

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"MORE THAN A WOMAN"

Andy finds out a friend dresses as a woman. . .
His wife decides he should too!



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MORE THAN A WOMAN

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MORE THAN A WOMAN

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Editors and Contributors:

SANDY THOMAS, C.I.

Ron

Patti



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T.S. Eliot**

MORE THAN A WOMAN

By Sandy Thomas 11-11-96

Andy Kelly and his wife, Karen were sitting around the breakfast table, finishing up a leisurely breakfast. It was an early spring Saturday morning, and neither had to go to work at the local university. Andy was an administrator and Karen taught psychology. Andy was saying, "I just can't seem to make friends at work. They are all teachers with unique interests."

Karen replied, "Teachers are like that. I guess it's because we get three months off during the summer. That's what we live for. You'll see."

It was Andy's first year since graduating with his MBA. He'd never had a job that had summers off, but it was a perk of working at a university. Andy missed the companionship he had at college and the common goal the students shared.

Karen had one closed friend, Cristy, who just walked through the door about this time. She and her husband, Michael Dillon, use to live in the same apartment complex, but now lived in a house a few blocks away.

Although Cristy and Karen were close, Michael never let Andy become more involved in his life than "couples" nights and birthday parties. Andy had invited him over to watch sports but Michael was always "busy."

When Karen and Cristy started their girl-talk, Andy tuned out.

Cristy was an patent attorney and worked long hours, but she had made it a practice of dropping in on Saturday and Sunday mornings for a cup of coffee and gossip.

Oddly enough, Karen never just dropped over to Cristy's house. Michael was a computer programmer who worked at home. Cristy apologized, "Michael works such odd hours, he might be sleeping. Please call first."

Having a girlfriend over always made Karen happy. They'd chatter away, be busybodies, and babble about work. For Cristy to escape the pressures of a law career and just be one of the girls was energizing.

Later, the day was interrupted by a sharp rapping at the door. Normally the postman would merely pushed the mail through the mail slot, but Andy opened the door and greeted the postman with a smile, then signed for a rectangular package. Noting the return address that said, "Lingerie of the Month Club", Andy laughed, "Karen's blowing our savings again,"

"I'm only the messenger," the postman smiled, "My job is to give it to the addressee!" Nothing was out of order, Karen liked to order things through mail order.

Not giving it a second glance his sat it down in the foyer and went back to his morning paper.

Later he heard his wife yell, "WHAT'S THIS?"

He looked up and saw her coming in with the box. She inquired, "It's addressed to you."

"But you must have ordered something."

"No," his wife replied. "Oh, I see. It's some kind of mistake. It's addressed to 'Miss Andy Kelly.'"

Opening the box she found a letter, a most sexy pair of panties, and two pairs of "promo" pantyhose. The panties were very silky and a lovely shade of white.

Reading the letter, Karen laughed, "The letter welcomes you to the club. It's some kind of advertising thing where they give you lingerie each month and hope you start buying their brand. Too bad they aren't my size."

Barely looking up from his paper, Andy said, "That's too bad."

Hating that he was ignoring her, she said, "I bet they fit you! Why don't you wear them?"

Andy replied with some indignation, "Write to them and get me off that list. There's not much chance I am about to take up wearing panties."

"These are very nice ones," his wife said, knowing that she was getting to him. "Very, very soft. Have you ever worn panties before? Lot's of men love them."

"Save your head shrinking for someone else."

"Scared, eh?" she said, adding, "Scared of a little girl's pair of panties. I know they will fit you."

Although Andy was only 24, he was slight in build, nearly the same size and weight as his wife. He was so slender, Karen could wear his shirts and shoes when slumming around the house.

His wife continued, "Dare ya' to see if they fit." With a twinkle in her eyes, she added, "Com' on. Try them on or I'll tell everyone about you getting on this list."

Andy just shook his head and they headed toward their bedroom. Dropping his shorts, his wife held the panties out and Andy stepped into them. He held his wife's shoulder and pointed his toes and foot demurely while getting into the sexy panties. Karen slowly pulled the snow white silky nylon panties up his legs and thighs and over his hips to his waist.

Andy was blushing a deep red. Karen said, "Turn around." Andy gladly turned because the silky nylon was beginning to get to him. "You have wide hips for a man and a very narrow waist. They actually fit you better than your shorts."

Like a second skin, Andy ran his hands over his buttocks and Karen noticed, "Oh, how unladylike. . .let me take care of that!"

The soft panties and the excitement of being naughty made this one of the most exciting love sessions they'd ever had.

"WOW," Karen moaned, "Who would believe that a little lace could be so exciting!" The two fell asleep for an hour, Andy still wearing his new panties.

When he woke up, Karen asked, "Was that as exciting for you as it was for me?"

Andy nodded.

"Let's try something, for fun. Walk over there."

Andy walked briskly across the room and turned.

"Slower, my dear, with more hips."

Andy laughed then walked across again with his hips swaying. He felt the nylon material move softly against his bottom.

"They feel nice don't they," she asked her blushing husband. "Most men like the feel of panties."

Andy, although trying to appear opposed to the game, stopped in front of the mirror and was amazed at how well they fit over his fleshy hips.

"Let's try the pantyhose too!" Karen showed him how to roll each pantyhose leg until he was able to insert his toes, then gently roll the garment up the length of his legs,

over his pantied hips and his narrow waist. Karen declared, "A perfect fit. . .except for a small bulge!"

He complained, "They're tight! They don't leave any room in the crotch for my private parts." Looking in the mirror, he was embarrassed by how shapely and feminine his legs looked in nylons but he enjoyed the odd but secure feeling. He had never noticed how his small waist flared into rotund hips. It must have been caused by the snug wide waist band of the pantyhose.

Looking at his back side in the three way mirror, he was startled by how feminine his nyloned bottom looked. Karen just watched, analyzing her husband's actions.

Not anxious to show his wife his bewilderment, he said, "I guess clothes do make the man."

"And the woman. Let me show you something," she said and started dressing. Clad only in bra, a pair of panties and pantyhose similar to those Andy was now wearing, she came over and stood next to him in the mirror. Standing so that they could compare figures, Andy had to admit his was not very masculine.

Karen called Andy's attention to the perfect fit of the pantyhose and the way his hips looked. Then she remarked to his surprise, "Let's see how much we can make you look like me? Hand me another bra from the top drawer---the same as the one I have on."

Not realizing what his wife had in mind, she placed herself behind Andy and quickly slipped the bra over his arms and fastened it in back. She then stuffed a pair of rolled stockings into each cup to provide the fullness he lacked.

The bra was white nylon, liberally edged with lace. They stood together before the full-length mirror to admire and enjoy the intriguing experience of seeing each other in nearly identical female attire.

"Let's not stop now," Karen said, giving her husband a yellow linen dress to wear, but not before a white, full slip was pulled over his head. The dress fit him perfectly, and

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reach to just above his knees. His outfit was completed by a pair of matching yellow straw sandals with built-up cork heels, two and a half inches high.

Picking out a similar dress in blue, with blue pumps, the two stood before the three way mirror again. "Aw, I see what we need." Karen applied a touch of lipstick to not only her own lips, but also to those of her husband.

"You look like a girl!" Karen exclaimed.

"Don't tease me. I feel so odd!"

"No, I'm serious," she said pointing out his image in the mirror. "You could be a girl. Walk around a bit."

Very conscious of the soft feminine clothes in which he was now so completely attired, Andy had some difficulty mastering the unfamiliar high heels. After a little practice, soon became accustomed to the added height.

He didn't want to go any further with this, but when his wife suggested he change into another "just perfect" dress, he simply went along.

They went down to their family room where one of the walls was all mirror. They compared legs, figures and teaching Andy how a woman would walk. The two were so absorbed in their play that they did not hear the back door open. They were not aware of Cristy's presence until she was actually in the room.

Seeing what appeared to be two women, one of whom did not appear familiar, she gasped, "Oh, you have company!"

The shock on the unfamiliar face made her take a second look, recognizing that the second "woman" was actually Karen's husband.

Andy and his wife were literally frozen with surprise. At the same time a myriad of thoughts raced through Andy's mind, all associated with exposure and disgrace before not only Cristy's husband, but everyone they knew.

Recognizing his embarrassment, Cristy quickly moved to Andy's side. Taking his shaking hands, she asked, "What are you two doing?"

Andy couldn't speak. Karen just stammered, "Fooling around."

Cristy checked out the crimson faced Andy and announced, "You look pretty good. . .but your hair!"

"I was going to try to do something with that next," Karen defended.

"I'm very good with hair," Cristy said pushing Andy down in a chair. "Do you have any spray?" With an almost domineering bearing, Cristy began to carefully brush out his curly long locks.

She continued with brush and comb, back combing here, spraying there, then began inserting bobby pins throughout the style that strategically held the sides of Andy's hair up!

A final application of hair spray and she stepped away and asked Karen, "What do you think? Too much for day?"

The feathery ends framed Andy's face in a soft way, while the curls gave it a tousled but most feminine look. "No, I think it's fine," Karen said, staring at her feminized husband in the mirror.

"I wish I'd been a beautician and not a lawyer," Cristy said, unable to leave Andy's hair alone. "Ideally, it should be a little longer for the modern styles. Like Michael's. Can I call him?"

Karen recognized the fear that had overcome Andy and decided that enough was enough. She spoke rather sharply to her friend, "What Andy and I do in our house is only our business. . ."

Cristy interrupted, "Guys, I wasn't asking Michael over here to laugh at Andy. I wanted him to come over and see how pretty he looks. I do his hair all the time at home. That's why he's never wanted you to just drop by."

"You do his hair up like this?" Andy finally spoke.

"All the time! He likes it and I like doing it."

Andy and his wife sat completely confused.

Cristy continued, "As you know, Michael works at home. About two years ago, on coming home from the office unexpectedly early, I found my husband in one of my dresses working at his computer. I was shocked, but he was more upset, and we both ended up in tears. You being almost a psychologist know about this stuff, right?"

Karen nodded professionally.

"I should have suspected something, but it had been his practice since he worked at home to do the laundry and straighten up the house. After handling my clothes, including my lingerie, he developed a curiosity as to how it felt to put on women's clothes. By the time I discovered him, he had been dressing every day at home for two years.

Every day from the time I left to shortly before my scheduled return.”

“He wears a dress every day?” Andy gasp.

“He says it helps him relax. He was so afraid I would not understand, and could not face my disapproval, that I had to feel sorry for him. Sometimes I do his hair before I go to work.”

Karen said, “No wonder you never invite us over.”

Cristy nodded, “Sorry, but anyone finding out would be a traumatic experience for both of us. Amazing though, having no secrets has made our love deeper than before.”

Andy started to tell Cristy that this was a “one time” experience, but Karen motioned for him to stop.

“Men can love clothes for their softness, color and general silkiness too,” Cristy said in thought, adding, “Michael has accumulated quite a wardrobe. I wanted him to have his own things. Do you have many dresses?” she asked Andy assuming that he had the same love for feminine clothes as Michael.

Karen interrupted Andy realizing the extent of the confession and the mistake that Andy was a peer of Michael’s and that they might even be able to enjoy their dressing together.

Cristy asked, “So please, let me call Michael. He’s all alone at home, wearing a his new rose colored dress. It has a deep-V neckline and a flaring miniskirt with matching sandals. You’d love it!”

Andy and his wife were so stunned by this revelation, that they didn’t say a word, which Cristy took as their consent and made the call.

“He’s scared to death to leave the house but he can leave through the garage.” Cristy said, coming back from the phone. “Andy, I had to tell him about you.”

Andy almost asked, “Tell him about WHAT?” but realized that this was a ticklish situation and he left the psychology up to his wife.

Fifteen minutes later, there was a bashful knock at the back door. Cristy ran to answer it. In came a beautiful young woman. They looked again and recognized Michael and Michael spotted Andy. They stared at each other like two bull dogs.

Michael’s eyes were starting to fill with tears of joy.

"Hey! No tears! You'll make your mascara run," Cristy said. Michael opened his purse and patted at his eyes with a clean tissue. "Sorry," he said, "I've just felt so alone."

