

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER"

AFTER STEVE IS MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL,
HIS FAMILY TREATS HIM LIKE A DAUGHTER!



VOLUME #47

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION #47--1

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION**

MAGAZINE
VOLUME 47

MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER

By Kristi Love and Alice Trails

Illustrations by

Puyal

**Go to my e-store at
www.lulu.com/sandythomas**

Published by
Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 2000 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
“MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER”

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be
Reproduced in any form
Without the express prior written
Permission of the publisher

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

Reward!



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

“The events of childhood do not pass, but repeat themselves like seasons of the year.”
Eleanor Farjeon

MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER

By Nikki

Editorial Support by Kristi Love

Continued from MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL

If you can't find part one, write to me:

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

I strolled slowly onto the verandah, trying to look nonchalant and as cute as possible. I held my hands behind my back, pushing my chest forward, swayed my hips as I walked. And put a big kittenish pout on my lips. I couldn't hold the pout for long though. When I saw the reaction of the family, I cracked into a huge grin.

Sally's mouth dropped open in surprise and Mum dropped the book she was reading into her lap. Anna, sophisticated as ever, just raised her eyebrows.

"What on earth do you think you are doing, young lady?" demanded Mum. "Don't you dare behave like that tomorrow evening!"

My grin faded in an instant, "What's wrong?"

"Provocative! Flaunting your body, that's what's wrong. You have a lot to learn, my dear. Behaving like that with men around could give the wrong message and you could be in a lot of trouble."

"No a bad body though," muttered Anna.



Well? Do you think I can pass for a girl?" I giggled as I paraded in front of Mom and the girls, deliberately flaunting my new intimate assets.

“You’ve changed, haven’t you?” said Sally. “Has Cathy done something to you? Has she chopped it off?” Anna sniggered, and Mum shushed her.

“No, I just tucked it all away like Cathy did before,” I said, running a hand absently over the flattened groin. “It’s held in place with some new special tight panties that she got for me today.”

“Well, dear, I think you are perfectly lovely,” said Mum. “But please do try to be a little more demure.” Suitably chastised I pulled a soft cardigan about my shoulders and sat with Anna until it was time for her to go home.

I walked to the gate of the villa with her and we stood together watching the stars. Anna grabbed me by the waist and pulled me into the shadow of the gate. “I have been waiting all evening to be alone with you,” she breathed, planting her lips firmly on mine. As we embraced she drew me in tightly to her body, rubbing her thighs and groin against mine.

I felt an urgent throbbing between my legs. I pushed Anna away. “Not now,” I gasped, “Not while I’m in these,” I gestured to my lower region.

“Oh my god, I’m sorry. I forgot. Does it hurt?”

“Just a little,” I smiled weakly, “It’s not a problem you girls suffer with.”

“I will be more careful in future,” she said. “I will make sure you are not restricted before I arouse you next time.”

I kissed her lightly on the lips. “I’m glad there is going to be a next time. Good night, Anna.”

I turned to go indoors as Anna started off down the road for her home. “Good night, Stevie,” Anna called over her shoulder, “Remember your new medicine!”

I remembered it. I was unlikely to forget the new bottle sitting on my bedside cabinet. I took the two pills as I climbed into bed.

Next morning, I slept in. Sally was up long before me and had gone for a walk with the dog. I made myself breakfast on a tray and took it back to bed, then I showered and was squirming on the bed, desperately trying to get into my tiny panties and make everything as comfortable as possible, when Anna burst into the room.

“Good morning, Stevie! Oops, I am sorry! You are in an embarrassing position. I should have knocked.”

I stepped from the bed and pulled on a pair of satin panties. “It’s OK, I’m done now,” I said, “Help me with my bra?”

I could do it on my own now, but I liked Anna helping me. I held the cups with their silicon breasts to my chest while she fastened the clasp.

“Now what shall I wear?”

“Wear your white tennis dress, please, Stevie. I love you in that. Oh and the frilly white panties.” I gave her a sideways look. “It is so short, I can see your panties when you bend over,” she giggled.

“Oh, Anna, you’re wicked. I will wear it for you, but I want you in a little tennis dress too. If you are going to ogle me, I want to do the same to you. You can play a couple of sets with me for your impudence. And if you are good, I will keep dropping the balls.”

It was agreed and Anna borrowed Sally's tennis dress. We skipped down the stairs minutes later giggling and ready for a game...of tennis, of course!

The talk over lunch was of our forthcoming dinner date and what we should wear. Anna said she had a dress at home that would be perfect for me. Sally sulked until I said she could borrow the white dress and my sandals with the ankle straps that Anna had bought for me.

"I want to show you my home," Anna said. "Why not come back with me after lunch. We can stroll back through the olive grove. I can show you around, then we can get ready together. I can help you, and your mother and sister can collect us from my house on their way into town this evening.

"Great idea," said Sally, "That way I get to use the bathroom!"

We strolled out of the villa after lunch and made our way slowly up the hillside amongst the ancient olive trees. Once we were well out of view of the villa, Anna took my hand and we walked that way until we reached her house.

The house was smaller than our villa, but it was a comfortable enough size for two people. Anna's father had been killed some years earlier, so there was only her and her mother, who worked in town. She took me on a short tour, then poured some cold drinks and we sat in the little garden for a while.

"Well!" she said eventually, waking me from my half doze, "I think it is time we started to prepare for our evening adventure.

"Already? There are hours yet."

“What I have in mind will take some time,” she said, “Come on, let’s go to the bathroom first.” She led me by the hand through the house to the small bathroom. “Everything off and into the shower first.”

I stripped obediently and stepped into the shower cubicle. A moment later, through the frosted glass of the shower door, I saw a blurred image enter the room.

“I think you should shave,” said Anna. “Your legs are getting a little prickly and I do not think you shaved under your arms last time. I have brought you a special female razor.” She opened the shower door and stepped in beside me.

“ANNA!” She was as naked as I was!

“I will help,” she purred, “I will make sure you are soft and silky all over.”

She did, gently stroking the blade across my body until, apart for my head, there was not a hair left on my body. Needless to say, her attentions and the proximity of her naked form, produced the normal male response and there was no restraint this time! She had to pull my penis aside as she started to shave that area.

“NO WAY, Anna! Not down there!”

“But yes, I want you smooth, perfect from head to foot. It will be healthier under your little garment too.”

She finished her work, then investigated the results with her hands, caressing me gently. Slowly she pushed me into the corner of the shower. Our lips met as she pinned me against the wall. Her now urgent exploration of my body continued until she found my penis again. She raised up on her toes and

lowered herself, one leg slightly raised so that I slid deep into her. She gave a little squeal as I entered her, kissed me even more violently and we made passionate love.

Eventually we parted and stepped out of the shower, dried off, and dusted one another with scented talc. We found our way into Anna's room and fell onto her bed in each other's arms. It was about an hour later when Anna untangled herself from my clutches.

"It is time for you to become a beautiful young lady again, Stevie," she said. "Come, let's hide those bits with your little garment and you can wear this negligee while I help you with your hair and makeup. It was a wonderful garment of printed silk with flowing sleeves and ribbon ties at the waist.

She set my hair with mousse and heated curlers and set to work on my nails. They had grown a little since we have been on the island and were a nice shape. I had been taking great care of them.

Anna applied a base coat followed by a rich plum color and a clear topcoat. She went to make a coffee for us while the final layer was drying. I sat waving my hands in the air for a few minutes. I turned to the dressing table and started to pick out some makeup from Anna's collection.

"No, Stevie, tonight I will do your makeup. It must be special. I want you to be the most beautiful girl in town. First a slightly darker base than usual. This makeup is going to be quite dramatic to go with the dress.

Anna applied heavy liner to my eyes, several coats of mascara, and a dark eyeshadow. She drew around my lips with a lip pencil outside their edges to make

them seem bigger and filled them in with deep red with a brush, then painted a gloss sealer over the top.

“I hope your mother will not be too shocked,” she giggled inspecting her work. “Next I will do my own makeup, and then I will style your hair.”

She had curled my hair tightly. “I want it to look different,” she explained. “I am going to brush it out quite loosely. I want it to look a little windswept and then I will use plenty of spray to keep it in place for the evening.”

I helped Anna into a figure hugging black dress. “Now to dress you,” said Anna producing an incredibly skimpy piece of lace from a drawer. “Here wear these panties.” I stepped delicately into them, and hoisted them onto my hips. They barely covered my support, which was tiny itself.

“Now this,” she said, passing a matching suspender belt, “And then you will wear these stockings!”

“Do you have a bra to go with these?” I asked.

“Oh you could not wear a bra with the dress you will be wearing, Stevie. The straps would show. Come, we must use the adhesive to fix your bust firmly as you did last night.”

“If I must,” I sighed, “You know, Anna, I’ve been quite sore where those breasts are fitted. I don’t think I can fix them on too often.”

“I understand,” said Anna, “We will need to fix them for tonight, but then you must have a break, and perhaps we should get Cathy to check you out.” Reluctantly I succumbed to having the breasts glued to my chest again.

Then Anna produced my dress for the night. It was a stunning, full-length evening gown made from a shimmering silver-gray, clingy satin material. It had a long flowing skirt, a low cut halter neck and practically no back at all. I understood why I could not wear a bra!

Anna helped me into the dress, and she fastened the short zip at the back, which pulled the dress firmly about my waist. When she fixed the ties around my neck, they pulled the front of the dress to follow the contours of my feminine shape. Silver shoes, with three-inch heels followed and a silver purse.

“Almost done,” said Anna, “A dusting of blusher to accentuate your cleavage I think, and then this.” She produced a locket on a tiny gold chain. “Here I have a gift for you.”

I took it from its velvet-covered box. There was an inscription on the back “To Stevie from a very special friend”. I was dumb struck, it was lovely. “But how?” was all I could say.

“Look inside,” Anna whispered. I opened the locket to see a portrait of her.

“Oh, it’s lovely,” I said, “May I wear it?”

