

SERIALS

MAGAZINE

**POLISHED
TO PERFECTION**



PART THREE OF THREE

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POLISHED “TO PERFECTION”

Book Three

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“POLISHED”

LADY FINGERS

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QUOTE BOARD

“I'll be President for food. . .and nylons.”



POLISHED

By: D. Crease

BOOK THREE

After many bountiful toasts to the happy pair, all the champagne was gone. Brad was in the kitchen with Pam, helping her clean up, while Rob, Lisa and Cindy were sitting on the front porch. The three friends talked gleefully about the events of the last several days. Rob explained, "I just told Brad the truth about me last night. It's simply wonderful. Brad truly loves me for who I am!"

Winking at Cindy, Lisa leaned toward Rob, whispering in his ear, "Have you made up your mind about having a sex change operation?"

Rob thoughtfully replied, "No, I'm still debating about that. Such a drastic and final change is such a difficult decision to make." And as he explained his feelings to his friend, Rob thought to himself, "Well, at least it's a choice I can decide upon much easier now, since I know I have Brad's undivided and absolute love."

Deep in the back of Rob's mind was still the question, "Am I really woman enough to be a man's wife?"

By the time their guests left, the hour had become quite late. Brad asked Rob to go out for a ride with him. Rob said goodnight and thanked his mother for her love and support. Kissing her very feminized son, Pam replied, "I wish the both of you all the happiness in the world!" Turning to Brad, she smilingly warned, "I want you to take good care of my Robin. . .and be gentle."

Brad raised his hand in a boy scout salute and said, "I give you my solemn oath that I will love, cherish and care for our Robin forever and ever."

"Cut out the mush and let's get going, lover!" Rob exclaimed as he gave his fiance a friendly jab in the ribs with one of his long red fingernails. Then the three all chuckled as Rob and Brad left the house for their ride.

The days and weeks to come were the happiest Rob had ever known. The news of his engagement to Brad travelled throughout the salon and the stylists and customers alike wished him the best of luck.

Rob's relationship with Brad advanced to a new level. While it had always been one of mutual respect, admiration and love, the physical aspect had been romantically passionate, yet didn't go beyond heavy kissing and intimate petting. Before Rob had told Brad the truth about his sexual identity, he feared any sexual relations, giving Brad the excuse that he desired to maintain his virginity. But now, the truth was out and he was fully and unequivocally accepted. Now there was no reason to lie. Yet despite all this, Rob still wondered, "Does Brad really want to make love to me, knowing I'm a boy with a woman's body---almost?"

Several weeks after their engagement, Brad picked Rob up after work on a weekday evening to have dinner. Instead of going to a restaurant, he took Rob back to his apartment and prepared a lovely meal for him. This had not been the first time he cooked for Rob. Brad was an excellent chef and Rob enjoyed his culinary creations. During the meal, he and Rob discussed the wedding plans. Although they had yet to pick a date, they both enjoyed talking about what type of wedding they wanted to have. Surprisingly, they pretty much agreed on most of their respective ideas.

After dinner, the two lounged on Brad's leather sofa and listened to soft, romantic music on the stereo. As they listened, they finished their wine from dinner. Of course, one thing lead to another and soon the wine glasses were sitting on the cocktail table, as the two lovers were in each other's loving embrace, kissing and hugging passionately.

As passions grew, so did Brad's manhood. Rob felt its pulsating hardness as it pushed outward, pressing beneath Brad's pants as Rob embraced him. Holding his fiancée tightly, Brad whispered, "I love you, sweetheart," as he nibbled at Rob's pearl studded earring.

Looking longingly into Brad's dark brown eyes, Rob ran a long crimson fingernail in an enticing manner up and down Brad's back. Then Rob pulled his lover closer to him, forcing Brad's groin hard against his crotch. Brad smiled as Rob breathlessly said, "I'm scared to death but I know *now* its *my* time."

Giving a quizzical look, Brad did understand what Rob meant. But Rob just smiled, took him by the hand, slid off the

sofa and lead Brad into his bedroom, closing the door behind them.

Rob mind was in a whirl. He really didn't know what he was doing except that he knew what he wanted. He wanted to please Brad! As the two stood in the bedroom, Rob began to undress Brad, from head to toe. Once he was fully nude, Rob disrobed himself, removing everything, except his flesh tone colored gaff. He left his garment on because he didn't want to ruin the mood of the moment by exposing his own maleness.

"WOW," Brad gasp, "Whatever boy there is left is sure sleeping and I have a feeling I'm about to extinguish whatever is remaining."

The manly Brad stepped up and swept the womanly figure of Rob off his feet and carried him to the king-sized bed. Rob felt very nervous, not really knowing what to expect or what to do. Yet, he was comforted by Brad, as he took complete control of the situation.

That evening, Rob was compelled to respond more like a woman than he ever had before.

The two lovers spent hours in Brad's bed together. The excitement was so intense that at moments Rob broke down and cried. But each time Brad was there to comfort his wife to be. When he didn't cry, Rob shrieked in ecstasy from their love making. After that evening, if Rob had harbored any doubts as to Brad's love for him, he never doubted him anymore.

It was midnight and Rob and Brad were sitting up in bed, thoroughly exhausted! Brad was an experienced lover. In his day, he had had many a woman. But his lovemaking with his fiancée had been a first of its kind for him. Yet, during it all, Rob had not removed his gaff.

As they laid in bed, Rob asked Brad if he enjoyed himself. Brad enthusiastically answered affirmatively. Then Rob shyly queried, "Darling, did I satisfy you? Was making love to me as fulfilling for you as a real woman would have been?"

Brad turned to Rob, scolding, "Sweetheart, that was a silly question. As far as I'm concerned, you are a real woman!" Rob meekly smiled at his lover, genuinely appreciating his thoughtful reply.

Leaning over toward Rob, Brad leered wantonly and said, "I think I'm getting my second wind."

Rob caressed his cheek and replied, "Wait a moment, darling." As Brad sat up, Rob reached down and removed his gaff, exposing the remnants of his maleness to Brad's view. He

then announced, "From here on, no more little secrets between us, Brad. Now you see the entire real me."

Brad raised his right hand and agreed, "No more secrets." Then the two embraced and made love again and throughout the night. At one point as Rob squealed under the arduous intensity of his gentlemanly lust, Brad whispered, "Don't you wish your mother could see you now?"

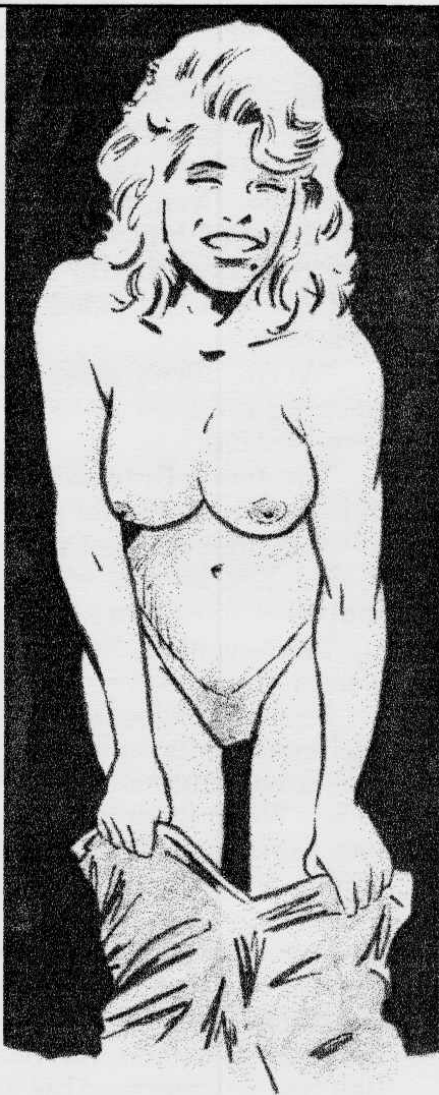
Rob swooned.

In the morning, after the most demanding and fulfilling evening in his life, Rob awoke bewildered by a strange tenderness in his body. Seeing Brad, he thought, "Ohh yeah."

It was very early and Brad was still asleep. Rob got out of bed and went to the bathroom to freshen up and get to dressed. There, he stood before the mirror, totally nude. Looking at himself, from head to toe, his eyes kept on glaring down and focusing on his groin. He had not taken a good look at his body in quite a while; having often worn his gaff even when he bathed or showered.

With it now removed, Rob saw the real him and a voice inside his head kept repeating, "There is something wrong with this picture and what I did last night." As he studied his curvaceous body, he recounted the events of the past evening and the words Brad spoke to him were indeed comforting.

Yet, as he continued to ponder, Rob began thinking, "I'm going to be that man's wife soon. But I find myself in a state of limbo. While Brad insists I am a woman, the fact remains I'm not quite there, yet. I feel so selfish. What I'm doing to him is really unfair."



Rob thought of the feelings still tingling through his body. He had experienced no male arousal yet had experienced the most passionate intercourse of his life.

He said to himself softly, "The boy that I was is barely a vague memory to me. Rob is gone forever. I must be the best wife I can for my darling, Brad. I must be all the woman I can be." It was then and there that Rob made up his mind. He was going to have the operation!

At first, Rob kept his decision to himself. In the days that followed, he spoke to Lisa at great length about her sex change. He even had lunch with Melissa, one Saturday afternoon, and asked her how she felt about now being a girl, having once been male. These talks gave Rob the confidence he needed to solidify his decision. In fact, shortly after his lunch date with Melissa, Rob made an appointment to see Dr. Hughes.

At his visit, Dr. Hughes examined Rob and gave him an estrogen and progesterone booster shot. Since he had always avoided the topic of the operation in the past, Dr. Hughes was taken by surprise when Rob told her of his decision. She welcomed it and congratulated him on his choice, adding, "A boyfriend will tend to change things."

Thereafter, they retired to her study, where she explained the procedure to him in graphic detail. In short his maleness would be inverted---his maleness would become the lining for his new womanly genitalia.

Rob was somewhat familiar with what the doctor told him, based on his conversations with Melissa and Lisa. At the conclusion of the appointment, the doctor arranged a date for her patient to enter the hospital for some tests and thereafter to conclude the final chapter of Rob Andrew and open the book of Robin Ann Payton.

The decision to have the operation was a very personal one with Rob. Yet, he promised to never keep secrets again from Brad. Choosing thoughtfully, he decided upon the appropriate setting to announced the news to his fiance.

Rob invited Brad over to his house for dinner. That evening, he left work early to prepare a good old fashion family meal for Brad and his mother. Roasted chicken, mashed potatoes, peas and homemade bread were the fare for the evening. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed his cooking and Brad even helped himself to seconds. Rob gushed with fulfillment in the feminine feeling that he had made and served dinner in a very "wifely" manner.

Over coffee and freshly baked apple pie, Rob announced to his mother and Brad that he had something very important to tell them. Neither one expected it, but when they heard that Rob had decided to have the sex change operation, both his mother and Brad enthusiastically supported him. One look at Rob, anyone could tell that he was genuinely excited and happy, but more importantly very relieved. It had been difficult not only for him to make the choice, but to tell his fiancée and his mother about it.

In the weeks that followed, many things had to be done in preparation for Rob's admission into the hospital. Rob had been saving most of his income from the salon. He had very few expenses since he lived at home and since he was able to get most of his clothing from the boutique with his mother's discount. He had plenty saved up to pay for the operation, which wasn't inexpensive.

There were lawyers to see in order to arrange an official name change, obtain a new birth certificate and other official papers. There were also several conferences with Dr. Hughes and the surgeon who would perform the operation, Dr. Sandra Adler.

From the moment he met her, Rob felt quite comfortable with Dr. Adler. It was as if there was a sisterly bond between them. She explained the surgery step by step and assured her new patient that although there were risks with all surgical procedures, sex reassignment surgery, as it is called, had become quite routine.

Dr. Adler was quite a pretty and petite woman, with a small pixie like nose and full and luscious lips. She stood barely over five feet, four inches tall. Her thick black hair was parted on the side and styled in an updated "flip." Her hands were small and delicate, as well as the rest of her build. She had a very narrow waist which accentuated her slim rounded hips and undulating buttocks. Her bosom was small, but well defined and quite proportionately shaped for her figure.

No sooner had she completed the detailed explanation of the procedure, then Rob understood the unique empathy between them. This was when Dr. Adler told Rob that she had undergone the surgery herself, as well. At first Rob couldn't believe it. But Dr. Adler assured him that it was true and told him that she was fortunate to have been born with a small frame.

She further explained, "Becoming a woman was not something I intended on doing from a young age. Like you, Robin,

certain circumstances in my life lead me to it. However, I must tell you that it is one of the best things that ever happened to me and I have never regretted the choice I made to become a woman. It is because of it, I have specialized my medical practice to give others the opportunity to be as happy and fulfilled as I have become."

Rob asked, "Are there a lot of us?"

Dr. Adler smiled, "Many. I adore performing the *procedure*. I love seeing boys such as you, who are very feminine, wake up to the realization that they are now girls. . . forever. I expect your eyes will also show that remorse. That's why a boyfriend is so important."

The whole idea was sending waves of panic through Rob.

Quickly, the day had come. All arrangements and preparations had been made. During it all, Rob kept very busy. He worked extra hours at the salon and went out with Brad almost every night. Rob knew what he was doing and felt a special purpose in life, in his mission toward complete womanhood. Everything was wonderful and Rob only hoped that it wouldn't change after the last of his feminine process.

Except for his meeting with the lawyer and with his doctors, he avoided discussing the subject of the operation but thought about it constantly.

The only others who knew of it were his mother and Brad. Neither Lisa, Cindy nor Melissa were told. Rob felt badly about not sharing it with them, but felt it was for the best. He didn't want his life to become the gossip of the salon or their small community.

Rob checked into the City Hospital on a chilly autumn Sunday evening. He prepared an excuse to be absent from work, telling Cindy and Lisa that Brad won a sales contest and that they were going on an extended vacation.

Brad and his mother accompanied him to the hospital. There, he was admitted and checked into a private room. The "official" reason given for his admission was for urinary tract surgery, so the "real" purpose would be kept from most of the hospital staff.

Brad and Pam remained in Rob's private hospital room, visiting with him for as long as they could. Eventually, a nurse came by and told them that visiting hours were over for the evening and that they could return the next morning.

The surgery was scheduled for 6:00 a.m. Rob, his mother, as well as Brad couldn't fight off their tears. All three had a

good cry, as they hugged and kissed Rob goodbye, wishing him the very best of luck. As they were escorted out of the room by the vigilant nurse, they told Rob that they would be back in the morning, after he came out of surgery. Despite their well wishes, both were nervously anxious. This was the last time they would see the Rob who they knew and loved. Tomorrow, they would find a new person in this room.

After they left, Rob was alone. The nurse returned and gave him a pill and a cup of water, telling him it was to help him relax. Rob thanked her, saying, "Boy, do I need to relax and how!" Within minutes of swallowing it, he was sound asleep.

