

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

Volume #18

## MY BOSOM BUDDY

*DRESSES AND PANTS. . . CAN THEY MIX?*



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

**CONTEMPORARY  
TV FICTION**

**MAGAZINE**

**VOLUME 18**

**[lulu.com](http://lulu.com)**

**“BOSOM BUDDY”**

**by D. CREASE**

**Published by  
SANDY THOMAS ADV.  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309**

© 1994 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

"BOSOM BUDDY"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express prior written permission of the publisher.



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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

**QUOTE BOARD**

Due to the talk show's attention to men finding out that they were married to former males, I run this as a public service:

**TEN WAYS TO TELL IF YOUR WIFE  
WAS EVER A MAN.**

10. BRIDAL REGISTRY AT HOME DEPOT.
9. ROOMMATE IN COLLEGE NAMED LORENA.
8. EASILY PALMS A BASKETBALL.
7. DOES A GREAT BEA ARTHUR IMITATION.
6. SOMETIMES LEAVES THE TOILET SEAT UP.
5. LOVES HIGH HEELS.
4. GETS RENEWAL NOTICES FROM PLAYBOY.
3. YOU FIND YOUR POWER TOOLS IN LINGERIE DRAWER.
2. GOES TO THE "JOHN" ALONE.
1. MIXES WHITES AND COLORS IN THE SAME WASH.

# MY BOSOM BUDDY

**By: D. Crease**

My name's Ron Pruitt, but this isn't my story. It's about my best friend, Wayne Carr. Wayne and I lived across the street from each other and had been pals since grade school.

People can exaggerate at times. But the fact they called us "Mutt and Jeff" was right on!

At least until I started to mature. At six-two, 235 pounds, I was solid muscle. With chiseled features I looked every inch the star high school linebacker I was.

Wayne, on the other hand, was scrawny and undeveloped. Thin boned, with small feet and hands, he stood a decent five feet, seven inches tall, and tipped the scales at a meager 125 pounds!

Even at seventeen, his puberty had hardly kicked in. Thick, unkept dark brown hair framed is nearly hairless, heart shaped face. His lips were full and his eyes were large and round. But even with his large "ethnic" nose, he still looked like a young boy!

Yet despite his apparent handicaps, Wayne had a great sense of humor. Always joking, his smile was contagious, even though lack of orthodontic braces left his teeth gaping widely apart.

To compensate for his slight stature, Wayne took outlandish risks. Every fall, he tried out for the high school football team and got his clock cleaned but good!

But he'd never give up. What he lacked in size and physical strength he made up with heart and resolve. He always gave 110%!

We were both good students and aimed to attend a top notch college. I planned on State U. But when Wettington University offered me a football scholarship, I jumped at the free ride.

Wettington's academic excellence rivaled any Ivy League school's. And its hefty tuition matched its reputation!

Wayne easily had the grades for Wettington. But without my athletic abilities, tuition money was a BIG problem!

We had both grown up in an upscale suburb but his family had fallen on hard times. His dad unexpectedly died in a train

crash and while life insurance paid off their home mortgage, the rest of their assets were wiped out in the recent stock market crash, I mean "ADJUSTMENT."

All this took a terrible toll on Wayne. Once a care free, "try anything once" guy, suddenly just earning enough money to survive became his main aim in life.

The turning point in Wayne's life came in late March of our senior year. Spring Break just started. With kids out of school, he couldn't wait to work at his counter job at the soda shop.

"The tips will be GREAT!" he cheered as we walked home from school. "I can almost hear my college fund GROWING!" He was never jealous of my "free" ride just because I was BIG. He was happy for me unlike some of my "friends".

Arriving at his house, we had an afternoon snack. As we munched on milk and cookies, his Mom came into the kitchen.

"WAYNE! Thank goodness you're home!" she sighed. "There's something VERY important we must discuss."

Sensing trouble, I began to leave. "Stay, Ron," Georgia Carr smiled. "You may want to go, too." Baffled, I plunked back down on the chair.

"Wayne," she said, "Rachel has modeling try outs tomorrow and I'm working all day."

"So I have to take her?" he angrily squawked in his natural whiny voice. "But, MOM, I got to work TOO! I can't..."

"You WILL! Family comes first, young man. Your sister's been practicing for this event for weeks!"

Rachel was Wayne's younger sister by a year. They stood the same height and as kids were the spitting image of each other. But at adolescence things changed.

Rachel, mirroring her paternal, "Anglo" side, kept her adorably petite button nose. Thanks to braces, her smile flashed perfectly straight teeth. But by sixteen, she had rounded out in all the RIGHT places and her figure was truly voluptuous!

Taking after his Mom's Greek heritage, Wayne's teeth gaped and his big shnoz was slightly hooked. But did it really matter?

"FINE!" he grumbled, "I'll call in late and take her."

He hadn't asked, nor did I volunteer to tag along. Ogling be vies of teenage girls intrigued me, yet I worried about what the other guys would say.

"Rachel OWES me!" Wayne fumed, glaring into his empty milk glass. "I EXPECT compensation. A day's pay. . .plus TIPS!"

Needless to say, I didn't go with Wayne. Instead, I helped my Dad with heavy chores. But Wayne and I had plans for later that evening.

But by seven o'clock I still hadn't heard from him. Concerned, I phoned his house.

"Wayne can't talk right now." his mom curtly answered. "Unfortunately, we're having a family discussion." I heard a quarrel!

An hour went by and I decided to walk over and see what was up. I figured any fight ought to be over by then.

"I HATE YOU!" I heard Rachel loudly weeping as I approached the front door. "That rightfully belonged to ME!"

"I didn't DO anything! I swear!" Wayne barked back. "I just sat there. . . She picked ME. This is CRAZY!"

I never heard such an outpouring of rage come out of the Carrs' home. Whatever was going on had to be BIG!"

I left without knocking on the door.

The next morning I called Wayne again, but got no answer. I tried and tried all day, but no one seemed to be home.

On Monday, while coming home from football conditioning, I saw Wayne and his Mom drive into their garage. "HEY. . . WAYNE!" I shouted, but he apparently didn't hear me.

Hurrying home, I showered, grabbed a bite and rushed across the street. Still buttoning my shirt, I knocked on the door.

"RON!" Rachel smiled, letting me in. "We're just starting lunch. . . You're welcome to stay."

"Thanks, but I ate. Is Wayne around?"

Ginning impishly, she called with a patronizing tone, "WAYNE! RONNIE'S here!"

"Set the table, Rachel!" Mrs. Carr scolded. Then smiling at me, she said, "Make yourself at home, Ron, he'll be right down."

Just then, I heard feet bounding down the stairs. "R. . . Ron?" Wayne stammered, stopping midway along the rail. "Wh. . . why are you here?"

"To see you, buddy. Believe it or not, I missed your sorry face all weekend. Where the heck have you been?"

"Well. . . I. . . ah. . . You see," he faltered, turning red with embarrassment. "It's just. . ."

"You might as well tell him, dear," his Mom kindly ordered. "Ron ought to know, he is your best friend. . ."

"Know what? Who's idea?" I huffed. I HATED surprises.

Wringing his smallish hands, Wayne admitted, "I've a new job. Okay, I said it?"

"What's with you, man?" I asked. "Something's not right."

Between my bewildered stare and his Mom's stoic glare he shamefully blushed and whispered, "They want me to be a MODEL!"

"Wow!" I cheered. "How long before I'll see you in GQ!"

"Tell him!" Rachel butted in. "Go head, Wayne, tell Ron what TYPE of model you're going to be!"

With hand cupped over mouth, Wayne mumbled, "It's sort of weird. . .they want me to be a 'UNI-SEX' model."

"Huh?" I shook my head.

"I'll translate," Rachel sadistically chirped. "Uni-sex is IN! You've seen all the girls wearing men's suits on the runways and in ads? Well, MY dear big brother's going to be wearing feminine things. . .It's real trendy in New York and Paris!"

"WHAT?" I gasped. "Feminine things? Like what?"

"I don't really know yet," he sadly confessed. "I still have a lot to learn. I hope you don't hate me for even thinking about doing this."

"Forget that. How did this happen?"

Mrs. Carr grabbed her daughter and silently left us alone. After several balking attempts, Wayne eventually explained.

"I swear, I was just minding my own business. . .checking out chicks and waiting for Rachel to finish so I could get to work," he recounted. "Then, out of the blue, this woman runs up at me, shouting, 'YOU'RE WHAT WE ARE LOOKING FOR!'"

"UNBELIEVABLE!" I grunted. "All those HOT chicks and the judges picked YOU!"

"Maybe it was because I was the only guy there, I don't know? But Rita Delatore wanted ME."

"Rita Dela. . .WHO?"

"My new modeling agent," he sourly sighed. "She came to scout talent for the Olds Modeling Agency in New York. Just as the judges were announcing the real winner, she discovered me. It's wild. I'm afraid her interest in me short circuited the entire contest!"

“She said I could be a BIG unisex model. . .big money and all.”

“You’re joking? You told her no way. . .right?”

“Rita’s VERY persistent,” Wayne meekly gulped. “She asked a lot of questions and when I told her how broke I was, she insisted on meeting Mom right away. . .Ron, this woman’s VERY convincing!”

“Insane’s more like it! Uni-sex clothing? What’s that mean?”

He blushed, “I’ll be wearing girl style clothes.”

“Girl style?”

“I guess like silky blouses, clunky shoes, tunic pants, scarves, you know. . .”

“Not skirts or dresses, right? You’re not going to be a girl model, are you. I mean, no one’s twisting your arm. . .Are they?”

“I don’t know everything yet. . .But Ron, the money’s INCREDIBLE! When Rita told me how much I could earn, I couldn’t resist!”

“What about your Mom? She’s going for this?”

“Mom’s reluctant, but practical. She knows I’ll go nowhere without a good education. If I have to dress ‘funny’ for a while to attend Wettington University, so be it!”

“Money’s not everything. Guys just don’t do these things!”

He countered to my surprise, “I thought so too until Rita showed me photos of other uni-sex models. It’s WILD, but a little makeup and a bit of padding can do MIRACLES!”

“Make-up? Forget that! I can’t imagine you in make-up!”

“Neither can I!” he laughed. “But Rita sure believes in me.”

As I rolled my eyes, Wayne became serious. “It’s a done deal, Ron. Mom and I signed the contract this morning and next week I start modeling training!”

“Training?” I sneered. “Like what? Walking down runways?”

“No. . .Just reading some books, a few exercises and such. . .no big deal.”

“Yeah. . .But I still think you’re making a HUGE mistake!”

“You’ll see, I’ll make loads of cash and chalk it all up to experience. Hey, what could go wrong? If I hate it, I’ll quit.”

Surviving the shock. I felt a lot better. After he quit his other job, I looked forward to us hanging out more than ever.

After school the following Monday, I waited around to walk home with Wayne. "Hey! Over here! Race you back to my house!"

"No can do," he hastily replied. "Mom's outside in the car. I start modeling training today, remember?"

"YEAH!" I teased. "My best friend on the cover of SEVENTEEN!"

Smirking sourly, Wayne ignored to my quip. "I'll be home around seven thirty, eight o'clock, Ron. Stop on by."

After dinner, I got so preoccupied with my studies I didn't get to Wayne's until after nine. Calculus homework was a killer!

"He's in his room," Rachel sneered as she answered the door. "Quietly, go on up. Wayne won't mind."

"Hey pal!" I chimed, barging into his room. "What's up?"

I couldn't believe my eyes. Sitting at, of all things, a lighted mirrored vanity, Wayne was brushing his hair!

Caught in an embarrassing act, he sheepishly grinned, "Hi Ron. I thought you'd call first."

"What's this primping crap?"

"I have to brush my hair at least 200 strokes each morning and night. Rita got me this vanity. She says if I sit and brush my posture will improve."

Then, he handed me a book. "Hair Care: What Every Model Should Know." Filled with photos and illustrations, it showed hundreds of feminine hair styles and grooming techniques.

I picked up the book. "These are girl's styles, where's the uni-sex stuff?"

"If they wanted burly men, they'd get burly men. . .uni-sex is in between. . .they want my gender to be in question. MAN OR WOMAN?"

"How much money?" I asked.

He told me and I was impressed. "Almost done," he said. Seated stiffly erect, he gently ran a thick bristled brush through his below the ear dark brown hair.

"Pretty neat," I huffed. "Soon you'll be able to braid it. . .like here, on page 23!"

“Stop it, Ron. It’s not so easy. Models REALLY got to WORK!”

“So come on back to the male race. Contracts aren’t binding on seventeen year olds’, you know.”

“I’m NO quitter!” But just as the echo of his bark cleared, he mellowly sighed, “Besides, what other choice do I have. . .are you going to give me the money for school?”

I saw his point.

Wayne pointed to a stake of books from his new collection. Gait and Posture, Strutting Your Stuff; Skin Care Guide, The Art of Cosmetic Application; and Manicuring Manual, to name just a FEW!

“You have to read ALL these?” I asked in disbelief. “AND practice what they preach!”

“Uhuh,” he blushed. “My modeling coach quizzes on everything. Flunk any test, I’m out. No job, no money and no COLLEGE!”

Wayne couldn’t see the forest for the trees. Had he, he’d surely know how shiny his hair gleamed after just its first feminine brushing!

Glancing around the room, I spied all the girlish equipment atop the vanity table. But one item stuck out in particular.

“You sick?” I asked, reaching for a brown plastic medicine vile. But before I could read the label, he snatched it away.

“They’re just new VITAMINS!” he tensely protested. “Rita got them for me. They’re suppose to get me into shape for modeling.”

Leaving things as is, I feared knowing anymore. But even more frightening was that Wayne should’ve been MORE scared than me!

The last two months of school before graduation was the time of my life! Cruising with the guys on Friday nights, picking up girls and partying almost everyday kept me merrily busy.

It would’ve been more fun if Wayne was around. Unfortunately for him, he was stuck at home, learning how to be UNISEX! I saw him learning only girl’s stuff but then again, he already KNEW how to be a boy!

Ever since that first day after his first modeling class, I hadn’t seen much of him. Even at school our contacts lessened, since his Mom had pulled him from gym class.

One Saturday night, my date cancelled at the last minute. With time on my hands, I stopped by Wayne's.

"One, two, three, four. . .Lift those legs. . .Get'em up, two three four..." blared through the window as I knocked on the door.

"Ron!" Rachel smiled over the din of a thumping disco beat. Wearing a pink spandex leotard, lavender tights and pink leg warmers, her milky white skin glistened with perspiration.

Standing there, I couldn't help but ogle her magnificent bust, well developed BEYOND her years! After a pregnant pause, I caught myself. "So. . .ah. . .Where's Wayne?"

"In the den," she shouted over the noise. "We're EXERCISING!"

"RACHEL!" Wayne whined from the other room as the music went dead. "Let's quit. I'm pooped!"

Attentively focused on Rachel's curvaceous body, I didn't notice Wayne enter the foyer. . .That is, until he yelped, "RON!"

