

# GIRLFRIENDS

## TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

# 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?**

**VOLUME SEVEN**

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

**GIRLFRIENDS**  
**TV FICTION**

VOLUME 7

**LUCK BE A LADY**

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## “Luck Be A Lady”

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### QUOTE BOARD

All Americans should go to beauty school and have breast implants...That way the world will stop calling us “Ugly Americans!”

# LUCK BE A LADY

BY YDNAS

## **Becoming visible...**

It looked like my parents hitting middle life wasn't going to be done gracefully. I guess all parents have a problem with the kids leaving the nest and some weird depression about being "old".

A few of my friend's parents had gone through it. Some divorced...some broke ties to all old routines. One friend's father ran off with his secretary.

I knew that my parent's life would be different after I left for college next year but my mother caught me off guard. "Now that you're in your last year of high school, your father and I have to start thinking about our own lives," Mother said. "We have sacrificed a lot to keep you in a good school and now we get to take some time for ourselves."

I looked at mom like she was crazy. "So what? You guys buying a Winnebago?"

"No, honey," she said, "We are going to buy your father a dress...actually quite a few of them."

"Sure!" I laughed.

"I'm serious."

Mom was always joking around. "So you bought a sexy dress to wear for Dad? So what?"

"No, dear. It's time you knew. Your father makes up into a very attractive lady."

I looked at her trying to figure out the punch line. She went on, "When you are at camp during the summer or at your grandma's, your father gets all gussied up."

The punch line was coming...I knew it. But it didn't come. "It's time your father quit hiding. You'll be

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shocked. He really does look like a woman. People are always coming up to us and telling us that we are attractive...”

I knew my father was skinny and didn't have big muscles but I never guessed that he's be into something like this. His hair was long but I thought that was unique for a CPA and long hair on guys was cool so why not my father's.

“I've never seen anything around the house? IF you are serious, how long has he been doing this?” I asked.

“Since before you were born,” mother said. “Actually, your father was just beginning to start living as a woman when I got pregnant and he did the right thing.”

“NO?” My head was spinning. “Where? When?”

“We have a secret apartment where he keeps his dresses and things. We dress and go out from there.”

“OUT?”

“It's just a small apartment. It's fixed up so your father has a place to be himself...actually HERself. A place he can get dressed when we go out as two girls...”

“When do you go?”

“You know,” mom said, “On date night...”

As long as I remember, my mother and Dad had “date nights”; usually on Monday and Thursdays. Most everyone thought it was romantic that they took time to have evenings together.

“We go to movies, shopping, concerts and such...”

I was shocked. All this was completely unexpected. I said, “Please tell me you are joking. There's really nothing wrong with a Winnebago.”

Mom said, “Look, I don't expect you to like all this but it's not about you. Next year you are leaving for college. This is about your father and I having a life of our own. We've spent 17 years getting you grown up and now we get our lives back. We will both be forty soon.”

“Yeah,” I stated. “Time to grow up!”

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“What? You think your ole mom is too old have a life?”

I knew mother looked good. My parents were only 38 and in good shape. Mom could be 28 and Dad... I didn't know what to think about him anymore.

Then it struck me. “SO why are you telling be now? Why not just wait a few more months until I'm gone.”

“We sold the apartment and everything has to be moved out.”

“The apartment?”

“We bought a little duplex on a rather large lot when you were born. We rented the front half and the back apartment was so your father could still have a place to express himself and not effect your growing up. We have an offer on the place...”

I didn't want to hear this. “So get storage for a few months until I leave. Rent a hotel room?”

“Honey, lucky for us, it seems that they want to put in a football stadium and they need our property...NOW! We kept telling them 'no' and they kept raising the price. Their final offer is six million dollars! We are taking it!”

My jaw dropped. First bad news, then good, then suddenly I was so confused. I stammered, “A football stadium is going to cause my father to start living like a woman?”

“Selling it will allow your father to retire, dear. And allows you to go to the best college in the country AND buy us both fab' wardrobes. We had planned to sell it to pay for your college but we have to sell now or they will go to the city and get it condemned.”

“When were you going to tell me about Dad?”

“We both felt it wasn't fair to have you move away to college and have your father just disappear.

“Disappear?”

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“Your father was going to start living full time as a woman when you went to college anyway, so we just pushed up the schedule.”

I thought it couldn't get worse but it just did. I looked at her and knew she was serious. “Mother, I think we need to get you both some help...”

She laughed. “No couple is in as much love as we are. We have everything and share everything. We don't want to hid who we are from you anymore.”

I muttered, “What am I going to do?”

She smiled and said, “Meet the other side of your father. He's coming to dinner tonight...direct from the apartment.”

“What if the neighbors see him?” I gasped.

“They'll be seeing him... Son, it's not as bad as you might imagine. When we go out to dinner, men talk to us and think he is attractive. Sometimes they ask us out but we never accept. I don't expect you to understand all this right away. Just keep an open mind.”

“Don't you mind?” I asked.

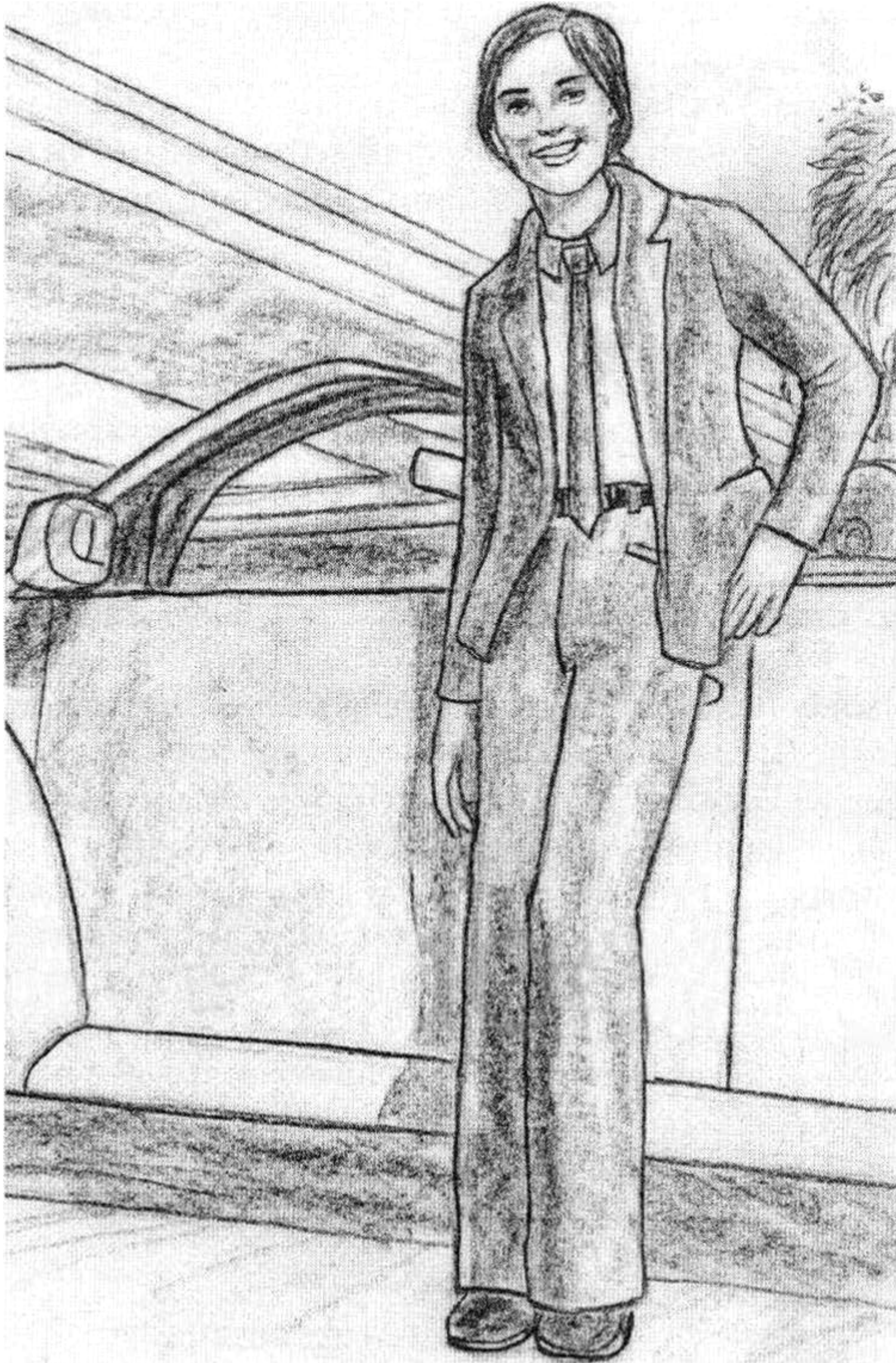
Mom just shook her head like I was crazy. “Honey, please know that your father and I love each other. We have such fun doing our hair, shopping, sharing girl things.”

Mom was determined that I know all. She continued, “I've been encouraging your father to begin thinking like a lady!”

“Aren't you embarrassed?” I asked.

“You'll see,” she giggled. “When your father is all dolled up, wearing a pretty dress and high heels, he's pretty. I don't think you'll have too much problem thinking of him as a woman.”

“Yuck!” escaped my mouth.



**Dad was a normal looking guy. Nothing special. The kind of guy you wouldn't notice in a crowd. He was more of a "plain Jane" than I ever guessed!"**

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The next few days were a blur. I'd like to report everything I felt and saw but it was like a dream and nightmare, all at the same time.

Emotionally, it had it all but mostly, my mind was on overload. Yes, I was shocked to see my father in a dress. Yes, he looked better than I could imagine. He'd been practicing for years.

No, I didn't like it. Yes, I was embarrassed.

But he was my father. He could have had a disfiguring cancer? Would that have embarrassed me?

Dad would come home from work and he and mom would disappear into their bedroom for an hour. Out would pop two women who went about being my parents.

Over the days, I learned things like how Dad got started:

He said, "One day I saw my mother wearing a new nightgown. It was elegantly styled, nylon but with the luxurious feel of silk. It had beautiful lace details at the hem, had a side slit and deep V-back held up by spaghetti straps. The next day, I was getting out of the shower and was about to throw my clothes in the laundry hamper. There in the hamper was that nightgown...I put it on and was hooked."

If spending some time with my father in a dress was all there was to this, I was fine. But like life, nothing stays the same. Everything changes.



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### **FIRST OUTTING...**

It was my first public outing with my father in a dress. We went out for the evening, first to dinner and then to a movie.

Both Mom and Dad wore "favorite outfits". Both wore conservative mid calf length black skirts, nude nylons and black pumps. Mom looked great and I had to admit Dad did too. During dinner, all I could think about was how silly Dad must feel.

When we got to the theater, I went to the bathroom. When I came out, Dad was in line for popcorn. I noticed a very handsome young man in line behind him, staring at his skirted bottom, legs and high heels.

I joined Dad in line, and whispered in his ear what I had seen. Dad turned around, smiled at the young man. I had a feeling he had known the man was staring.

Mom joined us; we got our popcorn and proceeded into the theater.