That night, Rob had a dream. He dreamed of his wedding day again. But this time, the story continued. Now, after the ceremony and reception, he found himself with Brad in Hawaii, on their honeymoon. Rob was scantily clad, wearing a very revealing, tiny thong bikini. The top barely covered his nipples, while the bottom was pulled very tight through his crotch.

In the dream, Robin and Brad were on the beach, splashing each other in the warm Pacific waters, while dodging the crashing waves hitting the shore. One wave caught Robin by surprise, causing him to tumble into the sapphire blue water.

The fall and the rushing undertow of the wave required Robin to adjust his bikini bottom. As he pulled them up and smoothed them out, he felt a thrilling sensation that there was nothing between his legs, except a single, smooth vertical fold.

After walking to shore, the dream seemed to fast forward and Robin was now in a hotel's honeymoon suite with Brad. Brad stood behind Robin and began to slowly untie the string bikini. They then laid naked in a gigantic heart shaped bed. Soothing foreplay excited Robin and Brad alike. Robin looked up and saw Brad atop. Then Robin dreamed that he felt something wonderfully new. Something he had never felt before. With squeals of delight, Robin felt the terrifically stimulating sensation of Brad's manhood inside him; deep inside, as he made mad, passionate love. This was the love of a man where it ought to be; inside a woman. And the magnificent thrill of it all, Robin was that woman.

When Robin next awoke, the sun was basking brightly into the hospital room. Standing next to Robin was both Brad and Pam. They smiled as they lovingly informed her that she had been asleep for almost two whole days. Sleep was thickly caked on Robin's eyes and her mother took a dampened towel



and assisted in removing it so Robin could see better. Afterwards, both visitors gave Robin kisses and asked how it all felt.

Robin was uncertain to what they were referring. The wonderful dream was still in her mind and the lingering thrill of Brad's lovemaking was first and foremost. But all of a sudden, Robin felt an intense shudder, as everything came together and made sense. Robin was now a woman! He was now a she. What she felt inside wasn't Brad, but the tube that the doctors said was needed to keep the new woman's vaginal canal open until the operation healed.

Joyous emotions overcame Robin as she began to cry. She exclaimed to her mother and fiance, "Oh, my. It's really over??? I can't believe it. I'm a woman. I'm truly a woman!"

Brad softly comforted, "You've always been a woman to me."

Her mother and fiance gently kissed Robin as both Drs. Hughes and Adler entered the room. Greetings, kisses and handshakes were exchanged. Dr. Hughes smiled at Robin said, "Well, sleepy head, I'm glad that you've finally awoke."

Then, Dr. Adler asked, "Tell me Robin, how do you feel being a woman, now?"

The emotions of the moment had temporarily hid the throbbing pain Robin felt in the area of her surgery. Dr. Adler's question brought her back to reality. Nonetheless, she answered, "Well, I feel sort of numb down below and I have a headache, but other than that, I'm just a bit light-headed!" Dr.

Adler gave Robin an endearing wink and welcomed her to womanhood.

The doctors then asked Robin's mother and Brad to step out of the room for a little while, so they could examine their patient. As they left the doctors lifted up the sheets that covered Robin. Watching the faces of the doctors disappear from view, Robin thought, "I hope it's okay. . .no I hope it's perfect!"

Recovery was physically painful, but somewhat pleasurable for Robin. She rested in the hospital bed for over a week, while she was poked and probed, cleansed and mended by her doctors and nurses. When she wasn't actively being cared for by and hospital staff, either or both Brad and her mother were by her beside. As the numbness caused by the large dosage of the local anesthesia wore off, Robin felt great stabs and cramps of pain when she would move about in bed. As a result, she found herself more "out" than "up," due to the pain killers the nurse would inject directly into her intravenous tube.

But by the middle of her second week in the hospital, Drs. Hughes and Adler informed Robin of the good news; she would soon be well enough to be discharged from the hospital. She was thrilled, as were her mother and Brad, who were present when the doctors told her this. They both thanked the doctors and expressed their happiness for Robin's upcoming return home.

The night before Robin was to be discharged, Dr. Hughes came to her room. It was after visiting hours, shortly before the nurse came in to turn off the lights. Sitting at the edge of Robin's bed, the doctor put her hand on the new woman's arm and asked, "So tell me dear, how goes it?"

"Sometimes I have to pinch myself just to make sure it's not another one of my crazy dreams," Robin gleefully replied. "All in all, I feel positively wonderful!"

"I know you made the right decision about becoming a woman," Dr. Hughes said then twinkled, "Trust me. . .you'll never miss it."

Since the operation, the nurses had been the only ones who had bathed Robin. While she had not been out of bed, she did receive sponge baths, used a bed pan and catheter to relieve herself and had the hospital beautician wash and set her long, flowing blonde tresses.

The tube protecting her new vagina was still inside and Dr. Hughes explained that she would have to continue to wear it for the next several months. Although she would eventually not have to use it 24 hours a day, it nonetheless must be

inserted and used periodically, to avoid closure of her new vagina and labia.

Robin understood what the doctor was telling her, yet it still seemed so unreal to her. After expressing these feelings to Dr. Hughes, the doctor replied, "What you're telling me is not unusual, dear. Many of my patients experience the same emotions. But I have an idea. Maybe I can help you to bring yourself to your new reality."

Picking up the call button from Robin's bedside, Dr. Hughes pressed it and within seconds, a nurse entered the room. With the nurse's assistance, the I.V. tube was removed from Robin's arm and the catheter and bed pan were taken away. Dr. Hughes explained, "These devices would be removed in the morning, anyway, so there's no harm in doing it now."

With all the hardware gone, Dr. Hughes ordered Robin to stand up. She had not done this since the night before her operation, but was going to do her best to try.

Slowly and carefully, the new girl swung her shapely legs off the bed, twisting her rounded hips, so she could place her feet on the floor. Robin was pleasantly surprised that she was able to move like this with little pain or discomfort. Next, she began to apply weight to her legs and feet as she slid her body off the bed. Dr. Hughes was standing directly in front of Robin to catch her if she fell. As she applied additional weight to her limbs, Robin felt her legs buckle, but she just stiffened them tightly and pushed on.

Seconds later, she was standing barefoot on the floor, wearing her very revealing hospital gown.

Dr. Hughes, with the nurse at the ready, took Robin by the hand and slowly guided her to the bathroom. Once there, the doctor untied the rear string and removed Robin's ugly gray cotton hospital garb. Robin looked up into the bathroom mirror and began to relish in her new reflection.

Her golden blonde hair still cascaded down in even strands, all the way to below her firm, rounded fanny. But instead of it being thick and straight, it was in gentle, curly ringlets, due to the way the hospital's beautician had set her hair. Her permanent eye makeup and ruby red lips were as brilliant and glamorous as the day she received them.

As she saw her fabulous figure, Robin caressed her soft, feminine skin; from the tops of her delectably curved hips, upward to her full, jutting breasts, brushing her large and erect nipples as she pulled her long, pink fingernails through her magnificent mane. And as she viewed herself, in all her

femininity, she truly believed that she was different, genuinely a new person.

As she stared at her mirrored reflection, Dr. Hughes gently said, "Robin, you have yet to see the best part." Looking down, Robin saw the doctor begin to remove the white gauze bandages from around her crotch. As the doctor busily lifted layer upon layer of the cotton gauze, Robin felt hot flashes as her knees buckled several times from nervous anticipation. Dr. Hughes, worried that she would fall and injure herself, instructed the nurse to stand beside Robin and hold her steady.

With the last layer delicately removed, the nurse handed the doctor a small sponge and a wash pan filled with tepid water. Dr. Hughes lightly washed away dried, residual blood from the formerly bandaged region. Once she was done, she softly said, "Robin dear, please close your eyes. Don't open them until I give you the signal." Stepping away from the mirror, the doctor gleefully said, "Very well Robin, you may open your eyes now and witness the new you!"

Astonished, astounded, surprised, and thrilled could not properly describe Robin's emotional state at that very moment. As she gazed at her womanhood for the very first time, Dr. Hughes stood back away from Robin and silently allowed her patient all the time she needed to see what had become of her. Fortunately, the nurse was still at Robin's side, because once she focused on herself, her legs gave out and she went limp like a rag doll. But just as quickly, Robin regained her bearings and composure as she marvelled at what she saw.

The area where she had been a "he" was now smooth, despite the many sutures. The surgery had necessitated the shaving of her triangular patch of curly, dark blonde hair. Yet her "baldness" merely allowed her a better look at her new womanhood.

Looking over at Dr. Hughes, Robin had a silly, girlish grin on her pretty face. After several false starts, she finally giggled, "Ohhh? I guess it's official." The doctor smiled back at her in total agreement, as Robin, knowing that she had made the right decision, exclaimed, "All the kings horses and all the kings men could now never bring Rob Andrew back ever again!"

The next day was Robin's discharge from the hospital. After she viewed her new self the evening before, Dr. Hughes freshly bandaged her surgery. But before the time came for her to go home, Dr. Hughes and Dr. Adler met privately with Robin.



They used this time to review with her the many things she needed to do over the next weeks and months. They arranged a schedule of follow-up appointments at Dr. Hughes' office.

Although Robin was going home, she still needed time to recuperate from her surgery. The doctors instructed her to plan on staying home for at least the next two weeks, while avoiding all physical activities and any heavy lifting. They also warned her to watch what she ate. They explained that she was highly prone to weight gain after her surgery. Robin listened attentively to all the doctors orders. She solemnly promised, "I will eat like a bird. I don't want to jeopardize my slender, glass figure!"

It was mid autumn and the weather was getting cooler by the day. Brad and Robin's mother came to bring their girl home from the hospital. Her mother brought her new daughter a brand new outfit to wear. It was a beautiful, long sleeved royal blue dress, made of heavy winter weight silk, with small white Swiss dots. Robin, with the aid of her mother, carefully got dressed in preparation for her discharge. While this was going on, Brad had left the hospital room. When he returned, Robin was dressed and had a loving smile for him. As he entered the room, Brad was nearly bowled over at the sight of his gorgeous fiancé.

Standing on her own two feet, in the center of the hospital room, Robin's new blue dress fit her to a tee. The top of the dress, with its princess collar, fit snugly, creating

a perfect outline of her fabulous full bosom. It had a tight bodice that hugged her tiny waist and flat tummy, while the skirt flowed gently over her shapely legs in fine, knife thin pleats.

Robin wore white panty hose and royal blue pumps, with a sensible heel. Finally, her neck and ears were adorned with a lovely string of pearls and pearl studs, respectively. And one cannot forget her the magnificent diamond engagement ring, perched proudly on the ring finger of her left hand.

Since her hair had not been properly styled since being in the hospital, Pam had combed it out and weaved it into a long braid, held together by a pretty blue bow. As Brad slowly approached Robin, she threw open her arms, allowing herself to be taken into her lover's tight and loving embrace. No words passed between them. It wasn't necessary for them to convey what they both knew; that they loved each other very, very much.

As Robin convalesced at home, her mother did everything she could do to make her daughter as comfortable as possible. Brad came by every evening after work and on weekends, spending all his free time with his darling Robin.

For her part, Robin followed the doctors' instructions to the letter. She changed her bandages every day and kept her diet under strict control. She avoided physical work and spent her mornings and afternoons reading all the fashion magazines she could get her hands on, as well as cheap romance novels, which her mother would bring home for her.

While Robin's mother and Brad were well aware of the sex change operation, Lisa and Cindy still thought Robin and Brad were on a long cruise. After her first couple of days at home, Robin decided it was time to call her friends and invite them over to share the wonderful news of her new womanhood with them. When she called, Robin spoke with Cindy. She simply told her that she had just gotten back into town and asked her and Lisa to stop by after work to see her "vacation pictures." Cindy was thrilled to hear that Robin was back and told her that they couldn't wait to see her.

That evening, Lisa and Cindy stopped by Robin's house. When they arrived, her mother welcomed them and brought them to Robin's bedroom. Robin was relaxing in bed with the latest popular steamy romance novel. She was wearing her satin pajamas her mother had given her when she first began her trek into femininity.

Entering her bedroom, Lisa and Cindy ran up to Robin, kissed her and exclaimed, "Welcome home!" Before long, they

began to barrage her with questions about all the islands she must have visited and asked her if she had a wonderful time on the romantic cruise with Brad. Robin smiled at her friends and replied, "Oh, the cruise was okay. The islands were nice, for islands that is. But that's not really why I invited you two over tonight. Lisa, Cindy, please take a seat. I have a confession to make."

Confused, the two women sat on opposite corners of Robin's canopied bed listening to their friend say, "I really didn't go on a cruise with Brad. But I did sort of take a trip."

Now highly curious, Lisa and Cindy listened carefully as Robin said, "To tell you the truth, I didn't take a trip so much as I completed one I had already started."

But before she could finish, Lisa interrupted Robin and asked in a knowing tone of voice, "You did it, didn't you?"

Understanding exactly what she meant, Robin softly replied, "Yes Lisa, I did."

Leaping forward, Lisa grabbed Robin and gave her a tearful, sisterly hug, saying, "You darling little sissy. . .you did it. I'm so very happy for you."

Cindy found herself in a quandary. She had absolutely no idea what Lisa and Robin were talking about. When she asked the two what was going on, Lisa and Robin broke off their embrace and declared, in unison, "The Sex Change!" Cindy's eyes popped wide open as she joined in on the hugs and kisses.

Once the initial adulation died down to a mild din, the three girls began to discuss Robin's return to the salon. Robin was quite anxious to return, but informed her friends that she had to stay home for a little while longer. Cindy then asked all sorts of questions concerning the operation. Robin gladly answered them all, while Lisa politely listened.

Robin said, "I hope it's real enough for Brad."

Cindy asked, "Can I see?"

Robin blushed but wanted Cindy's feedback.

Seeing the results of the operation, Cindy said, "It's flawless!" Then as an afterthought she asked, "Do you want to see mine?"

"Could I?"

Cindy giggled, "Of course, we are all just girls here, right?" Cindy pulled up her tight skirt and lowered her panties giving Robin a full view of her womanhood. They all roared as they made a detailed comparison. "I can't believe it," Cindy giggled, "Maybe they should do that to all men."

Later, when Brad came by at his usual time, Lisa and Cindy congratulated him on cultivating Robin's evolution. Brad accepted graciously. However, seeing his fiancée with her girlfriends, Brad stated, "Well, it certainly appears to be a girl's night out, tonight. I think I'll head on home. You've seen enough of my face for the last few weeks. Besides, it sounds like you have a lot of catching up to do. Robin thanked Brad for his understanding and kissed him goodnight, promising to call him at the office in the morning.

Thereafter, Lisa, Cindy and Robin stayed up to the wee hours of the morning talking, laughing and crying; the way true girlfriends do.

