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“PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK”

Published by

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TRANSVESTIA FICTION MAGAZINE

Volume 17

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK



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Editors:

SANDY THOMAS, ROBIN

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QUOTE BOARD

"There's a tool and clothes for every job."

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK

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Patrick Becomes Patricia

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By Elvira

&

In Feminist Hands

By Elvira

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I was my mother's last child. She was then well over 40, had two sons born in her early married life and a daughter four years older than myself. My mother had, in the way that every woman does, made up her mind that her last child was going to be a daughter. My brothers had left home and were, in fact, so much older than I was that I hardly knew them. My father owned a small-town business---draper and general store---and he had made a good income out of it, so that we were, for those days, quite well off.

My mother was a very feminine woman, but a strong character. What she set her heart on she usually got, but with little resistance from my father.

She was disappointed in me, but, having set her mind on having a little girl, she consoled herself by treating me in my early years as if I were a girl. I was, according to old photos, a pretty boy, with curly golden hair, long eyelashes and a girlish expression. So she dressed me in pretty dresses and the lacy petticoats and panties of the girls of Edwardian days.

I was called Pat, and my sister, Nell, accepted me as her little sister. An old photo shows me with long curls down to my shoulders, dressed in a white muslin dress with little puff sleeves tied up with blue ribbons, and a blue sash. There were little lace frills on the bodice and a lace flounce on the skirt. There was a glimpse of a frilly petticoat and even lace-trimmed panties. Altogether a charming picture of a pretty little girl, quite as attractive as my sister seated beside me.

My father had not, apparently, resisted my mother's treatment of his third son, though, my sister told me a little later on, he had protested more than once in a mild sort of way. But when I was seven years old, he put his foot down firmly, and, to the puzzled surprise of my sister and myself, accompanied by storms of tears from me, my pretty dresses and petticoats were taken away, my lovely curls cut off and horrid boys' clothes forced on me. This was common in those days.

My mother was very upset, and it took me a long while to realize that I was in fact a boy and not a girl. As can be imagined, the next few years of my life were not particularly happy, although, with the resilience of childhood and a habit of living in the present moment, I soon grew accustomed and reconciled to the obligations of my new life.

I never quite forgot my dresses and petticoats, however, and often looked jealously at girls my own age in their dainty things. In the children's section of my father's shop I would sometimes gaze with envy on

the young girl's dresses and underthings, and wish I could do more than just look and touch.

One day, when I was twelve, my sister asked me quite suddenly whether I recalled having been dressed as a girl. "Rather," I said, and just stopped myself from saying I wished I could again. To my surprise, she said, "Would you like to be in girl's clothes again? It would be rather fun to dress you up and see what sort of girl you would make now." She seemed to mean it, and, after hesitating, I replied, "Yes, it would be fun. I'd like to, but we can't do it. Father would be annoyed."

"But," said Nell, "he'd never know. We'd do it in my room when he and mother were out. Come on, let's try it now. They won't be home until a late supper."

This was exciting. Nell and I fairly ran up to her room. Once inside she said, "You've got to do it properly, or I shan't play. All your dull boy's things must come off, and you must have only girl's things underneath. You can have a set of my undies and I'll lace you into a young lady's corsets. If you like it and it's successful, I'll get hold of some corsets and underclothes from the shop downstairs and we can keep them up here, so that you can dress up in them whenever we get a chance."

I was delighted and so excited that I could hardly keep still enough to undress. Nell got out a lace-trimmed soft silken vest and told me to put it on while she got together some other things. She clasped a little corset round my waist and pulled in the laces tight.

It was a little irksome at first, but I soon got to like it and quite girlishly ran my hands over my new figure. Soon I was completely dressed in a pale-blue silk dress of Nell's with frilly petticoats and lacy panties underneath. I felt quite grown-up, and got a lovely thrill as she smoothed a pair of long silk stock-

ings up my legs and attached them to the little suspenders inside my panties.

I loved the look and feel of these, my first, long stockings, particularly the feeling of "pull" of the suspenders. Neat shoes were slipped on my feet---the result, all girlish and quite delightful. I felt very conscious of my looks, but Nell was highly pleased, lamenting only my short hair. How she did it I don't know, but she got hold of some long hair cuttings, mounted them on a hair net, so that, pinned into place among my own hair (which we conspired to keep rather long). The appearance was of girl's hair down to my shoulders and falling round my ears and face, so that it needed to be tied back with a hair ribbon.

So, during the next year, I often dressed in Nell's room, sometime with her as my helper, and sometimes by myself. I got thoroughly used to girl's clothes and to being a girl, but it always gave me a thrill and a sense of satisfaction when I completed my transformation. I never merely got used to my pretty things or in any way took them for granted. Nell always seemed to be so pleased to play 'dress up' and turn me into a girl---her sister. I hardly ever dared to go out of her room when changed over, even when we knew that the house was empty, for I had a fear that someone might appear suddenly and inevitably bring and end to my clandestine pleasures.

One evening I was dressed in an especially pretty dress---a party dress in green silk and white lace---with my corsets well laced in and my hair nicely done. Nell was out of the room, when the door opened, and thinking it was Nell, I said in an excited way, "Don't I look nice in this dress?"

A voice said, "Yes, but what on earth are you doing in it?" Horror of horrors! It was my mother, returned much earlier than expected. I flushed with shame, when Nell came in and started to explain. There was much excited talk, but Mother couldn't, or wouldn't be

convinced that it was a special, isolated occasion. She lifted up my skirt and involuntarily said, "What pretty legs you've got!" Then she exclaimed, "That's not a petticoat of Nell's, neither are those panties!"

Presently we all calmed down. Nell confessed what we had been doing and how I'd often been dressed as a girl, how much she and I liked it and how we had kept it all a secret. She reminded Mother how much she had wanted me to be a girl when I was younger, and added that, as well all three liked it, why shouldn't I continue dressing as a girl when it was possible and safe.

At last Mother agreed to our little dress up games and accepted that I would occasionally be 'Patricia', another daughter, but she said firmly that Father must never know.

She even agreed to help by getting me some of my own pretty things from the shop when I needed them. Then she smiled and remembered how I looked as a child. She became quite excited herself at my girlish appearance and lovingly drew me down into her arms to kiss and caress this 'new daughter' of hers.

"Let me look at you," she said. She approved Nell's experiment with my hair and said she would help undress me later, so that she could see how my corsets fitted and how I looked in my dainty undies and long silken stockings. Then, very happy, I went downstairs in my new dress with its swinging skirt, there to pass a delightful hour or two in the sitting-room as the new daughter.

Mother laughed affectionately at me as I came down the stairs, deliberately holding out my skirt to show off my pretty legs and lacy undies. With both Mother and Nell to protect me from surprise discovery, I felt safe and could luxuriate in my feminine delights.

I now able to take pleasure and delight in the sensation of soft silks next to my body, the satisfying

tightness and support of well-laced, well-fitted corsets, the special feeling of walking on girlish high heels and the swing and caress of skirts and petticoats on silk-sheathed legs.

Nell loved to dress me up with the goal being to help me to become a well-dressed, dainty and even pretty girl. She got a wig of fair curls for a young girl, and she taught me simple make-up to match the appearance of the girls of those days.

For a couple of years, I lived a happy and frequently feminine life sometimes with my mother and sister making me feel more a girl than a boy. At first I felt funny wearing my girlish garments around them but soon realized that they weren't judging me.

When I went out and had to put on boy's clothes, I often wore girl's undies, simply because I had more of them. Of course I never wore them to school or elsewhere where they might have proved embarrassing. I even wore special foundation corsets that were not so tight as to emphasize a girlish waist and figure.

Mother was quite accommodating with me exploring being her new daughter, and when my father went away, I would be in petticoats for a week at a time---every evening at least.

At Christmas it got a bit confusing. We had two. . .one for my father and another for me as a girl. Of course I enjoyed the one where I was given lingerie and little girlish items better than the one with my father.

Mother told me that I ought to take better care of my fingernails and bought me a nail kit. I had a tendency to bite at them.

The three of us had weekly manicures---giving my nails a coat of hardener and topped them off with a coat of clear, shiny enamel polish. My sister and mother had colored polish which they would only let me use if we knew for sure father wasn't due home soon.



"At Christmas, Mother, Nell and I had a special celebration where they gave me lingerie, skirts and other items."

I loved holding my fingers together and staring at my nails. Each nail was perfectly rounded and glistening. I had to agree with mother that my nails were much better looking.

I promised her that I would take better care of my fingernails and found myself gazing a lot at my manicured hands.

When I was nearly fourteen, I had a new and exciting experience. Two boys, who where on a theatrical tour with their mother, came to my school while they were in our town. What was exciting was that they had long, beautiful curly hair, and even in their boy's clothes they look really very girlishly graceful. Their chests weren't flat like the other thin boys but had little swellings like the chubby boys or the very young girls. They could with just a little make-up become pretty girls. . .I soon discovered that's just what they did, every night. They were twins---Bobbie and Leslie Anderson---and they appeared nightly in the local theater in song and dance routines as twin girls.

In school, several of the boys made fun of them but were quickly beat up by them. They had plenty of spirit and as a team could take on even the biggest bullies.

Naturally, I made friends with them quite soon and I went to see their show as often as I could. They made two lovely young girls and were a great success.

Their mother brought them from their hotel ready dressed and made up. No one not in the know could possibly have guessed the two chic and vivacious companions of the smart lady were really transformed boys. So pretty was their face, so slim their waist and girlish their figure, so shapely their silk-stockinged legs and so naturally did they walk on their very high heels.

One Sunday I was invited to their hotel to see a short rehearsal, which was a sheer delight to me. I had hardly dreamed that any other boy would be dressed openly as a girl---certainly I never expected to see one. Yet here were two perfectly charming girl-boys in the prettiest of silken flowered dresses, showing glimpses of lacy petticoats, and with saucy glances during their dancing, dainty white silken panties topping long silk-clad legs. They wore necklaces and earrings (their ears were pierced), long white gloves, smart high-heeled shoes and picture hats.