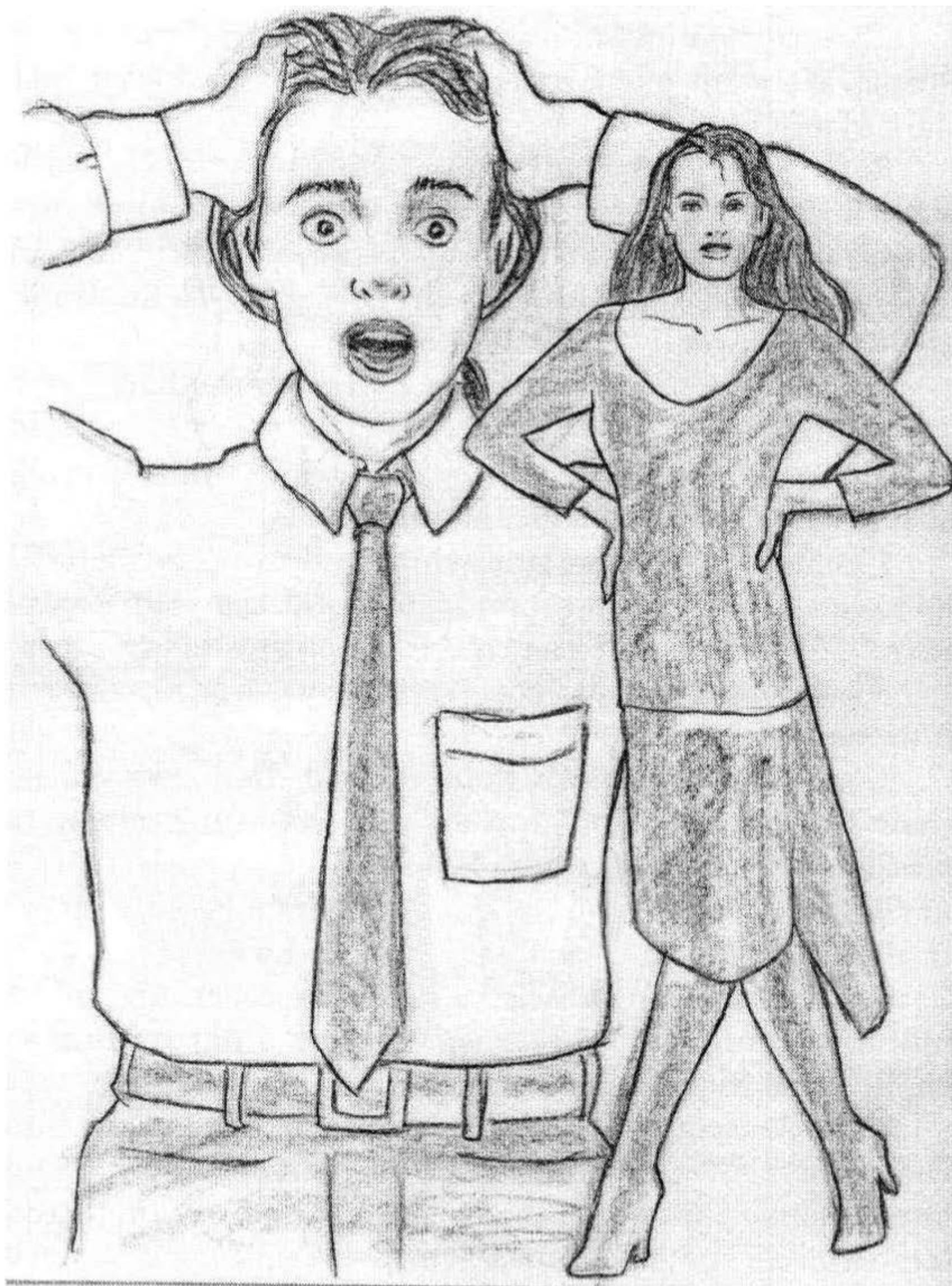
I sat between them. Both crossed their lovely legs, their slit skirts fell off to the sides, revealing generous portions of smooth feminine legs.

Could I ever get used to seeing my father like this? It was becoming obvious that I had no choice.

Mom's lead had taught Dad how to loosen up and fit into a woman's being. It was becoming a part of him so he did have to think much about what he was doing.

Mom occasionally whispered little reminders into Dad's ear... Not much escaped her watchful eye. Mom later told me that while Dad had mastered walking lady-like in heels, he sometimes slouched and it was her job now to make him perfect. "Shoulders back!" I heard her whisper often.

Mom was unrelenting. Mom was determined that Dad have a normal female response to life...that meant a monthly cycle of potent female hormones administered by a doctor.



**Dad was different and it was me who had to change.  
Could I really ever get used to seeing him in a dress?**

**Finding his new self...**

I went with Mom and Dad to his first doctor's appointment. Dad was dressed in a short, black skirt, white panties, white sweater and bra.

"Don't hormones cause cancer and stuff?" I asked.

"They can," mother said, "But they also cause breasts and that will help your father feel like a woman..."

"Won't they kill any male sex drive?" I muttered like it was my business.

"How can one feel like a woman if one is constantly having male sensations?"

"Oh?" I said. I don't know if it was the feminine charged atmosphere or what, but Dad seemed excited about being basically emasculated.

The doctor asked some questions and seemed happy that the whole family was there supporting Dad. He asked my mother about her expectations and she answered simply, "I expect him to become a woman."

"You won't make any male demands of him, right?"

Mother smiled, "We've been married a long time. I've had all the male demands I need from him."

The doctor gave Dad a brochure called, "Accepting your femininity."

"I want you to get some comportment training," the doctor said. "I can refer you to a fantastic woman who works wonders..."

After an injection, a bag of pills, Dad was on his way...

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### Dad's Monthly Cycle....

With his new female hormone cycle, the changes started slowly, barely detectable for several weeks. The first signs were subtle – Dad's skin took on a healthier sheen becoming smoother and pale. His lean cheeks filled in, and his face became softer and more round.

After a few months, the changes became more observable on his body. First, it was a noticeable shift of fat to where Mom carried her weight. Soon, he sported noticeable little pointy swellings beneath his shirts. His pants were loose at the waist and his bottom became full and round; finally stretching some pants to unwearability. Panties fit the way they had been designed and my father had feminine curves. His thighs and legs filled out and became fuller. Even his belly had rounded out.

Dad could still pass as a man in pants and an oversized sweater but gone was his skinny, boyish physic.

These early hormone cycles had one focus—to get him ready for breasts. While his buttocks continued to expand, little pads of jelly-like flesh had appeared at his chest. Nothing you wouldn't expect to see on a fat man but my slender father didn't have a pound to lose.

'Honey?'" His voice was clearly higher. "LOOK!"

Mom looked as Dad lifted his shirt. His flat male chest had disappeared, leaving small swellings and dark pink, sensitive nipples that distorted outward the front of his shirts.

Mom laughed at him. "Well, that answered one question. That doctor is not a quack!"

Embarrassed, Dad pulled his t-shirt over the touchy, pink nipples that pointed outward. He couldn't resist running his hands down over the little mounds. "Amazing! I'm getting tits," Dad gasped in trepidation.

His chest continued to soften and even began to jiggle as he walked or moved about suddenly. He com-

plained to Mom about his nipples being really tender and sore.

Mom just shrugged her shoulders like, "SO?" but she said, "Honey. That's why we girls wear bras!" Then she smiled and said, "Remember what the doctor said? When they get really sore to the touch, it's time to have you gaffed full time..."

### **GAFFED...**

Dad's breath quickened, as Mom adjusted the straps of Dad's new garment. It was like a car wreck on the freeway, I wanted to look away but couldn't. I watched, fascinated as each little tug and tuck seemed to reduce the already undersized bulge at the front of his panty gaff.

Dad moaned but Mom was matter-of-fact about the fitting. "Gawd, will I be able to walk in this thing," Dad mumbled, as Mom pulled and tightened a strap.

At last the elusive garment was in place. It was like a tight panty girdle that was shaped with no leeway for male anatomy.

"That's much better," mom sighed, standing back to look at my Dad's emasculated shape. "Remember what the doctor said. Once we get it fitted, the estrogen will do the rest."

Most men would have been horrified to have their wife emasculating their once "proud member" but not my father. His little male embarrassment was being trained into insignificance.

Mother giggled, "I swear, you have less of a budge than me! Let me tighten it one more time."

As though in a last protest, a little bulge fought back briefly pressing outward before giving up. Dad felt the surge and Mom smiled before taking care of it with a tug. Dad posed proudly in the mirror, the tightness felt both comforting and strange at the same

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time. The idea of wearing underwear where the crotch material barely felt stretched was electrifying.

“Now that thing belongs in panties,” Mom announced. “Nothing to push them down now!”

There was no residual of that buttony knob that had pushed the gaff’s front out earlier.

Mother went to her drawer and found a pair of pink nylon panties with lace around the waist and down the front.

“Those are your favorite panties?” Dad replied.

“Now they are yours!” mom announced. Dad slipped them up his legs and up over his hips. The panties were stretched by fleshy hips and full, rounded bottom. The panties “without” gave him an unmistakably feminine appearance.

“Wow,” he gasped, “They fit so much better!”

“Duh? mom mocked, then added, “Seriously, THAT is how panties are supposed to fit.” She pointed to Dad’s panties, “You are lucky you don’t have a lot to train away!”

“Oh my?” Dad gasped, staring into the mirror.. His voice seemed to have slipped up a half octave.

They had been told by the doctor he had enough estrogen in his system now that any discomfort would quickly go away.

Within a week, the gaff had done it’s work. I would swear that there was even a slight crease forming at his crotch when he wore tight pants.

Another month and Dad’s emerging nipples had become undeniable and had grown dramatically. No longer cone-like swellings, they were now round, firm, upright mounds with remarkably large, warm and sensitive nipples that stiffened to nearly any stimuli and jigged softly when he walked.

Dad couldn’t resist rubbing them lightly, and I heard him tell Mom that it gave him a deep pleasurable tingle.

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Mom made the announcement one day when they returned from the doctor. "Honey," she said to me, "The doctor has given the okay. Your father is ready for breasts."

As far as I was concerned, he already had them. "Aren't they big enough?" I challenged.

"Look at him?" she answered.

Dad looked nothing like his old self. His muscularity was less than half its former size, and that wasn't anything to talk about. He could barely produce a visible bicep bulge.

"The doctor says I'm ready,," Dad said proudly. His voice was a sweet, high tenor. I looked at his thin, girlish arms. His shoulders had narrowed, as had his waist. Sitting down called attention to his fleshy wide hips.

Dad's face was still clearly recognizable, but had also changed. The overall contours were softer, his lips fuller. His nails had grown and his face was now framed by near-shoulder length hair. Even his neck was thinner.

His chest and shoulders had shrunk, at first making him appear younger but now the unmistakable swelling raised questions about his gender when dressed as a man.

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**She pointed to Dad's panties, "You are lucky you don't have a lot to hide!"**

### **WALKING THE WALK...**

Dad, mom and I sat waiting in a sleek, large ballet studio. Dad was sitting up straight in his chair like a life-size plastic doll, with big eyes, big curled hair and showing all the leg the law would allow.

Over the next month, Dad would be spending time with modeling and comportment instructor, Maddy. She was a beautiful woman in her fifties. Her job was to rid whatever masculinity was left in my father and transform him from gangly “new” woman into a freshly minted femme fatale.

On this first day, he worked on Dad’s walk (Not really walk. Strut! Slither! Seduce!)

“Have you done this before?” Dad asked Maddy.

She laughed, “I swear that half the models you see on the runways used to be my students. Seriously, I’ve been teaching guys how to be girls for more than a decade.” She charges her pupils \$100.00 per hour for her services. She adds, “Not every guy can do it. Some guys talk the talk but can’t walk the walk.”

Maddy gave Dad a quick rundown before the session began. “See the girl in the tights with the wild hair? That’s Dana. His mother brought him to me when he was fourteen. By the time he was sixteen, he was homecoming queen and a favorite cheerleader. He comes here for several sessions a month and whenever he feels insecure being a boy who’s living a girl’s life.”