I gasped back. "WAYNE! What the heck are you WEARING!"

"I. . .ah. . .It's. . .ah..." he stammered shamefully. Folding his arms across his chest, he uselessly attempted to hide the fact he wore an outfit IDENTICAL to his sister's!

"Oh, I get it! That MODELING training, right?" I grinned, trying to let him off the hook. "But aren't those PIGTAILS a bit much? Is that uni-sex?"

His pained glare switched to a relieved, doleful grin. "It's Rachel's idea. But thanks for understanding."

"Aren't plaits SO cute!" she gushed. "His hair's simply grown TOO LONG to hang loose during exercises. Believe it or not, Ron, Wayne actually tied them up all by HIMSELF!"

I didn't need to ask for verification. My friend's burning cheeks spoke volumes! I was speechless.

Rachel, with a self satisfied smirk, added, "See how well he's doing. . .before long, you won't even know what sex he is!" Then she skipped off to her room. Meanwhile, I followed a red-cheeked Wayne back to his.

But as the door closed, his breathing quickened and face twisted. He must've thought letting me in his room was a mistake.

"So. . .ah. . .Ron. . .What's happening?" Tensely pacing the floor, he mysteriously hid his hands from my view.

"You tell me, Wayne. You're the recluse!"

"It. . .it's my job, Ron. I. . .I can't help it."

While he flailed his arms, I noticed his hands glisten in the room's dim light. "Wayne, what's that crap on your fingers?"

"N. . .nail polish," he cringed, flashing shiny, clear polished fingernails at me. "Just one of the uni-sex things I have to do now. Rita makes me wear it all the time."

"Ecch!"

"I HATE what I'm doing!"

"Then QUIT, damn it! There's THOUSANDS of other jobs. Go to Junior College for a year or two, you won't have to be doing THIS!"

Suddenly, Wayne collapsed atop his bed. Burying his face in a pillow.

"Come on, man," I soothed. "The world's not ending. Just give up this silly modeling stuff and. . ."

"I TRIED!" he blubbered. "But I CAN'T"

"Get off it! Sure you can, just. . ."

"You don't understand. Mom won't let me!"

Once he calmed down, Wayne explained. "Mom says it's just too good of opportunity to pass up. I feel like it's some kind of twisted punishment. I know that Rachel wants to teach me a lesson."

"What sort?" I scratched my head. "You're just trying to earn money to better yourself. What's their logic?"

"I don't know!" he woefully whined. "Mom says I've never finished anything I've started and that they are afraid I'm going to blow this modeling break."

"You can still quit. Tell her you've learned your lesson. Tell her. . ."

"I told her everything but it's not only her. . .there's that darn contract clause's screwing me over!"

Pointing at a stack of papers on his dresser, he winced. "Page 7, paragraph two! Heck, I've read it so much, I know it by heart! I've been being paid to train. . ."

"SO?"

"It says. . . 'Give EVERYTHING you've made back?'"

I gasped, reading the agreement. "So give it back."

"Can't. Look at all this stuff. That's were all the money went. I'd have to pay for the ENTIRE modeling course, TOO! I don't have THAT kind of money!"

"This CAN'T be right. Sounds fishy to me."

“Mom took it to a lawyer. Because my value as a model’s so intangible, if I quit, Rita can recover present and FUTURE losses. It’s a RIP OFF, but perfectly LEGAL! My only way out is to get fired.”

“Maybe she’ll let you off easy? Tell her it isn’t working.”

“Too late. Last week I insinuated quitting and Rita quoted a FIVE FIGURE bill! She’s real happy with me. . .even is paying my sister to help me.”

“Gosh, I’m sorry,” I commiserated. “You REALLY are stuck!”

“Mom thinks the training will teach me something. . .maybe the evils of greed,” he sighed, unconsciously smoothing his hands over his spandex clad legs. “Hopefully, I’ll survive to benefit!”

“I need a shower,” Wayne said, excusing himself to bathe. Hearing the shower running, I quietly scanned about his room. Eying the vanity, I anxiously wondered if all those cosmetics were his!

I was just about to peek in his closet when Wayne returned. “Don’t be shocked,” he droned, pointing to a turban wrapped towel about his head. “My hair dries best this way.”

“Ah. . .no, not at all,” I faltered. Yet it wasn’t the towel which stunned me, but rather his fluffy PINK bathrobe!

“I asked nervously, ”What do you want to do?”

“I have to stay here.” Wayne seated himself at the vanity, he began fiddling with a manicure kit. Seeing him remove the clear varnish from his nails was a relief. . .That is, until he began to file and buff them!

He looked up at me and asked, “I hope you will still be my friend when I’m uni-sex.”

“What’s with you, Wayne? Can’t you just go through the motions? Don’t try SO hard!”

“That’s not me, Ron. I give my all, 110%, REMEMBER?”

“Sure, but slacking off’s a way out. Maybe they won’t want you as a model, then.”

“Trust me, I’ve thought of EVERYTHING!” he huffed, clipping a hangnail. “But Rachel still insists I stole the job from her and she’s out for revenge!”

“REVENGE? I’d think she’d want you to fail?”

“I WISH!” he pouted. “She badgers me constantly. Brush your hair. . .do your nails. . .exercise. . .read manuals. . .bla, bla,

bla! Worse yet, Mom's on her side. . .on account of the money!"

Speaking of the devil! Just then, Wayne's door flew open and his sister came barging in. "He's SO pretty in PINK!" she chided. "Aren't his lovely nails growing out so nicely? Take a good look. They could be boy's or girl's hands, right?"

Blushing crimson, Wayne cowered in shame. The whole sight sickened me. Could he ever stop them from screwing with his head! His fingers looked much more like a girl's to me.

"Let's have a lookie," Rachel teased, tugging the corner of his towel. It shocked me to see masses hair cascade about his head like a black waterfall.

"Rita's conditioning shampoo's doing the trick!" she brayed, flicking a tendril of his near shoulder length mane. "His hair's never been thicker and it's growing at breakneck speed!"

"Impossible!" I gasped. "How'd it get SO long. . .So quick?"

"The special ingredients," Wayne meekly peeped. "Proteins, vitamins, a gelatin and. . ."

". . .a SECRET hormonal mixture!" Rachel butted in.

I didn't say another word. The whole scene was horrible, besides being way over my head.

Meticulously stroking his damp hair, Wayne deftly maneuvered the brush about his scalp with those feminine looking hands. His ladylike actions were SO disturbing!

"PRETTY!" Rachel bragged, touting her brother's tresses. "But here's best part. Wayne, show Ron your lovely legs!"

Cringing, he tried to resist, but to no avail. I couldn't fathom what kind of control she had over him. But it must've been POWERFUL stuff!

Wayne swiveled to face me, his lips pouting with misery. At Rachel prodding, he parted his robe, extending his right leg at me.

"They're SHAVED!" I yelped. "That's not uni-sex, that's like a girl!"

"So are his underarms," she curtly grinned. "Take a feel, Ron. His legs are UNBELIEVABLY smooth. . .just like a girl's!"

"Ah. . .no. . .thanks," I stammered. Poor Wayne. It had to be a living nightmare!

Apparently, Rachel had enough evil fun and started to leave. But before going, she taunted, "Remember, dear, we're on page 64 tonight. DON'T think I won't check on you later!"

Once the door slammed shut, I turned to Wayne. "I never imagined it being like THIS! It must be HELL!"

"Rachel's just showing off," he replied dolefully. "Actually, she's a big help. Without her, I couldn't pass half my lessons."

While we talked, Wayne leafed through a modeling manuals. Then, opening his vanity, he removed a box of big plastic CURLERS!

"Page 64, aye?" I spat. I shook my head.

"Stop by tomorrow and see the damage," he said, spritzing gel on his hair. "The set'll be gone by school time Monday."

"PASS!" But as he rolled long tufts of thickened hair, I got pissed. "Why put up with this? I'd run as far away as I could!"

"Maybe you, but NOT me! Between Dad dying and us going broke, it's not been fun. This is the only chance I've got, besides I can't leave Rachel and Mom holding the bag."

Wayne's decision scared me. I wondered what he'd look like after all this training. It was all too horrible to think about!

After he set his hair, we went to the kitchen and played Monopoly. It wasn't our first game, but it sure was the WEIRDEST!

Wayne, as usual, dominated play. I'd have done better if he wasn't wearing a pink bathrobe with his hair up in curlers!

"Who's winning?" Rachel asked. Still in her leotard, she wondered into the kitchen with her hands behind her back. Standing beside me, her ample leaned bosom tantalizingly close to my face.

"G. . .GUESS!" I huffed, pointing to my dwindling cash while fighting to keep my libido in check. "I'm about ready to fold."

"Don't quit!" Wayne insisted, placing another house on Park Place. "Who knows? Anything can happen in this game."

"Just like life," Rachel teased, handing her brother a small bottle. "I try for a modeling job and my brother ends up getting it!"

But before Wayne could defend himself, his sister barked, "I'll be back in an hour, sweetie. You'd BETTER be done by then!"

"She's still pissed, huh?" I shook my head. "Can you believe it? She's even ordering you to end our game!"

"Not exactly..." Anxiously biting his lip, he placed the bottle down. "I got to be done with THIS in an hour."

"NAIL POLISH! But you just took that stuff off!"

"And now I'm putting it back on," he sighed in frustration. "Rita's coming tomorrow and if I'm not up on my lessons, she'll pull the plug. . ."

"That's good?"

"No," he said, "Then we'll be paying big BUCKS!"

Awed, I watched him deftly glide sparkling enamel atop his fingernails like I'd seen my mother do a million times. A dainty skill he had mastered in just a few weeks. This shocked me.

Wagging his hands loosely in the air, Wayne impatiently awaited his nails to dry. "Thanks for rolling the dice for me, Ron I don't know why, but the second coat always takes longer."

"No sweat," I smiled, trying to ignore this feminine gestures. "Snake eyes. . .Go again. . .So. . .ah. . .What's your polish color?"

Grimacing, Wayne reluctantly displayed his hands. Yet he didn't curl his fingers back, like a guy, rather, like my Mom; he flashed his outstretched hand, palm side down!

"Mother of pearl white," he faltered as I stared at his glistening fingertips. "My sister's favorite. . ."

"At least it's not bright red!" I laughed in irony. "You got that going for you!"

"Some consolation! It's only a matter of time. . .I know that some of the uni-sex model wear pinks and sometimes even red."

Bankrupt, I admitted defeat before Wayne was due for Rachel's inspection. This perked him up, but only for a fleeting moment.

As he waived his sparkling nailed hand goodbye, I headed for home. Pouting sorrowfully, he appeared teetering on surrender.

I knew I had to help him. Yet, the more Wayne's dilemma racked my brain, the more I was a lose at how!

The next day, I was coming home after playing golf when I saw an unfamiliar sports car in the Carrs' driveway. "Must be Rita Delatore," I angrily muttered. "I ought kick her butt!"

But thinking more rationally, I realized I was a pretty persuasive guy. Perhaps I could talk some sense into the woman.

“Ron!” Mrs. Carr greeted me. “It’s nice to see you.”

“Yeah, Ma’am. So where’s Wayne?”

“You’re so sweet, supporting him and all,” she smiled, ushering me to the den. “Especially now. He needs it so much.”

It was truly bizarre. I’d never known Mrs. Carr act SO weird! She lead me into the living room.

“Ron, isn’t it?” the flamboyantly dressed, red haired woman confidently asked. “Our Wayne has told me A LOT about you!”

Taken aback by her boldness, I gulped, “You’re Ms. Delatore?”

“Call me Rita,” she winked, firmly shaking my hand. “My protege will be down momentarily.”

“She’s something else, huh?” Rachel simpered, waltzing into the den. “I hope to look as good when I’m fifty. . .But then again, a face lift and a boob job wouldn’t hurt, either! You arrived for the best part, Ron. Wait ‘til you get a load of your buddy, Wayne!”

“You’re EXQUISITE, darling!” Rita Delatore gushed from beyond the den. “Hurry, everyone’s awaiting your debut!”

“WAYNE?” I choked, running into the foyer. “What the...”

“Ron!” he panted, stopping dead in his tracks. “What are you doing here?”

“You said, ‘See you tomorrow,’ remember? I knew about the girlish hair style, but MAKEUP. . .and he had on a DRESS!”

“JUMPER!” Rachel corrected. “Don’t the loose collotte pants and roomy tee shirt make Wayne start to look like unisex?”

“Looks like a girl,” I muttered.

Rita smiled and said, “He’s got to learn how to be totally feminine so he can be either masculine or feminine at will.”

“STOP IT!” Wayne moaned, bowing his head in shame. Pouting full, red glossed lips, his thickly mascaraed lashes fluttered.

Wayne’s feminization was incredible. Big, bouncy curls brushed just above his shoulders. His smooth, hairless legs peeked out below his jumper’s ankle length hem, while airy espadrilles encased his small, slender feet.

"Show us what you've learned, dear," Rita Delatore devilishly grinned. "Walk to the sofa and sit beside you friend, Ron."

Hesitating, Wayne's eyes showed his tortured anguish. But with forceful prodding from his Mom and sister, he obeyed.

Slightly overlapping, his steps were short and measured. With elbows bent upward, his hands dangled limply at the wrist, flashing his shiny manicured fingernails.

"WAYNE!" I blurted. "You walk like a GIRL!"

Desperately maintaining his poise, he tried ignoring my outburst, yet his forced smile betrayed his chagrin. Smoothing his skirt-like collottes over his bottom, Wayne daintily sat beside me.

"Press those knees, dear," Rita Delatore chimed. Thrusting his shoulders back, Wayne squeezed his thighs, demurely folding his hands atop his skirted lap.

Across the room, the three women gleefully congratulated each other.

Rita turned to me and asked, "Do you feel like this person sitting next to you is a boy or a girl?"

I blurted out, "He's my buddy, Wayne. . .A boy!"

"Yes, dear," Rita said calmly, "I sense it too. . .he's still too much of a boy." As the three chattered about how to make him more of a girl, I secretly whispered as Wayne stared vacuously into space. "What the heck's going on?"

"Believe me, I didn't know," he softly whined through a clenched tooth grin. "The dress and cosmetics shocked me too! I guess I've got to know how to be a girl sometimes."

"Ahhh! Those TEETH!" Rita Delatore announced. "Shut your mouth and smile with you eyes, dear. You'll look MUCH prettier!"

As Wayne sullenly obeyed, Rachel mocked her brother's tight lipped grin. "Too bad you didn't have braces, like me."

"Now, now, Rachel," Mrs. Carr kindly scolded. "Daddy didn't believe boys needed them." Looking sorry eyed at her son, she sighed, "Then again, he'd NEVER believe his son would be learning to be a girl!"

Tears rolled down Wayne's powdered cheeks as he dabbed his reddened eyes. "May I be excused. I don't feel so good."

No one answered his whimpering request. Unable to wait, Wayne bunched his skirt to his knees, girlishly scampering to his room.