I was entranced. They were quite unspoiled and showed themselves pleased with my admiration of their dainty girlishness. As a side thought it had occurred to me that they could quite undetected have gone to school as girls and no one would know.

Their mother suggested that I should help Leslie and Bobbie change out of their girl's clothes. I had great pleasure in undoing their pretty dresses at the back, and when they took them off, they were most alluring in dainty white lacy petticoats in filmy silk. Fancy garters high up their silk-sheathed legs gleamed through the lace and thin silk, completing their utter girlishness.

Obviously their mother had spared no expense on their chic and most dainty attire, as I realized more than ever when the petticoats came off and they stood laughing in their frilly white panties, with blue ribbons inserted into the flounces. Their lace-trimmed brassieres were similarly be-ribboned. Their little corsets were pale-blue broche trimmed with fine white embroidery and lace, and they were tightly laced and gave the twins very definitely girlish waists. Under their lace-trimmed chemise brassieres they had little soft pads which enhanced their young girl's figures.

I was delighted, thrilled and trembling with excitement, to their very real amusement. Leslie jokingly suggested dressing me as a girl as I was so interested,

and Bobbie agreed. My pretense at protest was too feeble to convince. A delightful session followed in which I inevitably betrayed that I was experienced in these things. But, as the girlishly undressed twins acted as my maids and assisted me in my transformation, neither of them said anything. Soon I was completely changed into a happy girl with excited eyes and quite at home on my high heels.

Half-an-hour went like five minutes, and I thought I ought to change back. I had taken off my silk dress and was admiring myself in the mirror. I was wearing a lacy petticoat which I held up to show my dainty undies and shapely legs in their long silk stockings and chic garters. The twins laughed as I postured this way and that, when suddenly the boy's mother came back earlier than expected. My hair showed her at once that I was the boy she had left in the room with her sons. As she looked me over, she showed no annoyance, only amusement and surprise, saying I ought to have been a girl.

She dispelled my shyness by taking me on her knee and giving me a kiss. She felt my waist through the corsets I was wearing and stroking my silk-clad thighs-treating me, in fact, as if I were a daughter or niece needing comfort. I told her something of my old longings to dress as a girl. I told her how Nell had helped me and encouraged me to be happy in lacy petticoats during the last three years or so, and with my mother's knowledge. She was most sympathetic and convinced me that she thought none the worse of me for my love of girlish things.

The following day, Nell and I were invited there for an evening party, as the twins and their mother were shortly leaving for another engagement elsewhere. When we entered the room the twins were in their pretty part-dresses---pale-blue silk, with frilly skirts and lace-trimmed bodices. Beautifully made-up, act-

ing as daughters and not in the least as sons, they were not only quite at home in their dainty attire, but obviously happy in them.

Nell went of the room with the twins' mother and I was left to indulge my admiration and open envy. After a while Leslie held up the skirt of his dainty dress. The prettiest I had ever seen, so that I could admire his exquisite befrilled white silken panties under his lace-flounced petticoat. I went down on one knee before the smiling Leslie, to better appreciate the soft texture of his pretty undies, which, by putting one silken leg forward a little, he invited me to feel.

I was touching the delicious soft panties, thrilled with their sheer femininity, when Nell and Mrs. Anderson came back quietly into the room. A little confused at the attitude I had been found in, I got up as Leslie's mother smilingly asked whether my interest had been girlish or boyish. Leslie laughed and reddened a little under his makeup. He patted his silken panties and petticoat and lowered his skirts to a more decorous and ladylike position. For my part, I could do nothing but blush furiously at the question.

"Yes, you are quite right, Nell," said Mrs. Anderson, "he should have been a girl. Let's make him into one, and do it properly, not half-and-half as they did yesterday." Then began almost the most thrilling two hours of my girl-life, since that exciting day when Nell and my mother had dressed me and I was accepted as a second daughter. I was given a very dainty lace embroidery chemise and sent into the next room to take off all my boy's clothes and also my own girlish undies.

As I was putting on the pretty chemise, Leslie came in with a little triangular pink silk garment, no bigger than a girl's handkerchief, with long silk ribbons attached. He said it was a cache-sex and that it would give me a girlish line by completely concealing my male parts, in the same way as his own were hidden.

As he said this, he smilingly lifted his skirt and petticoat right up, thus revealing to me the full length of his silk-stockinged legs, topped by pretty garters and tiny, close-fitting panties.

It was at the latter that my eyes were staring, for, where one would have expected to see a decided bulge, it was quite flat. A face he emphasized by passing a hand over his girlish-looking crotch and pulling the silk of the panties even tauter across his body.

Leslie laughed and dropped his rustling skirts and then told me to raise my chemise. He then showed me how to put on this 'diminishing' foundation garment, so that in a blink of an eye, all signs of my being a boy were securely hidden back between my thigh-tops. It was held there by this little piece of pink silk and its retaining ribbons, which Leslie tied firmly around my waist.

I was delighted to see how my real sex had been effectively hidden. Then, slipping into a pair of pretty high-heeled bedroom slippers, I returned with just the filmy chemise and the tight little pink silk cache-sex concealing my masculinity, to be greeted with smiles by the others.

The twins, looking as lovely as a pair of girls as ever, sat back and laughed as they watched their mother and Nell transforming me into quite a pretty girl. First I was laced into a smart pair of lace-trimmed peach satin corsets with tiny frilled suspenders. As my waist was being pulled in, they took pleasure in kneeling before me to ease some lovely long silk stockings over my feet and up my legs. Thrilling me as they smoothed them into place and straightened the long back seems before pulling them taut by the little suspenders.

I was given a very smart satin brassiere and I saw with almost a shock of surprised delight---it had flesh-colored pads imitating perfectly a developing girl's breasts. When it was hooked up behind, I really did

feel like a girl. As I ran my hands lightly over my soft breasts, Nell said with a naughty smile, "Now you have really got a girl's figure, to say nothing of your slim waist and lovely legs!"

I glowed with a strange feeling. Having such a realistic "brassiere" on gave me a feminine feeling like I'd never had before.

With every step my delicious effemination became more complete. I had wide, frilly white silken panties, a flounce white muslin and lacy petticoat with blue-ribbon insertions to match those in my panties, extra-high-heeled shoes in black velvet.

There I was in front of two conspiring ladies and two most charming girl-boys, more fully a girl that I had ever been all the time that Nell had been dressing me in petticoats and dresses.

As I posed this way and that before the glass in my frilly petticoats, flicking the skirt to show glimpses of my dainty panties, I noted with added pleasure how my nipple-tipped girlish breasts showed distinctly through the filmy silk covering them, I experienced a sublime thrill of delight in all my being. I became aware then how definite an element of pleasure I was experiencing in being a girl, dressed in caressingly soft silken garments, openly worn and freely displayed.

The twins said together, "What a lovely girl he makes! What a pity he hasn't got long hair like us!"

A pretty georgette scarf over my head reduced this, the only, disability. Then a great discussion took place as to which dress I was to wear. The twins' mother brought out several from their wardrobe, and after trying on two or three of the girl-boy's pretty things, in itself a great thrill. It was decided I should look best in a blue violet patterned dress with puff sleeves ending in lacy frills, the neck of the bodice softened with lace, a pale-blue satin sash tied at the side and hanging down below the waist. The skirt was wide and Mrs. Anderson said it needed another petti-

coat to hold it out. So a stiff blue taffeta one, with quite grown-up ruffled flounces, was brought out.

Then the twins, with much amusement, held up my dress and white lace petticoat, so that I could step into the taffeta underskirt and let Nell fasten it around my laced-in waist. Now I could rustle as I walked, and I felt the complete young lady.

Never had I felt so convincingly feminine and so grown-up. The twins were undisguised in their admiration, and their mother clapped her hands with glee at the success of my transformation. She and Nell had really made me into a girl! "We had done it properly, and doesn't the minx enjoy it!" And didn't I just! They touch up my face with a little makeup and added some clip-on earrings.

We had a very happy hour or so. The twins and I played at girls for all we were worth. We compared corseted waists, showing off our deliciously feminine undies, our silk-sheathed legs, our high heels, and our girlish bosoms, while the ladies looked on indulgently. I experienced thrill after thrill. Nell said afterwards that she had never seen me looking so thoroughly girlish.

Then, alas, time was up and my finery and dainties had to come off. The twins once more delighted in acting as my maids. This time to undress me, passing complimentary remarks as they revealed more and more of my hidden girlish things, my petticoats, my panties, my corsets, my long silk stocking and my padded bust bodice.

For a moment, I was naked before them, except for the concealing cache-sex, and then my own corsets and undies were put on. They left me to put on my boyish exterior alone, saying it wouldn't be right for two girls to help a boy to dress! As a souvenir of this delightful visit, I was given the silken cache-sex and the brassiere with its artificial, but quite convincing, breasts inside.

When mother saw the 'gifts' and what they did for my appearance, she said, "Why didn't I think of those darling things for you. . .I'll call the twin's mother and find out where she bought them.

The following day the twin's mother came and measured me carefully from head to toe, embarrassing me more than a little at some of the intimate details she noted down. As for her, she took everything in quite a matter of fact way, ending by saying that she thought I'd make just as good a girl as her sons or the many others she knew!

This was an eye opener to me, for I did not then realize just how many males there were about who were living entirely or partially as females. I have since moved in the highest levels of society and have found that many a smart lady there, or an attractive girl is in reality a man or a youth who has accepted being feminized to a varying degree. Many compulsorily in the first place, though not infrequently completely voluntarily.

Two weeks later, the postman brought packages that contained five of the sex caches and three of the padded brassieres and a great many other lacy brassieres with numbers that were called "development brassieres."

