

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL"

WEARING HIS SISTER'S CLOTHES,
STEVE IS MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL.



VOLUME #46

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**CONTEMPORARY
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MAGAZINE
VOLUME 46

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL

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QUOTE BOARD

**“Time is a dressmaker specializing in
alterations”**

Faith Baldwin

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL!

By NIKKI

Editorial Support by Kristi Love

"No way!" I said, "I'd rather be nude."

"But your luggage fell off the boat! What are you going to do, wear your wet swimsuit to dinner?"

"Very funny, we're supposed to be eating up on deck tonight. I'll freeze."

"Well don't think I'm going to serve you dinner in your cabin like some waitress, my lad. You either put something on and come to dinner on deck or you can stay here and go hungry."

"But, mum, look at these things."

"For heaven's sake, it's only a wrap round skirt, not so different to wearing a towel after a shower!"

"Yeah, but this one's got flowers on it and look at what the tee shirt has on it!"

"Come on, your sister has been really kind giving up some of her nice clothes for you to wear. Besides who is going to see you? We're in the middle of the Mediterranean?"

"By the way, with only the three of us on-board, you won't get away with not doing your watches and it gets REALLY cold on deck at four in the morning!"

"Okay! But if Sally laughs, that's it. I'll be back in this cabin and stay here 'till we get to Greece! AND I will need something warmer than a tee shirt with "Hot Spice!" written on it for doing my night watch."

"Put on the tee shirt and stop fumbling with that skirt. I'll show you how to tie it in back. Sally is on deck waiting to eat."

I was full, but still cold. It wasn't just the temperature; it was the breeze too. "Here's that sweater!" mother yelled up on deck. Out of the galley flew a pink angora sweater. It was just the stars, moon, and goose bumped me. I put it on and went about my watch.

It was very late when something startled me. "Ahoy, Miss!" was all I heard from the darkness, then a blinding light washed across the deck. "We are the Spanish Coast guard. Please stop your engine. We wish to come aboard!"

"Hey! Turn that light off, I can't see a thing!"

"Please stop your engine immediately."

"OK, just wait a minute. I'll cut the engine and get someone to talk to you."

"Be quick and do not try to escape."

I cut the motor and dived below deck, banging and rattling mum's cabin door. "Mum, get up quick! The Spanish Coast Guard is raiding us. They want to board us NOW!"

Mum quickly wrapped a dressing gown about herself. "What's all the fuss? Do you know what time it is? If anything else has gone overboard..."

I finally stopped her and repeated myself. She paled, "Go get Sally and shut yourselves in the galley. They may not be genuine. I'll talk to them and then join you." She vanished up on deck.

I woke my sister and we stood together, a nervous pair, locked in the galley. Sally was near to panic. "They're pirates, I know it. They'll rob and kill us. Oh no! Perhaps they are white slavers. We'll be raped and sold to Arabs!"

"Where are my pants," I hysterically begged.

"On deck torn and drying out, remember?"

"Oh yeah, still I bet it's nothing. We probably just have a navigation light out or something."

Sally relaxed a little and sighed, "You're probably right." Then turning to me she giggled, "Anyhow, the only one who really needs to worry if they are planning to do anything nasty to us is little Miss Stevie here!"

I looked down at my pretty floral skirt and then back at Sally. I reddened with a mixture of embarrassment and anger. Mum's timely arrival stopped any more speculation and any risk to Sally's life, either from pirates or myself.

"Well, they are the genuine Coast Guard and they think we could be smugglers. Something about our boat and some report they received. We have to go with them to the nearest port so that the 'Empress' can be thoroughly searched. It will take about six hours to get to the north coast of Majorca, so I suggest you go to your rooms and try to get some sleep. I will be on deck with the officer they put aboard. I'll wake you before we get there."

I went to my cabin, peeled off the soft angora sweater and skirt, and climbed into my bunk, but no way could I sleep. Then, just as I managed to doze off,

Mum knocked. "We're in Sally's cabin," she hissed, "Come quickly!"

I joined them a couple of minutes later. The two women stared at me as I entered the cabin. "What's up with you two?"

Mum spoke, "We will be docking in about two hours."

"Two hours! I was just getting to sleep. Why get me up so soon?"

"We have a problem which may take a little time to sort out. Our Spanish friends expect to search a boat crewed by three women."

"So, we explain what happened."

"That could be a little difficult since none of your things are on board. They may think we are trying to deceive them and it could take a long time to put matters straight. Remember that your passport went over with everything else. It will be easier if they think you are a girl for now."

"Oh come on, Mum, don't be silly. What about my jeans?"

"Uh yes...I accidentally kicked them over the side in the dark as we were being boarded last night. I'm sorry, Stevie."

"Brilliant! I'll never get away with it!"

"You did last night, Stevie, and you weren't even trying then."

"But it was dark for heavens sake! They only saw me for a few seconds before I shot below deck."

"I know, that's why I said it may take a bit of time to...well, make you more presentable."

"You know, to do your hair and things," added Sally.

"What things, exactly?"

"Well, your hair needs some work, and makeup will help. Also, we can do something about your figure."

"We? You already discussed this with Sally? You hatch a plan to get me thrown in a Spanish jail and you discuss it with her first? NO WAY!"

A soft knock followed by a dark hair Spanish face peering round the door stopped me in my tracks. I froze momentarily, then leapt for the shower cubicle. "Excuse, ladies, I need the men's room?"

Sally screamed and Mum yelled, "Shut that bloody door! Have you no decency!" Needless to say, the door was shut very quickly with copious apologies from outside. Sally and mum collapsed in fits of giggles.

"Well, Stevie," Mum gasped as she recovered her composure, "You better stay in the shower so we can get started. You heard the nice young Spanish officer call us 'ladies'. I do not think it would be a good idea to disappoint him when we all leave this cabin, do you?"

I groaned then groaned again with even more feeling as a jet of hot water hit me. Sally had turned on the shower for me! I was still wearing my skirt and tee shirt. I peeled the sodden garments off and handed them out to the women who found my performance hysterical. They exchanged my clothes for a bottle of shampoo and strict instructions on its use.

Twenty minutes later, I was sitting on the bunk wrapped in beach towels, sipping a hot chocolate, and having my damp hair combed, generally pulled about and tightly wound onto large curlers by Sally. Mum was rummaging through the closet and lockers producing various items of clothing. Now she sat quietly in the middle of the room with a silly grin on her face.

I said at last, "What do you find so amusing? I can find little to laugh at in our present predicament."

She snapped out of her trance, "Sorry, Love. I'm not really laughing at you. I was just thinking about how determined you have been to let your hair grow and how I kept asking you to get it cut. Now it's just the perfect length for the situation you are in."

"Oh, ha, ha. Well I'm definitely getting it cut the first chance I get when we dock!"

"Don't be like that, Sweetheart. At least wait until Sally has finished. I think it will look lovely, and you may well want to keep it like that." I knew I could not win this argument. I just pouted and finished my chocolate in silence.

An hour later, I was ready to go ashore. I managed to stop Sally from cutting my hair as she styled it. She was enjoying herself far too much at my expense. Now it was curled in a feminine style that complemented the skirt and cotton blouse I was wearing. Under considerable protest, I was wearing a pair of Sally's white panties and a bra stuffed with tissues under my outfit. I had been forced to tolerate Sally applying some makeup to my face.

"Cool, but smart enough to meet the authorities," she announced as she finished.

"Passable!" Mum replied, as she inspected me and helped me step into a pair of low heel, white strappy sandals. "You know, Stevie, if this works, you and Sally could be sisters, just what I always wanted. Just try not to draw attention to yourself. Stick with your sister, act as she does, and we'll be fine. I'm sure it will all be sorted out and we will be on our way in no time."

Strangely, in the last couple of hours of being fussed over and preened by the Mum and Sally, I almost forgot about the big problem. The Spanish government! Mum's enthusiasm for my new persona was rather curious. I'd heard her compliment Sally's looks all her life, but this was a first for me. I usually didn't get any attention other than being told to take out the trash.

The prospect of stepping out of the berth looking as I did and leaving the boat filled me with dread. I faltered at the doorway until a prod between the shoulders propelled me into the small passageway. Sally, who was waiting just behind the door, guided me out of the cabin and onto the dockside before I had a chance to protest.