"ENOUGH!" I wailed. "Wayne's no model. Let him QUIT!"

"You're SO wrong," Rita Delatore calmly countered. "He's PERFECT! Be patient, pretty Wayne will GLOW with success!"

"In a PIG'S EYE!" I spat. Stomping up the stairs, I hurried to comfort Wayne.

"Hey pal," I whispered, softly rapping on his locked bedroom door. "Come on, open up. It's me..."

The latch clicked as the door opened to a darkened room. In an upbeat tone, I asked, "Where are you, pal? I can't see you."

"Here," he sniffled from a shadowy corner. "I'm such a fool!"

Wayne's fluffy curls were now a disheveled rat's nest. His mascara and lipstick were smeared blotches across over his face.

"They've gone TOO FAR. You've got to QUIT!"

"I don't know," he whined. "Rita's got my contract and quitting would ruin Mom. . ."

"Forget it, then. It's your life!"

"Don't say that, Ron. I won't make it through the year without knowing you're on my side!"

Wayne's whimpering plea tugged at my heart strings. "Oh, okay, but you know how I HATE this. So, just promise me one thing."

"SURE!"

"Never, I mean NEVER forget who you are!"

Smiling with relief, Wayne earnestly nodded. Yet, even so, I nervously wondered with all that pressure could he survive?

Sunday afternoon with Wayne left a heavy load on my mind. At school the next day, I drifted about with my head in the clouds.

While heading for lunch, I ran into Wayne. He looked normal again, right down to his manly styled ponytail!

"Hey, pal!" I cheerfully called. "Want to sit together?"

"Sure," he shrugged gloomily. "Why not."

Leaving the serving line, my tray overflowed with food. But all Wayne took was a banana and skimmed milk.

"Starving yourself?" I joshed. "Nothing's THAT bad!"

"I'm not hungry," he shied away. But after a pause, he confessed, "That's a lie. This damn diet's driving me CRAZY!"

"You're skin and bones, man. You can't lose anymore weight!"

"I WISH! Rita says I must fit a size six. . .to emulate the WAIF look. . .Whatever that means!"

I smiled, offering him half my burger and fries. "I won't tell a soul."

"Shhh! Rachel's around!" he frantically whispered. "If I'm not down a couple pounds by Friday, she'll tell Rita and I'll have hell to pay! Besides," he softly muttered, "my stomach's been really queazy and my appetite's way down. I think it's those vitamins."

Not another word passed between during lunch. It was pitiful watching Wayne nibble on his banana. I had to help him someway.

Our next class was in fifteen minutes. Leaving the cafeteria, we headed to our lockers to grab our books.

Thinking of a way to ease the mounting tension between us. I joked, "Bet you're happy to wear flannel shirts and jeans again!"

"I guess, but. . ." he hedged, "but I still have to keep my legs and armpits are shaved and. . ."

"And what?" I asked. Cringing with fear, Wayne had a look like he'd said TOO much. "Tell me."

Scanning the hall, he pulled me into the boy's washroom. "Why you checking the stalls?" I wondered aloud. "No one's here."

"Just need to be sure. Lean against the outside door. There's something I want to show you."

It was a strange request, but I did it anyway. I figured, things couldn't get much weirder than they already were.

"Okay!" I barked, crossing my arms. "What's the BIG secret?"

Unbuckling his belt, he let his jeans drop to the floor. "Aren't these CUTE?" he sarcastically spat, "Another new addition!"

"NO WAY!" I panted at his sleek beige tinted legs. "NY-LONS!"

He pulled up his shirt tails. "And PANTIES! They're so damn FRILLY and swish against my jeans when I walk. Can you hear it? The noise's driving ME nuts!"

But before I could open my mouth, Wayne unbuttoned his flannel shirt. "See my new undershirts?"

It was a camisole! Plain with just a little lace at the bodice. Curious, I ran my fingertips up the shimmering white silk to its micro thin straps. "GOSH! I'd get the WILLIES wearing that!"

"That's how I feel! Rita says lingerie will help me feel UNI-SEX and prepare me for modeling. Thank goodness Mom got me excused from gym class!"

The bell for our next class rang just as Wayne buckled his belt. "See ya later, huh?" I asked.

"Maybe not for a while. You see. . ."

"I'm your friend, REMEMBER? If not me, who can you trust?"

"OKAY! Come by after school. But don't blame me if you don't like what you see!"

Students jammed the corridor as we shuffled out from the washroom. His oblique warning left me wondering, but the images my vivid imagination conjured up were frightfully bizarre!

I banged on Wayne's front door a good five minutes. I was about to leave when he faintly called, "Wait! I'll be right down!"

The door opened a crack, but no one was behind it. As I pushed it open, he shouted, "I'm back upstairs!"

"I HATE mysteries, Wayne. "What's with this secrecy crap!"

"Look up and find out."

There, on the landing, Wayne stood with hands on hips. "Can you fault me?" he whimpered.

"Girls' clothes. . .AGAIN? What gives?"

"TRAINING!" he snipped. "Wayne has to learn to walk in skirts?" he mimicked his sister's voice. . .remarkably well!

Wayne patted a stray tendril of dark brown hair into place within his loosely brushed hairdo. But as he did, I caught a brief glimpse of his crimson polished fingernails.

"That's nice," I stammered, at a loss for words. "I mean. . .the miniskirt's WILD!"

"Gee thanks!" he grunted, smoothing the long sleeves of his black knit turtleneck top. "At least for now I can wear flats with these damn opaque black tights. Soon I'll be in PUMPS!"

“PUMPS?”

Wayne made an abrupt about face as I followed him into his bedroom. As he walked, I couldn't help but detect a slight hip wiggle that was never there before!

At his mirrored vanity, he took a mascara wand and focused on his reflection. “Sorry, but I left off here when I heard you knocking.”

“You NUTS?” I gasped as Wayne girlishly crossed his thighs. “You DON'T have to do that around me!”

“I warned you, Ron! This is what I have to do. I wear women's clothes everyday after school and the weekends. . . And feminine posture's a must. So if you're still on my side, get used to it!”

Opening a tube, Wayne focused into the mirror. With remarkably deftness, he smoothed the glistening red lipstick across this full lips, blotting with a tissue.

“Almost done,” he droned, adding some rosy blush to his smooth cheeks. “THERE! How do I look?”

“Well, like your sister,” I confessed. “Sorry, pal. I just call them like I see them.”

“Could be worse,” he chuckled. “I could look like YOU in a skirt!”

The joke cleared the air and we shared a hearty laugh. All dolled up and using effected feminine mannerisms, Wayne was, after all, my best friend.

“Stay for dinner, Ron? We have plenty, I'm not eating much.”

“Pass,” I said, changing the subject, I asked, “Is that your sister's skirt?”

Suddenly, all the color drained from Wayne's face. Even his blush cheek didn't help to hide his sullen and upset expression.

“I'm sorry, man, I didn't mean...”

“That's okay,” he sadly sighed. “I'll show you.”

As the bi-fold doors slid apart, I couldn't believe my eyes. Dresses, skirts and colorful blouses crammed the closet!

“Your's?”

Wayne nodded then opened his dresser, I gagged, “LINGERIE! ”You got more girlie things than my Mom! Where's your guy stuff?”

“Rita and Mom packed it all away last night. They left me only what I need for school: two pairs of jeans, a few flannel shirts!”

Without bending his waist, he daintily lowered himself toward the floor. Picking up a pair of sneakers, he handed them to me.

Wayne pointed to the wide pink stripes running the length of the rubber soles. "I wore these today, Ron. I'm surprised you didn't notice. Couldn't you tell these were GIRL'S shoes, TOO!"

I faltered as cold sweat beaded along my brow. I asked, "This doesn't seem uni-sex to me? What goes?"

"I know," Wayne stated. "I asked the same question. It appears that they want boy who looks feminine. They want a boy who can be a girl who they can dress in boyish clothes. Complex, eh?"

Fortunately, he didn't press me for an answer.

When I returned home, I was ready to pull my hair out. This dress up game had reached new heights. His makeup and feminine gesturing irked me so, I feared what was next!

The arrival of finals week electrified the senior class. Yet, it also marked a month since I last visited Wayne.

He didn't fault me for restricting our friendship to school. He understood difficulties I had with his "training."

To everyone else, Wayne was basically the same old guy, except with longer hair. But what others couldn't see drove me crazy!

When his naturally straight hair had gotten too long, he'd tie it in a mannish ponytail. Yet lately, he hadn't bothered to wash out his curly feminine sets and at times banded his lengthening locks with small, girlish barrettes, instead of rubber bands! Some of the guys were beginning to talk.

Once chipped and bitten, his nails were well manicured, filed to a tapered point just beyond his fingertips. But with cuticles pushed back and lacquered a pinkish clear, they just weren't MANLY!

Wayne went from slumping in his seat to sitting primly erect. With his knees firmly squeezed together and his head tilted upward, he'd keep his hands folded, palms down.

His walk changed to an almost "feline" glide, as his weight seemed to shift from his heels to the balls of his feet. He even carried his books clasped to his chest, instead of under his arm.

Only I knew that under his denim shirt and jeans he was wearing lingerie and pantyhose. Only I heard the whispering of nylon against denim as he walked. Only I was truly aware.

In French class, Wayne's pronunciation was ten times better. But his improved speech carried over to all his activities. To me, the pitch and timber of his voice sounded an octave or two higher!

Taken alone, they all seemed insignificant, but they mounted day by day. I swear, Wayne Carr was becoming a DIFFERENT PERSON!

"Hey, Wayne, WAIT UP!" I called, running across campus to catch up with him. "How'd final exams go?"

"Alright, I guess," he softly sighed in a voice fast becoming no more than a whisper! "Math was tough, but I aced French."

As we walked toward our neighborhood, we hardly spoke a word. It wasn't my fault. Rather, Wayne's interests had seemed to change and he had little to say.

"Wayne Carr, HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE!" I joshed, trying to get him to talk. "Whacha gonna do now. . .go to WALLY WORLD?"

"Funny!" he giggled at first, but then cringed. "I start modeling school for 'real' next week, Ron. This is REALLY it!"

"YEAH!" I anxiously huffed, searching for what next to say. "It's not too late to quit, you know."

"I suppose," he winced, glancing shamefully away. "But we've been through this before and..."

"I'm worried about you, man! "Walking delicately. . .Swiveling your hips. . .You're losing it!"

"It shows huh? Rachel drills me every night until I drop. It's easier to obey than fight. Rita adores my improvements, but my sister's RELENTLESS!"

"But you're just pretending. You need to turn this girlie stuff off. . .you can, right?"

"I never get the chance," he whimpered. "They're constantly on my back. It's like I'm really pretending to be a BOY at school!"

His admission bowled me over. "NEVER forget what you are, WAYNE! You're just as male as ME!"

While he didn't reply, his body language spoke volumes! Shrugging his slender shoulders, he demurely lowered his head in meek resign. "I guess. . ."

"Guess what!" I cheered, quickly changing topics. "I got box seat tickets to tonight's ball game. Boston's in town. Wanna go?"

"Gee. . .I don't know, Ron." Biting his lip, he played with a stray wisp of shoulder length hair with one hand, while girlishly cradling his books with the other. "I sort of have plans."

Any guy would jump at these tickets. I was pissed but I couldn't loose Wayne. I swore to stick by him and this was the only way I knew how. "Think about it?"

"Sure!," he smiled in his new closed mouth grin. His dark brown eyes sparkled. . .girlishly and SO femininely, it shot shivers up my spine!

When we arrived at his house, Wayne asked permission to got to the game with me. Needless to say, he couldn't. But I made him promise that we'd go to one before the end of the summer.

"So, I'll see you Saturday at commencement, right?" I asked hopefully before going home. "There's a party afterwards and..."

"I'm not attending, Ron," he pined, incessantly scratching his chest. "I'll be with Rita all weekend, through Sunday night."

"NO! Where are you going?"

"She hasn't exactly said. I just know that it's an part of my training."

"Too bad. I'll miss you, pal."

"Me too," he sniffled, becoming teary eyed. "I ought to be home by six or so. Please, Ron, promise to stop by."

"You got it!" I smiled, but then felt forced to ask, "Hey, man, you got fleas!"

"It's these damn camisoles," he cringed, scratching insanely. "My skin must be allergic to silk."

"Whatever. . ." I droned. But when he stopped to shake my hand, I winced. Wayne's grasp was the weakest I'd ever known. His skin felt buttery soft, smooth and far less muscular. Everything was all wrong. Little by little, I was loosing my friend!

Commencement was a blast, as were the parties! Boozing was a BIG mistake. But heck, high school graduation happens only once!

And I PAID! My hangover was awesome! Laying sick in bed the next morning, my thinking didn't clear until late afternoon.

My head was still pounding when Mom reminded me to visit Wayne. I definitely wasn't up for it, but a promise was a promise.

Mrs. Carr smiled. "He's expecting you."

Tip toeing up the stairs, Mrs. Carr quietly lead me to Wayne's bedroom. But it was barely after dinner and the sun hadn't yet set. A small voice inside head told me something wasn't right!

"Shh," she softly whispered just beyond her son's door. "He's had quite a traumatic weekend, but he insists on seeing you."

Alarmed, I cautiously stepped into the dimly lit room. A figure, buried beneath layers of blankets, laid on the bed, but at first glance I couldn't tell who it was.

"You've come!" he mustered a cheer, sounding as if in dreadful pain. "It was terrible, Ron, simply TERRIBLE!"

"WAYNE!" I gasped, switching on a lamp. "What have they DONE!"

His shiny lips pouting, he flashed fashionably long, feminine fingernails, polished a rich, glossy pink. "Rita had them sculpted. It's SO strange, my hands don't feel like they're MINE!"

I shook my head in denial as he reached back and gently tugged forward a thick, shoulder length braid, tied off by a satiny, pale yellow ribbon. Fluffing long strands of hair, evenly cut across his forehead, he whined, "They even gave me BANGS!"

"It's not too bad," I stammered, trying to console him. "I guess, to be a model, you got to look the part."

"I just WISH that was my only problem! Look at this!"

Tossing his blankets aside, Wayne exposed his lithe, hairless body, clad in a skimpy pink nightie. But before saying another word, he bolted out of bed, scurrying to the bathroom.

In his haste, he had left the door wide open. I didn't dare peek, but I knew those gurgling sounds ALL too well. As I had done earlier that day, Wayne, too, was puking his guts!

A while later, he shuffled back to bed. His face white as a ghost, he cringed in pain, pressing his hands against his stomach.

“Been PARTYING, too?” I chuckled, offering my commiseration. “I know what you’re going through, pal, believe ME!”

“No you DON’T!” he whimpered. “I haven’t had a DROP to drink!”

As he slowly laid back in bed, I warily asked, “Then why are you so sick? Not from nail polish and hairspray?”

“I . . . I’m not sure. ”B. . .but I think it’s because of THIS!”