Staring at the series of boxes, a twinge of excitement flow through me. Having been told by Mother to go with Nell, my sister, who would assist me in my transformation, I picked up the boxes and followed her to my room. Then began in earnest my change over into a girl. Nell told me to get completely undressed and to slip into the sex cache she extracted from one of the parcels. She left me to do this, and I proceeded to shed my male garments. I then eased the tight little piece of silk lace into place about my thighs, so that, with a little manipulation, the symbol of my true sex was completely hidden.

I felt almost naked when Nell returned and eyed me up and down, saying with a smile that she was sure mother had chosen well, for I already looked more a girl than a boy. I'm sure I blushed like one at any rate, though Nell didn't comment on this, but proceeded to lay my things out for me. Then she placed a little corset around my waist and proceeded to pull in the laces at the back. I began to complain, but all she did was to quote the old saying, "Il faut souffrir pour etre belle" (it's necessary to suffer to become lovely), emphasizing the feminine word at the end! She pointed out that the corset was figure forming and would be progressively more tightly laced each day, being eventually replaced by smaller corsets. Then followed the fitting of a brassiere with pads inside, which certainly gave me a girlish contour.

Long brown silk stockings were smoothing up my legs and attached to the little be-ribboned garters hanging from my corset. Then followed two silk taffeta petticoats, which rustled delightfully at my slightest movement. I had little difficulty with the shoes with their 3 inch heels, though I was a little taken back when Nell said mother would not be satisfied until I could manage shoes with much higher heels.

My dress was short sleeved, with a closed front, just below knee length and in brown satin. A little make up was applied to my face, a wig of shoulder length bobbed fair hair fixed in place, and then followed the insignia of my office, - little white lacy apron, collar and cap.

At last I was finished, not until then would Nell allow me to see myself in the long mirror inside my wardrobe door. I was astounded at the result, and secretly thrilled as I moved this way and that, enjoyed the taut pull of my hose and the brushing of the rustling skirts against my silken legs. I was taken to mother, who examined me thoroughly, even embarrassing me by make me lift my dress and petticoats to

reveal the full length of my silk clad legs topped by the tight little panties.

“Until you are accustomed to your things and can manage on you own, Nell will help you in your dressing and undressing, and see you pay attention to every point she mentions. I’m glad to see that you hardly need a razor, for that would spoil your complexion. Now let me see you walk up and down the room.”

I did as she asked and apparently pleased mother by my short steps and swaying walk, for she complimented me on my girlishness.

Later I tried one the flesh colored ‘development bras’ made by MAIDENTOO, an UNDER CONTROL product. They were all numbered with about three of each digit. Number one had hardly any padding---just a little over the nipple area, giving a very slight pointed effect. Number two had a little more padding over the nipple area---creating a somewhat pointed result evoking the impression of a young girl’s budding development. The number three was fuller, more pointed and more conspicuous. Number fours were quilt padded with conspicuous pointed mounds of a soft supple material. There was a small booklet with them that explained how to wear them. They were made to wear under a shirt or sweater so no one could tell a brassiere was being worn. There were pictures of boys putting the garments on and how many months each number should be worn before going to the next one.

I put on the number one and slipped on one of my school shirts.

When mother saw the two small protrusions pressing outward, the result of wearing one under my shirt, I turned around and asked, “Could I dare wear these to school?”



*"Here's a picture of me wearing the #1
'development breassiere'. No one could tell at school."*

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She had me turn around and said, "It certainly would give you a chance to get used to wearing brasieres. I think you can. . .but I'd wear a sweater over your white shirts at school. . .I think I can see straps."

Soon after that the charming wonder twins and their mother went away, and eventually I lost touch with them. I could only hope that they would not only continue to be a success, but would meet others like Nell and myself, who could really appreciate as petticoat lovers their charming and delightful impersonations.

The next development was the introduction of another girl into my secret. Nell had a friend, Barbara, who had seen the Anderson twins and openly admired them. One afternoon she had told Nell she was going to see their show, for somehow she had always delighted in the idea of seeing pretty boys dressed as even prettier girls. Nell had said nothing then, but when, after the twins had left Babs (Barbara) told Nell how disappointed she was and how she would love to see a boy-girl and would get a thrill by actually watching "him" dressing.

Nell was tempted to tell her friend about her feminized brother. She didn't, though, for she couldn't break confidence without first talking it over with me. When she had convinced me that Babs was genuinely interested and could be well trusted, I agreed to her being let into our secret.

Nell invited Babs home to tea one day, telling her only that she had something exciting to tell her about boy-girls. Babs came, intrigued, wearing one of her prettiest dresses. I was in one of my dainty afternoon dresses, in patterned blue and white violet, with a full skirt, moderately high heels, well-defined waist and bosom, blue necklace and earrings, feeling nice but nervous.

There were just the three of us, and Nell introduced me as her cousin, Patricia. I was so convincing a girl, and I had on more makeup than usual, that Babs didn't guess who I really was. We had tea and talked of the things that girls do talk of. Babs was pleasant, but she clearly had something on her mind, and when tea was over and Nell had asked her to go to her room with her, she jumped quite eagerly.

I remained alone, awaiting developments, once again nervous of the outcome. A few minutes later, there was excitement outside, and then Babs fairly burst into the room.

"You lovely fraud, you!" she exclaimed. "I'd never had guessed. How charming you look! This is delicious! Now I must hear all about it, how Nell transformed her quite ordinary brother into such a pretty, daintily-dressed girl. I love that dress you are wearing, and I can see that you're well corseted underneath, too."

Then came a long account by me of how Nell had discovered my interest in wearing girl's clothes, and of how she had helped to feminize me. Babs seemed entranced and made me quite happy that here was another young woman who loved to see me, a boy, in feminine things, and who'd take part in our secret and not give us away.

So, the next afternoon that was free Babs came into my room just as Nell was finishing lacing me up into my little peach-satin corsets.

She was clearly excited and expressed warm admiration of the corsets and the figure that they gave me, particularly when a matching lace-trimmed brassiere, realistically padded, was added. Both the corsets and the brassiere were rather old for a girl of sixteen---my age.

While Nell was combing out my wig, Babs admitted that she had noticed my chest at school lately and had wondered if I had gained weight or something. We all



"I thought the #2 sized brassieres would be too noticeable to wear to school but Babs assured me that my rounded chest looked like muscles."

laughed and I showed her the 'development bra' #1 I'd been wearing to school for several months.

"You little imp," she raved, "Wearing brassieres to school. . .when do you go to the number twos?"

"I was suppose to last week," I said with my face red, "but I was scared someone would notice."

She made me put on one of the number two's and I slipped a slik blouse over my head. "See," I said, "I think the kids will notice."

"Naw, not with a shirt or sweater over it," she scoffed. "It almost makes you look muscular and athletic."

"But they shake when I move fast." I said.

"Muscles move too you know." She held up one of the number three's said, "By the time you're wearing number fours you'll be used to the movement."

Babs giggled and told Nell that she wanted to see me in grown-up young lady's things, with a well-developed bust.

It was very exciting to see what I might look like if I 'grew-up' into a woman. Babs comment was, "I would be a *shame* if I didn't." She joked about my girlish future saying, "I know the perfect young man for you. . .he loves pretty young ladies." I felt myself get very excited.

The rest of my dressing---changing into a fashionable girl, pleased her greatly, as it did me. When I had my dress fastened up, she thrilled me by lifting first the skirt and then the petticoat to see my frilly panties with their wide legs. While she held up my petticoat, she pulled up her own, exclaiming that her own best French panties were no smarter than mine.

That was the first of many delightful sessions with the two girls, who so delighted in changing me from a not-ever-noticeable boy into a happy, pretty girl, girlish in every outward respect.

The following Monday, after Babs insisted, I wore the number two sized bra to school. No one seemed to notice, as I did, that my chest had obviously grown. Nothing really obvious but my figure was more curving. My chest pointed outward and I was so self conscience that I looked for a hiding place to take it off. I slumped my shoulders trying to make the small peaks less noticeable. I could feel the silky nylon rubbing across my chest and the ever present pulling of the bra straps across my shoulders, and even the tight binding hug of the brassiere itself surrounding my chest. Those feelings I had become accustomed to like every girl in school. It was the more pronounced 'pertness' that would take time to get used to.

Babs smiled knowingly saying to me, and whispered, "Once you start wearing a brassiere you are always reminded that you can never be like other boys".

Babs paid so much attention to me that day that I continued to wear the number two bras and finally got comfy wearing them. Later I realized how wearing them changed me. . .the way I carried myself, the way I held my arms and the way I got comfortable with prominent girlish peaks pressing outward under my shirts. I found myself accepting my 'sissy' role.

This was helped by the fact that my masculine characteristics were not developing. I remained slim, with a slight tendency to a feminine form, even without the skilled aid of my sister and her friend.

I had half-realized that there was a sensualistic element in dressing in girl's clothes, especially the soft undies and tight corsets and the pleasure of swinging petticoats and dresses caressing silk-clad legs.

Was it, in fact, the thrill of the forbidden? The impropriety of a boy seeing a girl's underclothes and even wearing them? I don't know for sure but there was another girl, not just a sister, who took a real delight in feminizing me.

That thrilling sense of the forbidden gave me acute pleasure in the reflection of my girlish appearance in the mirror. Almost a narcissistic self-love. I loved to see the approving look in the girl's eyes. They used to encourage my love of posing, seeming not to notice how this excited me.

Babs once bought me a pair of saucy green garters and insisted on putting them on herself. Laughingly Nell handed me up on to the table, making quite a business of lifting my neat skirt and petticoat above my waist, where I had to hold them. Camipanties had recently come into fashion, so I, as a supposedly older girl, had on a lovely pair of pale-blue crepe-de-chine, with deep lace trimmings on the bodice and brief legs.