The boy was doing a deep waist bend. He was tall and thin, wearing pointy heels, tiny spandex top and a ballet skirt so short you wonder why they don’t call it a wide belt.

“He’s beautiful!” mother said.

“And has a gorgeous personality too!” Maddy adds. “When the boys are that young and pretty, they may grow up too fast and be washed out at 22. The unexpected thing about Dana is that he is so happy being al-

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lowed to live as a girl that he glows. He's popular with the boys and the girls... Okay, let's get started."

Maddy calls Dad "Pumpkin" and "Sweetheart. First they work on Dad's posture. It was more like she was working on Dad's self-confidence. She had Dad stand against the wall, arms outstretched. Maddy says. "When you are done, you will feel wonderful."

That day they worked with Dad to refine his movements. That even included where his eyes moved, giving him the overconfident defiant stare of a super model. They worked on Dad's balance while jutting his hips out slightly, finding his new center of gravity. My father in his high heels followed every instruction. Maddy showed Dad how to step, heel, toe, heel, toe. Steady some teeter, some wobble with the appropriate wiggle.

"Sweetie," Maddy says, "You have a nice little wiggle but you are carrying your purse like a football." She showed Dad how to carry his arms and hold a purse. He was soon holding them limp at his sides, not with thumbs pointed but loosely.

Maddy had Dad walk the length of the room: turn a certain way, look a certain way, hold his head a certain way and focus his eyes a certain way. It was all so subtle. Maddy's eyes searched for imperfections in Dad's feminine carriage.

You could tell that Maddy loved this work and wanted to make the boys perfect.

"Oooohhh girl, you got a nice bottom on you," she tells Dad after he gets it right. "Make sure you wear a nice tight skirt when you want attention!"

Dad shows a shadow of a smile as he walks back and forth.

As the hour ends, another client shows up. I can't tell if it's a boy or a girl carrying schoolbooks like he is just out of school.

"Michael! I'll be right with you," Maddy yells and smiles at us.

Michael is startlingly young. His blond hair is messily pulled back, as if he just jumped out of a pool. He wears a little T-shirt and denim jeans with high-heeled boots that look as if they were stolen from a cowgirl. He looks like a pre-teen girl that sprouted overnight and hasn't quite gained control of her limbs.

While Dad finished up, I watch as Michael pulls a skirt out of his bag and slipped it over his jeans, then drops the jeans. Adding a pair of designer heels, Michael is suddenly swishing when he walks.

Suddenly this unisex looking person is unmistakably feminine. The t-shirt's sleeves were tight and the waist is fitted, staying sleek against his waist. The skirt was straight and close fitting, with nary a pleat or slit in sight - so a bit of wiggle was ensured.

As Michael warmed up for his session, I saw this boy drop his little boyish ways. His eyes sparkled; a mischief appeared as if his soul had been set free. Suddenly this boy was walking like a woman who could stare down any man with looks to kill.

As Michael coltishly walks the length of the room, swings his hips out, Maddy smiles and says to us, "First time Michael came here, he was walking like a funky chicken. Look at him now! Next year he's starting school as a girl..."

When Michael saw that we were talking about him, the facade melted. He holds his hands up to his mouth, curls his shoulders like a little girl, and giggles while practice walking.

"He doesn't dare walk like that at school!" Maddy says. "Some people might think I'm taking away his boyhood. Trust me, he's going to be much more popular as a girl."

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I could tell Maddy was proud of her work, her girls, of her role at this pivotal moment in their budding lives. She added, "The only sad part...once they flap their wings and fly, you don't really see them again."

As Dad's days as a man wound down, his shirts bulged out in little mounds that he tried to control with increasingly tight undershirts.

When I heard that Dad was closing up his CPA practice, I asked mother, "What is Dad going to do without a job?"

"Just be a woman."

"That's a job?"

Being a woman more complex than the IRS's Alternative Minimum Tax. There are lots of tricks, little things to do with what you have. He has to learn his colors and what to wear with what: the right perfume, tricks with his hair, eyelashes, brassieres and even how to feel.

When Dad came home carrying the contents of his office's desk, both mom and I laughed. He could barely carry even one banker's box of papers.

I looked at Dad. He smelled faintly of perfume. His skin was amazingly soft. I guess it was time for him to start dressing as a woman full time. And it wasn't a second too soon. He was leaving on his coat during the day...without it, two obvious mounds with erect nipples pressed outward under his white male dress shirt. His pants looked too small as they stretched across his round bottom.

Dad's fleshy bottom swayed as he had to adopt a more feminine gait to accommodate his new figure.

Mom noticed too and said to him, "Honey, thank goodness this was your last day. You really need to start wearing a bra...all the time..."

"Really?" he said, sounding like he'd won the lottery.

“Really!” mom said. “Starting tomorrow, it’s only girl’s clothes for you...”

### **NOT A SECOND TOO SOON...**

Dad was becoming more girl-like with each day. That was not all good. Certain times of the month, he could be the kind of “girl” who cried about her hair or a run in a nylon. Not just once and not just an occasional trembling lip or leaky eye. If he was ironing a slip and burned it. You’d think his first-born had died! We’re talking severe, heaving fits of tears, complete with blotchy face and runny nose and warbling voice.

“Dad?” I said, “It’s a SLIP! An OLD slip!”

“You’ve never ruined your favorite slip,” he cried, “So how would you know what it’s like?” Then he went on about it being the only one that really went with his rose print dress and I tuned him out...

Dad was fine one minute and in tears the next? Mom laughed and said to me, “Your father is a member of the “lunar” club now! We were told it’s quite common to have major mood swings during deep-rooted feminization. Your father is on female hormones, such as estrogen and progesterone and significant changes in his hormone levels can affect his levels of neurotransmitters...the brain chemicals that regulate mood.”

“But he’s been taking hormones for months, it’s not been this bad?”

“We are getting his nipples ready to have breast implants. He’s been on a heavier regiment of female hormones for about a month now. They are preparing his body for what the doctor called a ‘false pregnancy.’ We need his nipples to expand to look right with full breasts.”

“But he’s so grumpy?” I noted.

“We have to be nice to him,” she said. “Feminization can be a stressful and overwhelming. Dad is mostly

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overjoyed at the thought of having a woman's figure but occasionally begins wondering what he's gotten himself into. He's worried about whether he'll make a good woman and how his relationship with you and I will be affected."

"You still love him, right?"

"More than ever!" she said. "Even though I support his feminization, there are times when he feels "trapped" by all the changes. That's not surprising, considering the expectations. One minute he's elated with the feelings, the next he's wondering if he's doing the right thing."

"I thought there was no question?"

"There isn't," she said, "but his body is changing and he may be feeling unattractive in his own eyes. He's worried about putting on too much weight at his hips and looking "fat" as his body expands into womanly curves. The doctor said it's not uncommon for a man being feminized to feel like he's lost control over his body and his life. All these concerns may take his emotions on a roller-coaster ride."

"What can we do?"

Mom smiled kindly and said, "First, understand that mood swings are part of the feminization experience. It's not surprising that he has highs and lows."

"Does he really need bigger breasts?" I moaned.

Mom reached into her purse and pulled out a flyer. It was from a local plastic surgeon. On the cover was a most "stacked" woman with a big smile on her face. She said, "Honey, your father needs this. It's an easy procedure and he'll be home the same day."

I was amazed at the before and after pictures. "They are so big!" I laughed.

"Why would you want small ones when you can have traffic stoppers? Your father has an appointment with this doctor tomorrow!"

For the next day, Dad and mom talked about it. Dad was worried, "If I get them too big, I'll look fat? Maybe my dresses won't fit?"

"So?" mom said. "We can live it up a bit. You can buy a new dress every day for the rest of your life and we'd still have plenty of money."

"What are you suggesting?"

"So you get a nice set of boobs and you get...no, you will have to wear a nice bra, dresses and do your hair and make-up everyday."

### **Making it happen...**

As the day for Dad's surgery approached, I kept thinking that he must be crazy to have surgery. His body was fine the way it was. What if the new boobs made him look like a freak? He could die during the surgery. Are having boobs worth dying for?

And the money? He could buy me a new car. But we had all the money we needed now.

I guess Dad's obsession was becoming more real. I guess you only live once, and he wanted to live it with some boobs.

### **SPRING IS BLOOMING**

During the week before surgery, Dad rode a wave of dreamy excitement. The doctor recommended Dad try on different sizes of bra padding to get used to different sizes. Dad pranced around in them and he and Mother looked at lingerie catalogues together and got hysterical. They were like kids trying on grown-ups' clothes in the attic.

With our newfound wealth, we all felt like we had won the lottery but THIS? I was beginning to question whether we were better off.

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### Decision Day...

I looked at Dad, in his pink dress and heels, sitting in the waiting room for his pre-surgery check-up. He is filling out forms before meeting with the doctor. Dad is only 24 hours away from going under the knife—and when he wakes up, he's going to have a starlet's breasts.

At this point, most men would get queasy. Not my father...the essence of his maleness was tightly hidden away as he ordered his breasts like one would Chinese food. He was going to have large, protruding, insistent breasts! The hallmarks of womanhood would soon be my fathers. What's going to happen when men look at him when he's built like a centerfold?

But Dad was calm. Eerily calm.

I wanted to yell at him! Couldn't he be happy with what he had? My wide-hipped, puffy-chested father; comfortable in panties and sporting an increasingly curvaceous figure. Why was he not happy with well-rounded hips, a fleshy bottom and small breasts jiggling on his chest. Why did he have to have big boobs...the eye-catching kind he could never hide?

"Why?" I asked myself without expecting an answer.

Mom leaned over and whispered to me, "Look how happy your father is." As he filled out the forms, he pushed aside a strand of his shoulder length hair and pouted his lips like he was posing for a camera.

His full high cheekbones, his poses and moves had all changed subtly; emphasizing the natural feminine curves he had developed.

Mom went on, "Since your father has been forced to be a man all these years, he needs to be feminized to a point...well, where he can't be a man again...like any normal woman."

"The doctor agrees with this?"

She nodded.

### **THE FINAL DECISION...**

I had checked Dr. Bushnell out with the Medical Board. I just knew he was a quack...but they only had good things to say.

Dr. Bushnell was a personable man who had performed thousands of breast augmentations. He skillfully drew Dad out on what he wanted (big, perky ones) without making him self-conscious.

Dr. Bushnell had laid out all the risks and had described the operation during a previous consultation. He went about showing us some before and after photographs of recent patients. The patient's heads were cropped off, making the aesthetics hard to appreciate.

"Some of them WERE boys," he said proudly.

They certainly ALL looked like females to me and some looked as good as centerfolds. "They don't look like boys to me," I said.

The doctor laughed, "That's the idea...and when I'm through with your father, he'll have a figure better than your mom..."

He went on to suggest my father have a little liposuction around the waist to give him an hourglass figure.

### **One small step for mankind....**

We had to be at the hospital at 8:00am for surgery at 9:15. It was a 45 minute drive to get there.

Mom commented to Dad on the way there, "This reminds me of the time I was in labor and you were so nervous driving me to the hospital. Do we have everything?"

Dad quickly checked his bag and did an inventory of the things he'd been told to bring. A bucket (guess), a box of Kleenex, a pillow, water, a special bra and other assorted comforts for the painful ride home.

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Once there, the surgery was delayed by 30 minutes. How tense Dad was (I suppose we all were).

Mom did her best to keep his nerves under control...holding his hand, rubbing his arm and telling him he was doing the right thing.

I remarked that seeing nurses in their sterile gowns and masks even made me nervous.

At last they called our name and Dad's time had come. A pleasant nurse came out with a small tablet in a small cup...finally something to calm his nerves. "I want one of those too," I joked as Dad downed the pill before being escorted to a back room.