The weeks of recovery went by quickly for Robin. Although she occasionally experienced sensations that her manhood was still with her, she later learned that these were known as "phantom pains." But all in all, she was keeping busy by reading, trying out new makeup techniques and having visitors.

At her first appointment after the operation, Dr. Hughes was very pleased with her healing process. She stated, "Robin, it won't be long before you'll be fully functional, as a woman." This pleased Robin to no end.

The doctor went on to inform her that she would be able to sexually perform the same as any biological woman, except she would not be able to bear children. Robin understood, but listened when Dr. Hughes said, "Advances in medical technology are happening every day. I wouldn't be surprised if before too long, science will allow you the ability to do this as well." As she listened, Robin touched herself on the stomach and began to imagine what she would look like and feel like, if pregnant.

Eventually, Robin was back to work at the salon. On the day of her return, she decided to wear something other than her pink and white "uniform." For the occasion, Robin wore a bright lemon yellow, bulky wool sweater and a narrow, winter white corduroy skirt. She wore her set of pearl stud earrings and matching 18 inch strand of cultured pearls. To go with her accessories, she polished her nails in a pale mother of pearl shade. Opaque white nylons and matching yellow pumps, with three inch heels, completed her ensemble, while she still wore her hair in a long braid.

Recently, she began to enjoy wearing her hair back and away from her face. While she really wanted to get a hair cut,

she didn't want to do it right away. She wanted her hair to be its longest for the wedding.

All her customers were thrilled that she had returned. Everyone at the salon had pitched in to erect a big banner across the entry way of the salon which read, "WELCOME BACK ROBIN, YOU'RE OUR GIRL!" Robin shed happy tears when she saw the banner and the lovely thoughts of those who had put it up for her.

Over the next weeks, Robin had no problems getting back into the routine at work. In fact, many customers told her that she was doing her best work, ever.

As she worked, Robin and Brad went out regularly. Now that her operation was out of the way, they began to really plan their wedding and even set a date for the following spring.

Robin's recovery and healing went very well, too. It was mid November when Dr. Hughes told her that she could begin to wear her vaginal retainer on a less frequent basis. This news was quite welcomed by Robin but it took some time to get used to the 'empty feeling'.

In early November, Brad announced that it was high time that Robin meet his family. Robin was in total agreement with her fiance. Aware that Brad had a big family, she was always interested in meeting his parents and his three brothers. However, before the operation, she never asked Brad to introduce her because she was afraid they would find out that she had been a boy. But now as a woman, her trepidations were gone and she looked forward to the introductions.

Brad announced to Robin that they would go to his hometown over the Thanksgiving holiday weekend. Thanksgiving was always a big deal for his family and all his aunts and uncles would be over for dinner. Brad couldn't wait to introduce his beloved to all his relations.

The Wednesday before Thanksgiving was an extremely busy day at the salon. All Robin saw were hands after hands and fingers after fingers. She had little time for lunch and no time for any coffee break. Because of the long holiday weekend, the salon was open later than usual for a week night. By the time the day was done, Robin was totally exhausted.

Since having her operation, Robin's relationship with Brad couldn't have been better. They spent as much time together as their busy schedules allowed. Beside discussing their wedding plans, the topic of intimacy, particularly making love, was talked about much more than once! It was true that Robin and

Brad had done it once before. But the situation was completely different, then. It was when Robin had been a "different person." However, after hours upon hours of discussion, the two lovers decided that Robin's virtue had a renewed meaning. Brad was most respectful of his fiancée's wishes and so he agreed that she would remain a true "virgin" until their wedding night. Yet, that didn't stop them from being very intimate nor making each other feel loved as well as quite excited!

When Robin arrived home from work, Brad was already at the house waiting for her. He knew that she was going to be working late but he wanted to be there when she arrived. As they had planned, they were going to drive to Springfield, Brad's hometown, after she got back from the salon. Robin was so happy to see Brad's smiling face when she walked through the door. They gave each other a hug and a kiss and Robin went to her room to change and freshen up, while her mother was in the kitchen making sandwiches for them to take on their drive.

Although they weren't going to arrive in Springfield until quite late that evening, Robin wanted to make a good impression on Brad's family when she came to their home. Brad had told Robin that they were going to stay at his parent's house for the holiday weekend. It was quite large and they had plenty of room. Robin was apprehensive at first, but Brad assured her that she would be very welcomed, saying, "After all, sweetheart, you're almost one of the family now."

Robin stared into her closet, debating with herself on what she ought to wear, in order to give the right impression. In the nearly eighteen months since she started her career as a nail technician, she had amassed a fantastically extensive wardrobe. As she gazed upon the rows of feminine clothing, she realized that the short, sexy outfits she wore to work and out with Brad were really not appropriate. She didn't want her mother-in-law to think she was some kind of tart. Finally, she found a conservative ensemble which was just right for the occasion.

She wore a pair of olive green corduroy slacks and a red, blue and green paisley silk blouse, with a high buttoned neck. She had found a pair of matching paisley socks to go with the blouse. Over these, she wore a pair of cordovan women's penny loafers, complete with a penny in each shoe. Over the blouse she placed a navy blue braided knit lambs wool cardigan sweater, which picked up the blue of the paisley design.

Of late, she was wearing her ultra long hair in a braid with long bangs, hanging down to about her eye lashes. She liked

the way the braid kept her long locks back and away from her face. And due to the stunning length her hair had attained, even when braided, it draped down, almost to her narrow waist!

After getting dressed, Robin quickly, but skillfully redid her nails at her well stocked vanity table. After removing the bright red polish she had been wearing that day, she polished her nails with a very pale shade of pearlized pink. As her nails dried, Robin fluttered her fingers, admiring her manicure and how well her engagement ring looked on her left hand.

Before Robin left her room, she checked herself out in her full length mirror. Turning this way then that way, she eyed the young "preppie" girl in the looking glass. Pleased with the conservative look she conveyed, Robin completed her "look" by placing a pair of small loop earrings in her pierced ears.

When she arrived in the living room, she noticed that Brad was in the easy chair, reading the evening newspaper. He looked up at Robin as she entered. Impressed with her style, he exclaimed, "Darling, with the way you're dressed, people will think I was about to marry a college girl!"

Robin curtly, but cutely, replied, "And what would they think of you? A coed marrying her professor?" Brad heartily laughed at Robin's loving dig, as well as did her mother, who witnessed the interplay while knitting on the sofa.

Robin had packed the things she would need for their weekend at Brad's parent's house the evening before. As they headed out the door, Brad carried Robin's suitcase to the car and Robin carried the bag with the sandwiches along with her brown leather jacket. After receiving a goodbye kiss from her mother, Robin and Brad were on their way to Springfield for what would become a very interesting weekend.

It was nearly midnight when the two lovers arrived at Brad's parent's home. Robin's nerves began to quake and her hands were visibly shaking as Brad parked the car in the driveway. Seeing her anxiety building since he pulled off the interstate, Brad put his arm around Robin and encouragingly said, "Hey, everything will be all right. My folks are very excited about meeting you. Ever since I told them all about the wonderful girl I'm going to marry, they haven't been able wait until I brought you home to them."

Robin leaped up from her car seat. With terror in her voice, she exclaimed, "You've told your parents everything about me?"

Soothingly, Brad calmed her down again and explained, "No dear, I didn't tell them everything. Only the parts that described how wonderful and marvelous you are. What you were in a former life will forever remain a well kept, safe and secure secret with me." Robin was relieved to hear this and leaned over to give Brad a big juicy kiss, while fun lovingly tickling him under his arms. Smiling and laughing, Brad grabbed Robin's hands to stop her attack, kissed them and said, "Let's go meet the folks."

The door chimes made a loud and impressive ring, as Robin and Brad stood outside in the cold November air waiting to be let in. The wind was so brisk, it cut right through Robin's leather coat, causing her a bit of embarrassment as she felt her highly sensitive nipples become hard and pronounced beneath her layers of clothing.

Soon enough the door opened and standing in front of them were Brad's parents, Nora and Ted Thompson. Brad's mom gave her son a big hug, while Ted opened his arms wide to welcome Robin into his embrace. Hugs and kisses were exchanged as Robin was welcomed into their home as well as into the Thompson family. She felt so happy as all the apprehension and anxiety she had experienced while awaiting this moment quickly melted away.

Once all the bags were brought in from the car, the Thompsons and Robin and Brad sat at the kitchen table, enjoying coffee and cake while talking. Even before they were all seated, Nora and Ted were asking Robin question upon question. Although all their inquires were friendly, good natured and well meaning, Robin felt barraged by them. So much so, they left her head spinning.

Yet, she really didn't mind it one bit. They were so nice and pleasant toward her that she looked forward to their next question as she answered the one before.

As everyone talked, Robin subtly studied her future in-laws. She could see where her Brad got his good looks. His father Ted was tall and stately; a muscular man with large hands, a fair but ruddy complexion and sandy colored, wiry hair. He spoke in a low baritone, similar to Brad's voice. Yet he appeared to be a quiet man who would think things out and then only speak when it was appropriate to do so.

Nora Thompson, on the other hand, was strikingly beautiful. She had a light olive complexion, dark, dark brown hair and a very Mediterranean look about her. She was about the same height as Robin, except she appeared to be even thinner boned, with her very narrow fingers, arms and legs. Nora's

voice was soft and high, yet she seemed to compensate for this very feminine trait by being quite outspoken to a fault. Looking over toward her fiancé, Robin decided that he had his father's built and demeanor and his mother's complexion and facial features. To her, this was a perfect combination!

The two couples talked into the wee hours of the morning. But before long they realized that they had better turn in for the night, or none of them would be able to function in the morning. After all, the next day was a holiday.

The four went upstairs to the second floor of the house. However, something was bothering Brad ever since their arrival. He was surprised that Tim wasn't at home that evening. His mom explained that Tim was working at the country club and would be back in the morning.

Brad went to his old room and showed it to Robin, telling her that since he had gone off to college, Tim had been using it. He then showed her some old photos of him taken when he was in high school and college. Robin commented, "You were really cute back then, dear. But those clothes and that hair style would have to go!"

Brad also showed Robin a photo of his younger brother, Tim. The photo was of Tim just after he finished a work out in the high school football team's weight room. The photograph depicted a teenage boy with half a smile, standing with one foot on a weight bench, making a muscle. As she gazed at the photo, Robin sensed that something was different with Tim, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

As she placed the photo back on the shelf, Robin asked, "How's Tim doing now? It's been over a year since his auto accident."

"Pretty well," Brad replied. "Although he isn't playing sports anymore, he seemed to be in quite good spirits when I saw him at his high school graduation last spring. Mom tells me that he got a job at the county club as an assistant event coordinator and really loves it."

Popping her head into the bedroom, Nora interrupted Brad's guided tour, saying, "Robin dear, the guest room is all made up and ready for you." Then she kissed her son good-night and led her future daughter-in-law down hallway.

As they entered the guest room, Robin saw that the bed was neatly made and turned down for her. She thanked Nora for everything and told her that she was very happy to be so well accepted into the Thompson family. Nora replied, "No thank you's are necessary dear. As far as I'm concerned, you're

a full fledged member of our family now." Robin smiled and gave Nora a tender kiss on her cheek.

Nora remained chatting with Robin in the guest room as she unpacked her suitcase. As Robin opened up one of the dresser drawers to put her things away, she saw it was filled with a whole array of woman's undergarments. Running her hand along the laced waist band of a pretty pair of panties, Robin knew from experience that these things were of a fine quality and quite expensive. Impressed by what she observed, she turned and asked Nora if they belonged to her.

Nora stopped talking and looked over at Robin. Then she replied, "Please take a seat dear, while I try to explain. Robin became very anxious because Nora's very open and happy demeanor seemed to change to a serious and secretive one.

"Can you keep a secret, Robin?" Nora nervously asked. Robin nodded at the woman, indicating that she could. Nora seemed to be relieved as she said, "What I'm about to tell you, I've never told a soul before. But since you're a woman and almost a member of the family, I feel I can confide in you." Taking a deep breath, Nora continued, "All those frilly undergarments in that drawer don't belong to me. Actually, they belong to my son, Timothy."

To Nora, Robin appeared outwardly surprised, but inside she wasn't. Something she saw in Tim's photo began to make sense to her.

Robin listened as Nora opened her heart and soul to her. The distress in her voice was apparent as she said, "Ever since the car accident, Tim seemed to change. He lost all interest in sports even though the doctors told him that he could still participate in ones that didn't require physical contact. I really thought Tim would be devastated when he was told that he could no longer play football. This was something he excelled in so well. I was in the hospital room when the doctor told him this. I couldn't believe it, but he seemed to be relieved that he no longer could play that sport. After the body cast was removed and he had completed his physical therapy, Tim spent much of his time around the house. All his football buddies and girlfriends would come by to see him and ask him out, but he would politely decline. One would think that he was miserable and depressed, but I could see that he wasn't. In fact, he was very content to just sit around the house on a weekday or weekend evening, watching television and reading books."

"What type of books he would read?" Robin asked inquisitively.

Nora made a sour face and replied, "My old romance novels."

Continuing her tale, Nora said, "My husband would speak to Tim time and time again, encouraging him to get out of the house, run around and have a good time with his friends. However, my son would just tell his father that he was okay and was very happy with what he was doing.

"Since Ted is on the board of directors of the country club, he was able to get Tim the job there. This was done in an effort to reacclimate him to the outside world. Tim had his pick of jobs at the club, but he chose to work with the event coordinator, Julie Smyth. Ted thought it was strange that his son wanted to arrange parties, but said nothing of it to Tim. It isn't an element of his personality to question. As long as Tim was happy, he was happy.

"Getting to the issue at hand, Robin, my husband does not have the slightest idea that his son wore, let alone owned lacy underwear. Even Tim doesn't know that I'm aware of it, either. As far as he's concerned, it's his own little secret. I can't begin to tell you the many times I've felt compelled to confront Tim to ask him why he had these things in the guest room drawer. But each time I thought better of asking and left it all well enough alone. After all, he's gone through so much this last year and if it made Tim happy, and it seemed to do so, I'm not going to intrude. Yet the question that's bothering me the most is, why does he do this?"

Robin listened attentively to all the things her future mother-in-law was telling her. She had a few ideas herself, but felt that if she told Nora, one thing would lead to another and her own secret could be divulged. And that would be a nightmare!

However, after pondering the circumstances, Robin suggested, "You know, maybe I could ask Tim about it." Nora was curious to find out how Robin would do it and Robin quickly explained her plan. Nora loved the idea and it was settled that Robin would broach the subject with Tim as soon as the right occasion arose. And indeed it soon would.

The two women had been talking in the guest room for the better part of an hour. After realizing how late it was, Nora quickly gave Robin a peck on the cheek and bid her a good night.

Alone in the room, Robin got undressed and put on a simple baby blue cotton flannel night gown. She was glad she brought it because it was quite cold that evening. It was close to 3:30 in the morning when Robin put the lights out and went to bed.

