s brother, Bob. He agreed to replace her for the next two years if he can pass as her.”

“Tell me about yourself, Bob,” Ms Thomas said.

“What do you want to know? I’m helping Mike out of a sticky situation in order to resolve a debt.”

“You and Amy are fraternal twins. Did you interacted a lot while growing up?”

“We were pretty close, closer than most brothers and sisters, although we had our differences. I haven’t seen much of her the past few years. Family squabble.”

“What do you think about Amy leaving Mike for another man?” Ms. Thomas asked.

I was startled that she knew of Mike’s marital problems. “Amy is a firebrand,” I said, “but that doesn’t excuse her. She shouldn’t have done that to Mike.”

Turning to Mike, she stated, “We reviewed the information you supplied about Amy. Now that I have met Bob, I’m sure you will be pleased with the results.”

“How can you be so sure?” I gasped. I hoped that the Institute would nix the deal once they saw me.

“We profiled using photos of you and Amy. Your voice is trainable. We work wonders. It will only take a few months since few permanent changes are required. It will be ‘Amy’ that leaves here, not ‘Bob’.” A chill raced up my spine. I was sure that nobody could make me look and act like my sister, but Ms. Thomas’ assurances shook my confidence.

“Please sign this paperwork. Ms Roberts will show you to your room. A lotion is supplied to remove your body hair. Use it everywhere below your neck. Take a

shower after leaving it on for 15 minutes. Please don't shave, as we start electrolysis tomorrow morning. After removing your body hair, take a soothing bath and relax." I signed the paperwork and Ms Roberts led me from the office.

The bath was nice, although a little too scented for my tastes. Soft classical music piped into my room. Classical music is my sister's favorite. I wondered if the music was intended to help me identify with her.

Once finished with my bath, I entered my room to find a babydoll nightie laid out on the bed. "Starting fast, aren't they?" I mutter. I fumbled as I slipped the flimsy garment on. I looked ridiculous what with my flat chest and a package hanging between my legs that stretched the panties. Embarrassment swept over me, but I had agreed to cooperate, so I would comply as long as nothing was done that couldn't be reversed.

"Wakeup, sleepyhead," a woman spoke.

"W...what?" I opened my eyes. "What time is it?"

"Time to get up," she said. "You have a long day ahead. Take a warm shower. Your clothes will be waiting for you on your bed. Be ready in half an hour."

White girl's shorts and t-shirt, lingerie, and white girl's sneakers were waiting. Not too girly. I was relieved. I expected a dress or something as girly as last night's nightie. I wanted to protest the silky panties and bra, but no one was around, so I got dressed. The shorts felt fine, but the t-shirt was tight fitting.

Ms Roberts entered without being invited. "Ready," she smiled. "We may get along. Follow me."

Sitting at an electrolysis station, I said, "Remove only what is needed. I'll shave the rest. I don't want to lose my entire beard."

The operator looked at Ms. Roberts, who looked me straight in my eyes, her head inches away. "I may have been wrong, dearie," she snarled. "We don't work to your directions, you do what we tell you to do, understand?"

"Wait a minute," I defended myself. "It's my face..."

Before I could finish, she grabbed my arms, pulled me from the chair, ripped down my shorts, and wrapped me over her knees. "We will come to an understanding now!" she began raining blows on my rear-end with a handy brush. "You will do whatever we tell you to do, no questions, no backtalk, no resistance, understand?" The blows continued as I tried desperately to get up from this humiliating position. "Understand?" she reiterated.

"I'm a guest here..." I attempted to explain.

"You are a student!" she corrected, "You will comply with my orders or there will be consequences."

"I want to leave this crazy place!" I demanded, the blows still descending. "No debt is worth this!"

"You cannot leave until we allow you to leave!" she growled. "You signed the forms. You stay until we are finished with you!"

"OW! OW!" I cried. Tears trickled down my cheeks. She was hitting me with all her might. I was in horrible pain. I couldn't break her vise-like grip on me. My arms and legs flayed, but I remained firmly in her grasp as she paddled my bottom. "Okay! Okay!" I cried. I couldn't take the pain. I will escape in the next few days, so why suffer now!

Ms Roberts released me and I dropped to the floor tossing about in pain. “Back into the chair. Joan will remove all your facial hair without further input from you. You will be a good girl! Understand?”

I nodded, but she demanded, “What do you say?”

“Yes...yes, I’ll do as you say,” I whispered.

“I didn’t hear you. I want you to tell me who you are.” I didn’t understand what she was probing for. “You agree to what?” she asked.

“I agree to do as you say,” I answered.

“As...?” she pressed.

I finally understood what she wanted. “Please don’t make me say that,” I cried. She picked me up to drape me over her knee when I stammered, “I’ll do what you say as a good...girl,” I sobbed. I couldn’t figure how a woman could manhandle me so easily. I am a healthy young man. Where had my strength gone?

“Don’t forget it or you and I will have another encounter of the personal kind.”

“Yes...” I softly answered.

“Yes who?” she demanded.

“Yes, Ms. Roberts,” I timidly sat in the chair.

“Joan, zap every hair you find. Leave nothing behind. Her eyebrows are too bushy. Insert hair extensions that will last until her own hair has grown to a reasonable length, and double pierce her ears,” she instructed.

“Yes, ma’am,” Joan smiled, pleased with the humiliating display she had witnessed.

“Aren’t pierced ears permanent?” I moaned, afraid to incur Ms Roberts’ wrath again.

“They will heal when not used. Joan will call me when she is finished for today. The doctor wants to check your health. We don’t want sickly students,” Ms. Roberts smiled. Joan zapped the first facial hair. It stung, but I didn’t complain. “You will wear more feminine clothes starting tomorrow. Don’t complain or your clothes will quickly become frilly, Amy,” Ms Roberts finished. That was the first time I was called by my sister’s name. I didn’t hear my real name used again.

My face was red from three hours of electrolysis, my amber hair hung to my shoulders, and I sported two keeper earrings in each ear as Ms Roberts led me to see the doctor. “I was promised that nothing permanent will happen except electrolysis and fixing my broken nose.”

“Of course,” she answered. Relieved, I followed her. “Doctor Hardin, this is Amy. Give her the standard checkup. I’ll return when you’re finished.”

“Yes, Ms Roberts, the Standard Package,” the doctor confirmed. The doctor led me into the back. “Strip.” I did as she ordered, standing bare ass naked before her. She examined me from ears to groin. “Everything is normal. Let’s draw blood.”

After taking my blood work, she approached with two needles. “What are those for?” I cried.

“Vitamins,” she answered. “You will lose weight over the next few months. We don’t want you getting sick.” That sounded reasonable, so I let her administer both shots in my rear-end. “Return in two weeks for a follow-up. I’ll have the results from the blood work.”

I went to the waiting area where Ms Roberts was waiting. “You’ve been under a lot of stress today, Amy, so we will let you rest in your room where you will read

the magazines provided. You will be tested on their content tomorrow.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I meekly agreed.

In my room, she handed me a pile of women’s magazines. I’d rather have had Sports Illustrated. After changing into my nightie, she gave me a music player and told me to listen to the music while reading. “The music will soothe your frayed nerves, dear.”

“When do I eat? I haven’t eaten since arriving here.”

“We’ll send you a small dinner later. You have a lot of weight to lose to get down to your sister’s weight.” I moaned.

I listened to the music for a few hours, read every magazine, and ate the truly meager meal provided. I was preparing for bed when I experienced sharp stomach pains. I was doubled over in pain by the time Ms Roberts arrived. She helped me into bed and provided pain killers, which she conveniently carried in her pocket. “Take these,” she instructed, “You have a stomach flu. Stay in bed for a couple of days till it passes.”

How did she know I had stomach flu by just looking at me? I gratefully swallowed the provided pills, and after a few minutes, the pain subsided. “Sleep, dearie.” The door locked behind her as she left. No escape tonight.

I was ill for two days before it subsided. When I felt respectable, Ms. Roberts took me to visit Joan again. I was three hours with that pain merchant before allowed to take a soothing scented bath. I wasn’t surprised to find Ms. Roberts in my room with my daily attire.

Laying on my bed was a completely feminine outfit, including my first ever dress and heels. These people were serious. I was going to look like a woman and wear women's clothes whether I wanted to or not. "I'm not going to have problems with you, am I, Amy?" she asked.

"No, Ms. Roberts." I was too weak to mount any resistance. I would protest wearing feminine garments once I fully recovered from my illness, but not today.

"I'll help you put on your new clothes, dear," she stated, "But you must be a quick learner."