I cast about in the bright sunlight, blinking and trying to get my bearings. We were in a small harbor. There were several small tourist shops and cafe's on the quayside, a large shed at the far end, with the village proper winding away up a steep hillside behind it. The 'Empress' was tied up next to several, small fishing vessels. The large gray, threatening bow of the customs launch loomed just behind. An armed guard stood on the quayside watching over our yacht, and, as we were leaving, several men, not all in uniform, and two dogs were going on-board.

"Here, wear these," Mum thrust a pair of sunglasses into my hand. She took a deep breath, and started determinedly off towards the town. I did not consider how she knew where she was going, so I just followed meekly beside Sally.

Oh boy! I felt so awkward, so naked. The skirt brushed lightly against my bare legs as the light onshore breeze tugged at it. I was convinced people were looking at me and could see everything under it. I kept tugging it down and trying to hold it flat.

"Stop fidgeting," hissed Sally, "You'll attract attention. Push those shades up onto your head and try to look a little chic, not like a reject from the Mafia. AND for god sake, try to walk like a girl! If I've GOT to have you for a sister, PLEASE try not to show me up!" Well that really did wonders for my nerves. My legs just went to jelly. I think they practically carried me the rest of the way to the Customs House at the far end of the village.

The interview was short and uneventful. We stood nervously in a waiting room while Mum spoke animatedly in fluent Spanish to the official inside. Another surprise, I had no idea that Mum could speak any Spanish at all!



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I felt positively naked as I left the 'Empress'. Could people tell I was a boy wearing girl's clothes?

"All sorted out for now," she announced brightly.
"Now, GIRLS! Let's get some landlubber breakfast at

a little café at the harbor.” She practically skipped down the steps of the Customs House. Sally and I scurried along the narrow street behind her looking at one another in puzzlement.

She selected a café immediately in front of the ‘Empress’ and breakfast was delicious. We may be on Majorca, but the cafe was French and the coffee and croissants were fabulous. Pity mum and Sally kept on about the effect they would have on our figures. ‘Ours’ note, not theirs! I was certain Mum found the cafe a little too easily, not to mention the look the waiter gave her as we sat down.

“Well that was great,” said Sally as she rose from the table. “And now we can get back to the good old ‘Empress’ and finish our holiday.”

“Since we are here, Sally, let’s stay a while. We can get Stevie some clothes of ‘her’ own,” said mum flashing a bright smile in my direction, “Maybe a pants outfit!”

“I’d like that!” I said thinking of Levis.

“I don’t think we are going anywhere just yet,” sighed Sally, “Look...”

We all turned in the direction of her pointing finger. Our young customs officer and two of his colleagues were marching along the street. Clearly they were heading towards us. Mum sank back into her chair, “What now?”

“Good day, ladies,” announced our officer, coming smartly to attention. “I hope you have recovered from our interruption to your journey and enjoyed your meal?” Our replies varied between angry stares and a polite smile from Mum.

He continued nervously, "My captain has asked me to apologize to you all and ask if you could perhaps delay your journey a little longer. It appears that we did a bit of damage to your boat while bringing it in. We have wonderful craftsman here and they have been called in to fix it. My captain would be greatly honored if you would all join him and myself for dinner tonight. Your boat should be ready first thing tomorrow."

He smiled sheepishly and took a step back to stand in line with the other two, still at attention. "What kind of damage to my boat?"

"We tore off one of the main stays. It's being repaired at our cost, Miss."

Mum considered the request, and she looked at Sally and I. I opened my mouth to voice my profound objection, but was silenced by a wave of her hand. "I guess we don't have a choice. Tell your captain that dinner would be lovely," she said. "We must do some shopping today, but we will return this evening to dine with you."

Forgetting my situation, I separated from Sally and marched around the table. "NO WAY, Mum! I can't...."

The world seemed to erupt. I saw the 'Empress' rise up from the water as a blinding flash tore her apart. Almost instantly, the shock wave hit me. I woke to find myself on the floor, the young officer leaning over me, cradling my head. I hurt all over.



What do the police want? Did they find out that I am really a boy? Will I be sent to a Spanish jail while wearing these girls' clothes?

Sally stood back, a little looking shaken, but better off than I. Behind the gathering crowd was all that was left of the 'Empress', a pall of black smoke and a piece of shattered mast on the quay side. Things blacked out again.

I came to some hours after the blast to the sound a woman's voice. "Wake up, sweetheart!"

"That's it, open your eyes for me, honey."

I didn't recognize the voice and the light blinded me as I tried to open my eyes. It was like being blinded by a flash. I tried a couple of times, blinking, and I focused on the female face looking down at me, a complete stranger. I scanned the room, but there was nobody else. I started to panic and I tried to sit up, but she easily held me by my shoulders. I had no strength.

"Easy, honey, you had a nasty experience. You were blown across the pavement when your yacht was destroyed. You're safe now."

"It's OK," she continued, reading my thoughts. "You didn't have any serious damage, just bumps, bruises, and a mild concussion. Even the bruises hardly show and will be gone in a day or two. You will be back in bikinis in no time."

There was no need to read my mind this time. The look of alarm must have said it all! "My mother...sister?"

She waved her hand in a gesture of dismissal, "All okay. Oh, don't you worry, I know about your little secret. I spoke to your mother when you arrived, so I know all about your problem. I have come across one or two boys like you in my time. It's nothing terrible and I won't give you away, so don't worry. I expect I

can even help you. Now rest a while, I gave you a sedative earlier to help you sleep. It will wear off soon and you will get your strength back.”

I watched the woman, a doctor I guessed from her white coat leave the room. I had hardly uttered a word during the entire conversation and I just lay with my mouth wide open trying to grasp what had happened and where I was. I shut my eyes and saw the ‘Empress’ lurching out of the harbor waters, her back broken. I felt the heat of the blast on my face again, then there was nothing until I woke in this room.

I pulled myself up onto one elbow and took a closer look around. It was obviously somebody’s bedroom, perhaps a spare room. There was little furniture, just a small wardrobe, a dressing table, a chair beside my bed, and a couple of rugs on the floor.

Slowly I climbed out of the bed. My head swam as I stood and I had to grab the chair for support. Just in time, I saw the bucket half under the bed and promptly was sick into it. Strangely it helped. I felt better and crossed the cold tiled floor to look out the window.

I was about three floors up in what looked like an apartment building. It was on the edge of a small town which spread out to my right. The other way opened to parched countryside and in the distance I caught glimpses of the sea. I tried the wardrobe, but save for a spare blanket and pillow, it was empty, no clothes, so I went back to looking out of the window. It was pretty boring, nobody came or went, just the occasional dog scavenging in the street and once a beat-up bus coughed and spluttered its way past.

The lady doctor put her face around the door some time later. "Back to bed, honey," she said with a smile. "You may feel OK, but you are still weak." She was pretty, about thirty-five I guessed, dark hair, and with a look and manner that suggested she took a lot of pride in her appearance. Even in a white coat, she looked good.

"Are you Spanish?" I mumbled as I climbed back into the bed, "You speak really good English."

"I am Spanish, yes, but I studied medicine in London and worked there for some years."

"But this is not a hospital is it?"

"No, this is my apartment. You were brought here after the accident. There is no real hospital nearby, and it would have been a long journey over rough roads. I was called to attend to you, they feared you had head injuries."

I wanted to ask her more, but just then Mum walked into the room with the Sally close behind. "I guess it was more than a main stay," I tried to joke to Mum as she sat beside me.

She was not keen to discuss what was going on. She just kept on about how much better I looked and how nice it would be when the three of us were back together. Finally, when I started getting angry, she asked Sally to leave us. The doctor led her out of the room. I heard her reminding Sally they had some things to collect.

"There are a lot of things going on," Mum said. "I can't tell you much about them yet, but the police are trying to blame us for the explosion."

"Us? Wow! And I'm suicidal," I mocked.

“Shut up and listen. We could have all been killed.” I did. Mum never snapped at me like that. “They still think we were smuggling something and that we tried to destroy the evidence. I found a place we can stay once you are fit enough to move, but we will not be leaving this island for some time, I’m afraid.”

“Still in dresses?” I groaned

“Yes, I’m afraid so,” there was little conviction in her voice. “It’s essential that you maintain your character for a while. There is a big investigation into what happened and the authorities will not allow us to go. They also expect to interview myself and TWO young ladies.”