Shortly before dawn, Robin was awakened by the sound of the guest room door creaking. Not used to her surroundings, Robin slept very lightly that night. Glancing at the window, she saw that the sun appeared about to rise and the chirps of the winter birds echoed beyond the house. However, Robin kept still, opened her eyes and waited for the next thing to happen.

The next thing she saw was a tall, but very thin shadow of a person bending over the dresser. As she laid in watch, she saw the figure open and shut one of the drawers. As the figure turned to leave the room, Robin sat up in bed and said, "Hello, whose there?" A soft gasp was heard as Robin leaned from the bed to turn on the night stand lamp. With the room illuminated, Robin saw what she already sensed. That the figure was none other than Tim.

Seeing Timothy was both expected and surprising for Robin. On one hand she knew that he was going to be coming into the room to replace the panties, sooner or later. What she didn't realize was the extent to which his appearance had dramatically changed. The many photos and descriptions of Tim were of him as a tall, athlete; straight, strong and muscular. The image which he now cast that early Thanksgiving day morning was completely the opposite.

While he was still tall, just shy of six feet in height, he appeared extremely thin and actually bony! Where once his facial features were very tough and square, they were now softer and more rounded. The crew cut he wore in his football photographs had grown out. He now wore his hair longer and his thick, shaggy, dark brown locks hung down in disarray to just below the nap of his neck. As Robin caught him in the guest room, Tim wore a pair of loose fitting blue jeans and an equally ill-fitting wool sweater. And grasped in his right hand were a pair of the cutest cream colored lacy bikini panties Robin had ever seen.

With a look of surprise and guilt all over his face, Tim cleared his throat and asked, "Who the heck are you?"

Smiling tenderly at Tim, Robin introduced herself and replied, "I have to admit, I didn't recognize you, Tim. You appear quite a bit different in person than in your photographs."

Tim grunted, saying, "That person you see in those pictures is nothing but a fraud, anyway." Robin didn't understand the gist of what he meant, but to find out more she asked him to take a seat on the corner of the bed and talk to her.

Tim was unsure of what to do at first, but accepted Robin's offer to talk. As he sat down, he tried to stuff the panties into his pants pocket. As Robin saw this, she said, "Please don't do that. Those are very pretty. Besides, they're satin and they will wrinkle terribly." Embarrassed, Tim removed them from his pocket and laid the panties next to him, as nonchalantly as he could.

Thereafter, Tim began to cross examine Robin; asking her all sorts of questions, such as who she was, why she was there in the guest room and what business was it of hers to remark about the panties. Robin politely and straightforwardly answered them all to Tim's apparent satisfaction.

Robin then explained, "While I was putting my things away in the drawer, I couldn't help but find these beautiful undergarments. They are indeed quite lovely and of impeccable quality. I'm curious though, do they belong to you?"

Tim appeared outwardly nervous at her question. Robin saw this and began to feel sorry that she had ever asked him about it. She was about to tell him to forget she ever mentioned them, when Tim finally spoke up.

He had planned on telling Robin to "drop dead," that his personal life was none of her concern. But something inside him told Tim that Robin was "okay," she was someone who would listen to him and empathize with his dilemmas. Searching his mind, he tried to find the reason he felt this way, yet he couldn't put a finger on it. Maybe it was her soothing sweet voice, her natural beauty or the way she looked into him that seemed to touch his aching soul. Whatever it was, Robin was a person he could tell his deepest, darkest secrets to. Especially the one concerning the women's underwear he hid in the guest room drawers.

Finally, Tim looked desperately at Robin and said, "I'll tell you all about the panties only if you promise to keep it a secret and not to tell anyone, especially my parents and particularly not Brad!" Robin gave her solemn oath not to utter a word about it to anyone. Tim let out a big sigh of relief and exclaimed, "I've been dying to tell somebody about this for the longest time; ever since I was a little boy." This last comment confused her. But as Robin listened, she began to fully understand what Tim meant by it.

As Tim began to bare his soul, Robin listened and watched him very carefully. After his confession to her that the panties and all the other lingerie belong to him, Tim said, "I never wanted to be a football star, let alone a football player or even an athlete. But being the youngest of four boys in the family

placed a lot of pressure on me to conform and excel in order to keep up and compete with my big brothers.

"Brad, Tony and Bill always encouraged me to be an athlete. I felt that if I didn't follow their lead, I was letting them, as well as the rest of the family, down. So even though I hated every agonizing moment, I worked out and participated in little league first, then in all the sports teams in high school. I guess I was successful because of my natural agility as well the long hours of hard work, besides the guilt I had if I didn't succeed.

"With his success on the field came the fame and the friends. I guess I accepted it all as part of the package. While I hated it, I made believe that I actually enjoyed it. At one point I really thought that I was having fun, but in retrospect, I wasn't."

Interjecting, Robin asked, "But Tim, why did you put yourself through all of this if you hated athletics, so?"

Blotting away tears that were forming at the corners of his eyes, he replied, "Because I was running away!"

"What were you running away from?" Robin asked with genuine concern.

Tim abruptly answered, "I was running away from myself!"

Taking on an angry demeanor, Tim continued his story. As she listened, Robin was not sure what he was angry at. At first she thought his anger was over her questions. But then she considered that if it was, he wouldn't be speaking to her at all. But soon it became apparent to Robin what Tim was angry at. Her revelation came when she heard him cry, "Not only didn't I want to be an athlete, but I didn't want to be a boy either!"

Tim's voice began to trail off as he cried like a baby. Robin reached out and held Tim's hands, caressing them in her's, as she tried to comfort the weeping and distressed boy. As the sun rose and the room became lighter, Robin was able to more closely inspect Tim.

Just as his mother and Brad, Tim had an olive complexion, only darker. Some of his facial features were more in tune with his mother's in that he had a larger nose than Brad did. However, he had his mother's very high cheek bones, which were much more defined than Robin's. But like his father, Tim had thinnish lips and bright, turquoise blue eyes. The contrasts were stunning.

Not long after he began to weep, Tim managed regain his composure. Letting go of Robin's hands, he took a tissue from

her to dry away the tears which had streamed down his face and then thanked her for her concern.

Although she thought she knew the meaning of Tim's last comment, Robin asked him anyway, "What did you mean when you said that you never wanted to be a boy?"

Dropping his head down in embarrassment, it was several moments before Tim answered Robin's question. Finally, Tim explained, "Ever since I was a little boy, I felt I was different. Sure, I played sports, hung around with the guys and dated many girls. But deep down, I didn't want to be like the men I appeared to emulate. Actually, I wanted to be like my mother. I wanted to be home with her, learning to cook and clean. I wanted to wear pretty dresses like Mom did. I just wanted to be a girl!"

"Believe it or not, that car accident was the best thing that ever happened to me. I can't begin to describe the joy and happiness I felt when the doctors told me that I could never play football again. It was like a giant weight was lifted off my shoulders!"

"But that was not even half the thrill that I got when the doctors removed the body cast I had to wear for several months. You see, the cast caused my well developed muscles to atrophy. All the years of weight training had made me into a muscled bound monster. After the cast was removed all the bulges I had were gone.

"Before the accident, I weighed close to 180 pounds. When the cast was taken off, my muscle tone was gone and I weighed only 125. That was a few months ago. I've gained some weight back since then, but very little. Right now, my present weight is just 135 pounds!"

As Tim related his body weight, a look of pride passed across his face. He then told Robin, "With my weight down and muscle tone gone, I no longer feel like the athlete I was. And once the doctors told me that I couldn't play the sports that everyone wanted me to play, the pressure evaporated. Now I feel I can begin to be the person I've always felt I was. It's a good thing that I take after Mom and I'm narrow boned, otherwise, I think I would look pretty silly in dresses!"

Robin smiled at Tim and agreed that he certainly possessed the thin physique and a pretty face to be an attractive woman. This made Tim blush and he smiled back at his future sister-in-law. But Tim's smile changed to a look of worry. He then asked Robin, "Why have you been listening to me so nicely and politely? After all, even I sometimes think this story is just too

bizarre! Most people would be revolted by the notion of a boy wanting to be a girl. But you aren't. Why?"

Robin wanted to tell Tim that his tale wasn't so bizarre. That in fact, she had been a boy, too. But she knew better than to tell him that, at least for now. It was enough for Robin to express her understanding and compassion for Tim and his terrible dilemma, saying, "If there's anything I can do for you, Tim, don't hesitate to ask. I'll always be here for you."

Then, Robin said something which completely bowled Tim over. She asked, "Dear, if you're up to it, would you please model a pair of your panties for me?"

Although apprehensive at first, he did it. Picking up the panties which had been laying on the bed, Tim neatly placed them back in the dresser drawer and selected a fresh pair. Walking behind a dressing screen, Tim changed as he explained to Robin how he wore his panties during the day, bringing them with him to work and changing there and changing back before he got home.

A few moments later, he emerged from behind the screen. He was wearing a pair of full sized panty briefs, which effectively hid the profile of his manhood. As Robin gazed approvingly at Tim, she was reminded of the under garment given to her by Dr. Hughes when she first began taking female hormones.

The panties were pale pink in color and Tim wore them with a matching camisole. As he stood before Robin, Tim struck a model's pose. Robin was quite impressed at the way the lingerie fit him. His tall, thin and lanky body was structured well for wearing these under garments. Even his feet, which were on the small side in comparison to his height, fit the picture.

This illusion of femininity was, however, flawed by the fact that Tim was quite hairy; having a mass of thick dark brown hair covering his arms, legs and chest, as well as having a fairly heavy "five o'clock shadow."

Yet, Robin, in all honesty, told Tim that he looked very good in his panty ensemble. Her complement resulted in a broad smile spreading across the boy's face. He thanked Robin for her kind words and then proceeded to show her the rest of his lingerie collection. Robin was genuinely impressed by it. There were even pieces which she would have loved to have owned herself and she didn't hold back her feelings to Tim, either.

But their girlish fun had to come to an end when they both took a look at the alarm clock. It was almost 7:00 a.m. and the

others would be waking up soon. But before Tim left, Robin told him that although she would keep his secret, she suggested that he share it with his mother. Tim balked at first, but with Robin's insistence, he agreed to think it over and let her know of his decision before the weekend was over. Robin was pleased and gave Tim a soft kiss on the cheek as he left the guest room, sans his lovely lingerie.

After Tim left the room, Robin laid back down in bed and stared at the ceiling. Many thoughts went racing through her head. But the prevailing one was the irony of it all. Here she was, a "man-made woman," of sorts. Having been a boy, she was now a girl. Though it was not something she had always wanted to be, as it was for Tim, she could not now imagine herself as anything other than what she now was.

The irony ran even deeper by the fact that her fiance, Brad, knew she had been a boy, yet loved her as a true woman. And now his little brother, Tim, wanted to become a woman, too. "Oh, how weird and wonderful it all was," Robin thought. She then closed her eyes to get a little more much needed sleep.

Later that day, the entire house was stirring. The men were in the den, drinking beer and eating sandwiches as they watched the many televised football games scheduled for Thanksgiving day.

Robin found herself in the kitchen, assisting Nora with the holiday dinner. Nora was surprisingly patient with Robin, explaining the family recipes to her and giving her various responsibilities in the meal preparations. Along with Robin, Sandy and Gail, the wives of Nora's other two sons helped as well.

Robin had a lot of fun in the kitchen. As the four women cooked, they discussed fashion and grooming. The other three constantly deferred to Robin to be the final judge of any disagreement they had. All were satisfied with all decisions Robin rendered to settle their disputes. After all, as Nora proudly declared, "Robin is our resident expert!" All this made Robin feel very welcome in the Thompson household.

Tim didn't awake until almost 2:00 p.m. When he came downstairs, he was dressed in a pair of khaki chino pants, a white button down shirt and navy blue lambs wool sweater. The men in the den invited him in to join them as they viewed the games on T.V. However, Tim politely declined, saying "Sorry guys. I just have enough time to grab a bite to eat before I head over to the country club. I'm going to help put the

finishing touches on the Thanksgiving party being given over there this evening."

As Tim entered the kitchen, the four women gave him a warm and friendly greeting. He responded with a kiss to each one of them. Kissing Robin last, he whispered, "Thanks for all you did for me this morning." Robin stood back and gave Tim a knowing wink, as if to say, "Think nothing of it."

Tim put together a small sandwich and ate it as he left the house. Robin watched him as he walked out the back door. It was strange, but she sensed that he seemed to walk with a slight shifting and wiggling in his fanny. She kept the observation to herself, but hoped that by the end of the weekend, he would come around and share his thoughts and feelings with his mother.

That evening, the holiday dinner was wonderful. Robin had never experienced such a large family gathering before in her life, as a woman or as a boy. Beside the immediate Thompson family and their wives and children, there were aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews.

Tim had arrived back at home, just as everyone was sitting down to dinner. He took his place at the dining room table, at his father's left.

Robin couldn't help herself from stealing glances at Tim as he ate. She watched as the women piled a mountain of food on top of his plate. But Tim seemed to just pick through it. He barely put a dent in his huge helpings, yet he appeared satisfied to eat like a bird. And as he ate, Robin took care to notice that he held his utensils in a somewhat feminine manner.

While these subtlety feminine mannerisms were not overtly obvious to the rest of the family, they were to Robin. She had to relearn how to walk, talk, sit, stand, and bend down, as well as eat, as a woman. Moreover, his apparent lack of appetite was merely a disguise. Robin realized that Tim was definitely intent on keeping his girlish figure, despite the objections of the rest of his family. They all encouraged him to put weight back on.

After dinner, the men and the boys went back to their football games, as if the entire morning and afternoon wasn't enough for them. The women cleared the table, washed the dishes and put the leftovers away in the refrigerator. Then, they sat around the kitchen and over hot coffee relaxed for the first time that day. They were joined by the young girls as they engaged in family gossip. Yet, the women were always mind-

ful to provide Robin with a reference so she would understand who they were talking about and why.

Robin had such a great time listening to the Thompson family gossip. As for Tim, he did not join either group. He seemed detached as he sat at the edge of the kitchen, reading a romance novel.

The little girls were thrilled to find out that Robin was a manicurist. They asked her many questions about how to do their nails and hair to make the boys see how attractive they were. Robin was all too happy to give them fashion tips. She even took them to her room and gave them each a little manicure; rounding their short nails and applying a coat of clear enamel.

As Robin finished giving the girls their manicures, they all giggled with happy laughter and ran out of the guest room to show their mothers how beautiful their nails looked. As the last of the girls ran out, Robin began to put her equipment away when Tim entered the room.

Robin smiled endearingly at him and Tim returned her smile with one of his own. He commented that Robin seemed to be well prepared when she traveled. Robin laughed and joked, "I never know when someone might need a good manicure."

All of a sudden, Tim's face turned from happy to sad. Robin saw this and immediately sensed the cause of his troubled look. Then in a very serious tone of voice, she asked, "Tim dear, could I give you a manicure?"