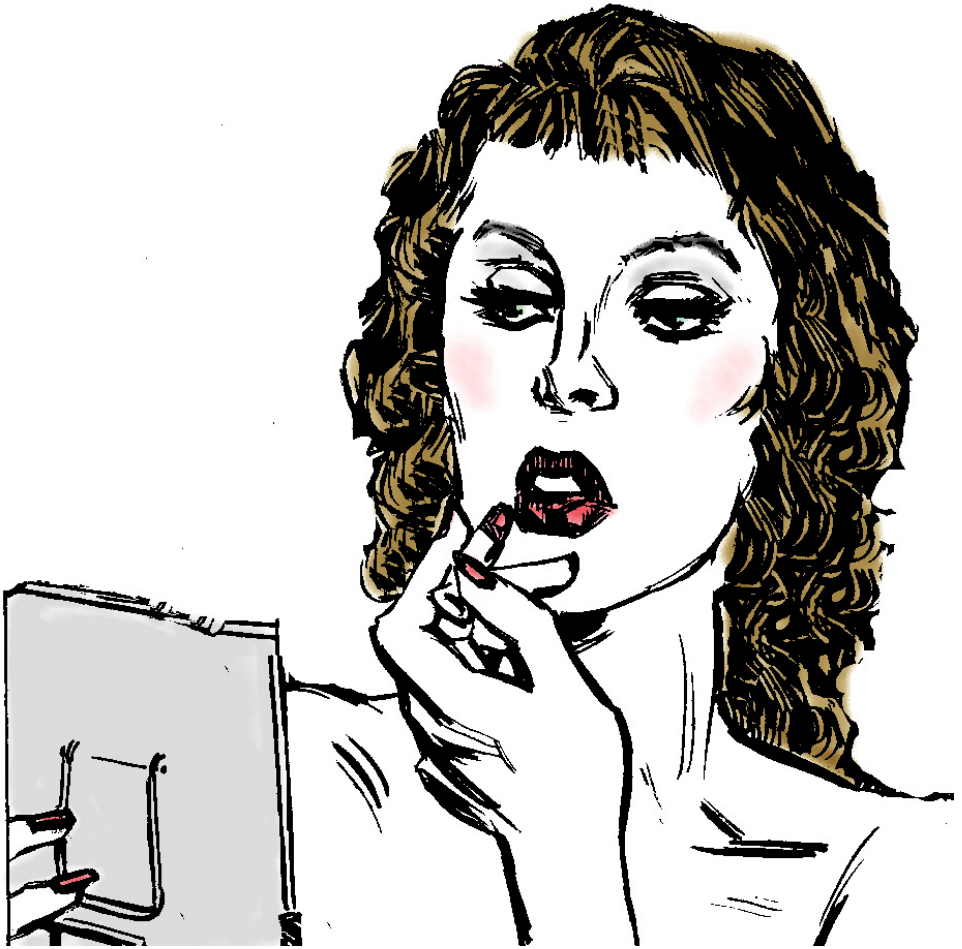
"Yes, Ms. Roberts." To my surprise, I had lost 5 pounds during my illness. I ached all over, including my arms, neck, legs, and chest. The ache in my chest was concentrated behind my nipples, but I gave it no mind. A more immediate problem was getting into the dress.

"Slip into your panties first," Ms Roberts instructed, "then the bra. You will graduate into more exotic feminine under garments once you master the basics. We'll fill your bra cups with these gel filled inserts."

I did as instructed, finally standing in the required feminine underwear. "Here is your slip. Doesn't it feel soft and silky? Drop it over your head." It was the most sensuous garment I had ever felt. The lace trimming at the hem and bodice exuded sexiness. It looked too small, but after several tries, it was draped over my body, thankfully hiding my embarrassing panties and bra.

"Finally, the dress," she said. "Drop it over your head like your slip. Be careful not to rip the delicate fabric."

I was careful to do as she instructed. She would take it out of my hide if I screwed up. After a struggle, the lovely white dress properly covered my body to hang at knee level.



My daily routine became, well routine. I spent time practicing makeup and hair styling, then it was onto feminine comportment. I didn't want to admit it, but as the weeks passed, I became more and more comfortable looking and acting like a woman.

“You need lots of practice, but your first time was done acceptably well. Step into these light slippers and we can start your day,” she was in a hurry.

“What is happening today,” I meekly asked as she led me out the door, my dress swaying against my legs.

“Practice, practice, practice,” she smiled.

“Practice what?”

“Your voice,” she said, “then makeup and feminine comportment.”

“My voice?”

“You don’t sound like your sister. You will listen to recordings of her voice, then repeat it while trying to sound like her. It’ll take practice. We have a throat gargle to raise the timbre of your voice. Soon you will sound just like Amy.”

“The gargle isn’t permanent, is it?”

“It is until the need for it passes. When your time as Amy is over, we will lower your voice to where it is now if you want,” she assured.

“Why wouldn’t I want to?”

“Who knows what the future brings,” she smiled.

“I will want my own voice back,” I assured.

“When finished with voice practice, you start on makeup and comportment classes, such as properly standing, sitting, and walking. That takes the rest of the day. This is your routine for the next month, at which time, we fix your nose.”

The weeks passed without further incident, although I complained about my meager meals. Monday morning, Ms. Roberts announced that my facial surgery was scheduled for today. I was under the scalpel within the hour. I remember waking to pain. Bandages covered my

face, neck, chest, and between my legs. I came fully awake. What happened to my chest? I felt two mounds under the bandages. I felt further south. What happened to my package?

I was awake, but too foggy to demand an explanation from the nurse sitting nearby. My throat felt scratchy and on fire when I tried to speak. What happened to my throat? I coughed, catching the nurse's attention.

“Lie still, Mrs. Stewart,” the nurse soothed. That was my first time being called by Mike's last name. “Everything went fine. The doctor will remove the bandages in a few days. She is quite proud of her work.”

I sipped food through a straw for two days, with the doctor occasionally visiting to examine my charts. On the fourth day, she said it was time to remove the bandages to “examine your new attributes,” she laughed. I didn't laugh.

Ms Roberts was in the room when the doctor removed my facial bandages. Finally my face was free. The doctor examined my entire face, not just my nose. “Everything is healing nicely,” she pronounced. “You will have a very pretty face.”

“I don't want a pretty face...” I mumbled.

Ms Roberts injected, “You will look just like your sister, and she has a very pretty face.”

“I thought you were only fixing my nose.”

“We were, but once the doctor started working on your face, she found other issues to be addressed. We decided to fix everything at one time,” Ms Roberts said.

“And my throat?”

“Adam's Apple. We couldn't allow the new Amy to have a male Adam's Apple, now could we?”

“My chest...breasts...” I coughed.

“What kind of woman would you be without breasts? Surely you knew they are part of the Standard Package. They can be removed when you are finished.”

“I didn’t agree...” I was becoming distraught.

“Of course you did, Amy, when you agreed to let us make you look exactly like your sister.”

“Between my legs...?” I was about to faint.

“Nothing was removed per your instructions. We repackaged your package, so to speak. We tucked your balls in your body cavity and hid your appendage beneath a realistic looking gaff. It can be returned to normal as long as your charade doesn’t last too long.”

“Too long...?”

“Testes aren’t meant to reside inside the body. If you leave them there too long, they will deteriorate. We must free them before that happens.”

“Damn right we will!” I found strength to make my feelings known.

“Quiet now,” the doctor said. “I’m going to remove the bandages over your throat and around your chest. No talking or sudden movements.”

I did as the doctor demanded, although distraught at what they had done to me. I saw two large breasts when the bandages around my chest were removed. “They look larger than they will be once the swelling subsides,” the doctor stated. “They are exact replicas of your sister’s breasts down to the nipple size.”

“How do you know...?”

“Mike provided photos,” Ms Roberts interrupted. “They are the best implants on the market, Amy. There

is no scar. They are soft, pliable and will provide you with wonderful feelings.”

“What good will that do me?” I growled.

“Maybe your husband will show you.”

I gasped, “Perish the thought! I’m not into men and I’m certainly not attracted to Mike. Besides, he knows who I am. He won’t be interested in me.”

“Never say never,” Ms Roberts smiled.

I looked at my groin once the doctor removed the bandages. It wasn’t swollen, but my junk was missing. It looked female between my legs. There was a tuft of hair and a most realistic slit with what appeared to be lips. I touched the slit. The pigmentation was perfect, but the texture was slightly different than skin.

“You have depth,” Ms Roberts interrupted my explorations. “Your buried maleness will provide pleasure.”

“I don’t see a seam,” I said. It looked realistic to a casual observer. “How do I remove it?”

“You don’t. It’s a Chrissy Institute exclusive. Only we can remove it. Be sure to douche often and sit to pee or you will spray all over the bathroom.”

“Enough,” the doctor interrupted. “It’s time to unveil our beauty.” She held a mirror so I could see my face.

I was utterly hideous, black and blue all over. My nose was twice its normal size, I had two black eyes, my lips were swollen, obviously the reason I found it difficult to talk, and my chin was smaller. “What have you done to me?”

“You are swollen for now,” the doctor understood my reaction. “You will look nicer as the swelling subsides.”

“How long for that?” I murmured.

“A few weeks. You return to your room in a couple of days. I will monitor you daily until the swelling and discoloration disappear. Meanwhile, listen to your music and read your magazines. You’ve a lifetime of learning to catch up on in only a few months.” Ms Roberts handed me a packet of magazines. It wasn’t long before the music calmed my nerves enough for me to read. To my surprise, the articles were interesting and informative, including an article on bra sizes. My new breasts insured that I needed to know that.

I was released to my room a week after surgery. The swelling was down and the bruising was fading. I still looked atrocious, but I did resemble a human being. During my hospital stay, I read women’s articles and listened to music that seemed to wash away my worries.

“You need to wear women’s foundation garments now, Amy,” Ms Roberts grinned. I was embarrassed as I stood before her naked. “You are making progress. Only a doctor can tell you from the real Amy.”

“I didn’t realize I’d undergo such extensive surgeries,” I moaned. “I would never have agreed to this charade if I’d known. I’d rather pay off the debt.”

“Water under the bridge. It’s best you put your male life aside and concentrate on becoming Mike’s wife.” I realized that I couldn’t just return to being Bob. I needed these people to reverse what they had done to me. That wouldn’t happen until Mike agreed.

“I’ve selected a lovely dress for you to wear. I’ll lead you through dressing this time. You will dress yourself after this. I will inspect you for mistakes. Mistakes

result in demerits. Demerits result in punishment,” Ms Roberts warned.