He was attired in a rose colored dress which fell in floating folds to way above his knees, sheer stockings and matching open-toed, sling back, high heel shoes. The most striking feature, apart from his beautifully made-up face, was his hair. Longer than it ever appeared as a male, it was curled and swept back from his forehead, reaching over his shoulders to the middle of his slim back.

The Kelly's realized that they had never seen Michael's hair in any way but pulled back into a stylish ponytail.

The years of dressing in women's clothes everyday had performed their function well. Michael made a sensation-ally beautiful young woman. All indications pointed to this being a female, although Andy and his wife knew that this was actually Michael Dillon.

Michael could only stare at the femininely clad Andy, and in a soft voice, ask, "So how'd this happen?"

Everyone started to talk at once, which only added to the confusion. Karen took charge and announced, "After all that had occurred today, let's not got into history right now. Let's just enjoy the honesty among us." Spoken like a true shrink.

The two femininely dressed husbands sat staring in wonder at each other. Michael walked over and gently checked Andy's hair and said, "Andy, we can be friends now. Sorry about all the sneakiness. Inevitably, you would have found me fully dressed as a girl if you dropped over."

"I understand," Andy said honestly, still looking for some sign of maleness. "You shave your legs?"

"You should too, if Karen will let you."

Karen said truthfully, "He can, if he wants! I've never stopped him."

Michael continued, "You can drop over anytime now! How about dinner tonight?"

Andy looked at his wife and he nodded.

"Please come right after it's dark and pull around back. I can't wait to show you my extensive wardrobe!"

Andy looked again at his friend's dress with its stunning bosom, enchanting make-up and girlish hairdo. Taking another look at Michael's shapely, silky smooth legs

perched in high heels, Andy asked, "Do you go out dressed like this?"

"No, only around the house. This was my first time out of the house. I'm scared of getting caught."

"You make a convincing girl," Andy said. "It must have taken a lot of determination. I think you could go anywhere!"

Michael smiled sweetly. "Thank you. I do try. About tonight. . . wear either a cocktail dress or an evening gown. I'm dying to dress up formally and this will provide the opportunity."

Andy's wife again motioned to him to remain silent and said, "We'll be there!"

There was no way Andy was going out dressed like this—and not for a guy he may not even want as a friend now.

"OH! I have an idea!" suggested Michael. "If we are going to dress as girls, shouldn't we have feminine names? Think about it!"

After Michael and his wife left, Andy exclaimed, "What a nut! Are you going to look into getting him committed?"

"Look in the mirror and see who's talking."

"But I'm not hanging around the house everyday in panties and bra!"

"Oh," Karen exclaimed, "We better get ready for the party."

"Whoa," Andy said laughingly. "WE? I'm not wearing any kind of a dress out of this house."

"Remember my doctorate thesis problem? I know what I want to do it on now. You have to help me with this."

Andy could tell when his wife was serious. No need to beg, he knew he'd go along.

She jumped right in, "We have many things to do to get ready. Since you are way overdue for a haircut I can use that to our advantage. Go upstairs and shampoo your hair thoroughly using my fragrant shampoo."

"Are you suggesting that we fool Michael into thinking I like dressing up too?"

"NO, but we had fun today, right? I'm just suggesting that we continue the fun a bit longer," she said. "Now don't shower yet; I want to show you how to shave off all the fuzz on your legs. It's really noticeable and the removal will

make your legs look even better under the sheer hose you'll be wearing."

She was a focused woman with a purpose. "OK," Andy said wondering how this happened so fast. "Michael really looked like a girl, didn't he?"

"And you are going to see how much work it takes," she muttered, making mental lists. "We're going to set your hair, I need some inserts for your bra. Bet Michael's got those mastectomy sacs filled with silicone? Did you see how real his bust looked?"

Andy sped upstairs, shed his dress, and took another long look at himself in the mirror. Still attired in his exotic lingerie, he proceeded to vigorously shampoo his longish hair in the sink.

Following his wife's instructions, after the rinse he barely touched his hair with the towel. It was left just wet enough to keep it from dripping, so rollers could be used to get the maximum set. "Is ALL this really necessary?" he asked.

"Only if you don't want to look like a man." Under his wife's skillful handling, his head was soon a mass of rollers and pins. After spraying his hair with setting lotion, he was told to sit under a dryer.

Before leaving, Karen turned to her husband who was now wearing one of her robes over his lingerie. She commented, "If you want to stop now and go no further, I'll call them and cancel."

"Naw, I'll go along. It's sort of fun."

His wife smiled, "It sure is! I'm thinking of doing a thesis on Michael and how dressing affected his life and friendships. Just call me Dr. Kelly!"

When Karen came back, she removed the stocking in Andy's bra and replaced them with two balloons filled with water which gave a lifelike movement to his bosom.

The next thing on Karen's plan was a perfumed bath during which Karen shaved off all of the light fuzz so his legs were satin smooth. "Good thing you aren't hairy!" Andy didn't have any hair on his chest. He only had a very light beard which needed shaving once a week.

Next was the application of a pale pink polish to both his fingernails and toenails. Andy asked, "Michael does this too?"

"And more!" Karen laughed. "To look as lovely as he did doesn't come easy."

His hair was released from the rollers and combed out once it was dried. "I can do hair too!" Karen stated proudly!

It fell into soft waves which reminded her of when she was a young girl and got girlishly excited when a new style came out perfectly.

She created soft bangs which brushed Andy's eyebrows while the rest of the hair was back-combed with a rattail comb to give it incredible volume. Hair spray floated around Andy's face as Karen set the final style. "Eat your heart out, Michael," Karen said fluffing her husband's full curls femininely, tickling his ears and cheeks.

It was approaching time to leave and after a careful review, it was decided the Andy would wear a short black, lace cocktail dress.

Andy started to put on his previously worn white panties and nylons when Karen stopped him. "It's a formal evening."

Karen helped him into his first girdle, a black net waist-high garter belt with a black satin front panel and three garters straps to attach sheer black nylons.

A black satin brassiere was filled with his newly acquired liquid filled inserts. Strangely enough, Andy was having the same exciting sensations as when he first stood before the mirror to watch each stage of dressing in his wife's beautiful clothes.

"I could never be as feminine as Michael," Andy stated, thinking about how odd it would be to wear a dress with a daring neckline. His buttocks appeared much more feminine since wearing the high waisted girdle that pulled in his waist several inches.

After a matching half slip, Andy was ready for the exciting black lace cocktail dress that his wife settled over his head. It fell to just below his knees, just showing an ample expanse of his smooth nylon-clad legs.

Next came his make-up. Just a touch of pink on his already glowing cheeks, pink lipstick, and a delicate touch of blue eye shadow completed his toilet. He was then allowed another glance in the mirror. He found it hard to believe that the beautiful girl that looked back at him was indeed himself.

"Well?" his wife asked.

"Honey," Andy gasped. "It's funny but I can't wait to show myself off to Michael. You'd better hurry!"

With typical male impatience, he waited for his wife to complete her dressing. She wore a conservative black evening gown with a minimum of jewelry, so she would not steal the show from her now glamorous mate.

When they were all finished, the two stood before the mirror together and compared legs and figures. "It's uncomfortable," Andy whined, "but the girdle makes a difference, doesn't it?"

At the last minute, Karen put her grandmother's dainty gold watch on his arm and a string of real pearls around his neck and matching earrings on his ears.

Finally they left. Andy ducked down in the car in case anyone was watching. He stayed low until they reached their destination, for fear he would be seen and recognized by a neighbor. He took a deep breath as they finally pulled around the side of the Dillon's house.

His fears were actually groundless for no one would have recognized that he was this attractive young lady, who appeared, even to his wife, so completely feminine.

"Keep your legs together," she coached. "You look good but you have a long way to go to be as feminine as Michael."

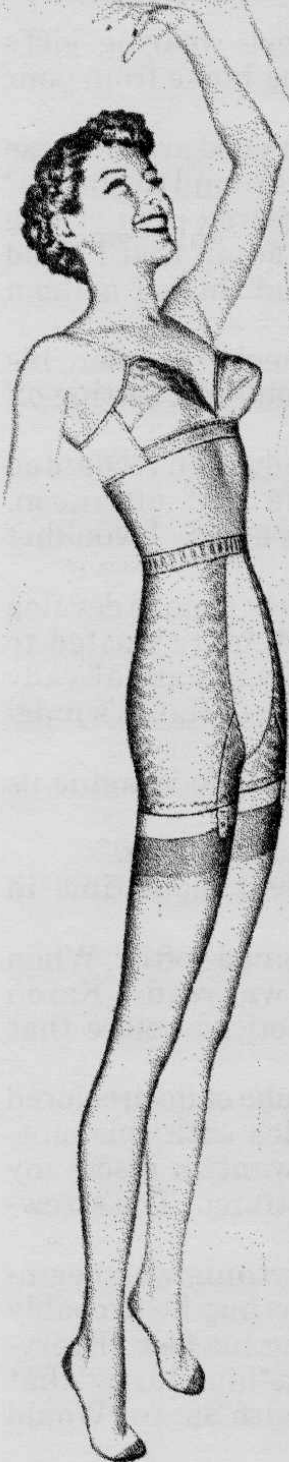
After all his experience in dresses, Michael made such a stunning beauty that if he ever did go out, he would have many eyes lusting after his feminine beauty.

Michael was eagerly awaiting them and had the door open even before they could ring the door bell. It was difficult to believe that this lovely creature was indeed a male. He was actually more beautiful than most girls in town and perhaps even more attractive than his wife who was a "looker".

Andy's heart was pounding, but the glowing happiness reflected on Michael's face made him relax.

Michael was wearing a short cocktail dress in a deep red that set off his blonde beauty. He wore his hair piled on top of his head in a most effective manner, while around his neck he had a rhinestone choker, with matching earrings for pierced ears. He handled his silver pumps with four-inch heels with grace that showed long practice.

Karen could tell that Michael was obviously far advanced in this 'girl thing'.



Andy in his first girdle!

Once they divested themselves of their wraps, they settled down to discuss the changes that had so dramatically taken place in their lives. Cristy said, "Show Andy your collection, Michael."

Michael led Andy upstairs to show him his wardrobe of feminine clothes. There was a lavish array of both morning and afternoon dresses, cocktail dresses, and several evening gowns, as well as house robes and negligees. There were even some pant suits and ladies slacks. In addition, there were drawers of slips, bras, panties, girdles, even garter belts, and stockings.

"I can't seem to get enough," Michael explained. Thank goodness Cristy has a client who owns a chain of dress stores so she gets an big discount."

Andy fingered through the dresses, slips, skirts, blouses and endless spectrum of girl's shoes. There were very few boy's clothes in his closet. His jaw dropped when he saw two very feminine nightgowns on the bed, obviously laid out for that night.

"All those yours too?" Andy asked. The vanity was covered with make-up of all kinds; perfumes and hair care products like combs, brushes, curlers, hair spray, and bobby pins.

"Some are Cristy's, but I like the more girlish stuff." He opened a drawer overflowing with silky lacy panties, brassieres, nylons, garter belts, and pantyhose. "The more frilly, the better. They make me feel. . .but you know that!"

Andy nodded.

Michael gushed, "Don't you just love wearing girl's lingerie? I nearly swooned while driving home from your house today."

Michael suddenly complained, "What good are all these beautiful clothes if I can only wear them around the house? Cristy forbids me to go out in public dressed in anything but my male clothes, although she does admit that I could probably pass without difficulty. Do you think I make a convincing girl?"

Michael posed, standing with his heels together, his long blonde curls swinging about his shoulders, setting off his sparkling dark mascaraed eyes.

"You've really tried, haven't you?" Andy then recounted the conversation he had with his wife that afternoon. "Karen thinks you could go anywhere as a girl. I wouldn't even want to try though."

"Just work on your vocal range. It takes time to develop a feminine comportment," Michael said, quite excited to learn of this discussion. "My wife and yours are already good friends. I know Cristy thinks highly of Karen's judgment. Maybe she'll convince Cristy to let me try."

I am going to work on that idea. Can you imagine us going out in public together as girls?"

"US!" Andy moaned, "you maybe, but me never!"

"You'll get it, you just need to spend more time in skirts."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Andy moaned softly. When they returned to the living room, dinner was ready. Karen asked about Michael's ears. "I never noticed before that your ears were pierced?"