“Of course, silly, that is why I am giving it to you. Here let me put it on for you. Hold your hair up.”

“Anna...this is my first piece of jewelry. Thank you so much. I want to kiss you, but I guess that would spoil my makeup.”

Anna laughed, “So your appearance is more important than thanking me? Perhaps we are doing too good a job of turning you into a girl! I must teach you how to air kiss, I think.”

The sound of a car horn interrupted us. “Time to go,” she said. Suddenly I got very nervous, and I felt sick.

The afternoon had been magical, full of fun and fantasy, just two teenagers loving and playing together. Now it was serious. I, Steven, had to go out dressed in a flowing evening gown, hair curled and lacquered, and made up with dark smoldering eyes, red pouting lips, and painted nails, to have dinner with a party of policemen!

“Oh Anna, I can’t. NO WAY!” I felt frozen to the spot.

“Go on,” she whispered, “You are a girl, you are lovely, and you will have a wonderful time. Now let’s go.”

I turned to the door. “Here! Your purse, and you may need this.” Anna passed me a crochet shawl. “It may get chilly on your bare shoulders later.”

The fabric of the dress swirled about my smooth stocking covered thighs as we walked out to the car. I felt every touch and movement of the dress. It was as if every nerve in my body was hypersensitive to the cool sensual material.

“Wow! Sex kitten!” Sally had jumped from the car and was coming down the path to meet us, so she was the first to see me. She looked pretty good herself.

I reddened with embarrassment, “Is it that bad?”

“Well you had better put that shawl around your shoulders, at least, before Mum sees you.” I threw the shawl over my shoulders and held it together across my chest.

“A little better,” Sally said. “Actually you look pretty stunning, so don’t let Mum put you off. She’s just a bit of a prude.”

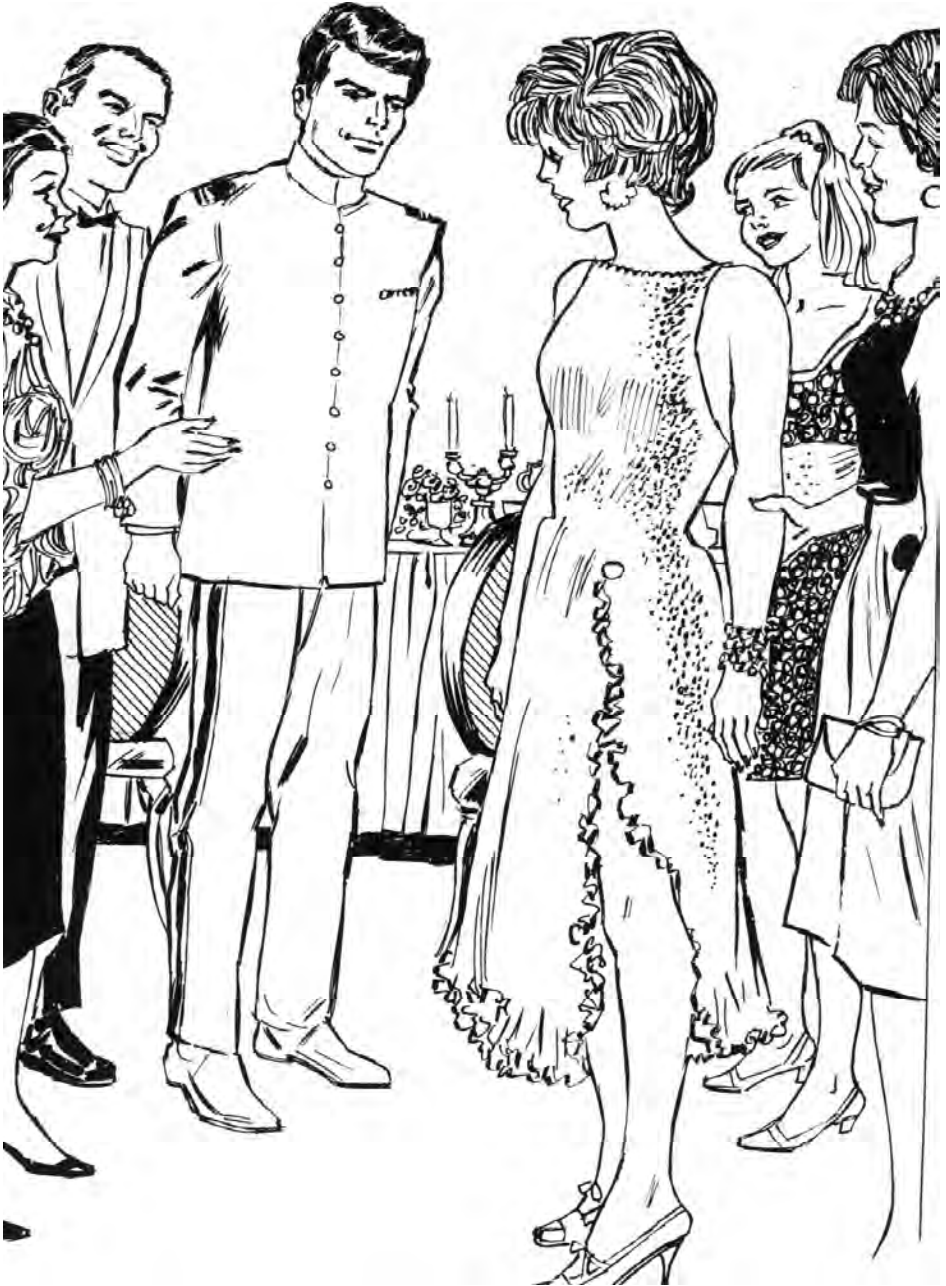
Mum looked me up and down from the car as Sally and I clicked our way up the path on our narrow heels. She said nothing as I carefully got into the back seat. Sit first, knees together, and swing the feet in. Anna had been coaching me!

The journey to the bar was made mostly in silence. Our policemen were waiting when we arrived. They came out to meet us as Mum parked the car. The doors were opened and each of us was helped out and escorted into the bar. Champagne on ice was waiting on a table.

“Champagne! Goody!” squealed Sally. “They are really pushing the boat out for us tonight.”

“Bad choice of words,” retorted Cathy accepting a glass from the captain. I was with the young officer who had been on the boat and had helped me when I was hurt. I recognized him immediately and he helped me from the car even though he was in uniform.

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



I blushed at the way the young officer was staring at me. Surely he could tell I was a boy wearing a dress.

Mum made the formal introductions, and we all settled down to enjoy the champagne. Raoul, the young officer, looked puzzled. "I am sure I heard one of the other young ladies call you Stevie. I remember because it was such an unusual name for a girl."

"Oh...that's my nickname," I faltered.

"She is always in jeans and tee-shirts," added Sally. "So we decided that she wants to be a boy really. So we call her Stevie instead of Stephanie, a good name for a tomboy don't you think?"

Raoul looked really worried, "I think it is a shame. You are so beautiful. You should not want to be a boy."

"You are quite right," said Sally, "Nobody in their right mind would want to be male!"

"Stop it!" called Mum from behind us, "You are confusing the poor young man. Stephanie does not want to be a boy, Raoul, she just likes to dress comfortably and her sister here likes to tease her about it."

"She lost all her jeans in the explosion," said Sally, "And we made her promise not to buy any jeans while we are here. So you will not see her in trousers for a while, Raoul."

"I am pleased," he said, "A beautiful young lady should only wear beautiful clothes."

We chatted and drank the champagne for a while until the captain said, "It is time we moved onto the restaurant, our table will be ready. It is only a short way from here and we can easily walk."

I walked with Raoul. He took my hand and linked it through his arm. I was quiet, as I had to concentrate hard to walk on my narrow heels, and I often needed

to lift the skirt as we crossed roads or climbed steps. Raoul did not seem to mind my silence since he was very proud of his job and was enthusiastically telling me about it.

The restaurant was a tiny place. I had only sat outside before, so I was amazed at how intimate the interior was. There were only about six tables inside, ours, another large table, and some suitable for couples. The other tables were already occupied and the place had a lively atmosphere.

There was music coming from speakers on the walls and a waiter was busy serving people at the large table. An elderly man met us and took us to our seats. The whole place hummed with conversation.

Our escorts were well known, as greetings were called from the other tables and the chef appeared from the kitchen to offer his greetings. He insisted on kissing the hands of Mum, the girls and I. A few sly words of Spanish were passed to the young police officers. I could guess what he was saying about us! Cathy's glare confirmed it, and he promptly returned to the kitchen.

We were served a fabulous seafood meal. There was no menu, so what the chef chose to cook on the day was what was served.

After the meal, the waiter, accompanied by the chef with a guitar, serenaded us. We sipped liqueurs and laughed and chatted. I think all of us were a little drunk.

I began to feel very hot. "I think I need some air," I said, "Is it me or is it getting hot in here?"

“Yes, I’m getting pretty warm,” said Cathy, “Let’s all go for a walk.”

The others agreed, so the bill was paid and we left as a happy, noisy crowd. We made our way to the beach. I couldn’t walk on the sand in my shoes, so I kicked them off, discreetly removed my stockings, and put them in my purse. Then we strolled barefoot across the warm sand.

“Stephanie?” Raoul stopped me. He let the others walk on a little. “I...I must see you again. Will you go out with me at the weekend?”

I was surprised, although I don’t know why. I should have expected him to ask me out again after all the attention he was showing. I really didn’t want to, but I did not want to hurt his feelings. Then I had a bright idea. I’d play hard to get and perhaps he will lose interest.

“I will have to think about it. I should ask my mother. She is very protective.”

“Of course,” he replied, “You must behave correctly. But now I must apologize.”

“Apologize, what for?”

“This,” he said. He took me by the waist, pulled me in close, and kissed me full on the lips. I went rigid.

“NO WAY!” I thought, “I can’t kiss him. We are both males!”

Raoul was strong. He held me tight, I struggled briefly, then slowly I relaxed, put my arms up around his neck, and returned his kiss. Somehow it just felt right.