Mom and I gave him a tender kiss farewell. "I guess this is it," he said.

Mom and I were allowed to peer into the operating room while they hooked Dad up to a variety of pipes and hoses. We decided to take a long walk.

Mom and I wandered the streets and shops for about an hour, trying not to think or worry about how Dad might be doing. We went into a lingerie shop that had sexy looking animal-print teddies in the window. The clerk asked Mom, "What size cup?" to which she replied "I'm not sure...but fairly large!"

A couple hours later, we returned to the waiting room...to wait! I paced the floor, anxiously, awaiting a doctor or nurse to appear and tell us everything was okay.

Finally the doctor appeared with a big smile. He joked, "Everything went well...the TWINS are great! You'll have to wait for the anesthetic to wear off."

Mom was clutching the lingerie bag. I was thinking, "Dad in leopard print teddies? This was going to be like living with a new person."

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When we were finally allowed to see him, he was out of it. I could just catch a slight glimpse of his new knolls. Mom seemed to really like what she saw.

We waited for another hour and were informed that he ready to be discharged. Mom moved the car to the "LOADING ZONE", and we waited for them to deliver Dad (and the twins). Dad was still blurry eyed and didn't say much when he was duly delivered. The ride home was uneventful but I couldn't help but continuously glancing over to catch a glimpse of "them".

Dad slept for a few hours before I got my first good look at "the twins". They looked a bit hard. Mom had a giant bouquet of roses delivered to the house to celebrate the occasion, the card announced, "Everything is at bloom in this house now!"

It didn't take long before the pain started. The pain was followed by sudden bursts of vomiting. I couldn't help but feel bad and sorry for Dad. Why would he choose to do this? Why go through feminine hormones cycles, the pain of high heels and a boob-job?

And so, on that bright spring day, my father had clear plastic pouches inserted through his nipples and filled with ounces of saline. He was now the proud owner of two big and bouncy breasts.

After the first day, Dad was feeling better thanks to a never-ending need for ginger ale and fresh ice-packs. This had been a truly unusual 24 hours!

All Dad could recall about the first hours after the surgery is that he felt groggy and vaguely top-heavy. Upon waking from the anesthesia, he immediately reached for his chest but he has no memory of it. But he does remember that at first, he feared touching his new breasts. They felt so foreign, so strange, so full jiggling around up there.

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“I was afraid of popping them,” Dad said. “I thought that if I touched them hard, they might fall out.”

For a few days, I think Dad was embarrassed and having second thoughts. Most of the time he kept his new assets hidden under the “iron maiden” hospital bra and a sweatshirt. Sometimes I’d see him standing in front of the mirror, lift his sweatshirt, and ogle his breasts, just as a guy might slobber over a stripper.

Truth is, they looked pretty darn good. With all the hormones, suction and such, even his nipples were full, pink and looked like they belonged on such full mounds of womanly flesh.

After removing the “infirmary” bra, it didn’t take Dad long to realize that brassieres were not just for decoration any more. Dad needed structural support so Mom took him shopping for his first real “big girl” bra. The department store’s vast selection was now more limited.

Not just any bra would work. Padded bras were out. “A” cups were out. “B” cups were mostly out. But the “C” cup sizes came in: lacy, sheer, underwire, snap-in-front, snap-in-back, push-up, demi-cup. Staring at all of the brassieres and knowing that he needed them, made Dad feel like, well, a woman.

They must have bought one of everything that fit. My Dad had a wardrobe of lingerie like one of those babes in lingerie catalogue.

These new additions to my Dad's anatomy were precisely what Mom thought he needed. Maybe so? It was true that his body moved differently and had a more graceful balance. .

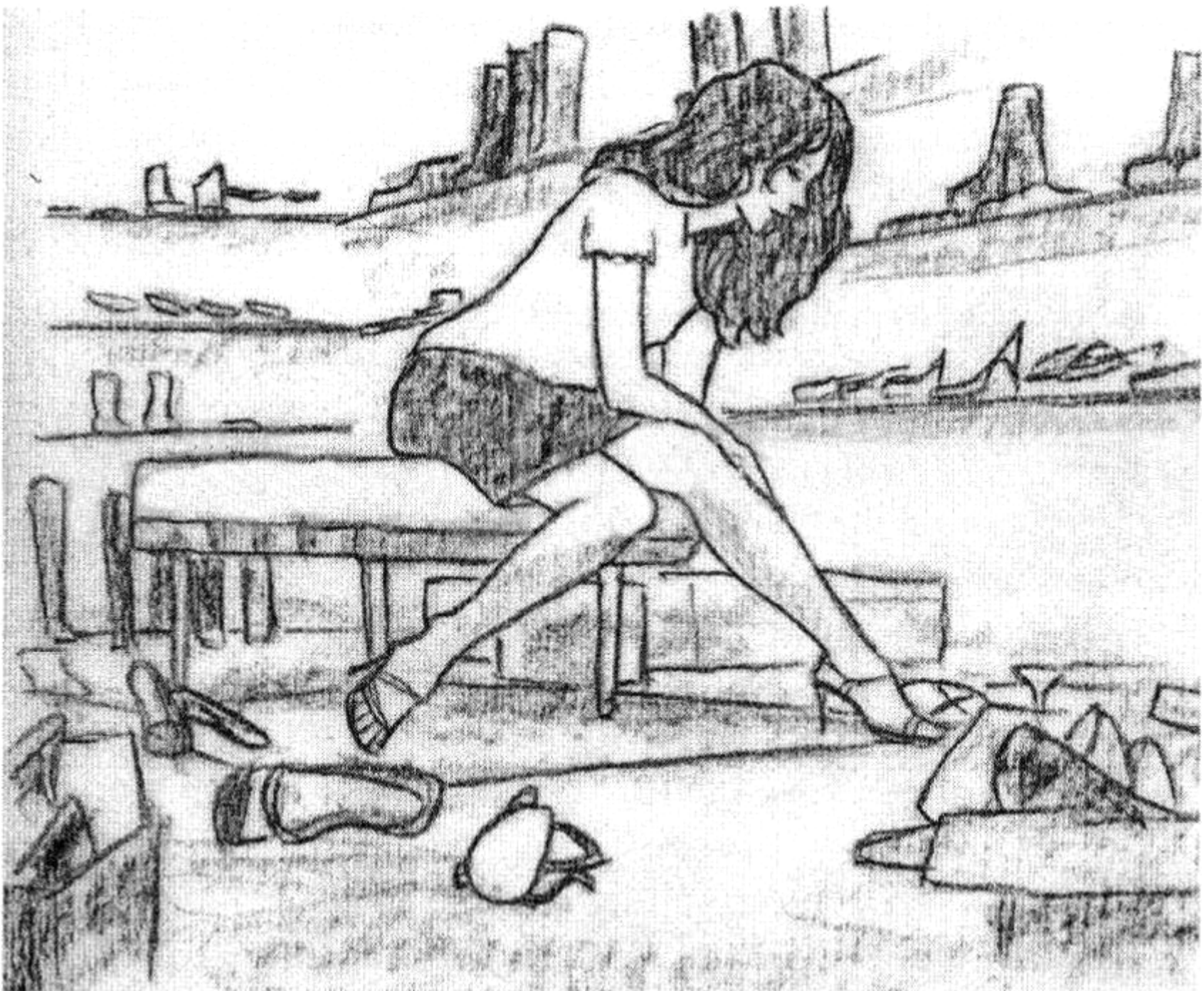
Each day Dad got better. By the end of ten days, all was well. Dad still had a bit of swelling but everything else had healed.

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I have to say...it's amazing what a few hundred cc's of a saline solution can do to change a person. Dad seemed to all too eager to have show off his new figure. "Dad!" Mom frequently had to whisper to him. "Put them away." You know, "Too much of a good thing?"

To Dad the boobs were a new toy, like a cool watch or an expensive sports car; half the reason for having them is being able to show them off.

I assumed that our life would just continue like always but realistically, having full, perky breasts could darn near ruin any man's ability to be manly, even if he wanted. I thought, Dad might have tried to hide his breasts around me. He didn't.



**I asked Dad, "So now that you have breasts, what are you going to do?"**

**"Going to buy shoes!" he laughed.**

AFTERMATH...

In the months that followed, it was like we had a new baby in the house. Mom and Dad were like new parents, giddily cooing over the “new additions” to the family and attending to their care.

They took frequent shopping trips to add to Dad’s new wardrobe, fascinated at how his clothes curved around his new body.

Dad’s breasts also kicked their social life into overdrive.

I had worried that Dad would look odd with artificial breasts; they looked surprisingly natural. Dad was pleased. His confidence and his femininity had blossomed with his chest. This vastly improved his self-esteem. His dream woman had been born.

But that wasn’t all of it. Throughout the time that Dad and Mom planned his augmentation, a new closeness and commitment developed between them.

This spawned an unexpected burden. Now Dad worried whether Mom could love him as much with his new breasts. More than once, at Dad’s low hormone cycle, he cried, “How can you love a man with bigger tits than yours?”

Ironically, his breast enlargement cured him of one insecurity, only to introduce another.

Moreover, Dad’s femininity was amplified on the visual plane and made a huge impression on other people. Doors started to open for him everywhere he went. Suddenly there were social opportunities, invitations to parties, and general interest in having him around.

Not the least of that interest came from other guys. Men know when an extraordinary female physique is on the premises. They become silent or goofily animated, or they sprout dorsal fins and begin circling for the kill. Common attack modes for the male breast-shark include

the frontal hug-rub, and taking a woman's arm in conversation and trying to feel the side of her breast.

When I saw men flirting with Dad in front of Mom, I worried about her. Dad had made a nice looking woman before but with breasts, his desirability had increased tenfold, and he had to deal with the increased harassment.

I asked mother about it and she laughed, "I now know what it would be like to have a supermodel sister!"

Then she seriously added, "I do confess to getting a perverse thrill when I see how startled men are by your father's figure. Last night when your father removed his coat at the restaurant, the conversation among nearby men went abruptly dead. I have to laugh when they stare and have to shake themselves out of it. Guess it's my little joke on male-kind!"

She went on, "Even the young beautiful women tense up and close ranks, acutely aware of the 'big' competition."

"It's such a change for all of us," I moaned. "Are you two sure you know what you are doing?"

"Neither of us knew exactly what we were getting into when we started this journey or where we'll end up. We just know we have to make the trip..."

"Do you think Dad will tire of them and want to have them removed?" I asked hopefully.

"I don't know but I would guess that removing them now would be like removing an arm. I know that self-esteem can come only from within, but your father has had a taste of what breasts on a beautiful feminine person can do...turn the most staid society into the wild kingdom."

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### TELLING THE FAMILY...

When a man suddenly becomes a woman, there are a few things one has to deal with. First off, the neighbors are going to talk. Second, family is going to talk.

"We invite you to a coming out party!" the invitations read. It went on to honestly state that my father was now going to be living as a woman...

The next week, Dad's and Mom's family and a few neighbors came for a "coming out party." A few close relatives had known about Dad's little "hobby" and weren't surprised. His sister and her husband even commented that he "always should have been a girl. And it was about time..."

My Grandfather took me aside with my aunt and seemed to want to "counsel me." He said, "Just because they have a few bucks now, I don't understand why your father has to suddenly start being a female. I thought he had THAT thing under control. You understand; mental illness is not contagious, right?"

I nodded.

My aunt lowered her voice, "Don't you worry. Maybe he'll get tired of running around in a stupid skirt and settle down and be your father again. It's just all that money..."

My grandfather had worked for the telephone company for 35 years and had a normal, middle class life. I could see that he was jealous of the newfound money. But truth be told, Dad wouldn't have the money if it weren't for the apartment and needing to have a place to dress. He would have sold out "cheap" years ago with the other neighbors.