“Punishment?” I gasped. “Like what?”

“You will see if you get demerits. Slip into your panties. Notice how snugly they fit now that you are smooth down there. The fit will be even nicer once your hips expand,” she explained.

“Why would my hips grow?” I asked.

“Wrap the bra around your waist with the clasps in front. Close the clasps, then rotate your bra so the cups are in front. Insert your arms in the straps, then place your breasts in the cups. I’ll help you adjust your bra for comfort,” she instructed. I struggled and finally succeeded. “Adjust your breasts in their cups so nothing pinches. You don’t want to mark those beauties.”

It felt strange to handle my breasts so intimately. My nipples were very sensitive and sent shivers down my back as they rubbed against the cup’s silky liner. “Your breasts fill a C-cup very nicely, Amy. Walk about to get used to their feel.”

I moaned, “They are heavy and throw off my balance.”

Ms. Roberts smiled, “Every female becomes accustomed to having breasts, and so will you.”

“Pick up your slip and feel how silky smooth it is. That’s how it feels when it touches your body. Slip it over your head and let it slide down your body.”

I did as she instructed. It did feel wonderful. The bodice covered my bra, and the lacy hem hung to mid-thigh covering my silky panties. “Note the lovely lace work at the bodice and hem. It’s a very sexy garment. You wear a slip under dresses and skirts without liners.

Adjust the bodice to hide your bra while displaying your cleavage. You look like a lovely woman in your lingerie.” Women’s lingerie did feel wonderful.

“Now for your dress, Amy,” Ms Roberts stated. “This lovely creation is a maroon shirtdress in cotton with a touch of sheen. It has a ruffle collar with pleating, and short sleeves. Drop it over your body like you did your slip and let it slide down. It has buttons at the back which I will fasten, but you must learn to reach back and close the buttons yourself, young lady.” I shivered when she referred to me as ‘young lady’.

I followed her instructions and soon the dress snugly fit my body. She said, “This dress is two sizes larger than what your sister wears. You need to lose more weight. You start wearing 2” heels today, but will soon graduate to higher heels.”

“Must I wear high heels?” I groaned, my voice remained elevated after all my voice lessons plus the throat surgery.

“All women know how to wear heels, dear. You cannot go to official business functions with your ‘husband’ while wearing flats. High heels are the proper footwear for wives on those occasions,” she stated.

It wasn’t that difficult to stand on the 2” heels. How much more difficult could 3” heels be? Ms Roberts led me to a full length mirror. I felt revulsion and pride at my image. Below my chin, I looked like a young woman. Above, I was a mess. The swelling had subsided, but my eyes were a still bruised. My nose was near normal size, but it seemed almost petite. My face looked like a woman who had been in an accident.

My hair was a fright. It flowed about my face in raggedy strands. “Time to do something about your hair, Amy. The bruises will soon disappear.”

I felt weird walking next to this woman while wearing this dress and heels. My dress danced about my knees, and I felt my very real breasts slightly sway as I tried to walk smoothly on my heels. A shiver raced through my body when it occurred to me that the Chrissy Institute was succeeding in making me look, act, and sound like Amy.

“This is Louise,” Ms Roberts said. “She will fix your hair and work on your face. You will be much more presentable as a young woman once she finishes.”

“I know your hair color and style,” Louise said. “Your hair is long enough with the add extensions.”

“How do you know what I want?”

“I have a photo of your sister. You will be her spitting image once the swelling and bruising fade.” I didn’t tell her that I didn’t want to be my sister’s ‘spitting image’. It wouldn’t have mattered. Once the Chrissy Institute accepted a job, they saw it to completion, whether the participant wanted to or not.

Louise performed her tasks, chatting like a magpie the entire time. I glanced through women’s magazines while she worked on my hair and face. I enjoyed the magazines and imagined how each article related to me. I never had any interest in feminine stuff before I came here, yet I found articles on makeup, clothes, and hair styles particularly interesting. Apparently, you can’t be smothered in femininity without it rubbing off.

While Louise worked on my face and hair, another girl worked on my feet. She soaked them in a softening solution before giving me a pedicure. I was startled to

see my toenails painted bright red. My feet and toes are small for a man, now they looked completely feminine.

The girl started on my hands, performing the same procedure by soaking them before giving me a manicure. She applied and filed acrylic nails to feminine ovals, then painted them the same color as my toenails. I had completely feminine looking fingers and toes.

Finally, Louise pronounced me 'finished'. I didn't know what finished meant. With quaking knees, I followed her to a full length mirror. A woman that resembled my sister walked beside her, then I realized that this 'woman' was me!

"What have you done to me?" I cried. "I look like Amy!" My voice remained at the high pitch that I'd been trained to maintain.

"Not exactly, but we are getting there," Ms Roberts appeared. "You are on your way to becoming 'Amy'."

"This can be reversed, right?" my voice quaked.

"If that is what you want when you finish helping your 'husband'," she stated.

"Why wouldn't I want to?" I was still in shock.

"You may learn to love being Amy."

"I doubt that, especially when Amy returns."

"It would be a battle of the 'Amy's'," Ms Roberts giggled. "Which 'Amy' would prevail? You may make a better 'Amy' than the original, and she would have to assume a new identity. Mike can't have two wives."

"Surely you jest!" I closely examined my face. The resemblance was uncanny. I could be Amy's identical twin if it weren't for the swelling and bruising.



The Chrissy Institute methods were insidious. No matter how much I resisted, I knew I was slowly becoming the spitting image of my sister, Amy.

“I’ve seen more bizarre things happen,” Ms Roberts said. “You may grow to love being Amy and decide to be the one and only Amy if confronted by your sister.”

“Don’t hold your breath! When this charade is over, it’s over!”

“If you say so, dear,” Ms Roberts grinned. “It’s time for you to return to your lessons. Today we work on walking in heels, and of course, your voice lessons. Tomorrow, you wear pantyhose and nylon stockings with your heels.”

Chapter 3 – Meeting Larry

I was wandering the grounds during a break from classes when I saw a student sitting in a lawn swing looking forlorn. He was a boy with flaming red hair wearing a girlish skimpy pink nylon top with ruffles and a pink and white plaid mini skirt with tiny pleats that rode high on his smooth hairless thighs. He wore light makeup, pink lipstick, matching nail polish, and his growing fiery red hair swirled in the breeze. Extending my hand, I introduced myself, “Hello, I’m Amy. Are you a student here?”

The boy answered, “Yeah, I’m a student, but I sure don’t want to be here. Are you one of those crazy women who works here?”

“No,” I smiled, “I’m a student like you.” I was taken aback that a stranger would think I was one of the women working at this strange place.

“Are you sure you aren’t one of those crazy women?” he suspiciously asked. “You don’t look like any of the students I’ve seen.”

I smiled as best I could given the way I was dressed. “I may look like a woman with my clothes, hair, and

makeup, but beneath all this is a man. They operated on me to make me look like a woman. You don't look happy being here. Have you tried to escape?"

"There is no way to escape," he dejectedly replied. "Debbie, a boy named Dave I met in aerobics class, tried to escape three times, but those crazy women caught him every time. They spanked him unmercifully and gave him extra lessons on how to be a girl. He's becoming one of the prissiest boys here."

"I used to be Bob," I stated, "but now I go by Amy."

The boy answered, "My name is Larry Cooper, but they insist on calling me Laura Marie. I am 19 years old." I was shocked. I could believe he was a teenage boy, but not a young man. My confusion must have shown because a sorrowful smile crossed his lips. "Well you don't look like a man either."

I sat next to him and during the next half hour, I told him why I was at the Institute and looking like I did. "You mean you are here voluntarily?" he was astounded.

"Of course," I said. "Aren't you?"

"Hell no!" he bellowed. "My younger sister forced me to come here against my will. It's the same for all the boys and men I've met in this hell hole. Before I knew what was happening, she had me enrolled and I was being hauled off by Ms Bridgett to life as a teenage girl."

I gasped, "How is that possible?"

"Our mother died giving birth to my sister, Toni. We were raised by our father who was quite successful in business. At 47, Dad died of a heart attack, leaving Toni and me as his sole beneficiaries. I was wealthy beyond my ability to contemplate. Toni is 17 years old, and a

bitch. Toni and I always had difficulty seeing eye to eye. I assumed that as the only male and the oldest child, the bulk of the money was mine. I had hit the Mother Lode! I was happy-go-lucky, free as a bird, and now had all the money I would ever need to live my preferred lifestyle, namely wine, women, and sex!”

“Unbeknownst to me, Toni and Dad’s lawyer found a loophole in the Will. Unfortunate for Toni, and ultimately unfortunate for me, the Will read that the bulk of the money was to be left to the ‘oldest child’. It didn’t name me specifically, but the meaning was obvious.”

“I guess I was a little overbearing. When she asked to split the inheritance 50/50, I laughed in her face. I wasn’t about to part with a penny of my money. I told her that as my younger sister, she was screwed! That’s the way of the world!”

“Toni didn’t take my attitude too kindly. She was resentful, and I later learned, spiteful. Together, the lawyer and her conjured up a scheme to make her the eldest child, and me the lowly little sister. “Unfortunately, Mother Nature hasn’t been kind to me. I am only 5’ 5” tall and weigh 135 lbs soaking wet. I have fair complexion, and very little facial hair.”

“One day, not long after the reading of the Will, I came home zonkered out of my mind. What a wild party! I was quickly learning my preferred lifestyle. The next morning, I woke up at the Chrissy Institute with Ms Thomas’ face looking down at me with her wicked smile. I didn’t know it at the time, but I was royally screwed!”