We must have been embracing and kissing for some time. When I looked up, the others had turned and were walking back towards us. It was clear they could see what we were up to. “You’re in trouble now,” hissed Sally, as she passed, hanging on the arm of her escort.

We followed the group back to the road in silence. I started to struggle into my shoes to walk back to the car and stumbled. Raoul caught me with a laugh. “Your female clothes are so impractical. You need a man to look after you.” He swept me up into his arms and carried me back to the parked cars.

“Please come at the weekend, a picnic perhaps?” he pleaded as he gently lowered me to the ground.

I called mum across and explained Raoul’s request. “Well,” she said, “your sister has asked for permission to go out with the young man she is with, so perhaps you could all go together. Perhaps Anna and her young man could join you too. I would feel far happier if there was a party of you.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Jones,” said Raoul. “It will be a great honor to take Stephanie out at the weekend. I am sorry for what happened on the beach. I think the drink and the atmosphere carried us away. I will behave properly next time we meet.”

“Yes, I will expect you to,” said Mum with a frown. “Now into the car, Stephanie. I will speak to you when we get home!” Unfortunately for Mum, I saw the wink she gave Raoul as he turned to leave!

None of us were really in the mood for enjoying ourselves when the weekend came. Mum had discovered on Friday that our insurance company was not prepared to pay out any money until after the

court case because we were accused of sabotage. There was no money left on her credit card and the bank balance was getting pretty low.

Sally and I sat moodily on the beach watching the young officers' play volleyball. I would have loved to spend a little time alone with Anna. There was little hope of that with the boys always around, which made my mood even worse.

Suddenly I started sobbing. I hadn't cried since I was about three, but somehow the whole situation just got to me and I was uncontrollable.

Sally cradled me. "Come on, Stevie, it's not that bad. We'll cope. Mum will sort out the police, and the insurance will pay out."

"Yes, but how long will it take? I know we will be thrown out on the street."

"That's not true, Stevie," Anna hugged me too. "My mother would not throw you and your family on the streets, but perhaps you two can do something to help your mother?"

"What can we do?" I sobbed.

"Well dry your tears and smile for one thing. Your mother is under a lot of stress, and you must not give her anything more to worry about. I think these strong emotions you are experiencing are the drugs you are taking. You have not learned to cope with them yet, and we must try to help you. Why don't you and Sally try to earn some money to help your mother out? She can't work since she has to report to the police every day."

"What...get a job?" Anna had opened her bag and was gently dabbing my eyes with a tissue.

“Why not? People in town are always looking for English speaking staff during the tourist season.”

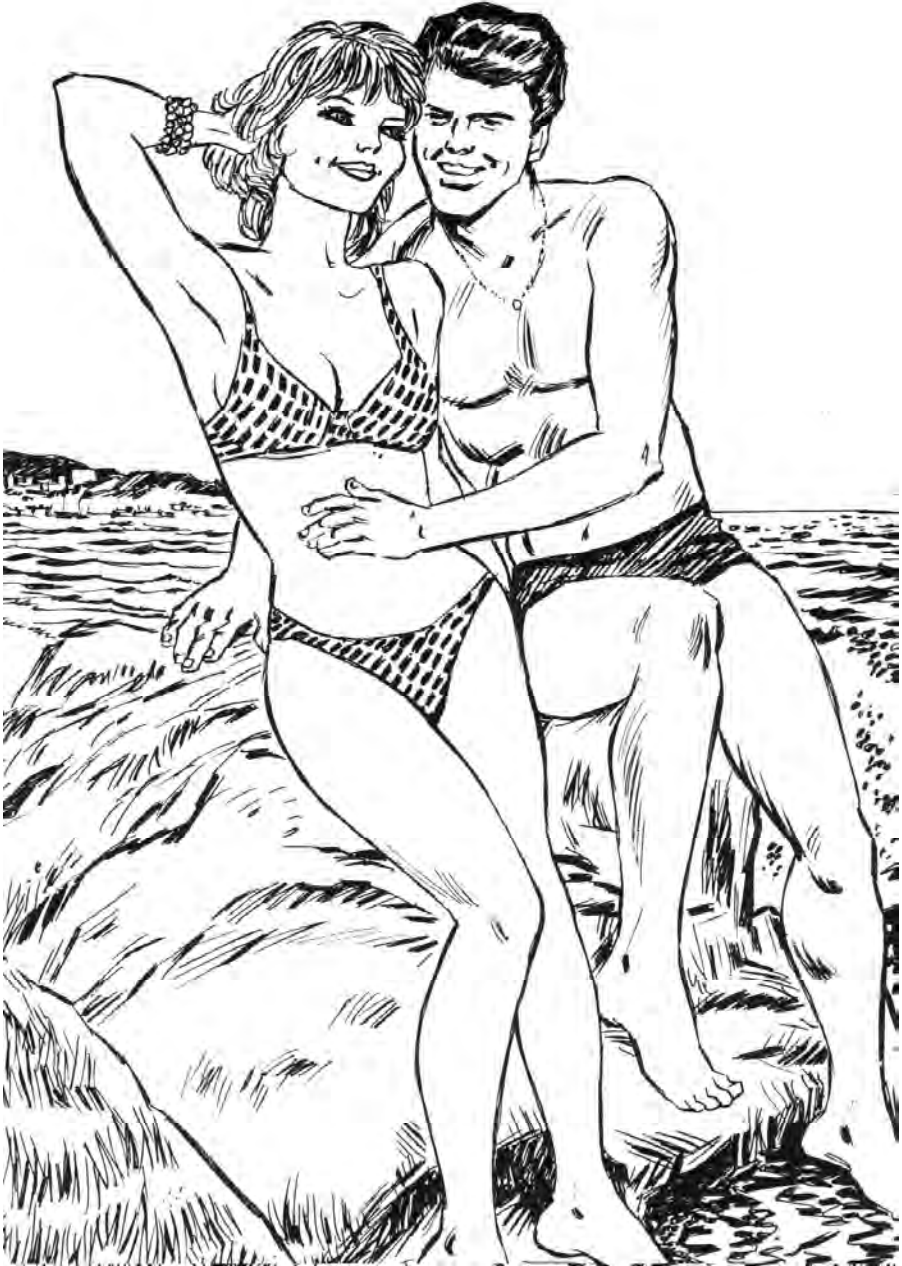
“Oh, but, Anna, me deal with strangers in a shop? NO WAY!”

“I don’t know,” said Sally slowly, “It’s worth thinking about. We’ll discuss it with Mum and Cathy later. You’ll have calmed down by then.”

“Come on! Let’s swim,” yelled Anna tearing her tee shirt off. There was a cheer from the boys and everybody dashed for the waves. The enthusiasm was contagious. I tugged off my top, underneath I wore a full swimming costume, which gave nothing of my secrets away, and ran to join them, forgetting all about the tears.

We had a plan...of sorts. It eased my fears and the rest of the day was happy and passed quickly. The boys were perfect gentlemen. They carried all the bags and us across the stones. They were polite and attentive; it was bliss. They took us for a drink on the way home and delivered us to the villa almost ten minutes before they had promised Mum we would be home. It was almost too good to be true.

Then as we said good-bye to them, Raoul grabbed me and kissed me. I must admit that I put up very little opposition this time. I liked being held in his strong arms and the way he took command. As we stopped kissing, I opened my eyes, and over his shoulder, I saw Anna watching us.



It was fun to tease Raoul. The power girls have over boys fascinated me.

Later as was sat on the verandah before going to bed, Sally explained Anna's idea about us getting jobs to Mum. "I'm not so sure," she said, "We're in a foreign country and I would not like you out on your own. You could get taken advantage of."

"Mum," complained Sally, "I'm sixteen. I can look after myself perfectly well. Besides, we really do need some extra cash."

"True," she replied, "Some extra income would not go amiss, but I really do not think it would be wise for Stevie to go out alone."

"It'll be pretty hard finding someone to employ both of us, Mum."

"I have an idea," said Cathy, joining the conversation. Until now she had sat silently, deep in thought. "As you know I am a part owner of the cafe where we all met recently. If Sally can find a job in town, one of the boutiques perhaps, I think I can persuade my partner to let Stevie work in the cafe for a few hours each day. It is getting pretty busy now, the season has started, and the boy who works there during the day would be glad of some help. My partner is there all the time, so he will keep an eye on Stevie for me. What do you think? He does not have to know the truth, just that Stevie has led a sheltered life and needs protecting."

Mum thought briefly and nodded. Sally clapped her hands in delight. "I'll get the bus to town in the morning and go job hunting," she announced.

It was settled and I had not said a word. "Excuse me! Anybody want to know what I think?"

Sally raised her eyebrows in shocked surprise, "If we must!"

"NO WAY..." The conversation continued as if I had not spoken.

Anna stayed with us that night. It was very late when we finished talking, so we put up a folding bed for her between my bed and Sally's and phoned her Mum to explain what was happening.

Anna gently woke me in the early hours. I looked at the clock. "Anna it is only four-thirty," I whispered, "What's wrong?"

"I can't sleep. I keep thinking about you with that Raoul. You enjoyed kissing him, didn't you?"

I thought for a moment, "Yes, I guess I did. It was not like kissing you though, he was strong, commanding, and so masculine."

Anna slipped into bed beside me. "I find it hard to see you with somebody else, Stevie. I know that as you become more feminine, you will need male company, but Stevie, I love you."

"Oh, Anna, it was purely physical with Raoul. I am still trying to understand all these new feelings and emotions. It's you I love, always."

She sighed and rolled on top of me, smothering my face with soft passionate kisses as we made slow delicate love together. Sally gave no sign of knowing what Anna and I were up to that night, and she said nothing later, but when she woke and found us sleeping in each other's arms, she must have guessed.

Sally caught the morning bus into town to start her quest for a suitable job. She had quite specific ideas

about what she wanted to do and just how much she expected to be paid. Needless to say, the rest of us were skeptical about her chances.