Michael laughed, "The secret is in a tube of flesh colored make-up. I merely fill in the small holes with this ointment. It stays in place until I again want to insert my earrings. Andy, you could do the same thing. The screw-on earrings hurt."

Andy agreed, but only because everything was beginning to hurt. The girdle was so constricting, he probably wouldn't eat. His high heels were killing his feet. Everything was uncomfortable, but there was a "familiarity" that scared him. It was like making friends with Satan. Would he ever be the same?

Following an enjoyable dinner accompanied by lively and interesting conversation, the dishes were cleared by the feminine husbands. After cleaning, they all settled down in the living room for coffee and a liqueur

Cristy asked Andy, "Have you decided on a feminine name to use when you are dressed? Andy is actually unisex, but maybe you'd like something more female?"

Andy replied, "How about Andrea? A feminized version of my own name."

Karen laughed, "Yeah, we are feminizing you AND your name!"

They all laughed. Andy turned to Michael and asked, "Michael is uni-sex too, how about a sexy girl's name for you?"

Michael said, "I've often wanted to take a girl's name. I hate being called Michael when dressed as a girl, but was hesitant to make the suggestion for fear of incurring Cristy's displeasure."

Cristy nodded her consent.

"If that's no longer a problem, I want to be called Michelle," he said. "That's Cristy's grandmother's name!"

"Oh, that's so sweet," Cristy said giving her husband a kiss. "Every time I call you Michelle, I'll think of my grandmother. She was so wonderful to me. It was obvious that Cristy was pleased with her husband's choice.

The two young men were committed to the names Andrea and Michelle which the wives immediately put to use. Karen joked, "I hope I don't forget and call you Andrea at work!"

Cristy said, "I'll get you a name tag that says, 'My name is Michelle!'"

It was late, Andy and his wife put on their wraps and, after bidding an affectionate good night to "Michelle" and Cristy, returned home.

All of Andy's nervousness had left him, and he drove with assurance by his wife's side. Along the way, they passed a neighbor who bid Karen a good evening with only a casual glance at Andy, obviously without recognition.

"Wow, they didn't recognize me!" Andy whispered.

"It's dark, my dear. You still have a lot to learn," Karen said. "This is unquestionably what I'm going to do my doctorate on! Cristy asked us over again. Are you willing to play along for a while?"

"Why not," he said, "I admit, it's fun!"

Karen joked, "I'll teach you everything you need to know! Before you know it, you'll be behaving like a well-groomed young lady."

"What if I become like Michael?"

"So?" Karen said.

Andy shivered in the cool air, but felt he had exceeded her expectations for a first "experimental" outing.

Andy was thrilled that Karen was convincing Cristy to let Michael venture out in public. The idea of Michael in public being treated like a woman was suddenly thrilling. Then Andy's mind turned to whether he could ever appear in public without fear. That was something he could hardly imagine now.

Before retiring, they sat around and talked. Karen said, "I have to admit, I find Michael's ability to be feminine exciting, don't you?"

Andy nodded, it was no use to lie to his wife. "I just can't believe how girlish he is. He could even get a job as a woman if Cristy would let him out of the house."

"Maybe that's what she's afraid of. I bet you could pass, given some training. How far would you like to take this dressing up?"

Andy thought a minute, "I don't know. . . it's all so new and exciting. I just don't want you to think less of me if I want to wear a dress more than pants."

"You've been a wonderful husband for so long, I don't see why we can't pursue making you my girlfriend for a while. I want you to take this seriously. Let's try to make you as feminine as we can?"

"Really? Like Michael?"

ARE YOU
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OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
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"Really, Andrea!" Karen giggled. "Maybe even more so! I'm going to treat you like a woman and I'm going to expect you to learn to respond as one, okay?"

In the bed room, she had Andy take off his clothes and she handed him a new night gown and peignoir.

Andy shed his clothes. After carefully hanging up the dress and slipping the beautiful and exciting night gown over his head, he put on the robe and rejoined his wife on the bed.

"Andrea? I like the sound of that," Karen began. "The name suits you." Andy blushed, feeling vulnerable in the girlish garment. She continued, "It'll be a kick encouraging your feminine side and planning a complete wardrobe. However, I think you should sleep on it. We can start slow; I don't want to spend all that money and suddenly you decide you hate being a woman."

"So far I love it," Andy said shyly, still feeling guilty at admitting to the pleasure. His mind kept going to Michael and his girlish wardrobe.

"Hey!" Karen announced, "Why don't you live mostly as a woman? You can go to work as a man, but at night be a woman. Weekends you can be all woman. You'd learn so much, so quickly with a minimum of mixing roles."

"Being a woman 100% at home would be okay with you?" Andy asked.

"It would be precious," his wife clarified, "I want you to catch up with Michael. If you agree, when home are you to wear no male clothes or act like a man. You would wear only feminine garments: dresses, bras, panties, nylons, high heels, etc. I bet that by the end of a couple weeks you'd be ready to go out in public."

Andy was visibly shaken by the prospect. The idea of being caught, with its inevitable ridicule and humiliation, was enough to discourage him. But Karen went on to explain how psychologically this was really the only way to make sure he would transcend his male personality.

"I better think about it, okay?" he asked his wife. "I find it exciting to imagine Michael out shopping for a new dress. But me out wearing a dress! Whew?"

"We'll see how well you do here first, then worry about the public adventures. We don't have many close friends, but we'll have to figure out how to handle them. During

the summer break and the vacation we were planning you could be completely Andrea!"

The notion about bowed Andy over. Karen said, "If you work hard, when we leave you will be so accustomed to being a girl that you'll feel odd in pants."

Andy readily agreed to all his wife's suggestions. After chatting about clothes, he said, "Poor Michael. Too bad Cristy is not like you! He'd love to get out too."

"I would hate to interfere," she said, "but I'll tell her what we are planning when she comes over tomorrow. Maybe she'll loosen up."

Andy gave her a big hug and said, "You're the greatest!"

Andy hardly expected to sleep after such an exciting day. The tension added to a delightful lovemaking session, saying nothing of the thrill of being called "Andrea" by Karen

He thought about Michael and the peach-colored night-gowns laid on his bed. He tried to picture Michael and Cristy in them, preparing for bed. Does Michael curl his hair each night? Cream off his make-up? Sit to go to the bathroom? A million questions raced through Andy's mind.

Andy fell asleep immediately and knew nothing more until his wife shook him awake in the morning. At first he was confused by the silky sensation of his nightgown and the restraint of its straps.

"Andrea?" his wife said softly, "are you ready to begin?"

It was like waking up from a drunken binge. It took him a minute to remember what he'd agreed to the night before. "Oh yeah," he yawned, "are we going to start this today?"

Karen suggested he put on his matching peignoir, a little lipstick and join Cristy and her for coffee.

"She's here already?"

"She wanted to talk to me. Come down and let's break the news to her.

Andy was surprised that Michael had not accompanied his wife. After a cup of coffee Karen casually announced, "Andy's going to start living as a woman around the house like Michael." He quickly got the impression that Cristy wanted to discuss matters intimately with Karen.

"Why don't you get dressed, dear," Karen said. "Wear my crepe skirt and hounds-tooth checked sweater. They'll look nice on you."

Andy showered and busied himself in the bedroom. The sensation he was doing something wrong pervaded his thoughts as he showered and carefully picked out panties and bra. He thought, "Could I ever get used to this?"

Aware of the exciting, but unaccustomed garments, made it difficult for him to concentrate on picking out a slip, putting on nylons, and getting dressed. What if Cristy convinced Karen that this was crazy? After all, it was!

He hurriedly slipped into his skirt and sweater. He was terribly curious what the two women were discussing. He needed Karen's help with his make-up and hair but added a fresh coat of lipstick and pulled his long hair into a high ponytail. Then he sped to the kitchen to learn what had transpired.

As expected, Michael had admitted to Cristy his desire to appear in public dressed as a girl. Karen again expressed her thoughts on the harmful effects of too much secrecy. She said, "If we make them look nice and they learn to behave like women, I don't see why they shouldn't go out in public too?"

Cristy agreed, "I agree that there's nothing to hide if they behave themselves and learn to act like ladies. But they both have a long way to go to dupe the public. What about men? Michael has no idea how to handle men."

They discussed Karen's plan to feminize Andy. Karen said, "I think it is no different that when we were growing up as girls. We learned as we went. Andy would never learn enough if he only dressed up a couple times a month."

Karen mentioned our plans for a summer vacation, and suggested the possibility of "Michelle" coming along. Cristy asked Karen, "Michael would want to give up being a male for a while, but I would miss having a husband."

Karen suggested, "If you love him, let him decide. They know how to be men, let's teach them to be women for a while?"

Cristy decided to tell Michael of the vacation offer and leave the decision up to him. The more the two girls talked about it, the more ideas Cristy had to make it work. She said, "Can you imagine our husbands in little bikini's at the swimming pool? That would be such a kick!"

On Monday, Andy abruptly returned to his male clothes. He was completely preoccupied with Michael and his interest in women's things. Michael was such a slob as a man. Wrinkled shirt, jeans, tennis shoes and unkempt hair were his usual attire. But when expressing his femininity, everything was neat and well-groomed; he had acquired habits that girls'

possess as they care for their appearances.

Andy dropped by to see Michael on the way home. Calling first, he was let in the back door. Michael had a crimson bow in his perfectly coiffured hair and a neatly pressed cotton dress and low heels.

"Did you hear?" Andy asked.

"About you? Yeah! Cristy thinks Karen is right. Even I need some training if I expect to move about society as a woman."

Andy followed Michael to the kitchen. Michael put on a white apron and continued to fix dinner. He looked like any housewife as he cut and diced vegetables for a stew. There was a charm as Michael surveyed his dinner with nurturing satisfaction. There were fresh flowers and Andy realized that these were Michael's girlish touches.

"I'll never be as feminine as you," Andy commented, admiring his buddy float comfortably about the kitchen like any young woman.

"Your wife is right, you just need to be immersed in girl's things for a while and it will come to you."

That night after work, he found himself in a jersey knit dress. After a quick make-up, he helped his wife with dinner and setting the table. Little feminine chores made him forget about himself and fall easily into a self-composed feminine spirit.

Karen set up a schedule for Andy and Michael. She started keeping a notebook and recruited Cristy to "teach" classes to the boys two nights a week.

Friday nights were beauty nights. There were nails to do and hair to curl in anticipation of the weekend. They were more like a two girl pajama party or if Michael and Cristy came over, a four girl party.

Andy was learning quickly how to use cosmetics correctly. Gone were his early attempts with the purples and

garish oranges. Andy knew how to highlight his best features with just the right amount of a light touch to look naturally feminine.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, there were formal classes. The two girls taught their husbands the secrets of being a female. Karen concentrated on psychologically training them, knowing if they could subconsciously react, they would respond correctly.

There was a session on lady's rooms. While Michael had been sitting to pee for some time, it was new to Andy. He was shown how to handle a full skirt, his nylons and panties and what to do with his purse. Karen told him, "From now on you squat! Yes, even at work."

It was during these early sessions together that both young men with the help of their wives, picked out their bust sizes. Karen insisted, "You can't be flat-chested one day and busty the next. Once we determine what size looks best, you'll have to live with it. OK?"

Andy chose to be a full "B" cup while Michael chose a "C", stating, "I have to keep up with my wife!" Cristy was rather full busted. Now, so was her husband. Except for Andy at work, both guys wore their bras and pads continually, even to bed. Getting use to a bosom was not easy, but both were determined. Andy even began to feel funny at work without them.

The focus in these sessions was to make the guys think like girls. As Cristy told the two husbands, "As women you are expected to like men. An important part of being a woman is your sex appeal. You will have to learn that when you flirt with a man, you should keep in mind two things---first his attractiveness and second your own."

Michael asked his wife, "You want me to find men attractive?"

"I want you to think like a woman. Women make men feel desired and admire manly traits. I'm not talking being blatant, but in a social situation it's there."

Karen added, "Okay, let's start with the basics. Men have a penis. For our intents here, you do not. That makes all those delicately rosy, silky-satin, somewhat innocent, always vulnerable penis' a source for you to feel desirable and feminine."

Andy was blushing and Michael moistened his lips, having never thought about men as a source of feeling feminine.