“I was the oldest child, so I should have gotten the gold! Right? Sadly, in the end, Toni is getting the gold and I’m getting the shaft!”

Larry's story flabbergasted me. How could it be true? I soon put Larry out of my mind, as I had worries of my own.

Chapter 4 - Transformation

The weeks flew by as I learned to be Amy. I became proficient at performing the multitude of feminine tasks expected of me. By my twelfth week, I could coordinate any outfit, dress myself properly, style my hair, apply makeup flawlessly, and carry myself as a young woman.

Work on my voice continued relentlessly. I spent hours speaking into a microphone and comparing my voice with Amy's. "Tell me your full name and marital status," Ms Roberts would demand.

"My name is Amy Stewart. I'm married to Mike Stewart," I would respond. I couldn't tell which voice was me and which was my sister.

My face healed and I got used to applying and wearing all types of makeup. I had to wear my makeup exactly as Amy wears hers to look exactly like her.

"It's time to learn to not only sound like Amy, but to speak like her, using the same phrases and annotations," Ms Roberts announced. "People familiar with Amy expect her to speak a certain way using certain phrases."

"Isn't that going overboard?" I asked. "How can I return to speaking like Bob if I subconsciously speak like Amy?"

"That's a bridge to be crossed later. You are Amy now, and you will learn to speak as she speaks." Ms Roberts wouldn't take any backtalk. Punishments had taught me to tread lightly when she spoke like that.

My training even extended into making my likes and dislikes match Amy's likes and dislikes. Amy loves the

color pink, and soon I loved pink. Amy loves soap operas, which as Bob I found unimaginably boring, but soon I couldn't wait for my favorite soap operas, which coincide exactly with those she likes. She is afraid of thunder, which I as Bob found exciting and enjoyable, but soon I trembled at the sound of thunder. I didn't lose sight that I am really Bob, Amy's brother, yet her every characteristic became mine.

I was passing a part of the campus I normally didn't go to when I heard through a doorway a person speaking with a raspy voice, "My name is Laura Marie. I'm a 13 year old girl."

I glanced inside to see Larry sitting at a recorder with an instructor standing behind him. I was stunned to see that he sported two black eyes, and other areas of his face were covered with Band-Aids. His chest seemed to show the outline of budding breasts.

"I'm a guy. I can't speak like you want me too. I'll never sound like a girl," Larry growled.

"Nonetheless, you will practice your lessons, Laura," the woman said. "Soon your voice will take on the girlish lilt you will need in your new life."

"There is no way you can make me into a girl," he growled. "I'll sue you and that bitch of a sister of mine once I get out of this terrible place."

"That's not a very nice thing to say about your sweet older sister," the woman cooed. "The Institute is just following your instructions."

Larry spat, "You didn't give me time to fully read the fine print."

“Hard to prove, Laura dear,” the woman said. “Stop wasting time and continue with your lessons or become re-acquainted with my paddle.”

With a deep frown, Larry continued, “My name is Laura Marie and I’m a 13 year old girl...”

Chapter 5 – Amy is Introduced

On my 15th week at the Institute, Ms Roberts announced, “It’s time we introduce the new Amy to the world.”

I gasped, “I can’t go outside looking like this!”

“Don’t be a silly goose,” she giggled. “People that know Amy will meet you once Mike takes you home. You must get used to people seeing and interfacing with you as a lovely young woman.”

“I’m a ‘woman’ in looks only. I’m still Bob inside.”

“We must fix that. It will be difficult to pass as Amy amongst her friends if you feel that you are still Bob. You must be Amy to pass as her outside these walls.”

“I’m a man! Nothing can convince me otherwise.”

“That is to be seen, but you will go shopping with me as Amy in three hours. I’d do everything possible to think as Amy, a woman, if I were you,” she warned.

I would be leaving the Institute for the first time as a woman whether I liked it or not. It was in my interest to ensure that nobody recognized me as a man wearing women’s clothes. I may look like a pretty woman on the outside, but can I interface with others as a woman without revealing my inner male?

I wore a skirt and blouse for my initial introduction to the outside world as Amy Stewart. I chose a stylish light purple pencil skirt with button accents along a

front yoke and a pretty back flounce. I selected a knitted sleeveless light green charter club top. It was feminine and tight fitting. My breasts tented the top to emphasize that I was female. I finished my outfit with nude pantyhose and strap 3" open toe sling pumps.

I was used to applying makeup to my feminine face. My eyebrows were zapped by electrolysis such that I worried whether they would grow out bushy again once I returned to being Bob. I gently stroked my pencil along their trim shape to give them body. I applied light eyeliner and dark color to my eyelashes to bring out my eyes. I finished with a little blush for color and ruby red lip color to match my fingers and toes.

I presented myself to Ms Roberts for inspection. She gave me a thorough review before proclaiming me ready. "You have progressed nicely, dear. You need to build confidence in yourself as Amy Stewart, then you will be ready for Mike to pick you up. You will gain that confidence over the next couple of weeks."

I wanted to protest that I'd never be ready to become Mike's wife, even in play, but I held my tongue. The Chrissy Institute was determined to give Mike what he was paying for. Non-cooperation would result in additional punishment.

I hesitated as I stepped out the front door. I was scared that the first person I met would ridicule me as a 'man in a dress'. Nonetheless, I was soon in the passenger's seat as Ms Roberts drove to a nearby mall. I tried slumping in the seat only to receive a sharp slap on my exposed leg.

We arrived at the mall, and she threaten punishment if I didn't exit the car immediately. I hesitated even with that threat. Once out of the car, she immediately locked it so I couldn't retreat to safety. I was committed, and

like it or not, I was on my first shopping trip as a woman. The mall would be crowded, and I was positive that within minutes I would be a laughingstock.

We moved from the parking structure to the mall, passing a few people returning to their cars. My heart pounded as the first couple approached. To my surprise, they didn't pay us the slightest attention.

Two teenage girls approached, and a sparkle came to one girl's eyes. She must have read me! The girl greeted, "Where did you get that great looking skirt?"

I was tongue-tied. I was so sure that their first words would be ridicule, I couldn't answer her question. Seeing my confusion, Ms Roberts said, "I got it for her at Lane Bryant."

"It is lovely, and it looks great on you," the girl smiled and they walked away.

Ms Roberts said, "Amy, you must relax. Those girls saw a young woman wearing a lovely skirt. They thought that they were speaking to two women."

"B..." I stammered, "I'm not..."

"Aren't you? No one will mistake you for a male unless you give yourself away, so relax and enjoy."

"I'll try to relax," I whispered, "but I'll never enjoy this. I can't wait until this nightmare is over." The staccato of my high heels on the mall walkway, the restrictiveness of my skirt about my nylon covered legs, the tightness of my bra holding my real breasts, and the taste of my lipstick made me aware of how I was dressed and who I was supposed to be.

"If you say so, Amy. Here is Victoria's Secret. Let's examine their lovely lingerie."

I nervously followed her into this ultimate woman's store. I would never have entered Victoria's Secret as Bob. Now I was expected to go inside, willingly touch the products, and possibly buy a garment or two.

I looked around as we stopped at the bra counter. I was sure that someone would start laughing and expose me as a man wearing women's clothes and buying bras. The women in the store only glanced my way as they went about their business. A salesgirl approached and asked, "May I help you, ladies?"

"My girlfriend wants to buy two pushup bras," Ms Roberts answered.

"Of course," the salesgirl stated, "What are your measurements, Ma'am?"

Suddenly I had to speak to someone outside the Chrissy Institute, someone not aware of my masquerade. I nearly wet my panties, but I finally softly said, "36 C-cup, please."

The girl didn't miss a beat. "What colors and styles are you interested in?"

Ms Roberts said, "Your strapless evening gown is red, Amy."

It took a second to realize that she was helping me. "Yes, a pushup bra that matches my gown would be lovely." My voice didn't draw attention. Ms Roberts had assured me that I sounded like Amy. I was so relieved that I relaxed. Maybe I could survive my debut as Amy without being humiliated.

The salesgirl returned with a selection of pushup bras of various styles and shades of red. "This razorback bra and this new lace-back bra are customer favorites. Either may work with your gown."

Ms Roberts made sure I touched each garment, asked about the fit, and asked about how much each would expose my breasts before she allowed me to make a selection. I finally decided on a lace back and an embroidered balconet bra.

I was ready to beat a hasty retreat when the salesgirl asked, “May I show you ladies our panties? We have a lovely selection just in today.”

Ms Roberts wasn’t about to let this opportunity pass. “Oh, yes, a woman never has enough panties.”

Her glare caught my attention. “Yes, I’d love to see your latest styles.”

The salesgirl described the various styles. “I’m interested in the ‘hipsters’ and the ‘cheekies,’” Ms Roberts stated. I nodded agreement with her selections.

Quickly, the girl had a variety of each style in a multitude of colors ready for us to sort through. I was expected to touch each, hold various styles in front of me, and comment on what I thought of each. “I love this ‘Lacie’ style,” I relaxed enough to enjoy the experience.

“This ‘Sexy Little Thing’ cheekie panty would look lovely on you. Your husband, Mike, will think so too.”

Her reference to Mike as my husband took me aback and I almost sputtered a denial, but such a response would surely get the salesgirl’s attention and expose my masquerade. “Yes, he would love to see me wearing it.”

Ms Roberts and I left Victoria’s Secret, each carrying pink bags prominently marked with the store’s logo. It would be no secret to people we passed as to where we shopped. If someone recognized me as a man now, not only would I be branded as a ‘guy in a dress’, but a guy that wore sexy, silky panties and bras.