With nothing much to do, Anna and I passed the morning out in the olive groves, throwing sticks for the dog or sitting in the shade of the ancient trees listening to the buzz of the insects.

We found Cathy waiting for us at the villa when we returned for lunch. “Good news, Stevie,” she called across the garden as we entered, “You have a job interview this afternoon! Have some lunch and get yourself ready and I will drive you into town. You are meeting George, my partner, at three.”

“You’re joking! Today? I’m not ready! What’ll I wear? What’ll I say? My hair’s a mess. NO WAY! It’s impossible! I can’t do it.”

I cowered behind Anna, clinging to her waist, and feeling physically sick. She stepped smartly aside breaking my grip, and joined Cathy, leaving me alone in the middle of the garden.

“I can’t do it!” I yelled, making a bolt for the house. I got to the bathroom and locked myself inside before either girl could catch me.

They banged on the door and pleaded with me to come out, even threatened to find a screwdriver and remove the door hinges. I just sat on the edge of the bath staring at my pathetic tear stained feminine image in the wall mirror and shaking with fear.

“Stevie,” Cathy called after a long pause, “How can I give you the present I have brought you if you will not come out of the bathroom.”

“Don’t want a present. Leave me alone.”

“But Stevie, its some new clothes. Come on, you love new clothes, don’t you? Of course, they will fit me. OK if you don’t want them...”

I lifted my head and something stirred inside me. I was developing a passion for clothes. I was no longer shy about trying new things on or asking to borrow something from Sally or Anna. I guess I had developed a new weakness and it had been spotted pretty quickly by the others. “What new clothes?”

“Come and see. I think you’ll like them. It’s a complete new outfit.” I lost my resolve, forgot my childish tantrum, and unlocked the bathroom door.

Cathy swept me into her arms and hugged me. “You really are a silly girl getting so worked up over a job interview. I guess it’s all those new hormones kicking in. It can take a lifetime to master some of our female ones. Now don’t worry about George, he’s a pussycat. You will be able to wrap him around your little finger. Listen, I’ll tell you a couple of tricks you can try that will make him go weak at the knees. In fact, they work pretty well on any red-blooded male when practiced by a stunning little creature like you. Go and put damp cloth over your face, sweetheart, you look like a panda where your mascara has run. We’ll have some food, and then I’ll show you what I have bought for you.”

What she had bought was a gorgeous little black suit. A short, straight skirt, rather tight, but sexy, and a very tailored short jacket that just reached the top of the skirt. When buttoned, it made a feature of my waist and bust. There was also a white blouse to go under the jacket, with a large collar to be worn outside and cuffs that showed at the ends of the jacket sleeves.

Dark pantyhose and black patent court shoes with four-inch heels completed to look. Cathy had even bought me a matching black leather purse with a shoulder strap.

She piled my hair on top of my head, performed another magic act with her makeup bag, and a second with her doctor's bag. "Something to calm my nerves!" There I stood the confident young woman ready to take on the world. Pity I was in such a screaming panic inside.

Cathy drove me into town, since she said I could not be trusted on the bus alone, I would probably never get off. Actually I was feeling a lot better by the time we got into town. The magic was working. I had calmed a lot and I felt confident in my new outfit.

George met us outside the cafe. He rushed across the pavement to open my door, took my hand, and helped me out of the car. I gave him my winning smile as I stepped out and led the way into the café, making sure I put a little wiggle into my walk, placing one foot in front of the other as if I was on a tightrope. George followed almost as if I had him on a lead. I swear his tongue was hanging out!

I caught a glimpse of Cathy wagging her finger at me as I glanced back over my shoulder. I lifted my sunglasses onto my head and flashed her a grin. After all, I was only acting the way she had taught me.

There was no job interview, as I should have guessed. George immediately took me on a tour of the facilities ending in the kitchen where he introduced me to the staff. It was a quiet time of day with few customers, so there was time to chat with the chef and

other staff who, all being male were very keen to talk to me.

It was great fun, as I was sat in the middle of the kitchen perched on a barstool, surrounded by an admiring huddle of men. Smiling, answering their questions, and fluttering my eyelashes, I held them captivated until George broke the mood by shooing them all back to work and taking me into his office to discuss my duties.

I agreed to start the next day and work a couple of shifts with Tony, the young waiter I had met before. I would work Monday and Tuesday to relieve Tony, and Friday and Saturday nights, when it was really busy, with one of the other waiters, Emile or Paul who only worked evenings.

I stood to leave, thanking George and offering him my hand. He took it, but instead of shaking, he bowed and gently kissed it. It sent shivers through my spine. "I have one final thing to ask before you go, Stevie," he said.

"Yes?"

"We had a waitress, and she left a few weeks ago to have a baby. She wore a uniform while she was working. Would you object to doing the same?"

"Of course not, I've seen the smart suit and bow tie your waiters wear. I would not want to show them up," I replied.

George smiled, "Come then, they are kept in the apartment above the cafe."

"They? Must be so they can be cleaned," I thought.

George led me up a flight of stairs to a small apartment. He opened a wardrobe in the bedroom and presented me with a dress on a hanger.

“Oh, that’s fine,” I said, taking the plain little black dress from him.

“Shall I try it on, just to make sure it fits?”

George gallantly turned his back while I slipped off my skirt and blouse and stepped into the dress, but he sneaked a crafty glance at my half-naked form in the wardrobe mirror I noticed.

It was a good fit. I tied a little white apron about my waist. It matched the collar and cuffs of the dress. I gave George a theatrical twirl and he was delighted.

“Excellent! Excellent!” he exclaimed. “You look wonderful. You will be stunning in the other dresses. Our customers will be delighted.”

“Will I not look the same in all of them?” I asked.

“Of course not, Stevie. This is the daytime uniform. Here is what I want you to wear during the evenings.” He threw open the doors of the wardrobe to reveal a kaleidoscope of color.

I gasped at the sight. “Do not be shocked, Stevie. Here is your regular evening uniform.” He pulled out a short figure hugging black dress with long sleeves and a low neckline.

“Oh, that’s OK,” I sighed, “But what about all the others?” I gestured to the array of costumes hanging in the wardrobe.

“They were mostly made by the other waitress. We sometimes have a theme night and she liked to get into the spirit. It was very popular with our patrons.

She is a beautiful girl like you. In fact, she often wore something special at weekends just for the fun of it.”

“I rummaged through the dresses. There were national costumes, ball gowns, stunning evening dresses, and theatrical costumes. Several wigs sat on the upper shelf and dozens of pairs of shoes at the bottom.

“Actually,” I thought out loud, “This could be rather fun. This collection must have cost a fortune.”

“Oh, thank you, Stevie. I knew you would agree, and yes we have spent a lot on them, but it was worth it for the extra business. Do you know that on theme nights, even some of the customers come in costume? I know they would love you to be their hostess. Will you do it?”

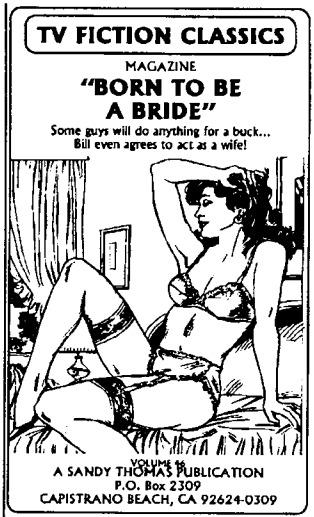
I gave him my new, coy little girl look as taught by Cathy. Hands behind my back, one knee bent, chin on shoulder, eyes raised, and a pouty smile, I could see him melting. “Why not,” I purred, “But only the clothes I feel happy to wear. Some of them are rather skimpy, George, and how the hell do you serve tables in a ball gown? By the way, do I get paid extra for dressing up?”

“Of course, Stevie, would double time be all right?” Cathy was right! I could practically twist him round my little finger. A flash of thigh, and a cute smile, and he was putty.

So I was a waitress. I started training the next day with Tony and would then work some evenings with Emile to get confidence before “going solo”.

Sally had found work in a boutique just a few shops down from the café, so when I was working day shift we could travel in on the bus together.

The work was fun, and I enjoyed meeting the people who came to the cafe. I soon got to know the regulars, some came every day to sit in the sun reading their newspaper and sipping coffee. Tony was a perfect gentleman, showing me what to do, correcting my mistakes, and defending me from the occasional over-friendly customer. I could have coped, but it was rather nice to have him come running to my defense.



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



Being a waitress was a revealing experience. European men are notorious for taking liberties, but it insured large tips too

Once I gave him a kiss on the cheek to thank him, and he went red as a beet root. He went even redder when the chef spotted my lipstick on his cheek and shouted for George to look. Poor boy, I would have to make it up to him for causing such embarrassment.

Next day, the bus got in early. I was first to arrive at the cafe and it was still locked. Tony came next, but he did not have a key. “Tony?” I asked as we leaned, side by side, against the cafe wall waiting for somebody with a key. “How old are you?”

“Sixteen, why?”

“Have you ever kissed a girl?”

He flushed again. This was getting to be a habit. “Yes, sort of.”

“No not like kissing your mum on the cheek. I mean PROPERLY. Come on,” I said with a giggle. “I owe you this for what happened yesterday.”

I took his hand and led him into the alley beside the cafe, pinned him to the wall with my body, took his head in my hands, closed my eyes, and kissed him slowly on the mouth. Within seconds, the shock passed, his arms wrapped round my body hugging me in close, and he returned the kiss. For a beginner, he caught on quickly, and I began to really enjoy myself. I could feel his enthusiasm growing between his legs where we were pressed together.

I squirmed from his grip, rather shocked at the effect I was having. “That was a thank you for protecting me. OK? Nothing serious!”

Tony nodded and I took a tissue from my purse and wiped my lipstick from his lips. “Can’t let the chef see

that,” I giggled, “But you really have kissed a girl now!”

“Actually you’ve just kissed a boy,” I thought, “But you never need to know about that.”