Mum turned her head away and looked at the window. “You know, the doctor says she can help you.” She clearly did not want to meet my eyes. “She says you would be less self-conscious and far more convincing with a little help from her.”

“What help?”

“I’m not exactly sure, some help with how you act and look, I think...and perhaps some pills.”

“NO WAY!” I said without hesitation. “That is totally out of the question. The madness of what has happened and what I have let you and Sally do to me over the last couple of days is bad enough, but drugs...NO WAY! Just get me out of here, please, Mum. Let me go home.” I almost sobbed the words.

Mum sat on the bed, stroked my head tenderly, and said, “You can’t go home, Stevie. We’re stuck on this island and we are in serious trouble. Until we get this mess sorted out, it looks like I have TWO daughters.

Your doctor is an old friend, her name is Cathy, and we can trust her. Before you were born, I lived in Spain for a few years. Cathy was a close friend. It was a stroke of luck that I remembered she had moved to work in Majorca AND so close to where the coast guard brought us! While you were sleeping, I managed to find a place we can stay for a while. A friend of Cathy has some holiday lets and a couple are vacant, so I have rented one."

"And the police?"

"They know little as yet, but I have to report to them daily while they investigate, and we will all be required to see them at some time. It's all a big mistake, but I'm sure we will get it sorted out in no time"

A gentle tap at the door stopped her. We turned to see Cathy entering with Sally in tow. "I've got sleeping bags for those of us without a nice bed to spend the night in," announced Sally with a grin.

"I've managed to rustle up a few nice clothes and other essentials for the patient and her sister," added Cathy. "We have put some food together in the kitchen too."

"Great," said mum, "I'm starved. I haven't eaten since breakfast and it must be dinner time. Let's freshen up and eat. We should turn-in pretty soon and get a really early start in the morning."

The food was great, just salad and sandwiches. Sally had raided the kitchen while Cathy got some of her clothes for us. Sally's cooking skills are not her greatest assets, but anything tastes great when you are as hungry as I was.

"How are you feeling?" Cathy asked. We were sitting in front of her television after our meal, watching the pictures of what was left of our yacht on the local news.

"Better now. The food helped."

"Fancy having a look at the clothes I pulled out of the closet? Come on don't be shy. You'll need something to wear in the morning when you go out. That outfit you were wearing needs a good clean."

"I suppose so," I replied reluctantly, "Haven't you got just some jeans and a sweater I could borrow?"

Cathy took my hand and led me out of the room. "Come on, Stevie, teenage girls are supposed to like trying clothes on. Let's have a bit of enthusiasm!"

"But, Cathy, I'm not... Oh what's the use."

There were two piles of clothes on her bed. "Here," she said, "rummage through these. I'm afraid they are not the latest fashion, but they will do until you can go shopping."

I spotted a pair of jeans and pulled them out. "Uh no, not them, honey. Your Mum said no trousers, too boyish. We'll let Sally have them, but how about this shirtdress? I think it will look good on you. Why not try it on?"

"Now?"

Cathy eyed me up and down and grinned, "Of course...unless you have other plans. Going to a pyjama party perhaps?" She pulled a drawer of her dressing table open. "Come on, put these panties on and we'll see how well that dress fits."

I took the silky underwear she offered and waited. "What's up?" she asked.

"Aren't you leaving?"

"No? Oh, don't be shy. Who do you think got you into that nightdress you are wearing? I'm a doctor remember; I've seen it all many times before."

I could hardly counter that argument, so I pulled the nightdress, really a big tee shirt, over my head and stood naked. "Panties on?"

"Oh yeah, sorry." I stepped into the skimpy, electric blue panties. They were tight and very high-cut. I'm not too well endowed, so they had little trouble containing my manhood. They were rather nice to wear, and I was surprised how comfortable they felt once they were on.

"Sit here by the mirror," she said, "I'll brush your hair for you." I sat on the stool in front of her dressing table. "You have lovely hair," she said as she ran a brush through it. "Have you ever put it up?" I looked up at her, wide eyed with amazement. "Oh no, I guess you wouldn't have. C'mon let's try now. I think it will look cute."

Not waiting for an answer, she set to work with the brush and clips. It was a very pleasant and soothing experience to have Cathy work on my hair. Apart from when I got my haircut at home, nobody had groomed it for me since I was little. Cathy chatted as she worked, she told me more about her and Mum and of her work on the island.

"There," she said, stepping back to admire her handiwork. "Oh Stevie, you still look pale. Can I just

put a little blusher on your cheeks to give you some color.”

“If you must,” I groaned.

A little blusher to Cathy meant more than the words suggested. By the time she had finished, I looked ready for a night on the town. “Hmm, I got a bit carried away, didn’t I?” she said studying my face. “I do love making other people up. I should have been in the theater.”

“I thought you were,” I replied.

She looked puzzled. “Operating theater?” I prodded.

That brought a snigger and a gentle prod in the side. “OK, smart Alec. For that, I’m going to make you look even more like a girl. With that gorgeous hair and makeup, we have gotta hide the bulge in your panties! With the help of a little tape, I think. Drop those panties and spread your legs a little please, dear?”

I think my eyes nearly popped out as she gently massaged my testes up into my groin, folded my penis back between my legs and held it in place with a strip of surgical tape. “That’s just for tonight,” she said. “It’ll hurt like hell getting that tape off, you are quite hairy. There are better ways of doing the job. I will see what I can fix later and you will HAVE to lose some of that hair. Here put the panties back on.”

“Lovely,” she said, “I think I have the bra and suspenders to match them somewhere in the drawer.”

In no time, I was presented with a lacy blue bra and suspender belt to match the high cut panties I was already wearing, AND she had found a pair of dark tan stockings.

"NO WAY! Cathy, please!" I begged. "Hiding my...er...you know what under these tiny knickers is one thing, but STOCKINGS TOO!"

"Oh come on, Stevie, it's just a bit of fun. Look in the mirror. Will a pair of sexy stockings really make much difference now?"

Of course she was right, one look in the mirror proved that. I could easily have been a flat chested girl!

"I'll help you with the bra," she said. "I guess you haven't had much practice with them yet." I let her fasten it at the back and fill the cups with cotton from a jar on the dressing table.

"I'd better show you how to do the stocking too," she laughed, "I don't want them ruined. They cost a fortune!" I sat on the dressing table stool, as she knelt in front and gently slipped the silky stockings over my feet and up my legs.

"There," she said, slapping the last suspender against my leg as she fastened it, "Now into this satin slip and that pretty blue dress while I find you a pair of shoes and we are ready."

"Ready for what?" I asked as I pulled on the dress. It was a good fit, since we were a very similar size. A smart blue shirtdress, it buttoned right through the front. It had a well fitting top with a wide collar and it flared from the small, belted waist into a loose full skirt.

"Oh, just for me to show off my creation to your Mum and sisters, honey, don't panic. The bars and discos can wait for another night! Here, step into these."

Wow! That was a relief. I was already having trouble walking with everything strapped up between my legs, so the heels on the shoes Cathy gave me really caused problems. I wobbled about the room on the three-inch heels for several minutes before I began to get my balance. BUT...and this was difficult to admit, I was beginning to enjoy myself, and I liked the image I saw as I passed the mirror.

The wide skirt moved and brushed against my legs as I walked was a new and enjoyable sensation. I stood in front of Cathy's mirror playing with the skirt, pushing it about with my hands and swinging my hips to make it brush my stocking clad legs, absolutely enjoying the experience. Until, in the mirror, I saw Cathy's reflection. She stood, arms folded, behind me, watching. I had been totally lost in my own experience for a few moments. I thought I looked and I actually felt sexy. I stopped abruptly and turned to face her, my face flushed with embarrassment. Even under the powder and blusher I guess it still showed.

"It's OK, honey, enjoying the feel of sexy clothes and admiring your good looks is nothing to be embarrassed about, it's one of the perks of being a girl. Now go and surprise the others."

That brought me down to earth. "No, Cathy, I can't. I look ridiculous. They'll laugh at me. NO WAY can I let them see me like this."

"Don't be silly. You look great. They won't laugh. Did they laugh this morning? You were in a skirt then, remember?"

"How could I forget?"

"Right! Now get in there or I'll call them in here! GO!"