Our next stop was a dress shop. “You will buy only one dress today, Amy,” Ms Roberts stated. “You have a few pounds to lose to reach your optimum weight. Until then, you don’t want to buy too many clothes.”

She instructed me to select three dresses. She wasn’t content to let me choose the first three I came upon. I had to examine a half dozen, select three, then tell her why I chose them. She was pleased. “Let’s find a change room to try them on. You want to select a dress that flatters your womanly figure.”

‘Womanly figure!’ I thought. I wouldn’t have a figure if it wasn’t for her. Nonetheless, I followed her to the change room, three dresses draped over my arm.

Ms Roberts nixed the first dress, “Oh, Amy, that dress just won’t do. It may be fine for a plainer woman, but not for a sexpot like you.”

The second dress was a curve fitting rose color dress. It hugged my feminine curves, with a plunging V-neck and V-back. The cleavage this dress exposed was almost obscene. It was mid-calf exposing the lower part of my long, smooth legs. “Let’s see how it fits using the 3-way mirror,” Ms Roberts suggested.

I warily followed her out of the change room. The store was bustling with activity. I was posing before the mirror examining myself from every angle when a woman passed by. “That dress looks lovely on you, dear. You must buy it.”

She was right, it was a gorgeous dress. As a man, I would have loved to see my date wearing it, but as a woman, I worried that wearing such a dress might give others the wrong idea. Did I look too sexy in it?



I tried on many dresses and decided on a gorgeous rose dress that fit me like a glove. Everyone treated me as a woman who had a right to wear such lovely clothes. Was I really becoming Amy for real?

“We’ve found your dress for the day, Amy,” Ms Roberts declared. “No need to try on the last one. It could never measure up to this one.” I quickly agreed, pleased that I wouldn’t have to prance around the showroom in another tight fitting dress.

“We have shopped enough for today,” Ms Roberts declared as I left the dress shop with another bag hanging from my arm. “You must realize by now that you easily pass as a lovely woman. Your husband will be proud to have you on his arm as you accompany him to a party wearing the lovely dress you bought today.”

She was right. I had passed as a woman without people realizing that I am a man. Mike would be pleased to have a lovely woman wearing that dress draped on his arm. Unfortunately, I was to be that woman.

Chapter 6 – Larry Again

I was wandering an area of the Institute that I’d never been to when I heard girlish laughter coming from a playground. I entered to see half dozen girls playing games. I didn’t realize that the Institute clientele included children.

A cute girl was skipping rope along with half a dozen other girls. I watched for a minute before the girl saw me standing on the sidelines. “Miss Amy,” she squealed, and ran towards me. Did I know this girl?

“Hi,” she said. “Don’t you remember me? I am Larry, although they make me answer to Laura Marie. We talked a couple of months ago.”

“Larry?” I gasped. “What happened to you? Your voice? It’s so light, airy, and girlish. It could never be mistaken for a boy’s voice, let alone a young man’s.”

He frowned, “I’m afraid it’s changed a little.”

“I saw you a few weeks back and you were bandaged and taking voice lessons.”

“It’s been long, long months,” he said. “They performed surgeries. I had to practice like forever to perfect my new voice. They drowned me in girlish behavior to the point that it became second nature.”

“But you were so adamant that you would never let the Institute change you...” I gasped.

“Yes I was and still am,” he spread his skirt and delicately took a seat next to me, “I didn’t know how persuasive the instructors are or the depth of the training.” I understood what he meant.

“Did they bring in these girls to help you become comfortable being around young girls?” I asked.

“Yes and no,” he smiled. “All these girls are students at the Institute like me. We have to play with each other as girls to become comfortable in our new gender.”

I gasped! “You mean that these girls are really boys. The Institute changes young boys into girls?”

“Not quite,” he smiled. “My girlfriends are like me, older boys or young men transformed into young girls.”

“Those girls are really young men?”

“Were men would be a better statement,” he smiled. “None of us can ever be male again.”

“These guys volunteered to be changed into young girls to please their sponsors?” I was nearly speechless! “They are so convincing as young girls!” I said.

“Volunteer?” he asked, “You’re the only one I know that came to the Chrissy Institute voluntarily.”

“They look and act so convincingly as girls,” I ignored his dig about my attending of my own free will.

“We are girls now. The Institute is very thorough.” Surely he was exaggerating. Eventually the changes would be reversed and they could resume their male lives.

I was about to ask about their training when Ms Roberts found me and informed me that I was late for my next class. I knew better than to question her, so I quickly said my farewells to Larry. As he returned to play, I was floored at how completely girlish these young men were. They looked and acted just like young teenage or younger girls.

Chapter 7 - Revelations

During the following weeks, I took cooking lessons, something I avoided like the plague as a man. I learned everything about Amy’s adult life. I was given a synopsis of each of her friends, Mike’s work associates, and country club members they knew. I was shown a photo and had to give the person’s name and what their association was with Mike and Amy Stewart. Occasionally a stranger’s photo was used to trick me up. Soon I knew my sister as well as she knew herself.

Ms Roberts and I took trips to the mall or the theater. I became confident that I could meet strangers without being identified as a male. Unknown was whether I could pass as Amy with her friends and associates. The only way to determine that would be to actually meet them as Amy.

Amy is a fair tennis player, while I was a duffer. Tennis lessons served two purposes: I learned to play to Amy’s level while wearing teensy tennis skirts, and I lost the final pounds needed to bring me down to Amy’s size. By the start of my final week at the Chrissy Institute, I was more ‘Amy’ than ‘Bob’. My ‘Bob’ self was suppressed so much that he seemed a stranger. I will have to

relearn everything about being Bob when this charade is over.

I was sure that I could undo everything they did to me until one day I was walking the grounds when a young woman and Ms Thomas emerged from the administration building. “Please have Ms Cooper’s car brought round front while she fetches Laura Marie,” Ms Thomas gave instructions to a valet.

“Any second thoughts?” Ms Thomas asked. “Larry doesn’t exist anymore. She is no longer your older brother. She is your younger sister,” Ms Thomas stated.

“None in the least, Ms Thomas,” Toni Cooper smiled. “I now run the family trust, and my lovely little sister will be busy at a girl’s boarding school for most of the year.”

A few minutes later, a woman exited the house closely followed by a petite 13 year old girl wearing a pretty shimmering emerald color dress with matching silk slippers. Her long red hair swayed in the breeze with a large ribbon flowing down her back.

“Hurry along, Laura Marie,” Toni urged. “Don’t dawdle.”

“Coming,” Larry chimed in a lilting young girl’s voice. When Larry saw the car waiting out front, he cried, “That’s my car!”

“Don’t be a silly goose,” Toni firmly stated. “It’s now my car. You’re just a 13 year old girl, and certainly not old enough to drive.”

Larry quivered, “You mean that I’m going to really be an adolescent girl...?”

“Of course, dear, that is until you grow up” Ms Thomas laughed. “Your older sister is now your legal guardian We wouldn’t release a lovely young lady like yourself unsupervised into the cold world. You must address your older sister with respect at all times. Is that clear?” It was not a suggestion

“I...I...Yes...” was all Larry could utter, looking utterly confused.

“Hurry along, Laura Marie,” Toni took Larry’s hand. “We are going shopping for all kinds of pretty clothing for you when we get home. I know you can’t wait!”

Confused and defeated, Larry weakly surrendered, “Yes, sister dear,” and minced down the stairs, his skirt floating about his knees. A weak smile crossed his lips. His former younger sister, now his domineering older sister walked next to him, obviously proud of her new position in the family.

Larry saw me standing to the side. “Oh, Miss Amy, I’m so pleased to see you before I leave,” he ran to my side, his dress swaying to and fro. “Miss Toni, this is the woman I told you about. Her name is Amy Stewart from Los Angeles.”

“Hello, I’m Toni Cooper. My little sister, Laura Marie, said that you and her are friends. It’s so nice to meet you before we return to New York City.”

I was startled. I didn’t let her know that I knew Larry’s real relationship to her. Larry’s worst nightmare had happened. His younger sister had transformed him into her younger sister and taken over the family fortune.

“I leave with my husband soon,” I said, now relaxing. “I’d like to keep in touch with Laura.”

“That would be lovely, Mrs. Stewart,” Toni gushed, and she gave me their phone number.

After saying final goodbyes, they climbed into the car with Toni driving and Larry relegated to the passenger seat of the car he once owned, now driven by his now older sister.

I stood in shock as they drove off! Was Larry a real girl now? Was he really anxious to go shopping with his older sister, something he would never do before coming to the Chrissy Institute?

He looked and acted exactly like a prissy young girl. His every action was girlish, with no tomboy behavior. He was now the younger sister. If the Institute can do that to Larry, what are they doing to me? Am I so immersed in being Amy that I’m actually becoming her?

I asked Ms Roberts about what I’d seen. “Laura Marie is a lovely young girl. She will be introduced to New York City’s elite as the young girl she has become,” Ms Roberts explained.

“But what about when the charade is over...?” I asked.

“Charade?” Ms Roberts asked. “Laura is really a 13 year old girl now, physically, mentally, and emotionally. All her records reflect her new age and gender. She will grow up to become a gorgeous debutante and marry a handsome boy from an elite family.”

I caught my breath. I realized for the first time that not every student returns to being male. Some become real girls or women.

Chapter 8 – No Place like Home

“Wow!” Mike gushed as we drove to his house. “The Chrissy Institute really did a number on you, Bob.”