I watched Dad among his family. He'd always been a wallflower but now he was a social butterfly, greeting everyone and showing off his new dress and figure.

"We are the same size," mom bragged, "except on top! He's got me beat there!"

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“I guess you’ve doubled your wardrobe!” my aunt joked while taking pictures to mark the occasion.

My grandmother said. “We always knew he took after me...I wish I still looked that good in a tight dress! I used to have the boys waiting in line...and my son is now built better than I ever was!”

Dad began to blush. “I guess I deserve that.”

My aunts and the female neighbors suddenly had one thing on their minds. It wasn’t long before I saw Mom and Dad and a bevy of women heading towards the back room. They had to see the “twins!”

You should have seen their faces when they came out of the room. Whatever thoughts they had about my father becoming a man again were gone. Several of the women wanted Dr. Bushnell’s phone number. They wanted breasts like my father!

All in all it was a very jolly gathering. And like a birthday or a christening, mother had told everyone to bring a little something. Dad was given some of my grandmother’s heirloom earrings and an old gold watch that belonged to her mother. Some were serious, other’s funny. One aunt gave Dad a box of Tampax with a note that said, “For the lady that has everything!”

Mom smiled at Dad and quietly announced, “Those are his favorite brand!”

Everyone laughed.

Other gifts included a purse, makeup, a housedress, eyebrow pencil, mascara and lipsticks. A neighbor gave Dad a very sexy pair of five-inch high-heeled pumps with the note saying, “To help you get to that higher place in life you seek!”

The only odd note was when I heard Mom’s sister ask her, “So does this mean you will be dating men again?”

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Mom looked at Dad and replied, "I suppose we'll do whatever gals our age do?"

My aunt said shyly, "There are some very nice single men who belong to my country club..."

Mom cut her off, "That sounds nice but we aren't ready to start dating yet."

A few other women gave Dad all kinds of compliments, saying that as two women, they were most attractive and would surely have the boys fighting over them.

I was taken back to see Dad brush his hair back in a flirtatious manner, enjoying being the abnormal center of attention.

My other aunt turned to my father, "You can't just be a couple of old maids."

Dad tried to be a courteous and said, "I expect we'll have to date or look rather weird."

"Boyfriends! That's what you BOTH need," my older aunt stated, "Maybe that nice man Frank? He travels a lot but he's quite the catch? Which one of you wants first crack at him?"

Dad seemed to be getting a little nervous now. "I don't know if we are ready for that," Dad said again trying to respectfully refuse.

"Honey," mother interrupted. "Maybe that's not such a bad idea? It's hard for women our age to meet nice men." She turned to my aunt and said, "We'll think about it. My sweetie here does need to learn the social aspects of dating..."

"Oh good!" my aunt said to Dad. "Frank is really handsome and very thoughtful!"

Just then, my grandfather came over and heard the conversation. "Hey kiddo," he said to my father, "Watch out...these gals will have you barefoot and pregnant before you know it!"



**When the Mom's family saw Dad, they suddenly wanted to set her up on a date. Did Dad care?**

Once the word got around had Dad had a potential date, other's offered to set the two up. I think mom had

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the most offers. Actually, I think her family was trying to find her a “new man.”

When the party had broken up, mom and Dad went about cleaning up after the party. The dining room table was full of feminine gifts of encouragement and love. There were a few relatives that didn't show and would likely never show again.

The boxes of Dad's male clothes were given to another neighbor with a truck to be taken to Goodwill. “Do you really think that's a good idea?” he asked mom.

She laughed gleefully, “Does it matter? He won't be needing them.”

“Shouldn't he have some male clothes around the house?” I asked.

“What? So we'd have a man to take out the trash?” mom laughed. “Your father can take out the trash in a dress... Besides, male clothes, even if they fit, would only get in the way.”

“I guess,” I said.

I heard my parents talking about the party and even about dating the next week. Mom is a very attractive woman and I often saw men checking her out. But the discussions always turned to Dad dating. She said to him, “Honey, it's you that needs the experience in social intercourse.”

Since the two of them had been going shopping together as women, Dad had seen first hand how many men hit upon mother...and now himself.

Mom's sister's were relentless. Suddenly there were a lot of guys Mom's family suddenly “found.” Mom and Dad talked about the various guys and finally agreed to let my Aunt give out our number to Frank.

When Frank called, Mom insisted that they, “go for it”

“Frank” seemed to be exactly what they were looking for, he was said to be attractive, athletic, clean cut and honest.

The real question that remained was whom Frank was going out with...Mom or Dad?

I asked, “So you two really want to go through with this?”

Mom said, “It’s important for your father to feel natural.” I knew she was serious.

They made arrangements to meet Frank at a local hotel on Friday and they immediately went out to buy something new to wear.

On Friday when I got home from school, both were drinking champagne and having fun. Both took a long baths and made sure everything was just so.

I could tell Dad was nervous and Mom told him, “Relax. If you really don’t want to do this, its okay.”

Dad responded, “I know how important you think this is so I guess I don’t really have a choice.”

When Dad came out dressed, I was stunned. He looked really great. The hormones rounded him out enough to show off some nice curves. Dad was wearing a lacy white teddy under a conservative dress that Mom helped Dad pick out. He was wearing: a semi transparent camisole, a sexy strapless bra and a black and tan dress with a pleated skirt, tan nylons thigh high stockings and black high heel shoes.

I admit he looked good. Seeing Dad like this made my pulse quicken as the reality of what was happening hit me in the face.

Dad was giggly and flirty. He no longer was a 38-year-old husband and father. He was as carefree and flirtatious as the girls in my high school.

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They teased each other about the blind date. The idea of meeting a man set up a whole new tizzy of insecurities in my father. "What are you going to wear?"

Mom laughed, "Don't you worry. We want Frank to like YOU!"

"It's okay if he likes you," Dad said softly. I think your sister is trying to set YOU up with a man."

"Maybe?" mom laughed, "but let's get one for you first."

"Isn't this dress too tight on top?"

"Trust me Honey," mother said to Dad. "Let's let Frank know you have breasts." She laughed, "With boobs, no man will ever mistake you for a man." Dad pulled back his shoulders adding even more curve to his shape. "Thanks to Maddy, with the way you carry yourself now," she added, "you couldn't pass as a man if you tried."

Dad gave us a funny smile. A little like he was confused and shocked by what mother was saying. "But we have to get ready," said mother, "We have to meet Frank at six and we haven't done our makeup for the evening."

Mom and Dad went off to do their makeup.

They came back all made up and ready for their dates. Dad was wearing the black dress but with a daringly low bodice that showed off his womanly trimmings. He was carrying a small, black clutch purse and was checking his hair in the mirror.

There he was, ready to show a male that he had what it took.

Why would Dad want to do this? That night he was just like any woman at the restaurant. Now he was the one in the skirt, panty hose stretched over his fleshy hips. Okay, he was as hot looking as any woman in the room, including my mother.

### **DAD'S GOT A DATE...**

The next morning over breakfast, Dad had a funny look on his face.

I asked, "How was your dinner date?"

Mom smiled, "You want to tell?"

Dad's face flushed, "I've got a date," he said looking quite embarrassed.

"A date?"

Mom smiled and said, "Frank was smitten with your father and just wouldn't take 'no' for an answer."

Dad's face was really red now. "I think Frank liked your mother best but she told him that she 'was just finishing up a relationship with a man,'" he moaned. "She's not going to date men until I do. She's making me go."

"Making you go?"

"She says it's good for me to learn how to socialize with men."

"But what if he finds out?"

Mom interrupted, "Don't scare him. It's a dinner date, not a honeymoon."

I swear Mom and Dad spent nearly all day picking out a dress for Dad to wear on his date. They spent what was left picking out what to wear with it. It was all laid out on the bed. When Dad came out of the bath, I could tell she'd supervised Dad and made sure he'd shaved his legs smoothly and had suitably soaked in a perfumed bath to get into the proper mood.

His lingerie was the subtle shades of color in his dress and there was a camisole slip with lace trim.

Dad was properly gaffed, wearing his bra and panties. He smiled and asked, "Are you sure I should be doing this? Maybe you should start dating men first?"

Mom laughed, "It's not really the same. And who knows, if you like dating men, maybe I'll start. But for now, let's work on getting you a boyfriend."

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Dad moaned as he pulled a full camisole slip over his head. Mom seemed intent on getting Dad's first date with a man out of the way."

Mom made sure everything was just right from the nylons to the earrings to the shade of his lipstick. If she was going herself, nothing could have been more perfect.

Dad hesitated once he was in his dress. "He's going to kiss me isn't he?"

Mom laughed, "Just be a good girl, okay?" She began to giggle. "I can't wait to see you leave on the arm of a man and come home after a night of being a woman..."

"I can't believe you are encouraging me to do this. What if I like it?"

"Great!" mom squealed. "You'll not only look like a woman, maybe you'll start feeling like one too!"

"And if he asks me out again?"

"If he's nice, I don't see why you can't have a regular boyfriend," mom smiled.

Dad walked over to the mirror, his hips swaying nicely." Dad smiled at his reflection.

"I haven't even left yet and you have me set up with a regular boyfriend. Let's not forget, I'm a guy, your husband, remember!"

"Not tonight!" mom laughed. "Look at you. You've been plucked, tucked, primped and curled and have a handsome man about to pick you up and take you out on the town. Just relax and forget about being a male."

As the time for Frank's arrival approached, Dad got more nervous.

"Okay." Dad said as he checked his purse for essentials. "I have to admit, I don't feel like a guy. I just want to make sure Frank doesn't suspect that I'm a guy!"

"Once you see how easy it is to make a guy happy, I swear, you'll wonder why you ever dated women!"

Dad laughed at that.

As the last minute primping began, Dad felt like the lump in his throat was going to pop through his neck. And there was that other lump to worry about. He checked his skirt and slip. "OH GAWD!" he exclaimed. He quickly pulled up his skirt and noticed a tiny lump in his panties. Dad quickly dropped his nylons and panties to re-adjust his gaff.

Dad was nervous. Frank was going to be there any minute. He said to himself, "Careful, stop shaking, breathe. Frank is due here in ten minutes, you have to get IT right." Again he checked his frilly, lace panties... "What is this? There's still a lump?" Dad checked it in the mirror. "It's a lump!" A tiny little pressing out but to Dad this was Mount Everest. The more he fooled with it the worse the lump. He tried again to just tuck it in when Mom walked in. He was poking and pulling and pushing, but it would not stay up and flat.

"Easy girl," mom said. "It's okay if the girl is late...Start over. Take it out. One more try. Relax. Breathe. Go slow, make sure the gaff's straps are flat."

Mom is standing over Dad, watching. "That looks fine," she says, her voice tight with impatience.

"No, it doesn't," Dad moaned. "It's not perfect. There's a lump." He was shaking harder. "I can't go out with a man with a lump!"

"It's nothing!" she said, as Dad was about to explode into tears. "My lump is bigger than that," Mom joked. "besides, it won't matter on a first date."

"With all the estrogen," Dad moaned, "I shouldn't be having this problem." Unenthusiastically, Dad undid the whole thing but finally got it right.

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Frank, Dad's date picked him up right on time and it was kind of neat to see my Dad wearing a pretty dress and being escorted to his date's car!

My father was looking so feminine walking with Frank to the car. He was holding Dad's arm and opened the car door. Dad had to be careful in his short skirt as he swung his legs into the car. Dad smiled and thanked Frank, smoothed his skirt and slid into the car. Frank closed the door for him.