Of course, Cathy was right. There was no ridicule in the reception I got from Mum and Sally. I thought Mum looked a little taken aback when I first walked into the room. Later she told me it was confusion. She actually didn't recognize me for a moment, but Sally was all over me.

"Stevie! You look fabulous. Oh I love the dress, and great hair and makeup," squealed Sally rushing across the room to hug me. I can't remember the last time she wanted to do that. We were usually in the middle of some big fight and avoiding one another.

She stepped back, holding me at arm length, "Not bad," she said, "Not bad...for a boy you make a pretty good girl." I was beginning to like this.

Mum had been watching us carefully. "Stevie, are you wearing stockings?"

"Um...yes, Mum, they're Cathy's. How can you tell?"

"Oh, I can't, but if Cathy had anything to do with what you are wearing, it was almost a certainty."

"Let's see, Stevie, show us please!" Sally begged.

I flushed again and pushed the skirt tightly against my thighs nervously. "Go on, please," said Mum, "We'll never hear the end of it, from her, if you don't. You know what she is like about clothes."

Coyly I lifted my skirt and slip, keeping my knees pressed tightly together, to display the dark stockings and the expanse of bare thigh before the unhindered blue of the shiny panties. Sally stood square in front of me grinning in expectation as I revealed my underwear.

“OH MY GOD! YOU'RE...YOU'RE SO GIRLISH! Why, I mean how?”

“Don't worry, dear,” Cathy laughed, “I've not castrated him. Just tucked it all away with the help of some sticky tape.”

Now it was Sally's turn to blush. “Oh right, I see,” she said, her eyes fixed firmly on my satin covered groin. She gave a little shake of her head and looked up with a smile, “I'd love to borrow that slip from you sometime, Stevie.”

“Oh god,” groaned Mum, “He's been a girl for five minutes and is already swapping clothes with his sister!”

Suddenly I felt shattered. I flopped down onto the sofa. Cathy came over and checked me, “It's OK,” she said. “She's just exhausted. I should have been more careful and not got her over excited. She is still a little high on the cocktail of drugs I gave her earlier. I'll give her a sedative now and after a good night's sleep, she will be fine.”

I woke next morning to the smell of fresh coffee. Cathy had just pushed the door of my room open and was walking in with a tray in her hand, “Hi, welcome to the land of the living. Here have some coffee. Your Mum and sister are getting the car loaded. They will be back in a minute.”

I sat up in bed and accepted two small tablets and the hot coffee in silence. It tasted really good. My throat was sore and my head did not feel too good. I watched Cathy prepare coffee for the others and thought over the events of the night before. “My god I must have been mad behaving like that in front of my mother and sisters last night. Still, Cathy did say she

thought I was high on the drugs she gave me. I guess that must explain my actions. I hope the girls will understand what was happening and not try to make fun of me."

I remembered too, how I looked in the sexy underwear and discreetly slipped a hand under the sheets. I was naked, the tape was gone and everything was back in its normal place. Cathy removed it, I guessed.

"At least she saved me the agony by removing it while I was sleeping," I thought. "I must have been out cold not to wake! Oh boy and she gave me more pills this morning! I know what they do now, and I'll be ready to fight the effects this time, but they do seem to work. My head is clearing already, I feel quite good."

We left the apartment about half an hour later in Cathy's big four-wheel drive. Sally had found the jeans and sweater Cathy had taken out, I was in a short black skirt; no jeans for Stevie. She had, however, brought a thick, baggy sweatshirt for me. I was grateful for it. Just after dawn in early summer was chilly, even on a Mediterranean island.

The holiday let sat on the edge of a small hamlet a mile or two from the harbor where we lost the 'Empress'. The apartment was on its own, some distance from the next buildings, and surrounded by an ancient and very overgrown orchard and garden. It must have been over a century old and had certainly seen better days. A wide, covered verandah went right around the house.

The car bounced down the short rutted drive and scrunched to a halt in a cloud of dust by the verandah, waking a rather scruffy dog, which was sleeping on a

big chair. He stretched, yawned, and strolled over to greet us while wagging his tail. Sally and I started making a fuss of him while Mum and Cathy began to unload the back of the car. "Some guard dog!" called Mum as she rounded the front of the car.

"There's plenty of room inside," called Cathy, "you girls run inside and pick out a bedroom for yourselves."

Cathy was joking. There were only two huge bedrooms to choose from on the first floor. Each had a wonderful tiled bathroom attached to it. One room had a big double bed, while the other had two single beds. I tried for the room with the double bed, but was quickly ushered by Mum in with Sally.

The ground floor had two main rooms again, a dining room and an enormous comfortable lounge. The run-down exterior gave no clue to the sumptuous interior of our new home. We found Mum in the kitchen, which was an extension on the back of the house. She was preparing some food for breakfast. Cathy was sitting at a huge pine table in the middle of the room fussing the dog's head.

We joined her as Mum brought the food across. I ate little, my insides were rather unsettled, and I left the table early. I crossed to the sink unit and stood, looking out of the window above it, across the ancient, overgrown orchard. It was really quite beautiful with long grasses and wild flowers growing amongst the gnarled trunks of the old trees.

I sighed and looked back to Mum, Cathy, and Sally eating breakfast. "Those pills are affecting me again," I thought. "I'm thinking like those three at the table."

"WHAT the hell's that!" I squealed. Something cold, wet, and very unpleasant was sliding under my skirt and up the inside of my bare thigh.

"ZAK! DOWN!"

I turned on my heels and saw the hound from the verandah, tail between his legs and ears flattened, trotting towards a girl who stood framed in the garden door.

"You should be careful wearing such a short skirt with this evil beast around," she laughed. She crouched down to fuss the dog's ears, "Hello, I'm Anna. You know you are honored. He's usually not interested in girls."

I smiled and thanked her. She was stunning, slim, with a beautiful figure, and a small elfin face framed by thick black hair that flowed to her waist. I was hooked, if only I could ask her out, but...like this, in a skirt and padded bra. NO WAY!

Cathy left the table, hugged Anna, and kissed her on the cheek. "Anna is Maria's daughter, my friend who owns this house. Anna has finished school for the summer, so she has agreed to look after you two while your mother is busy sorting out your problems and I am at work. She is going to take you into the biggest town on this part of the island to do some shopping. We will join you there later."

Mum reached for her purse and produced a wad of notes. "You will need some cash I expect," she said passing the money between us. "Sally, you take this credit card. Look after it, and buy what you need to replace the things that were destroyed. I expect the insurance will pick up the bill, but don't go stupid. Oh

and look after Stevie, she will need a lot of help getting the right things.”

I shot Mum an angry look. I got the implication of the last sentence. She expected me to buy female clothes. With Anna standing there and with no idea how much she knew about me, I had no way of arguing.

It was like Christmas, New Years, and her birthday all rolled together for Sally. The prospect of being let loose with a credit card was almost overwhelming. Anna quickly joined in the animated conversation, making suggestions and telling her about the shops we would be visiting.

We left the house as Mum and Cathy drove away and walked along the dusty road to the middle of the village where we waited for the local bus service to arrive. Several villagers joined us just as the bus pulled up. It looked exactly like the one I had seen the day before, just as ancient, dusty, and noisy.

We all bundled onto the bus and squeezed onto the seats along with the passengers already on-board. It seemed that everybody knew everybody else, and certainly they all knew Anna. She introduced us to the cheerful, grinning group of peasants, and we did our best to join in the conversation and questions with our limited Spanish, many hand signs, and Anna’s help.

I was pinned between an immense middle-aged woman and an old man whose age I could not guess. The girls shared another seat behind me with a woman carrying two huge baskets. The old man terrified me because every time I looked round, he was leering at me, offering me the dirty bottle of wine he

carried, or staring at my breasts. I began to wonder if he had seen through my disguise.

The woman kept up a constant flow of conversation and seemed happy with my occasional smile and nod. I did not understand a word she said. It came as a great relief when, half an hour later, the bus lurched to a halt and the pair got off. Anna skipped round the seat to join me.

"I am sorry you were separated from your sister. It is market day and the bus is always crowded. Do not worry about old Carlos, he is harmless, he would not have touched you. Juliet, his daughter, is a little simple, but you made a big impression, they like you. There are not many others about here who would sit with them by choice and they were grateful for your company. Now tell me, why do you have a boy's name? Stevie is a boy's name, yes?"