I squirmed in the passenger seat under his stare. I wore a lovely lavender linen empire waist dress with fitted bodice. My dress had ruffled flutter sleeves, a V-neck to show my cleavage, and a hem to 3" above my knees. I adjusted my skirt over my nylon covered knees, keeping my knees pressed together with my high heels firmly planted on the floor. "Please, Mike, don't look at me like that! I agreed to impersonate Amy if the Chrissy Institute succeeded in making me look like her..."

"And they succeeded beyond my wildest dreams. Hell, you even sound exactly like her."

"Those bitches changed my voice. I hope they can reverse it when this charade is over."

"Everything is reversible," he assured me.

"I don't recall agreeing to C-cup breast implants!"

"They can be removed when the job is done, Bob," he stated. "I assume they look like Amy's breasts."

"Identical," I mumbled. "And please refer to me as Amy until this is over. Someone might find out I'm a guy because of an inadvertent use of my male name."

Mike agreed, "From now on, you are only Amy."

My resemblance to Amy was uncanny from my long honey blonde hair, to my facial features, to my C-cup breasts, 24" waist, 36" hips, and my long slim curvaceous legs. Not only did my voice match hers, but my vocabulary and word usage mimicked hers.

Mike drove his Mercedes convertible with the sun glistening in my hair as it blew in the air. I wore a pair of stylish sunglasses as the breeze caressed my breasts and cooled my exposed legs. I was now Amy Stewart.

When we reached Mike's house, he graciously took my suitcases to the spare bedroom. I had my original suitcase, now filled with different clothes than what I took to the Chrissy Institute, plus additional suitcases and a makeup case, all filled with my feminine accoutrements.

Bob had redecorated the spare bedroom to look ultra feminine and girly. I was going to sleep there. It even had a poster bed with a lavender quilt. The room had pink walls and white lace curtains. I was surprised that the closet contained female clothes and the vanity carried makeup products. Mike explained, "Amy left in such a haste that she left behind many of her clothes, some of her makeup, and all her legal documents."

"Won't she show up and demand them? What if I'm here when she does? Won't that cause a tizzy?"

"It certainly would," he admitted, "but she won't show up. The guy she left with is British and filthy rich. She can buy all new clothes. She will replace her legal documents rather than return here to get them."

"Oh, I forgot," I stammered. "My brother, Dave, will be looking for me...uh...for Bob when he returns from college for semester break. I can't tell him that I'm Bob."

"Dave showed up while you were at the Chrissy Institute. He was looking for you...uh...for Bob, but couldn't find you," Mike said.

"Dave is here, now?" I gasped, looking at the open bedroom door.

"No, I sent him back to school. I didn't want him here when you returned. We will be busy convincing our friends and my business associates that you are my loving wife. We don't need the distraction."

"He depends on me for his college tuition."

“I covered it,” Mike said. “He’s in good hands.”

“I’d be devastated if he found out that I look and act like our sister. He’d make my life miserable. He’s a little snot at times and a fulltime homophobe. He’d assume that my impersonation included performing wifely duties in bed. Nothing I could tell him would convince him otherwise. He would post that false information all over the Internet, making both of our lives a living hell.”

“I thought the same thing, Amy, so he is out of our hair until we solidify our lives together as husband and wife, and you have assumed Amy’s life so much that nobody will ever detect that you aren’t her,” Mike stated.

Chapter 9 – Life with Mike

I took a few days to settle in. I tried on all of Amy’s clothes in my closet. Not to my surprise, they fit me. The Chrissy Institute is nothing if not thorough.

I took on the household chores because I wanted to. The housework kept me busy while keeping me out of the public eye. That was not to last long.

A week after moving in, Mike announced that his boss was having a formal dinner party. “Everyone knows Amy, so socialize and be your beautiful self,” he said. “You have a reputation for being a fashion plate, so select a gown appropriate for the occasion.”

“I’ll meet people that know Amy?” I gasped.

“The Chrissy Institute said that you were well-versed on all my business associates. This will be your first meeting with them as Amy, so keep a low profile, stick with me, and everything will work out.”

My stomach twisted into knots. I felt like throwing up. Mike’s crazy scheme was actually happening. If I’m exposed as an Amy imposter at this dinner, Mike could

talk his way out of it by confessing that his wife left him, and he hired a woman to impersonate her. If I'm recognized as Amy's brother masquerading as her, Mike could be fired and both of us would become humiliated laughingstocks.

"What should I wear?" I asked.

"It's a dinner, so a formal evening gown is appropriate. The Chrissy Institute taught you what to wear under these circumstances, right?" Mike snipped.

"More than you'll ever know," I brusquely answered, "but this is my first formal dinner as a woman! I'll select a dress, and you review it to make sure I don't choose something completely inappropriate."

"Sounds like a plan," he faintly smiled. "Although I don't know much about women's clothes, like you."

"I knew less than you before I went to that damn Institute, but I learned what is appropriate for most occasions. Those women were insidious."

I reviewed the gowns in my closet. Amy had three evening gowns appropriate for the occasion, but only one that satisfied my tastes. I wanted to appear elegant, but not risqué. Two of the gowns displayed more cleavage than was appropriate. A lovely robin's egg blue silk gown was just right. I displayed it for Mike by holding it over my body. The twinkle in his eyes told me that it was the one.

Although I now wear the same clothing size as Amy, my feet are slightly larger than hers, so I had to buy shoes to match the gown. I didn't want to draw undue attention, so I'd wear minimum jewelry. An elegant wristwatch and crystal earrings would suffice. I told Mike my need for footwear. "Go shopping tomorrow and buy what you need," he stated.

“You will be at work. How will I get there?”

“Your car is the Volvo in the garage. Here’s your driver’s license.”

“Surely Amy took her license with her?”

“Yeah, but I bet she has a new license under her maiden name, so you’re the only Amy Stewart. When you were at the Institute, I applied for a duplicate license made out to ‘Amy Stewart’. This is it.”

“Isn’t that illegal?”

“Only if we’re caught,” he smiled, “You are the only Amy Stewart now.” The license looked official.

“The shoes will be expensive. I don’t have a credit card...”

“Sure you do,” he handed me two credit cards made out to Amy Stewart. “I canceled the cards your sister carried. These new cards are for you.”

I was flabbergasted. I had official recognition as Amy Stewart, a car to drive, and credit cards for shopping. “Let’s shop!” I happily giggled, and gave him a gentle hug. I broke the hug when I realized what I’d done. “You don’t mind if I get earrings too?”

“Whatever it takes, Amy. My wife should look her best.”

Wife? I was his wife! Our ‘marriage’ may be a sham, but it was real to the rest of the world. I had official documents that identified me as Amy Stewart, I drove her car, and I had credit cards that said that I was her. Next week I’d be introduced to Mike’s business associates and their wives as Mrs. Amy Stewart. I hadn’t realized the full implications when I agreed to this charade. I was sinking deeper into actually becoming my sister.

The next day, driver's license and credit cards in hand, I drove my Volvo from the garage as Amy Stewart. Butterflies swirled in my stomach as I straightened my skirt before buckling up and pressing the accelerator. I was actually driving in public as a woman while wearing high heels. I would be out in public as a woman for the very first time without Ms Roberts for support. She wouldn't be there to bail me out if I screwed up. I was extra careful driving, not wanting to test the validity of my new license.

I drove to a mall containing upscale women's stores. I was going to buy a pair of evening shoes, but I was also testing whether I could really pull off this charade in public by myself before meeting Mike's business associates and their wives.

I visited this mall often as Bob, but I never entered a woman's store, thus I didn't expect to meet someone who knew me as Bob. I arrived early. Only a few people wandered about the mall. I cautiously walked from window to window, pretending to look at the merchandise. I was really looking at the reflections to see if anyone was staring at me. I saw a couple of women glance my way. I expected them to point my way and laugh, but they casually looked elsewhere.

Two girls and their mother walked in my direction. Ms Roberts warned me that children are experts at detecting a masquerade. "They have an uncanny ability to detect something that is out of kilter. You must be good enough to fool children if you are to pass as a woman," she had cautioned.

I allowed them to get a full frontal of me. One of the girls looked me over, then turned to their mother and said, "Mommy, can I have an ice cream cone."

The other child, a girl of maybe 13, said, “She’s pretty, mother. I want to dress like her.”

“When you get older, Sandi,” her mother gave me a smile, “Young girls can’t wait to grow up.”

I spoke to the girl, “You will be a lovely young lady when you grow up.” The girl beamed as she walked away. I had passed as a woman! Not only that, but my voice passed too. I was so relieved!

I entered a woman’s shoe and lingerie store looking for shoes to wear with my evening gown. While a salesgirl retrieved shoes in my size, I examined lingerie to wear under my dress. I was touching various garments when a girl I had dated when I was Bob walked in. I nearly fainted right then and there!

She wandered amongst the lingerie selection, then looked at me. She came over and asked, “Hi, I’m Amber Wayne. Have we met before? You look familiar.”

I was startled and stammered, “I...I don’t think so...”

“You have a striking resemblance to a boy I used to date. Do you know a Bob Jackson?”

My knees nearly buckled. “He’s my twin brother. I’m Amy Jackson, only it’s Amy Stewart now.” I displayed my wedding ring.

“Bob told me about you,” she gushed. “He said that you were a beauty. He wasn’t kidding.” I was relieved that she didn’t recognize me. “Are you buying lingerie?”

“Shoes actually. I’m attending a formal business dinner with my husband,” I said. “I need shoes to go with my gown.”

“These panties are gorgeous! What type of gown are you wearing?” I settled down and described my gown. She gushed, “Won’t it feel decadent wearing soft, silky

lingerie under your dress? Strappy slippers will look wonderful with nicely polished toes.”