Frank was a really interesting guy. He ran a publishing company and had a collection of old cars. It was easy to see why Dad might take pleasure in his company.

He promised to let me drive his 1966 Corvette around the block sometime.

As they drove off I found myself wondering if Mom wished she could have a guy treat her the way Frank was treating Dad!

As they drove off, I could see them laughing and smiling at each other.

I had such mixed emotions.

*TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,  
WRITE: SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA*



**Dad looked like an innocent young lady...something unquestionably he was NOT!**

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I heard the Corvette roar up about twelve. I was still up. I peeped out my window and saw Dad removing his scarf that prevented his hair from getting too messed up. Dad was laughing but stopped when Frank whispered something in his ear.

They sat there talking for a while.

Frank had his arm around Dad all the way to the door. At the door they turned to face each other. Dad seemed to know just what he was to do. He lifted his face to accept a goodnight kiss. Dad's manicured fingers went up to Frank's strong shoulders. Frank smiled back at Dad and pulled him closer for a hug. Not only didn't Dad resist, he smiled and gazed up into Frank's eyes! Frank and Dad finally separated and stared at each other before each broke into a smile. This time Dad moved close to Frank, put his arms around Frank's neck and gave him a kiss!

After they kissed I heard Dad say, "I'd love to, see you then Frank!" Frank smiled back at Dad.

With one last kiss, Frank left.

When Dad came in, I went down to get water. Mother was fussing about in the kitchen. He asked, "Did we wake you two up?"

"That's a neat car!" I stated.

"It's dreamy," he said girlishly. "A lot of power...and Frank really knows how to drive."

"He seems like a nice guy."

Dad was serious suddenly, "If I go out again, you have to make sure you don't make a mistake and call me 'Dad,' okay?"

"You sure don't look like a 'Dad' when you are kissing Frank," I said.

"Of course nothing is going to happen," she said. "Maybe some stained underwear..."

Dad just giggled, "He was so nice and so handsome..."

"Oh my," mother said, "Have you got a crush on Frank?"

Dad blushed. "He is so sweet..."

Mom laughed. "One date and you are boy crazy!"

I heard them getting ready for bed. I think Dad thought he might get lucky with mom to release some of the sexual pressure built up but no way. Mom joked, "Lips that touch a man's will not touch mine...at least not tonight. Your dreams tonight should be of Frank and his kisses!"

Dad moaned but acquiesced. He was embarrassed knowing that his wife had seen him kissing Frank!"

Mom asked one question, "Do you like kissing men?"

"I've only kissed one, I'm not sure. I had a great time," he admitted, "by the end of the evening, I felt just like a girl and should like kissing guys...I hope that's okay?"

Mom laughed. "Of course it's okay...but remember that a man expects MORE with each date."

"Like what?" asked Dad.

"You silly boy...you mean you want me to teach YOU about what men want?"

Dad blushed. "Okay, but how to I handle that?"

"Go slow," mom giggled.

Dad gave mom a great big hug! "I hate to admit it but this is really fun!" he said. "You're the greatest wife for helping me become a woman!"

"It's fun for me too," mom said cheerfully.

### **IT HAPPENS...**

For the next month, Dad and Frank went out about twice a week. Dad went "slow" but was having trouble playing the "Good Girl."

Frank would moan, "Don't you like me?"

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Dad was about to call it off with Frank when he got a call late one night. It was Frank.

“I finally put two and two together!” he yelled. “You must have been laughing at me.”

“What is it Frank?” Dad said, knowing what it was.

Frank plus a country club plus my aunts plus a secret equaled “NO SECRET!”

Dad started crying, “I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to lead you on, I’m just so confused...”

Frank hung up but not before calling Dad some choice names.

The next day, Frank was at our door. He looked like he’s hung one on the night before. “Can I talk to you?” he asked Dad.

“Come in, I feel so bad.”

The three of them talked for hours. Mom explained what she could. “He’s almost completely a woman now!”

“I just can’t see this sexy woman in front of me as a man?” Frank moaned. “I love being with the girl...but I can’t just ignore the facts.”

Dad was crying and his makeup was all over his face...which made him look even more girlish.

“Don’t cry,” Frank moaned, “I hate it when women cry...” That made them all laugh.

Frank called the next day and asked Dad to go to dinner, saying, “I haven’t a clue what I’m doing. I just have to go with my gut...”

### ON AGAIN...

It was like starting over again. Frank would sometimes forget and be having a wonderful time and suddenly remember he was with a male.

But with each get together, Frank got more used to the idea. He said to me, “I like your father to way he is.

I guess it was lust at first, then we became friends, and now, I don't know but I know it's up to me to change if we are to continue seeing each other."

By now, I found that I was really enjoying my father having such an adventuresome boyfriend. He took me for rides in his collector cars and offered to take us to plays and shows...something my father never wanted to do it.

One day I laughed to my self when I realized I didn't mind my father being a woman. I couldn't believe how easy it was for me to accept him as a woman. And Frank was accepting too.

Sure it was still strange. Seeing Dad modeling a new outfit and seeing him walk, sit and stand like a woman. Hearing him talk about Frank. He seemed to know all about girl stuff. He even had sexy garter belts and stockings, and was able to hook a bra behind his back without a thought.

He and mother chatted about coordinating outfits such as dresses with shoes, what purse to wear with what shoes. It was obvious that my father was comfortable with his femininity. He had no trouble walking in the tallest of high heels and never complained.

Then Frank invited Dad to Vegas while he worked a convention. Actually he invited us all, saying, "Heck, I'll just get one of them big suites...everyone will have a bedroom!"

### **LAS VEGAS...**

The lights on Las Vegas Boulevard were on during the day and made noon even brighter. Everywhere that we looked, neon flashed in never ending patterns creating a surreal feeling.

The Strip was a stream of cars and dashing pedestrians. Once in the hotel, not much changed. The rapid

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pace of humanity continued inside the hotel. People were everywhere, both young and old alike were all racing about looking to get “lucky.”

Frank was connected and got us a huge suite that overlooked the strip. There were three bedrooms. He told the bellman to just place the bags in the main sitting room.

Dad was wearing a plush corduroy jacket with a wool skirt, opaque black tights and loafers. He looked like a cute college girl. I could tell Frank liked that look.

There was champagne on the wet bar which he opened. Frank said as he poured, “This is so fun, I’m so glad you all could come and share this week with me.”

I was looking at the bags in the middle of the room. I had to go to the bathroom and wanted to know which room was mine.

Mom spoke up, “Frank? Where do we put the bags?”

He looked at Dad and smiled, “Well, there are two master bedrooms and the adjoining room...”

I was pointed to the adjoining room and Mom and Dad moved into the back master bedroom.

I was relieved that Frank didn’t suggest Dad stay with him. Sure Dad had even gone on dates but somehow the idea of Dad sleeping with Frank made me cringe.

Mom looked at Frank, “You don’t mind sleeping alone?”

He laughed. “This is Vegas! I’ll only be alone if I want to! Maybe we’ll all get lucky?”

We all laughed and decided to spend the afternoon at the pool.

I went to change. There was no confusion on one thing. Dad was Frank’s date for the week. He was paying for all this and Dad would be dressing up for Frank. He had packed his suitcase to spend the week being with

Frank. I had seen him picking out dresses, holding each up to his chest, before selecting his favorites.

I felt an odd stirring. Why was my mother so helpful? She had packed some impressive dresses too. She smiled at me and said, "Frank has a friend he wants me to meet..."

She had packed a couple pair of sexy black panties that Dad had bought her for her last birthday. Mom was still young and even dressed down in a simple short sleeved white blouse, which buttoned down the back, and a wrap-round skirt, she was strikingly attractive. The idea of her being set up with a man by my father's date was just too confusing to question.

I quickly unpacked and went to their room. Mom said to me, "Honey, I'm glad you came with us. I hope you are okay with all this?"

"Sure," I said.

Mom added, "We have spent our lives being in control of everything. For once, let's give ourselves some freedom to explore."

I looked over and Dad's bag was open but not unpacked. Mom said, "Frank would like Dad to room with him..."

"He knows nothing is going to happen..." I gasped.

"I know, but it will make you father feel so feminine ...well, you know."

Dad blushed deeply, nearly swooning at the thought. "Are you sure it's okay?" he asked me.

"I guess," Mom joked. "But do I have to call him Dad?"

"No, honey," Dad giggled.

Mom laughed, "I just hope that Frank's Vegas friend is as handsome as he is..."

Dad was taken aback by her comment. It was one thing for him to explore being something he

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wasn't...another having his wife being something she was! He had often fantasized what it would be like to have her watching him being feminine with a man but watching her...that was something else.

Seeing his facial expression, Mom teased, "What? Are you jealous?"

"I guess, darling. It's only natural," Dad said.

"I won't be doing anything you wouldn't do," Mom teased.

"I guess," Dad sighed. "I've been on female hormones, had a boob job and kissed a guy but when I see you kissing another man, I'm going to really feel emasculated..."

"Well good then!" Mom stated. "Let's get this little jealous thing of yours out of the way. You know Frank is hoping to hook me up with his friend."

"I know."

"So what if I like him?" Mom asked. "Can I kiss him?"

Dad thought for a moment and knew he couldn't be so one sided about all this. "Sure, I guess."

It was a most erotic notion, heightened by Dad's status as "just Mom's girlfriend."

"Do you enjoy kissing men?" Dad asked.

"Oh yes," she replied honestly. "Kissing a good kisser is almost better than sex! Frank's a good kisser, right?"

Dad blushed as he thought about being kissed, the feeling of his lips being penetrated and the tangy taste of Frank's masculine juices.

Dad realized perhaps deeper than ever before the extent to which he had changed. There was a risk he could lose Mom. He went to her and said, "I love you!" He ran his hand from her shoulder to the small of her back, feeling her blouse and bra. It was not unfamiliar or erotic. It was nice as he ran his hand over the curve of her hips

and the sway of her back. He was not getting any male reaction from her; even when he teased and patted her bottom.

Mom smiled and said, "I love your nail color!" She took his painted fingernails in her hand and added, "I think I'll have mine done in that color too? Let's get into our swim suits!"

Transition of any kind is more than physical. It is about the changing of relationships in everything you hold dear.

**"Swim in a swim suit?"**

Dad examined his suitcase carefully, "It's hot today. I think I'll wear my two piece bikini swimsuit?"

Dad wasn't letting any "little thing" bother him anymore.

Mom laughed, "Aw! Finally a chance to show off those smooth, flawless legs?"

Dad shrugged off his skirt and top and was quickly in a green and white flowered bikini. The bottom was cut high on the sides to expose all of his thighs and hips, but with a daring neckline to emphasize his nicely sized breasts. He shook out his long mane of hair and posed sexily in the mirror.

I watched carefully as Dad looked for flaws. Close inspection revealed nothing male-like. The estrogen had done in his male characteristics. Dad's slight, thin arms were smooth and hairless. His fingernails were longer than usual and manicured to perfection. They were shiny and healthy looking, the tips had been lengthened to almost ¼ inch and growing each day.

"That suit looks good on you," Mom said. "But can you swim in it?"

"Swim in a swim suit?" Dad laughed. "Never!"



**Dad wasn't going to let any little things stop him from expressing his femininity.**

Dad turned his attention to his smooth legs. They looked firmer and his upper thighs thicker than I remembered - it was amazing how different he looked in this bathing suit. He slipped on a pair of high heels and looked over his shoulder at the increased rounding of his bottom. By now there was no "lump" problem. Everything was smooth and flat.

Dad liked what he saw and had decided that the side effects of taking estrogen was worth the effort. He looked closely at his figure and gasped. Not only had his bottom become flesh and rounded, his breasts now pushed out and overflowed the cups of his top. Dad reached up and ran his hands over the mounds. He almost expected to feel padding but only found his own soft flesh and large, sensitive nipples. It was all him.