I was as much excited by the reflected picture I saw in the mirror as by the actual touch of Babs fingers on my silk-covered legs, as she slipped the garters up high above my knees in line with the lacy camipanty legs, through which they showed so delightfully. The two girls stood and applauded me as I posed there



"Here's a picture of me at work. I loved wrapping gifts for people. I wore my #3 'development brassieres' to work. I worked with only girls and sometimes customers would mistake me for a girl, calling me, 'Miss'. I always blushed but secretly loved it."

before them, and having been handed down again, I gave them each a girlish kiss of thanks.

I got an after school job in a local department store in the gift wrapping department. Some of the guys at school teased me about having a 'girls' job but I liked it. It was better than pumping gas somewhere. I really liked wrapping lingerie and other intimate gifts wishing that they were mine.

Shortly after this came a break in my girlish life, for the time had come for me to go away to college. Still, whenever I came home for the holiday, Patricia came into her own again, always aided by Nell and Babs.

During one vacation, the girls planned another entrancing experience for me. They were both due to play in a basketball match at a gym some fifteen miles away. Nell had a bad cold and couldn't go, so Babs suggested I should go---as a girl, of course.

They worked out the details, and I found myself that morning transformed into a 'jock' girl. I was dressed in Nell's things---a corselet, brassiere and pads to increase the size of my nascent breasts, hip-length black silk stockings, tiny black satin panties with elastic on the short legs (again my tight cache-sex was essential), a white silk blouse and a school-girls skimpy gym-dress.

This was quite the unexpected thrill, and though I was nervous at the idea of playing as a girl in a girl's basketball team, it promised to be good fun. My hair, rather long for a boy was loosely waved, and Babs fixed it with a silk bandeau, so that I looked like an Eton-cropped, slightly boyish, girl. Babs said saucily, "You've grown into a lovely coed!"

I had become accustomed to petticoats and longer skirts, so that now I felt all legs. Still, I did like the

reflection of my long, silk-sheathed legs, visible in their entirety. With a blazer, silk scarf and gym bag, I was ready.

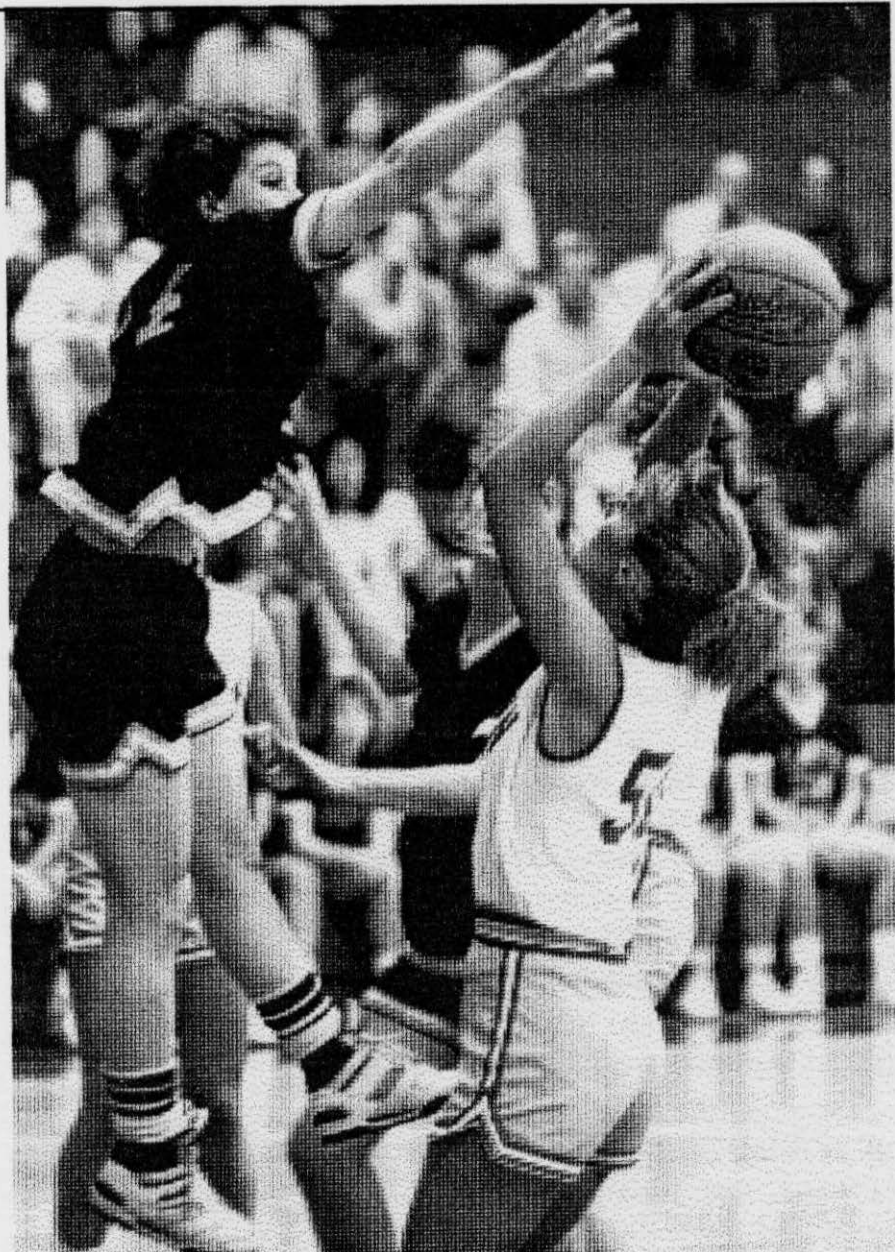
Shortly, Babs joined me, dressed exactly like myself, and we set off in her little sports car. On the way, she proved quite adept at one-hand driving, for her other hand was from time to time naughtily stroking my long legs. Not that I objected, nor did I when she allowed one of her legs to rub against my own, for the sensation of silk against silk was a new thrill for me. Just before we got to our destination, we stopped for a moment to touch up our makeup and adjust our dresses.

When we arrived, Babs and I found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of girls in shorts and tank tops, and we were welcomed with warmth. We went with the others to the dressing room to change our silk stockings for basketball uniform. It gave me quite a thrill to be among so many girls as I felt up inside my little satin panties for my suspenders.

I unfastened my silk stockings and pulled up the tight shorts with a white stripe up the side. As I was groping to get the shorts over my hips, Babs came over to help me, whispering to me that none of the girls there had such pretty legs as I had. As I looked around, I wasn't sure that I agreed, but here compliment did something to lessen my growing nervousness. I was glad that I shaved them.

Babs pulled my hair back into a short ponytail and said, "Com on'. . .most of the girls out there are more masculine than you anyway.

Soon we were out on the court. Not only was the game exciting, but I had the inner thrill of being a boy playing in skimpy girl's clothes. I was glad I'd gotten so used to wearing a sex cache---my shorts fit as smoothly flat as any of them. Obviously, I looked so convincing that no one ever suspected anything.



"That's me #51. I was just one of the girls with hundreds of people watching me run around in those short shorts."



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I became so confident and so liberated in my short shorts and tiny panties that I played quite a good game. We got warm congratulations as we walked off the field.

In the dressing room again, I took off my nylon shorts, and I was just stepping into my skirt, when there was a sudden chattering among some of the girls and I looked up to see them staring at me. Then I saw that the mischievous Babs was among them, so I knew my secret was out.

I didn't know what to do, and I suddenly felt shy and tried to pull my skimpy skirt up over my panties and smooth thighs.

To my relief and surprise, they all seemed amused and a little excited. They crowed around me and told me what a fine girl I made. They also told me how natural I appeared and what good fun it all was.

Anyway, I had saved the game for them, for their captain said that without me they would surely have lost. It certainly was fun being petted by this group of smiling girls, and they all laughed when Babs lifted my short skirt to show them how 'flat' I was and how well my panties fit.

"He must be REAL small," one girl giggled.

I blushed at their attention and the fact that I was almost as feminine as any of them.

Two rather full-breasted girls did my makeup for me. "What a good bosom he's got," said one. Then, catching me unaware, she slipped a hand quickly inside my silk blouse and prodded my padded brassiere, laughingly adding, "What a fraud!"

Before we left, all the girls kissed me, so that they had to touch up my lips again.

On the way home, Babs showed quite openly what I had for some time begun to suspect, namely that she was in love with me. She had always been so good to me that I wondered if I wasn't feeling the same to-

wards her. She stopped the car and, taking the initiative, pulled me to her and gave me a long, passionate kiss, calling me her "own darling sissy girl-boy!"

I loved all this, but as I still wasn't sure how I really felt towards Babs, I resisted her further attentions when she began to caress me all over my effeminate form. As an excuse, I pulled apart and said, "Babs, darling, let's get on home. I want to take off these rough wool things and get into real corsets, undies, smart shoes, and a nice dress."

She smiled at me knowingly and drove off, my mind in a whirl at this no unexpected development.

As I drove back to college after the weekend I couldn't help smiling to myself as I thought what my friends there would have felt towards me had they seen me playing basketball as a girl, in a skimpy gym shorts, bra, tank top and tiny tight panties!

In college I wasn't growing much. I was blessed (or cursed!----as you will) with an effeminate appearance, and undoubtedly now it was my looks that were counting against me to develop normal male interests. On the short side, slim of build, with a fair complexion, wavy hair and smallish hands and feet. It looked as if a masculine physique was never coming my way.

Sometime I hated my almost feminine when the he-man seemed to get all the girls and have all the fun. Often in the past my appearance had counted against me, making me the butt for frequent ribald remarks, all of which I had learned to take in my stride. There had, of course, been occasions when my looks had resulted in my being offered a place just cut out for such as me, namely in stage productions at school, and now in college. When ever a female role had to be filled, I was always called upon, and, though I say it myself, I was always a success in skirts.