Thank god my little garment kept everything safely well out of the way. Even when he crushed me against his body, he could have felt nothing. I had noticed recently that my masculinity seemed to be getting somewhat smaller and easier to hide. It was also harder to get aroused now, even with Anna. I meant to talk to Cathy about it, but I always felt too shy of the subject.

A car pulled up outside the cafe and we had to quickly scramble out of the alley. I hope we did not look too disheveled. George greeted us with a sideways look and opened up.

I saw little of Tony for a while after that, as I started my evening training. It was probably just as well, as I was feeling a little guilty that I might have given him the wrong idea.

That first evening, I went up to the apartment to get ready. George had kindly given me some money to buy extra makeup, so I worked carefully with the new cosmetics to make a good impression. I had become quite adept over the last few weeks. I felt quite naked now without at least a little makeup on!

I worked on a slightly heavier than my usual “evening look”, using quite a deep foundation, plenty of eyeliner and mascara, a dark gray eyeshadow and rich red lipstick. I had curled and set my hair before leaving home and now brushed it out at the ends to produce a soft, bouncy effect and held it with a liberal

application of spray to ensure the style lasted the evening.

I lifted my little black dress from the wardrobe and took it off of its hanger. This was the first time I had taken a really good look at it. I had assumed that, like the daytime dresses, it would fit OK. Now I discovered that it was going to be a very good fit.

It was made from a stretch material, which must have contained plenty of lycra. There was no zip or other fastener; it simply pulled on like a jersey. It was also plain that it was going to show anything I wore underneath it. I could not possibly wear the bra and panties I had on, their outline would stand out like a contour map. That was when I found the satin teddy underneath the dress on the same hanger. It was clearly what the other waitress used to solve the problem.

I stripped to my gaffe and studied my effeminate figure in the mirror. I had been taking the hormones for a couple of months now and the changes were definitely beginning to show. My waist, with the help of a strict diet, was quite small, my hips and thighs had filled out, and there were the definite signs of a pair of firm young breasts.

I caressed my breasts and studied their reflection, worrying whether they were ample enough to display in public without the benefit of a support bra and some padding. I discarded the prosthesis some time back, as they were far too uncomfortable to share the same space in a bra cup as my budding new breasts.

A soft knock at the door and a call to make sure I was all right from Emile brought me back to my

senses. No time for any more worrying. "I'll be right with you," I called. "Just getting into my dress."

Well that was it. I was committed. I pulled on the new sheer pantyhose I had brought with me. I stepped into the satin teddy. It was gloriously smooth against my hairless skin. I would have loved to spend time just reveling in the sensation, but my presence was required downstairs, so I carefully pulled the dress over my head and wriggled it down over my body. It clung everywhere, hugging every contour of my body. I pulled the sleeves down to a nice even fit, straightened out a few wrinkles, and tied the cute little lace apron about my waist, carefully pulling the ties out into a huge bow at the back.

On with a set of three inch heels and I was ready for work. I could not resist one last look in the mirror though, and I really liked what I saw. I should not have worried. My breasts were small, but very much there, thanks to the fabric of the dress. My waist curved in nicely and filled out sexily to my hips and thighs. The heels altered my posture to accentuate my femininity even more.

There was a stirring between my legs. What little manhood left was trying to make it's presence felt, reminding me who I was and how I could still react, albeit weakly to the sight of a really hot female!

I shook myself back into the real world and made my way downstairs to the waiting cafe. Walking down the staircase came as something of a shock. Recently I had experienced some discomfort from my growing breasts and nipples, which were now particularly enlarged, but I had never experienced the effect of the stairs on my unsupported breasts.

They bounced alarmingly and instantly aroused my nipples. The sensation was not immediately unpleasant, but the forgiving nature of my dress material displayed my swollen nipples to the world. Walking about the cafe during the evening was less sensational, but still had an effect. I was feeling decidedly sore by the time we closed for the night.

Evenings in the cafe were very different from the daytime. The atmosphere was much more subdued and intimate, with couples sharing candlelit dinner together. There was none of the jovial banter between the tables that I had seen previously.

There was a small courtyard behind the cafe, surrounded by vines lit with twinkling lanterns. George would set out a couple of big trestle tables for larger parties. I loved serving outside where the atmosphere was livelier. It was often a relief to get out into the cool evening air, especially if I had been helping in the hot kitchen for any time.

Cathy collected me at the end of my first night at the cafe and drove me home. “Cathy?” I said nervously, “I’m really sore all round here.” I gestured to my breasts. “I can’t wear a bra with this tight dress and it rubs my nipples.”

“You’re not wearing a bra, Stevie!” Cathy gasped. “I didn’t realize you were so well developed. I assumed you had fixed your falsies with tape. I should have realized that it has been some time since you started the treatment. I had better have a close look at you when we get home. I think I can show you how to get over the problem without spoiling the line of your clothes.”

Cathy actually demonstrated her cure the next morning, and to my embarrassment, offered to show Sally and Anna too! I think they already knew what was coming, but joined in for the fun of seeing my discomfort. Cathy ordered me to strip and remove my bra and carefully flattened each of my nipples with a strip of sticky tape.

“There!” she said, “The tape will protect your nipples from the dress fabric. I’ll show you a trick to boost your bust a little without a bra now. Lots of fashion models do this.”

She took a length of wide tape, got me to squash my boobs together, and fixed the tape across their bottom. When I let go, my boobs stayed together and slightly pushed up. I pulled on a stretchy sweater dress and marveled at the improvements to my figure. I could run up and down stairs without discomfort.

I wore my little black dresses with this secret support underneath for the next few evenings with complete success. I loved the work and the contact with our customers. I felt confident in all I did, and never feared that anybody would suspect my true gender. In fact it was only with a conscious effort that I considered myself male at all.

Eventually it became time for something a little special, time to earn my extra income. George said he wanted to hold a theme night and was thinking that a Chinese banquet might be fun and he put a big notice in the window.

It was a Monday morning and I was working to allow Tony a day off. George called me across to the bar as I was preparing to finish for the day. “I have some astonishing news, Stevie,” he said. “Word of our

theme night has spread about the town and we are already fully booked. I have even agreed to put out some extra tables to accommodate a few favored clients who called late!”

“That’s great,” I replied, “I guess it will be a busy night.”

“Very,” he sighed, “I hope you and Emile will be able to cope.”

“What about Paul? Perhaps he could come in to help us.”

“A nice idea, Stevie, but unfortunately he will be away from town next weekend.”

“Oh...I know! I could ask Sally or Anna, I’m sure one of them would help out. In fact...I bet I could even persuade one of them to wear a costume. We are all about the same size.”

George was silent for a few moments, deep in thought. “It is an excellent idea, Stevie. But do you think they might both agree to help? I would pay them well. It would really create a colorful evening if I could have three pretty girls in costumes moving about the tables.”

“That sounds like fun, George. I’m sure they will agree, let me discuss it this evening and we can sort out the details when I come in tomorrow.”

Of course, Sally and Anna thought it was a great idea, a bit of extra cash and the chance to dress up for the evening, what girl could refuse?

We descended on George on Friday. Anna and I met Sally during her lunch break and we walked to

the cafe to raid the wardrobe and see what we would wear the following evening.

There were two Cheongsams, which are beautiful printed silk dresses with high necks and provocative slits in the skirts.

“Anna, you would look perfect in one of these. With your black hair and the right makeup you could look really Chinese,” I said.

“O.K., Stevie,” she replied, “But you must wear the other one. Look, there is a wonderful black wig in here. We will almost be twins!”

“And I want to wear this one!” squealed an excited Sally emerging from the wardrobe with a white, halter neck dress in her outstretched hand.

“No way, Sally, that’s not Chinese,” I laughed.

“I know,” she pouted, “but I’ve always wanted to be Marilyn Monroe and this dress is just perfect! Oh please, Stevie, let me wear it.” What could I say? With her honey blonde hair and ample figure, she would certainly do justice to the dress.

We checked that George approved our choices then parted. Sally went back to work while Anna and I walked about town window shopping and buying some extra cosmetics we felt would be useful for the event and spent an hour sitting in a park just enjoying each other’s company.

The three of us met again in Sally’s boutique just as she was finishing work and caught the bus home together. Mum met us at the door as we rushed excitedly up to the villa. We were desperate to tell her our plans for the next day.

“Hang on, I have some important news I must tell you first,” she said holding up a hand. “I have been with the magistrate all day.”

“He’s come back at last,” I said, “The wheels of justice sure turn slowly around here.”

“Yes, he’s been back for a few days, Stevie. He has ordered that the ‘Empress’ be lifted from the bottom of the harbor so they can look for evidence.”

“They should have done that weeks ago,” groaned Sally.

“I quite agree, dear,” said Mum, “but it requires a huge crane. The ‘Empress’ was a big boat. A crane was brought from the mainland and there have been a lot of arguments about who should pay. They are lifting her early tomorrow morning, and I feel we should all be there.”

There was a clamor of groans and protests. We had planned on spending most of the day getting ourselves ready. Also, I really didn’t want to relive the morning of the explosion.

“No way, Mum,” I complained, “The last thing I want to do is go back and relive that frightful experience!”

Mum was adamant. “I want you both to be there with me. I have to go and I need some moral support. Of course, Anna does not have to come unless she wants to.”

That made me feel really guilty. “I’m sorry, Mum. I shouldn’t be so thoughtless. Of course, I’ll come with you.”

“Me too,” added Sally.

Anna, to my relief, insisted on coming too, and Mum promised it would be over quickly. We would be home just after lunch. The real investigations would start the following Monday.

The 'Empress' actually came up in two parts. She had been split in two by the explosion. The sad remains were hauled, water pouring from the blackened, torn hull, and dumped unceremoniously on the back of a couple of huge trailers to be taken to a secure compound. The whole experience was really upsetting. I was glad Anna was there. Mum and Sally clutched each other and watched in horror as the macabre operation was performed. Cathy stood quietly to one side keenly watching proceedings.