Mom walked in wearing her bikini swimsuit and saw Dad primping. She laughed and said, "lot more fun when you have the figure to fill out a top, isn't it dear?"

Dad stopped primping, "I could never go out in a man's swimsuit, could I?" He pointed at his chock-full bra top.

Mom laughed, "Why would you ever want to do THAT again?"

"I don't know?" Dad said with a giddy tone in his voice. "It's incredible." He bounced back on his heels, setting his breasts jiggling.

Frank met us at the pool. He smiled confidently. He was well hung and loved to show it, deliberately choosing a brief Speedo type suit that outlined his large maleness and heavy set of testicles.

"A Speedo?" Dad said.

"Hey, when you've got it, flaunt it," he crowed.

Dad fingered his long hair and sat down in a lounge chair, crossing his legs girlishly at the knee.

THE LAST LAP...

When Frank and Dad came up from the pool, they were alone. Mom and I stayed down there to get the last of the sun.

Frank helped Dad carry his suitcase into his bedroom and closed the door. Both stood there awkwardly, neither knowing what to say.

Frank finally said, "We need to break the ice. Can I kiss you?"

They had done a lot of that so they did. They kissed and kissed and caressed until Frank said, "I want you. There I've said it."

Dad asked, "Sure you want me?"

Frank responded, "I just want you to do what girls do..." He kissed Dad's head then moved it downward gently.

Dad smiled and flipped his long hair back to make sure it didn't interfere with what he was about to deliver. Even though Dad was being a bit shy, he knew what he was supposed to do. Dad always threw himself into anything he did.

Dad hooked the sides of Frank's Speedo and pulled them down, saying, "Oh my!" Dad giggled when he saw it and grabbed a hold, gently rubbing it up and down as if he was in awe of it. He was!

I would have figured Dad would be unsure where this was going all he asked was. "This okay?" Dad knew it was. He was just looking for approval to be helpless and confirm he was headed in the right direction.

Frank said, "Yes, doll." He put his hand lightly on the back of Dad's head to further express his approval. Dad smiled and was deeply satisfied that Frank enjoyed what was happening. He did owe Frank for everything...

Both were breathing hard by now. Dad worked up to taking the man inside his mouth. Frank held Dad's

head with both hands to let him know that he should get comfortable because he was going to be there for a while.

Several thoughts hit Dad right then. He looked over at the large mirrored wall. It was like watching a porno of a woman pleasing a guy.

Dad also just realized that in nearly sixteen years of having sex with Mom, he had never once climaxed in her mouth.

Dad quit thinking. He had no idea if he'd enjoy what was coming. Dad felt a delight flush his face. It was so hard, slippery and slimy. It easily slid deeper than Dad intended.

Frank was moaning and thrusting then suddenly his body locked up and began unloading.

Not knowing what to do, Dad was shocked by the volume and thickness of the seed flooding his throat and mouth.

Frank's body relaxed and gave a few more gentle pumps before pulling away and falling back looking very satisfied. He said, "You needn't swallow it, I wouldn't be offended."

"I think I like it," Dad said, running his tongue across his lips. "I think I really liked it?"

"That's very good!"

Just when there was nothing Dad could do more girlishly, he'd find something. It was official. Dad almost laughed. "It didn't taste like chicken," he thought, as the slippery, translucent discharge seemed to tinge his mouth and lips. Dad gasped as he realized he was bursting with a man's living seed...but that's what girl's do.

Frank whispered in Dad's ear, "That was the best! When can we do it again?"

"Just as soon as you are ready," Dad laughed, "I'm yours for the week!"

**ONE MORE FOR DINNER...**

“Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Topper and what a pleasure to have such a beautiful young lady for a dinner companion.” He kissed Mom’s hand.

This handsome man in the dark suit was the “set up!”

The fussing of the waiter gave us all a moment to gather out thoughts. We were in the best gourmet restaurant in the hotel and what should have been a corny pickup line, impressed Mom...All through a wonderful dinner...

**Topper...**

The waiter placed coffee in front of us all and refilled my soda. Mom was suddenly so animated and in high spirits. She lifted the coffee cup to her red lips, and peered over at Topper then at Dad sitting closely next to Frank. She asked, “And you’ve never been married?”

He laughed, “Someday I’ll marry. I’m tired of all the work demands made upon my time, especially when I meet a pretty woman like you!”

I’d never seen Mom blush like that. She put down her coffee cup. I was startled that a stranger would make such a forward comment. But she replied, “Thank you.”

Frank and Topper talked a bit about business before Topper turned back to mother. “Tomorrow, dinner is on me! Best joint in town, okay?”

By desert, Topper told mother more about his life than most strangers would usually divulge to any one.

Topper ordered an espresso decaf with Drambuie and added, “Bring us that fresh peach pie with ice cream and a bunch of forks!”

When the waiter placed the peach pie between us with the forks, Mom said, “It looks delicious but I’m watching my figure.”

"I'm watching it too!" Topper teased as he took a small slice of peach on a fork and without thinking put it to her lips. Her pink lips first touched then slowly sucked the slice into her mouth. It was such an overt sexual move that immediately the color rose in her cheeks."

"See that didn't hurt," Topper laughed.

Frank took Topper's lead and was soon feeding Dad little morsels of peaches and cream.

When the waiter brought the dinner check, Topper reached out and took it. He put a finger to his lip to silence any protest. "It's my pleasure."

As the waiter left, Topper leaned forward in his chair, "I know you have been told many times before but from my heart, you are a very beautiful young lady...perhaps you will consider joining me for a night cap in the Sky Room?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Mom nodded her head in acceptance. Topper stood in back of her chair to pull it out for her. And they were gone.

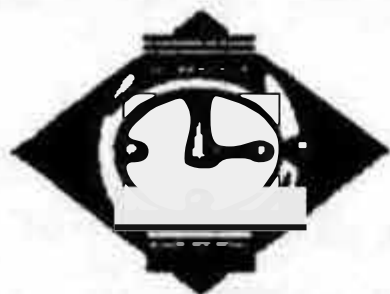
A shiver ran through Dad's body.

"Are you cold?" Frank asked.

"I should have brought a wrap."

Frank put his arm around Dad's shoulder. "That better?" he asked then whispered, "A penny for your thoughts."

"I'm obviously NOT thinking," Dad said to where mom left the dining room. "And I probably shouldn't start now."



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**GETTING LUCKY...**

Dad's walk was more of a tottering across the casino. They worked their way, stopping to watch the action at first one black jack table then another. Dad drew admiring glances from man after man.

One slightly inebriated air force pilot whispered to Dad when Frank's back was turned, "Hey honey, ditch the guy and I'll give you more than you have ever had before."

The pilot saluted them as they headed to the next table.

Frank was like a proud father walking a bride down the aisle. He liked being with the sexiest woman in the room...even if he knew that wasn't completely true.

When they found a table they liked, Dad climbed up on a stool tugging at his short tight skirt. His sheer panty hose offered but scant protection from the riveting glances from all around.

Dad slid a \$100.00 bill out in front of the dealer and said, "I hope I get lucky tonight!"

The guy next to Frank said, "You already have!"

The dealer dealt the cards and with a quick peek at the two cards Dad flipped them over, Jack and Ace of spades. Dad turned his head to Frank and said "It must be my night!"

They stayed at one table until Dad lost then they would wander from table to table until they found one that "felt right."

Frank and Dad walked hand in hand. Sometimes they'd stop and Frank would run his hand up and down Dad's dress or kiss his neck.

The noise surrounding the crap table was deafening as one man after another called out a number for the dice thrower to roll. "Lets watch for a minute. I've never quite understood the game," Dad said, tugging at Frank's hand.

They edged their way closer to the table, watching the mounting excitement all around. The crowd was growing in size as the player throwing dice had now made ten passes. Suddenly someone said, "Let the pretty lady in! I want her to throw the dice!" and Dad was pushed up against the rail. Frank showed Dad where to place a chip out on the pass line.

While waiting for the dice to be handed to him, Dad felt a pressure that wasn't just the pushing of the crowd. He could feel Frank's excitement against his bottom. Dad slowly turned to see Frank's grinning face. Frank said, "Let's see who gets lucky tonight?" Frank pushed harder against Dad and leaned his head close and said, "Your good fortune is my fortune."

Dad took the red dice in his red tipped fingertips and girlishly threw the dice. The men went crazy. "Did I do good?" Dad asked Frank.

Frank whispered, "Perfect point! Just wiggle your fanny a bit more before you throw the dice." Dad tried to make himself comfortable against the rail.

Before long, the table of winners was humming! "What a tease you are," Frank whispered, "You've won again. That's quite a pile of chips in front of you. Let's go count it someplace quiet..."

Dad scooped up the winnings that were now all hundred dollar chips.

"I need something to carry all of these," Dad giggled as Frank went to get a bucket.

A businessman standing next to Dad whispered. "That's nothing. You could make a fortune with your ass sweetie!"

That embarrassed Dad and he was happy Frank didn't hear or there might have been a fight.

Dad dumped the chips into the bucket and they walked across the casino to the bar for a nightcap.

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Once seated, the light in the bar was dim and soft after the bright light of the casino. The background music was lulling after the constant barge of loud winners. They were seated in a plush booth side by side. As Dad counted his chips, Frank caressed his shoulder.

Frank queried, "Have you always had a little girl inside your beautiful body?"

Dad blushed, sipping a glass of wine. "I've always wanted to do what the girls were doing..."

Frank was amazed. "Did you see the men looking at you? On a scale of one to a thousand, you look like a \$10,000.00 girl!"

"My boobs cost more than that!" Dad giggled.

"Seriously, you are a fantasy to most men."

"I am one man's fantasy for sure," Dad blushed as he tugged down on his short skirt.

"You are my fantasy girl too," Frank laughed and broke into a wide smile.



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**“I am one man’s fantasy for sure,” Dad blushed as he tugged down on his short skirt.**

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### LUCKY NIGHTS...

As Dad and Frank were leaving the casino, they ran into Mom coming out of the elevator looking somewhat flushed. She had an odd smile on her face as she walked up to them and asked, "How the luck?"

"Great!" Dad gushed as Frank ran into the gift store to pick something up.

Dad asked her, "How was your evening?"

She whispered, "Would you be angry with me if I said that I've been up in Topper's suite?"

Dad was dumbstruck. Here he was trying his best all day to be the perfect little girlfriend to Frank and is hit with this news. "What happened?" he asked.

She said, "Topper was showing me the sights from his suite when he came up behind me and put his arms around my waist and nuzzled my ear."

"You were in his room?" Dad said, his voice breaking.

"Topper will be down here in a minute," she said. "Here comes Frank. I'll tell you about it later. You are sleeping in Frank's room, right? I might stay with Topper..."

Dad blushed as Frank came back and put his arm around Dad's shoulders, his hand almost touching a breast.

I could tell Dad wished he could suddenly be her husband again but couldn't.

### FINDING THE LITTLE GIRL...

That night after they went to bed, Frank came over to my Dad lying on the bed and they kissed deeply. They were locked in a kiss for a long time. This was a real turn on for Dad as Frank's hands massaged his breasts and nipples. They were making out like two 16 year olds discovering the opposite sex for the first time.

Dad was ready to perform again but Frank pushed Dad flat on the bed.

Dad questionably looked into Frank's eyes.

"I want to turn the little girl in you into a woman," Frank said, running his hands over Dad's ample hips and tummy. "Let's try to make a baby?"

Dad hesitated. He was obviously aware of what was going through Frank's mind as he double checked his gaff and made sure that nothing...absolutely nothing could be seen or even felt.