"Oh, that's easy," interrupted Sally from behind us. She leaned forward pushing her head between us. "Anna meet my sister Stephanie. We call her Stevie because she has been such a tomboy since she was little. Do you know there was not a single dress in the luggage she brought on holiday with her? Mummy had been hoping this holiday might soften her a bit, with just us girls for company. Now that we have to buy new clothes, Mummy wants us to...er...guide her choice a little."

Anna smiled and nodded, "I understand. Your sister is pretty and should not behave like a boy. We will look after her and show her how much nicer it is to be a girl. With our help, she will be beautiful!"

The wild countryside began to be replaced by houses, as we were entering a small town. "We have

arrived,” Anna announced as the bus pulled to a halt in a dusty square. Everybody piled off and the three of us were quickly alone in the middle of the square.

“Is this it?” groaned Sally. “Where are all the shops?”

Anna laughed, “This is Majorca, not the middle of Paris! But all we need is here. Come and I will show you.”

Anna led us through a maze of little lanes that led off the main square. There were dozens of tiny shops. It seemed that everything possible was on sale here, but of course, Sally’s only interest was clothes. I followed a few paces behind her and Anna, feeling very self-conscious in such a public place.

All the lanes were crowded with people, not just locals, there were a lot of tourists too. I felt more conspicuous here where the language I could hear was my own, than on the crowded bus. Our borrowed clothes now looked out of place in the warm sunlight.

We strolled through a couple of shops, the girls picking out clothes they liked, holding them up and discussing their merits. A few things were even purchased. I kept in the background, feeling really out of place. The only time I had ever been in woman’s clothes shop was with Mum in a big department store. These were small, intimate shops, and I had no idea how to handle myself.

Anna’s arm slipped through mine, “You are not shopping? You must look for some new clothes. Come I will help you. What is your size?”

“She’s a 12,” came a muffled shout from the other side of the shop.

"This dress would look good on you, yes?" I just nodded stupidly.

"Fine, let's try it on!" She took my hand and led me towards a small changing cubicle.

"Anna!" Sally called, "Take these for Stevie to try as well." She appeared from behind a rack with an armful of clothes.

I was bundled into the tiny changing room. I dropped the pile of clothes onto a chair in the corner, then stood looking down at them wondering what to do next.

"Hurry up, Stevie! There is only one changing room and I want to try this gorgeous little black dress," called Sally.

I selected a matching green top and skirt and started to pull my sweater off, over my head. "Here, Stevie, you forgot the dress I found for you." Anna parted the heavy curtains and stepped in beside me.

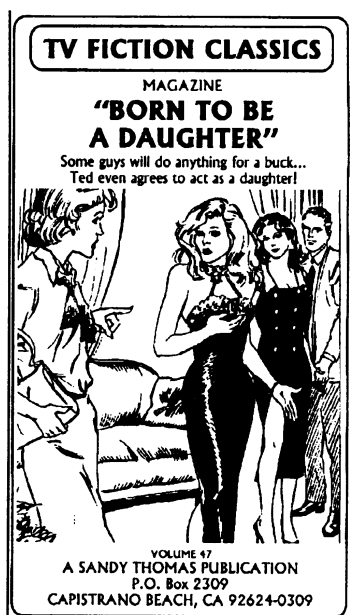
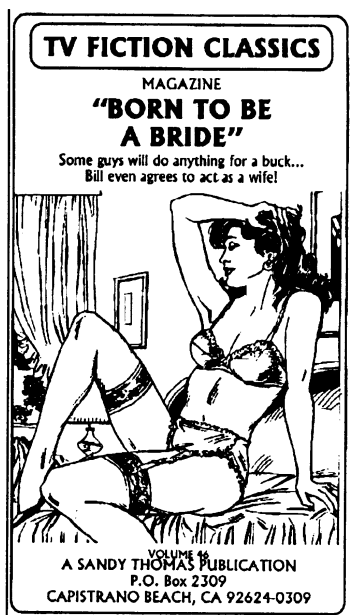
I pulled the sweater back down quickly, "Oh sorry, you startled me."

"You are very shy, Stevie, but I will close the curtain for you. Now come, let us see what this dress looks like on you."

She closed the curtains behind her and turned towards me. I had backed into the corner, holding onto the hem of the sweatshirt. "Oh, Stevie, you are so silly! Take off that hot sweater."

I hesitated. NO WAY was I going to reveal what was underneath. Anna reached out quickly and pulled the sweater up over my head before I could stop her.

The padded bra was pulled up over my chest by the motion.



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"You...you're a boy!" exclaimed Anna. "Please don't tell the store manager," I pleaded.

Anna let out a gasp. She stared at my flat, bare chest in astonishment. I thought she was about to run from the shop screaming. But, after several long seconds, a smile grew on her lips. "I have seen girls of your age with small breasts, Stevie, but you...you have none at all. I take it that you are not really a girl?"

I nodded nervously. "That explains some things that have puzzled me about you. I thought you were acting a little strange, but now I understand."

I had the sweater in my hands and started to pull it back over my head. "No, Stevie! You are here to try these clothes on. Put the sweater down and let me help."

"You are not mad with me? You still want to help?"

"But of course I want to help. I was a little surprised to learn about you this way. Perhaps I would never have known had I not entered just now, always thinking you as simply a rather strange girl. I think you are very brave and it will be great fun helping you to be the girl you want to be. But I think that perhaps this dress is a little daring for you at present. Let's try that green outfit you were holding."

She helped me straighten my underwear and put on the green top and skirt. They were made from a soft, stretch fabric and fitted comfortably, I liked them, and Anna assured me that I looked good in them. She found a pair of shoes that matched and insisted, with much vocal support from my sister who had guessed what happened in the changing room, that we should buy them and I should keep them on.

We moved around the town, in and out of shops for another hour until we came across a cafe with tables and chairs set outside under huge umbrellas. As one,

we collapsed around a table, grateful to be in shade and off our feet at last. Anna ordered our lunch from a young waiter, and while the food was being prepared, we sipped cold drinks and inspected the contents of the various bags we were carrying. It was clear that although we had been shopping for some time and filled several bags, there was a lot more still to do. Sally had most of the essentials she needed, two or three outfits, underwear, etc., but I had really bought very little apart from what I wore.

"I know," said Anna, "We will leave our bags here after lunch. I know the manager, and he will not mind. We shop again this afternoon for both of you, but then we come back tomorrow just for Stevie. We can take her to some special shops I know. We will pamper her with a very feminine experience. I think we should get her hair and makeup done professionally and a manicure, it will be wonderful."

"Oh yes, that's brilliant," said Sally, "But can I have my hair and nails done too? I feel a mess after the last couple of days."

"Excellent idea! I will join you. I know just the place, I'll use the telephone in the restaurant and make some bookings now," said Anna.

As she disappeared through the door, I glared at my sister. "You have got to stop her, Sally. She thinks I WANT to be like this. No way am I getting my hair done, NO WAY!"

Sally shook her head in mock despair. "Sorry, Stevie," she said, "But I am having too much fun. You will just have to grin and bear it. NO WAY can I let you stop now."

So, after lunch, it was back to the stores again. I bought a nightdress and Anna took me to pick out some bras and panties. The girl in the store kept asking me questions. What fixings I preferred, front or back, and did I want them under-wired? Did I want half or full cup, and what cup size was I? She must have thought me really stupid, as I just kept looking to Anna for answers. She picked several out, but insisted I make the final choices.

“Would you like to try any of them first?” the girl asked.

“No,” I mumbled, “I’m sure they will be fine.”

We found a chemist shop. I felt easier going in there just to buy a toothbrush, I thought, but the girls had different ideas. They found the cosmetic counter and pulled me over to join in trying colors, perfumes, etc.

“Stevie, do you think this lipstick suits me?”

“What about this nail polish, Stevie? I think it would go with that lipstick you are holding. What do you think, Anna?”

“Not that foundation, Stevie. Your skin color doesn’t match!”

“But I was only holding it for you.”

“Here, you take this one. It’s much better for your complexion.”

“Oh, that’s a lovely eyeshadow, but I’ve already got two. Here, Stevie, you take it. We can always swap at home.”