I was never offered the male lead, and sometimes I cursed the very thing that had led to such transitory glory as the female lead---my effeminate characteristics. Sometimes I hated my appearance and wished that I could boast the qualities more befitting a man!

At college, I kept my obvious aptitude for feminine parts, strictly secret. I did draw upon my real feminine life and desires to perform as a girl in college plays and revues. To be able to move about in public completely dressed as a girl was an added thrill to my girl-life, and to be admired for the charm and effectiveness of my role as a female was a deep satisfaction.

Whether as a Shakespearean maiden or a modern girl, I invariably satisfied those responsible for the production, and, let it be known I thoroughly enjoyed playing such female roles. In particular, no expense or trouble was too great to convert the chosen fellows into alluring girls. I secretly delighted in being relieved of all normal school work, in order to be able to rehearse for the coming production.

You see, the producer was a stickler for details and insisted on our dressing for the part from the skin out. I loved the feel of a tightly drawn corset, long silk stockings, soft undies, swishing skirts and high heels. While the whistles I got as I sexily ogled the audience and daringly flashed my short skirts before them were like music to my ears.

In fact, I proved once more that I was naturally feminine in my inner self and that the desire and sexual thrill and enjoyment of wearing girl's clothes would never leave me.

For one of the shows, the assistant producer was a tall, big built girl of twenty, named Gwynneth. She came from a well-to-do family living near the college. Having had some professional experience on the variety stage, she was asked by the producer to take in hand those of us who were destined for female roles---

and I was one! It was amazing that wigs, makeup, jewelry, padding, dresses, silk stockings, and high heels could make a line of Rugger players, for the chorus was made up of these burly fellows. I was being born in mind for a main role not requiring burlesque, and as such I would require more training---or so everyone thought!

Gwynneth had been attached for a time to the wardrobe department of the local amateur operatic society, and having more time on her hands than most of the others, had asked for and been given carte blanche in preparing and training the "girls." From the first, despite her youthfulness, she was a hard taskmistress, who made us put forth every effort to attain perfection.

She soon dispelled any feeling of bashfulness that any of us may have had at being with her in our skimpy, girlish attire. She supervised our making up, our dancing and our acting, and also our general appearance. Never hesitating to draw the attention of one or other of us to misplaced padding, a not-slim-enough waist, crooked stocking seams, etc., things she usually put to rights herself. I wonder if any of the other did like I did, and deliberately saw to it that my seams were crooked! I couldn't help noticing, however, that her interest in boys in skirts was based on something deeper. I don't think any of the others noticed this, and it wasn't long before an affinity seemed to be growing up between Gwynneth and myself.

I wasn't at all surprised when she invited me to her house one day, but when we settled in her drawing room, she quite took my breath away with her directness.

"I'm sure, Pat, that you've worn girl's clothes before and that you like doing it very much. I've noticed how natural you seem in them and how happy and comfortable you are in skirts. Also how you attend to little

details, even if---with a smile--- the seams of your long silk stockings did need frequent attention from me!" I flushed a little at the suggestion behind her words, and I tried to evade the question, but she persisted and soon I was telling her my delightful times over the last four or five years in skirts.

It was even more exciting when Gwynneth added that her brother, now away on National Service, was just like me and loved to dress as a girl. She hastened to add, fearing that I might be thinking the worst of her, that there was no other ulterior motive, she just loved taking a boy in hand and feminizing him as much as possible; she couldn't have explain it, but there it was.

Quite openly she said I had nothing to fear from her in the way of being seduced by her, and that I'd go home to my Babs. I had told her all about Babs, whom I had come to sense deeper feelings for, with nothing but gratitude for the opportunity she was giving him of being able to dress as a girl there.

If I had any qualms, I could withdraw forthwith, and she would say nothing to anyone about it. If not, well we could be good girlfriends together. I was amazed at this piece of good fortune, for I had come to long for my pretty things at home, and the dressing up for the theatricals, though helping to allay my feelings, did not completely satisfy me---far from it. So I just sat there and nodded to Gwynneth, who then said, as if it were the most natural thing to do, "Right, let's try it now! I'd very much like to dress you as a girl myself in some of my clothes, for we are just the same size, I fancy. I'm sure my things will fit you."

This was wonderful! I needed no persuading then. She took me up to her bedroom and showed me her wardrobe full of pretty dresses, hats, shoes, drawers full of undies, stockings, and accessories. From the first, she insisted on helping me to dress. The only privacy she allowed me was to let me undress alone

and to slip on a tight fitting pair of tiny silk panties, her brother had used them to serve as a cache-sex. Indeed, it was so close fitting that I had a great difficulty in slipping it on, and it then fitted me like a second skin, giving me a smooth girlish front.

When I had the skimpy foundation garment in place, I went blushing into her, to be smilingly told that I already looked like a girl! Then, in quite a matter of fact way, she laced me into a small corset (on later visits, this was progressively tightened), put on long black stockings, smoothing them up and fastening them to the little beribboned suspenders, chafing me again about having already shown how much I liked her doing this! She then let me choose the undies I'd like to wear, and I selected a figure-fitting pair of white satin, lace-trimmed campanties, inside which she slipped a padded brassiere.

Even shoes were no trouble, for she had a pair of 3-inch heels that I had no real difficulty in wearing. A blouse and a neat pleated skirt finished my dressing. She then, made me up using all her theatrical skill to produce the result that almost startled me, for a truly pretty girl smiled back at me from the mirror. A blonde wig used by her brother was slipped on my head, and then, with a little jewelry, there I was, once again converted into a girl. We went down and had tea together, sitting and chatting as any two girls would have done. So began a new era in my femininity!

No one knew of our "fun and games," with the exception of a bosom friend of her's. Dora, whom she asked to be allowed into our secret, and who was therefore present on two occasions when I was "en femme." Dora was a strange girl, affecting a semi-mannish way of life. She wore a close fitting jacket, shirt-blouse, and tie, though she was decidedly feminine below, for she had on a short divided skirt, hip length black silken hose, very much in view and very

high heels. I fancy there was something more than an ordinary friendship between those two girls, thought I never saw anything to confirm these suspicions.

On the occasion of her second visit when I was there (there were no more, due, I felt, to a sense of jealousy on Dora's part!), I was dressed as a chic French maid, in a tight little black satin dress, barely reaching to mid-thigh, that Gwynneth had once used at a fancy dance dress. I loved the rustling of my several little white petticoats which showed at every step I took on my pencil heels.

I had frequent opportunities of "unconsciously" showing my little white silken panties, my sheer black opera length stockings and saucy lacy garters right at the top of my legs. It was heavenly to serve tea to those two girls and listen to them enumerating my girlish points; my pretty face, my curvaceous figure, my slim waist, my swaying hips, my shapely legs, and my trim ankles. I flushed when Dora added that a celibate monk would fall heavily for such an alluring

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piece of femininity, especially as she seemed to mean it!

Among my friends at college was a young man, Phillip Travers, to whom I was particularly attracted. Pleasant and friendly, I was a little puzzled why he had declined the invitation to join the dramatic society. With his slight figure, small hands and feet and his good looks, he would obviously have made, with little tuition, a very good girl. But he kept out of the "mumming," as he called it in rather a disparaging way.

He lived within easy motoring distance and went home every weekend. One evening, after one of our shows, he came to me and suggested a visit to his home, saying his sister, Jean, would very much like to see me off the stage. I took it as an ordinary invitation and had no thought of dressing up.

Two weekends later, I drove over in my car to their large isolated country mansion, Phillip having gone over the night before. As my car pulled up at the foot of the steps at the end of the drive, I got out and was greeted by a pretty girl standing at the top of the steps.

She was obviously Phillip's sister, Jean, for I could see a slight likeness to him. She was dressed in a short, summery frock in flowered crepe-de-chine, revealing a lovely figure and a very slim waist, pretty legs in fine silken hose, very high heels, her face made up and her fair curls around her shoulders. She smiled a welcome, saying Phillip would not put in an appearance till later. Then she turned to lead me into the house, walking with an alluring lilt and leaving a waft of lovely perfume behind her.

In the hall, she called "Yvonne!" and an ultra-smart French maid put in an appearance. My hostess asked me to excuse her for awhile, as she was going down to the paddock to see the horses. In the meantime, Yvonne would take me to my room could unpack and

wash. As Yvonne bent to take up my bag, I caught a saucy wink from her.

Then I followed her up the wide staircase, my eyes glued on the thin heels before me, above which the long, slim legs were sheathed in sheer black silk with a fine seam going up the back. Her swinging diminutive black satin skirt revealed masses of frothy white frillies, making the brief black skirt stand out like a ballet dancer's. I followed her into an obviously girl's bedroom, and she said in broken English that it was Mademoiselle's, but that I was to use it for the weekend, as the guest rooms was being decorated.

I protested, but I soon found it was no good arguing. She brushed against me as she made for the door, and promised me I was in for a good time. As she went out, she said I'd probably be on my own for about an hour, but if I wanted anything, I was just to ring. Then, with a seductive swinging of the hips, she went out.

I opened a cupboard to put my things in and found it to be full of lovely girlish things. I just couldn't resist looking through them. In the set of drawers, I also found masses of exquisite feminine things,---undies, stockings, corsets, accessories, etc. As I stood handling a frail garment, Yvonne tapped and came in, asking if I had rung the bell.

Before I had time to answer, and before I could put down the garment I was admiring, she looked around at the open cupboard and drawers, and then wagged a finger at me, saying with a smile, "Ah, monsieur likes those things, so chic!"

She took the filmy campanties from me and playfully held them up against me, saying, "Monsieur would look so jolly in these. Monsieur would make a lovely mademoiselle, would Monsieur like to try? There will be ample time, and I will keep Monsieur's secret. After all, it will not be the first time I have helped to change a pretty monsieur into a dainty

mademoiselle, for lots of boys do so in Paris. It is obvious how much Monsieur is suited to such things, and it is also clear how much Monsieur is attracted by them."