Raising his arms, he showed me two small bandages, one on each of his hairless armpits. “I still don’t understand, Wayne. Cut yourself shaving?”

“After going to the beauty salon, yesterday, Rita took me to a lady doctor. She gave me a shot that knocked me out. When I awoke, these were here and I’ve been deathly sick ever since!”

“WOW! What did she do?”

“All Rita and Dr. Simms said was that it was done to improve my modeling figure. . .That’s it!”

“Gosh, Wayne. What do you suppose it is?”

“I only wish I knew,” he whimpered. “Something was implanted because I can feel it. They said I’ll to be ill for a week, but then I’m suppose to GLOW. You’re right, Ron, I should’ve of quit. . .But now, I fear, it’s too late!”

Burying his head in his pillow, Wayne softly sobbed. Consoling him, I placed my hand on his upper arm. But as I touched his bicep, I was shocked to feel nearly ALL his muscle tone gone!

I kept him company until way after dark. Although we didn’t talk much, I could tell Wayne really appreciated me being there.

“WOW!” I yelped, checking my watch. “It’s nearly midnight! I’d love to stay, but I’m going fishing early tomorrow morning. I’ll be back in town Thursday and...”

“But I’ll be gone, Ron,” he pouted. “Wednesday, Rita’s taking me to New York and we’ll be there for a couple of weeks!”

“We’ll hook up the first day you’re back! I’ll get us ball game tickets. Oakland will be in town. Remember, you owe me!”

“Sounds wonderful. It’s a date!”

Heading home, I wanted to believe everything would be fine. Yet Wayne’s parting word, “DATE” unsettled me greatly.



*Wayne didn't look uni-sex, he looked girlish.*

The walleye were biting at Lake Wildwood! But when I got back, a I received orders the head coach at Wettington "U". I was to report for freshman work outs, immediately.

Down at campus, work outs went so well the coach was considering making me a starter!

Four weeks later, I returned home. A Wettington football booster hired me as a trucker's helper for the summer. As I left from my job interview, I ran into Rachel.

"Long time, no see!" she coyly grinned as we met along Main Street. "Guess WHO

has been asking about you?"

"Gosh! Tell him I'm sorry. There was football, my new job, and I figured he was busy too. . ."

"Relax! Wayne has been. . .oh how shall I say. . .very preoccupied. But I know he's anxious to see you!"

"How is he?"

"Drop by!" Winking impishly, Rachel turned and strutted away. As I stood in her wake, my thoughts turned to my best friend. I could've kick myself in the butt for ignoring him for nearly a month!

My plans for that evening weren't until late. So after a shower and a quick bite, I ran on over to see Wayne.

"RON! What a pleasant surprise!" Mrs. Carr smiled. "Is Wayne expecting you?"

"I suppose," I replied, puzzled. "I saw Rachel. . ."

"You did, aye?" Mrs. Carr suspiciously drawled. "Make yourself at home dear, I'll be right back. RACHEL!"

As I sat in the den, muffled arguing echoed from upstairs. I tried ignoring it, but couldn't help hearing three voices, yet none sounded like Wayne!

"I won't. . . I WON'T!" a distinctively girlish soprano loudly shrilled. "I hate you, Rachel. . . I simply HATE you!"

Moments later, Rachel peeked into the den, embarrassed. "Sorry for the delay, Ron. We won't be long."

"You can't hide forever," Mrs. Carr sternly scolded. "He's waiting for you, so get in there NOW!"

Moments later, I saw him. Blushing several shades of red, Wayne minced toward me. "How have you been, Ron?"

"GAWD!" I panted, ogling the figure in the long, red and white striped, ankle length tube dress. "Wayne? It CAN'T be YOU!"

"It's me," Wayne softly whispered in a high pitched, girlish voice. His darkly lined and mascaraed, doe-like eyes begged for mercy. "Guess I owe you an explanation."

Flashing long, radiant red polished fingernails, he smoothed his hands over his fanny as he sat down. Gracefully crossing his hampered legs, his tiny feet slid beneath his chair.

"Gosh, man," I gulped. "What've you gotten yourself into? I don't believe what I'm seeing. This is uni-sex?"

"I guess not," he sadly sighed, pouting his full, crimson glossed lips. "I don't feel very manly anymore!"

"Hey, you're still my pal?" I said. I was feeling very guilty for not even calling Wayne. Maybe there was something I could have done. Now it was TOO LATE!"

"Sure he said shyly. His features were dainty and his wrist's small and delicate.

Too stunned to speak, I stared at his brilliantly chocolate brown hair. Hanging thick and straight to his shoulder blades, his lengthy, blunt cut bangs shaded long, richly mascaraed eyelashes.

Standing up, Wayne tensely sauntered across the room. His long, tight skirt shortly tethered his stride, making his hips sway and fanny undulate. But the rhythmic clicking his three inch, strapped, red pumps made against the den's hardwood floor confused me!

"LOOK AT ME!" he moaned. "I barely weigh a hundred pounds, my chest's all puffy and BURNS like mad! And my uni-sex training. . ."

"WHAT?" I gasped. "You're just PRETENDING! Being a girl model's a dress up game. . . Isn't it?"

“So I thought! But Rita says I won’t succeed at uni-sex until I can have a female outlook too. She’s training me to THINK like a woman!”

“That’s STUPID! Photo posing has NOTHING to do with thinking.”

“Yeah, but Mom sides with Rita. Femininity can’t be faked. Damn! Why didn’t I listen?”

“So what do you do? How do you THINK like a woman?”

“By living as one,” he sadly confessed. “By being treated as one. . .by having the aspirations of one. It’s AWFUL! Rachel and Mom train me every waking hour! Hear my voice? I can hardly remember how I used to talk!”

“It’s just a bit softer, but I hear the REAL you just fine!” I lied to cheer him up. The fact was, his voice was SO high and airy, I found myself succumbing to the sweet feminized sound!

“Come up to my room, Ron?” Wayne tensely asked. “I’ll show you the crap I have to put up with.”

Wayne ran his slim, long nailed fingers through his luxuriously long hair, unconsciously tucking it behind his ears. Cringing, I saw twin pairs of gold studs in his double pierced lobes!

“Okay,” I hesitated. I was deathly afraid of what I’d see. But he was my best friend and desperately needed my support.

As I followed him up, I couldn’t help eying the outline of his tight panties and lacy bra strap. But even more amazing was that his curved hips seemed flared from a slim waist and I couldn’t detect padding!

“OOPS!” he gasped, grabbing the banister before tumbling down the stairs. “I DESPISE hobble skirts! Rita says they’ll improve my feminine glide, but to me they’re just TORTURE to wear!”

I didn’t dare reply. His all TOO womanish outburst made me cringe in fear!

“Where you going, Wayne? Isn’t your room over here?”

“Not anymore,” he bit his lip. “Rita redecorated the guest room. She says my old room inhibits my feminine development.

Sure enough, his old bedroom door was locked shut. But when we entered the spare room, my eyes nearly popped from my skull!

“WAYNE! This place’s so. . .”

"Girlish?" he nervously giggled, leaning against a six foot corner post of his laced canopied bed. "I know. I can't believe all this is mine, either. At least the mattress's comfortable."

"MATTRESS! Silky pillow cases. . .Pink quilted bed spread. . .Lavender striped wall paper. . .Matching white wicker furniture and a full length mirror. . .Heck, I'd rather sleep in a BARN!"

Wayne didn't reply. His deeply saddened frown said it all!

"What's THAT?" I asked, pointing at a small bookcase in the corner of the room. "You have to read that stuff too?"

"Sort of," he sputtered, all flustered. "Fashion magazines keep me abreast of style trends. You wouldn't believe how quickly women's fashions change and. . ."

"But how about the books?" Picking one up, I shoved it toward his face. "ROMANCE NOVELS?"

"That's Rachel's idea," he sniffled. "She thinks reading about women's lives and identifying with the heroine, will help me understand. . ."

"I know," I threw my arms up in frustration. "What to feel as you run around in your little dresses."

"Don't hate me, Ron! I hate what I'm doing, but I just can't help myself anymore."

"You got more will power than anyone. If you want out, GET OUT!"

"I only wish," he whimpered. "Something's gone wrong. I never listened to anyone, before, but now, I'm SO pliable. I think what ever they are doing to me is working. . .I feel like a BARBIE DOLL!"

By now, Wayne was curled up atop his bed, weeping like an infant. Leaving his side for the moment, I searched his room, trying to figure out what went awry.

I found the cassette tape atop his bookcase. Placing it in the recorder, I pressed the "play" button.

Crashing ocean surf and squawking sea birds played over the speakers. Glancing at Wayne, I saw he had suddenly stopped crying.

"Feel better?" I smiled.

"I'm okay," he demurely sighed in an airy, far away voice. Gazing glassy eyed into space, he gently petted his own cheek. "That tape. It makes me feel. . .PRETTY."

But before I could say a word, Rachel came bounding into the room. "Aren't nature tapes SO relaxing?" she devilishly

grinned. "Wayne has quite a few themes. . .They really help him cope."

Rachel then turned off the recorder. Within seconds, Wayne shook his head, as if coming out of a trance.

"Come BROTHER, dear," she smirked. "Rita's joining us for dinner tonight and we must look our best!"

Wayne, powerless to defy her, haplessly obeyed. As she began undressing him, I faltered, "I better go. I'll be seeing ya, pal."

"Stay, Ron," Rachel insisted, turning to Wayne, "Let's show Ron your lovely lingerie!"

My friend's agony ran so deep, he blushed purple! Under his sister's relentless prodding, he whimpered, "It's okay, you can stay Ron."

"That's right," Rachel added, "As a sweet young girl, Wayne should be embarrassed to be seen in lingerie. . .but you two are BUDS, right? Nothing to hide from one another?"

It'd be a big mistake, but I stayed. It was like Rachel was daring me to stay. Probably to shame her brother, Rachel made the simple process of undressing a genuine striptease!

With lingering tugs, she slowly drew the tube dress above his knees. His white thighs exposed, she wistfully flashed his remarkably sexy, nylon clad legs!

Down to just panties and bra, Wayne urgently crossed his pencil thin arms, trying to hide his narrow chest. But squeezing his legs only accentuated his disappearing waist and widening hips and shapely thighs!

"You're SO thin!" I gulped. "There's NOTHING left of you!"

"Thin's IN!" Rachel beamed. "Soon, he'll be a perfect ninety-seven pounds. . .with MORE changes to come!"

My friend's pitifully sorry eyes sickened me. Just as I was about to high tail out, Mrs. Carr entered the room.

"RACHEL!" she angrily scolded. "Your brother isn't a play toy. How dare you act SO cruel, especially with Ron here! Someday you might need a kidney and then you'll be in trouble!"

"Sorry, Mother," she simpered, feigning regret. "Guess I got a tad carried away."

"INDEED!" Turning to me, Mrs. Carr nodded, "Ron, please wait downstairs. Wayne will join you shortly."

As I left, I glimpsed over my shoulder. As his mother and sister doted, poor Wayne stood there, shaking with humiliation!

Back in the den, my embarrassment turned to raw fury. I hotly debated with myself. Wayne had all but quit fighting for himself. I'd pledged to stand by him. Yet, I still hadn't a clue of what to do!

"Hello, Ron," a vaguely familiar voice sang, interrupting my deep thoughts. "What do you think of our COVER GIRL?"

Spinning around, I immediately leered. "Cover Girl. . . I thought he was to be a uni-sex model? I think, Ms. Delatore that you're ruining Wayne's life!"

"I couldn't disagree more. In fact, I'm CREATING a life for him others can only dream about! Didn't he tell you about his raise?"

I shook my head as she continued, "Being able to model girl's clothes too tripled his potential and his advance."

I quickly did the math. It was a LOT! "But what you're doing isn't natural. He's a guy and..."

"These are the NINETEEN, not eighteen NINETIES, Ron! Don't confuse sex and gender. Wayne has the look which sells. It just happens to sell women's apparel! After he gets a good taste of modeling, he'll never want to change, you watch."

"Never!" I gasped. But she didn't respond as her attention was drawn toward the staircase.

Clasping her hands, she gushed, "Oh, how BEAUTIFUL! I can't get over the progress you're making, sweetheart!"

"WAYNE?" I anxiously panted.

"He makes a lovely girl, yes?" Rachel asked, in an intimidating lilt.

At the center of attention was my poor, pathetic friend. All dolled up, his sheer, black patterned nylon clad legs were snugly encased atop four inch, black patent leather pumps.

"He's becoming a STUNNING creature," Mrs. Carr boasted. "The black, sheath cocktail dress's positively GORGEOUS!"

Throughout his debasing, I tried reading Wayne. His glamorous painted face, elegant French braided hair and gold hooped earrings aside, he expressed not an iota of emotion only CHARM! LEARNED CHARM!

"So sweet of you to come, Ron," he said with flat effect, in no more than an airy whisper. "Perhaps you'll visit another day."

It was ALL wrong! Wayne never talked like that, especially to ME! But as I slowly left, the faint sound of "ocean music" drifted down from upstairs. . .

My first day on the job, I was teamed with a trucker on an interstate haul. The first leg went without a hitch. But coming back, we broke down in Yuma and had to wait a week for spare parts!

Two weeks had past since I had seen Wayne. As soon as my truck pulled into the terminal, I made a bee line for his house. I again felt guilty for my lack of support.

"Sorry, Ron," Mrs. Carr frowned. "Wayne left yesterday with Rita. They'll be gone for a week. But I'll tell him you came by."

I grunted, stomping back to my house. "If Wayne doesn't care, why should I?"

Yet I couldn't quit on him! Rachel sure was manipulative, but there had to be something else at work and I knew JUST what it was!

Over the next few days, working local cartage kept me in town. Biding my time, I awaited the right moment to spring my plan.

"Rachel!" I smiled as she stepped out of the corner drug store. It appeared as a chance meeting, but I had secretly stalked her for hours! "Things quiet with Wayne out of town?"

"I suppose," she sighed. "So, what's up with you these days?"

Telling her about my trucking job dovetailed perfectly into my plot. "Being on the road three days straight sure gets boring. You think I can borrow one of Wayne's nature tapes?"

"Well. . .ah. . .I don't know," she balked. My suspicions confirmed, I pressed her. "Sure, guess it's okay," she relented.

Later, with the tape in my hot hands, I ran home. Dusting off my old cassette player, I popped it in.

"DAMN!" I spat, after playing both sides. An hour of rustling trees and tweeting birds left me with a splitting headache, as well as a peculiar clamminess all over.

Seething, I yanked the plug from the wall. The aged batteries must've had some juice left, because the recorder kept playing, but at a far slower speed.

"...Think pretty. . .Feel pretty. . .BE PRETTY!" a softly seductive female voice gently ordered over slow, droning back-

ground noise. "Put your manliness behind you. . .Femininity is VIRTUOUS!"

"SUBLIMINAL messages!" I choked. "They're BRAIN-WASHING him!"

But before hearing anymore, the batteries finally died. In a rage, I slammed the recorder, shattering into a million pieces!