“You better get some cleanser and moisturizer too. Oh, and here’s a really cute bag to keep it all in.” I

swear Sally hardly stopped to take breath for half an hour!

I left the store, shell shocked and confused, with my own cosmetic bag full of lipsticks, eye shadows, mascara, several items I was not too sure about, and yes, a toothbrush!

With three girls choosing and two completely restocking their cosmetic supply, the store must have sold as many cosmetics that afternoon as they usually sold in a month. Certainly the female assistant looked very happy. The manager insisted on holding the door for us as we left, bidding us a good day in his poor English, and begging us to return soon. I must admit that the way he treated us was rather fun. We skipped through the door smiling to him and giggling to one another.

The way we were being treated everywhere was different from anything I had experienced before, the little manager holding the door, and the waiter who had insisted on helping me to my chair. All the shop assistants were so nice, but the admiring glances from the local boys were quite disturbing. I still tugged at the hem of my skirt from time to time, trying to cover a bit more thigh.

My early self-consciousness eased, and the fear that people knew I was a boy left, replaced with a growing confidence and pleasure. This, I decided, was fun. I did wonder if the treatment we were receiving was just because we were girls or if the money we were spending had anything to do with it.

Mum met us at the restaurant around five, and then she hired a car and drove our many bags and us back to the villa. Cathy joined us just before we sat

down to eat dinner, eager to discuss the events of the day.

Sally and Anna chatted animatedly about the shopping trip while we ate and told of their plans for the next day. I found the discussion about what they were going to have done to their hair and especially what they thought should be done to mine most embarrassing.

Mum, who was next to me, was no comfort. She gave her full blessing to the plan, agreeing that my hair was a bit of a mess and some professional treatment would do no harm. I tried protesting once more, but I was outnumbered.

Mum had suffered a pretty dismal day inside the courthouse, plowing through red tape and officialdom. She had made little progress except to realize that she would be spending many days there and that there was little hope of us being allowed to leave the island for quite some time. It seemed that the senior judge who had to give his verdict on both the original smuggling charges and the investigation into the explosion was about to go on holiday himself and had no intention to read the reports before his return some weeks later.

After dinner, we took our coffees out on the verandah. It was a beautiful warm evening. We sat watching the sunset and listening to the insects coming to life and chatting about nothing in particular. Sally showed off her new clothes. It was nice to be in the audience this time. I sat on a big swing chair next to Anna, offering my opinion on the various outfits.

Although I was enjoying myself, I began to feel sleepy. Without a thought, I snuggled in beside Anna, resting my head on her shoulder. She said nothing, but a few moments later, I felt her hand on my bare thigh. It rested there gently just for a few seconds, and then returned to her lap. She flashed me a cute, wrinkled nose grin when I raised my eyes to look at her. We stayed on the seat together for the rest of the evening, watching my sister and drinking coffee.

I was really tired and my head kept nodding. The warm evening and heavy perfume of the garden were having quite an effect on me. I rose as soon as Sally had finished her fashion show and excused myself.

“I’ll get your medication,” said Cathy.

I shot her a surprised look. “It’s not so long ago that you were hurt, Stevie. You are still a bit confused.”

Anna jumped up from beside me, “You stay there, Cathy, I can help Stevie, what does she need?”

I went up to the bedroom and got ready for bed, pulling on the cute, lace-trimmed nightdress I had bought earlier. Anna followed me into the bedroom and handed me a couple of tablets and a glass of water. She waited until I had finished and took the glass from me, carefully putting it down on a small writing table.



She likes me! She really likes me! Maybe this girl thing isn't so bad after all.

I was standing on a large rug in the middle of the room, when Anna joined me, and she reached out and put her hands on my waist. It was a warm evening, and all I was wearing was the thin, almost transparent, cotton nightdress. I could feel her gentle grip as if there was nothing between us. My heart was pounding and I wondered what she was doing.

Suddenly, she tightened her grip and pulled me firmly towards her. As we met, her full red lips touched mine, she kissed me quickly, then instantly let go. She stepped back, her face flushed and her big brown eyes wide with excitement, "I am so sorry," she whispered, "but I have wanted to do that all day."

I managed to recover sufficiently from the shock to reply in a whisper, "I'm not sorry."

Anna needed no further prompting. I was pinned in her arms in an instant, being kissed passionately. I squirmed free of her embrace. I needed air!

"Why?" I gasped, "I mean...you are a gorgeous girl! I was attracted to you the first time I saw you, any guy would be. But look at me? I never thought you would be attracted to me. A boy with his hair in ribbons and wearing dresses! NO WAY!"

Anna smiled, gently pushed me onto the bed, and kissed my forehead as she pulled the covers up. "I cannot explain why I am drawn to you, just accept our feeling for one another, and enjoy it. Now sleep."

I slept soundly. Even Sally coming to bed did not wake me. Anna standing over me with a coffee roused me the next morning. "Did you go home?"

She laughed, "Of course I went home. I have slept and now it is time to get you ready for your visit to the beautician. Drink this while I prepare a bath for you."

The bathroom was warm and full of steam. Anna met me by the door and pushed me towards the bath. "Have a good soak," she said, "while I help prepare breakfast. Oh you will need this too, I think."

She offered me a razor. "I don't need to shave yet," I replied.

"Your face no, but your arms and legs are a little hairy. Every girl wants to keep her skin a soft and smooth as possible, Stevie."

"NO WAY, Anna! I'm not shaving my legs!"

"But you must, and you will look so much lovelier! Ah! Perhaps you do not know how? Would you like me to come and help you?"

"No thank you, Anna, I can cope on my own."

I pushed the door shut and dropped the robe I was wearing. The bath was hot, scented, and very relaxing. I washed, then just lay luxuriating, enveloped in the heat for a while, until it made my skin tingle. I looked at the razor lying where I had put it on the side of the bath. With a sigh, I lathered one of my legs and started to pull the blade gently across it.

I found a huge soft towel on a heated rail and had just wrapped myself in it when Anna returned. "You are finished, good. And you have shaved yourself?"

I nodded. "Then we should put some of this oil on your body to protect the skin." She produced a bottle from a wall cabinet, opened it, and poured some oil onto her hands.

"Come remove your towel and I will massage this into your skin."

"Anna!"

"Don't be silly. It is necessary to stop your skin from being sore from the razor."

How could I argue? I had no experience to call on. I dropped the towel to the floor and stood naked before her. She worked the oil gently into my skin, her soft hands rubbing and massaging. It felt so good that I closed my eyes and stood in ecstasy, wanting the experience to last forever.

"Stevie!" Anna's voice woke me from my reverie, "I think you are enjoying the experience too much!" She had been massaging the tops of my thighs and the erotic experience made me respond as most red-blooded males would.

"Oh sorry," I gasped, covering my erect masculinity with my hands.

Anna giggled, "I must be careful not to have this effect on you when you wear one of your little dresses, I think." She slapped my naked rear. "There I am done. Put your robe back on and we can get some breakfast."

Sally had beaten us to the kitchen. She was in high spirits. She complained about how long I took in the bathroom. "Typical female," she sneered.

"Indeed," agreed Mum, "Thank god she did not do her makeup and dress in there too. You would be locked out all day."

"It is a good thing you let me use your bathroom, Mummy, or we would be late for our appointment,"

replied Sally with contempt. "I don't know what inspired us to invite her on this holiday with us!"

Anna was frozen to the spot in horror, a cup in one hand, and coffee jug in the other. "Well Anna," I said, giving her a wink. "You can certainly tell who your true friends are when jealousy rears its ugly head!"

"Jealousy!" shrieked Sally, "What have we got to be jealous of?"

"It's obvious you are both jealous of my good looks," I replied.

Sally nearly choked on the toast she was eating, Mum collapsed onto the table laughing hysterically, and poor Anna looked more confused than ever. It took some time to convince Anna that we were simply playing and that we did not hate one another.

I dressed after breakfast in a white tee shirt, a denim skirt with a bib and brace top, short white socks, and trainers. The skirt and trainers were Anna's own. She had brought them with her for me to wear.

"You have not many clothes yet," she said. "So I have brought you some of mine. You cannot wear the same outfit for two days, Stevie. This denim skirt is one of my favorites, I would love to see you wearing it."