I had no chance to interrupt, so quickly did she chatter on, but before she had finished, I knew I had succumbed. I promised her a nice present if she would help me, and also keep her eyes open for anyone's approach, and then I agreed.

Smilingly she said she wanted no reward, but to see me changed into a pretty girl. She produced a tiny pink silk cache-sex and a fine silk vest from one of the drawers, gave them to me and said she'd be back in five minutes, by which time I should have the two items on. I had the greatest difficulty in pulling the cache-sex into place without tearing it, but with careful manipulation I succeeded, and I was modestly and girlishly flat-fronted when Yvonne returned.

Then she became the perfect lady's maid, even if her fingers were a little more caressing than would be usual in a maid. She quickly padded a brassiere and put it on me, smilingly pushing all my excess flab up into the cups. She laced me into a little corset, put on the filmy camipanties I was holding. Then a crepe-de-chine petticoat, followed by long silken hose, high-heeled shoes, saucy satin ribbon garters, brief little dress, bandeau, earrings, necklace, bracelets, and makeup, and then I saw myself in the mirror, with the kneeling Yvonne smilingly adjusting the hem of my dress.

She jumped up and danced around me, paying me compliments and patting and caressing me. I caught her to me and gave her a long kiss, to which I felt her respond, as her arms went around me and I felt her press her silk-clad form against my own.

Suddenly, she went to the door, opened it, and in a normal English voice called out, "Phillip, come here!" As I stood amazed, in walked, I thought, Jean, who

stood smiling at my discomfort at being caught in her pretty things. Then I had a further great surprise as Jean spoke, for I found a familiar boyish voice coming from her mouth.

"Ah!" said the pretty girl (Jean, as I thought), "we were right, Jean. Not only does Pat make a delightful girl on the stage, but he very clearly likes being dressed as a girl in private, too. How lovely! We shall have a truly feminine weekend."

"Yes," said the pseudo-maid laughing mischievously with a saucy flick of her little skirt. "It was the easiest thing ever to get him into corsets and camipanties. If you'd seen the longing on his face when I came in and caught him fondling your undies, you'd have known that I was right when I said that Pat was born to be a girl-boy like you."

Quickly the whole set-up was explained to me. Yvonne didn't really exist, but the maid was actually Jean dressed up as a typically saucy French maid. The "girl" I had taken for Jean was really Phillip converted into a charming Phyllis, which he did almost every weekend at their home. They had wanted me to come there for a weekend, dressed as a girl. Having taken a fancy to me on the stage, but not being sure whether I'd like to dress as a girl off the stage, they had planned this trick to try to find out whether I had any real interest in girlish things in real life. That is to say, whether I was a true girl-boy, as Phil himself was.

Phil had no interest in dressing up for dramatics and hence had not shown his inclination at college, even though I had rightly thought what a perfect girl he would make. Now I could see that I was right. Smilingly they asked whether they were forgiven for their trick. I laughed and told them that of course they were, whereupon they both kissed me at the same time, and we were a smiling trio of girls together.

Jean went off to change into something more suitable, while Phil stayed and chatted with me. I heard his story, which was long and most absorbing. He told me of Jean's delight in having such a girlish brother, and of course I had to tell him about Nell.

I complimented him on his appearance and learned that his waist taped 22 inches and that his breasts were his own and not merely pads.

"You're kidding," I gasp, "Is that why you always wear oversized sweaters?"

He laughed and showed me by slipping off shoulder straps and bringing forth a soft, responsive and perfectly shaped female breast, with a prominent pink nipple. I was shocked to see his breast out of his bra, an unmistakable feminine bosom of his very own. His nipples were rosy with excitement. "I strap them down at school," he said.

"But how?" I gasp.

"It wasn't easy," he said with a grin. For this indisputable touch of ultra-femininity, he had to thank Jean, who had undertaken to put him through a course of training, consisting of female hormone injections, the use of a vacuum suction pump and regular massaging.

At his invitation I reached and touched one of the jellylike mounds of fatty flesh, and I found that the nipple responded as would that of a girl, by becoming hard and out jutting, causing him to become restless; a truly girlish reaction. I cupped my hand around his ripened breast. The touch of my hand brought a chilly tingle of excitement through his refashioned body.

"Wow," I exhaled. I told him I was quite envious of him, and he promised to get Jean to talk to my sister about it, so that I might try to get a similar result on my own rudimentary mounds.

Presently Jean came back, dressed in a pretty afternoon dress in flounced georgette, its wide skirt

held out entrancingly by two petticoats. One of which I saw later was a pale-blue taffeta with satin lace flounces. Phillip, now the dainty Phyllis, told Jean how Nell had first got me into petticoats, which I had now come to love so much. She said we must get together for the weekend, so they sent a telegram, asking her to come and join the three "girls" and bring two or three of 'Pat's' dresses. From that she would understand that we should all be girls.

Jean and Phyllis drove down to the station in smart coats and hats to meet Nell. I stayed behind, amusing myself, at their suggestion, by investigating both Phillip's and Jean's wardrobes of lovely dresses and undies. There was one especially exciting evening dress of Jean's in stiff blue silk and a low cut bodice, that I was encouraged to wear myself the following evening.

What a lovely weekend that was! From the Saturday to the Tuesday we were just four happy girls together. We slept in silk and lacy nighties, running in and out of each other's rooms in our frilly and filmy undies. We kissed and caressed each other as naturally as if we were girls who had long been the closest of friends. Phillip and I shared one room, and Jean and Nell the other.

To complete my girlish appearance in my long and clinging nightdress, I not only wore a tight pink silk cache-sex to hide my masculinity, but also a filmy bra with my realistic nipple tipped pads that Nell had so thoughtfully brought with her. The self-same pads that the attractive Anderson twins had given me some time before.

I was amused to notice that Phillip, whose nightgown was a most frivolous affair in pale-green crepe-de-chine and lace. Phillip wore a dressing gown open down the front, when we sat down to breakfast, so that the nightie and beautiful, well-developed breasts could be clearly seen. As he laughingly said, "What's

the good of developing good girlish points and then hiding them!"

We all laughed. Nell agreed with Jean, "I see no reason why you shouldn't grow breasts."

"Oh no," I gasp.

"Why not," Phillip added, "Are you afraid? Look at mine,"

I could see his soft swellings pressing outward under his sheer nightgown. They looked so soft and warm and alive.

Later Jean said she wanted to do was to have a minute alone with me to make a proposition. She asked me how much I hoped to make when I graduated college. Then said she would give me four times that amount, if I would come and live in her household instead.

Into her household? She explained that I could act as a domestic. I was torn between going back to Babs and some mundane job, and joining Jean, who seemed kind, and who was offering me so much more money.

"You should have been a girl!" she said in no uncertain terms. "No, don't interrupt! Listen to what I have to say and then, if you're not satisfied with my terms, you will be free to go back to your loving Babs. I am a feminist and I'm sure Babs is too. A number of my friends with similar inclinations have successfully controlled an errant husband, brother or nephew by compulsorily effeminizing them like I did Phillip. When I saw you, I was determined to see that you are as feminized as possible. I think being my maid will do wonders for you. Your duties will be very light and you will be well treated and well paid, but you will have to assume the role of a girl and become my maid-servant, not man-servant. You will be free to leave whenever you wish, and you may resume your male attire on your half-days off. I have always been

something of a psychologist, and I don't think I'm far wrong in saying the thought of dressing full time as a girl appeals to you. Now I'm not going to press for an immediate answer. I'm going out for a while and will return in about an hour, by which time I trust you will have your answer ready, - either that you are not interested, in which case you will be free to leave - to resume your hunt for work - or that you will accept my terms and become a maid."

With that, she left the room, leaving me standing there completely bewildered. My mind was in a turmoil. Here was I, being offered a good post which would relieve me of all worry about my immediate future, but what strange conditions there were going with the job! Not an hour before, I had been concerned about my effeminate appearance, and now those very same looks had led to this post being offered to me.

Further thought on the matter was momentarily interrupted by the entrance of Phillip, bearing a tray with tea and biscuits on it. She smiled at me and said, "I hope you decide to stay. . .we'll have such fun." He left without saying another word.

I sat down and sipped the tea. I suddenly knew I was going to take the job, and, what was more, that I was going to enjoy once again being a girl. Though this time compulsorily and for much longer time than when I appeared in theatricals.

So it was that, when Jean returned an hour later, I quietly told her that I would like to stay with her on her terms.

And so it came about that, until school was out, I visited on weekends the palatial mansion that was Jean's home. She received me kindly, commenting how much nicer I looked in my dress than I now looked in trousers.

In fact, she was offering to give me a life of comparative luxury. She went on to give her reasons for making the offer, flattering me by saying she wanted me there to show off to her friends. Then she said that my sister and mother hadn't made the most of my inherent femininity.

She promised that, if I came to her, she would convert me into a genuinely pretty girl, so that I could even walk out in public without anyone ever guessing the truth of my hidden sex. I was thrilled by what she said and agreed to come to her at the end of the month.

On the subsequent weekends, when Phillip was not there, Jean took the greatest pleasure in increasing my femininity to the utmost. Particularly, she perfected my actions and mannerisms, so that, as she put it, "Not even a panel of matrons could ever discern the boy behind the girlish exterior." She'd tease, "There might come a point when you won't be able to be a boy anymore. . .and you'll grow up into a pretty woman."

When I graduated, I started as a full time maid for Jean. For several days I was given very little to do, beyond dusting, tidying up, and laundering and mending things. Then came preparing the table and serving at meals, although I didn't always feel like eating much. Over a period of weeks, Nell gradually reduced my waistline by increasing the severity of the tight lacing, so that I was soon the possessor of a trim 24 inch waist.