“I’ll take your advice,” I stated, as she walked away.

“Say hello to Bob for me. Have him call me. I have the same phone number,” she said in parting.

“I’ll pass on the message,” I said as I returned to the shoe department. My bet is that Bob won’t be contacting her any time soon.

Amber not recognizing me as her former boyfriend and accepting me face value as my sister did wonders for my confidence. I may be able to pull off this charade, but she didn’t know Amy personally. She may have not recognized me as her former boyfriend, and she may accept me as a woman, but she didn’t confirm that I can pass as Mike’s wife.

I was buzzed the entire week preparing for the formal dinner. I tried on my lingerie, the gown, my shoes, and played with various makeup styles. I wanted to make sure everything was ready. The day of the dinner, I went to my first beauty parlor outside the Chrissy Institute. These ladies work with women every day. If I was to be detected as a man wearing women’s clothes, these women would do it. They were experts!

I showed up wearing a casual outfit of shorts and tank top, with my hair in a high ponytail. I told them I wanted the works. “Do you want a Brazilian, ma’am?”

I panicked. What was a ‘Brazilian’? I remembered Amber telling me about it and I declined. What if I had agreed? She would have insisted I remove my shorts and panties; whereupon, she would know that I wasn’t what I appeared to be. My gaff wasn’t THAT good.

“Let’s put highlights in your hair to make it sparkle. I suggest a beauty mask and massage.” I concurred, and once the beauty mask was on, she gave me the most soothing massage. After the massage, she worked on my hair while another girl gave me a pedicure and manicure. I was glad that I had experienced the same procedures at the Institute. Four hours later, I paid with my credit card made out to Amy Stewart and left looking HOT! The highlights made my hair shine. My face glowed, I was relaxed, and my nails looked immaculate.

I spent three hours getting ready. Mike arrived home and was ready in less than an hour. That is so unfair! He was waiting when I emerged from my bedroom. He let out a long, low whistle when I slinked through the doorway, allowing my left leg to emerge from the side slit of my dress. My hair was styled in long flowing curls that cascaded below my shoulders. I wore dramatic evening makeup to highlight my eyes and cheekbones. Of course, I wore my delightful 3” open toe sling pumps.

“Wow, Amy! You are beautiful!”

“Thank you, kind sir,” I smiled. “I want to make my husband proud tonight.”

“You will, darling!” he offered me his elbow. Occasionally he would forget that I’m not his real wife and would use terms of endearments.

He opened the passenger door for me. I delicately sat in my seat and carefully swept my long silk skirt beneath me. I lowered the passenger visor mirror and examined my face for flaws while he went to the driver’s side. I noted my thin arched eyebrows, soft smooth cheeks, prominent cheekbones, and soulful eyes. I was pleased that the doctor removed the wrinkles I’d formed

as a man. My face and body looked like a woman ten years younger than my actual age.

I raised the mirror as Mike started the car. “Don’t worry, dear, you look lovely. Nobody will ever detect that you aren’t my wife.” I was about to ask about his use of endearments when he touched my knee and asked if I was nervous. I forgot my question.

“I’m really nervous. This is a big gamble. You could lose your job,” I answered.

“I haven’t worried about that since I picked you up at the Institute,” he said. “You look, speak, and act exactly like Amy. Notice how you casually drape one leg over the other like a woman. You are a natural!”

“Thank you,” I glanced at my legs. I had draped my left leg over my right without giving it a thought. Was I so deeply immersed in my Amy persona that my actions have become natural? How will I be able to return to being Bob when this is over?

We arrived at his boss’ house and a valet opened the passenger door and helped me out. I stood to the side while Mike gave the valet the keys, then I took his elbow as he escorted me to the house.

“Welcome, Mike, Amy,” Doug Arnoldson greeted.

“It’s been awhile since we last saw you, Amy,” Judy Arnoldson greeted. “Mike said that you were taking care of your father. Is he okay?”

“I’m afraid he died last month,” I spoke for the first time. These people knew the real Amy. Would they detect my deception from my voice?

“We are so sorry to hear that, Amy,” Doug stated. “Please let us know if there is anything we can do.”

“The funeral is over,” I said. “I’m doing fine now.”

Judy took my elbow, "Come with me, Amy. I'll introduce you to the ladies that you may not have met." I meekly followed her lead while glancing at Mike who was being escorted off by Doug. "Ladies, may I introduce Amy Stewart. She's been away taking care of her father until he passed away."

Three women of various ages smiled at me, obviously sizing me up, then extended their hands in greeting. "It's so nice to meet you, Amy. I am Joan Barker." She didn't know my sister. I took her hand in greeting.

I remembered one of the ladies from the photos at the Chrissy Institute. "It's nice to see you again, Agnes," I extended my hand to Agnes Taylor.

She didn't detect my masquerade, "I'm so happy you are back in town, even under such tragic circumstances, Amy. You didn't tell us that he was ill."

"Dad became ill rather quickly," I improvised, not sure what my sister had told Agnes about my family.

"I'm sorry to hear of your loss, Amy," Agnes said.

"Your favorite drink is a Champaign cocktail, correct, Amy?" Judy handed me a drink. I thanked her as I accepted the proffered drink. I held my glass in my left hand and sipped as I often saw Amy do. I mixed with the women while Mike smoozed with the men. Finally everyone was summoned to dinner. Mike and I were seated next to Doug and Judy.

"That is a lovely gown, Amy," a woman said.

"Thank you," I smiled, appreciating the compliment. My dress would look nice only on a woman well enough endowed to display it.

The dinner was a resounding success. On the way home, Mike gushed, “We did it, honey. Everyone accepted us as husband and wife.”

I must have had too much to drink, because I sighed, “Yes, I had a lovely time, dear. Everyone treated me so nicely. I received so many compliments on my dress.”

I didn’t mind using the term of endearment and neither did Mike. He patted my knee and said, “Relax and settle in. Shop for new clothes. You deserve more than hand-me-downs.”

“Thanks, dear,” I covered his hand with mine. “I saw a dress in which I would look lovely.”

“Relax and buy it, honey, you’ve earned it,” he smiled.

Unfortunately, I couldn’t relax. The next day, I received a phone call. “Amy! This is Dixie. Why didn’t you tell me that you were back in town?” Dixie was Amy’s friend. Now I was in for it! If anyone knew of Amy’s affair with that British guy she ran off with, Dixie would be that person.

“I just returned...” I stammered, concerned that she would detect by my voice that I’m not the real Amy.

“What happened?” she gasped.

“What do you mean?” I stalled.

“You just left!” she gushed. “You said that you couldn’t stand being apart from Ted. You disappeared without warning. I assumed you ran off with him, but you didn’t tell me your plans. Now suddenly you are back. What’s going on?”

I had a huge obstacle to overcome. I knew nothing about this Ted, while Dixie seemed to know a lot. I knew

nothing about what my sister told Dixie, but Dixie knew everything. How was I going to get past this problem? I needed to stall, so I said, "Let's meet and I'll tell you about it."

"Today?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. I've a few issues to handle today."

"Tomorrow at the Plaza restaurant, at noon," she said.

"See you there," I hung up. What was I going to do now? The fat was in the fire. I was about to be discovered unless I came up with an explanation. I needed to talk with Mike.

"Dixie and Amy are friends, but not as good friends as I thought. Amy hasn't been in contact with her since she left," Mike pondered our problem. "If Amy hasn't contacted Dixie by now, she won't. We are home free if we can convince Dixie that you are Amy."

"She seemed to accept that she was speaking with Amy, so my voice is okay. My appearance passed muster with your business associates, but I don't know what Amy and Dixie talked about. What does Dixie know about Amy that nobody else knows but the two of them?"

"Play ignorant," Mike suggested. "Let Dixie fill you in on relevant details, while you remain noncommittal."

"And Ted?"

"Tell her that you had a fling, but he wasn't the guy you thought he was. After a few weeks, you left him to return to me. I forgave you and took you back into my loving arms."

"That might work."

I decided to wear one of Amy's original dresses. It would help establish that I really am Amy if Dixie had seen her wearing it.

I knew Dixie the moment I saw her and she recognized me too. We shared girlish pecks on our cheeks. "You must tell me everything!" she cooed.

"There's really not much to tell," I stated. "I left Mike for Ted. I was with Ted for a few weeks. He wasn't the man I expected, so I returned to Mike who forgave my indiscretion and accepted me back as his wife."

"You've been gone for 6 months," Dixie said, which was true if you added my time at the Chrissy Institute, my time here since leaving the Institute, plus the time between when Amy left Mike and when Mike recruited me to replace her.

"I was taking care of my father," I was sure that Amy had told her that my mother had died two years ago.

"You poor dear," Dixie sympathized, "Is he okay?"

"He died," I lied. Dixie didn't know Dad, so she didn't doubt me. I'd have to find another excuse if she meets my father who is still very much alive.

"You poor, poor dear," she comforted. "First your mother, now your dad, then your affair with Ted turns sour."

"It's been tough," I almost sobbed. "Thankfully, Mike took me back."

"What about all those awful things you said about Mike? How you couldn't stand him?" Dixie asked.

Oops! "I meant everything at the time," I said, "but Mike is an angel when compared with Ted."

"Do tell!" Dixie was all ears.

“I’d rather not,” I teared up. “Maybe I’ll discuss it in time. He hurt me too much to discuss it now.”

“How awful!” she sympathized. “You must admit that I told you that Ted was too good to be true.”

“I know,” I agreed, “but enough about me. Tell me about what has happened with you.”