Karen said, "Penis envy! That's what we are trying to instil in your personality. When there's a penis in the room with you, you pay attention to it. As women, do you want one? Gawd NO! Just admire him for having one."

Cristy added, "You have breasts, hips, legs, lips and a bottom. All they have is one little thing and you are expected to be in awe. Penis Adoration!"

With that, Karen pulled from of a bag four life-like fully erect replicas in different sizes. "Tonight, we are going to develop a little penis envy!" Handing out the simulations, she said, "Aren't these wonderful!"

Both husbands were blushing and held the male likeness's in their dainty polished fingers like they were hot. Karen said, "Relax, you are girls now. You are holding something you don't possess, so appreciate it. Touch it, pat and caress it as you would a kitty-cat." Karen and Cristy's fingers showed the boys how to handle one like a woman.

Cristy said, "Repeat after me, 'Ohhh! how adorable! And so big!'" Embarrassed doing this in front of their wives, the boys reluctantly followed along but began to giggle.

"Now Michelle," Karen instructed, "Watch Cristy. Take a firm hold of the base and using only your lips---teeth behind your lips---open your mouth in a big 'O' and take only the head in your mouth like Cristy."

Michael said, "This is stupid!"

"Oh, miss," Karen stated, "You are too old to be a virgin. Maybe you've got a better way to REALLY understand how women feel?"

Michael watched his wife lolly-popping the scepter and felt humiliated. "Michelle," Karen said, "Don't you see how getting use to this will make you feel?"

Michael closed his eyes and took the tip in his lips. "Karen said, "Andy are you going to join us? Flick your tongue around the head and move it down slowly, putting more and more down your throat."

Michael started to gag. "Come up for air if you gag," Karen instructed, but go back down again. Cover those ruby lips firmly over your teeth, Andy."

After a lot of tongue flicking and ups and downs, Karen announced, "Congratulations, with ten minutes of practice every day, you will have it down in a couple weeks!"

Andy's lips felt chapped and sore. "Every day?" he complained.

"In front of the mirror," Karen added.

Karen was merciless in her psychological objective. She told Cristy, "Michael and Andy are going to feel like women, not just dress like them."

There was a lot of role playing. Questions like, "When did you start your period?" were answered by the husbands.

They would read romance novel passages aloud like they were the heroine and were asked questions about how they felt.

Some sessions were delightfully fun, filled with giggles, others filled with near breakdowns and tears.

It was during this time that Andy discovered something most shocking. Dropping over unannounced after work one night, Cristy answered the door. She usually wasn't home that early.

"Is the lady of the house in?" Andy said, snorting with laughter. "Oops, I mean the other lady!"

Michael's wife smiled and said, "He's in the bathtub. Go on in."

Andy never use to take baths but had started. It was much easier to shave his legs in a tub. Besides, it could save a hair-do too!

"Boy, you must be pretty dirty," Andy said walking into the large fragrant bathroom.

Michael jumped and grabbed at some bubbles.

"Hey?" Andy said. "It's just me! Cristy sent me in!"

Andy stopped suddenly and stared at Michael. It was really strange. He had breasts! Not really big ones, but he had them.

"When did you get those?" Andy said. Andy had never noticed Michael's relatively small breasts with relatively large nipples.

Michael looked embarrassed. "Don't tell anyone. Promise?"

"Okay. But when did you get them?"

Michael dropped his hands back into the bubbles. "I don't know. A few months ago I started to take a really light dose of female hormones. It just seemed like one day I had them."

"How do they feel?"

"No special way."

Andy kept staring at them. He couldn't help it. The "cleavage", the softness. As a man, Michael usually hunched his shoulders and wore heavy shirts. Now it was making sense. "Boy, you are going to have big ones if it's only been a couple months," Andy said.

Michael looked scared. "Cristy says no. She said the first growth is the most noticeable. After that it takes forever to get busty. Hand me a towel."

Michael got out of the tub and starting to wrap the towel around his waist in a boyish fashion. "Quit staring at them," he said, readjusting the towel up under his armpits girlishly.

"Are they sore?"

"Of course!"

Andy couldn't get over it. It seemed so strange. He thought, "Dressing up like a woman was one thing. You kind of forget about it in between times, but breasts are there all the time, like a real part of you."

Michael moved around his awe struck friend and got into a robe.

"Do you like having them?" Andy asked. "Or is it, you know, sort of weird?"

"It's okay," Michael said. "I keep taking the pills. Cristy says they make my skin soft and she thinks they are pretty."

Andy said in bewilderment, "The nipple part is so large and pink!"

"That's for a baby to drink from," Michael joked. "You have to have it."

"I know! Only you can give them bottles too. So you don't have to have them."

"So you would have married Karen if she had given YOU a bottle instead of letting you suck on her breasts?"

"Yuck!" Andy said. "I don't want to be a woman if you have to do stuff like that."

"But look at my skin," Michael stroked his smooth, white shoulder, "and the way nylons feels. It makes me all tingly. You should be taking them too."

"But I'd get breasts?"

"Of course you'd get them, idiot! But you are wearing woman's clothes all the time anyway?"

"I guess I might want to try them," Andy said, still staring. "I wonder what Karen would say?"

"Cristy can get them from her doctor friend," Michael said.

"I'm not nursing any babies!" Andy heckled.

"I felt that way at first," Michael said. "Right after I started taking the hormones, I was shopping at the mall and all of a sudden got nauseated and had this pain in my chest. I felt a hard lump under my breast and realized that my nipples were rock hard and erect! I let out a moan and ran to the bathroom and threw up."

"If it hurts, I don't want to take them!" Andy said.

"I was in bed a whole week?" Michael said.

Andy asked, "Why didn't you stop taking them?"

"I don't know," Michael said in thought, clutching the satin robe against his pert breasts. "Once I got better, I loved the sensations. I was thrilled by the texture of my skin at first, then the promising curve of flesh at my hips, and then the breathtaking awareness my chest was no longer flat!"

So the weeks passed before summer vacation. On Saturdays and Sundays the two couples visited each other and there was some public exposure.

Nothing was said, but Andy knew his neighbors saw him in his yard going to Michaels. Each week Karen bought her husband new things for his own wardrobe.

It was an exciting day when Karen said, "You are coming with me today!"

"Out?" Andy said, feeling insecure. "I want to be perfect first."

"Of course you want to be perfect," Karen said. "It's as natural as birds wanting to sing. It's an instinctive feminine trait, but you are now ready for the world to see you. You'll still have to work to make yourself more feminine, but you have a good beginning."

Saturday morning, he accompanied his wife on his first shopping tour as a woman. Fidgety at first, Andy calmed down and realized his weeks of immersion had paid off. As they shopped and purchased bras, girdles, and panties, as well as several outfits to be worn on the vacation, Andy began to realize how much he'd changed.

If any of the clerks were curious as to why one woman was so interested in another woman's intimate articles, they showed no sign.

Karen was pleased to point out, "Andy, you appeared completely at ease trying on dresses and being observed as a woman. Still love it?"

His wife's comments made him blush. "Hope that is okay? I still feel like I have a lot to learn. Some of the women here are beautiful!"

"How delightful. You are worried that another woman will get more attention," Karen mimicked, adding, "But that's a perfectly feminine thing to feel."

Both husbands had changed a lot during the training. As a result of the humiliation of Karen's little "Femrobics" (as she called them) the two young men found themselves with a much more feminine disposition about life. Everything had to be neat and prissy clean. Each one spent hours on glooming and sometimes caught themselves being bitchy if he found a run in a stocking or broke a nail.

There was a big change in the two boys attitude about men. Andy noticed it first in Michael then in himself. Instead of arguing about sports, they caught themselves talking about fashion, feelings and if sports came up, it was about players and specifically male traits such as how big and strong someone was.

Just seeing a very masculine man made both feel dainty and yielding. Of course during this time, both wives pointed out the "hunks" on television. One of the session's assignment was for the guys to bring in a picture of "dream husband" and tell all about his fascination.

During the last week of work, everything was set for their trip. As both men finished all projects, there was nothing ahead but anticipation of an exciting, and most unusual, vacation.

Following his last day at work, Andy had his first permanent at a small hairdressers, who, as a friend of his wife's, would be discrete. At the same time, he had his ears pierced like Michael's. This would permit him to wear the type earring designed for use with pierced ears, which he had long wanted to do.

It was a Saturday morning, only a few days before their scheduled departure. Although several hours had elapsed since breakfast, there was no sign of Cristy for her usual morning cup of coffee.

Karen was somewhat disturbed and she could not help but wonder if something were wrong.

A short time later, Michael put in an appearance wearing a very attractive blue cotton dress and white sandals. Karen inquired about Cristy and if she were displeased about anything.

Michael confessed that he too had noticed his wife's moodiness but had no idea as to the cause. "Hope it doesn't have anything to do with my feminization or our vacation. Talk to her, okay. She respects your opinion."

"I'll go over there right now," she said. Karen had worried that Cristy might find her husbands' never ceasing interest in being feminine distressing. She found Cristy sitting morosely at her breakfast table.

Although she was greeted politely, there was little of the usual merriment in her voice. Wasting no time, Karen asked what was wrong.

Cristy first evaded the question, but finally confessed, "I love Michael, but he's becoming so feminine, I'm beginning to think of him as a girl. I miss him opening doors for me and treating me like a woman." She could not help but be depressed over the thought that she wouldn't have male romance on their vacation.

Karen immediately put her arms around Cristy's shoulders, said, "When life deals you a hand, you have to make the most of it. Our husbands have been very selfish in withdrawing our male companionship, but they are exploring a part of themselves and we have no idea where it will lead."

Cristy burst into tears, sobbing, "I'd never leave Michael; in fact, I actually love the way he's become, but. . . what about my womanly needs?"

Karen interrupted, "That's why we have gone with complete feminization. Except for intimacy, that's why I treat Andy like a woman. I expect him to respond not as my husband, but as another woman."

"You mean, it will be like in college when a bunch of girls would go to the lake for spring break? That was a blast!" She was thinking back to the carefree days of college and the seemingly endless days of irresponsibility.

"Yeah, it'll be fun! As women, we have so many things in common to talk and do. That's why we can't allow even the slightest male attitude to surface. We are going to show the boys what women like. I assume male companionship will rear its head sometime."

Cristy's face lit up and she responded most enthusiastically, saying with a laugh, "I used to get asked out a lot!"

At that moment both Michael and Andy entered the house with their arms about each other in a girlish manner. Cristy was smiling and said to her husband, "I'm okay now. I just want your assurance that you will be a 100% lady on our vacation. As four unescorted young women, we are most likely to be asked out by gentlemen and we will be expected to go."

Michael looked shocked. He had not really thought about this very real component of being a girl. He knew they'd be stared at and he even looked forward to some teasing, but his wife was implying that she was going on dates with other men!

Karen added, "We expect you both to be completely feminine in outlook. That includes relating to men. Any problems with that?"

Both husbands knew that any discussion on this point was going to cause a problem and maybe a canceled trip. Karen added, "We can't avoid men without looking odd. Besides, there's nothing better than being a single girl on vacation!"

Cristy added, "Flirting is the most fun a girl can have with her clothes ON! Being around men will teach you boys to think differently about your breasts, hips, and even the way you walk."

Rather than being upset over the discussion, both boys yielded to the girl's decision and in fact were intrigued,

feeling that the vacation would now be even more pleasant if ALL were having fun.

Both husbands now began to appear in public dressed as women. Doing so had given both a new degree of naturalness. With Andy only spending a few hours at work as a man, the rest of his hours were spent learning to think and handle himself in a feminine manner.

Both refined their voices to keep them high and soft at all times. They started using new words such as "darling," and "sweet".

Their feminine manner was not fake any more. Karen drilled, "Faking femininity is like using drugs. You don't want to depend on it." She knew that under situations of stress, her husband must avoid the risk of being masculine and perhaps having his disguise penetrated.

Both husbands had learned to wear their girl's clothes gracefully and convincingly. Andy remarked when visiting Michael, "It's hard to believe, but I feel like these are REALLY my clothes now and I belong in a dress!"

"Me too," Michael said one day when they were trying on clothes. "I just bought a skin tight jumper with pants. I've got to show you!" Pulled off his dress and ran into his large closet.