Jean would say, "Being an attractive lady is not always comfortable." She would measure me from time to time, and almost as if to stress her position of mistress, she used to take liberties. I soon came to accept these intrusions as part and parcel of my existence there. These include her running her hand over my hips and buttocks, or prodding my bra to see the padding was adequate, or running her hand up the seams of my stockings to test their straightness and



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the tautness of my garters. These eccentricities soon ceased to worry me, and I took no notice of them.

On my half days off, I found it strange to put men's clothes on again so I stopped. I made no particular friends in the locality and I often used to spend my off periods sitting in my room sewing and doing other little chores. Then came the occasion which was to lead to the second phase of my skirted existence.

Jean had arranged for a coterie of her feminist friends to call for afternoon tea. She had shown herself more than satisfied with my progress and now decided to exhibit me to her friends. I had been trained to answer the door and show people in, and then later I had to serve tea in the lounge. I knew I was looking my best, and I was glade when Jean was complimented by everyone on my femininity. So many nice things were said about my girlish figure, face, and legs that I flushed with notoriety.

"I can't believe that this was really ever a male," one stylish lady commented, adding, "and I bet he will never be again!"

I reddened at the attention.

From the beginning, Jean saw to it that I, too, had plenty of pretty clothes in addition to my smart maid's uniform. Phillip was the same height and build as myself, so that, when we were dressed in our similar maid's uniform, made up alike and wearing identical blonde wigs, we looked like twins.

This idea of twin-ness Jean developed in every possible way, and it pleased both Phillip and me to look alike. From the first, Phillip and I slipped in and out of each other's rooms as freely and as intimately as any two girls would have done, helping each other in lacing corsets, fastening up dresses, curling hair, etc. It was not then obvious to me, though I have since come to realize it, but Jean was succeeding in increas-

ing our femininity by playing off each against the other.

When she had either of us alone, she praised some feature in the other's appearance, and thus, by instilling a secret wish to want to outdo the other, making us strive hard for feminine perfection.

Sometimes, too, she would reward us by giving us a gift usually dear to any girl's heart, such as a bracelet, necklace, earrings, etc., and a word of praise about our face, figure, legs, feet or deportment, would always result in renewed efforts to please.

Thus Jean, by her cunning, had no difficulty in persuading Phillip and I to undergo various kinds of treatment, only needing to assure us as to how much more attractive we would look as a result.

A visiting lady doctor took us in hand, and in only a few months, had modify us outwardly into two pretty girls. Our ears were pierced to take long pendants; our own hair was encouraged by friction, lotions, etc., to grow long, glossy and wavy, so that we were able to dispense with the wigs. We even had our own bobbed hair bleached to a golden blonde color.

Our skin was treated with expensive oriental ointments, resulting in the complete disappearance of what little hair growth there was, and leaving quite a velvety complexion. Our eyebrows were plucked to a thin line; hands came in for careful manicuring. I now sported beautifully manicured fingernails; each one exactly long and polished with pink and red polishes.

Our arms and legs were carefully massaged to make them smooth, shapely and muscle free. Tight lacing, which had become almost an obsession, to get the slim waist so admired by Jean, was accelerated, so that we both soon had a 22 inch waist over our dresses.

Two more important changes were wrought in us, far more effeminizing and lasting than all the others. These were to do with our voice and chest. A minor operation caused the Adam's apple to recede and leave a smooth neckline, while, at the same time a painful course of spraying the vocal cords resulted in a permanent softening of the voice and a raising of its timbre, giving me a truly girlish voice.

Jean had been determined to develop feminine breasts on me, and to this end, the doctor gave me regular and frequent treatment.

During this time I was having some second thoughts. Dressing up as a girl for a play or a job was one thing but developing breasts was quite different. What if I didn't like them? Jean didn't seem to care if I wanted them or not. . . I was to have them. She's tease, "When you see your beloved Babs again, you'll have a better figure than her!"

Pills and injections were supplemented by massage and the use of a vacuum suction pump. There was no doubt about the success of the treatment, for at the end of six months, I could dispense with the falsies I had been constantly using, as I now had a pair of ample, firm breasts with bounteous sensitive nipples. The cups of my brassieres fit firmly over the my new jelly-like prominences; lifting and shaping them upward.

Sometimes I whined outward when I saw them. My girlish breasts gleamed like the sun on a white sand beach; my pink nipples peaked outward challenging the cups of my brassiere. A deep valley showed plainly above the neckline.

"I'm not myself anymore," I caught myself saying one day feeling the quiver of flesh on my chest. The cups of my brassiere fit over my sensitive mounds like a second skin. Having breasts wasn't uncomfortable, just unanticipated in my 'life plans'.

From the beginning, I had been made to wear a tiny cache sex device like the one I wore in high school. This successfully hid all signs of masculinity back between the thigh tops and left me with the smoothest of girlish fronts, even under the most closely fitting panties.

Yes, there was no doubt that Jean had succeeded in her aim of completely effeminizing me, as by the above changes, together with careful training in feminine mannerisms, constantly dressing and treating me as a girl, and even getting me to talk and think as a girl, she had turned me into a pretty female, who loved every minute of his new existence.

As maids, Phillip and I would wait on Jean each afternoon, whether she were alone or with friends. Our appearance had to be perfect, for our mistress had a bitter tongue, should she feel dissatisfied. She would even cruelly embarrass us before visitors if we were negligent in any way.

Dressed as twin French style maids, our costume consisted of a pink satin dress, fitting closely to our girlish bosom and tiny waist and then flaring out into a diminutive skirt reaching to mid thigh, thus revealing the full length of our shapely nylon sheathed legs, topped by tiny white nylon panties and a froth of frilly white petticoats.

On our feet were five inch heeled pink satin shoes, while our arms were covered by long pink gloves. Heavily made up and with golden hair permanently waved, we wore long ear pendants and dainty little white aprons. As we tripped about among the guests, surrounded by an aura of expensive perfume, we knew just how successful Jean had been in presenting us in this startling way. Many were the complimentary remarks passed, sometimes accompanied by surreptitious fingering of the tiny skirtlet or stroking of nylon clad thighs.

Jean was pleased, while Phillip and I were in the seventh heaven!

On our afternoons off, Phillip and I usually went out together, and as girls will do, we spent much of our time looking into the big show windows of the shops showing ladies' dresses, gowns, suits, shoes, etc. Frequently we would spend whole afternoons trying on pretty items that attracted us, some of which Jean allowed us to buy. Although we walked, talked, acted and even thought as girls, I couldn't help thinking sometimes about how the pretty assistant at the dress shop would have reacted, had she realized that the charming young lady standing before her in revealingly diaphanous underwear was really a transformed boy.

On one occasion, among those acquaintances, there was a young and obviously wealthy lady, to whom I seemed drawn more than I had ever been attracted to anyone before. What was more, I found on being cornered by this young lady in a passage way that she too had more than a passing interest in me. She ran her hand through my long hair and gave me her name and address and asked me to call on her on my next half day off. This excited me greatly. This lady was obviously interested in me as a sweet young innocent girl.

Jean had warned me that, at all costs, we must keep the secret of our true sex to ourselves. There were moments when I felt a deep longing to have one of these attractive ladies we met as a confidante. Despite my deep happiness at the luxury of my girlish existence, I seemed to sense that there was something missing in my life. Jean insisted that as I got used to being a girl I simply couldn't date another girl.

Thinking it over in the quietness of my room one evening, I came to the conclusion that it was love that was lacking to me, - the loving and being loved.

Hence, when Phillip repeated an oft-made suggestion that I should make up a foursome with him and a couple of boyfriends, I decided to give it a trial. Maybe friendships with boys would fill my gap for me. I had known for some time that Phillip had a male friend and that he always seemed happy after being out with him. Perhaps I, too, would find happiness this way. I assumed, of course, that Phillip and I were being accepted for what we purported to be---two girls, so I curious to see if there was any real fun in being courted as a girl.

Thus, when Phillip's friend Harold, brought quite a handsome friend, Robert, along in his car, I was at my best and looking forward faltering excitedly to the experience. We drove out into the country, Phillip in the front with Harold, and I in the back with Robert. Robert, or Bob as he preferred to be called, was well spoken and interesting, but I caught him giving my face, figure and legs sustained glances. I knew I had made a hit.

At a quiet spot, Phillip and Harold got out to go for a stroll, leaving us alone in the car. As they walked away, I noticed Phillip's walk. He had developed a very womanly figure, with a well developed bosom, very thin waist and quite rounded hips that rolled as he walked. I could see how any male would be intrigued.

My figure had changed a lot too. Not just my bosom but my hips were larger and softer, flaring nicely from my tiny waist. . .thoroughly womanly. There I passively sat, next to a man, my pink tipped fingers in the lap of my dress. My developed breasts appeared quite pert as they pushed outward against the bodice of my dress.

In no time, Bob had an arm around my waist and was pulling me to him to plant a long, passionate kiss on my painted lips. He stopped to whisper in my ear, telling me what a lovely girl I was and how glad that

I had come along. As his mouth closed over mine again, I felt an urge to reciprocate, so I pressed against him and kissed back. He now became really passionate, kissing my eyes, ears, cheeks, and lips, and softly stroking my hair.

I was finding it all so exciting to be in the dreadfully ladylike position of arousing male interest. I didn't check him when he allowed his hand to slip down and cup and press one of my breasts through my silk dress. Indeed, after a moment, it seemed only to excite me more. I pressed against him as his free hand passed caressingly down over my figure, down to my knee which was visible below my tucked up skirt. Softly he stroked my nylon clad legs, but when his hand began to wander higher, I pressed my legs hard together fearful that my secret would be discovered.

When his questing fingers tried probing still further, I pulled away from him and said I wasn't that sort of girl.