Dixie was not shy about talking about herself. She launched into a detailed description of the men she had dated over the past months, leaving nothing to the imagination. She loved to talk, and that suited my purposes just fine.

After an hour of nonstop talk, Dixie had completely bought into me being Amy. She talked about herself, what she and my sister had done together, about little secrets that the two held, almost everything I needed to know to pass myself off as Amy. By the time we parted, it was as if she and I had been friends forever, which in a way we had now that I’m Amy.

All my nervous energy came to the surface when I got home. I started to cry. Mike was concerned that something had happened. He took me in his arms and gave me a hug. “What’s wrong, Amy?” he asked. “Did Dixie suspect something?”

“No, Mike, that’s the problem. She didn’t suspect a thing. We got along fabulously.”

“Why are you crying?” he held me at arm’s length.

“She didn’t suspect anything, Mike! It’s like I really am Amy. I’m losing my identity in this charade, like being Amy is normal, while being Bob is an anomaly.”

“Is that bad?” he asked.

“Well...yeah...yes!” I sniffled. “I shouldn’t be able to pass as a woman so completely. I’m really a guy, remember?”

“You were a guy, but I suspect that there is more Amy to you now than Bob. Considering the circumstances, that isn’t bad.”

My life as Amy settled into a routine. As time passed, I relaxed in my assumed role. I kept busy keeping house and shopping with girlfriends. I started playing tennis at the country club. I felt completely comfortable in my feminine body. I became so used to having breasts that I forgot how it felt not to have them. My sensuous clothes became normal. Then Mike disturbed my idyllic existence. “You need to move your clothes into the master bedroom closet, Amy,” he announced.

“What? Why?” I gasped.

“We are hosting a dinner party next week. It would not do to for our guests to learn that my wife is sleeping in the spare bedroom.”

“I’ll still sleep in my bedroom, right?” I asked.

“Of course,” he smiled, “if that’s what you want.”

“Of course it’s what I want,” I answered, “When is the party?”

“A week from Friday. I reserved maid service to clean the house from top to bottom on Wednesday.”

“What’s the dress?” I asked.

“A cocktail dress is fine,” he smiled.

“I bet you say that to all your women,” I giggled.

This would be my first time as a hostess. I wanted everything to be just right. The maid service did a wonderful job with the house. A catering service was providing food, so all I had to do was look pretty and be a delightful hostess. I was scared shitless!

I spent the entire day getting ready. I spent three hours at the beauty parlor having my nails done, my hair styled, and professional makeup applied. I looked hot! I wore a sexy emerald strapless party dress with a classic hourglass silhouette that hugged my nylon covered legs. It had a sweetheart neckline to expose a nearly obscene amount of cleavage. I loved it! Underneath I wore my silkiest panties. I felt gorgeous as I touched up my lipstick before making my grand entrance.

Our guests included some of Mike's work associates, mutual friends of Mike from before I became Amy, and a few people from the country club. I knew a few of them from when I was Bob and was nervous that they would see through my masquerade. I would have been scared speechless, but living as Amy had shown me that people believe what they see, and everyone sees Amy when they see me.

Mike greeted everyone at the door before I made my grand entrance. I took a deep breath, then left the master bedroom. As I descended the staircase, everyone's eyes followed me. "Hello, everyone!" I announced myself.

A general murmur rose as I carefully descended the stairs on my 3" heels. Did they see through my disguise? Was I the talk of the crowd because someone read me? Mike took my hand and helped me down the last step. "You are gorgeous!" he beamed. "Every woman is envious of you and every man is envious of me."

I leaned over and gave him a peck on his cheek.
“Thank you, dear,” I smiled.



I was on pins and needles as I descended the stairways for my first ever house party as Mike's

wife. Would they recognize me as a man in a dress? Would I be humiliated?

The party was a complete success. I met people I had already met and people that I personally had never met, but had previously known Amy. Those people were trickier to work. They knew ‘me’, but I didn’t know them. One such person was Mrs. Patricia Simmons, from the country club. Amy worked with her to sponsor various benefits. Mike told me that she liked to be called ‘Pat’.

“We haven’t seen you at the country club for ages,” Pat gushed. “Is anything wrong?”

“I’ve been tied up with personal problems.”

“We heard about your poor departed father,” she said. “Your absence has been sorely missed, Amy.”

“It was sad, but it’s behind me now,” I said.

“Expect her to return to help with the charities,” Mike intervened.

I wanted to ask him why he committed me to continue Amy’s work at the country club. That was a long term commitment and unnecessary exposure. Later when I asked him about it, he said, “Charity work is something that Amy enjoyed. It would raise questions to not resume now. You’ll enjoy it and it provides an opportunity to build on your life as Amy. The more of Amy’s life you live, the less you can be tripped up by the past.” I agreed. As time passed, issues from Amy’s life from before I started living it seldom come up. I mostly discuss recent experiences with her, now my friends and associates!

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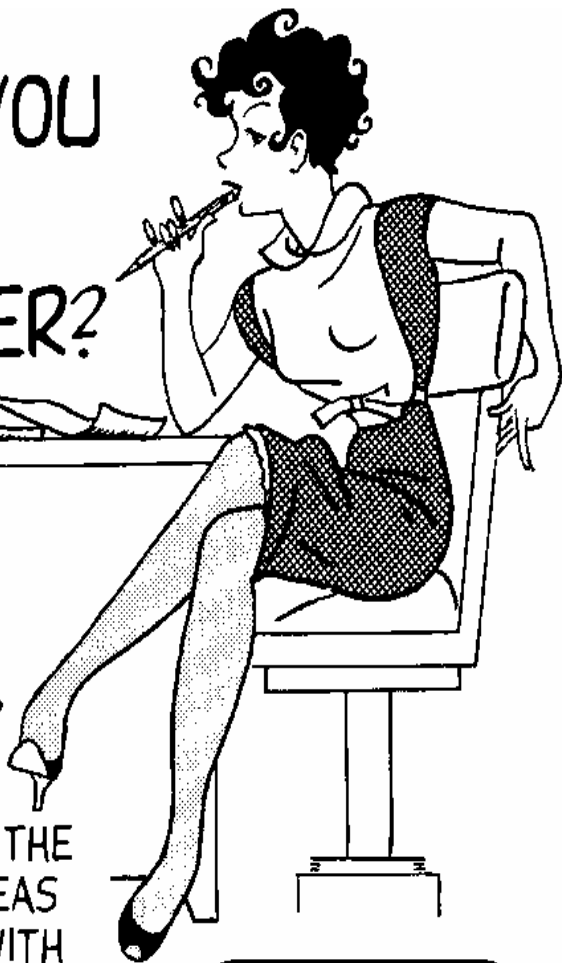
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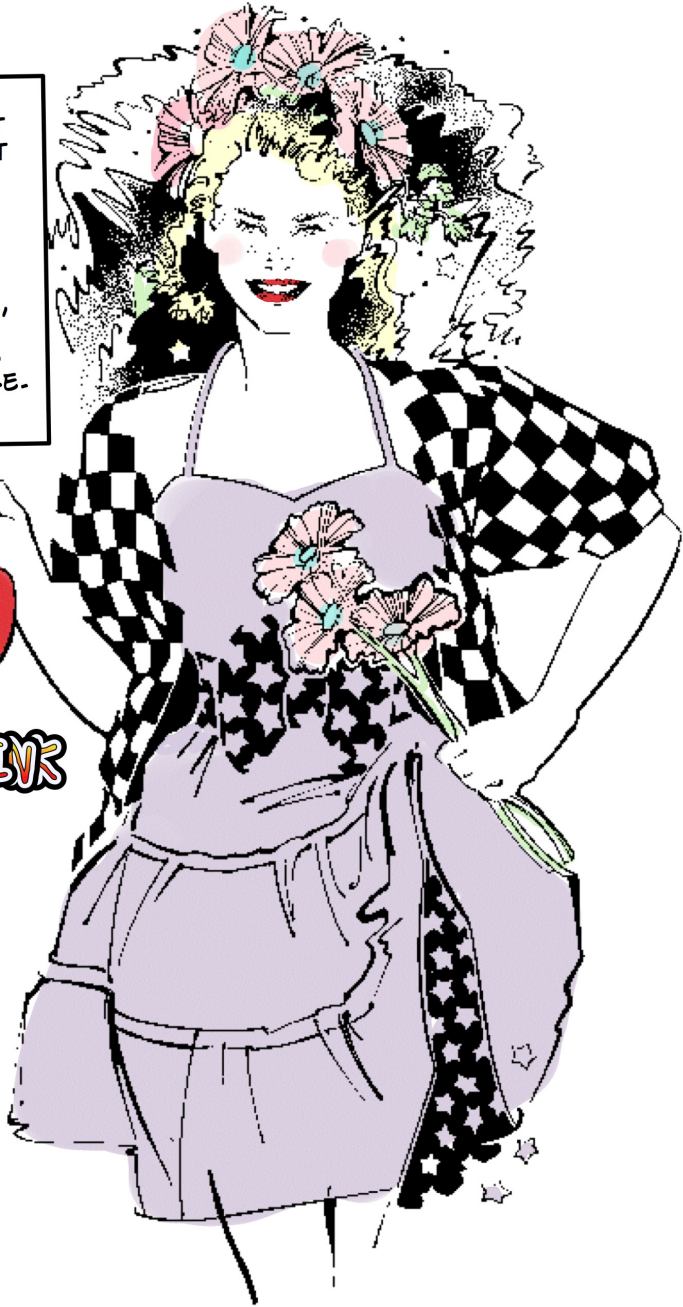
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IN THE PINK



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