The need to warn Wayne overwhelmed me, fearing the effects a moment's delay could cause. But it was all futile. He was still out of town and I had more cross county runs. It all drove me MAD!

At the end of August, I returned from my last cross country haul. While school was a month away, I was due back on Wettington campus for pre-season football drills in less than a week!

Even before my truck reached the terminal, my driver drop me off along the interstate, a few blocks outside our neighborhood. It had been weeks and seeing Wayne was my only thought!

I ran at full speed all the way to the Carr's house. With each jolting stride against the hard asphalt, the pit in my stomach grew and grew as I fretted over the shape I'd find him in!

"Good evening, Ron," Mrs. Carr smiled as I caught my breath. "Won't you come in?"

"Is Wayne around?" I panted, following her.

"Of course! Oh sweetheart! Ron's here!"

Too tense to stand still, I paced the foyer. Coming to a wall, I abruptly turned and stopped dead in my tracks.

The svelte, pixie nosed beauty stood atop three inch pink pumps, as sheer, nude colored nylons encased smooth, sleek legs. A pink miniskirt fit snugly over narrow yet shapely hips, while a billowy white silk blouse sheathed a petite bosom of small, pointed mounds.

Patting a stray tendril of richly dark brown, chest length hair, the cutie's full, pink glossed lips parted, flashing a wide, perfectly straight, toothy smile. Yet, not a word was uttered.

"Rachel?" I unsurely asked. I thought, "Gee, she's lost A LOT of weight. Must have been sick, on a STARVATION diet or something?" But not getting any reply, I tested, "Rachel?"

"No, RON!" the sweet voice answered.bellowed from behind me. "It's me!"

Suddenly another girl appeared. I gasp again, "RA-CHEL?" The new curvaceous girl smirked.

I stammered, "If . . . if you are . . . NO!"

"You don't recognize your old buddy?" a soft, airy voice whimpered. "We've been friends for YEARS!"

"WAYNE? GAWD! What've they done to you?"

"Smile darling," Rachel baited. Nervously obeying, Wayne grinned broadly. "Rita had his teeth capped. Isn't his smile the prettiest ever?"

"Yeah, but," I sputtered. "But I don't understand. . . You're now the SPITTING IMAGE of your sister!"

His full lips pursed into a frown as he pointed two elegantly long, French manicured fingernails at his face. "Rhinoplasty, Ron," he winced. "They gave me a NOSE JOB!"

"There you are, darling!" Mrs. Carr cheered, eyeing her feminized son. "Isn't he just LOVELY?"

"Oh, Mother," Wayne whined. "Don't say that!"

Realizing my visit was a tragic error, I looked for an out. "Gosh, it's late," I faltered, pretending to check my watch. "Mom's got dinner waiting and. . ."

"Nonsense, you'll eat with us," Mrs Carr insisted. "You and Wayne chit chat. I call you when supper's ready."

But before I could say no, Rachel clasped Wayne's hand in mine. Pushing us up the stairs, she jeered, "I'm sure you two have MUCH to discuss!"

Besides more jars and tubes on his vanity, the room looked just as feminine as the last time I was there. Reluctantly entering, I closed and locked the door.

Wayne, seated daintily at the edge of his bed, sexily crossed his long, shapely legs. Delicately folding his manicured hands atop his nylon clad thighs, he hung his head in shame.

"You're WORSE off than ever!" I bellowed, flailing my arms in frustration.

"It seemed inevitable," he pouted, staring into space. "The pressure's TOO much! Rita, Mom and Rachel were constantly on my case. . . Act more girlish. . . Speak sweetly. . . Think like a girl. . ."

Pulling the cassette from my pocket. "You're BRAIN-WASHED!"

"I know," Dipping his head to the side, he moved his hair to expose doubled gold pendent earrings. "I know ALL about that!"

"You went along?"

"They were never a secret, Ron. It was hard adjusting. . .mentally. The tapes boosted to my femininity. But now, Rita says I don't need them anymore. . ."

"You're finished training?"

"There's always something new to learn. Ron, the weirdest thing is that in spite of where I came from, I don't feel out of place any more."

I admitted to myself that he did not look out of place, either. He had changed so much in even the last few weeks. His hair was styled and softened his face. He carried himself more like a woman. There was a confidence that women had that always intimidated me. . .he had that too.

I took a long look. His look wasn't comical. From the top of his teased hair to the bottom of his heels, it was sexy.

Just the way he saw was sexy, his painted lips full rounding over now even teeth.

"Pretty high heels?" I sputtered at a lack of words.

"High heels," he said obviously reciting what he'd been told, "One can't feel very masculine wearing high heels. After months now, I've mastered them. You can't lose track and start acting like a guy if you're wearing high heels!"

He stood up and pirouetted with elegance.

I was silent as he went on, "High heels. . .higher the better. They give me confidence because they're so pompous; they make a statements; I am a woman, I enjoy being a woman—treat me like one."

"I've lost you, Wayne. My best friend's gone and. . ."

"Don't be deceived by appearances," he softly, yet adamantly insisted. "Just because I've given in doesn't mean I've totally given up!"

"Oh, sure!" I sourly smirked. "Then tell me why you're wearing those stupid pads to make you look voluptuous!"

"HUH?" he quizzed, bewildered. But when I pointed at his chest, Wayne anxiously crossed arms, shamefully shielding his pointed mounds. "Oh, it's a padded bra."

"You're wearing a bra?"

"All the time now. Remember, I'm learning girl modeling, Ron. Watch!"

Wayne wiggled toward his dresser with a natural feline grace. "Careful, Ron," he warned, handing me a large scrapbook. "My portfolio's priceless!"

"Holy SHOOT!" I wailed. My friend pictured, with his face made up, wearing dresses, skirts and blouses confused me terribly!

Page after page, the camera captured his provocative poses, yet not a single photo showed him smiling. Initially, I thought it was because his teeth had yet to be capped.

But upon closer inspection, I just knew that Wayne wasn't at all happy. As his life long friend, I knew his sadness had to run deep.

Yet, the more I examined the pictures the more ill at ease I became. All at once it dawned on me that his full, pouting lips and sullenly focused, doe-like eyes unwittingly conveyed a haunting aura of genuine feminine sensuality!

"DARN IT, Wayne!" I bitterly spat, slamming the portfolio shut. "This girlish crap's BOGUS! ...Why, of all things, did you have to get your nose CUT OFF?"

"It was Rita's idea," he begged forgiveness. She thinks I'm more marketable this way. Besides, this could open up a twins thing with my sister. . .more money!"

"And MONEY'S the name of the game," I seethed. "That's what got you into the modeling business, RIGHT?"

"True," he apologetically confessed. "But I've already earned enough for my first semester at Wettington and..."

"Admit it. You've sold your manhood out for the almighty DOLLAR!"

"You're SO cruel, Ron. Like you don't put your health down on the line with every hike of the football? All for a scholarship?"

Wayne never finished. . .not that it mattered.

"I'm sorry, pal," I sighed, feeling like a heel. "It's just. . .DAMN IT! How can you go to Wettington next year with a face prettier than half the chicks on campus?"

"I don't know," he sniffled, curling up beside me. To say I was uncomfortable would be a GROSS understatement. Yet, I was too terrified to move away!

Placing my arm around his back, I tried cheering him up. "Things can't be THAT bad. Leave it to me, once you have enough money, I'll get you back into shape in no time flat. But when my hand touched his frail bicep, I yelped, "Where's your muscles? And you skin's SO. . ."

"I know, Soft?" he sadly pouted. Pulling my free hand toward his face, Wayne gently stroked my palm against his hairless cheek.

“OH GAWD!” I panted as my fingertips traced his baby smooth chin in search of stubble. “There’s NOTHING there!”

“I’ll NEVER grow a beard, Ron. Rita had what little facial hair I had removed by. . .ELECTROLYSIS!”

Shocked, I then gingerly brushing his thinly arched eyebrows. “These TOO?” But he didn’t reply. His burning cheeks said it all!

“SHOOT!” I loudly spat, leaping to my feet.

“Don’t be angry,” Wayne pitifully begged. Overcome with fear, his lithe body shook like a fragile leaf.

“Sorry, man. I’m just a jerk. It’s not you who I’m mad at, it’s just this modeling thing’s gone overboard.”

But all at once, Wayne threw his slender arms around my broad shoulders, burying his pretty head against my brawny chest!

“Hold me, Ron. . .HOLD ME!” he tearfully pleaded, urgently digging his long nails into my back. Balking at first, I didn’t know how to respond. Guys just DON’T hug other guys. . .Right?

Yet, our closeness seemed to have a calming effect over Wayne. I sensed his pent up tension fade and his svelte figure go limp.

My reaction, however, was completely OPPOSITE! Panting, my muscles tensed as his amazingly girlish bosom pressed against my rib cage. Desperate, I wished for our lingering embrace to end!

After what felt like an eternity, his Mom softly rapped on the door. “Come, on you two! Dinner time!”

“Thanks, Ron,” Wayne sweetly sighed, blotting mascara soaked tears. “Now I know I can always count on you.”

“No problem. What friends are for, right?”

A big, white, toothy grin spread between his full lips. “Coming, Mother, he called, winking at me. Deftly repairing his makeup, Wayne hummed a merry tune.

I couldn’t watch Wayne pretty himself up. Gazing out the window, I worried if this was the end. Was my buddy gone FOREVER?”

Caught up in thought, I lost track of time. Feeling a tug at my sleeve, I glanced to find Wayne’s arm intertwined with mine!

“What the heck!” I barked as he guided me toward the bedroom door. “Wayne. . .are you MAD?”

“On the contrary,” he hurtfully pouted. “I’m just showing my appreciation. You’ve been so sweet to me and...”

“SWEET? Guys don’t call each other SWEET!”

“Sorry, Ron,” he peeped, biting his pink glossed lip. “But understand, I’ve changed—a lot! I can’t explain it, it’s just sometimes I feel I’m on an emotional roller coaster.”

It was all beyond me. Yet, what could I say? With sufficient space between us, we left his room and headed down stairs.

I convinced Mrs. Carr that I was expected home for dinner. But she insisted and I agreed to stop by later for dessert.

When I returned, about eight thirty, it peeved me to find Rita Delatore at the door. “Good evening, Ron. Long time, no see!”

“Yeah, time flies. . .” Sneering, I showed only contempt for her and her evil web which ensnared my best friend. “Where’s Wayne?”

In the den, Rachel and Mrs. Carr sat on the couch, while Wayne stood in the corner, facing the wall. The moment he turned and our eyes met, his feminized body seized, becoming rigidly stiff.

“PLEASE, Mother may I stop now,” he anxiously cringed. “Ron’s back. . .It’s embarrassing enough!”

“Continue, dear,” Rita Delatore insisted. “I’m sure Ron would LOVE to see how far you’ve come as a model.”

“That’s okay. Leave him alone!” I shouted, trying to rescue him from further shame. “Come on, Wayne, lets get out of here.”

“Not so fast,” Rita Delatore barked. “You may be friends, but SHE’S under contract with ME. What I say GOES!”

“SHE?” I sneered. “Wait just a damn second! Wayne’s not a girl, he’s a GUY and. . .”

“Relax, Ron,” Mrs. Carr calmly interjected. “He’ll be a professional model, soon. It’s essential that Wayne get used to feminine pronouns. Most people will think he’s a girl.”

His mother’s slip of the tongue didn’t go unnoticed. Yet, I could only nervously wonder what the heck she REALLY meant!

As Wayne shivered in fear, Rachel tersely remarked, “Get on with it, BROTHER dear. We don’t have all night!”

At Rita Delatore’s glowering nod, my best friend moved out from the corner. But what he did next, bowled me over!

“HOLLY SHOOT!” I choked. Sexily strutting the length of the room, Wayne sashayed his hips with feline seductiveness.

“That’s RUNWAY MODELING!” Rita Delatore curtly advised. “Even I can hardly believe his marvelous progress in so short a period of time! I never thought he’d get beyond uni-sex modeling!”

Stopping momentarily, Wayne gracefully turned. As he returned to the corner, his limply held wrist flailed rhythmically, while his rounded fanny undulated with genuine female sensuality!

“Hot, eh?” Rachel baited me, “and you ain’t seen nothing yet!”

But I couldn’t handle anymore! My loosing strength, my knees became rubber and I stumbled into the easy chair.

Under Rita Delatore’s watchful gaze, Wayne marched through a modeling routine of sorts. His capped tooth smile flashing brightly, he struck pose after femininely appealing pose.

“That’s a wrap!” Rita Delatore cheered. “You were beyond SUPERB, darling. The camera’s going to eat you up ALIVE!”

Then, without warning, Wayne’s warm, sexy smile abruptly faded. “May I be excused,” he peeped. “I don’t feel too well.”

“Certainly, dear,” Rita Delatore replied. “Besides, you’re not planning on dessert anyway. Gotta keep your GIRLISH figure!”

Wayne’s doe-like eyes widened, sparkling thankfully. Not wasting a moment, he swiftly scampered from the den.

“Don’t leave now, Ron,” Rita Delatore smugly smirked as I got out of the easy chair. “The evening’s young and...”

More than anything, I wanted to give that bitch a piece of my mind. But out of respect for Mrs. Carr, I held my tongue.

**ASK ABOUT OUR SPECIAL  
PRODUCTS AND SPECIALITIES!  
VIDEOS, AUDIO TAPES, MANUSCRIPTS & MORE!**

**Write to me,  
SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. Box 2309  
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**



*Wayne had learned his  
girlish lessons well.*

Following Wayne, I was glad to be away from the den and Rita Delatore's awful stench! But finding his "girlish" room door shut, I still heard his muffled sobbing loud and clear.

"You okay?" I asked, tapping on the slightly ajar door.

"It's open," he sniffled.

Seeing his lithe body twisted atop his canopied bed made me wish I had never come. "Gosh, Wayne, I'm really sorry."

"Don't be," he whimpered. "I'm fine until I see you and all the memories come back. I got myself into this mess but I need you to keep me sane in this mad-house!"

Feeling his hurt, I tried comforting him. Sitting down beside him, I gently put my meaty hand on his delicately rounded shoulder.

But as caressed him, his drenched eyes gazed at me in wanton desperation. Un-

nerved, I abruptly withdrew my hand.

"Don't stop," he begged, blotting the runny mascara from his hairless cheeks. "It feels SO nice. . . I need a friend."

Shaking my head, I ran my fingers the length of his frail arm. "There's not much of Wayne Carr left!"

"Perhaps you're right," he tragically admitted.

The stress of his confession cut into my heart like a jagged knife. Drawing him close, I dearly hugged his fragile feminized body.

"I swear, Wayne, I WON'T abandon you. When this craziness's over, I'll get you back into shape. You'll be manlier than ever!"

Releasing pent up tension, Wayne softly cooed, collapsing in my arms. But as he nestled within my embrace, I never felt like a bigger ASS for making promises that might be IMPOSSIBLE to keep!"