Imagine my surprise when he said he knew *what* I really was and thought I made a most realistic and lovely girl! Bob explained that both men had dated 'Phyllis' several times before Harold had found out the girl they'd been dating was a boy being feminized by his sister. Unfazed, the men took 'Phyllis' out and demanded to hear the entire story. Phillip told all about he and another boy, who were maids for his sister. . .and how they were being sissified and feminized to be just like women. Bob said, "I couldn't believe that any boy could respond so much like a girl. . ."

Just then, the other two came back, Phillip with his dark eyes shining, and they laughed as they saw me smoothing down my dress into a more decorous position, a thing I had forgotten to do when the shock of being known as a transformed boy first struck me.

I complained of a headache, and so they dropped me off back home.

Back in my room I pondered the whole situation and I suddenly knew I could not enjoy flirting with a man who knew what I really was. Being accepted as a bona-fide girl was one thing, but the thought of being made love to as pseudo-girl was utterly repugnant to me. When Phillip got home a few hours later, I broached the subject and he seemed amazed at my attitude.

I could only guess at the full significance of his somewhat cryptic remark, "You don't know what you're missing dear. There's nothing like men to make you feel like a girl."

He admitting having enlightened Harold and Bob about himself and me, despite Jean's admonition, but promised he would not tell any other person. He begged me to say nothing to Jean and to let things go on between us as before, saying he would keep his dating of boys to himself and not bother me about going with him.

He also admitted that Jean had suggested he be 'fixed' so that any male eroticism would be a thing of the past. He had been getting injections and cyclical taking pills to put his maleness to 'sleep'. "You really ought to try it. . ." he said.

I felt a little sorry for him, but realized that here, at least, there was a big difference in our outlook on life. I agreed to continue as hitherto, and so it was that we helped each other in dressing and undressing, lacing corsets and smoothing on long gloves, and seemingly we were the same two happy girls of yore.

There was a difference, for whereas I had always come to look on Phillip as a feminine boy, no matter in what state of dress or undress he was, I now came to consider him as a girl.

I knew I was just a feminized boy but he had formulated a female sexual passion. I even felt embarrassed at undressing before him, turning my back on him when I unhooked my bra, slipped off my

panties, rolled down my stockings, removed my corset and, in particular, as I removed the sex deception strapping, before slipping into my filmy nightie and jumping into bed. Yes, there was undoubtedly something had come between us.

That was not the end of my exposure to males. Jean said to Phillip and I, "As girls, you need to know how to handle your new anatomy around men."

As a severe test, Jean loved to try out my advancing femininity on unknowing males, whom she invited to the house, so that I could "seduce" them. She herself would play the part of a "voyeur" from behind a curtain. She would always break in at the critical moment when it seemed that an errant hand must surely discover my secret. I used to get quite a kick out of such episodes, for they proved to me so conclusively that I was clearly acceptable as a girl, and as an alluring girl at that! Later she'd point out how I could have been more alluring or more sensual in my role as the 'seduced.'

Jean knew nothing about Phillip's men and she encouraged him in our seductive 'games'. I had the pleasure of watching Phillip in action several times. Unlike me at the beginning, Phillip would allow the suitor access to his girlish bosom. I learned how this inflamed the passion and determination unquestionably. Luckily Jean seemed to know just the right moment to 'walk in' unexpectedly causing the aroused male terrible embarrassment.

Jean knew just when to stop the 'games' and keep us safe.

Matters came to a head a few weeks later.

The only other male who ever came into Jean's house was the part-time chaffer. He was a rogue type, having very perverse ideas of pleasure. This I soon found, when, on one occasion he found me alone in the

lounge, and at once proceeded to make violent love to me. Thinking he thought I was a real girl, I didn't repel him as I would otherwise have done. Indeed, fearing he might give an adverse report to Jean, I even gave him some encouragement, returning his kisses and caresses, though all the time wondering how I was going to get out of this predicament.

Only when I sensed his questing fingers pass beyond the tops of my stockings to stroke my flat front through my panties, did I realize that once again I had been the recipient of perverse love, for the Chaffer pulled his mouth away from mine, to whisper, "You could have fooled me any time, for you make a perfect girl."

I jumped up, livid with anger, and ran to my room, heedless of anything the Chaffer might say to Jean.

Still, nothing came of it, but a few days later, when Jean herself caught her chaffer with Phillip in a most compromising feminine situation, she immediately showed her extreme displeasure for such perversions by sending Phillip to his room.

Later she called Phillip to her, told him that she had sent her chaffer away and that now she intended to send Phillip away to some special school. A 'school' where he would be changed fully into the young lady he now appeared to want to be. Teasing men was one thing but if Phillip wanted to do 'those things', he would simple have to be changed into a girl.

More like a girl than ever, Phillip was confused and broke down and cried, but Jean was adamant. I saw no more of either the chaffer or Phillip.

Jean had such funny ideas about right and wrong.

Soon after Phillip left, he wrote from Australia, and Jean decided to go to him, so Nell and I lost touch once again with some delightful friends. What happened

to "Phyllis" and whether "he" continued to enjoy a feminine life I never did know.

Jean was sorry to lose me, and even offered to take me with her, but gave me her blessing, especially when I assured her that I was going to continue some of my life in skirts. My father died and I knew I'd have to spend some of my life back in pants. I had some difficulty in trying to look like a man in a borrowed suit and with my hair greased down but I think I passed.

Of course, that did not end my feminine life, only changed it back to earlier levels. I had not forgotten dear Babs, though she thought she had lost me, when she knew that Nell and I were going away for weekends and that we were clearly going as "girls," with me getting new dresses and frillies.

I found that, after the almost feverish excitement of time spent with Jean and Phillip, it was restful and refreshing to return to the love and affection of my dear Babs. She was a kind girl and never openly reproached me. We were soon therefore, on our old footing again, thought opportunities for petticoats were not quite so many and free as before. I had money saved from working with Jean. Much as I was tempted, I did not really want to go into the family business and be a sort of shop clerk. My mother was now a widow, and we decided to sell the business, and this we managed quite well.

There was also the underlying motive that I now knew I wanted to marry my darling, naughty Babs, though it was pretty certain I should then be to a large extent a "prisoner of the petticoats," a rather attractive idea from many points of view. My body had changed so much under Jean's management that I had trouble covering my feminine curves with male clothes.

"Forget being a man, dear," Babs advocated, "I like you much better as a girl."

So I got a job in a office as a secretary, and planned to suggest to Babs that we should regularize our "rather sinful" lives, and set up a pretty feminine house together.

I had put on one of my prettiest new dresses, a long skirted evening gown in deep rose taffeta with low cut bodice, diamante shoulder straps and a stiff, rustling taffeta petticoat, brocade high heeled shoes to match the dress, and rather elaborate jewelry.

She said I look so sweet and so entrancing that she couldn't resist me, though I deserved to be punished for leaving her alone for so long. But she fully forgave me and countered by a little nervously suggesting we live together herself, drawing me into her arms and kissing me long and passionately on my painted lips.

So we set up life together in a little house, with a secluded garden in which two "ladies" could promenade freely and without being spied on.

One night Babs came over and sat beside me on the couch, took one of my hands and looked me straight in the eyes, as she asked whether I was one of those girl-boys who loved being kissed and caressed by men. "I mean," she clarified, "Does being kissed make you feel more feminine."

"How could I not?" I said, "After all, dressing up is about being feminine, pretty and a little bit seductive." I admitted that it thrilled me when a man saw my stockings and watched me cross my legs knowing that underneath were beautiful panties, bras and lingerie." I was honest in my reply, which made her laugh, for I told her that I didn't mind it when the men thought I was a real girl, but that I abhorred it when I was made love to by a man who knew of my real sex.

She seemed relieved and, for a moment, there was silence. Then she went on, speaking quite frankly,



PATRICK now known as PATRICIA

Editor's note: This picture was taken after his honeymoon. He is just as pretty and feminine now. He and Babs live in the mid-west and run a small dress shop.

telling me that she used to have Lesbian tendencies. Now she had lost those, but the idea appealed to her of having a girl whom she could love, but who was really a male. I knew then all at once that here was a case of affinity of souls, for I felt drawn in love to her, and she to me.

It was she who took me in her arms, and not I her in mine. It was she who declared her love for me and proceeded to show me how deeply she felt.

It was she who, despite the shortness of our acquaintanceship, asked me to marry her, and my answer - of course it was "Yes."

At last I found what I had been looking for during these past years---real love. Had anyone looked in on us during the ensuring hour, they would surely have been more than a little puzzled, possibly shocked, to see two attractive females in such a close loving embrace!

We were married in a judge's office, with mother and Nell as witnesses, and an old college friend, Donald, as best man. (Don played opposite me in the theatricals. He always ignored me as a male, but loved flirting with me as a girl. Babs pretended to be jealous when he laughingly showed friends the saucy garters I had given him as a parting gift!)

For the wedding ceremony at the judge's office was short. Thereafter I was able to resume my beloved feminine things, appearing to the everyday world as my wife's sister, even thought she had ample proof of my maleness when we were alone together. And so it has gone on until this day.

The wedding was an exciting affair, for not only was I wearing dainty feminine fripperies under my morning suit, but because it was my last day of wearing male clothes. It had been decided that at the very private reception afterwards, I would dress in my

honeymoon travel dress. Babs and I felt safe enough to go away as two girls. It was completely successful and a delicious experience to be both a new husband and beginning a totally feminine existence.

We were ecstatically happy in our joint feminine life. I haven't had to wear male clothes since the wedding. . .only dresses, high heeled shoes, and accessories, both for my own satisfaction and for Bab's pleasure.

We both decided firmly that, if we had a child, it must be raised as a girl, no matter what. . .

To end this rather long story, We had a child. . .A wonderful bundle of joy. Let it be said that Evelyn, our only child, only wears only the finest frilly dresses and petticoats. Eve's hair is down to below the waist and is always kept in curly ringlets.

It is to be hoped that our pretty, long haired Evelyn may one day be as lucky as Babs and I have been and find an understanding loving companion.

THE END

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