By midday, we were back at the table of the little quay side cafe where things had all gone wrong, enjoying strong coffee and trying to regain our composure. The only evidence of the morning's activities was a big wet patch on the quay side and some rather smudged mascara.

"Thank god that's over," Mum sighed. "With a bit of luck, we can get this whole affair sorted out in a few days and be off home."

Home...I'd almost forgotten about home. I glanced down at my smooth, shaved and tanned legs daintily pressed together, showing from under my light cotton sundress. My small, but growing breasts supported in their half-cup bra were very evident under the light material. It was going to be difficult to go home looking like this.

"Stevie!" I looked up and Sally was giving me a sideways look.

“Oh sorry, Sally, I was miles away. Did you say something?”

“What’s up?”

“Oh, just thinking about home. What did you want?”

“I asked if you had everything you need for this evening?”

“Yes, I think so, thanks. Oh come on, this place is depressing. Let’s go home and start getting ready for some fun.” We bundled into Cathy’s big car and headed back for the villa.

It was nearly five by the time we finished bathing, dressing, and generally fussing over each other. Cathy had promised to drive us to the café, so we did not have to worry about changing in the little top room.

Anna zipped me into my shimmering, emerald green, silk dress while I held my new, long, glossy black hair out of the way. The dress felt so cool and smooth, from its high neck and figure-hugging bodice to the knee length skirt with its two long slits. I just loved being in it.

I wore a white thong that hardly covered my firmly supported tiny maleness, but it was very high on my hips, so that as I walked, all that my split dress would reveal was a lot of bare thigh. I also wore ultra sheer, natural color, panty hose and black patent sandals with four-inch heels.

Anna was dressed the same, but her dress was royal blue and her natural black hair did not reach so far down her back. We both used the same heavy eye and lip makeup to produce an oriental effect.

Sally...well Sally was just stunning. She curled and set her hair into a typical Marilyn style and with her long false lashes, big pouting red lips, and that dress, she was going to play the role for all it was worth.

The cafe was already a hive of activity by the time we arrived. Our six tiny heels clicked noisily and we crossed the tiled steps at the entrance. The place suddenly went silent as everybody stopped whatever they were doing to stare at us.

George regained his composure first. "Come on! Back to work everyone! The first guests will be here soon. You can stare at these visions of loveliness all you like once your work is done." The clatter of tables, plates, knives, and forks returned and we were able to compose ourselves for the night's work.

What a night! We met our guests, got them drinks, seated and served them. We rushed from table to table and in and out of the kitchen and bar. The time flew and by the end, we were exhausted, but it was a fabulous evening. We also made a fortune in tips.

The highlight of the evening was when George produced a huge cake for the Mayor, who was sitting at a table in the center of the cafe. George had discovered it was the Mayor's birthday. Sally insisted on singing "Happy birthday, Mr. Mayor" to rapturous applause from the diners and especially the Mayor.

Sally was persuaded to do an encore of "I want to be loved by you" whilst standing on the Mayor's table! I laughed and cheered so much that tears ran down my face. When she finished, I had to run to the lady's room to repair my makeup.

Mum and Cathy had managed to join us. They enjoyed their meal at a little table George set by the

bar so he could chat with them when he was not serving drinks.

We all stayed for a last drink once all the diners had gone. George was ecstatic about the success of the evening. He even gave the three of us a bonus on the promise we would help him again soon. Finally we left for home. I slept on Anna's shoulder all the way back to the villa.

The investigation of the wreck of the 'Empress' took a week or so. Mum turned up at breakfast with a letter. "The Magistrate wants to see me in his office this afternoon. He had the report from the investigators and wishes to give me a copy personally," Mum said.

"I wonder why he didn't just send it," Sally replied. "Oh, Mum! I hope there's nothing wrong. You don't think he's going to arrest you, do you? Should we take the day off from work and come with you?"

Mum laughed at her concern. "I'm sure there is nothing to worry about. It's probably just protocol. You go to work and I will tell you all about it at dinner."

True to her word, Mum was there when we returned from town that evening. She was wearing a huge grin. "You look happy," I said, greeting her with a kiss on the cheek, another feminine trait I had picked up. "I guess you have had a good day."

"You could say so," she replied with a giggle.

"Well tell us all about it," demanded Sally.

"Over dinner. Go and wash up and join Cathy, Anna, and I in the dining room. Oh and can you change into something presentable please, girls?"

Mum, Cathy, and Anna were in the dining room, but there was no sign of dinner. I had changed into my favorite pastel pink box pleated miniskirt with a white top and matching thin pink cardigan, which I fastened with just the top button. I wore a pair of short white socks and flat deck shoes. Sally had changed into a sleeveless sundress and cardigan.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Are you going to tell us now?” Sally inquired.

“Not just yet, dears,” said Mum. “You will have to wait a little longer. We have decided to eat out at the cafe tonight. A little celebration you could say.”

The drive to the cafe was agony. No amount of pleading would make Mum give up her news. Cathy and Anna were making a good act of being ignorant, but their grins and giggles gave them away somewhat.

Our table was waiting, as was George with a bottle of champagne on ice. We were seated and the champagne served when at last, Mum got everybody’s attention. “I’m sorry to have kept you all waiting in suspense like this, I really wanted to make this a big occasion. Now that we are all together in this lovely place, I will tell you the wonderful news.” Mum paused to compose herself; she was getting very emotional. We all sat silently waiting for her to speak. “The official report, as I’m sure you have guessed by now, completely clears us of anything illegal. There was nothing found on the ‘Empress’ that could in any way be considered contraband.”

“What about the explosion?” asked Sally.

“Yes, they found the cause of that too. You remember those dogs we saw going on board? They

found the remains of one of the poor animals in the galley near the propane tanks. They think it somehow damaged or dislodged one of the pipes and somebody had left a burner on. You can guess the rest in that confined space.”

“Poor dog,” I thought out loud.

“At least it wasn’t a person,” Cathy replied.

“What happens now?” asked Sally.

“Well I have some work to do, but we should be getting a replacement for the ‘Empress’ in a week or two and we will be free to go. I’m afraid it is too late to finish our holiday though. Summer is nearly over and you two will have to return to school.”

George came up with another bottle of champagne. “Forgive me for overhearing your conversation, ladies,” he said. “Your news is excellent. Please have this bottle with my compliments. You will be leaving us soon then? It will be very quiet about here without your cheerful presence, Miss Stevie, everybody has grown very fond of you over the last few weeks. The town is still talking about our party night. We could never repeat such an event without the three of you.”

I could see that George was really upset. I stood and gave him a hug and kissed his cheek. “I’m sorry, George, it has been lovely working here, and I really don’t want to go. You still have me for another week or so. Perhaps we can return next summer. Mum?”

“We will have to see. Your education must come first. I’m sure George will agree.”

“But, of course,” he replied thoughtfully.

“George!” said Cathy, “I know that look. What are you scheming?”

“If our friends can stay for another two weeks, Cathy, they will still be here for the end of summer fiesta. I think I should speak to the mayor and see if these wonderful friends can be our guests of honor.”

“Oh that would be wonderful,” said Cathy. They could head the parade and open the festivities. Can you and Sally ride a horse, Stevie? Stevie!”

“Oh sorry...riding? Yes that would be fun.”

I was really not listening, I was thinking of going home and the prospect of having to go back to school...as a boy. “When? I’ve got to work tomorrow.”

“Wake up, Stevie, we want you to ride at the head of the fiesta parade,” laughed Cathy.

“Oh right. Sorry, I was lost in thought.”

“We noticed.”

Later, when we got home, I cornered Mum in the kitchen and took her hands in mine. “Mum, I’m worried. I need to talk to you while we are alone.”

“Of course, Stevie, what’s the matter?”

“Well I was wondering what’s going to happen when we get home?”

She smiled, “I suppose we go back to living our ordinary lives and you and Sally go back to school and pass all your exams.”

“But look at me, Mum. How can I go back to a male school like this? Do I wear long trousers or a gym slip?”

“Oh I hadn’t thought of that. You have changed a bit since your last term at school. Don’t worry though, there is a bit of time yet, and we will sort it out. You just enjoy the rest of our time here and leave it to me.” She hugged me close and kissed my forehead, “Trust me, sweetheart, things will work out fine.”

Sally burst in, “Hey! What’s with all the hugs and kisses? I want some too!”

“Oh just girl’s stuff, Sally, you wouldn’t understand,” Mum laughed.

Sally snorted in disgust and squirmed her way between Mum and me, making it a three-way hug. It really was good, I felt so comfortable in that feminine huddle that I could have stayed like that forever.

The next two weeks passed in a flash, as I carried on working at the cafe. The money was no longer needed, but it was such good fun. Free time was spent with Anna and Sally and the boys called a couple of times to take us to the beach. All the boys were to be in the fiesta parade and they were delighted when they found out we were the guests of honor.

The day of the fiesta dawned and Anna woke me early, very early. It could have only just been after dawn. “Wake up, Stevie! I must get you ready for the parade.”

“Anna, look at the time! It’s only six. The parade doesn’t begin until midday. What’s all the fuss?”

“You have to bath and dress and I must do your hair and makeup. We need plenty of time to get everything perfect. I will get you some breakfast while you bathe, then I will set your hair and we must go to my friend’s house to get changed.”

“Why can’t I dress here?” I asked sleepily

“I have something special for you there and Juliet lives quite close to town. We will not have far to travel once we are ready. Now hurry up.”

Sally was ahead of me and already in the bath when I wandered into the bathroom. “Hi, Sally,” I said as I sat on the loo to pee, “You gonna be long?”

“No, give me five minutes and I’ll be out.” She leaned over the side of the bath watching me sit on the loo for a few seconds and giggled.

“What’s so funny?”

“You, walking in here while I’m in the bath, not to mention the way you are using that toilet!”

I hadn’t given it a second thought. It had become second nature over the last few months to just be another girl around Sally with none of the shy coyness I had as her brother. I would certainly never have wandered into the bathroom while she was using it before. I looked down at my clenched knees and giggled too. A quick wipe with a piece of tissue and I was done.