This caught Tim off guard and he became speechless. But when he finally replied, he said, "I'd like that very much." Robin told him that she would do it later, after everyone had turned in for the night. Tim silently agreed. Robin placed her equipment off to the side of the night stand and the two returned downstairs to the rest of the family.

When the last of the guests left the Thompson house, it seemed strangely quiet. Ted gave Nora a big kiss and a hug and complemented her on another great Thanksgiving feast, saying, "The turkey was as delectable as always."

Nora gave him a half sour look as she addressed Robin, Brad and Tim, exclaiming, "Your father says the same thing every Thanksgiving!" She then gave her husband a pinch on the fanny and said, "Next year, I have a mind to make you cook the dinner."

Ted yelped and in a kidding way begged, "Please Nora, don't do that to me. At least if you don't want to eat turkey out of a T.V. dinner tray." Everyone, including Nora, had a

good laugh at Ted's joke. Then, Nora and Ted excused themselves, saying they were so exhausted that the only thing they could do was to hit the hay. Tim also excused himself, but gave Robin a secret look as he followed his parents up the stairs. This left Robin and Brad alone.

With all the activities of the day, the two hardly had any time for themselves. Hand in hand they walked to the living room, sat on the sofa and did what people in love do when alone and their parents in another room.

As they exchanged kisses and caresses Robin told Brad that she really loved his family and was having a marvelous time. Brad was more than pleased to hear this.

As they continued to talk, Brad asked Robin what she thought of Tim. Robin replied, "He appears to be a very nice and sensitive boy." Telling a white lie, she said, "We really haven't had much of an opportunity to sit and talk with each other."

Solemnly, Brad said, "I'm really worried about my little brother. You didn't know him before, but since the car accident, he's not the same person. I just can't get over the change in him and for the life of me, I can't figure out what caused it."

Robin listened and told Brad that she was sure he would be alright, after all, he was from a great family. Brad smiled and gave his fiancée a big kiss as the two lovingly embraced.

Later, after Brad had retired for the night, Robin was in the guest room. She had loosened her braid and was combing out her long golden blonde hair. Hearing a very light rap on the door, she softly said, "Come in." The door opened slowly and Tim hesitantly entered the room.

Robin greeted him with a warm, friendly smile and told him to take a seat next to her at the desk. Robin could tell that Tim was very nervous. He was breathing deeply, while wringing his visibly shaking hands.

Grabbing his hands, Robin kindly admonished, "Hey Tim, just relax. Maybe you'd feel better if you put on some of your pretty lingerie." Tim smiled at her suggestion and disappeared behind the screen, after going to the draw. When he came out, he was wearing a pastel mint green baby doll set with lacy shoulder straps and laced trim on the top and the briefs. As he sat beside Robin, Tim crossed his legs in a feminine manner and watched as Robin began to manicure his nails.

Robin's expertise did wonders for Tim's hands. He was maintaining his nails on the longer side, of late. Not quite as

long as a woman's and not too long as to be unusual for a man. Robin was careful not to round them to a point, causing people to think he had a women's manicure. However, she did square them off and polished them with a clear enamel. This was just as she had worn her's, those many months before at the start of her career in the salon.

Tim was thrilled at the results. As the polish was drying, he lifted his hand up towards the light, while extending his fingers outward, quite femininely. Watching the light reflect off the highly polished surface of his fingernails, Tim softly cooed, "They're so beautiful."

But it was becoming quite late and the rest of the household had long before turned in for the night. Tim gave Robin a "sisterly" peck on the cheek, thanking her profusely for giving him such a lovely manicure. Robin replied jokingly, "Well Tim, don't think about it for another moment. You'll always have the family discount. It's on the house!"

But as he was leaving, Robin again asked, "Tim, have you thought about sharing your feelings with your mother? I sense that you really want to. Believe me, it will be the right thing to do."

Tim, who had removed his baby dolls and returned to his male clothes, was admiring his new feminine manicure. Silently, he pondered Robin's advise for a moment and then replied, "I really guess I should. But I'm so very worried. Mom has this way of always coming right out and saying what's on her mind. I'm afraid that she will be disgusted and want to disown me."

Robin smiled at Tim in a way that was designed to instill confidence in the confused boy. She then said, "I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. Your Mom really loves you, Tim. I can't see her doing anything so drastic as your imagining right now. However, if you don't say something soon, your life will only continue to be the utter misery it's been for all these years."

Dropping his head forward in resignation, Tim knew that Robin was absolutely correct. He realized that he must move ahead with his life. It was high time that he did something for himself and to stop worrying about what others thought about him or what they wanted him to do. If it meant his alienation from the family, well it would be their loss. The years of self torment had to come to an end. Tim was very happy that his sister-in-law to be helped him sort out his feelings and their priorities and finally put him on the right track.

"You're right, Robin," Tim quietly replied. "This pain has to come to an end and Mom has to be told how I've been feeling all my life. First thing tomorrow morning, I'll tell her. But I don't think I can do it alone. Please Robin, would you be there with me?"

"Of course I will, Tim," she tenderly answered the frightened boy, as she softly held and caressed his wrists. With a tearful, but pleased gleam in his eyes, Tim slowly moved away from Robin and scurried out of the guest room. Robin dutifully put her manicuring equipment away, put on her night gown and went to bed, wondering what tomorrow would bring.

The next morning, Robin got dressed and prepared to go downstairs for breakfast. Brad had planned to spend the day with his old high school buddies, as was his tradition every Friday after Thanksgiving. And so he was up and out of the house quite early, anxious to get in as much "male bonding" as he could. Ted Thompson had also left early that morning. As Friday was payday, he had to prepare the payroll checks for his employees at his office. The only people left in the house were Robin, Nora and Tim. Tim had been given the day off, since he worked on the holiday.

Before Robin left the room, she put on her new dark blue jeans, a powder blue turtle neck shirt and a coordinated powder blue and sunburst yellow striped ski sweater. Her trip to the kitchen was slightly delayed due to her difficulty pulling her stiff black leather western boots over her slender feet.

As she left the guest room, Robin checked herself out in the mirror. She wore her thick hair in a long pony tail, instead of the braid. Her bangs were still perfectly long, just above her eyelashes, and this youthfully fresh look was accentuated by her big gold hoop earrings. For a day with the "girls," she redid her nails, removing the pale pink and polishing them bright red. A touch of frosty gloss highlighted her ruby red lips and away she went to the breakfast table.

Nora Thompson was the only one in the kitchen when Robin arrived. Quietly, Nora asked, "Robin dear, did you get any information out of Timothy about those undies in the drawer?"

Robin hesitated momentarily before she replied. She didn't really know how to answer this question. On one hand, she had promised Nora that she would try to find out why Tim had these feminine under garments. Yet on the other hand, she promised Tim that she would keep his secret until he was ready to expose it, himself. After thoughtful contemplation,

she said, "I believe that Tim has something to tell you this morning."

This aroused Nora's curiosity. She desperately wanted to know what her son was going to tell her. Although she tried to press Robin, about what he would say, Robin held firm and insisted it was something Tim had to do himself.

While Nora continued attempting to pump Robin for more information, Tim entered the kitchen. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he stood beside the table wearing a baggy grey athletic sweat suit and a ragged blue terry cloth robe. He greeted the two women with a "Good morning," as his mother set a cup of steaming hot coffee on the table in front of him.

Tim's mother returned the greeting as he sat down and took a sip of coffee. Robin took her coffee cup and joined Tim at the table.

While Nora had her back turned, Robin leaned over toward Tim and whispered, "Now is as good a time as any to tell your mom how you feel and what you want. I'm here and there's no one else but us three in the house. Besides, you promised to do it the first thing this morning."

Tim, still trying to gain his bearing after a restless night, seemed reluctant. But Robin again softly whispered, "If you don't do it right now, you might as well forget it!" Her admonishment bothered Tim, but he knew Robin was correct. With his father and brothers out of the house, it was the right time.

Nora returned to the table with her coffee cup and the cookie jar. The first thing she noticed were the sullen faces of both Robin and Tim. In her frank and sharp tongued manner, Nora asked, "Hey you two, did someone die or something? If anyone did, why wasn't I invited to the funeral?"

Seizing command of the moment, Robin reached over and took hold of Tim's hand, in a gesture of encouragement. As she turned her head to face Nora, she announced, "Mother Thompson, Timothy has something very important to tell you."

Nora's sarcastic attitude changed immediately to one of motherly nurturing and concern. She placed her hand softly on her son's narrowed shoulder. Looking up at his mother, Tim swallowed hard and then began to tell her the same thoughts, feelings, worries, ideas and desires he had told Robin in the early morning hours the day before.

By the time he concluded his tale, all three were in tears. Robin had continued to hold Tim's hand throughout his confession to his mother. Nora, now holding her son in her arms, rocked him gently as she tried to comfort her emotionally drained and sorrowfully weeping boy.

It was well over an hour later, by the time everyone regained their composure enough to begin a rational discussion on how to resolve Tim's dilemma. Nora agreed with Tim that none of the other men in the family ought to be privy to the fact that he wanted to be a girl. Yet, Nora was still confused about this herself. She couldn't conceptualize the things that Tim spoke about.

As for Tim, he wasn't too sure either, except that he was in touch with his feelings and knew what he wanted. Actually, Robin was the only one who had a total grip on the situation. But she certainly wasn't going to volunteer her expertise and run the risk of exposing her own transformation, at least not at this juncture.

However, Robin did make a suggestion which pleased both Tim and his mother. She told them that at least for the moment, Tim seemed to want to be a girl. However, he had yet to experience those things girls did. The three agreed that the first thing to do was to pretty Tim up and see if he liked himself with a feminine image. As Robin was about to share her ideas about how this should be accomplished, Nora interjected, announcing, "I have just the plan!" With that, she grabbed Tim's hand and whisked her confused son away from the kitchen table.

The only noise Robin heard after that was the sound of running water coming from the bath in the master bedroom. From her own experiences, she could only imagine too well what was being done to Tim by his intensely determined mother.

Taking advantage of the fact that she was alone, Robin used the occasion to place a telephone call. After several rings, she was pleased to hear Lisa's voice answering the phone at the salon. After exchanging warm greetings and pleasantries, Robin asked her good friend for the current address and telephone number of Jeannette Le Roche. Although Lisa pressed her mildly for the reason why she needed it, Robin simply replied that she was planning her wedding guest list and wanted to invite Jeannette. The explanation was acceptable and the request was reasonable so Lisa obliged and told Robin what she wanted to know.

After giving Robin the information, Lisa wished her well for the rest of the weekend, told her the salon was swamped and that she had better get back to work. After saying goodbye and hanging up the phone, Robin felt a little guilty about asking Lisa for Jeannette's address. True, she intended to

invite Jeannette, but she really didn't need the address so soon for invitations. There was another reason she needed it.

Shortly after Robin got off the phone with Lisa, she heard her name being called from upstairs. As quickly as her boots would carry her, she scurried up the stairs to the master bedroom. To her surprise, there sat Timothy at his mother's vanity table, covered head to toe in a brand new white terry cloth robe and towels. Pointing at her son, Nora announced, "Here she is!"

Tim was doubled over as he sat on the chair, as he kept complaining about how much pain he was in. Robin asked what had happened and Nora nonchalantly stated, "Oh, I simply took care of one of his problems."

When Tim heard this, he raised his voice and exclaimed, "Thanks a lot, Mom!" in a sharp, sarcastic tone, similar to his mother's.

Just then, Tim's mother had him stand up and shed his terry cloth coverings. Robin was hardly shocked at the sight. However, she still pretended to be surprised when she saw that Tim's thick, dark and curly body hair was all but gone. The only remaining traces were the stubble of his morning beard and a small triangular patch of hair at his crotch.

Wanting to put him at ease, Robin complemented Tim on his new look, saying, "You know, your lovely lingerie will certainly fit and feel much better, now that your skin is silky smooth." Her words greatly consoled Tim, who had just watched in horror as a river of his hair flow down the bathtub drain.

From the master bedroom, the three quickly scurried to the guest room in order for Tim to select his feminine under garments for the day. It took him no time to pick his favorite pieces. They were a black silk camisole with matching bikini panties, which had a built in "maleness" restraint.

Once he placed them on, the total effect on his hairless body was amazing. Everyone gave a gasp of pleasant surprise, including Tim. He couldn't believe how good he looked. Now he thought to himself, "Now, if I only didn't have this darn beard!" Yet he didn't share this feeling with the other. However, watching Tim gazing at himself in the mirror, Robin new exactly what he was thinking.

The next stage was to get some outer clothes for Tim to wear. While they agreed that he would look pretty ridiculous dressed totally feminine, Nora and Robin fixed him up in an acceptable "androgynous" manner.

Tim wore a new pair of blue jeans, one of the few pairs of pants that fit him properly around his very slender waist and narrow hips. He borrowed one of Robin's black long sleeved turtle neck shirts and atop that, he wore his own very loose fitting red and black plaid ski sweater. Like Robin, Tim also donned a pair of his mother's black western boots.

With a great purpose in mind, the two women restyled Tim's longish hair. After a well needed brushing out and overly generous applications of hair spray, they created a stylish "teased" look for Tim. While it was definitely on the feminine side, Tim felt comfortable wearing his hair this way and didn't think anyone would make a big deal about it.

During his football playing days, it was quite popular for the young athletes to have their left ear pierced and wear a small plain earring. Tim, in his attempt to live up to others' expectations and wanting to fit in with the guys, also had his ear pierced. This small and seemingly insignificant fashion statement actually fit quite well into the plans for that day.

But instead of wearing a gold stud or small loop he usually wore, Robin gave Tim a long, dangling earring consisting of three separate, thin silver chains. Each chain had a small silver ball on the end of it. Once affixed, the earring dangled down several inches beyond the hole in his ear. Seeing his single glimmering earring, Tim experienced a bad case of butterflies as he looked in the mirror.

This anxious, yet exciting feeling was compounded when Robin applied a very light coat of mascara to his lashes and a few brushes of color to his face. The effect was simple and stunning, yet all together amazing. One could not really be sure, was Tim a "he" or a "she."

Robin and Nora also had searched the house for a small cupped bra for Tim to wear, but couldn't find one. When they told him of their failure, Tim was relieved. Although he was genuinely relishing his feminization, he felt that he ought to take it one step at a time. While he was fully prepared to wander beyond the confines of the house, dressed like a "Boy George," he felt that he was not ready to "bare" all and wear a bra!

By the time Tim's first thorough feminizing was completed and the three left the house, it was just before noon. After taking a quick lunch at a downtown tea room, which was a positively enjoyable experience for Tim, they headed for the town's major department store.