I was very aware of my shaved legs. They seemed extremely sensitive. Every move or touch of the skirt, even the breeze, caused a sensation. "Wow! Your legs look great!" exclaimed Sally, "What have you done to them?"

"Really? Thanks," I replied, "I just shaved them when I had my bath and Anna put some moisturizer

on them, that's all. They do feel really nice," I said running my hand over the bare skin.

Half an hour later, we were sitting on the bus traveling into town. I was looking out of the window at the passing countryside thinking of nothing in particular when it dawned on me just how out of character I had acted when Sally complimented me on my legs. A boy should have been embarrassed at least, not proud of that compliment. I worried over my behavior for the rest of the journey.

There was no time for contemplation when the bus arrived in the little square. We were late and had to dash through the narrow streets to get to our hairdresser appointment on time. We bundled into the shop hot and breathless to be met by Jean-Paul and Gloria, the owners who had agreed as a personal favor to Anna to supervise our visit themselves.

After introductions, Jean-Paul took my hand. "Mademoiselle, Stevie, it will be my honor to take personal care of all your needs today."

"How many French are there on this island?" I thought.

Then he leaned forward and kissed my hand. My eyes must have been wide with terror. I looked from my sister to Anna for some sort of help, but they just stood smiling at me.

"Please...NO WAY...please," I implored silently to them, over my shoulder, as Jean-Paul led me through a curtain into a large cubicle.

The prospect of having my hair done was terrible enough, but it soon became clear that I had far worse in store than a simple shampoo. I was seated in a

reclining chair, dropped onto my back with my head over a sink, and covered from the neck down in a floral cover. Jean-Paul washed and conditioned my hair, muttering and complaining bitterly throughout about its poor condition and what he could do for me given a few weeks!

“A few weeks,” I thought. “A few days and I want to be long gone from this island, pal!”

It was strangely soothing having someone else massaging my scalp and feel the jets of hot water on my head. Then, out came the scissors, snipping, trimming, and layering. I had no say in what Jean-Paul was doing. He had decided on the perfect style for me and could not be swayed from his path.

I tolerated most of his attention, actually I could see very little of what was happening with my back to the mirror, but when he moved to the front of my head, started combing damp hair forwards and cutting it across my eyebrows, I knew my fate was sealed. Bangs! No self-respecting young man would be seen with a haircut like this. I nearly cried.

Jean-Paul pulled a sort of skullcap onto my head and started pulling strands of my hair through holes in it. “What are you doing?” I squealed in agony!

“You wished your hair to have highlights?” he replied. “I must prepare the sections to be dyed, of course.”

“Of course,” I thought. “Silly me! Any boy my age should know all about what goes on in a woman’s hair salon”

The poking and prodding was bad enough, but then he donned rubber gloves, smeared stinking chemicals

over the exposed strands, then covered it with a cap placed and placed me under a hairdryer.

My hands and nails were given the VIP treatment whilst I was trapped under the dryer, then it was back to Jean-Paul for his finale. With mousse and a blow drier he teased and styled his final masterpiece. Still they would not let me see myself.

Gloria led me to her personal area for my makeup session, an intense session of cleansing, moisturizing, foundation, eyes (liner, mascara, shadow), including having my eyebrows plucked and shaped (more torture!), lips (carefully outlined and filled with a brush), cheeks, powder, and a constant dialogue from Gloria.

“At last,” I thought, “Now they will let me see what has been done.” But no, first I had to take off my denim skirt, tee shirt, and trainers. Jean-Paul nearly had heart failure as I pulled the tee shirt over his masterpiece, I nearly had heart failure over what would happen if he saw the contents of my bra cups!

There was a white dress and shoes waiting for me, the one Anna had picked out in the shop the day before. “Suitably stylish for my sophisticated new look,” Gloria informed me. Jean-Paul repaired his work and then I was placed in front of a full-length mirror. Wow! Was that I?

Petite, figure hugging white dress, hair in a full bouncy bob that neatly framed my face, light brown with highlights a shade or two lighter. Stunning, sultry eyes with narrow arched eyebrows and full shiny red lips and matching nails...ALL GIRL, no mistake.

“NO WAY!” I thought. “That can’t be me!” I loved what I saw though I had to admit. I’d ask her out any day, she was gorgeous and sexy. But...SHE WAS I! I turned to study myself from various angles. I ran a hand down over the curvaceous dress, almost hugging myself. I felt so sexy.

The girls joined me, since their hairstyling was finished some time before my special treatment. Along with all the shop staff, they praised the transformation enthusiastically, hugging me and kissing my cheek. It was all rather overwhelming and emotional. Nobody had ever noticed when I got my haircut before, let alone make such a performance over my appearance.

I had, in truth, thoroughly enjoyed the entire experience. But NO WAY was I about to admit it to Mum or my sister!



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I was aghast! That lovely girl in the pretty dress couldn't be me! Anna and Sally merely smiled at my astonishment.

It was late in the day for lunch when we got to the cafe, but the young waiter made us most welcome. He quickly produced a huge bowl of salad and bottles of wine for us. He kept staring at me. When we arrived he stared at me, when he served us his eyes were on me, and he was watching me through the door of the cafe while we ate. I began to feel most uncomfortable.

I asked Anna if she had noticed him looking at me. "No," she said. "I expect he just likes pretty girls, Stevie. He is probably looking the same way at all of us. You are not used to being admired, so you notice more than your sister and I do."

"I'll find out for you, Stevie," Sally announced, rising from her chair. "Oh don't not worry, Stevie, I will be discreet." She left the table, gave me a wink and announced in a loud voice that she had to powder her nose!

"It is all right, Stevie," she said on her return. "I spoke to the boss inside. It would appear that the boy is a little stupid. He thinks you are the hottest thing he has seen for months and he has fallen madly in love with you. He was taken with you when we came yesterday, but he was overwhelmed when he saw you today with your new style and beauty. I am afraid, Stevie, that this could be the first conquest of many. We are making you into a very beautiful young woman and people, boys especially, are beginning to take notice."

I groaned and shrunk into my chair. Sally smirked. "Stevie's got a boyfriend!" she taunted in a singsong voice.

"OK, OK, no need to rub it in, Sally," I sighed.

Fortunately the waiter was shy, and he would not look at me while he was close to me or say a word, which suited me fine. The last thing I wanted was to have to deal with an amorous waiter.

Mum and Cathy joined us while we were eating. This meant more enthusiasm for my makeover and hairstyling. Later, we strolled about the town so that Mum could buy a few things for herself.

Cathy joined me at the back of the little group as we walked through the town. "You know," she said, "You are really turning into a wonderful girl. Are you beginning to enjoy it just a little now?"

I hesitated as I thought through my reply. "I thought so," she said, "Say nothing. It is hard to accept that what you are doing is right and should be enjoyed, but I see you are finding pleasure in the experience. I will say no more now, but I have something for you when we get back to the villa."

We returned to the villa in the comfort of Mum's hired car, a relief after that dusty, bumpy bus. Cathy took me to one side after dinner, and she produced a box and offered it to me. "Here, this is what I told you about earlier."

I opened the box and peered down at two pink gelatinous mounds. "Prosthesis," Cathy said, "Artificial breasts used by women who have mastectomies. I managed to get them from the hospital for you. They will look far better than the padding you use now and they will behave like real breasts as you move. I have some adhesive patches too. You can wear them with very little support; a tight dress or swimming costume would be enough.

Come on, let's try them now, and see if anybody notices."

I lifted them out of the box. They were soft, pliable, and surprisingly heavy. "OK," I said with a grin. She unzipped my dress and I held it about my waist while Cathy pulled the stuffing from my bra cups and fitted my new boobs.

"By the way," she whispered in my ear, as she worked, "Have you been taking the medication I left for you?"

Yes," I replied, "But I really do feel OK now."

Cathy zipped up the dress, "That's good. Now I must be honest with you, the pills are not just for concussion any longer. I said the other day that I could help you become a girl, well these breasts are part of that help, but so are the pills..."

"You mean hormones?" I gasped.

"Yes, but their effects...certainly their physical effects are slow. However, I think you are beginning to feel some of the psychological effects they can have. They really will help, Stevie. Your thoughts and actions will be far softer and feminine. You will enjoy the whole experience so much more. But I cannot force you, it was wrong to give them to you at all without telling you, so now you must chose whether or not to continue. I will answer any questions you have and help you if you have problems when your body begins to change, but for now you can stop at any time and there will be no permanent effects."