Andy noticed when Michael started walking towards him, the sleek, smooth jump suit made of spandex. His eyes traced down Michael's body, and noticed that his crotch was as smooth as a doll's.

"Well," Michael asked, putting his hand on his hip seductively.

"WOW, but how can you? I mean, I can't see your..." he said, pointing between Michael's legs.

Michael looked quizzically for a moment, then looked down. "Oh, I forgot to tell you." He pulled off the jumpsuit and in only his girdle, he spread his legs slightly and said, "Here, feel!"

Andy's eyes went wide with uncertainty. What he saw was smooth and featureless like any woman's. Andy's hand gently touched the silky fabric. It was firm and warm, and even had features of a woman's flesh.

"How? Did you have it removed?" Andy stammered.

Michael laughed and said, "No way. I'll show you how it works sometime. You'll need it if you want to wear a bikini, but it takes some getting used to."

Michael flipped around like a gymnast. Positioning himself split-legged, the shimmering fabric was tight against his flesh. He leaned back a bit, exposing the spongy spot between his legs where some sort of a bulge should be. He placed his small, slim, elegant hands over his invisible sex and pressed his fingers inward. "It even feels like it's not there!" Michael explained, his fingers still probing

"Cut that out," Andy said, "It bothers me."

"Well, that's perfectly understandable," Michael said flashing a seductive grin. There was something both innocent and mischievous in it. Michael played with the strands of his hair, twisting the pale blonde strands on his fingertips and making little spirals of tightly wound hair. He then watched them unwind like a little girl.

Although Andy never mentioned the subject, he could not help but have some disquieting thoughts about where all this was leading. He saw a dawning new personality in Michael that was thoroughly feminine. A sweet impression of submissiveness. He asked himself, "Am I like that now?"

While the guys were going through their final period of training in complete feminization, the wives became increasingly aware of how rapidly and completely they were entering into a new way of life.

At first, Cristy had welcomed the thought of having Michael as both a girlfriend and a husband. But she found that Michael's feminine side rapidly displaced all signs of his masculine self.

Andy now suppressed at every opportunity any sign that he was ever actually male. Karen noticed that he even started wearing his breasts to bed. Andy said that he could no longer stand the appearance of his flat chest under the nightgown, and shyly asked, "Shouldn't I get use to having breasts."

Karen sighed, "Yes, dear," then suggested they buy him a couple of trainer brassieres that would push any excess skin into a padded bra cup. "Who knows, we might even be able to inspire a little cleavage! Is there any change yet?"



What Andy saw was smooth and featureless like any woman's. Andy's hand gently touched the silky fabric. It was firm and warm, and even had features of a woman's flesh.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

This question always made Andy blush. It was one thing to dress like a woman, but it was somehow outlandish to be taking female hormone pills that would make physical changes. He and Karen decided that a light dose wouldn't change things too much unless his body was overly receptive to their influence.

Climbing into bed, Andy's hand rubbed his tummy, feeling the top of the elastic waistband of his panties. His white nightie rustled as he reached under it. His matching white panties were bikini style and formed a scanty white triangle across his soft bottom and hips.

Andy felt his baby soft buttocks in his panties. He had begun to fondle his sensitive, bare bottom more and more, confused that touching his own body was stimulating. With any movement, Andy could feel his nightie's little lace bows and straps on his smooth shoulders.

There was a rustling sound as Karen moved over to her husband and their sheer, sleek garments merged together.

Karen pressed close against her husband and reached behind his back to undo his bra. Her fingers were sure and certain as she deftly unhooked the tiny fastenings of the training bra and slid the lacy straps off his shoulders.

Andy shuddered. Karen plucked her nightie's straps off her shoulders and both were naked from the waist.

"They're nice," Karen whispered, pressing her full bosom against Andy's chest.

Andy's breasts were small mounds of flesh, immature, hardly developed, but very sensitive. They showed the promise of being small, but perfectly shaped. Andy's nipples were not much more than tiny pink points of flesh, but projected out audaciously.

The female hormones had triggered his small rosettes to enlarge to the size of silver dollars and distend outward. His tummy had rounded slightly, as had his hips. His already plump bottom had become more dramatically abundant and rounded.

"They are so responsive!" Karen whispered into Andy's ear as she fondled and pinched his nipple between her thumb and index finger. It quickly hardened as she tweaked it so that it was stiffly erect. Then she lowered her head to kiss it, her lips suckling as they pressed against his provoked nipple.

Gasping, Andy suddenly ached for them to grow!

Cristy was again plagued by doubts. Seeing Michael with his long hair set into a soft, curly bouffant similar in style to her own was disconcerting. His femininely arched eyebrows framed softly made-up eyes and sinfully lush eyelashes. Sparkling, thick gold hoops adorned his pierced ears. He was never without a shade of pink lip-gloss that matched his femininely shaped and manicured nails.

"He's more feminine than me," Cristy confessed to Karen while watching Michael shop for new purse. The billowy, knee length skirt of his light weight summer dress rippled as he walked through the boutique perched elegantly on four-inch high-heeled sandals. Everything was ladylike. One could even see his polished toenails through his sandalfoot stockings.

Cristy added, "I find myself being competitive with my HUSBAND! I never go out without make-up anymore or without my nails polished." She knew they were now too committed to back out of the vacation.

Karen said, "I think we have to let them go. They are having such fun, let's not spoil it."

The boy's introduction to femininity was not much different than most teenage girls. The first "on their own" experiments naturally resulted in some pretty garish effects, but in time they learned how to use all those delightful and exciting aids to achieve a really feminine appearance. With constant practice and with the advice of their wives, both husbands had become experts with cosmetics, including lipstick, nail polish, eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, face creams and face powders and everything else a woman uses to enhance her femininity.

One of the most striking things was when Karen plucked and arched both husband's eyebrows. Highly arched, thin eyebrows changed their appearance to an amazing degree, making them appear more oval and girl-like, even without make-up.

In accordance with his wife's guidelines, Andy was not to hide from anyone who came to the house. There were the typical encounters with the postman and others delivering packages. The latter accepted him as a girl, and Andy tried his best to be lady-like.

However, the first time their long time postman knocked, he was shocked to see Andy wearing a plaid, short

skirt and rather high heeled pumps, not to mention the little white sweater top that showed off a daring neckline.

The postman's eyes popped open when he recognized Andy. He stammered, "ANDY?"

Blushing, Andy said, "Maybe you should call me Andrea now?"

"Okay," the postman muttered, staring at Andy's feminized shape. "I've seen stuff like this on the talk shows. Are you becoming a woman?"

Karen came to the door and saved Andy by saying, "We are just working on making him pretty!"

"WOW, this sure breaks up the monotony of my route! You two could be sisters!" Just as Andy was feeling more confidence, the postman asked, "Can I tell a few people about this?"

"Of course," Karen said turning to her husband, "There's no turning back now!"

The postman was the type of man who gossiped with the people on his route. It wouldn't be long before everyone knew.

From that day on, instead of dropping the mail in the box, the postman would ring the bell and hand Andy the mail and say something like, "Good morning, just bills! You must be buying too many new dresses?" or "Some great coupons here. Bet you'd get a free car wash! It's ladies' day!" or "Bet you've been waiting for this? Your Victoria Secret catalog!"

Andy and Karen knew everything he saw was being told to all. The fastest method of communication after a telephone is tele-a-postman.

There was no reason to hide anymore so Andy could go about his chores and do local shopping at the small "mom and pop" grocery store at the end of their street.

Karen insisted that Andy run his errands as usual. Since his male wardrobe had been put away since the start of vacation, there was no alternative but to go as he was presently dressed.

On his first local outing he was wearing a pink and white cotton dress, pantyhose, shoes with medium two-inch heels, white necklace and matching earrings in his pierced ears.

He started off down the street with some trepidation. Although he passed several people, no one paid attention to him other than a passing glance.

Mr. And Mrs. Lee were rather elderly people who had run this neighborhood store most of their lives. They had seen all kinds of people move in and out and they did not attempt to understand them. They just accepted them for how they acted. Andy and his wife had always been wonderful customers.

Andy was blushing a deep red when he made his usual request for bread and milk. At the same time he tried to appear as if nothing was different.

Mr. Lee said, as he handed him his purchases, "So you are dressing like a girl now? I used to have another customer who did that, but he never went out of his house."

From that day on, Andy collected the milk and bread without any further comment from anyone. Even his neighbors seemed to accept him, or rather her, without apparent question.

Finally, the long awaited morning of their vacation arrived. Andy and Michael said a last good-bye to all they knew and started off on their thrilling adventure with their wives.

Michael wore a green and red plaid, cotton dress, and green sandals with medium high built-up cork heels. Andy wore a crisp, white cotton blouse and short, blue denim skirt with black and white loafers.

Both guys wore pantyhose. Andy argued for a girdle that he found more exciting, but was overruled by his wife as not being suitable for a long car ride.

To avoid the problem of managing their hair in the wind from the moving car, Andy had developed an attractive hairdo by bringing the hair together into two pigtailed tied with short white ribbon bows that matched his blouse.

Michael, whose hair was longer, wore his hair up in a casual manner secured a "Hair-dini" his wife had given him as a going away present. His blonde hair was swept up, but long wavy tendrils were purposely left to femininely float around his cheeks and neck.

Both boys had made up carefully with light colored lipstick and just a trace of eye shadow. They remembered their wife's instruction to go lightly on the make-up to avoid calling undue attention to themselves. In the trunk of the car were their separate suitcases containing the results of careful planning and the shopping tours of the past weeks.

They could hardly wait for the forthcoming opportunities they would have to wear the extensive and varied clothes which included not even a single item of male attire.

The plan was to travel at leisurely pace, stopping off at motels for the four nights going and three returning. They would have a number of chances to wear their dresses in public while dining in the motel restaurants. In addition, they had scheduled several sight seeing tours of the towns and parks they would be passing through, which would provide more opportunities to show off their clothes.

The two wives had sensibly decided to wear pant suits most of the time, as being more practical and comfortable while traveling. There was no suggestion to their husbands to do likewise because pants were too masculine. They wanted to emphasize their husband's femininity.

The husbands were so excited they clung to each other like Miss America contestants before the announcement of a winner. This was done so naturally and so affectionately both wife's looked at each other somewhat in shock at first. It was such a girlish manner of recognition and it was indicative of how fully they had been feminized in reactions and thinking.

It was a frolicsome foursome that finally left, but not before the two femininely dressed guys had found a num-

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ber of occasions to run back into their houses for last minute items previously overlooked.

All were aware of the curtains moving back and forth in the living room of the house across the street. They were conscious that this unusual departure was being observed and would be gossiped about later. The postman tells all.

There was little traffic on the road and Lake Geneva was only a couple hours away. With everyone alternating on the driving, they made good time.

While getting gas, the attendant paid peculiar attention to the windows. . . and the "girl's" legs. Being called "Miss" was something the boys would have to get used to quickly, but Andrea and Michelle giggled with embarrassment after they left.

Michael was driving the last five miles to the resort since he'd been there before. It was about his third hair style change since they'd left. His blonde hair was now pulled back above his ears with two silver combs, so that his mass of sassy curls tumbled onto his shoulders.

"Oh, no!" Michael gasped looking in his rear view mirror. The flash of the police car's lights suddenly got all their attention and they pulled over quickly.

"We're dead," was all Andy had time to gasp before a tall, muscular Highway Patrolman strutted to the window and tapped on it with his gloved hand.

"License and registration," he said matter-of-factly, but Michael could tell he was checking out his legs.

"Miss, you must have missed that 25 mile an hour zone back there," he said taking the license from Michael's pink polished fingers. Michael had spent so much time looking in the rear mirror at his hair, it was lucky he hadn't hit someone.

"Miss, this must be your wife's license. Can I see yours please?"

Michael stammered, "That is mine. This is my wife," he motioned the Cristy.

The officer's hand went instinctively to his gun, then took a good look at the four "girls" in the car. "Anything else I need to know here?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

Karen took over and said with a professional spirit, "THIS is my husband and we are going to the Resort for the summer. I'm doing my doctorate on gender."

"Pretty hair," the brawny officer said, his hand gently touching Michael's blonde hair to see if it was real. "Fooled me. Most of the sexy blondes I stop are real girls."