I dropped to my knees beside the bath with my panties still about my ankles. “Oh Sally, look at me. We go home soon and look what I have become. I’m not sure I will know how to go back to being the old Stevie...I’m...I’m not sure I want to.”

“So? Stay as you are then, you silly bitch!” Sally cuffed me on the chin. “Go and play with that sexy Spanish friend of yours and stop fretting. I’ll call you when the bathroom is free.”

We got to Juliet's house about nine-thirty, Cathy drove us, then left to go back and pick up Mum and Sally. I was fed, washed, shaved, perfumed, and my damp hair was tightly bound in curlers and covered with a scarf.

"Into that room and take all you clothes off please, Stevie. I'll be with you in a moment." I was intrigued, but I trusted Anna implicitly, so I made my way to the bedroom and peeled of the clothes I was wearing without question.

She found me naked, save for my little gaffe, standing in front of a big mirror studying my breasts. "You know an A-cup is really tight these days, Anna. I've been using a bra with a padded B-cup for the last few days and it is much more comfortable."

She reached round from behind me and held my breasts in her hands. "They are still growing and so beautiful," she whispered. I turned to face her, and she was naked too. We kissed, slowly, lovingly. Anna reached between my legs. "Have you anything left?" she groaned.

"I...I don't know. I'll try," I replied groping urgently to struggle out of the gaffe. Anna helped, kneeling before me to pull it from my legs. She pulled my little penis from the resting-place where it nestled nearly all of the time now. She caressed and kissed it, encouraging life back into the little member.

"I think you are more girl than boy now, Stevie."

We fell onto a huge double bed that half filled the room. She began to play her pink tongue around my, sensitive, erect nipples, while I writhed and groaned in ecstasy. There was still enough boy left to make love to her one more time though.

“Enough!” laughed Anna, pushing me aside as I tried to kiss her again. “There is no time left for love making now. Later, perhaps, then I will teach you to love me as a woman. But for now, I must make you into the beautiful woman all the town expects to see. Replace your garment and put these panties on.”

I squirmed about the bed pulling the tight little gaffe up onto my hips and then the satin panties. “Now you must wear this,” Anna announced producing a frightening looking corset from a drawer.

“No way, Anna!”

“But of course you must have a tiny waist to wear the dress I have for you. See there are two corsets. I will wear one as well, and you will help me put mine on.”

“But I’ve got my waist down to nearly a twenty-six over the last few weeks, Anna.”

“Not small enough! Come here and stand still while I lace you up.” There was an evil twinkle in her eye as she said the last sentence.

I gave her a little curtsy. “Very well, madam,” I replied and received a slap on my rump for my cheek.

“Hey, that’s tight!” I squealed as the boned garment gripped my flesh.

“Oh, it’s not tight yet. I’m only just starting the laces. Hang onto the bed post so I can give them a really good pull.”

“Anna, please! I can’t breath. It’s much too tight.”

“Relax, you will get used to it in a minute or two. Take a look at how wonderful you look in it, then sit at

the dressing table and let me do your makeup and hair.”

I glanced in the mirror and it certainly was an astonishing sight. My waist was down to less than twenty-four inches and all the spare flesh seemed to be pushed upwards to join my breasts in the wired half cups at the top of the corset. My breasts were held high and close together creating fantastic cleavage. “Wow!” I didn’t know what else to say.

Anna grinned, “That is a fair description. Now sit and prepare to become a princess.”

I loved Anna doing my hair and makeup. Actually, I had grown to enjoy being pampered by anyone and today was no exception. I simply basked in the sensuality of being touched, stroked, and caressed. I paid little attention to what was happening until Anna announced that she had finished and asked what I thought.

I could hardly believe my eyes. My plucked eyebrows were darkened and arched with heavy blue eyeshadow below. Amazingly thick eyelashes fluttered around eyes heavily outlined in black. A deep shade of blush accentuated my cheekbones and my lips were full ruby red and glistened as if permanently wet.

“A little over the top, don’t you think, Anna?”

“Oh, not to go with this dress, Stevie.” She produced the most fabulous creation from a wardrobe. A Spanish Flamenco style dress, white and red with masses of frills about the short sleeves, the bottom of the skirt, and the plunging neckline.

“Oh, Anna! It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. I don’t deserve to wear it. Surely it’s yours?”

“Oh yes it’s mine, but I have another, see. Today we will be Spanish sisters. Let me fasten you in and you can do mine.”

Anna made herself up and did her hair similar to mine while I twirled and flaunted myself in front of the mirror. The weight of that dress with all its layers and frills was a whole new experience. It billowed and swirled as I spun round and kept moving after I stopped, I was like a kid with a new toy.

A commotion in the yard outside woke me from my reverie. I ran to the window and looked outside. “Anna! There are people on horses out here. Come and look.”

“I know, Stevie, they are our escorts for the parade. We are to ride with them. You remember when I asked if you could ride?”

“Well yes, but you said nothing about riding in a flowing dress and anyhow there doesn’t seem to be any spare horses.”

Just then another rider clattered into the yard riding an extremely big and excited stallion and perched behind him dressed just like me and hanging on for her life was...Sally!

“No Way, Anna, that’s not safe!” I cried frantically, shaking my head. “I’m not getting up on the rump of one of those enormous things and...sitting behind some randy Spaniard in tight trousers and a big hat!”

“Stop being hysterical, girl. Sally is coping and I will be riding along with you if you will let me finish getting ready.”

I waved to Sally from the window. She looked up and gave me a weak smile, clearly she had no intention of

releasing her grip on the rider in front of her to wave back.

“I’m finished, Stevie,” called Anna, “Come on, let’s find you a horse.”

Once in the courtyard, the horses looked even bigger. A huge white one trotted across to us and I was unceremoniously heaved up onto it. The rider turned to give me a big white toothed grin as I desperately searched for a handhold. It was Tony from the cafe!

“Hello, Stevie, I am so pleased you are to be my partner today. Do you like my stallion?”

“Oh yes, it’s lovely. Can you control it?”

He laughed, hauled on the reins, and we bounded out of the yard into the road. A car swerved violently; horn blaring at our sudden appearance. Tony yelled some words of Spanish I had never heard before. I decided that I didn’t want a translation. Tony was a completely different person riding this horse in his traditional costume to the mild young waiter at the cafe. I was not sure I liked him like this.

The others joined us, about a dozen horses with riders in all, most with gorgeous girls behind. Things calmed down as we walked and chatted our way into the center of town. There was clearly a lot of interest in the fiesta, since the town was packed. The narrow streets were decorated with brightly colored flags and streamers and crowds of locals and tourists were lining the pavements.

We joined a chaotic melee of people and horses in the Town Square, which eventually formed up into a parade and we all set off to make a circuit of the larger streets of the town. A local band led the way followed

by the horses with Tony and me in the lead. Behind us were more bands and people dressed in bizarre and brightly colored costumes walking between floats covered in flowers.

I was getting quite confident bouncing along behind Tony and I started to smile and wave to the crowds and people leaning from windows. I even caught a rose that was thrown from a window and placed it in my hair.

However, soon after, Tony persuaded his horse to rear up onto its hind legs. I screamed and clutched wildly for his waist. I don't think I ever screamed before in my life, but I did then, and there was nothing false about it, a high-pitched female scream. He scared me! What's more the swine knew what he was doing. I think he was getting his own back for embarrassing him at the cafe. I didn't let go of his waist again until we stopped.

The parade finally came to a halt in a large grassy park behind the town center. A wooden stage was set up in the middle of the park. Around the sides, various gaily-decorated stalls sold a variety of food and drink. The band set up on the stage and impromptu dancing started in the area in front of them.

As it grew dark, the stage was lit up and a troupe of flamenco dancers appeared on stage. All of the girls in traditional costume were called to join them. "Come on, Stevie," Sally called as she headed for the stage, "This could be fun."

"I'm not going up there. They might ask me to dance!"

"Oh don't be silly. I can't flamenco, but I'm going. Just stand at the back and look pretty."

“OK, but don’t try to get me to the front. Where’s Anna?”

“I don’t know, she sneaked off a few minutes ago.”

We crowded onto the sides of the tiny stage to provide a colorful backdrop for the dancers and Anna’s whereabouts became apparent. She was at the center of the dancers looking fabulous in an incredible, extremely revealing, low front, no back, dress that flew about her waist showing legs that went on forever as she spun, clapping her hands, and stamping her feet to the wild gypsy music. I felt extremely jealous of the man who was dancing with her in a very sensuous manner. They really got much to close to one another for my liking.

All the girls around the stage were clapping to the rhythm of the music, so I happily followed their lead, smiling and grinning at Sally who was at the opposite side of the stage. Anna finished her dance and left the stage on Sally’s side. I saw her stop to talk to Sally and both looked across at me.

A minute or so later, during the next dance, she appeared by my side, still breathless from her exertion. “Are you enjoying yourself, Stevie?” she whispered between gasps for breath. She was radiant, wide-eyed, and beaming with excitement.

“Oh yes, and you were fantastic. Who was your partner?”

“Just a guy. Are you jealous?”

“Of course not!” I hissed.

“Yes you are. I can see it in your eyes. Don’t worry, he is my cousin from the next village and I have no

interest in him. But he is interested in you, my love, he wants to dance with you.”

“On stage?”

“But, of course.”

“No Way, Anna, I can’t dance like you!”

“Yes you can. You remember that little dance I taught you recently?”

“Yes, but that was just us on the lawn behind the villa, having a bit of fun.”

“But you were so good and we spent a long time practicing. Now you can have a bit of fun on the stage with Miguel as your partner.” She took my hand and almost wrenched me from the stage. No amount of protest could have prevented my flying from the side of the stage to the grass below.

Fortunately it was not very high. Anna landed skillfully on her feet, but I tripped on my skirt and tumbled in a heap at her feet, accompanied by the sound of tearing material.