While many towns and small cities built large shopping malls, Springfield didn't. It still had a quaint downtown

shopping district, where the major stores remained. The downtown streets were jam packed with people. After all, it was the first official shopping day of the Christmas Season. As they walked by the large display windows, Robin and Nora eyed the various styles of wedding dresses. Tim found himself feeling a bit out of place, however, Robin encouraged him to join in with their feminine fun. Soon, even Tim was expressing his opinion, albeit an ignorant one, on ladies fashions.

The three shopped and shopped all afternoon. Besides purchasing items for herself, Nora made several purchases for her son as well, making them in the spirit that followed his recently announced wants and desires.

Before leaving the department store, Robin excused herself from the others, telling them that she needed to use the ladies' room. Nora and Tim waited for her in front of the store, while admiring the many brilliantly lit holiday displays.

Meanwhile, Robin didn't go to the lavatory. Instead, she hurried as fast as she could, returning to the women's foundations department. Her plan was to get Tim an early Christmas present. After she made her purchase, she put it in the large shopping bag among the other things she'd bought that afternoon. Now, the only thing left for Robin to figure out was when to present Tim with his new gift.

Back at the house, the three sat around the kitchen table, where the whole day began. Nora had cooked up a sauce pan of hot cocoa with marshmallows. They all enjoyed the warming effect of this libation on their cold bones as they discussed the day's exciting events.

Tim was having the time of his life and it showed on his cheerfully smiling face. Both Robin and his mother were treating Tim like one of the girls. He never imagined that it would be so much fun.

The kitchen clock showed that it was nearly 5:00 p.m., but neither Ted nor Brad had returned back home. As they discussed what to prepare for dinner, the telephone rang. It was Ted calling to say that he had to have dinner with an old client that evening. He was in the process of negotiating a large business deal and he had to work on it for the next several hours. Before hanging up, he told his wife that he'd be very late and not to wait up for him.

Just as soon as Nora returned to the table, the phone rang again. This time it was Brad. After quickly saying hello to his mother, he urgently asked to speak to Robin. Cupping her hand over the mouth piece, Nora handed the phone to her,

smilingly saying, "It's your fiance. By the tone of his voice, I guess he knows who's really the boss!"

Returning the smile, Robin took the receiver. No sooner did she say hello, when Brad immediately whined, "Darling, will you please forgive me. I'm sorry I didn't call earlier, but my buddies tricked me. I thought that we were going to play touch football, but instead, I was kidnapped, so to speak. They took me to Longville and that's where I'm calling you from."

Covering the speaker with her hand, Robin softly asked Nora where Longville was. Nora grimaced and told her that it was about 75 miles south of Springfield and that it was a town notorious for its honky bars and burlesque cabarets.

As Brad told Robin that he had no way back to Springfield and begged her not to be angry with him, Robin pretended to be upset and said, "Very well Brad, if you want to be with your friends, drinking and carousing all night, it's perfectly alright with me. But you're officially on notice that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Brad didn't have the foggiest notion what she meant and Robin wouldn't explain, except to say, "Have a good time, daring. And in the morning, I expect you to make me a nice breakfast."

After Robin hung up with Brad, the three realized that the men would not be with them for the evening. Robin then gave a knowing glance at Nora, who returned an even more knowing one back at her. In the middle of it all was Tim. While he only had a mere inkling about what they were thinking, at this point he was game for anything!

The three continued to sit at the kitchen table, showing off the various purchases they made during their shopping trip. About an hour later, they joined in and helped each other prepare a light meal for the evening. Actually, Tim did most of the preparation; making a large chef's salad with the many leftovers from Thanksgiving dinner.

As they ate, they continued to engage in feminine repartee. Once dinner was over and the dishes were cleaned and put away, it was time for some girlish fun. Without any words being said, Nora and Robin escorted their subject upstairs to the master bedroom. While Tim remained silent, he was pleasantly anxious and it showed.

In the bedroom, the two woman ordered Tim to strip down to his pretty underwear. His hairless body looked very cute in his silken lingerie. At that point, the woman began their task for the evening, to further Tim's feminization.

The first step was to wash out all the hair spray they had put in his hair that morning. Generous amounts of shampoo

and conditioner were used in this task. Afterwards, Tim's mother had him sit at her mirrored vanity table as she began to wind his thick, longish, dark brown hair around a mass of narrow, pink curlers. Then, she placed the bonnet of her hair drier over them all. And while his hair was drying, Robin began to work on Tim's fingernails again.

Tim wasn't able to see what Robin was doing because his mother had pushed his head back, covered his face with thick frothy lather and proceeded to give him another close shave, to remove his "five o'clock shadow." However, while Tim couldn't see Robin, he was nonetheless able to smell a strong, pungent odor that filled the air shortly after she sat down to manicure his nails.

He was also aware that the two woman were talking, despite the loud whining sound the hair drier made around his head. Though the dialogue was muffled, he managed to detect his mother and Robin talking about how well he would look in various feminine fashions.

Even after his mother finished shaving his face, Tim was still made to look up at the ceiling. To assure he did so, Nora covered his face with a towel she had soaked in an astringent solution. This severed dual purposes. It not only averted his eyes upward, it also soothed and conditioned his sensitive, razor burned face.

Curiosity was killing Tim, not knowing what Robin was doing to his hands. Yet, he obeyed the orders given him by his mother. Time seemed to move so slowly, as Tim barely heard a word and only sensed movement around him. He tried to keep his mind busy and calm his anxiety by thinking about his job at the country club and the many projects he was planning.

Just as he succeeded in not wondering about what was happening to him, he heard the hair drier motor being turned off. The silence was deafening, as Tim still held his head upward. But then his mother's voice soothingly said, "You can look down now, dear," as he felt her hands remove the bonnet from his head.

Tim's eyes first focused on his reflection in the mirrored vanity. He watched as his mother began to remove the rollers and saw his hair bounce about in tight ringed curls. He then looked around the room and saw Robin opening up a bag from one of the stores they had been to that day.

Robin gave Tim a hurt pout and said, "Please don't look at me. If you do, you'll simply ruin the surprise."

As Tim reverted his eyes to the mirror, he caught a glimpse of his hand. The day before, Robin had given him a mannish

manicure, with clear enamel. But that was then. Now, she had given his hands ten long, sculptured fingernails, each almost one inch in length. They were polished in a soft, dusty rose shade, which beautifully complemented his dark olive skin tone.

The excitement caused by his sudden and apparently drastic transformation was too much for Tim to bare. He began to shake uncontrollably. His mother had to stop what she was doing and beg him to calm down so she could finish with his hair.

Eventually, she did finish. Tim's mother gently brushed his curled hair into a very fashionable updated flip style, with a part on the side. Next, with Robin's aid, she applied a cover all base makeup, eye liner, eye shadow, mascara, blush and lipstick to Tim's naturally pretty face. The lipstick was the same dusty rose shade as his nail polish. The total effect was quite dramatic.

Gone was Tim, the boy. In his place was the illusion of a very sophisticated and stunning young woman. Tim was in absolute awe at what his mother and his brother's fiancée had done to him. He was mesmerized with his own reflection as he stared forever in the vanity mirror. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever imagine that he could look so beautiful.

Tim was brought back to reality by Robin's sweet voice saying, "We're not quite done with you yet, pretty girl." Thinking that there was not much more they could do, Tim allowed Robin to help him stand from the vanity table and be directed toward the bed. She then helped Tim remove his feminine under garments.

At first he was reluctant to take them off in Robin's presence, until she told him that it was alright for him to do it. She encouraged Tim by saying, "You ought not be embarrassed, dear. After all, we're all trying to be ladies here, aren't we."

About to protest such silliness, Tim opened his mouth. But when he did, his tongue brushed over the thickly applied coat of lipstick on his slender lips. The strange and feminine taste caused him to withdraw his objection to disrobing in front of Robin and his mother. In fact, the bitter sweet flavor was so intoxicating to his senses, he felt like surrendering totally to his transformers and to submit himself to their will. Without shame, Tim removed his lingerie, thinking, "After all, I'm now one of the girls."

Standing in the center of the room, buck naked, Tim watched as Robin opened one of the packages and handed him

a very thin, string like garment, telling him to put it on like a jock strap. Tim had a little trouble getting in around his manhood, but with his mother's assistance it was adjusted in place. Robin knew this garment well. After all, she had worn one for what seemed like the longest of times. It was a gaff. The effect it had was to securely put Tim's manhood out of sight. But more importantly, it gave him a very female profile, with no unsightly bulge at the crotch.

Next, Robin opened another package, displaying the next item she wanted Tim to wear. Tim gasped softly when he caught sight of a delicate, lacy padded bra. Robin explained that since he didn't have breasts of his own *yet*, this was the next best thing. She then placed his slender arms through the shoulder straps of the heavily padded bra and up around his narrow shoulders. After fastening the hooks behind his back, Tim realized that with the special padding, the bra cups appeared to sit high on his smooth hairless chest as if they were actually filled with his own flesh.

Then Robin said, "There's one more thing I want you to wear, Tim." The last thing she removed from the bag was a wide elasticized lycra band. Tim had no idea what it was. As she began to secure it around his waist, Robin explained that it was called a waist clincher. Pulling it tightly into place, she said, "It will constrict your waist, giving you a much more appealing and feminine shape."

After all the foundation garments were in place, Tim was brought over to the full length mirror. Robin and Nora had to keep him steady as he stared at his feminine reflection. But once he focused on his stunning reflection, Tim stood there and marvelled at his appearance.

Running his lengthened fingernails along his newly created artificial curves, Tim reacted to his feminine image as if it was real. Nora and Robin stood away from Tim, nodding their approval as they watched the feminized boy caress himself. Turning away from the mirror, Tim look back toward his mother and Robin and gave them both a big happy smile. Returning the smile, Nora stated, "If you like what you see now, Timothy, just wait until we're finally done with you.

Each taking a hand, Nora and Robin walked Tim away from the mirror. They helped him replace the black camisole and panties he had been wearing, since the highly constrictive waist clincher sharply restricted his freedom of movement. As they did this, Nora handed Robin a pair of ultra sheer opaque black nylon stockings. As Robin demonstrated the proper

manner to roll on hosiery while wearing long fingernails, Nora went to her long, walk-in closet.

Nora reemerged with a short, straight black watch plaid skirt. She handed it to her pretty son, along with Robin's black turtle neck shirt he had worn out shopping. Once he donned these garments, she gave Tim a pair of her shoes. They were low heeled black suede pumps. With everything in place, Tim was returned to face the mirror, again.

But before he was given too much of an opportunity to view himself, Robin exclaimed, "Wait, he's missing jewelry!"

Before Nora shampooed Tim's hair, she had removed Robin's dangling silver earring he wore in his left ear. Tim was returned to the vanity table and the earring was replaced. He was also adorned with a large silver bracelet and a tiny silver watch, one on each of his slender wrists, and a long thin silver herring bone necklace, belonging to his mother.

But before they allowed him to return to view his enhanced image, the two women perused their creation, as artists would a sculpture. "Something was missing still from their masterpiece," they both thought to themselves.

"I've got it!" Robin exclaimed aloud. Whispering her revelation to Nora, the two left Tim alone in the room. They returned moments later with an ice bucket and the sewing kit. Tim looked at them strangely, but sensed he knew what was about to happen.

Robin removed two cubes of ice and placed them against Tim's right ear lobe. Nora took a sewing needle and sterilized it, using a cigarette lighter and rubbing alcohol. When Tim's right lobe was numb, Nora positioned the needle in place and jabbed it clear through the fleshy appendage. Fortunately, Robin did a good job freezing Tim's ear lobe and he suffered only minimum discomfort. When she was certain that the hole was large enough, Nora placed the matching earring into Tim's freshly pierced ear. Now everything was set and he was permitted to view the final results.

Needless to say, Tim absolutely loved the way he was dressed and made up. He pranced merrily back and forth before the mirror, admiring his ravishing reflection to the very last detail. The waist clinch caused Tim's waist to contract, while broadening and rounding out his hips. The padded bra gave him a womanly bust. Robin estimated his figure measured about a 32-26-32.

Tim's mother commented, "Darling, you look just like a model walking down the runway. Your movements seem so smooth and flowing, it is as if you were born to wear dresses.

Really Tim, maybe you should consider becoming a high fashion model someday."

While his mother made her comments in jest, Tim didn't take them that way. Inwardly, he concurred with her that he was indeed born to wear feminine finery and outwardly said, "Yes, mother, maybe I just will become a model, someday."

The rest of the evening was spent on instructing Tim on the finer points of feminine demeanor. Robin had been a good student herself and she was equally a good teacher. With Nora's assistance, they showed Tim how to walk, sit, stand, hold his arms and express himself, using his finely manicured hands.

Tim, being naturally agile, quickly picked up on his lessons, learning them very well. After several hours of good spirited training and feminine chit chat, the three topped off the evening with a night cap in the den. As they enjoyed their cocktails, Tim attempted to speak in a feminine voice. Hearing the high pitched falsetto coming out of his mouth caused Nora and Robin to merrily giggle. When Tim realized how strange his voice sounded, he joined in the laughter.

Robin explained, "Don't rush things, Tim. The voice will come with time. All it takes is hard work and determination."

After she said that, Robin realized that she had just slipped up. Fortunately, no one else caught on and the cat remained in the bag. However, Tim agreed with her that he would have to work on his voice, saying, "My current pitch is naturally low. On top of that, all the yelling and screaming I did on the football field have made it sound rather gruff and gravelly as well."

As the hour neared midnight, it was time for all good things to come to an end. This included Tim's new womanly appearance. His father and Brad were due back home soon and they didn't need to see their son and brother as their daughter and sister.

Reluctantly, Tim returned to the master bedroom with his mother and Robin and began the process of removing the jewelry, clothing, make up and fingernails. Although the hole in the left lobe was quite permanent, the three were concerned that if nothing was done, the new hole in his right lobe would scab over and close up. To remedy this, Robin placed a small piece of nylon thread through the hole and gave Tim instructions on how to maintain it. Once that was done, the formerly feminized boy took a quick shower and washed the set out of his hair.

As he put on his pajamas, Nora reminded Tim, "I hope you realize, dear, that you're going to have be more modest around the house. Since your body hair is gone, I'm certain that you don't want your father or brothers to see your bare arms or legs." Tim took his mother's advice to heart, as he snugly wrapped his old threadbare robe around himself.

Before the three retired for the night, they decided to have one more night cap. Back in the den, fresh drinks were made and they toasted Tim for being such a good student and for making a very stunning woman.

As he joined in and clinked his glass with the others, Tim felt strong and mixed emotions. On one hand he enjoyed what his mother and Robin had done for him that evening. It was a time he would fondly remember for the rest of his life. On the other hand, he was saddened by the fact that when the evening came to an end, so did his outwardly feminine self. Although he desperately wanted to be a girl, he was troubled that he had to keep the woman inside of him hidden away, like his lingerie in the guest room dresser drawers. He tried to hold back his tears as he thanked both his mother and Robin for giving him the opportunity to see himself as he wanted to be. Yet, despite his attempt, he was unsuccessful and began to weep.