He asked for and looking at everyone's license, then added, "Michael. Do you mind getting out of the car for a minute?"

Michael swung his long smooth legs out of the car and stood unsteadily on the gravel in his high heels.

"Turn around. Have you been drinking?"

Doing a little pirouette, Michael said, "No."

"Too bad," the officer said. "I'd have to handcuff you and throw you in the back of my squad car. You wouldn't like that would you?"

"No." Michael was beginning to twitch from fear.

"Do you know how to get to the Resort?"

"I think so."

"Follow me, it's tricky," the officer said.

As they followed the speeding squad car through the woods, Cristy was picking on Michael. "That will teach you to keep your eyes on the road. Now everyone around here is going to know!"

"He was sure handsome," Karen said getting a scowl from Andy, "I think he was just out picking up chicks."

Cristy said, "Yeah, he wasn't at all interested in writing a ticket. I use to get stopped all the time around college by cops who wanted to talk."

By the time, they caught up to the officer at the registration cabin, he was walking out.

"Great!" Andy moaned, "He told the clerk. We might as well go back."

Leaning against his car, the officer studied each of the four as they got out of the car and while the two boys adjusted their skirts down.

"I told the clerk, you GIRLS were friends of mine," the officer said taking another long look at Michael's figure. "He's going to upgrade you into better cabins. Now don't you girls embarrass me!"

They all nodded as the tension began to subside. "I'm Tom Harrington. If you have any problems call me. This is my beat."

Cristy smiled, introduced Karen, then quietly said, "We call Michael, 'Michelle' and Andy, 'Andrea' for obvious reasons."

Patrolman Tom's walkie-talkie started to squeal, "Got to go. . . accident on the interstate. Have a good time!" Then whispering to the boys, he said, "Now you two do what your wives tell you and be good 'girls. I come by here all the time and I'd hate to have to spank you."

Breathing hard, holding back his anger by sheer will-power, Michael smiled. As the patrol car raced away, Michael said to Andy, "How dare that arrogant ass treat us like children."

"Somehow I think it could have been much worse," gesturing to their wives who were flirtatiously waving good-by!

Checking in, they were all still shaking a bit from the encounter with the law; however, Karen was still engaged in cultivating a feminine spirit among the four.

The two cabins were near the lake, about a quarter mile apart. They were small but with a wonderful view, perfect for the summer. The guys had assumed that each couple would take a cabin, but shortly after getting there Karen announced, "As four girls, we will want to switch around. Sometimes Andrea will sleep with Michelle or Cristy and vice versa, depending on who is out late and what is happening."

Both Andrea and Michelle were surprised. Andy felt no jealousy at the prospect of having Michael sleep with his wife and was excited about the prospect of spending some girl to girl time with Michael and Cristy.

The resort covered many acres and had a large swimming pool, deck restaurant, tennis courts, a golf course. . . even boats to rent.

Both boys wanted to go swimming right away wearing their new bikini bathing suits, but the earlier incident left them in shock. "What if that officer comes back?" Andy worried.

"Cristy or I will take care of him. Let's hit the pool first thing tomorrow," Karen said. "It's getting late. You have all summer to show off your girlish figures."

A far more exciting prospect lay ahead: dining in a public restaurant for the first time ever as girls. For this they had long planned just what they would wear.

A week before, they had spotted two dresses in a downtown store window that captured their mutual fancies. Their wives had to buy them, which they good naturedly agreed to do. Both dresses were beautiful and feminine.

Andy selected a beautiful red silk party dress. It was sleeveless with a modest neckline, but it definitely looked like a skin hugger. It was styled with an Oriental pattern in cloth and cut. Ever since Andy held the dress against his body he yearned to be seen in it.

Michael was becoming very mindful of his hips and thighs. He was aware that his derriere had widened enough that some skirts were too snug around his curved hips. They were broad at the bottom with little fleshy "saddlebags" that made his walk swifty.

His fine golden blonde hair curled around his face like a frame. He was dressed in a leather mini-skirt and a sweater with lace and bows. He had a floppy, red bow holding back his hair in a sassy ponytail and gold earrings. His three inch high heels matched his sweater.

Both primed in the mirror until they were confident that they would attract considerable attention as they made their entrance to the dining room.

Andy was so excited for his debut, that Karen had difficulty getting him dressed at all. He did get his way by wearing the white satin faced girdle, white lace trimmed panties, a matching half slip and sheer nylons that set his shapely legs off to advantage.

Karen said, "My, aren't you becoming the little seductress!" His face flushed with the knowledge that he looked very smart, and every inch a young lady.

Their entrance was all they had anticipated, for indeed they presented the appearance of four very attractive young ladies. The resort photographer came around to their table and took pictures of the foursome.

Their delight in their reception was further enhanced by the admiring glances they received from two businessmen seated a short distance away. During the meal, the men kept glancing towards their table, evidently showing a great deal of interest in the "girls".

"Honey," Andy whispered to his wife. "How do we handle this?"

"Like ladies," she whispered and smiled back at the men.

Karen and Cristy knew their husbands were not completely prepared for such a development, but they also knew that few men would take on a group of four women having dinner. "We are going to be here a long time. Might as well get used to it now."

When Andy heard the "Hi girls," behind him he flinched. There was a young man in a navy business suit looking at him. "I'm Jack," he announced with a southern accent. "Hope to see ya' all 'round."

Introductions were made and Andy responded in his new high voice. The man gave Andy a broad smile. There was no question who of the four he was interested in. He left quickly with the promise to look them up later.

Karen and Cristy looked at each other helplessly as Andy began to panic. They shrugged their shoulders and said, "It goes with the territory! Four attractive women are not going to avoid male company for the entire trip."

Michael could talk of little else but about the handsome men in the restaurant. He teased Andy, "Oh, you must be so excited that he liked your dress!" It was obvious that Michael's maleness had been completely submerged and he was looking forward to their future experiences as the fair sex.

"I'm twenty-five years old," Andy whispered, "I can't believe I have to get used to guys looking at me like that NOW! I hope I have the confidence to carry this out."

The next morning they all walked to the pool. It was dead quiet. It was only ten AM and they knew it would be a madhouse later. The boys were nervous. There was always a fear that some child would yell "Mommy! Mommy! Why is that man wearing a woman's swimsuit?"

It was already hot. It was going to be a truly glorious day. They staked out four lounge chairs away from the pool and the traffic. Removing their cover-ups the four felt the warmth of the morning sun on their bodies.

As the wives deftly stepped out of their cover-ups, Andy began to feel insecure again. His wife in her bikini was truly a sight to behold and he was suddenly afraid he might

get excited, something the gaff would make very uncomfortable.

"What a way to start the day," Andy thought as he dove in the nippy pool to "cool off." As he began to swim, he felt the tightness of his one-piece lycra suit and the icy water shrink all his concerns.

Having no hair on his legs made his body feel like it was slinking through the water. His breast pads gave the impression of dark aureoles beneath the flowery suit's top. It was all he could do not to stare. Such ripe, full breasts jutting proudly from his own chest made him want to touch them, to feel them.

Getting out, he took the towel from his wife's outstretched hand. "Beautiful day," he sighed, pulling his shoulders back.

"I'll say," Michael said, adjusting his top slightly.

Before long, the pool was getting busy. It was almost 80 and the sun was beating almost straight down.

The crowd included plenty of women with young children and only a few single men. They had picked this resort because of the family atmosphere.

It was then that Andy noticed something different about Michael. He was wearing a pink one-piece suit with little-girl frilly edges. There were little bows on the straps above the small triangles covering his conspicuous breasts which seem to have grown in the last month. As Cristy began to oil his back, Andy noticed an inviting amount of soft flesh above the cups of his suit top. Moving his chaise lounge closer to Michael, Andy whispered, "How'd you do that?"

There was some giggling from his wife as Michael pulled out a tube of Tropic Fem lotion and asked, "Mind putting it on?"

"No problem," Andy responded with feigned casualness, but he was beginning to notice that Michael's figure was much softer and more rounded than he'd remembered.

Michael held his hair up off his back while Andy spread the milky liquid over his skin. Andy carefully rubbed each drop until it was absorbed and covered Michael's skin millimeter by millimeter. Andy felt his body relaxing as he touched the soft skin.

Michael purred deep in his throat and sighed "That feels really nice."

Andy went all the way down to Michael's suit bottoms, stroking his hips in a probing application of sun screen. "So, what's with the cleavage?" he finally asked.

"I guess if we are going to room together some nights, you were bound to find out. I've been taking double doses of female hormones and this lotion is loaded with estrogen."

"Won't that kill your male sex drive?" Andy whispered.

"It needed some killing," Michael smiled. "I was getting turned-on just seeing myself in the mirror. Now it's asleep!"

Andy continued down Michael's thighs to his calves and ankles. Andy was suddenly afraid again, feeling a straining at his gaff. Michael was so pretty and there was a softness about him. "On these more potent hormones, I don't have to worry about anything. All my male urges are gone. It's just a spiritless little sheath that doesn't mind staying where I put it."

Andy had found himself checking out Michael's eye-catching breasts and soft rounded bottom on more than one occasion recently. Now it made sense.

"It's the only way you can overpower your male feelings completely."

"What would Karen say," Andy whispered, looking to see if his wife was listening.

"Just tell her you are being bothered by male sensations. I'm sure Cristy told her about me. I couldn't do it like a man now if my life depended on it. But look at my tits! Let me do you with the Tropic Fem?"

Michael rubbed emasculating oil into Andy's sweet shoulders and neck and down his back. The hot sun made it soak in quickly and Andy sensed something different about the lotion.

As Michael rubbed the oil onto Andy's thighs, he accidentally brushed his crotch, then confided, "You wouldn't have to worry about that. . ."

Andy jumped a little but he spread his legs a little more as Michael started work on the other smooth thigh. Andy saw that the sexual tension of being a woman could become burdensome.

Back at the cabin, Andy told Karen what Michael had told him. "He's right. I keep having these cramping male urges."

"I thought this might happen," Karen said. "If you are worried about me, don't. You've been pretty passive in your sexual appetite for sometime now. Besides, you don't get very erect anyway."

Andy blushed. He'd hoped she hadn't noticed. "Shall we try for maximum feminization?" Andy asked. "This is pretty experimental stuff."

"Come with me," Karen said, picking up her carry bag and leading Andy into their bedroom. "I've been dying to show you this but I didn't want to push you."

She opened a white medical looking box. "I've been trained by a doctor at the University."

When Andy saw the contents, he gasped, "What the... I don't like shots!"

"Don't worry, I've been doing Michael's injections for over a month now. Besides, this isn't like any shot you've ever had! You'll like it!" Karen playfully ran a finger along her own chestline and squealed with pleasure, "This is such fun! Take off your suit."

Andy removed his flowery suit and his now musky gaff. Karen had Andy sit down. To his surprise it wasn't to be a shot in the buttock. Karen spread Andy's legs and knelt between them.

"What the?" Andy gasped as Karen took some lotion and sterilized the little sack hidden in his pubic hair.

Andy was starting to get excited again and Karen observed, "I see what you mean. That's not very lady-like." Pushing aside the small but taxing soft ingot, she added, "Or man-like. I can fix that!"

Andy's moaned and sighed as a long needle was pressed into an orb. Andy couldn't believe this was happening as Karen began to breathe faster like she was having sex.

Karens own pearly pink nipples were completely erect as she stopped just long enough to say, "Get ready! This may sting!" Karen injected the little orb with the amber estrogen elixir.

With a shriek, Andy let loose a tremendous whimper, then felt spasm after spasm as a clear liquid spilled from his maleness getting all over Karen.

"Wow, what was THAT!" was all Andy could say, "Sorry about the mess."

"That was good sign," Karen sighed, "but I still have the other side to do!"

Still feeling a pulsing, Andy, in shock, saw Karen prepare the other orb and again it began to twitch, then spasm after spasm of liquid overflowed from the end. Andy squealed like it was the best intercourse he'd even had.

Karen ran her finger up the little shaft and squealed with satisfaction. "Your first ever multiple orgasm? I just made you a woman."

"What's that mean?"

"It takes about a day, but by tomorrow, you'll not be getting those bothersome male reactions."