It was way for a while. I couldn't tell the time, I was still holding Wayne tightly in his darkened room. The emotional turmoil must've got the best of him, because he fell deeply asleep.

Gently, I picked him up. Until then, I never realized just how much weight he lost as his body felt feathery light.

I thought about undressing him for bed, but I quickly gave up that idea. Although a frilly pink nightie was already laid out on his bed, I feared what I would find beneath all his feminine finery!

"Sleep tight, pal," I softly whispered, placing the comforter atop him. "I might be a jerk, but a promise is a promise."

Once I quietly shut his door, I headed back down stairs. I hoped to leave the house unnoticed, but just my luck, Rachel was at the front door to see me out. Then Rita Delatore appeared in the foyer.

"You're a real sport, Ron," Rita Delatore warmly grinned. "Your presence here tonight's much appreciated."

Taking my hand, she gave it a firm, business like shake. "SPORT?" I asked, befuddled. "I'm just supporting my friend."

"And don't think it'll go unrewarded, Ron. I hear you're a big baseball fan. I happen to have two extra tickets to the big game with Cleveland tomorrow night. Here, they're yours!"

I was confused.

"Best seats in the park! Front row boxes. . .right behind the third base dugout! ENJOY!" Rita smiled, with a knowing wink. "Come by around five thirty, tomorrow. Wayne ought to be ready by then."

Immediately, I seized upon her evil ulterior motives. Having second thoughts, I wondered whether they a gift or a bribe?

Nevertheless, I took the tickets. After all, I'd be off to college in a few days and this was my last chance to spend quality time with Wayne. And after witnessing first hand the odds he was up against, he needed ALL the moral support he could get!

On my last day at work, the boss let me knock off early. With my paycheck in my pocket, I hurried home to get ready for the game.

After showering, I stood in my underwear, staring into my closet. "What to wear..." I muttered to myself as bizarre images of Wayne burned in my mind. What would he wear?

I thought of calling him up to find out. But I chickened out, fearing if I did, I'd probably back out of the evening all together!

Driving the half block to the Carrs' house, my stomach churned with anxious tension. What if someone saw us? Tuning in my favorite radio station, I blasted the volume, hoping the rock music would boost my nerve.

But when I pulled into the drive way, I got pissed. There on the porch sat Rachel, acting like a one girl welcoming party! She came to my car.

"Good timing," she coyly smirked, shouting above the din of my car stereo. "He's just about ready! You'll treat him right, won't you?"

"Right?" I sneered.

"Treat him like a girl."

Out of the car, I was at the foot of the porch when the front door opened. Looking up, I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Ron!" Wayne breathlessly tittered. Playfully fingering a green ribbon at the end of his thick, chocolate brown braid, he demurely pursed his red glossed lips. "Am I TOO overdressed? I didn't really know what to wear."

My mouth gaping, I ogled the tight bodice of his green flower print sheath dress, I was amazed how it hugged his svelte upper body like a second skin! "It's fine. . ."

Girlishly giggling, Wayne gracefully pirouetted. As his flounced skirt billowed his shapely hips, I stared in awe at his silky nylon clad legs and tiny feet in green, four inch pumps!

"Have fun, you two!" Mrs. Carr cheered, peering out the front door. "Remember, darling, call if you plan on being late!"

Waving at his Mom, Wayne's very long, red polished fingernails glistening in the late afternoon sun. As I held open the passenger door, he slinked into the front seat, curling his legs with a natural feminine flair.

"Hurry, Ron!" he giddily chirped, placing his small, green purse between us. "If we missed batting practice, I'd just simply DIE!"

“BATTING PRACTICE?” I grinned. Revving the engine, I shifted into drive. “Perhaps there’s hope for you, yet!”

As I drove I worried less about being seen with my feminized friend. There wasn’t any “sissy” showing, only a demure femininity.

The ball park was crawling with fans by the time we arrived. Our team was in a pennant fight with Cleveland. The winner of the game would take over first place!

As we headed to our seats, I felt the wanton gaze of thousands of eyes. Something happened I never imagined. The male attention Wayne got was unnerving. Men were looking at me with that, “What’s he got,” gawk.

“This way, Miss,” the young usher stammered, drooling over my buddy’s feminized figure. “Watch your step!”

But Wayne was already adhered to my arm for dear life. With my help, he teetered down the narrow stairs atop his ultra high heels.

I whispered, “I thought you were an expert on stilts.”

“Even the Flying Bonindi’s used a net!”

We hadn’t made it half way to the first row when a bevy of knock out gorgeous beauties turned to our direction. “Hey, girls!” a tall, buxom blonde squealed. “WENDY’S HERE!”

“Hi, Wendy. You’ve made it, honey. Who’s the HUNK on your arm!” cried the others to my utter confusion and chagrin.

Smiling and waving, he blew them cheery kisses. But once we sat down, I casually leaned over and whispered, “WENDY? Who the heck is WENDY. . . YOU?”

All the color draining from Wayne’s exquisitely made up face said it all. Yet, I didn’t let up until it came from his own lips!

Batting his long, darkly mascaraed lashes nervously, he head drooped in blushing. “Okay,” he admitted. “I’m Wendy. . . what should they call me now, WAYNE?”

Feeling betrayed, I was about to leave the park. But just then, the buxom blonde stuck her face in mine.

“I’m Jocelyn,” she sexily smiled, thrusting her ample breasts into my face. “We’re all models with the Olds Agency. Wendy’s told us a lot about you, Ron!”

“Has SHE!” I sarcastically spat. “Yes, Wendy and I go back a long way! . . . Right, WENDY. . .”

"WATCH IT!" a voice in the crowd cried out. Instinctively shielding my head, I ducked from the errant foul ball. It missed me, but Wayne wasn't so lucky!

Seeing my pal slumped in his seat, doubled over, I cringed. "GAWD! Wayne, are you okay. . .er. . .Wendy? Where were you hit?"

Meanwhile, a crowd had gathered around us. Even the Cleveland player who'd hit the hard line drive rushed over.

"My shoulder!" Wayne moaned, wincing in excruciating pain. "I can't move my arm. . .Oh dear. . .It can't be broken!"

My football experience came in handy. Sliding my hand beneath his dress's narrow yoked neckline, I massaged the injured area.

"Does this hurt?" I asked, gently pressing against his inflamed skin. When he shook his head, I sighed with relief. "It's just a bruise!"

"Yo, sweetheart," the strapping ball player called, leaning over the dugout roof. "You okay?"

"I think so. . ." Wayne airily sighed. As his big brown eyes gazed thankfully into mine, I felt like an even bigger heel! "My friend's here to help!"

Taking the ball off Wayne's skirted lap, player began signing it. "Feel better, sweetheart," he winked, tossing the ball back to me. With a wave and a wink, he trotted back onto the field.

"WOW!" I shouted, reading the autograph. "That was Donald Shelf. . .The league's top power hitter!"

"No kidding!" Wayne sourly smirked, rubbing his injury. "I haven't been up for baseball this season. Ron, be a dear and take me home."

As we got up, the models kissed and hugged Wayne good-bye. At first, I braced him by his good arm, but when he had trouble walking, I lifted his weightless body up and carried him out.

As we drove home, my growing guilt was more than I could bear. "Forgive me, Wayne. I almost gave you away and. . ."

"Relax, Ron," he sighed, his ruby red lips grinning impishly. "It's not a secret. . .at least not to Jocelyn and the others."

"HUH? What do you mean?"

"I swear, you can be SO naive! Couldn't you tell? . . .They're all Rita's other models, her unisex models. . .boys, TOO!"

Slamming on the breaks, I nearly swerved into oncoming traffic. "NO WAY!"

"WAY!" he giggled. "Just drive. I'll tell you all about it."

By the time we reached his house, I my entire world was turned topsy turvy! "I just don't understand," I huffed, escorting Wayne into his empty house. "How can a guy be made to be SO feminine? Why would he want to?"

"If you MUST know, I'll tell you. "But since Mom and Rachel aren't back from the movies, lets go up to my room. I want to get out of this dress. I might need your help."

Reluctantly agreeing, I carried him up stairs. As we passed the threshold of his bedroom, he coyly remarked, "Romantic, huh? Somehow, I always envisioned myself as the carrier. . .not the carried!"

"Cut it out, or I'll drop you on your head," I half kidded. But with Wayne smiling warmly, my anger melted away.

"Monsieur, poot mi oon zi bed, si vous plait," he joshed in an effected, yet quite feminine, French accent. As I gently placed him down, he kicked off his pumps. "Et now, zi dress, OUI?"

"NO!" I gasped. It wasn't like I'd never undressed a girl before. In fact, I was quite adept at it, especially in the back seat of my car! But not for Wayne. . .Not a GUY!

"Really, Ron, you got to get me out of these clothes. I would if I could, but as you can see, I'm in NO shape!"

"Sorry, Wayne." Undoing the rear hook, I drew the zipper downward. My hands quaked as I exposed the lacy bra strap hugging his sleek alabaster back.

"Be gentle," he softly warned, raising his good arm. "My shoulder's still awfully sore."

After several false starts, I finally lifted his dress up. Yet, I couldn't bare to look beyond what I'd already seen.

"Watch what you're doing!" Wayne cringed in pain. "You're catching the dress on my bad arm!"

"OOPS!" I choked. But when I opened my eyes, I wish I hadn't!

"Like what you see, Ron? Just so you know, my measurements are 34-22-34!"

"It. . .it CAN'T be!" I wailed. "It's only suppose to be padding. . .isn't it?"

Suddenly, his coy demeanor vanished. "Rita changed the plan," he pouted. "I've lied to you, Ron..."

Aghast, I stared at the lacy cupped sheath, securely banded across his narrow chest. As physically and mentally fit as I was, nothing I'd experienced ever prepared me for this!

"Don't be afraid of me," he tearfully pleaded. "You're my only true friend in the world. . . You **MUST** know the **TRUTH!**"

As I reached for the small clasp connecting the cups of his brassiere, my muscular arms quivered involuntarily. After faltering several times, Wayne finally took my hand, guiding it.

"**THANK YOU!**" he sighed as the bra slacked loose. Turning his back to me, all I could see were empty, dangling cups as he skillfully wiggled the straps from off his slender arms.

"Ready, for a little surprise, Ron?" Wayne breathlessly whispered. With his arms tightly banded across his chest, he gazed pertly into my eyes.

Seconds ticked like hours as I stared in horror at my friend's feminized body. So intense was the tension, I could hardly breath!

"Close your eyes," he softly purred, grinning encouragingly. Once I did, he said, "At the count of ten, open them."

His cadence was slow and calming. Yet half way through, I jerked, feeling Wayne's long fingernailed hands holding mine.

"...Eight. . .nine. . .ten. . .It's time."

Our hands still intertwined, I reluctantly fluttered my eyelids open. "**MY GAWD! It CAN'T be!**"

"Ron," his eyes begged for acceptance but also with a sense of confidence announced, "I have **BREASTS** now!"

Wide, rosy areolas centered on pert, conical mounds, resting high upon his narrow chest. Erect, crimson nipples engorged before my very eyes, thickening to the size of pencil erasers!

"What the. . .?" I sputtered. "You were never build very manly, but **THIS** is beyond belief!"

"I thought you liked breasts?" he asked.

"Yeah, on girls!" I gasp. "I've never seen them on a boy. . ."

Wearing only tight cut panties and pearl stud earrings, my feminized friend sauntered toward his canopied bed. His twin orbs bounced rhythmically with each petite, tip toed step he took.

"Shhh. Sit with me, Ron?" Sleekly curling his shapely, long legs he sat atop his curvaceous hips. As if in a trance, I followed his beckoning hand, patting a place beside him.

“Remember some time back?” he began, his nudity burning red with shame. “You found those vitamin pills on my vanity? A couple of months later, I was bedridden, sick to my stomach?”

“Yeah,” I nodded, frozen with fear.

“The scars have just about vanished,” he droned, raising his exquisitely thin arms. “But what’s inside’s STILL there!”

“What is? What’s going on?”

“You asked how Jocelyn could be a boy. . .Because of ESTROGEN, that’s how! We both take ESTROGEN!”

“Female HORMONES!” I cried in horror. “You knew?”

“I was lied to at first.” Whimpering, tears streamed down his lovely face. “Rita started me on low dosage pills, telling me they were vitamins. When Dr. Simms implanted stronger, time release capsules into my system, I learned the truth, but it was TOO late!”

“But why didn’t you tell me? DAMN IT, Wayne! We could’ve got them removed or something!”

“I don’t know. There’s the contract, money. . .I don’t know!” he sobbed. “By then, my figure already began changing!”

Wayne tucked his legs to his chest, shuddering like a scared rabbit. Watching him sadden, I felt his anguish and began gently caressing his baby soft back.

“You’re a great friend, Ron,” he thankfully sighed, gazing dreamily into my eyes. “Without you, I’d be. . .”

“SHHH,” I smilingly hushed, pressing my meaty finger to his full, soft lips. “You know what they say?”

“Love means never having to say you’re sorry?”

“NO! Not THAT!”

Grinning demurely, a rosy flush filled his heart shaped face. “. . .A friend in need is a friend in deed?”

“BETTER!” Yet the starry twinkle in Wayne’s doe-like eyes left me uncomfortable and I wondered if he REALLY meant the former!

For a long moment, neither of us spoke. I tried looking away, but couldn’t tear my eyes away from Wayne’s amazing womanly bosom.

“Curious?” he stammered.

“A little,” I said trying not to stare.

His uncertain gaze broke into my hazy stare. “Go ahead. It’s okay to feel.”

“WHAT? Leaping high off the bed, my head nearly ripped through the canopy. ”Are you CRAZY?”

“Go ahead, I WANT you to,” he whined in desperation. “I want you to understand.”

With all the strength his feminized muscles had, Wayne tugged my resisting arm toward him. As my hand neared his nubile bosom, I clenched my eyes shut.

“They can’t be real?” I flailed in denial. Wayne made no reply. Then again, he didn’t have to!

My hand lingered, gingerly probing his jelly-like mounds. Responding to my touch, his nipples swelled hard and large. But I became queazy and faint when part of MY anatomy responded!

“Wow,” I whispered, “they feel so feminine. . .”

Softy cooing, Wayne delicately pressed his hands atop of mine. “They make me feel so feminine too. I never imagined I would like the having breasts. Your touch feels nice!”

Feeling his nipples harden under my fingers, I felt a twitch. “CUT IT OUT!” I choked, yanking my hand from his gentle grasp. “This is not right!”

“What’s right, Ron,” he whimpered, his full, crimson lips drooping to a hurtful pout. “I only want you to know the truth. . .I like being feminine and I feel like a girl now.”

Rubbing my palms, I futilely attempted to scrape off the feel of his breasts. But as Wayne crossed his arms, shielding his quivering bosom, I asked, “Will they get bigger?”

“Since Rachel’s full chested, Dr. Simms says I have potential. But breasts are fatty deposits, so as long as I’m on a starvation diet, they won’t grow much larger than the ”A” cup they are now.”