"Trust me," Frank said low in his throat. He reinforced his masculinity by rubbing a rough beard against Dad's soft cheek.

"I'm not sure..." Dad squeaked in breathless awe. "I've never..." His voice trailed off.

"That's okay, we'll work this out together." Frank heaved making Dad reach down and take hold of his marble hard shaft.

With a primal need Dad had never felt before, he rubbed the blood-engorged velvet tip of Frank's manhood. "I guess I can..." Dad thought as he moved towards the shaft until his pink pouting lips were nearly touching it.

"No," I have another idea," Frank said, moving over the soft body and getting tube of something from a drawer.

Dad shivered as he realized what was expected of him. But it was like jumping off a bridge. One little step and there was no stopping on the way down.

Frank, already feverish with desire, softly urged Dad on. The flames of passion were raging through him. Never had he met a woman who could fire him up so. And now squeezing fingers with clawlike fingertips moved about his lust with near unbearable pressure.

He wanted his boiling seed in this person.

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Dad's shimmering eyes, with their fringe of raven-black lashes, bulged so wide Frank could see the tiny flecks of obsidian blue sparkling in their depths.

Frank had had many a woman but it was the first time he'd seen such surprise and it was thrilling. He felt the body beneath him being conquered and then giving of itself fully as little flimsy barriers gave way to Frank's virility.

Frank felt a new surge as he plunged so amazingly deep. Dad arched up his hips to meet the heaving spike that was about to take him.

"Oh my gawd!" Dad gasped as he realized what was happening.

"Are you ready?" Frank asked softly.

"Oh yes!" was Dad's answer as he awaited the new sensations that giving himself would bring upon his feminized body.

"I want you to be my girl every night!"

"Every night?" Dad whimpered. "Oh Yes, Frank. Please!"

Frank pushed; one little quick, strong thrust, then another and another. It was happening and Frank began to move, slow and carefully at first, feeling the tightness.

Dad was in shock and wanted to scream but couldn't. Dad's head fell back, he closed his eyes and realized that he had it all; throbbing and pulsing.

Dad could feel Frank grow, his smooth thighs stretched around him. His chest mounds pressed into erotic peaks as Frank's turgid staff now freely prodded the inter folds of his body.

Dad demurely adjusted his hair on the pillow as Frank's had his way. There was little to do now but take what he had coming.

Dad was obviously impressed as his hands were all over Frank's chest. Dad was giving verbal encouragement by saying, "Oh, my! Ooooh!"

Frank was giving it to Dad good. Dad resumed a series of “ohhhh’s” and “uhhhh’s” as Frank pounded away. He was whining like a girl.

Frank was playing now and obviously enjoying being in control. Frank wanted to make sure this was not the last time. He whispered hotly, “I’d love for you to have my baby...”

Dad moaned and had two tight fist-fulls of bed sheets. He was making high screeching noises as Frank teased until he realized that Frank was making his final throws!

Suddenly Dad couldn’t make sounds or hardly breathe. He finally let out in between gasps, “Oh, my gosh...”

The erotic effect of knowing that he was becoming Frank’s “woman” was having its effect. Dad could feel the pressure rising. Frank forced himself as far in as it would go.

Suddenly the first of many hot blasts of rich, white ecstasy erupted. Dad could feel the outpouring of hot but soothing balm spread out through his belly.

Frank collapsed. Even though he was finished, he was still very lightly pumping and casually stroking the wet outpouring.

Dad felt the outburst within him and expressed his approval, moaning, “Oh, yes, the little girl in me definitely need that.”

Dad’s eyes closed and he tried to remember the sensations, knowing that this experience had changed him sexually. Frank had confirmed what Dad knew all along...he was meant to live as a woman.

Both drifted to sleep, Dad’s hands gently caressing the strange sensations tingling in his tummy.

**THE LAST DAY... EPILOGUE:**

The sun was high in the sky as Dad walked quickly through the Casino. When he saw Mom and I in the dining room having breakfast, a smile crossed his face making his blue eyes sparkle in anticipation.

For the past week he had taken part in a great adventure. He was a beautiful woman in Vegas, vacationing with a handsome man as a companion.

Mom felt that this “vacation” was just what the doctor ordered...for both of them!

Dad’s long hair was caught by a sudden gust of an air conditioner as Frank held a chair as he sat down.

With a free hand he swept it from his face rearranging it into soft waves that framed his face. A blush gave his face a look of profound innocence and sensual beauty.

“Thank you, dear” he said softly to Frank as his mini dress rode high showing nylon clad legs of a classic turn. The skirt was so short, Dad had to tug it down to make sure that no glimpse was too much.

It was all so “social.” The many couples around us all having fun, gabbing. Dad smiled easily as if a great burden had been knocked from his shoulders.

As we all had breakfast, I stared at my father. I tried to picture him getting ready as Frank looked on. I had seen him many times standing in bra and panties, in front of a mirror, brushing out his hair, and applying fresh lipstick. But now Dad did that proudly in front of another man?

Dad was wearing a cutie short skirt and halter top like Mom. It was all so normal feeling, I almost choked. Mom and Dad wore the same perfume and the same style panties and even the same cork soled, slip on high heels.



**I stared at my father. I tried to picture him showing off his femininity as Frank looked on.**

## 68—SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

I had never seen mom look so good or so happy. That morning I caught her reaching her hand inside her bra to lift her breasts into a higher position. Topper was joining us later.

So there we were, my family having breakfast like always...only my father was being goo-gooed over by a man, my mother was waiting breathlessly for her fellow and ...well the food was good.

I couldn't help but wonder if the builders of Vegas had this in mind when they built all those fancy casinos.

**THE END**



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BEST IDEAS  
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SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
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THOSE AND  
MAYBE EXPAND  
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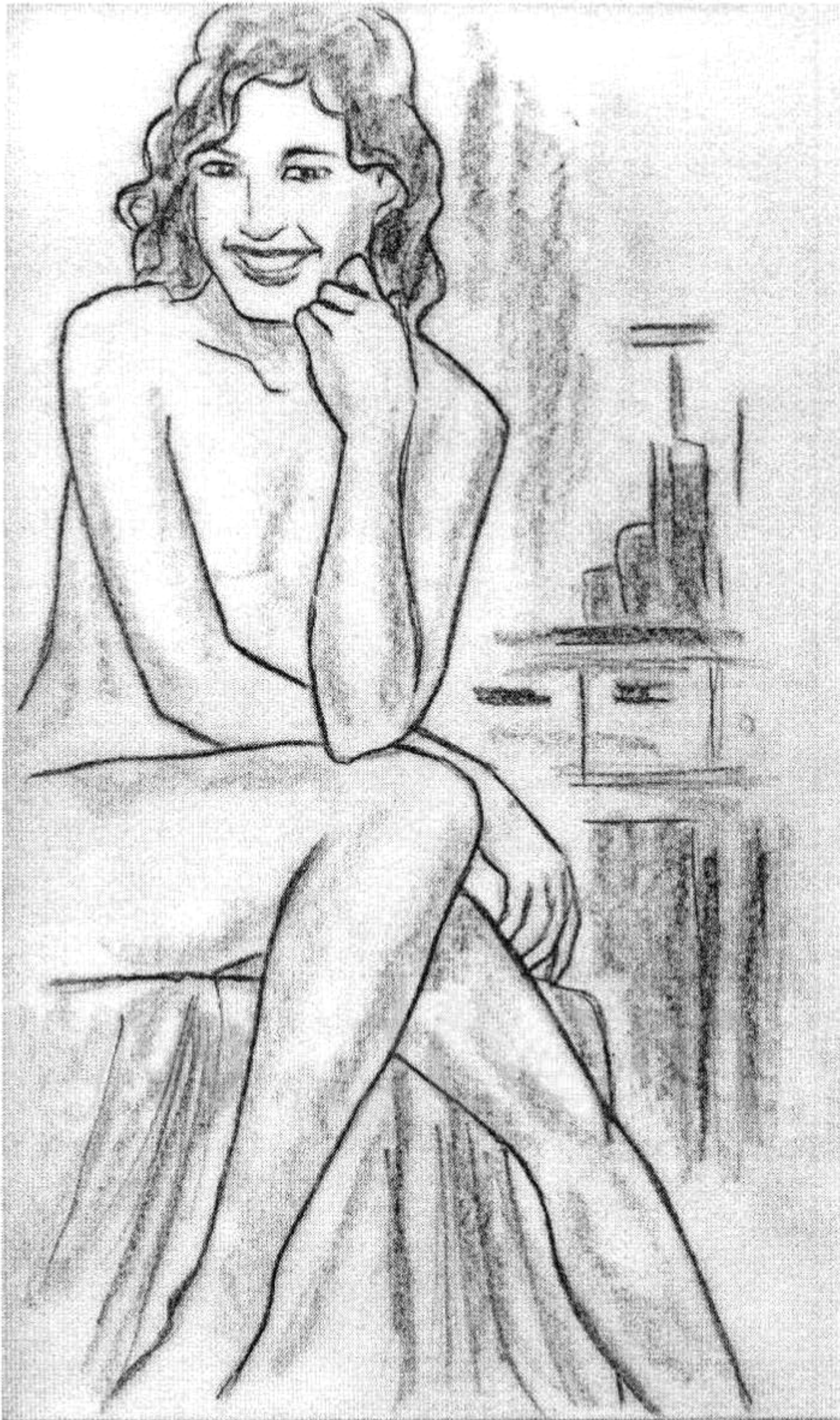
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**They say that “clothes make the man”...Allan was about to find out the hard way that is not always true...**

# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

### ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

### MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

### SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

### PAT GOES COED #5

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

### CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

### PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

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

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

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

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

### MAID UP #14

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

### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

### GOING A BROAD #17

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

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

What any father would do.

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

**THAT'S A GIRL #20**

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

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

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

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

**MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

**COED CREATED #42**

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

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

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

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

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

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

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

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

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

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

**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!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

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

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

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

## **CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOVS #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, Randy 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 crossdressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

### **CLEAVAGE #31**

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

### **JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

### **JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33**

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

### **TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

### **A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

### **HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

### **WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

### **FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

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

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

### **HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

### **JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

### **SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

summer of discovery!

### **FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

### **TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

### **SON TO SISTER #48**

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

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

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

### **CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

### **SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

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

### **GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

### **FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

### **PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

**BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

**HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

**MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

**DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

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

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

**LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

**MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

**DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

**BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

**PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

**SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

**DRESS UP DAY #69**

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

**LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

**LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

**GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION  
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

**FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

**LUCK BE A LADY**

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

**A PARTY GIRL**

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

**DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

#### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

##### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

##### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

##### **TV VACATION #3**

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

##### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

##### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

##### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

#### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

##### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

##### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

##### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

##### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

##### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

##### **CHRIS TO 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!

### **TITILLATING TV TALES**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

#### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

#### **AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

#### **ILLUSTRATED**

#### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

#### **#1 NORM:**

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

#### **#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

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

#### **#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

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

#### **BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

#### **HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

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

#### **SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

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

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

#### **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

#### **NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

#### **THE SARAH SCHOOL**

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

#### **CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

#### **TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

#### **AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

#### **DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:**

#### **ONE, TWO, THREE**

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

#### **MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

#### **PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

#### **POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

#### **"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well written story. 3 books.

#### **FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1**

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2****BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY****BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**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!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES****I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)**

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

**I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

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.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)**

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

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC****UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

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****BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

**I BECAME MY TEACHER**

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

**THE SISSY SERIES****SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

**WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

**THE SLIP**

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

**THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

**NON-FICTION BOOKS****THE TRANVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

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Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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