Andy gently wiggled in his seat, feeling completely new sensations. "Oh, my, oh, oh," Andy gasp. "What have I done?"

"Shhh, I'm going to like my husband with tits," Karen said pulling down the top of her swimsuit, her delicate breasts spilled out. They were milky white skin with tiny freckles and two pink, puffed up nipples. "Nice ones just like mine!?"

Andy touched the creamy soft breasts and her nipples swelled up in excitement. "We'll make love with our breasts," Karen said as she fondled his young boobs, carefully teasing the nipples which jumped to attention.

Reaching down and feeling Andy's soft, mostly incognito maleness, she whispered, "No more embarrassing reactions down here! Breasts feel better than THAT ever did!" Karen giggled and rubbed her nipples into his sensitive little nubs.

The days at the resort went pleasantly. With each tour or shopping trip, the boys felt more at home.

It was a couple days later when Karen dropped the bomb. She came home from shopping one morning and said to Andy, "Honey, I almost forgot to tell you. I ran into that man we met the first night. He wants to take you to dinner a week from Saturday night?"

"Me? You made me a date?," Andy responded. "Why?"

"He was very anxious to go out with you and he seemed so nice. Besides, it'll be a new experience for you. We girls

have to look 'normal', right. I can't wait to call Cristy and tell her you were the first one to get a date."

Andy was totally puzzled and embarrassed. Why would Cristy be excited if he agreed to go out on a blind date?

But apparently they did because she came over to their cabin and went into the bedroom where Andy could hear them giggling up a storm.

A little while later they came into the living room. They were bubbling over with amusement. "We've decided that this is a very special occasion for you."

Andy's mouth gaped open. He was absolutely speechless at how excited his wife was about him having a date with a man. "You are the first of us to be asked out and we can't give the resort the impression we are weird, can we? He really likes you," his wife went on joking, "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he asks you to marry him!"

Andy was choking with embarrassment. "I think we've gone too far. I'm already married, remember? I have no intention of going through with this wacky thing."

"Oh, come on dear. Don't be a spoil sport. It's only one date," adding, "It will be really fun to dress you all up and send you off on the arm of a handsome young man."

Andy didn't have much choice except to go through with this ridiculous masquerade. As Karen pointed out, it was only for one evening. Assuming he could avoid detection, it wouldn't really hurt anyone.

Karen insisted that Andy learn to dance as a girl just in case they went dancing. She and Cristy spent hours talking girl talk in front of him and asking him questions that a man would ask his date. Soon Andy was sounding like a typical young woman. He wouldn't have anyone there to help him, so he had to learn how a woman feels when she is out with a man. Since Andy needed a background of boyfriends, encounters, schooling etc, they decided he would take his wives' life experiences, even down to a failed marriage.

Finally, the dreaded Saturday arrived. Andy was in his room putting on the finishing touches when the doorbell rang. Karen sprayed him with some scrumptious perfume and handed him a small beaded evening bag.

Andy looked at Karen, but she just winked at her blushing husband in his little evening dress.

"Andy, your date is here," Cristy called out from the living room. Karen went into a quick frenzy of last second primping and fussing over her terrified husband.

Reluctantly Andy went to meet his date who took his hand and made comments about how pretty he looked. Mentally, Andy reviewed everything he need to know about being a woman and with a certain amount of fear, allowed the man to take his hand.

Andy had to admit that Dennis was really handsome. He was the kind of man that would make him jealous if Karen was going on the date. He was awfully glad that Karen wasn't going out with Dennis. He would be tough competition. "Oh, so that's it," Andy thought, "Me first, then the girls are going to start going out."

Andy quickly reminded himself that if he were going to pull this deception off he'd better start thinking like a girl.

Dennis held Andy's beautifully manicured hand in his and said, "You're even more gorgeous than I remembered."

Andy blushed furiously at this compliment, but remembered Karen's advise to accept compliments and shyly said, "Thank you."

It turned out to be a pleasant evening. It was easy for Andy to put himself into a girlish mood. After realizing that Dennis accepted him completely for what he appeared to be, Andy relaxed and decided to make the best of the few hours they would be together.

They had an excellent candlelight dinner at a romantic, little Italian restaurant. Several times, Dennis reached across to touch Andy's hand. He was most courteous and solicitous, holding Andy's chair for him.

Then as his wife suggested, they went dancing. Andy felt strange being held in the arms of a young man. It was completely different from his lessons with Karen or Cristy.

"You dance like a feather in the wind," Dennis said. "I can never get over how you gals can be so graceful on high heels."

"It does take practice," Andy told him.

Andy allowed Dennis to kiss him good night as he dropped him off at the door. Karen insisted that it was

part of accepting a date and a "thank you" for a nice evening.

"I'll call you," Dennis said as they parted. "I will be thinking of you every minute we're not together."

When Dennis had gone, Andy put his key in the lock. The door opened to reveal Karen, Michael, and Cristy.

"Why Andy," Karen said in mock surprise. "Your lipstick is smeared. How did that happen?"

"Alright, girls," Andy retorted, checking his lipstick in the mirror. "Go ahead and have your fun, but I was flawless. Dennis had no idea!"

Cristy mocked, "Dennis is a lot more handsome than most of the guys I use to date. How was it being with someone so manly?"

Michael said, "I want to hear about every second."

"Me too," said Karen enthusiastically. "You are the only one of us with a man now."

Andy blushed, but told them about Dennis putting his hand on his waist as they walked to a romantic restaurant for dinner by candlelight. Shyly he admitted, "After a glass of wine I began to relax and let him hold my hand as we talked."

"Oh my," Michael said breathlessly.

Andy continued, "After dinner we went to a nightclub and he asked me to dance."

"Did you press your breasts against him during the slow dances the way we taught you?" Karen teased.

Andy blushed and Cristy shook her head and said, "You little slut!"

They drank and giggled and talked until the wee hours about Andy's experiences.

"Is he going to ask you out again?" Karen asked her emasculated husband.

"I don't know," Andy said almost trembling at the notion of what having a date with a man meant.

His own wife was treating him like a woman and there was no flicker of any maleness left. Bewildered, Andy caught himself gushing about his first date with a man. "He was such a gentleman," Andy reminisced.

Karen mocked, "You let him know you are NOT the kind of girl who sleeps with a man on the first date? Right?"

"Honey?!?" Andy blushed, "I'm married to you!"

"Karen said, "I know you have never been attracted to men before, but the female hormones in you are bound to develop new feelings. Don't fight them, they will serve to make you more feminine."

"How far do you want me to go?"

"I want you to think of men as a source of companionship and not in a competitive manner. I don't want you to get all huffy if some gentleman asks me out."

Andy lingered in his lingerie as his wife prepared for bed. Karen spoke seriously, "I know you are still in a daze from your date tonight, but it's important you get comfortable doing everything a woman does."

"But I did it," Andy whined, "wasn't that enough?"

"I can assure you that you have lots to learn. Your future dates won't all end up as innocently as the first."

"Oh my," Andy said as he curled up in their big bed in his short baby doll nighty. "I hate to think about how much of a sissy I've become."

"We have a solution to that. We are going to make a fine young lady out of you." Karen turned down the lights and cuddled up to her effeminate husband who was heading for what was becoming "just another day in dresses."

With the lights out, Karen had Andy move to the center of the bed on his back. She put a pillow under his hips, took his ankles into her hands, and raised his legs up so he could see his painted toe-nails and smooth shaven legs.

"Oh honey," Andy said feeling completely submissive to her.

Karen smiled as she curved over Andy in the dominant position. "Bet Dennis would have loved to get you like this?"

Andy started to grumble and protest a little, but Karen said, "You'll learn to like having someone on top of you." With that, her hips began little thrusting motions and Andy let out a little moan.

Andy began to roll his hips up to meet Karen's as she began a series of sharp thrusts. Thrusts that Andy found himself pressing against in unison.

"That's a girl," Karen sighed, grinding her pelvis against Andy's. "Spread your legs a little more."

The pressure was almost too much to bear, but Karen was close. She gasped and had orgasm after orgasm.

Andy knew his wife wanted him to get use to having sex in a female posture, so he didn't say anything. His remaining male dignity was being swept away with each girlish experience.

Andy whimpered, "That was wonderful dear." She had taught him to put his partners pleasure before his own. He got out of bed and went to the bathroom.

Staring in the mirror, Andy's beautiful hair was a mess as was his rationality. Brushing his fingers through the pretty highlights, he felt fragile and feminine. Big hoop earrings hung from each ear. Even without make-up his face was very feminine now with highly arched plucked brows that gave his face an innocent expression.

"What a day," he reflected. There was no reason to believe anytime in the future would give him any relief. Andy looked feminine and would be feminine until it became instinctive.

The next morning Andy woke up slowly with little thought about anything. Consciousness of his slippery nightgown was the first clue reminding him of his recent role change. Karen was already out jogging. She was so energetic lately while Andy chose to sit around in inactivity.

It was getting harder to get going in the mornings, yet there was so much to do. Andy slipped into the tub. The hot water and fragrant bubbles were celestial like being in a cloud.

Andy soaped and carefully shaved his legs, taking special care around the bikini line. "One slip there. . . actually I wouldn't be any worse off," he mused.

He relished the hot scented bubbles and took inventory as he always did each morning. His smooth, soft rounded legs were pleasing to even his eyes. Andy's eyes surveyed the responsive small mounds on his chest. His fingers verified their sensitivity as his large pink nipples became erect, sending sensations down his spine. Andy was bewildered by the palpations, but was not at all turned on like a male.

Suddenly his wife walked in, causing Andy to jump.

"Sorry, dear," Karen said removing her jogging tights, "I didn't mean to scare you."

"I guess I'm a bit jumpy."

"I understand what you are going through," she said. "It's a stage we girls go through as we become women. It's important you like your new body."

Karen quickly showered and the two put on panties, bras, and pantyhose. Karen commented, "Don't you just love the way nylon panties feel against your bottom?"

"It certainly is addictive," Andy said as he pulled a sumptuous slip over his head.

Karen picked out a little pink dress for him and a pair of matching pink sandals with 3" heels. Andy was a dream in pink.

"Oh my," he said looking in the mirror, "I feel so girlish!"

Karen smiled and a sparkle came to her eyes. "That's because you are, my dear. Can't you see how far you've come?" She kissed him gently; careful not to mess his lipstick. Being accepted by his wife as a woman, always made him feel a little bizarre, but it was also strangely exciting.

As they finished their dressing, they giggled and enjoyed putting on the little finishing touches to their make-up.

Andy caught his wife staring at him when he was checking his hose and slip. She said in a festive mood, "I love us being like this. Two young girls and the world is waiting."

Michael saw him coming. He stood motionless on the cabin porch in his toga-style dress of ice blue. The sunlight played with the highlights in his blonde hair. "Oh honey," he twittered in his high voice. "We have company!"

When the dust settled, Officer Tom Harrington stepped out of his car and strutted up to where Michael and Cristy stood.

"Hi girls!" he said walking up on the porch. "Just checking to see if you are having a good time breaking hearts."

Seeing Michael's glare, he retreated, "Look, can we talk. I haven't been able to get you two out of my mind since I stopped you."

"Come on in," Cristy said, seeing a side of him for the first time.

Michael tried his best to not walk with the regular undulating swish of his hips but Tom was watching every flutter. "Silicone?" he asked, speculating on the soft twin peaks above Michael's bodice.

"He grew them," Cristy defended. "What do you want?"

Tom sat down, "I didn't stop you for speeding. You were, but so was everyone else. I stopped you because you were an attractive group of girls. Since I did, I've been haunted by thoughts of you both. I sort of hope that we didn't get off on the wrong foot and we could be friends."

"Friends? How?" Cristy asked.

"I don't know," he said a bit confused. "Maybe as a male escort, or tour guide or what ever you want me to be. I'd just like to spend some time getting to know the two of you."

Flattered that this good-looking man was almost pleading, Cristy said, "Okay, but on our terms. We tell you to leave, you run! Okay?"

"Anything," he smiled. "Let me tell you about myself." He rambled about his Uncle owning the Resort. How almost everything in the county was "connected" to some Harrington somewhere. "It ain't much, but I guess we sort of run the place. They made me the revenue source, but I've been decorated by the state three times for heroism. But enough about me."