But his mother and Robin began to cry, too and soon all three of them were bawling. But this was good. For after they got all the pent up emotions out of their system, a tranquil calm descended upon the room. They all gave each other tender hugs and kisses and went to bed. It had been truly a joyous day for all concerned.

The next morning, Robin quickly dressed and went directly to the kitchen. Nora was there and she gave her a daughterly kiss. Nora told her that Tim woke up quite early and already had left for work, while Ted and Brad were still in bed, both sleeping off hangovers. Robin chuckled at Nora's report and said, "Well, they deserve it, those party guys." They talked over coffee as they waited for their respective men to rise and shine. They didn't have to wait long. Surprisingly, both Brad and his father entered the kitchen together, dressed and ready to go.

The men took their ladies to a pancake house and treated them to a delicious breakfast. Brad drove, so after dropping off his parents at home, he and Robin went off by themselves for the day.

Robin and Brad had a wonderful day together in Springfield. The only thing mentioned about each others activities

of the previous evening was whether or not a good time was had.

Brad gave Robin a guided tour of his hometown. She loved every moment of it. After a quick lunch at the malt shop where Brad used to hang out in high school, they went for a long and romantic ride in the country. Both Robin and Brad really enjoyed these excursions. It gave them the chance to be alone together and forget that anyone else existed in the world, except for themselves.

That evening, they returned briefly to the house to change for dinner. Brad wore a handsome navy blue suit and flowered tie. Robin combed out her pony tail and let her long hair flow free over her alabaster shoulders and down beyond her narrow waist. She donned an exquisite navy blue silk cocktail dress which beautifully enhanced her feminine attributes. Blue sapphire earrings adorned her lovely ears, while her perfume was a fiery fragrant aroma called, "Passion's Heat." Navy blue suede pumps with three inch heels and a matching suede handbag complemented Robin's evening attire. Before they left for the nightclub, Nora insisted that Robin wear her mink coat to complete the ensemble.

At the nightclub, Robin and Brad were joined by Brad's best friend Nick and his wife, Susan. The clear cool evening sky was ablaze with star shine. The meal and dancing at the club were divine. Robin's head was spinning with delight all evening long. It had been one of the most romantic evenings she had ever had.

The evening was topped off by a ride to a secret place that Brad knew of. The trip ended along a gravel road beside a large lake. The two-thirds full moon shined brightly and reflected off the lake waters illuminating the surrounding woods. Placing his arm around his beloved, Brad told Robin that this was his romantic place. The two lovers kissed passionately as the moon, the stars and the sky watched them in silent approval.

Sunday was the end of the holiday weekend. Brad had to get an early start to prepare for his return to work on Monday. But before he and Robin left Springfield, they join the rest of the Thompson clan in a big Sunday morning breakfast. Being with a close knit family gave Robin a very warm feeling. She felt a tight bond with Nora and loved and accepted her as if she was her own mother. Nora felt the same way about Robin, in that she was the daughter she had always wanted. Yet,

despite these warm and tender familial feelings, Robin was deeply concerned about Tim.

After breakfast, Brad was brought the suitcases out to his car, with his father helped. Nora, Robin and Tim were in the kitchen saying their "goodbyes" to each other. With the men out of earshot, Robin told Tim and his mother, "I know of someone who can help Tim realize his true self." Mother and son gave her a curious look as she explained, "Through my contacts at the salon, I know of a woman in Europe who helps young men fulfill dreams of becoming women. Don't ask me how I know, I just do. I've written down her name, address and phone number on this piece of paper."

Without a word, Tim reached out and took the piece of paper from Robin with the information about Jeannette on it. He thanked her again for all her help and gave her a tight hug and kiss. Nora thanked her too and also hugged and kissed Robin.

Just then, Robin heard Brad's voice, saying, "Come on sweetheart. It's time to go." Nora, Ted and Tim stood on the front porch of the big house and waved goodbye as Robin and Brad headed out of town.

Life returned back to the old routine for Robin after her big holiday weekend in Springfield. Occasionally, though, her mind wandered as she reminisced of her own feminization and the temporary job she help Nora do on Tim. She kept these thoughts about the weekend events to herself, choosing not to share them with Lisa, Cindy or her mother. Although they would probably revel in hearing about them, she promised Tim she would keep his secret.

The salon was busier than usual, as the Christmas holiday time was upon them. Many parties and affairs necessitated more hair styles and manicures. Robin spent her Christmas with her mother and Brad, in town. Brad gave Robin several beautiful outfits and quite a few gorgeous pieces of jewelry including a delicate, thin bracelet style gold watch. Robin gave Brad new shirts and ties. She gave him several pairs of sexy men's underwear, too. Along with the card for this gift, Robin wrote a post script, advising him to save the underwear for their honeymoon!

New Year's Eve was also a great time for Robin and Brad. They got together with Brad's friends from work and their wives and girlfriends at the bowling alley. Robin got the chance to use the bowling ball and bowling shoes again. The alley was open all night for the New Year and they bowled and

bowled all night long. At the stroke of midnight, everyone toasted in the new year with champagne supplied by the management. Robin had so much fun and she even gave Brad a lesson on the video games. By the time they all left the bowling alley, it was daylight. The party continued at a local diner for breakfast and then on home to bed!

Over the next weeks, Robin and Brad set a date for their wedding. They decided that Robin would be a June bride and chose the last Saturday of that month for their wedding. The location selected for the ceremony and reception was the Springfield Country Club. Both families and all their friends were happy to hear the news.

Shortly after they set their date, Robin and Brad were having dinner at Brad's apartment. Over the meal, Brad casually mentioned, "I was talking to Mom the other day and she told me that Tim had quit his job at the club and had gone off to Europe." Robin was in the middle of taking a sip of wine and almost choked on it when she heard the news of Tim. Brad then said, "It seems that Tim had left Springfield shortly after Thanksgiving. It sure was a big surprise to me and I'm sort of upset that Mom waited to tell me this until now."

Playing ignorant, Robin asked, "Gee Brad, why did he go all the way to Europe?"

"According to Mom, Tim was offered an opportunity to attend a design school in Paris. He felt that it was a good opportunity to get more training in party arranging, so he accepted," Brad replied, merely repeating what his mother had told him. "But don't worry, Mom also said that Tim wrote to her and indicated that he would make every effort to be at our wedding. I know that means a lot to you, being how you're so fond of him and all."

Robin began to daydream as Brad moved on to talk about his day at the office. She thought about what was happening to Tim, and tried to imagine how he was being trained by Jeannette, the master of feminization. Smiling to herself, she decided that Jeannette had great material to work with in Timothy and whatever was being done would be simply perfect in the end. Turning her attention back to her fiancé, she rejoined Brad as he spoke of a big computer sale he had made that day.

In the ensuing months and all the way up until the wedding, Robin found herself with not enough hours in the day to do everything she had to do to get done. Beside work, there were the wedding plans. Brad helped as much as he could, but

planning a wedding was really a woman's job. To her rescue came her mother and Nora. All three got along famously as they gave Robin wonderful ideas and great suggestions on what to do for the ceremony as well as the reception.

Besides her wedding to deal with, Robin was still seeing Dr. Hughes and Dr. Adler for her post operative check ups. It was on one of these examinations in mid April that Robin was given the good news that she had healed completely and no longer needed to wear her vaginal retainer. She was truly elated to hear this.

The doctors asked if Robin was interested in having additional procedures done, such as any cosmetic surgery. Robin politely declined and told them that she was very pleased with the wonderful job they had already done and was quite happy with the way she looked. Drs. Hughes and Adler agree with her; Robin was a gorgeous specimen of femininity in ever way imaginable.

Before she left the office, she was given a six month prescription of female hormones and told by Dr. Hughes that she need not return again, except to have it refilled or just to say hello. Robin gave both her doctors a tender kiss and thanked them for everything they had done to make her a very happy woman. They wished her the best of luck as she left the office.

By the end of May, all the wedding plans had been finalized and the invitations had been sent. For the first time in months, Robin was able to relax and take it easy for a change. Lisa and Cindy threw Robin a bridal shower. She received a whole array of wonderful gifts for herself and her new home with Brad. The presents ranged from those for the kitchen to those for the bedroom.

It was the week before the wedding. Brad had stopped by the salon to take Robin out to lunch. He was just as excited about being Robin's husband in another week as Robin was about being his wife. During lunch, Brad casually said, "You know, sweetheart, please don't be surprised if my buddies may come around again to kidnap me. Only this time, it will be for a traditional prenuptial bachelor party."

Robin got a chuckle at her fiance's confession. She was a good sport and knew that Brad was absolutely loyal and faithful to her. However, she couldn't let Brad off the hook without a retort of her own. She then teasingly replied, "Well, Brad darling, you shouldn't be surprised if I were to disappear one evening this coming week for a bachelorette party."

Brad gave her a silly smirk and said, "Now I understand what you meant when you told me what was sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!" The two had a hearty laugh as they merrily finished their meal.

Well in fact, Robin did just what she warned Brad that she would do. A couple of days later, Lisa and Cindy and some other girlfriends from the salon and the boutique took Robin out to a male stripper joint, known as the "Stud Club."

Robin dressed casually for the night out with the girls. She wore a pair of white denim jeans and a long sleeved cotton knit shirt with horizontal blue and white stripes and a scooped neck. The shirt's design had the effect of giving Robin the appearance of a much more ample bosom.

The crowd was made up entirely of screaming and yelling women. It was not the nicest place around and the drinks were quite expensive, but the male dancers were great looking and really solidly built hunks! Each one had the large, well developed muscle tone of body builders. Prancing around a well lit stage, they danced to the fast paced, throbbing beat of disco music. As they stylishly removed various pieces of their elaborate costumes, crazed women stuffed dollar bills into their "G" strings. Robin was really getting into the spirit of the show and joined the choruses of yells, hoots and hollers. However, she had a few too many watered down drinks. When nature called, Lisa joined her as Robin traced her way through the mass of hysterical women to the restroom.

There, Robin fortunately found the single stall empty. Lisa locked the outside door to the rest room to provide additional privacy. When Robin finished her business, she stepped out and began to fix her hair before rejoining the others. Lisa was doing the same.

As they checked out their reflections in the mirror, Lisa asked, "So Robin, what do you think of those guys up on stage, stripping off their clothes and flexing their great big muscles?"

Robin replied, "They do have great bodies and really dance provocatively. I have to admit, they're a real turn on."

"You know something, Robin?" Lisa asked ironically, "Many times I've thought, but for only a slight twist of fate I could now have a body like those male dancers. I wonder, do you feel the same way?"

The question left a deep impression on Robin. After silently thinking for a moment, she answered, "I guess I've never thought of it that way, but I have to agree with you, Lisa. But for you not having met Jeannette, you would be much more like those performers. And but for me not working in the salon,

I not only wouldn't have the body I have now, I'd definitely not be about to become a man's wife!"

Robin began to stare deeply at her clouded reflection in the dirty restroom mirror as she contemplated the "what if's." Lisa placed her hand on her friend's shoulders and said, "Fate, what a wonderful and marvelous thing."

Breaking out of her trance-like stare, Robin looked over at Lisa, smiled and joyously exclaimed, "I agree with you one hundred percent!"

Robin was about to exit the restroom. However, Lisa, still with her hands on Robin's shoulders, stared deeply into her eyes and wouldn't let her pass.

The stare was so mesmerizing, Robin found herself staring back. Gazing deeply into her eyes, she felt a strong and loving sisterly attachment to Lisa. Then, Lisa's hand began to move off Robin's shoulder and down toward her chest. Lisa moved her long fingernailed hand about Robin's full bosom, softly caressing her perfectly formed, naturally pert breasts. Robin closed her eyes and enjoyed the pleasurable feeling Lisa was giving her. Moving closer to her, Robin raised her head to meet Lisa's wet, luscious lips. The two beautiful "man made" women gently kissed, allowing their tongues to feel and taste their tender passions.

Lisa whispered, "You almost make me wish I still had *one*. I'd love to make you squeal!"

They both giggled but Robin muttered softly, "Maybe Brad will let you *watch* us sometime."

"That would be exciting!" Lisa giggled.

Slowly they parted, without taking their eyes off one another. Their longing looks turned to giggles, as the two returned to checking their reflections in the mirror. Although no more words passed between them, they both expressed their mutual feelings of fate's good fortune by simultaneously humming the tune to the song, "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

Finally, the great day was almost at hand. Robin and her mother drove to Springfield a couple of days before the wedding. Brad helped out with the trip, including carrying the many suitcases to the luxurious guest quarters at the country club. Mother and daughter were given a large suite, which included two bedrooms and a sitting room. Lisa also was put up in the country club, as she was the maid of honor.

The Thompsons threw a big prenuptial party at their house the evening before the wedding. Brad dressed neatly in a blue blazer, white shirt, blue and red striped tie and khaki slacks.



Robin was a knockout in her red silk mini skirt with red and white striped long sleeved silk blouse, white seamed nylon stockings and matching red pumps with three inch heels. She wore her golden blonde hair long and flowing for the evening. Her long nails were polished in a matching bright red, which accented her magnificent diamond engagement ring. She wore her large hoop earrings and a long braided gold chain to complete her ensemble for the evening. When Robin proudly entered the house on Brad's arm, everyone in the living room stopped and stared at her as a true vision of beauty.

The party was Robin's first opportunity to meet Brad's crazy friends, the same ones who "kidnapped" her husband-to-be. She gleefully scolded them, saying, "How dare you corrupt my Brad by taking him to that awful town of Longville!" The guys started to laugh along with her and began to tell Robin of Brad's past adventures in an attempt to prove to her that Brad was well beyond their

ability to corrupt anymore than he already was. Robin got a good chuckle from these stories, while Brad stood beside her, holding Robin's hand and listening as his best friends caused him untold embarrassment.

Seeing this, Robin ended the abuse by telling the guys, "Well, it certainly doesn't matter anymore what you say he did, I love Brad just the same and I'm very proud that I'm about to become his wife."

The guys told Brad that he was a lucky fellow to have Robin as his lady. Brad replied that he already knew that and then gave his stunning fiancée a dramatic dip and a tenderly sweet kiss which drew a round of applause from the party goers.

The wedding ceremony was scheduled for 12:00 noon. No one could have pick a better day than that Saturday. There was not a cloud in the sky. The air was clear and clean and a

warm gentle breeze softly rustled the great many bouquets of flowers that adorned the south garden lawn of the country club.

It was Robin's dream come true, again. Lisa, Cindy and Robin's mother were all in a small ante room getting her ready. The three women primped, patted, preened and fussed over the beautiful bride, just as Robin had dreamed those many, many months before.

And what a beautiful bride Robin was, in her long flowing white wedding gown. Her lovely long golden locks were expertly done up in a french braid, as was in her dream. As Cindy did her hair, Lisa redid her nails, shortening them a bit and giving them several coats of a brilliant mother of pearl white polish. On her lips, she wore a glamorous opaque white lipstick, which disguised their permanent ruby red color remarkably well. With gentle wisps of light makeup, the entire effect made Robin appear to be angelic, so much so, one would swear she possessed a halo.