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE

"FEMININE PROPOSAL"
STAN IS FORCED TO ACCEPT HIS WIFE'S
PROPOSAL...AND BECOME A WOMAN.



Volume 2
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

FEMININE PROPOSAL II




Mike was pissed, Cindy was excited, Vic was
omg, and I was terrified! And this is just
the start of my weekend on another spy's girl!
VOLUME THREE

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

FEMININE PROPOSAL III




Oww, they had made me into a woman!
How could I ever return to being Skanley now?
My manhood wasn't much before, but now...!
VOLUME FOUR

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV



Why did he love wearing women's clothes?
It felt so, so sensual, so right!
VOLUME FIVE

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND A PART OF THIS BEST SELLER!

\$10.00 each plus 2.00 shipping.

If you would like to be on our confidential mailing list, write to me:

Sandy Thomas, P.O. Box 2309, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

All mailings in plain, unmarked envelope.



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

“Oh no,” I groaned from my resting-place on the ground, “I think that was my dress tearing.” I saw an opportunity to escape from the impending embarrassing exhibition on stage. “I’ll have to do something about this right away, Anna. Sorry I’ll have to pass on the dance.”

“It is not a problem, Stevie, follow me. Come and meet my friends.” The Flamenco music had finished and the town band had struck up again. Anna led me across the park to a large tent pitched amongst several others and the food stalls. We entered close on the heels of the other dancers and Flamenco musicians.

Inside of the tent was buzzing with activity with people milling everywhere. A voice called from the far side and Anna led me past racks of dresses. We found her mother and other women busily helping girls peel off their dresses and put them on hangers. I stood, opened mouthed, watching the proceedings.

“Mama, Stevie has torn her dress. Can we help her while there is a break in the dancing? She was going to dance with Miguel when we go back on stage.”

Anna’s mother looked at me for a long moment. “I think we have a dress that would be far better for her to dance in, Anna,” she said pulling a flowing dance dress from a rack.

“That’s my dress for the second set, Mama!”

“No, Anna, it is a spare dress.”

“Oh good! We will have matching dresses, Stevie. You cannot refuse now...can she, Mama?” Anna jumped onto a chair. “Girls,” she announced to the entire population of the tent, “Stevie....”

“Stop it, Anna!” I tugged frantically at her skirt, “No Way!”

“Stevie has agreed to dance with you, Miguel. She has never danced in public, so please help her all you can.”

“One day,” I thought, “One day, somebody will listen to me.”

In an instant, all the dancers surrounded me, offering me luck and advice. Anna politely ushered them away. “You had better get ready, Stevie. We do not have a lot of time,” said Anna. “Take your dress off and pass it to Mama. You will have to take off that tight corset too. You cannot dance in that. It would show under this dress.”

“Anna, I can’t take my clothes off in here! The place is full of people! Remember who I am,” I whispered.

“Stevie, you are just another girl in this tent. Nobody will pay the slightest attention as long as you do not remove your panties. Quickly now, there is not much time.”

Well it didn’t take long to change. There was more to take off than there was to wear. I felt naked standing in the tent in just a pair of panties and the incredibly revealing dress. It had a full flowing skirt, but there was very little above the waistline, just a halter neck that rose almost from the waistband.

“It is a good thing you have an all over tan, Stevie. Not much is left to the imagination in that dress.” I turned on my heels to see Sally and Mum.

I crossed my arms shyly across my chest, trying to cover some of the bare flesh between the neck straps.

“Oh hi, Mum, Sally, I didn’t expect to see you in here...”

“It looks like it,” said Mum with a grin. “I hope you can keep everything in place if you are going to dance in that dress, my darling little girl.”

I blushed and smiled sheepishly, “I’ll try, Mum. This isn’t my choice, you know....”

“No excuses, you wicked girl! Off you go. Anna is waiting for you by the door.”

Back on stage, I joined the party crowding around the edge again to watch the opening dances of the second show. Sally squirmed up beside me with a grin and a comforting squeeze of my waist. I had started off terrified, but relaxed as the show got into its rhythm. I even began to wonder if Anna had decided not to involve me. No Way!

The grand finale was announced and the special change to the program, “A special friend of the troupe had kindly agreed to join them for the last dance! Would everybody please welcome Miss Stevie from England!” Anna rushed across the stage, grabbed my hand, and I was propelled into the center of the stage, helped from behind by Sally.

Castanets were pushed into my hands and the music started. Miguel’s hands were in the air and he was twisting and swirling about me. I followed, raising my arms above my head, following his movements. The audience disappeared, the music throbbed, and I was lost in the sensuous dance. The audience rose as one and roared their appreciation. Anna rushed up to me and we hugged each other and turned to the audience to bow. I was on cloud nine, exhausted, ecstatic, and thrilled.

The evening ended with dancing in front of the stage. I had no lack of partners, but the one partner I really wanted I could not have, and she had her share of male admirers that evening too.

The fiesta marked the end of summer. A few days later, our replacement for the ‘Empress’ was ferried in from the south of France and it was time to head for home.

Anna and I tried to say good-bye the evening before our departure, but I was distraught. Floods of tears smudged my makeup and between us we looked like a pair of clowns. Mum and Cathy came onto the verandah to part us and try to offer some sympathy.

“Stevie, I bought you a present. I was going to give it to you on the boat tomorrow, but why don’t you get it now,” Mum said. “You could try them on and show us.”

“OK,” I sobbed. The prospect of new clothes was interesting. “Where are they?”

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



The Spanish music flowed over and through me as I swayed and danced to the sensuous beat.

“In a large bag on my bed, sweetheart.” The bag contained a pair of blue denim jeans. Mum had kept her promise. I had spent the summer in dresses and now she had replaced my jeans.

I took the bag and with mixed emotions, went to change. I should have been very happy to get back into pants.

It was a struggle to get into the pants but ten minutes later, I was back on the verandah. “MUM! They are awful!” I cried, “Look at me! I look ridiculous! No way can I wear these jeans! What’s wrong with them?”

“Well they are boy’s jeans. They are cut for a boy’s figure, Stevie,” Mum stated.

“I’m a boy and these don’t fit!”

“You’re a boy but you aren’t much of a male anymore. You’ve changed a lot...on the top and BOTTOM! You are more like Anna now. Like me.”

I stared down at my skintight jeans. I thought about the summer and what had happened to me. A new chapter of my life had started and I barely noticed. I had been so involved with the girls--engaged in all the foolishness but important activities of a young woman, I hadn’t had time to think.

Without noticing, I had acquired a world of know how and the self-assurance befitting a young lady. Was it those pills that made it all so easy or had I always inclined towards femininity?

It had been a wonderful summer. I had learned poise and social confidence--even a feminine point of view of boys.

I thought of all the women in my life during the summer. They had taken every opportunity to thrust me into situations where I had to respond femininely. Thinking back, sometimes it had made me angry, other times embarrassed. But it had been wonderful training.

“What am I going to do now?” I moaned.

“Well, the way I see it,” Mum stated, “we can cut your hair off and buy you some more boy clothes then hope those curves go away, OR...”

“OR?” I gasped.

She looked at me and said, “You certainly have a lot of nice dresses now. And they fit! It would be a shame to waste them.”

“That would be a shame!” I agreed.

“I guess we’ll wait a while longer,” she smiled. “You look dreadful in boy’s clothes. Hope you don’t mind wearing girl’s clothes for a while longer?”

“In that case, Mum, I’m going to put my dress back on. You can take the jeans back to the shop. NO WAY am I wearing boy’s clothes, not if they spoil my figure!”

Everybody burst out laughing. “I’m so pleased, Stevie,” said Mum. “We all hoped you would say that, but I had to give you the chance to go home as a boy.”

I flew to change back into lingerie and a dress; feeling normal again. I had more dresses than any girl could ever need. Or wear out. I looked around my room, that was filled with things no boy wanted to

understand. There were panties, girdles, hosiery, high heels and brassieres. Mine to thrill wearing like they did my sister or Anna.

I was worried as I saw their increasing interest in boys. . I fluffed my hair out in the mirror and thought about my future. My sister didn't treat me like a boy, but rather almost like her sister. Even Anna confided intimate details of womanhood. Where did that leave me?

“That's my girl!” mother announced when I returned. “Feel better?”

“Yeah,” I blushed, realizing what I'd just agreed to.

“You look better in a dress,” Mum said. “I hope that's okay for me to say?”

“I guess. I like the way everybody treats me, having my hair done, makeup, scented baths, shopping, and dancing. I guess I like being a girl, Mum. What am I going to do?”

“I think we'd better take things one step at a time, dear. When we get home, you and your sister can start by buying uniforms for school. I've enrolled you in the Sunningbury Girl's School.”

The End?

If you can't find part one, write to me:

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION #47--67

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!	
..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
..... WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS III	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00
GIRL-FRIEND TV FICTION	
..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOST HOSTESS #10	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics:	
..... HE'S THEIR SISTER II #95 NEW	10.00
..... HE'S THEIR SISTER I #94 NEW	10.00
..... BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY II #91	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #90	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
..... GIRLISH #87	10.00
..... PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
..... GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
..... TRYING TO BE PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
..... CALL HIM 'MISS' #77 & #78	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
..... TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
..... JUST & TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
..... SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
..... MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
..... PAUL, GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
..... TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
..... MAID UP #14	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
..... ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:

..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
..... DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00
..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
..... BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49-50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL I #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOES #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
TRADITIONAL TV Fiction Series:	
..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
MISSY SERIES	
..... HE'S SO SKIRT NEW	10.00
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
TOTAL ORDER —	
..... STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	_____
..... USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	_____
..... (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate—up to 10 books)	_____
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:	
SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CARISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC _____ exp. / _____	
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	ST _____
	ZIP _____
..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 1-10	



“Quit complaining! I don’t care if you are the boss’s son. I’m old fashioned and we have a dress code here. The secretaries, I mean, the ‘administrative assistants’ must wear skirts!”

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!
SANDY THOMAS ADV.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA*

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

CITY.....**STATE**.....**ZIP**.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.