“WHEW! At least you got a chance to go back to your old self again!”

“Perhaps,” he faltered, anxiously biting his lips. “Gosh, It’s COLD in here! Help me with my nightie?”

His oblique reply bewildered me. Yet I didn’t dare press him.

“PLEASE,” he whined. “I’m FREEZING! Help me get this on.”

I found Wayne’s pink baby dolls atop his vanity bench. Just touching the lacy trim and gossamer silk gave me the willies!

“YUCK!” I spat. “How do you wear this stuff?”

“It’s not that bad. Actually, lingerie’s is fun.”

“Get out of here!”

“Really. In a lacy bra and panty set, matching slip, I feel sexy!”

After laying the nightie beside him on the bed, Wayne just stared blankly back at me. “What’s the matter? I asked.

“Nothing,” he sadly pouted, massaging his sore shoulder. “Only you promised to help!”

“HELP? But. . .”

“Fine, Ron. Be that way!” Shooting me a dirty look, Wayne slid off his bed, tugging down his panties.

“HOLY SHOOT!” I cried as his underwear dropped to his ankles. “Where the heck’s your. . .”

“Right here,” he sourly smirked. “Under my gaff!”

“Your WHAT? A GAFF?”

Focusing on his crotch, I realized it sported some sort of flesh colored sheath. Blushing, Wayne deftly reached between his shapely thighs. When his hand reappeared, it held the gaff.

“THANK GAWD! It’s still there!” Centered within sensual femininity was his small lifeless manhood. The bizarre contrast rattled my already frazzled nerves!

An uncertain smile spread across his perfectly straight, capped teeth. “It’s small. . . isn’t it?”

Feeling clammy all over, I said, “How would I know!”

“. . . it doesn’t work anymore. . .”

“Wayne, STOP IT!”

I tried denying it, but he was right. His maleness was a lot smaller. . . In fact, it had shrunk to minuscule proportions and seemed to lack any kind of vitality!

I swiftly helped him into the baby dolls. Standing back, I watched Wayne tip toe to his vanity bench and opened a drawer and took out another GAFF.

Turning his back he said, “It feels better when it’s hidden away. Squeezing his thighs tightly together, he blushed beet red as he adjusted the gaff. ”This and the hormones did it. . . my body’s changed.”

“I’m worried about between your ears,” I stated.

“INSIDE? I see and feel things differently, now. Pretty flowers make me smile. . . on rainy days I cry. Your touch. . .”

“Yeah?”

“It was nice, Ron. I REALLY liked it!”

“Like a girl would like it?”

“That’s just it,” he tearfully confessed. “I don’t look. . . or FEEL much like a man, anymore. I feel like a woman. Did

you know that they could give me a special mixture of hormones and I would be able to nurse a baby?"

"NO? You wouldn't!"

Tension enveloped the room. We were both too afraid to speak.

Fiddling atop his cluttered vanity, Wayne picked up his hair brush. Reaching behind his head with his free hand, he tried to tug the bow off his braid.

"OUCH!" he cringed. "Darn this shoulder. It hurts more now than when it got hit!"

"Wait, Wayne. I'll help." Untwisting his chocolate brown tresses felt very awkward. But then again, I really didn't care.

"Thanks," he smiled, gazing endearingly through the lighted mirror. "Just one more itsy bitsy favor?"

"Ah. . .yeah. . .sure..."

"Brush? PLEASE!"

It must've looked strange, yet seemed quite natural. After stroking his thick, long, straight mane, I asked, "Look okay?"

"PERFECT!" he purred, licking his luscious crimson glossed lips with deep satisfaction. "Keep it up. Only. . ."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Just 199 more strokes to go!"

By the 173rd stroke, the tension had long since waned, replaced by a calm blissfulness. But it wasn't to last!

"Hear something?" I warily asked. "A door slamming or..."

"Nothing, I'm sure," Wayne dreamily sighed. "Probably just an old alley cat."

Checking my watch, it seemed too early for the movie to let out. I went back to brushing.

"WENDY, we're HOME!" Rachel shouted, barging through the bedroom door. "Good lord. . .Ron! What do you think you're DOING?"

Shocked, both Wayne and I froze stiff. Then, right behind her daughter, Mrs. Carr appeared.

She scolded Wayne. "A BOY doing in your room? That's not very lady like."

"How cute!" Rachel teased. "Will you brush my hair, too, Ron?"

"It not what it seems," I flailed. "Wayne got hurt and I was just. . ."

"HURT?" his Mom squealed. "Oh dear, what happened!"

“Honestly, Mother, I’m fine. . .really,” Wayne insisted. “A baseball hit me, but Ron’s been super. . .a real friend!”

“My precious darling!” she doted. “What a terrible BRUISE!”

It was getting TOO bizarre for me. But as I was about to leave, I felt a hard tug at my pants pocket.

“Don’t go, Ron!” Wayne cried, his doe-like eyes pleading desperately. “At least not until we say goodbye.”

“Goodbye! Call me tomorrow. . .”

“Tomorrow’s too LATE! I’ll be gone.”

“GONE! WHERE?”

“Ron, you don’t know?” Rachel baited. “Wayne’s leaving town. Tomorrow morning he’s off to Europe and...”

“EUROPE!” I howled. “But why. . .how?”

Curling against his mother, Wayne shamefully buried his face to her bosom. “Tell him, dear,” Mrs. Carr encouraged. “After all, Ron’s your best friend.”

Several false starts later, he finally spit it out. “Rita’s starting my career abroad. She says my look’s all the rage in Paris. I should of told you sooner, but...”

I felt so deceived, yet didn’t know why. Nonetheless, all his changes aside, Wayne’s leaving really pissed me off.

“It’s only for nine months.”

Wayne’s eternal optimism warmed my chilled heart. “Sure, pal,” I smiled. See you then!” Yet, gazing at his willowy femininity made me worry that it was easier said than done!

Returning home that evening, Wayne’s predicament left a heavy load on my mind. Awake in bed, I wondered about him, his future and the shape he’d eventually be in when he got back!

Not sleeping a wink, I rolled out of bed at dawn. I had promised Wayne to see him off that morning. Yet, as the time of his departure approached, I anxiously procrastinated.

Once I was finally dressed, I gazed out my bedroom window. Just then, I saw Rachel walk out her front door.

About to head over to the Carr’s house, I took one more glance across the street. What I saw froze me in place!

Wayne’s pale yellow suit molded to his lithe, feminized figure like a second skin. Its conservative, jeweled neck top hid his smallish bust line, yet the ultra short skirt showed his long,

shapely, nylon clad legs, perched atop matching four inch pumps!

Gliding down the porch steps, he stopped. It seemed Rachel made some terse remark because he instantly thrust his slender arms to his rounded hips, sourly pursing his full, peachy glossed lips.

I couldn't believe what had happened to my pal. The picture of femininity had become far TOO perfect to have ever been male!

His creamy white polished fingernails glistened in the morning sun. Scanning the street, his richly mascaraed eyes widened as he daintily patted stray tendrils of endlessly long brunette hair.

Cowering behind my window shade, I lost all my nerve. The Wayne Carr I knew was gone. It was best he forget about me, too.

Life goes on. . . Within a week, I too had left town, off to Wettington University.

As my coach predicted, I became a football STAR! My grades were great and so were the babes! College was GOOD!

Yet, in a new school, with new friends in a new town, my guilt for letting Wayne down lingered. Blazed in my mind was his hurtful pout as his Mom drove him past my house.

On a Wednesday in September, I returned to my dorm after a late class. Opening my mail box, I found an air mail letter.

"Fancy envelope!" my roommate, Matt Taylor, brayed, sneaking up from behind me. "Who's it from?"

"Got me. No return address. Wait, the stamp's from. . ."

"FRANCE! Smell that PERFUME. Ron, you dirty dog, who's your French squeeze? Come on, 'fess up!"

I knew EXACTLY who wrote me. But Matt Taylor, our team's six foot, six inch, 280 pound defensive end, couldn't know too!

"Just a friend."

"RIGHT!" he knowingly winked, walking away. "Don't strain your eyes!"

With Matt out of sight, I made doubly sure I was alone. Then I opened the envelope.

The spicy aroma overwhelmed my nostrils. But I was relieved to read only of Wayne's adventures in France.

What he wrote was innocent enough, yet HOW he wrote it unnerved me! Uniquely feminine words like, "dreamy"

“lovely” “pretty” and “scrumptious” were scattered throughout. His signing off with just a “W” left me anxious and bewildered.

It took me much longer than it should’ve, but I eventually wrote back. Telling of my B+ grade point average and football prowess, I consciously avoided asking Wayne about himself.

But with exams and sports consuming all my time, my letter writing tailed off. By Christmas break it stopped altogether.

At the start of spring term, I was just Ron Pruitt, student. With no football, I arrived on campus early to get a head start.

“Got your face in a book, again?” Matt sniggered, staggering home after a night of drinking. “You’ll go blind, man!”

Glancing beyond my Econ’ text, I just smiled. But seeing a curled magazine beneath his arm I laughed, “And same to you! A sports rag, no doubt.”

“You mean this? Heck no. Here, catch!”

Matt flung the magazine right at me. “FASHION magazine? In FRENCH? What gives?”

“French, huh? Some weird chick left it at the bar. The words are Greek to me, but the pictures are AWESOME!”

“Tell me about it!” I chuckled, ogling the cover.

“The hot pictures start on page 57 The babe’s a KNOCK-OUT!”

Matt watched for my reaction as I flicked ahead. “I’m giving up economics for this, so it’d better be good!”

“I GUARANTEE! Some babe, huh?”

“Yeah,” I gulped nervously. “A real BABE!”

“Ron, you’re as white as a ghost?”

“Oh no, just indigestion,” I lied. “Say do you mind if I keep it. There’s an article about. . .”

“ENJOY!” Matt laughed. “I’m going back to the bars!”

When Matt left, I ripped out a section, cussing, “Damn you, Wayne! You’re TOO weird. . .and darn SEXY!”

His chocolate brown mane had grown incredibly long, stretching to his tiny waist. Alluringly posed, his pink glossed lips pouted coyly as his ultra-svelte figure modeled a see-through lace dress.

From cover to cover, I scanned the magazine, searching for any other photos. To my chagrin, I found one.

Posed among other girlishly built models, Wayne wore only a brassiere. The caption read, "THE OUTSTANDING BRA." And it was! Pushing his bosom up and in, it created remarkably deep cleavage!

Folding the pilfered pages, I hid them away. But when I tried studying again, it was no use. Unable to shake Wayne from my mind, I did something foolish. . . I wrote to him!

It was only a "hi, how are you" letter. But I couldn't help mentioning those magazine photos.

The following week, I got his reply. . . another perfume laden letter! With Matt away in class, I went to my room and read it.

Wayne's writing had always been messy. Yet now, who'd think the delicate, swirling script was inked by anyone but a real girl!

My heart raced and hand quivered as I unfurled the flowery stationary. A second, smaller, envelope dropped from between the sheets of scented paper. Putting it aside, I began to read.

"Dearest Ron, I simply adored your last letter. . ."

"OH BOY!" I shuddered aloud. "I'd better stop here!"

But I didn't. And by the time I finished reading, my emotions surged, leaping from anger to shame to total confusion!

It was hard to fathom how romantically he wrote, but there was no denying the obvious! Part of me wanted to believe that Wayne was still an all American guy. But whatever was happening to him in Paris, it was sure taking a hefty toll!

As I hid his letter away with the others, I realized there was a forth page. Reading it was a BIG mistake!

"P.S., Darling, I've enclosed my most recent photos. I know you'll appreciate their artistic value. . . Always yours, WENDY!"

I muttered, nervously pondering what "ARTISTIC" meant. Placing the letter aside, I anxiously fingered the enclosed envelope. I shouldn't have looked.

"GAWD! I gasped. "NUDES!"

Wayne's small, pert breasts and petite feminine curves adorned each astonishing photograph. In a panic, I searched for signs of his manhood. But his willowy figure and endlessly long hair had been posed so strategically, it disguised any detection.

But even more shocking was the sad, far off stare I'd seen in his early portfolio was gone. Now, his lovely, heart shaped



*This is the one picture of Wayne that I carried around in my wallet. There was something about it that I like looking at.*

face clearly expressed the desirous yearnings of a woman in love!

Needless to say, the letter and photos wiped me out! Sprawled motionless across my bed, I sadly realized my plan to get Wayne back to his old shape was now nothing more than a pipe dream.

But all at once, my deep sorrow turned to grave concern. Searching my soul, I worried whether I actually felt the same toward him as he seemed to feel about ME!

The semester rolled on, as did our correspondence. While I stuck to my daily goings on, occasionally hinting to a summer of "male bonding," Wayne's "romance" thickened!

Despite that first batch of photos, it relieved me to eventually read that he still had ALL his bodily equipment. Yet, his writings continued to show an evolving feminization.

Over time, he sent me more pictures. Not modeling poses, but rather snapshots of himself and friends in their daily lives. There were several men pictured in the groups and I was almost jealous and most curious.

I knew what I had felt being around Wayne and I realized that other men would feel the same desires WITHOUT my hangups.

But as innocent as they looked, they were far more revealing than any nude photo! I learned who and what he was becoming. His cute, happy smile and carefree demeanor proved he'd found happiness as a girl. Could I live with this?

April brought two great events. . .Wettington's spring break and Wayne's return from Europe!

While I hadn't gotten a letter in a couple of weeks, I was positive he'd be coming home. I was so excited to see him, I nearly flunked my History mid-term!

My Dad picked me up at the airport. But when we got home, I made a bee line for the Carr's house.

"I'm coming," Rachel squawked from beyond the front door. "For goodness sakes, STOP ringing the bell!"

"Howdy, stranger!" I smiled. "Remember me? So, where's Wayne We've been writing each other and I'm dying to see him."

"Don't you know? He's still in Europe. In fact, Mom flew out two days ago to be with him."

"Is he okay? I mean, is there something wrong? His contract's up, right? He's supposed to be home by now?"

"He's fine. Really! It's just some unfinished business. . .that's all."

Rachel's poorly disguised evasiveness left me disappointed and bewildered. Although she swore Wayne would be home that summer, this "unfinished business" worried me sick.

Back at school, I resumed writing. Yet, not only didn't Wayne write back, but all my letters were returned, "ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN"!

I thought of dozens of scenarios to explain his apparent disappearance. A remote modeling shoot, a whirlwind tour of Europe or maybe, I prayed, his Mom was helping him get back into shape!

Football practice delayed my return for the summer by a week. But when I finally arrived, Wayne still wasn't home.

A Wettington booster got me a great summer job at an exclusive health club. When I wasn't handing out locker room towels, I got to lift weights all day!

During my second week at work, I ran into Rachel at the club. A bit surprised, I asked, "How long have you belonged?"

"I don't. It's actually Wayne's membership. The agency wants all its models to stay fit and firm."