Michael found it odd talking about himself honestly to such a brawny fellow. Tom found it interesting that Cristy was a lawyer but was more interested in Michael and how he got to "filling out" a cute little dress in front of him.

Michael stated, "Something made me different from other men."

"That's an understatement," Tom joked. It was surprising that as they talked, they relaxed. Tom asked, "I'd love to take you and your friends out to dinner tomorrow night." Both nodded.

The next morning all four went to a local mall and had fancy coffees for breakfast. Andy was told that he should diet or the stifling hormones would really put the pounds on. . .and not in the right places.

"Breasts are one thing," Michael said, "But we don't want to become cows!"

Since his date, Karen went out of her way to point out the cute guys to the blushing Andy. He defended, "Sure I had a date with a man, but that doesn't mean I'm suddenly a connoisseur of men."

Andy was having trouble maintaining his composure. His feminine dress and his wife's inducement were making him breathless. To have become so defenseless and effeminate in front of his wife was almost too much. But today the conversation was mostly about the cop. "I thought you hated him," Andy asked Michael.

"I think he's fascinated with us. He's a hero, you know," Michael defended.

Splitting up to shop, Michael bought a blue silk dress styled like one he'd always thought looked sexy on his wife Cristy. They also picked out some matching 4" blue pumps and evening nylons that were particularly silky.

Cristy said, "I can't have my husband looking more desirable than me! Help me pick out something sexy too."

It took over an hour, but Michael helped his wife pick out a little red dress with a very short flared skirt that made her look irresistible. He had never picked out something meant to get his wife male attention. He said, "You will turn heads in that!"

Cristy smiled, "Now we'll both turn some heads!"

That night Karen helped touch up Andy's make-up. She put his hair up in an evening style; piled high on top. It was held up with pins, but she left lots of loose tresses falling down sensuously.

She took his hand and stepped back looking at the two of them in the mirror. "WOW," said Karen, "If we don't get laid tonight, the men better start learning braille!"

Andy got a worried look in his eyes, but Karen added, "Just kidding!"

Andy was still scared when Tom drove up, even though he'd never felt so feminine. There was always the chance he'd forget something and give himself away. Maybe this was part of a bad joke. Being exposed as a man in a dress was most frightening.

They left and went to a popular restaurant. While waiting for their booth, Tom began to entertain them with little jokes and stories about his days on the road. "Hey,"

he expounded, "it's not often I entertain four sweet young things!"

Andy was not comfortable, but Karen whispered, "Relax dear. Only your slip is showing."

Blushing, Andy casually adjusted his skirt, as Tom complemented the "girls" over and over again.

Andy was feeling better when their booth came available. It was a view booth with Tom on the inside. Both wives pushed their husbands next to their host. After they sat down, Karen whispered to her husband, "Now don't embarrass me. Relax and show off that feminine personality."

Andy squirmed in his seat and looked around the restaurant filled with "beautiful people". The men were all prosperous looking and the women quite beautiful and flirtatious. Some obviously had breast implants and were flaunting their curves in low cut dresses. Andy almost wished his chest was more developed, but from the way the guys looked at him, he knew he held his own against the other ladies.

"I have little presents for two of you," Tom said with a deep grin. He pulled out two envelopes and handed them to Michael and Andy. "Open them!"

The boys faces flushed in bewilderment as it sank in. "They're real!" Tom said. "I used some pictures taken at the Resort and I have a key to the DMV. It was easy. Now you don't have to worry about anything."

Both husbands looked at the little cards. Their glowing pictures with their hair done up and make-up perfect and the preposterous little "F" under sex. "In this state, you are girls," Tom said proudly, "with indisputable rights to the ladies room AND a discount on your auto insurance. It's a "don't go to jail" card when you meet up with some donkey of a cop."

"What do you say to the kind man," Karen said to Andy.

"Thanks, I guess," Andy said, taking the card and putting it in his purse delicately, like it might break.

Michael was animated enough to lean over and kiss Tom's cheek.

Tom smiled, "That was sweet. I just want you all to know, if you want to be girls and your wives want you to be girls, then I want you to be girls too!"

About then, two guys came to the table. Tom introduced the "girls" to his fellow patrolmen. They pulled over a couple chairs without asking and Karen moved out to allow one of the men to sit next to Andy. "Tom has too many chicks even for him," one whispered to the waiter.

One of the men intently discussed about the day's adventures with Andy. Andy looked at his wife, but she was absorbed in conversation with the other officer.

By the end of dinner, Andy nearly started crying when he saw the man nonchalantly kiss his wife. She seemed to melt into his arms and they kissed again. Andy had never seen his wife kiss another man and it was most infuriating. Hidden by the table, the man's hands were obviously caressing her hips or worse.

Andy wanted to jump up in indignation, but he couldn't. Besides, he felt a hand rest on his knee. Startled and confused, Andy sat very still while nodding agreement with the man chatting.

"Man, are we lucky to run into you girls," the man said squeezing Andy's thigh gently.

"It's too bad we can't stay out much later," one said, "We have an early shift tomorrow. Can't stay out like the blue-blood Tom over there."

Karen moaned, "Yeah, too bad."

Tom was in a deep conversation with Michael and Cristy. They were all snuggled close in the booth and appeared to be enjoying themselves. Karen's gentleman said, "I know this great place. How about the two of you going with us tomorrow?"

Once safely in the cabin, Karen could not keep her hands off Andy, much to his delight. "Wasn't that great?" she exclaimed. "And they were so manly!"

They took off their dresses. In bra and panties, they began to get ready for bed. Andy sat at the vanity and caught a glimpse of his effeminate physique in the mirror. He didn't recognize the soft feminine form and tried not to think about what was happening to him.

At the other cabin, Michael was serving coffee to his wife and Tom. Michael no longer evaded Tom's stares, but relished them. He was such a gentleman and wondered if

his broad shoulders ever tired of the civic burden he carried.

Tom towered over Michael by over eight inches and made him feel dainty and protected. Any woman would be delighted to be close to him, so it wasn't surprising that Cristy was sitting close and enjoying his company.

She certainly made Michael forget his jealousy when, after making love that afternoon, she said, "You are the love of my life. Don't worry about anyone else! Especially a man!"

Sitting primly on the sofa, they made small talk and drank coffee. Tom finally said, "I better get out of your hair. I've never enjoyed a date, ah, dates as much as I have you two." His powerful, well-muscled body stood up with easy grace. "Say, how about just the two of you going to a little hideaway with me tomorrow? I have to warn you, it's romantic!"

Michael stood up and straightened his skirt. Cristy accepted the offer and Tom put his arms around both of them and said, "This is great!"

Seeing his wife so flirtatious, Michael could not help but wonder if he should have gone so far with all this. Cristy's acceptance and encouragement was overwhelming, but under current circumstances, being just a "girl friend" to his wife was bewildering.

"Thank Tom again for making you a woman," Cristy said.

"Oh, the license!" Michael gasped. Stretching up, he gave Tom another kiss on the cheek like he'd been taught.

Tom smiled and said, "You're legal now! You can even kiss a cop like this!" He moved his mouth over Michael's pink lips and caressed them more than kissed them, sending a shock wave through his entire body. Tom quickly said, "Cristy said I could do that. Hope it's okay?"

Michael really didn't want to participate in what could become a rather strained situation. "Sure," he said.

Cristy said, "My turn!"

Pulling Cristy to him, Tom kissed her. His lips were more persuasive than she cared to admit.

As for Michael, he had nothing with him but his girl's clothes and was obliged to continue in the role of a woman regardless of how he might feel. His only hope was to get into the role and forget about those nagging male inhibi-

tions. Jealousy was really paltry compared to his happy state of mind.

"See ya' tomorrow girls," Tom said, leaving with a bounce in his step. Think about me. I'll be dreaming of the two of you."

It was a cool evening and promised to be a beautiful night. Michael wore a loose, white backless dress, with a very low neckline, tied loosely behind his neck with a thin white string. His arms were bare and his bikini tan strap marks showed femininely. It was the first time he'd ever gone braless. He bent over occasionally, checking the loose front part of his dress to make sure nothing was exposed but the naked sides of his skinny body.

"Look at you," Cristy said joking, checking the the front of his dress. She saw his big pink areolas and soft girlish mounds. "A little sperm in the right place and you look like you could have babies!"

Michael reddened, but feeling the unencumbered swellings shift on his chest under the light fabric made him agree.

The restaurant was an old pleasant farm house on a hill, surrounded by a large garden. Michael gracefully slipped from the car seat so his skirt would not ride up. It was such a girlish action. Tom offered his hand and Cristy followed.

It was startling to be catered to so intently by a bachelor who undoubtedly liked him... and his wife! Michael actually had butterflies in his stomach. "What kind of man would do this?" he kept asking himself.

Trying to cope with a nagging sense of dishonor, he remembered his wife's words. "You have to develop a state of mind where you consider yourself to be a real female."

Michael was trying to feel the same as a girl would if she was taken to dinner with a good-looking man. He thought about all of this with a sinking heart. His wife was also responding like a woman out with a man.

Michael was trying to absorb the impact of all these conflicting feelings. Cristy, seeing the bewilderment on Michael's face, felt anxiety for the way his daydreams of being a woman were being shattered. It wasn't all lace and nylon. There were responsibilities that came with being

pretty. He had to come to terms with being feminine in society.

Seeing his wife and Tom holding hands, Michael reluctantly allowed Tom to hold his hand too.

He substituted a smile on his ruby lips, determined not to let his wife know how confused he was. Michael was so convincing in his submission that, much to Cristy's surprise, he seemed to have dismissed from his mind any thought of being her husband.

Dinner passed pleasantly, followed by a quiet evening of dancing under the big tree in the outside garden. Michael was glad that he had practiced dancing for so many hours taking the girl's part. When Tom wasn't dancing with one or the other, there were other single men who chivalrously waited their turn.

Tom whispered to Michael while dancing close, "I love seeing you dance with other guys. It's so sexy!"

As the evening progressed, Michael was completely accepted as a woman. Even seeing his wife dance close with Tom or some other man didn't bring even the slightest feeling of strangeness.

In the ladies room, he said to his wife, "I'd understand if you wanted to make love with Tom."

Cristy laughed, "Hey, anything Tom wants from me he wants from you too. If I'm going to give something to Tom, you're going to give it too!"

That night as Tom took them home, Michael again felt embarrassed over the prospects of doing more than kissing a man in front of his wife, but he was determined to not show his insecure feelings. He relaxed and leaned against Tom's arm as he drove them home.

Taking quick inventory, Michael felt his dress, panties, bra, make-up and long wavy hair. He looked at Cristy sitting next to him and got a thrill that she expected him to be as feminine as her. "Could he really handle anything she might get from this robust Adonis?" He decided to simply followed her lead.

The next day, Michael awoke with a happy, laughing Cristy saying, "I needed that. Now you know what a good man can do for you!"

Cristy unashamedly kissed her blushing husband, which was just as naturally returned. They were becom-

ing more and more like two women together, establishing a closer relationship than had ever existed as husband and wife.

"The first time is so important," Cristy chuckled. "You might have been turned off from the beauty of physical love if Tom was clumsy. He sure knew how to treat you like a young, innocent girl."

Thinking about the fantastic encounter he and Cristy had had together, Michael said, "I was scared. I have so much to learn."



Cristy complimented him on handling the situation so well. "Scared or not, I'm so proud of you! You made him very happy."

"We made him very happy," Michael smiled. It had been an exciting and satisfying experience to express his femininity with his wife's teamwork.

Both of them were permeated with the essence of what only a man can give. The two girls screamed with girlish delight at what they'd accomplished. The only problem was that the vacation was almost over and Michael figured his life would go back to there it started!

"I hate to think about changing back," he said morosely, caressing his hands over his belly and gently flared hips down to his liberated round soft bottom.

"There's weekends!" Cristy announced. "And next summer! Or better yet, forget it. With the driver's license, you are legally female. From what I saw last night, mentally too!"

"Really?"

Cristy smiled and said, "Why not. We simply must keep you a girl. Everyone loves you as a girl and society would hate you as an wimpy guy with oversized mammary glands."

"Really!" Michael squealed, his red lips smiling, his bright eyes sparkling and his face radiant with pleasure. "I'll be a good girl, I promise!"

THE END

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