As the door to the ante room was opened, Robin heard the sweet sounds of a string quartet play the wedding march. Checking herself in the mirror for the last time, she gave final kisses to Lisa, Cindy and her mother as they went to take their places in the wedding party.

Robin thought to herself that this was going to be the second biggest step she had made in her life. By virtue of becoming Robin Ann, she had already made the biggest.

And as she slowly marched along the beautifully flowered path of the garden, Robin fought hard with herself to keep back the tears. With every step, her life of the past two wonderful years replayed through her mind. Scene after scene flashed by, with all the trials and tribulations that went with them. She hadn't the foggiest inkling that she would ever become a woman. And now that she was a bride, and within a few moments a wife, Robin's emotions overflowed with joy and happiness, as she whispered to herself, "Isn't life grand!"

The ceremony went without a hitch. The Thompson's family minister, a sweet and kindly man, performed the wed-

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ding ceremony. Brad was a very handsome groom, in his black tuxedo. Lisa, as maid of honor and Cindy, as the other bridesmaid, were gorgeous in their lovely dresses.

As Brad placed the wide solid gold band on Robin's finger and said, "With this ring, I thee wed," the blushing bride's heart skipped a beat as the wonderful reality of it all set in.

And then when the minister announced, "I now pronounce you husband and wife," Brad took her into his strong and sure arms and kissed Robin lovingly and deeply. The string quartet played again, as a blinding shower of rice seemed to pour down from all around them.

The boy who had been known as "Rob" was just a vague and cloudy memory. And the woman named Robin Ann Payton was no more. Robin had become the third new person in her whirlwind of a life. For she was now Robin Ann Thompson, a wife and she could not imagined being anyone else.

After the ceremony, the raining rice settled and Robin, Brad and their respective families stood proudly and joyously in a receiving line. Robin couldn't believe that she could ever be kissed by so many people, the vast majority of them were perfect strangers to her.

As the throngs of well wishing guests filed by, one of them Robin was very pleased to see was Melissa. Although they had kept in touch by phone, Robin had not seen her in person for quite awhile and was surprised to see that she had changed even more.

Melissa was wearing quite a revealing low cut, cream colored silk dress. What was most remarkable to Robin was the fact that she appeared to have developed quite a bit more since she had seen her last. The cut of the dress showed off the deep cleavage of Melissa's now very prominent bosom. Yet her waist and hips were still slender, but femininely shapely. Her dark brown hair had grown out thicker and longer, brushing against her shoulder blades. She threw her arms around Robin, giving her a big kiss as she was introduced to Brad.

On Melissa's arm was a tall, handsome boy. She introduced him to Robin as her boyfriend, Rick. Robin watched as Melissa and Rick began to mingle with the crowd. As they moved away from the receiving line, Robin couldn't help overhearing Melissa tell the young man how that she hoped that one day their wedding would be as beautiful as Robin's and Brad's.

After what seemed like forever, the guests waiting to go through the line had finally thinned out. But, in the mass confusion of being kissed, complemented and wished well, a

very tall, statuesque and exceedingly glamorous young woman stepped up to Robin.

This woman had very dark brown hair, almost black in color. She wore it shoulder length and in a side parted flip style. Her eyes were a brilliant turquoise blue, which sharply contrasted with her dark hair and her flawlessly smooth light olive complexion. She had a small, straight "pixie" like nose and her soft pink shaded lips were quite full and alluring. Since she was quite a bit taller, Robin found that she had to look up to see her.

The exquisitely beautiful young woman smiled tenderly at the bride. In a low, but distinctively feminine, raspy voice, she said, "Congratulations, Robin. I wish you and your husband the best of luck and a very happy marriage." After that, she gave Robin a soft, almost sisterly kiss on the cheek.

Robin searched her mind, wondering who this glamorous girl was. She certainly wasn't a guest from her side and she didn't recall meeting her through Brad, either. And the manner in which she spoke also peaked her curiosity because she had a definitively European accent. Robin continued to gaze at the alluring girl as she gracefully moved down the line toward Brad.

As this mysterious woman approached her husband, Robin gave her a thorough looking over. The young woman wore a pale pink, silk two piece suit, with a knee length, tight fitting, narrow skirt and matching waist length jacket. Her soft, white silk blouse, white stockings and low heeled pink silk pumps, with matching purse complemented her suit elegantly. Simple pearl earrings adorned her ears as she also wore a long strand of pearls around her neck.

The form fitting ensemble she wore permitted Robin to make an estimate of her womanly proportions. Although her figure was slender, it was definitely very feminine. Robin guessed her measurements to be a bust line of 32 inches, with a pert "A" cup, a tiny 22 inch waist with nicely rounded hips at 32 inches. As she reached to shake Brad's hand, Robin saw her exquisitely long fingernails polished in a two tone French manicure.

As she walked slowly away from the reception line, with her slender hips softly swinging, Robin noticed the young beauty shed a single tear. She continued to watch her as she sat down, cross her legs in a seductively, ultra feminine manner, open her purse and remove a silk hanky to blot her eyes.

There was something about that woman that sparked a great interest in Robin. For some unknown reason, she

seemed to believe she had seen her before, but hadn't a clue as to where or when. Turning to Brad, Robin was about to ask him if she was one of his relatives. But then, Robin caught sight of another guest approaching her in the receiving line. Seeing this person acted as a catalyst, causing Robin to fully recall why that glamorous girl looked so familiar to her. The guest was none other than Jeannette La Roche. And Robin realized that the beautiful girl was in fact Timothy Thompson!

Walking quickly up to Robin, Jeannette threw her arms around her and covered her with kisses. Robin was thrilled to see her, too, but after figuring out who that young beauty was, she had to know more. As they hugged each other, Robin whispered into Jeannette's ear, asking, "Is that girl in the pink really Tim?"

Jeannette replied in a softer whisper, "Shhh, mon cheri, this is not the place to talk. I will tell you all in just a few moments, oui?"

By this time, there were no more guests waiting to go through the receiving line. Seeing that Brad was busily talking to a group of his buddies, Robin took the opportunity to momentarily disappear with Jeannette.

Finding a secluded area in the garden, away from Brad and the guests, Jeannette began to explain things to Robin. After embracing her again, she said, "Ah oui, that is Timothy, but that is not his name anymore." Then Jeannette leaned away from the tall hedges that hid her and Robin from view and motioned to the former Tim to join them. Peeking through the thick mass of branches and leaves, Robin watched as this adorable creature glided toward her in a flowing and graceful walk.

Standing before Robin, Tim smiled demurely. Robin stared and asked in disbelief, "Tim, is that really you?"

The amazingly feminized boy didn't immediately reply. Yet, Jeannette proceeded to make a formal introduction, saying, "S'il vous pais, permit me to introduce you to a dear friend of yours. Robin, this is Christiania."

Robin's eyes widened and her mouth hung open in disbelief, as she gazed in wonderment at the stunning creature Tim had become. And what astounded Robin even more was that her husband didn't even recognize his own brother!

Robin listened as Jeannette explained, "He is a fantastic student of the feminine arts. From the time he joined me in Paris early last December, he has been so genuinely motivated that he has progressed in his training beyond my wildest

dreams. Christiania truly wants to be all the woman he can be, and more!"

Robin learned that Jeannette had arranged for Tim to be treated by the finest doctors in Europe. Just as soon as he arrived in Paris, he began female hormone therapy. And as she witnessed, the results were absolutely stunning.

Jeannette then said, "Shortly before we left Europe to attend your wedding, Christiania had undergone extensive plastic surgery. You can see that his nose has been made much more petite and he was given collagen injections to create his Paris lips."

Recalling all the trouble she and Nora went through to hide Tim's heavy beard with makeup, Robin couldn't get over how soft, smooth and flawlessly clear his complexion now appeared. Jeannette told her that Tim underwent extensive electrolysis treatments to remove his unsightly beard. This, along with the female hormones, gave him his enviable feminine complexion. Robin, although never having much of a beard when she was a boy, understood the skin softening effects of estrogen, as she softly touched her own lovely feminized face.

Robin was broken away from her deep thoughts as Jeannette asked her, "My Christiania is beautiful, no?" Taking Tim's hands and holding them tightly in her own, Robin smiled at the feminized boy and replied, "Yes, he is truly beautiful." But there was another thing that Robin just couldn't get over. That was Tim's voice. Not only was it soft, sultry and feminine, but his Continental accent intrigued her to no end.

When she asked about it, Jeannette explained, "Since we were in Paris and he was going to live there for quite awhile, I thought that it was only proper that Christiania speak French. He had studied the language in his secondary school and had a good foundation. We simply worked to expand his vocabulary and now he speaks French almost exclusively. One would believe it is his primary language. He speaks just like a Parisian!"

As Robin listened to the saga of her "brother-in-law's" transformation and feminization, she felt a deep seeded need to tell Nora of Christiania's homecoming. When she suggested that the three of them rejoin the wedding reception, Jeannette persuaded her that it wasn't a good idea. She explained that Christiania had much more training and several more medical and surgical procedures to go through before he would be ready to officially return to his family. Although disappointed, Robin fully understood Jeannette's reasoning.

However, Jeannette did let Robin in on one aspect of Christiania's future. She said, "I know that you are an ardent reader of all the popular American fashion publications, Robin. I suggest that you apply for subscriptions to some of the international editions of the European fashion magazines. When you do, you will soon be able to see your beautiful brother-in-law again." As soon as she heard this, Robin realized that Christiania was being trained to be a high fashion model!

All of a sudden, fond memories began to fill Robin's mind. She recalled the evening when Tim was parading about his mother's bedroom, strutting back and forth as if he was gliding down a runway. Remembering Nora's comment about her son being a model, Robin imagined for a moment, "If his mother only knew then what I know now. Wow!"

It was now getting late and Robin realized that if she didn't return to her own wedding reception, everyone would soon worry about her. Jeannette and Christiania did not intend on staying and planned to be on their way just as soon as they could. But before they left the reception, they each gave Robin a warm sisterly kiss.

Holding Robin's hand in a soft and tender embrace, Christiania said, in his newly acquired, natural sounding accent, "I cannot thank you enough, Robin, for all your help and guidance and for making it possible for my dreams and desires to come true. I also must tell you something else. Jeannette has told me all about you. I couldn't believe it at first. You are so beautiful and so utterly feminine in every way. But as I witnessed my own transformation, I now know anything is possible and I owe so much of my happiness to you. *Merci beaucoup, mon belle-soeur!*"

Robin blushed upon hearing that her secret had been spread to Christiania. But she was very confident that he would keep it well. Robin then waved goodbye, as the two gracefully slipped away and out of sight. She returned to the reception, gladly knowing that she would soon enough have a genuine "belle-soeur" of her very own.

Robin had the most wonderful time at her wedding reception. The food was wonderful, the wine and champagne never stopped flowing and all the guests were made to feel joyous and happy. When the time came to toss the bride's bouquet, the one to catch it was none other than Lisa. When Brad threw Robin's garter, his best friend Roy fought off his other buddies and caught it. Ironically, Roy and Lisa had been seriously

eyeing each other the entire evening before, at the prenuptial dinner, and had really hit it off at the reception. It was quite fitting that they were the ones who caught the bouquet and garter. After all, as legend would have it, they would be the next to get married.

The time soon came for Robin and Brad to make their exit to the limousine that would whisk them away to the airport. Just as she dreamed, the newlyweds were off to Hawaii for their honeymoon. With the band playing on, the two waved their goodbyes and kissed their loved ones as they ran off to the guest quarters to prepare for their trip.

Cindy and Lisa were waiting for Robin as she breathlessly scampered into her suite. They helped her remove her wedding gown as they girlishly giggled over what fun Robin was about to have in the warm tropics of the Hawaiian Islands.

Removing her makeup, washing her face and covering her beautifully feminine body with a sweet scented cologne, Robin was prepared for her two friends to do their magic on her again, in preparation for her honeymoon trip. Cindy undid the French braid that Robin wore for the wedding. With her golden blonde mane free from its tightly woven bonds, Cindy proceeded to brush out the mass of thick and flowing tendrils.

Robin's gorgeous hair now hung so long, it was nearly to the tops of her shapely thighs. True to her intentions, it was the longest it could be for her wedding day. After a thorough and glamorizing brushing, Cindy trimmed the few split ends away. Except for her long and lovely bangs, all the rest of her hair was made a uniform length that was nearly to the deep fold of Robin's firm, rounded fanny.

After completing the trim, Cindy gathered up Robin's luxurious locks and tied them off into a cute pony tail with a wide white elasticized band. And while all this was going on, Lisa was busy giving the newly wed woman a new manicure.

Removing the mother of pearl polish, Lisa then applied multiple coats of a bright, opaque shade of pink. When she was finished, Robin looked every much the young, teenaged bride she was.

After the beauty treatment, Robin quickly got dressed in the clothes she planned to wear on the flight to Hawaii. She wore a tight fitting white spandex mini skirt, a loose fitting pink silk blouse with large white polka dots, sheer white patterned nylon stockings and a pair of white pumps, with three inch heels. Robin then redid her makeup, darkening her eyes even more with an extra heavy coat of mascara, highlight-

ing her high cheek bones with a wee bit of blush and beautifying her lips with a coat of sparkling clear gloss.

But now, Robin's mother had joined her as well as Cindy and Lisa in the suite. Taking her daughter into her arms, Pam held her tightly in a special embrace and whispered, "I can't begin to tell you how much happiness and joy you've brought to my life, Robin. You've truly grown into a lovely and loving young woman. May you have many long and wonderful years of happiness and joy with Brad. Not only is he a fine man, but he's very lucky to have you as his wife. You're the best daughter a mother could ever ask for. I love you so very, very much!"

"I love you too, Mom!" was all that Robin could reply before she had to reserve all her energy just to fight off the tears that were about to flow down her lovely face. But once she regained her composure, Robin gave hugs and kisses to all three very special women in her life. After quickly blotting her eyes, she grabbed her small white shoulder purse and watched as the others waved "bon voyage."

Outside the guest quarters, Brad was already there, waiting for Robin. He was dressed almost identically as she, with crisply pressed white pleated trousers, pink silk shirt with his monogram, "B.T.," and wearing a pair of white suede bucks.

With the bags securely in the trunk, husband and wife got in the back seat as the limousine whisked them away. The sound of tin cans clattered as they sped off toward the airport. Inside the limousine, the lovers toasted their upcoming life together with champagne.

As Robin gazed endlessly into her husbands dark brown eyes, she thought again of the many events that brought her to this beautiful moment in her life. And as the two leaned toward each other to engage in a deep, loving kiss, Robin knew just how lucky she was that she became a girl. A girl who was **polished to perfection!**

THE END

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