"I...I'll have to think," I said.

“OK, but keep the bottle. It says how many to take on the label. If you get on OK with them, we may alter the dose in a few days.”

I put the bottle on my bedside table, “Why the hell did I not just refuse and throw them back at her?” I thought. “NO WAY am I going to let her alter my body...am I?”

I sat in bed that night long after Sally had fallen asleep looking at the bottle sitting beside me. I fought with the urge to take two of the little pills. I went through all the arguments against swallowing them over and over again. There was a strange fascination about them though; an urge to go just a little further, to see what it would be like. Finally, shaking nervously, I took two with a mouthful of water, and then settled down and slept.

For the next week, life settled into a comfortable routine. We stayed around the villa most of the time. Mum went off each morning and left us to our own devices. We sunbathed on the verandah while sipping cold drinks, played tennis, or walked in the nearby countryside.

Several hours were spent rewriting my life story as a girl. I sat with Sally and Anna dreaming up stories and adventures about my life as a girl. I found myself becoming more and more involved in the girl's conversations, I became more interested in the topics they discussed and they were quite willing to let me join in.

Anna was always there with me. She became my constant companion and guide, not just a guide of the locality, but a guide in the matters of femininity. She often brought items of her own clothes for me to try.

She and Sally encouraged me to practice applying my own makeup and the three of us experimented on each other as well with much hilarity at the results, especially my early efforts. There was a strong attraction between Anna and I. If we could find time alone, we would happily fall into each other's arms.

One morning, Anna suggested a trip to the beach. She took us to a tiny secluded bay about a mile from the village. There was a narrow winding path almost hidden in undergrowth that led down the cliffs. Clearly very few people came this way.

The day was idyllic, we had the beach to ourselves, a warm sea, and hot sand. I wore one of Anna's bikinis under a tee shirt, but when I saw how remote the beach was, I agreed to take the tee shirt off. Later we all swam topless, afterwards applying sun oil to each other's backs and legs as we lay on the sand. It had felt quite odd in the sea and running on the beach without the weight of my new breasts. I was surprised how quickly I had got accustomed to them. I actually felt comfortable, less self-conscious once I put my bikini top with its filled cups back on.

I mentioned this to Sally who agreed she had thought I looked silly in the sea with my flat chest. Anna, who was listening, nodded, "But perhaps it will not be too long until you do not need the padding."

Sally looked puzzled. Anna put a hand over her mouth and gasped, "I thought your sister knew about the medicine, Stevie. I am sorry."

Sally's face lit up, "STEVIE! What have you been up to? "Stevie, are you on the pill?"

"Well not quite," I said, "Cathy has been giving me some tablets that help me to behave in a more feminine manner, that's all."

"All!" replied Sally, "That is incredible. What are they like? What will they do to you? Are you growing breasts?"

"No," I laughed, "Well not yet anyhow. I don't think they have had much effect at all."

"I am not so sure," said Anna, "Sally, have you not noticed how feminine Stevie's behavior has become recently? The way she joins in with our conversations and activities? Or the time she spends over her appearance?"

And her gestures?" added Sally, "Have you seen the way she uses her hands these days?"

I blushed terribly. I was not aware of such big changes in my actions, but on reflection it was true, and worse, I was doing it willingly. Me bothering about what clothes I wore. Me; spending hours washing, blow-drying, and brushing my hair. Me; spending hours talking to my sister and Anna! I would have done none of these things a couple of weeks ago, except under pressure from Mum

We sat in a huddle on the beach discussing this new revelation for an hour or more. I answered all Sally's questions as best I could, and Anna helped. Cathy had confided in her quite early on and she was aware of most of the implications.

Sally was fascinated. She did not laugh or poke fun as I had feared. After considering the implications and my feelings on the matter, she decided it was really not so bad, and helping me to be totally feminine could

be quite a lot of fun. She started to plan my life and education for the next few weeks.

It was actually quite a relief, now that the secret was out. I was surprised that Sally had not asked before about the pills I took every night. She said she had assumed they were painkillers. Now I could talk openly and I had another willing confidant to share my problems with.

The sun was getting low by the time we got back to the villa. Mum and Cathy were sitting on the verandah waiting for us. "You're very late," Mum said as we collapsed in a noisy huddle about her feet, "Have you had a good time?"

"One at a time," she laughed as we all started to tell our story at once. "Oh you better tell me over dinner, I think. It has been ready for nearly an hour. Go and clean up, girls. I'll see you inside."

Fortunately, dinner was not spoiled. We spent the whole meal telling Mum and Cathy about our day on the beach. Sally went into great detail about the shock revelation and what she was going to do to help me. Cathy kept looking across the table at me. I think she saw the embarrassment the conversation between my sister and mother was causing me and was trying to offer sympathy.

Finally, to my intense relief, she changed the topic of conversation. "I hope you are not planning another outing tomorrow," she announced. "I believe your mother accepted an invitation on behalf of you all for tomorrow evening."

Three pairs of eyes locked on Mum. "Oh yes, I had forgotten."

"Forgotten what," we chorused.

"The invitation, of course!"

"Yes, but what is the invitation, mother?" You could tell Sally was getting cross. She always said 'mother' when she was cross with her.

"Our friendly policemen, you remember that they were asking us out to dinner when the 'Empress' blew up. Well I met the Captain today at the courthouse. He was most surprised to find that we were still on the island. He has offered to try and help me sort out my problems and he renewed the invitation to dinner. Anna and Cathy are included. We are meeting them tomorrow evening at a bar in town, then going on to a restaurant. We thought we would go to eat at the place where we met the other day. Did you know that Cathy has part ownership of it?"

I had thought the episode with the police was over. I was getting accustomed to being a girl, even enjoying the experience in the company of female friends and family, but going on a date...NO WAY!

I had no desire to be in close contact with men while I looked and behaved like this. I sat quietly for the rest of the evening contemplating the implications of the forthcoming dinner-date. I was not at all confident I could cope.

"You're very quiet. Worried about tomorrow?" Cathy slipped away from the others and joined my and the scruffy hound on the swing chair. "It will be fine, just relax and enjoy yourself. Perhaps now is a good time to give you my next gift. It will give you a lot more confidence, I think. Come on, the others won't miss us for a few minutes. It's in my car."

We collected a small package covered in airmail stamps, and went into the house. "I got these from England. They only arrived today, airmail as you can see."

There were perhaps half a dozen small packages inside the box. Cathy opened one and removed a small pair of flesh colored panties.

"You wear these under your normal panties," she said. "You tuck yourself back like we did the other day and because they are very elastic and fit over your hips, they will keep everything safely in place and out of sight. Nobody will be able to tell that you are a boy, even in just a bra and panties. Come on, let's try them now. They are not easy to get into with everything in the right place. I'll show you the best way to go about it."

Even with Cathy's guidance, I still struggled and squirmed and it was quite painful. "Here," she said as I stood gingerly from the bed. "Let's show you off. Put these bikini bottoms on and we will fix your boobs with some of my patches. A couple on each so they will stay on, then you can just put this short tee shirt over the top and show off the nipples."

I pulled on the bikini bottoms. They were cut very high, just covering my new little device. The breasts were firmly fixed, and if rather uncomfortable, showed no sign of coming adrift. Their pert shape and prominent nipples pushed forward proudly from under the tight, skimpy tee shirt. There was plenty of my sun-tanned tummy and thighs on show.

"OK, go and join the others, and see if they notice anything. Hang on! Try to walk sexy, swing your hips,

one foot in front of the other with small steps. Go up on your toes and push your chest out, honey!"

"Hang on yourself," I laughed, "I'm having enough trouble just walking in these tight panties and carrying this weight on my chest with no support!"

"OH, you poor darling..." Cathy mocked, "It is so hard being a woman. But seriously the support and those breasts have altered your posture, and for the better. Oh, by the way, you are doing so well that I want to increase the strength of your pills. Any objection?"

"What will that do?"

"Just make you sweeter than ever."

"OK then," I giggled.

"Now, for tonight, some six inch heels would be perfect..."

"NO WAY, Cathy please! I think you have done enough for one night." I left the room before she could reply. I did try to move as she had suggested though.

**CONTINUED IN CONTEMPORARY TV
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