"He signed up for another year? The money's THAT good!"

"Not exactly," she warily replied. But then obtusely added, "Stop by later tonight. There are some things even I can't explain!"

At five o'clock, I got off work. Not bothering to stop at home, I made a mad rush for the Carr's house.

"RON!" Mrs. Carr cheered, welcoming me in. "A real live football hero. You've made us all proud!"

"Thanks, Ma'am. But I'm here to see. . ."

"INDEED! Make yourself at home, dear. We'll be right back!"

The secrecy drove me crazy, but what choice did I have? Biding my time, I sat in the den and impatiently waited.

"Mon ami?" a soft, airy voice whispered. "Comment se va?"

"Wayne!" I gulped, eyeing the svelte, feminine figure in a belted shirt dress and spectator pumps. "Is it REALLY you?"



“Oui, mon cheri!” he warmly smiled. Then, before I knew it, he leaped, springing his weightless body into my burly arms.

“Oh, Ron, I’ve missed you SO!” he purred in a soft French accent. Hugging me tightly, he cooed, “Miss me, too?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I really did,” I gulped. I knew he’d changed, but even his letters never prepared me for THIS kind of reception!

I tried wiggling away, but Wayne grasped tighter, passionately digging his long, red fingernail into my

back. But the real shocker was when he reached up and **KISSED** me square on the lips!

“What the **HECK!**” Anxiously, I rubbed the smeared red lipstick from my face.

“I’m sorry, I got carried away,” he giggled, “I’ve been treated like a girl for so long, I forgot. . .”

He scurried away like a scared rabbit. “I just missed you,” I heard him sob.

Yet, before I could say another word, Wayne was gone. Flying up the stairs, he slammed the door to his room.

“What’s happened?” Mrs. Carr urgently asked, hurrying into the den. “I heard Wendy crying. Is she alright?”

I just shook my head in confusion. “**HIS** name is **WAYNE!** He’s a **HE**. . .**NOT** a **SHE!**”

“My poor, dear boy,” she sighed, shaking her head. Taking my hand she sat down beside me. “How **WRONG** you are!”

“**NO?**” I gasped in disbelief. “Not **THAT!**”

“Afraid so, Ron,” Mrs. Carr kindly smiled. “After his contract ended in April, we met in Paris, then went to a clinic in Copenhagen and. . .”

“Spare me the details, **PLEASE!** I still can’t get over it. Wayne’s now Wendy. . .He’s really a **SHE!**”

“Perhaps you owe her an apology, Ron. She meant no harm in kissing you. After all, it’s only natural!”

I gulped, still confused. "Gosh, I suppose so!"

Mrs. Carr left me and headed up stairs. Time seemed to stand still as I anxiously paced the den floor.

Despite disheveled hair and tear reddened eyes, I was greeted with a sparkling toothy smile. "Try again?" she lovingly grinned, biting her lusciously full lips. "I'm game, if you are..."

"I'm so sorry. GOSH! It's going to be tougher than I thought!"

"Relax, darling. I should've given you warning."

It was so bizarre, sitting side by side on the couch. This was a place we used to rough house, plot our boyish adventures and swap stories of manly conquests. But not anymore!

We talked for hours. Having spoke exclusively French while in Paris, her accent remained. It was weird, yet strangely sexy!

At times, our mutual gaze would linger and we'd both shy away blushing. Everything about her was quintessentially feminine. If I didn't know better, I'd swear she'd been born a girl!

It was midnight when I finally asked the BIG question on my mind. "So how does it feel? You know, not having. . ."

Winking, she seductively raised the hem of her dress, exposing the skimpiest French cut thong panties. Little was left to my imagination as I wondrously ogled her smooth, flat V!

My pulse raced wild as she cuddled up to me, gracefully crossing her long, sleek legs. Cooing dreamily she squeezed her shapely thighs incredibly tight!

"OH, RONNIE!" she purred, "As you know 'it' was never a big deal." Pausing, she licked her enticing lips.

"It's none of my business," I stated, tensely wringing my sweaty palms. "But why'd you do it?"

"I'd changed so much, and they way I was treated changed too. Even last summer I knew my life could never be like it was. But in Paris something else happened."

"What?"

"I learned the joys of being a girl. The more feminine I became, I discovered what it really means to be a woman. I found men interested in me and I found myself responding to their needs. Their male needs brought out my femininity."

"You had boyfriends. . .lovers?" I had already guess the answer from the pictures but I wanted to hear it.

“Only boyfriends. . .my heart was somewhere else. . .here.”

Cuddling even closer, Wendy wrapped her arms about my neck, squeezing her pert bosom hard against my burly chest. Out of instinct I squirmed. “Wait. . .” But she had silenced me, hungrily pressing her crimson lips to mine.

I urgently wanted to feel repulsed, disgusted, sickened. But my heart won out, blissfully surrendering to her loving embrace.

I pictured my feminized buddy learning how to be a girl, completely giving up his male nature and finding new desires. Strong female desires that would drive this new girl to my arms.

That was the beginning of the end. Our friendship rekindled, we embarked on a beautiful start of something entirely new.

Few knew who and what Wendy had been. But those who did, my folks included, accepted ‘her’ without question. By mid-summer, even I found it hard to fathom that my gorgeous girlfriend had been anything other than the sensuous and sexy girl I so deeply adored!

It was amazing, but Wendy continued to change. I first noticed it when we stopped for a bit to eat after a movie.

“Eating those fries? I’m **FAMISHED!**”

“These **GREASY** things?” I asked, “What about your diet?”

“That’s **OVER!** I’m not a model anymore. I can eat like a human being, again!”

My job at the health club had its advantages. While it was impossible to get Wayne back to his old shape, Wendy held me to my old promise and insisted I help **IMPROVE** her new one!

All tolled, she gained nearly twenty pounds, increasing her weight to just under 120. But with daily workouts, her body stayed lean and hard, without an **OUNCE** of fat!

By the end of the summer, Wendy’s willowy “waif” look was gone. Voluptuous and sexy, the added weight settled in all the **RIGHT** places, increasing her 34 inch bust from an “**A**” to a “**C**” cup!

In keeping with my promise, Wendy kept her’s. True to her word, she entered Wettington at the start of the fall term.

Life was more wonderful than I ever could’ve imagined. All eyes focused on us. . .the football hero strolling arm in arm with the foxiest and most beautiful ex-model on campus!

Our relationship grew stronger, reaching deeper and more intimate plateaus. The first time we made love. . . Well, suffice it to say, the moment was spiritual!

I whispered to the passionate beauty next to me, "WOW! If I had known you were this passionate I would have made you my 'girlfriend' in high school!"

"And if I had known, I would have let you!"

What will the future hold? Who knows. I can only hope.

My Mom always said that the perfect wife has to be more than just a lover, but also a best friend. She was really right. Mine's a **BOSOM BUDDY!**

**THE END?**

**If you liked this story,  
write to me:**

**SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. BOX 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309**

*Ask about our special products!  
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

*SANDY THOMAS ADV.,  
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA*

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

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

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

**SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM**

**TELECASTING TV FICTION SERIES:**

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW	10.00
MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTER IN PINK II	10.00
PRETTER IN PINK I	10.00
THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO Sissy #1	10.00

**CHILDREN'S TV FICTION:**

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
A FAKY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL (forte part #)	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #5	10.00
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00

**TV Fiction Classics:**

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
A HUSBAND AND A GIRL #91 NEW	10.00
A GIRL AND A BOY #90 NEW	10.00
GIRL-GOOD #89 NEW	10.00
SWISH-FUL THINKING #88 NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #18	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A	10.00
GIRLS' PART 2	10.00
PINK SLIP #1 & #85 & #86	10.00
GIRLS GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & #81	20.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HIM MISS #77 & #78	20.00
JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & #76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGHEN #72 & #73	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALK LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & #69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #63 & #66	20.00
HES A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
FEMINIZATION MONEY/MOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & #51	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDESMAID #46 & #47	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
YOUTH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAULI GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MISS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7	10.00
CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00

**Contemporary TV Fiction:**

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00
SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00

BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61 & #62	20.00
DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
BECOMING LADIES #57	10.00
PRETTY LITTLE PAINTIES #56	10.00
FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/WOD #49 & #50	20.00
SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & #47	20.00
TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
CLAYAGE #31	10.00
CASE OF THE MISSING PAINTIES #30	10.00
FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
RETORES #21	10.00
I DRESS THEREFORE #20	10.00
HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
GIRLIES #16	10.00
HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
VOW OF FEMINITY #9	10.00
VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
ELABORATING VOWS #6	10.00
ELKT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00

**TELECASTING TV FICTION Series:**

MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
PETHCOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
FEMININE FORTÉ #16	10.00
MANN-EQUIN #15	10.00
BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00

**TELECASTING TV FICTION:**

GIRL OF THE DANCE	10.00
TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
TV VACATION #3	10.00
BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

**OTHER GREAT IDEAS:**

TRANSFORMA COMIC	10.00 ea.
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6	
THE SLIP	10.00
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

**TOTAL ORDER:**

STATE TAXES 7.25% (CA, residents only)  
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.)  
 (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate-up to 10 books)

TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:**

**SANDY THOMAS ADV.**

P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92824 USA

VISA or MC exp /

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08



THE CARD SAYS:

You weigh 122 and you are about to be 'read' by  
a MAN FROM your work. P.S. Work on your voice!"

**"IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE ON OUR  
CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST, WRITE TO ME,  
SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. BOX 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309**

# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### **FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II**

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

### **ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2**

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

### **MODEL HUSBAND #3**

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

### **SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4**

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

### **PAT GOES COED #5**

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

### **CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6**

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

### **PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7**

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

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

### **LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8**

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

### **JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9**

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

### **SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10**

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn..." Could he face this challenge?

### **NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11**

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

### **ALL DOLLED UP #12**

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### **ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13**

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

### **MAID UP #14**

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

### **FLIGHT OF FANCY #15**

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

### **DRESSED TO DANCE #16**

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

### **GOING A BROAD #17**

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

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

### **NEAR MISS #18**

In a small town, everyone knows

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

#### **TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

#### **THAT'A GIRL #20**

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

#### **WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

#### **MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

#### **PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

#### **HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

#### **ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

#### **WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

#### **WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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

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

#### **LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

#### **MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

#### **MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

#### **PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

#### **FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

#### **HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

#### **DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

#### **SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

#### **CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

#### **BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

#### **WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

#### **GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

#### **LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

#### **COED CREATED #42**

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

#### **MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

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

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

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

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

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

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

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

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

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

**CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION****CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

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

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

**GIRLIES #16**

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

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

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

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

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

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

**FEMININE DESIRES #44**

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

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

**SON TO SISTER #48**

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

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

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

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

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

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

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

**BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

**HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

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

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

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

### **DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72**

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

### **PRETTY FOREVER #73**

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

## **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

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

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

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

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

### **TV VACATION #3**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7**

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

### **FASHION MODELS #10**

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

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

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

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

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

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

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

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

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

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

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

## **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED**

### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

### **THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

### **BOUND TO BE A MAID**

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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

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

### **THE SARAH SCHOOL**

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

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

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

### **TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

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

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

### **DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE**

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

### **MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

### **PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

## **POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

### **“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds “domestic bliss” as a fashion model’s sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

### **FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1 LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2 BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn’t mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

### **THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

### **PUNISHED IN PINK BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl’s clothes. He meets many others like himself!

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

### **I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes “Tebby, Teen TV.

### **I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

### **I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

### **I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

now a Princess!

### **I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

### **I BECAME MY TEACHER**

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

## **THE SISSY SERIES**

### **SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it’s all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

### **THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

### **WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she’s seeing everywhere. You’ll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman’s household.

### **THE SLIP**

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

### **THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

### **CANDY, BOY WAITRESS**

Getting the right job can be tough...but with the right training anything is possible. A racy and wonderful story.

### **HE’S SO SKIRT**

## **NON-FICTION BOOKS**

### **THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it.

By Virginia Prince.

**UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

**FROM MAN TO WOMAN**

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating reading.



**CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??**

**Ask your dealer or write:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

# GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ONLY DIRECT FROM SANDY THOMAS!  
FEMININE PROPOSAL



Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would  
ever believe that I was Stanley, a guy,  
only a week earlier. What was I going to do!"

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN  
**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



For eBooks go to my new store at:

[www.lulu.com/sandythomas](http://www.lulu.com/sandythomas)

# ARE YOU A WRITER?



ARTIST?  
OR JUST A  
"GAL" WITH  
SOME IDEAS  
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
I'D LOVE TO SEE  
THOSE AND  
MAYBE EXPAND  
UPON THEM.

SEND THOSE  
THOUGHTS TO:  
SANDY THOMAS  
P.O. BOX 2309  
CAPISTRANO  
BEACH, CA  
92624-0309

# DAZZLE YOUR FRIENDS...



HEY FRANK!  
I LOVE YOUR  
TITS!

MY WIFE  
GAVE THEM  
TO ME!

## WITH BIG, BEAUTIFUL PRETEND BREASTS!

They say, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend," but we all know what the real "best friend" is...

Guaranteed to make you the center of attention every time you wear them.

A PERFECT  
GIFT. . .  
HARDLY ANY  
MAN HAS  
THEM!

For this and many other stories of men getting unusual gifts, WRITE TO:

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

MOST ORDERS ARE  
SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN  
24 HOURS!**

**We appreciate your business!**

**Sandy Thomas  
P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

**WE ACCEPT**



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

# SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

<b>TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!</b>	
HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00
<b>GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION</b>	
SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
..... ENDED WITH BEAUTY! #1	10.00
<b>TV Fiction Classics</b>	
BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #91	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #90	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... SWINGING HIGH #88 NEW	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
..... GIRLISH #87	10.00
..... FINISH UP #1 & II #85 & 86	10.00
..... GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
..... PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	10.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
..... TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
..... JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES/GF' #59 & #60	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG' #46 & 47	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
..... SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
..... MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
..... PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
..... TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
..... MAID UP #14	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
..... ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
..... NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
..... SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
..... IT JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
..... LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
..... PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
..... CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00
<b>Contemporary TV Fiction:</b>	
..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
..... DRESS or CONSCIENCE #72 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
..... BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 & 50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOES #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
..... SLIP FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00
<b>TRANSVESTITE Fiction Series</b>	
..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00
<b>EMPATHY TV FICTION</b>	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
<b>SISSY'S SLIP</b>	
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT NEW	10.00
<b>TOTAL ORDER</b> _____	
STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	_____
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	_____
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate—up to 10 books)	_____
<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b> _____	
<b>SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:</b>	
<b>SANDY THOMAS ADV.</b>	
<b>P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA</b>	
<b>VISA or MC</b> _____	<b>exp /</b> _____
<b>NAME</b> _____	
<b>ADDRESS</b> _____	
<b>CITY</b> _____	<b>ST</b> _____
_____	<b>ZIP</b> _____
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD <b>9-08</b>	